

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.

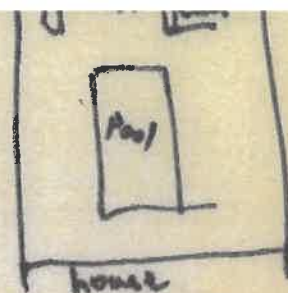
Afternoon went to see Dr. Xoda--the brothers have a large farm in Push Kuh (c. 20 hectares) with a tractor from Rumania which they bought under the Iran-Rumania special trade agreements at less than half price for 30,000T. and a well with a pump (10m), and 10 wage workers. They bought the place about 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 Hamidkxani 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 Musah, Zabur of Davud, Sohel 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 farsacs from Abarghu in Firuzabad (In Rida 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 membra of the house--one akhum 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 membra is





the wood remains of an old Tir-e Imam-e Abbas (only the wood, the metal parts missing). A newer Tir-e Imam-e Abbas was brought (missing one of the 4 metal points) and it was explained that the wood was not important, and could be replaced if broken, what was important was the metal; arrow like tips. One of the 4 had been 'stolen' as had all 4 of the old one. The sisters also claim that there used to be a box of religious relics belonging to Mohammad, Fatima, Abbas, etc. but it was stolen, including some hair of Hazrat-e Abbas which glowed like a light. In their sleep either they or their father saw the hair in Kerbala, and the Tir-e Imam-e Abbas which had been stolen at the same time on the memba. Upon awakening the Tir-e Imam-e Abbas was indeed on the memba, and a visit to Kerbala found the hair hanging there. The house is built over the tunnel to Kozl Taft, but cannot be seen because there is now a wall in the way. There was also a bottle which when filled with water from the studu chah chehel gaz (these houses used to have 40m deep wells) would turn to gol-i ab (rose water), and each Wednesday they still put rose water on their faces. We took the Tir-e Imam Abbas back to the Khorsands to test it. It consists of 4 wood shafts, one end of each is metal-arrow-tipped and the other ends fit together in pairs:

Two people sit facing each other holding the metal ends in each hand and the tips of the sticks are joined. While Sura Vav Sin is being read an accused person places his right hand between the sticks, if he is the thief of the mentioned object the sticks will move of their own accord to pinch his hand; if he is innocent the sticks will move apart. A servant boy who was thot to have stolen 5T was tested first with the grandmo. hold ing one end and a girl the other: it said he didnt steal the 5T. Then a fake case of stolen keys was tried but Mohandess Sharifi and Abbas at the ends; no decision was made. These two wanted to test it and first washed their face, hands, and feet before approaching the holy object. They were accused of not having faith, and the grandmo. took over Abbas' end. The 5T. thief a second time was charged with having stolen and Hazrat-e Abbas invoked to adjudicate, and a third time as well when the company did charge him and he looked upset and eventually admitted it (the Tir- having found him guilty 2 out of 3 times). The grandmo. explained that even if the Tir did not catch a thief, the latter would lose color, begin to twitch etc. Mahmud told of a case in which a stolen object was returned on the strength of threatening to bring the Tir out. People kissed the Tir and touched it to their foreheads in reverence. Mahmud said fervently that he believed in them.

At dinner the subject of marriage came up. Mahmud explained sedagh as a bride-price: payment for sexual rights. The old grandmother wanted to find me a nice Muslim girl if I converted and so I asked how much jehazia she would bring; that depended she replied on how much sedagh I was willing to give: i.e. 2x that. Sedagh and jehazia a father gives his son and daughter dont differ significantly and dont acct for  $\frac{1}{2}$  portion of inheritance for girls. Rather a girl eats from her husband whereas a husband must feed his wife.

Then they all began to work to convert me. If I converted I wouldnt have to worry about anything--work, money, house, sedagh--all would be provided by the happy Muslims & the city would be lit up and celebrations as was the case when a Zoro girl converted to marry a Muslim boy (they had just finished expl how Muslims take but dont give women with kaffirs). How do you know God wont give another message after the Koran?--Because it is so written in the Quran. Is the acceptance of a prophet (Mhd) vital?--No person could write as beautifully as the Quran and Mhd was unlettered proves it is from God and there it is written that must accept prophet. (The grandmother Hu had earlier said that Islam took nothing from previous religions). They want me to go see the Yazd majtahid. And they want me as tonite is Shab-e Jome to ask God from the heart if Islam is right, he should send me a dream.

16 Oct. (Fri). I did a house-to-house survey of a Nasrabad kuche--together with Rustam. I thought this would be a good day to start as more men would be home, and it did not go badly. But still afternoon two people came to Shahriyar in an angry mood demanding to know what I was up to. One--Mabut (whose house I had not even been to! as he wasnt home) went away, but Shahriyar brought young teacher Fereydm to see me,



but when he say my permit from the Shahanshah he was all apologies tho he pointed out that people could be more helpful--answer questions more truthfully if they knew what I was about (as if that werent a major aim of going to every house!). Is it significant that both protesters were Zoroastrian? Is there an increase in suspicion towards the city as opposed to farther out?

Ardeshir came to Shahriyar to complain that his neighbor had taken some of the land on the plots that they are renting from Shahriyar who has 50,000 hectares (?) on commission thru Tashakor of Sorush Aidin's land. According to Shahriyar a man can have up to 100,000 hectares if he is working it himself (which is not the case). So if Ardeshir wanted, I asked, could he not go to the Land Reform office and say that he is working it and so it is his land. First Shahriyar said 'these fellows are not so smart'. Then admitting his ignorance, said that if he wanted to tell Ardeshir to leave, and the latter went to the land Reform office, he did not know what they would say (maybe we are still in Phase II where the arbab can rent the equivalent of  $\frac{1}{2}$  his village out?)

Evening I did not go to the rossa, because Fereydun Felfeli (Shahriyar's brother-in-law who is the chief accountant of the big Ferydun Felfeli of Sepenta) was in for a festival dinner, and because I was really very ill, having slept all afternoon for lack of energy. We decided that wine was not good for a cold, but that arak was, so while the other brothers drank wine, Fereydun and I polished off a small bottle of arak. The string holding together my skin-stuffed rice was placed on my head (so that I would marry). Sepenta has about 600 workers of which maybe 40 are Zoroastrian.

Before dinner Jamshid and Shahriyar were having a serious discussion on truth and lies which I was called over to join. Shahriyar insists on treating the two as rigid categories. He told the story of the thief who went to the Prophet and said 'I have lied all my life, what must I now do?' The prophet replied: you must from this time forth not tell another lie--regard the past as past. The thief agreed. Night came and he was about to go out on his thieving rounds when he recalled that if he stole and his wife or someone asked him where he had been that night, he would be found out: thieving and truth dont mix, and so the chain proceeds. I tried to pose some problems. First the case of a heart-attack victim whose daughter has just had a serious accident and who asks whether she is well. (I.e. which is worse, killing a man by telling the truth, or telling a small lie.) Shahriyar denied the validity of this: God said always tell the truth and he would remove all problems. Secondly I tried to say that his strict interpretation of a sentence's literal meaning was insufficient since a statement can have a meaning beyond its literal meaning. E.g. if he asks me have you had breakfast and I haven't. If I answer 'no', he is then obliged to offer me food. If I don't want to eat his food then I must answer 'yes'. He countered by telling the story of Qsar's death at the hands of Firuz, a Zoroastrian convert. The latter operated a mill and invited Qsar to inspect it, when the Dast came the mill stone was suspended and Qsar stuck his head under it and Firuz let the stone drop. Ali was sitting at the entrance as Firuz came out, and Firuz said to him 'I just killed Qsar, dont tell anyone'. Ali got up and changed his seat to the other side of the entrance. A man came and found Qsar and asked Ali if he had seen anyone come out. Ali answered, 'since I am sitting here in this spot I saw no one.' Which I retorted rather hotly, might be a literal truth, but constitutes a lie by intent and meaning. Shahriyar retreated under my attack, leaving his own position ambiguous, but saying that if I asked the Muslims they would say that Ali spoke the truth. But he then went on to clinch his strict interpretation with this story: an Arab was going to kill a Zoroastrian and granted him a last wish. The Zoroastrian asked for a glass of water. The Arab gave him the glass of water. The Zoro said you will kill me before I can finish drinking this water. The Arab denied this. The Zoro asked him to swear to this. The Arab did so. Then the Zoro threw the water on the ground saying that now the Arab couldnt kill him. The Arab, confused, went to an alduan for a judgment, and the latter said to let the Zoro go, it was not right to kill him. The Zoro responded by saying, 'now I see your religion is true, I became a Muslim.' This is of course one of the attitudes of Iranians that infuriates the investigator: you ask a question, and get an answer which while strictly is true is so misleading as to be false. ✓



Sat, 17 Oct.--25 Mehr--15 Shaban. Birthday of the 12th Imam. Morning I was going to recruit Shahriyar and go out and do some more of the household count, but he said we should first go ask the Rais of the Anjoman-e Deh, Sayyid Mhd Namaki, to which I agreed, then in the afternoon to the Sintons, and then with Fraser, the Friedens thru the thronged streets all lit up and decorated: never seen so many people or such density of flags, lights, etc. A few spastic fireworks. Cyrus' cloth shop was open, but all the Jewish stores in Bazaar Khan were closed. Bazaar Khan was all lit up, and people open for business. Bazaar Meidan-Khan on the other hand was practically deserted. Went to the Rosa in the evening (the 27th straight night, and last in this run). Significant besides the lights in the decorations of the day were the mirrors.

Sun, 18 Oct.--26 Mehr. This was the morning we were going to see Sayyid Mhd Namaki, Shahriyar said better at noon when he was liable to be in. So I went to the Land Reform Office--Mohandess Sharifi was in and out and left me with a soldier from Rafsinjan who said there used to be Jews in Rafsinjan (cloth merchants, some farming) but they were bothered by the Muslims and have all gone to Palestine; there are some Sheldhis but he can't say what is the difference between Sheldhis and Shia. As to Bahia they are very different: they face a different place when praying, don't believe in heaven and hell, etc. Then I went to see Mohandess Hamidkani (after Sharifi said the only way I could get to their files was to get a letter from the minister himself!) who offered to take me out to a village tomorrow morning which I accepted.

At noon Shahriyar and I went to see Sayyid Mhd Namaki. He read my permits, and complained that he was a mere nobody, people abused him just as they would an ordinary man, and that his advice was I should go to the Shahrbani and get a policeman to go around with me. He was afraid. Like when he had gone to Mashad, someone got an unscheduled alhun to speak at the rosa, and then when the man was arrested he was called in on the carpet. Getting a bit fed up, I told Shahriyar I thought Iranians were probably the most frightened people in the world, and if they wanted me to get a policeman to go around with me I could certainly arrange that, but I wanted to not frighten people. He replied that yes indeed people were frightened, particularly since some 20-30 thousand people had been killed 3-4 years ago in the disturbances over freeing women: the clergy had objected and a bunch of people had marched against the Shah, burning a bus carrying school girls and breaking store fronts, under a man named Teyeb. Now everyone was afraid of everyone else; ~~that~~ he even went so far as to say a person like himself who liked the King might turn in someone who said something against the Shah, and they would be taken away, just as this alhun was, or there was also a story of a relative in Teheran who in some celebration said something about how it was all ridiculous and was arrested but then freed when he said he had said it in jest and it was noted he was a Zoro who generally are pro-Shah.

We then drove out to see Jamshid Amanat's land to the east of town--being sold off at 10T/m. And Raimabad, the agri land just east of Nasrabad; and the brick kilns of S.--one man making flat bricks at the rate of 5-6/minute (working very hard) said he made about 1000/day = 20T/day. Another making normal sized bricks at a slower pace of 3-4 minute said he made 700 a day give or take a hundred at about 12-13T/day. Got back and Shahriyar made a big deal about telling me who was in 4 houses.

Then went to Goodarz, where met Loraspi (Khoramshah) who spent 15 years in India and is translator for Ebal Factory--his wife was in the hospital for a sterility test (Xoda said he found a tumor). Parsis have adopted many Hindu ways and there is even some intermarriage. E.g. in front of Parsi fire temples is a statue of Kaus; also they drink as holy water from a well in the fire temple. More intermarriage in villages to north, maybe because not enough Parsi girls. More adaptation to Hindu customs there too. Indra Gandhi's husband was Parsi.

Then went to Rustam's: he showed me a suitcase of old legal documents--dismissed them as belonging to a time better forgotten, but promised I could photograph a few. Some sol-names, deeds of transfer of property which was a



device used to circumvent the Muslim law that he who converted to Islam would inherit all his father's property; a sol-name transferred the property to the convert's brother's so it would not be taken. When a Zoroastrian bought land from a Muslim in those days, he might have to pay some khoms on it; khoms was a religious tax which Muslims had to pay amounting to 1/5 of their income for the support of Sayyids; they also had to pay a second religious tax--same Iman (Iman's share). The akhums being basically the only literate people in those days were the ones who wrote out these legal documents. Dervishes would go around and read or recite the Quran to the illiterate villagers; would stay in town in hostels called xanevar, and were subject to the orders of a n.... Among the century-old documents was a telegram from Kei Khosrow (of Kei Khosrow Dabastan) to his brother Rustam Mohreban (Rustam's grandfather) from Bombay to Yazd, saying that he had sold a piece of property for 60 (thousand rupees) and sugar for 10 (thousand rupees), dated 1905 Indo-European Telegraph.

Loraspi--regards Akhtar Khavari as the great authority on things Zoroastrian. Says Dahrims these days eat eggs and meat in private and consider their parents mad. The strict Brahmin women won't wear shoes, going barefoot because shoes are made of animal hide.

19 Oct (Mon) 1970--27 Mehr. Morning went to Land Reform Office but we did not go out as promised because X was sick. The basic work of the office seems to be in writing out deeds under Phase III, forms going to the local gendarmery, the farmer, the registry office. This village was out 60 km. and some discrepancy had come up and they were going to check so the forms could be issued. A man who wanted to buy the land on which he was working came in to check on the progress of the form. Farmers can buy the land either in cash at 10 times the annual rent, or in installments amounting to 12 times the annual rent. One of the points of the Reform is to effect a readjustment towards economic size as well: population is leaving the land for the towns and this is to be encouraged. A farmer can then buy his neighbor's land. But an outsider cannot come in and rebuy a village. If an entrepreneur wants to establish a large industrial farm, he must do so on virgin land after getting permission.

Then to Ertihad where got 4 names on the questionnaire. The Hamadan-i Cohen family came from Hamadan 7 generations back; the Hakshur and Cohenghadosh family from Hamadan maybe 500 years ago.

Afternoon took the Sintons as promised to Khet (Khavadak) so we could photograph the old fort. The ruins in front are what is left of the Masjid-e Jomeh. Since 1/4 years they are cultivating from well water (60m)--qanat is now dry. The man who lives in the fort (family of 7) works for an arbab (shogerd-e kesharvarsi). There is one boys dabestan. There used to be one for girls but they did not go & don't now.

20 Oct. (Tues). Talked to Shahriyar about restarting the survey of Nasrabad and doing it before the start of Ramazan (Nov 1): he did not seem so very opposed saying by now he had told everyone what I wanted and the fear was leaving (!). He also said he had seen the well owner of Kasnavieh and he would come by to take me to rosa.

Then went to Karxane Egbal--Ruhani has returned but was out--so went to see Loraspi. This is exclusively a Spinning Mill: cotton thread. The cotton comes from Mashand, is bought centrally in Teheran, etc., some is Yazdi; most is domestic tho they do buy some Palestine Cotton which is superior quality but he did not know if this meant it came from Israel, Jordan, or is just a name. The thread is marketed through the bazaar: Khalesi and about 10 other wholesale merchants take it and resell it retail. The labor force has two seasons: in summer many leave to work in construction, farming etc. where pay is better; in winter they come back to the factories. Not quite 400 work here in winter; 300 in summer in summer they work an extra 1/2 shift. As to whether more is produced than



can be sold, he said that sometimes stock did pile up and this was a loss to the company. The machinery is American; 1933 Platt company and then some of the 1955 model. Americans come to service the machines occasionally. The other big spinning mill is Agha. Derakhshah and Afshar do wool. The other big weaving mills--Jumb, Yazd Bafq, Shark, Hajesta are mainly cotton. He seems optimistic about the ability of Yazd to grow citing both the current growth since when he was a child (beyond Yazd Guest House was only desert), and qualifying that real growth depends on improvement of weaving quality on which the finding of new markets depends.

Then went to the P.O. An English girl came into the office wanting to make a telephone call to Isphahan, a social worker from England, staying with the Manasians at the Apadana in Isphahan, a Virginia Duncan. There was a telegraph waiting for her in Isphahan the message of which she wanted as she was on her way with a party of 5 via Tabas to Afghanistan. So we helped her (the problem was that it was 12:15 and between 12 and 2 there is no phone connection with Isphahan--so we had to go through Teheran; it turned out that Qa'amagani calls Teheran everyday to talk to Aram for free). Then I was invited up for lunch and talk. He promised to let me draw his genealogy some time. When we went to wash our hands I had taken my shoes off already and was proceeding down the hall in my socks but he urged me to take some plastic sandals by the door; it turns out that he had interpreted my initial saying that it was unnecessary as a politeness; they have a saying pato tu kafsham nakonid (Don't put your foot in my shoe) which means you are trying to usurp my position or take something from me secretly but I know, e.g. a woman who suspects another woman of being after her husband, or an assistant whom one suspects of angling for one's job. One of the first questions he had asked about the girl was whether she was Christian. We came back to religion later: his mother who was an educated woman at a time when most women were not (she and his father were FBD-FBs; her father was at the rojga court; his father was an akhun; she had a private tutor), said 'you must like all people'. One day as a child he came home from school and told how the boys had beat a Jewish boy; his mother had reacted 'If I hear you helped them I'll kill you; you must not think you are better than anyone else'. But there are few mothers like this; most mothers tell their children to listen to the akhuns and the akhuns say to kill any kaffir. So the ordinary people dislike Bahais strongly. (Why then do they become Bahais?) They say that Bahais deceive people by offering them money, women, etc. (Devils, tempters.) I tried to ask if the people couldn't think for themselves and come to a conclusion that religion was morality; that people at home if two akhuns disagreed, or they disagreed would read the Bible etc. First he replied, but look Christianity says that Jesus had no father, is that reasonable? I tried to explain that this was a story only and that its meaning was that the words of Jesus were to be taken as those of a divine messenger and not of a simple ordinary man; that in this sense the story was the same as the Muslim story of how Mohammad was able to write the Quran although he himself was illiterate. This latter story Q. denied: Mohammad was illiterate, and he did not write the Quran, only he spoke it, and others wrote it down. (So much for Hussein Nasr). Then he went on about the illiteracy in this country, and how maybe this next generation which was being made literate would be better. But when it comes to a choice between the Shah and the Akhuns the people still choose the latter, which he illustrated with the Persian parable of the illiterate man who went to a village and declared himself to be a teacher; a man came one day and asked the people how they could believe such a man--he could not even read and write; the 'teacher' responded by challenging the man to a test before the villagers; on a blackboard he asked the man to write 'snake'; the man did so; then he drew a picture of a snake, and asked the people to choose which was right; they chose the picture. And so the people. And so the simple people lined up behind the mullahs and Tayeb to oppose the Shah--it was not over women the Tayeb and his simple followers may have thought so--really all war, all killings in Iran are about oil: they said the Shah was selling oil cheap. The army killed about 200 in Qum and 500-600 in Teheran both guilty and innocent suffer in such things, the son of a friend was shot in Teheran just standing at the end of a kuche. The bazaaris in Yazd were going to close the bazaar but the police warned that they would get shot and so they didn't. The new Farmandar-kolli has spent most of his 29 service years in work of Farmandar type whereas Dabiran had spent only 2 of his 34 years in such work the rest being in charge of codes in the PM's office. An honest man like Dabiran he had not seen; the Farmandar's job is one of taking money for doing things that need to be done but can't be done other ways



Q. says that he does not believe in priests etc. He only believes in God which is a power above us, but more than that he does not know about God. So I asked if God were 'in this world or...' but he cut me off saying that he did not know where God was or if he were in this world. But Metterling said it well when he said that they who deny God, are taking pains to deny something which they believe exists, and that is God. I tried to point out the problems with this position: (1) I can deny the specific beliefs of others, e.g. in a little old man with a white beard, without that entailing the existence of anything else; (2) God in that sense could be nothing more than the reification of a word; (3) One cannot falsify existential statements.

*Jimmy Narvaez says they took ST. from each shop for the decorations of the 12th Imam Holiday (as they had forcibly collected ST that day with a policeman for force).*

21 Oct (Wed). Shahriyar took me to see the Canu (kasnavieh) boys school and we had tea in the teacher's room. The school is 25 years old, always was a government school, tho this site and building are only five years old. There used to be a graveyard here; in a child's grave a small kuze for water was found. Also there was found an underground room for common burial, which teacher Bahram suggested was for those Zardoshti who had converted to Islam under duress and did not want to be buried exactly as Muslims, as a mild sign of protest. Some grave stones with dates are still around dating from 987 and 990 or so of the Hejira.

I then went into town but at the post office was intercepted by Soroush who said that Frazer wanted to see me: two English nurses on holiday had shown up and I was recruited into showing them around: we went out to the daxme, and Shahriyar took us into the old daxme which went out of use 120 years ago when the larger round one went into use; the other is 40 years old.

In the evening one of the girls was feeling ill so Frazer and Honivar and I went to the cinema to see Angelique which did my cold no good as it was outside. Honivar had described the Inquisition as something which also had occurred in Iran and was also a thing of the past.

things good for a cold: sweet pomegranate, milk, apples  
things bad for a cold: sour pomegranate, melon (xarbazeh), grapes

22 Oct (Thurs). Morning to Keyanian house--Firuzeh invited me in altho Fereydu was out of town again. The other woman who is not very friendly explained that the dopeshgeh is a 2-ivaned house about 50 years old; the chakar-peshgeh is about 100 years old, and more recently houses were built with only one or no peshgeh.

Afternoon with the girls again: went out into the desert off Pahlavar

23 Oct (Fri). Ruze-Ashtad: some people go to Seti Pir today. Firuzeh had not known about this in town. A white turbaned old man came in to collect his dividend from Shahriyar for the one well; 32 tomans a year, but this year only 16 because of redigging deeper. This old man Ali Hussein Hakimian turned out to be Bahai (formerly a Muslim). He says that when he was a boy there was no law against killing Bahais and he was fully of enthusiasm for killing Bahais. One day he was in a tree in Raimabad and heard they were going to kill some Bahais and fell out of the tree in his eagerness; was incapacitated until a law was passed saying you couldn't just kill Bahais. He was working at that time in a factory owned by a Bahai; and he wanted to kill that man. He heard his boss had been caught and was in an akhuns house (the akhun first had to give permission to kill) and he thought oh good-- but it turned out that the akhun had a friend who wanted to try to reconvert the boss to Islam and took him to his house. Meanwhile this old man started his own factory, and (silk hankerchiefs) eventually decided to become Bahai. He took the falling out of the tree as a sign that God did not want him to kill Bahais, and then he decided the Bahais were right.



24 October 1970. It was very cold in the evening, and Shahriyar had caught cold as well so we gathered in the one room and Sarvar and Shirin told the story of SOPRE BIBI SESHAMBE: A man had three daughters. His wife died and he married again. The second wife said he must get rid of the 3 daughters since they were not hers. So he prepared some wheat and food, telling the girls that he was only getting them out of the house and that he would return for them; he took them into the mountains and left them. They prayed that if they were saved they would do a kind of xirat. This was a Wednesday (seshambe). The girls then saw a light which descended in the form of an angel who said to them not to worry: whatever they wished they might have. They said they needed nothing but food and clothes. The angel said they need not worry and left. Then the son of the king came and said he was thirsty and asked the girls for water. The eldest girl gave him clean water in a clean glass but put a piece of straw in the water. The prince asked why the straw? She replied that she had seen him coming from far off and that he was hot and thirsty; the straw was so he would drink the water slowly and not catch cold. He liked her for this remark and when he returned home he told his mother he wanted to marry this girl. The mother, said, no, he was asking-to be and could not marry just any girl. He said, no, this girl he would marry and he did so. Then the girl asked about the fate of her sisters and they were brought and married off nearby. Then in accordance with their vow on Wednesday they began to prepare a kind of feast. A servant of the king asked them what they were doing and fearing magic said he would report them as sorcerers to the king. The girls asked God to intervene if he were true. The servant took 6 watermelons and six xiar (cucumbers?) on the way to the king. These turned into severed human heads. The servant consequently was accused of murder, arrested and sentenced to death. He asked to see the girls, and when they came, pleaded that he was just a poor man and if he had said something which had made them curse him he was sorry and could they take the curse off. They then prayed to God, saying they had forgiven him and could He take off the curse, and he did.

Shahriyar compared the story to the story of the Christian crucifixion: one of the thieves told JC 'go on, if you're God save us'--he is now in Hell; the other believed in JC and is now in heaven. (I.e. we don't know what is the truth in such stories but what is clear is that it is faith in God which is saving.)

Then he told the story of the great sinner who went to a sadhu saying I'm a very big sinner, can I be saved? The sadhu replied that first they must ascertain how great his sins were: were they more than the leaves of a tree, or more than the grains of sand on the beach, or more than the breadth of the sky? To all of these the sinner replied yes. Then the sadhu asked: are they greater than the grace of God? To this the sinner had to reply in the negative; then you can be saved, and forgiven. What is forgiveness asked Shahriyar--forgiveness is not only being sorry, but being ready to accept any consequence.

There is a belief that if a crow comes to the house it is a sign that a letter will arrive.

There are three ways that God talks to you: through dreams; through an outsider; through business successes.

It came out in the chatter of Xodabaksh, Shirin's brother, that the Akhum who had been arrested recently in Nasrabad, had been saying that conscription of females (and their liberation) was against Islam.

25 October 1970 (Sun). Foreshadowing that we would not go to Sopreh Shah Pari after all: Sopreh Seshambe proper is only on one day a year, in Tir Mah when all come to Kuche Biuk. This thing which may happen tomorrow is just the result of a vow: they take a hen and go and cut it and that's all.

Went to see Rustamzani as he requested by special messenger sent to my door last night: he has been invited to take the English exam for policemen; the winners going to America, and so he wants me to spend an hour a day with him this week to practice. At the P.O. found I-A classification and after discussing it with Frazer and the Sintens wired the folks (llh wds - \$211).



In the afternoon I went to the Mayor's party for the Shahanshah's Birthday at Meidan-e Mojmamsame meeting Rustanvand there. He said he had wanted to start a football team for Yazd, but the people are not interested: they are only interested in going to the mosque (and cinema I suggested) no, only the mosque. He said he had gone to a wedding recently, the first one he's attended in Yazd where men and women were together--usually the men just sit around and eat and occasionally there is some religious reading--it was of course the marriage of a Teherani man and a Yazdi woman. The mayor gave a short speech in which he spoke of the imminent end of his term of office, and this might be the last chance he would get to say good-bye to everyone, and how he had been trying to start a lot of projects--i.e. he was trying to drum up support for his re-nomination by the city council.

Shahriyar says there is a wedding in Shiraz in his family but that's far to go. Normally in India a hotel is rented and there is a big party. Here in Nasrabad, weddings are held in the gahambarxane.

26 Oct (Mon). Mabu came by with a kind of answer from the Anjoman: they're scared of me and want a photocopy of my permits, but if I have these I can go do what I like and they need not give any permission. Abbas (the mirab) refused tea again, and did not sit on Shahriyar's bed: Shahriyar says he would not sit, generally not even on a Zoroastrian's chair. We then went to town to take Shahriyar to see a doctor for his cold (Musavi) and to check on the guy who is supposed to come and drill Shahriyar's well. Iranians are victimized by the ta'arof system as much as foreigners. It's been over a month now that Shahriyar gave this man 5000 tomans and the latter promised to come. First the drill rig had to come; then he said the differential had to be repaired and the ball bearings had to come from Teheran; today he said the rig was at x for repair--we went to check: it had been there, was fixed, and had gone. So we went back to see the man and he promised it would be at Shahriyar's well on Saturday. Shahriyar was having a restrained fit about this lie telling, while I laughed saying it was not exactly a lie, just the normal Iranian mode of business behavior. He and Mabu went on about how if it were a Zoroastrian there wouldn't be such lying: after all Mediri had said he couldn't do the drilling for 6 months.

When we returned I dug into some peaches waiting. Shahriyar said with a cold he was afraid to do likewise since all fruit is basically cold. But he accepted my thesis that 'in America we say fruit is good for a cold because it has vitamin C'. He basically accepted it however on the grounds that I was young and healthy and could afford to be foolish. The daughter of Jamshid, the tailor, son of his amu, who is a nurse at Nikpour Hosp. (maternity clinic) came in wearing a chador to administer a shot to him. Why do we get a cold? (1) Is it because we did something bad? (MF: no I don't think so.) (2) Then it is because we ate something which upset the balance in our bodies. (MF tries to explain viruses w/which he is apparently vaguely familiar as he responds by saying that we don't get it by breathing because of our resistance and same for drinking from each other's tea cups--which he is careful to keep separate.) A Jew told him that I went to Yom Kippur services. Story of the Jewish doctor sent by Govt to take over the Bahman Maternity Clinic which Mergibian had 1st headed--the Muslims refused to go. When I suggested that the Govt should have known better than to send a Jewish doctor esp. to deal with Muslim women, he disagreed; and said that govt law must be equal for all, and he told the story of Xedabaksh, his bro-in-law, when the latter was caught and taken for military service. The recruits were in a compound and Xedabaksh went to the common water supply, took a cup and drank the water. The Muslims immediately demanded to know why he had drunk the water. He threw the cup on the ground and said, I am an Iranian citizen and was brought here to serve just like you, now I'll go ask the head-man and see if this is so and if I can drink the water. He asked, the sargeant said of course he could drink, and Xedabaksh asked why then the Muslims objected, and the sarge asked who had, and X. pointed out the leading offender who was taken off and beaten. And so it should be: one national law for all.



The removal of Dr. Resavi from the directorship of Pahlavi Hosp. has reached Nasrabad in the form of a Shah Abbas story. The Shah showed up in the middle of the night and went to the hospitals: in Resavi's hospital he found some patients uncared for, no doctors or nurses about. He took a taxi back out to the airport where he had left his plane, and asked the driver along the way which hospital it was etc. (he also visited Goodars, but the taxi driver told him it was private and not a government concern), and as he got out he gave the driver a check and the driver recognized the Shah but the latter went off; and the next day when the driver cashed the check at the Bank-i-Melli it was confirmed that it was the Shah.

Shahriyar started to tell a similar story about the Shah, something about finding a woman working in the fields with a child on her back getting one toman a day from a stingy arabab, but we were interrupted and the point was never reached.

27 October (Tues). Sarvar and Shirin came in to collect twigs from the bottom of the sary tree in my hyat, and Shahriyar followed them in. At one point he urgently called me, and pointed out a dead mouse in my pond and told me not to tell the women or they would drop everything they had collected and immediately leave. When they left, we locked the door, I got a shovel and buried the rat--he said that normally I should take a bath but told me not to (because of my cold); then he suggested I change the pool water because he had heard that rats give bubonic plague; he played a bit with the spicket and got splashed and cried 'Good luck to me'. He left and I'm not sure whether he took a bath or not.

Mabu came by in the evening and we sat on my Afghani carpets for tea. They confirmed that Zardeshti don't weave carpets except for Esfendiar but he is Bahai. Zardeshti were not shopkeepers like Jews because they would get a bit of money and move on to something more profitable, whereas Jews would stay put and live on a minimum amount. I asked about Pir-e Mehr Izet, and Mabu's explanation was that there used to be a lot of robbers around and so men would go out and guard the village, and at that time there was no electricity nor even kerosene, so they would light oil lamps. When a man would die Zardeshti would light lights for him \$6r three days. And so there was a transition from these rooms built as shelters and watch-rooms in the fields and in the villages to pirs in memory of the dead man. He says he doesn't know the real story of Mehr Izet but assumes the man died on the day Mehr. Such pirangahs are not the important ones: the important ones are the big ones of the children of Yazdigird III: Hayat Banu, Naz Banu, Shirin Banu (Herishk) and Ardeshir (Narestaneh)--Yazdigird himself died in Khorasan. The Zoroastrian school here has only 4 classes and only little money comes through from Bombay, so most children go to the Canu school.

28 Oct (Wed)--Morning spent some time with Rustamcani. Then lunch with the P.O.--he says they regard Cassius Clay (Mohammad Ali) merely as an American and are not more pre him because he is presumably Muslim.

Shahriyar: says once a week Pange (Katkheda) teaches religious school in the Atesh Kadeh for about half an hour. Kei Khosrow did it last year, but this year does it in Mahalleh. The pay is only about 150 toman for the year. Pange says back pay for 6mo. has not come from Bombay, but when it does he will pay Shahriyar for his water. Shahriyar ruefully comments that Pange is not a poor man: his garden is worth a great deal.

Pak vs hamvaru is like the najesh system of the Muslims but different: hamvaru is for instance water which is for everyone, pak is water specially clean for priests. In Bombay there are priests who are closeted in the Atesh Kadeh for 6 months at a time praying, and their food must be bought and prepared by priests. Such priests can't come out because their purity would be disturbed if they came in contact e.g. with a non-Zardeshti exp. since they don't know (in the case of a man) if he might have had a wet dream and not taken a bath (or in period in case of a woman).

As to pirangahs, these are not part of real Zoroastrianism: Zardesht would be opposed to them. They are a form of budparasti (idolatry) worse than even the Muslims who go to Sayyids or Imamsadehs. There is a difference between these



pirangah and the big five (Pir-e Sabz..) because the latter have a story attached to them whereas these are just ordinary men. One shouldn't worship men. But there is also a difference between how one regards the Big Five: one should go there to ask the saint to intercede with God, not ask the saint himself for something. Like Muslims implore Hazrat-e Abbas, when they should ask the latter to ask God. Similarly people go to the Atash Kadeh and hold out their hands in supplication and say 'oh Atash Bahram'; this is not right, but the woman and so don't know better.

In Bombay or about 3 km outside is Mt. St. Mary (in Bandra) which is visited by Zoroastrians, Muslims, Hindus, as well as Christians. Founded in a dream by a Hindu, the saint told him to tell the Christians to build her a church.

Jays = term of abuse for a Jew; jesrek is the plural. Gobrek is term of abuse for Zoroastrians, but Gavrum is perfectly acceptable meaning cowherd (fr Ali). Shapur Zelaktab (Shapur the ~~murderer~~ cruel) who took Arab captives, pierced their shoulders and passed ropes through it is a source of shame to Zoroastrians, as Cyrus the Great is a source of pride for having released the Jews from captivity. On Jews, Shapur is spreading the word that I'm Jewish, but Shirin is defending me on the grounds that I don't observe the Sabbath.

Last nite at Mike Benine's just back from Bafq, he reports via Bob Gardish (who left Ghana which he loved because they passed a law disallowing money to be taken out of the country) that a law has recently been passed in Iran disallowing money to be taken out. Peter Sinton reports that in NY the exchange rate is 95r to the dollar (and Mike says it is about 83 in Teheran)--is there a devaluation in the offing?

I asked Shariyar about the correctness of our burying the rat and the relation between not burying corpses: According to Zoroastrianism the earth is to be regarded as a mother who disposes of dirt etc.; if one spits one should not leave it just so but cover it with dirt for if the sun hits it germs may grow. Burial was the Zoroastrian way of disposing of corpses: it was the Muslims who said that this made the earth najes and forced Zoroastrians to put their corpses out like a donkey. (Yesterday, when we had buried the rat, he mentioned that Xedabaksh and he himself had similarly found a dead dog and just buried it. When we went to see Dastur Mehreban about the rams there was a dead bird in the kuche which Shariyar moved to the side of the kuche, and reprimanded a little boy for trying to play with it.



29 Oct (Thurs)--7 Aban 1349. Almost we did not go to Pir-e Varmaru as planned because Shahriyar wanted to go check on his pump drilling man, taking along Arbab Hermezdiar who farms a large piece of that man's land and will apply pressure that he won't get his rent if he doesn't re-drill Shahriyar's well so Shahriyar can provide water. Shahriyar tried to mollify the situation by vowing that next month we would go, but I made him ask those who normally go to take me along (e.g. the wife of the katkheda). So a party of 4 was gotten up including Xedaram, Shahriyar's father-in-law, the katkheda's wife, and two other women. We first stopped by the Geedars Hospital to see Fereydan Demeri, they asked me to talk to Dr. Mertz about him and I did, and he in a joking mood said the old man looked like he was going to die on him; it was very difficult, heart complications and drug rejections, they were here last night til midnight looking after him (the operation was two days ago).

See Pir-e Varmaru and Mesghe Geshah which latter story Bazu told.

30 Oct (Fri)--8 Aban 1349. Kavusi 30-day for mother of Mrs. Kavusi, done with strengthening of the Dare Mehr in the old fire-temple. Altho a teacher told me that all 4 atashkades of Mahalleh were Atash Bahrams and Dahre Mehrs there being no difference, Serush Shahzadi says of course there is a difference: the only Atash Bahram is the one on Khiaban-e Kirman, the other 3 are Dahre Mehrs; this strengthening of the fire ceremony is only done in Dabe Mehrs. See Death Zardeshti--Cum Strengthening of the fire.

31 Oct (Sat)--9 Aban. Yesterday a Jewish woman came by to sweep Shairin's house and told that there is a European Jew staying in the community and the Muslims are making trouble for him so much so that he is going to leave. Someone asked Shairin if I ate the mutton she cooked and she said yes, so I can't be the one.

The question of gahambar land is also come up again: Shahriyar's father's father's father had 3 sons (Gushtasp, Mehr, and Bahram). Mehr became Bahai and was cut out of the family property; his son married a Jewess and they are now in America. When the land dried up in Nasrabad, Bahram went away to Mehtiabad. Rustam, son of Gushtasp and father of Shahriyar looked after all the land from which Gahambars were to be made. When the water returned to Nasrabad, Bahram returned to claim his share; Rustam refused to give him any since he had gone away and then Rustam died. Rustam had 7 sons, the youngest was still a child (Mehreban) and the custom is to wait for division until all children attain 18 years of age. Khesrew the eldest took charge to play Father til Mehreban attained majority and he gave the land to Jamshid (2nd youngest) to look after and to do the gahambars since he himself lives in Teheran. Jamshid then had to go into the Sepah Danesh and Shahriyar took over. Bahram then came and demanded his share again and Shahriyar said OK if you get 5-6 people to sign a paper saying they remember this land was yours you can have it; so people like Jamshid-e Bahram (Shahriyar's pesar-amu, the tailor, ~~xxxx~~ and father of the nurse who shot S.) signed it and Shahriyar agreed to look after the land for an annual rent of 43T so Bahram could do gahambar. Then Jamshid came back and took the land from Shahriyar saying the agreement with Bahram was void since Shahriyar had no right to sign it away and he refuses to pay B. the rent. Meanwhile division btw Rustam's sons has not occurred either: Khesrew says that if the brothers pay him 20 thousand tomans for the land he will give them their shares. They say, 'go on'.

I went to see Leraspi at Egbal and Ruhkai walked in and balled us out for talking on company time, when I had clearly not gotten permission from the Edare Kar to talk to people here, so I took the brief ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ answers he had written out to my written questions and left.

Telegram arrived from Dad saying no. 219 had been called in the Draft Lettery.



- Nov. 1 (Sun)--Left Yazd for Teheran about 7-7:30. Between Ardekan and Aghad, some RR cars were sitting; the track is completed this far. I stopped by a chsi-xane there for breakfast and to ask about the RR; and thus gained a rider into Aghada who said he was returning from Yazd where he had to register for the army. He pointed out that all used to be green around here, now dry; even the gusfard give little milk because there is not enough pasturage. He suggested that imanzadehs are usually on roads. I arrived in Natanz around 12:15--a beautiful setting in the hills with the trees turning color. On the hill to the west was something that looked like the base of a minaret with windows or something like the thing on Fire Temple Mt in Isfahan, so I thought I'd climb up and see; after 3/4 hr I was still climbing and only 2/3 of the way up so I came down to leave it for another time. Stopped in ~~Yazd~~ Kashan for lunch; the waiter was a bit disgruntled--it is the first of Ramazan. In Teheran the American Inst. was filled up so I went over to the Pelaris. Natanz has the cactus like Bida Khavid.
- Nov. 2 (Mon)--began the process of extending my passport. Met Clifford Temple at the UN Cartographic Exhibit together with Mr. Alpert.
- Nov. 3 (Tue)--went to the Zere library; took out copy of Menant; and Shahzadi took me along to a conference on Iranian history at Iran Bastan. There was an argument afterwards about the silly European ideas of the origin of the Indio-European race when it is perfectly obvious it originated in Iran which can be proved philologically as well as from the Avesta.
- Nov. 4-9. Reading, pick up passport, deliver slides and papers to Clifford Temple. Take Shahzadi genealogy: see Shahzadi.



10 Nev (Tues). Morning sealed deal with Ibrahim, the Jewish carpet dealer on Ferdewsi for my Baluchi. I am obviously not a good bargainer since he had to do all the bargaining for me; he started at 900 tomans immediately giving me a discount for friendship, that was Sunday when I first went in. I said I would think about it and come back. Monday morning I returned and talked to a friend of his about the pattern; what is the green thing in the middle where you put your head (it being a prayer rug)-- well, it's a mihrab, I think, but I don't know, after all I'm not Muslim; you're Jewish are you; right; so am I; oh well in that case lets get you a really good price; so he goes off to argue with Ibrahim who said well he had already come down to 870 because I was a friend, American, and a penniless student; but so they could come down to 700. I said I wanted to take the rug home to look at it first before deciding; Ibrahim said ok, but come back in the afternoon so he could wash it first so I would see what a really nice rug it is; so when I come back in the afternoon, he says he's been thinking about his brother who was 7 years in America (now back in Iran as an irrigation engineer) and how he would be pleased to not think that his brother had gotten raw deals in shopping in America, and he had decided to give me the rug for 760. I still took the rug home.

After Ibrahim I went into another Jewish shop where the guy was selling some telam for outrageous prices; but he also had a nicely calligraphied raml book: he wanted 400T.; I said I'd come back. Another Jew had some telam at more reasonable prices. He's from Isphahan and is just waiting to sell a bit more and then move to Israel. He says that the traditional occupations for Jews of Isphahan, as in Yazd, was spinning and peddling (note: not weaving); then they began to move into antique selling as the tourist trade grew.

Read some J.J. Modi.

Afternoon Amer. Inst. meeting had Löffler talking about his village of settled Lurs (Deh Sakht, Beir Rakhmad): a completely disorganized society: Jacob's Lurs only settled down--the irrigation system floods the road, is a constant battle of stealing from each other (everyone feeling he is only taking his just due since everyone else has been stealing from him); the shepherds still lose a steady stream of animals by throwing stones at them; there is no nostalgia for nomadism (che zamat!); culture is nil (what do you think happens after death?-- well the mullah says, but he's probably lying, we don't know); religion is undergoing both Islamization (chains have been introduced for Ashura) and secularization (teachers make a point of going around in Western dress, not going to mosque--these are teachers from the village: Deh Sakht is an expert of teachers--they are not further upwardly mobile since they only have 6 yrs ed); children tear up everything that gets built and eat all the fruit; there is no cooperation; there is an incipient revolt against Land Reform. These Lurs dress their women in dresses with slits up the side (like the Qashqai) which has been getting higher as the cleft from above closes: the new thing is to shave the kid in from underneath.

From other conversations with the Löfflers: The original settlement was 72 families, and they are the only ones entitled to water which comes from a spring. There is a peasant leader of sorts who tried to organize a pipe to carry this water, but couldn't organize enough cooperation to put housing at the top so the pipe would not get clogged (this is now provided by the Govt), nor to put it deep enough to be flood-protected, nor to repair it properly when it did get clogged (in which case he alone would go, uncover the portion of pipe, break it, pull out the obstruction, and replace the pipe piece. The revolt against the land Reform is to appear in an article in the AA: first there was an argument by the peasants under this peasant leader that the khans who claimed to be landlords were not landlords; this was settled eventually by the 'landlords' who have their own village on the other side of the fields accepting a very nominal fee. During the course of this argument the assessment by the Land Reform people was absurd: land is measured by mann of seed: the Land Reform people calculated 30 mann when they actually sowed 50 and consequently wanted more rent than the khans had been getting. The final settlement was ~~xxxx~~ 50 T/ 1/72 section, whereas originally it had been 600T. Löffler expects them to refuse to pay even this. Löffler is impressed by a fundamental religiosity despite little religious knowledge and less conspicuous relig activity than in Bekhabkan.



Kinship: The more stable pattern is a matrilineal residence pattern (oppo to Iran's Turkemen): i.e. the damad relation is the most secure and reliable in case of a fight, economic aid, etc. Observationally, he first found that especially in the herding outposts wives are together with their mothers (i.e. you get a better idea of what's going on by just mapping women: mothers and daughters):  $\Delta = \text{O}$

Then informants confirm that damad is the person you always ask to do something. The damad tie further turns out to be stronger  $\Delta = \text{O} \quad \text{O} = \Delta$

than the son-father tie: e.g. case of Khan whose daughter's husband's father had him murdered: the damad or son of the murder-instigator was under obligation to kill his father though this was not done because of the power of the latter. Damad, that is, is part of the blood group of his Wifa. In courtship the damad serves his father-in-law for two years. Brideprice unlike in Shiraz is paid and not just written in the book (as in Shiraz, Yazd), and has been getting higher because of Kuwait employment (& gen. inflation in Iran?) such that the age difference between men and women is increasing and there are an increasing number of 25-year old bachelors. Work in Kuwait does not bring in as much money as it might: people complain that they cannot save much (1) because of high living costs there, and (2) because they must buy expensive gifts for the folks at home: tape recorders etc. Also on the damad relation: brothers may herd together for a while and there is a positive ideology to go with it that this is economic; but invariably they break up in argument over division of the spoils (inheritance); the damad relation avoids this. The kunish relation is the name for two men who marry sisters:  $\Delta = \text{O} \quad \text{O} = \Delta$

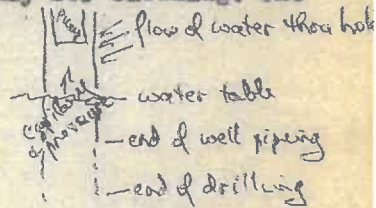
Women do not wear the chader, but only a head-cloth and this is transparent and already is all the way back on the head. There is little male-female exclusivity in the sense that Rheinhold (Hans) can go anywhere, even stay with the women in the marriage ceremony (the other men leave). The akhu gives special order to wash the glass well when he drinks tea with the Löfflers; he is relatively progressive, but since he has married into the Khan family, the villagers treat him as one with ulterior motives. The Löfflers did straight genealogies the first time out here, 5 years ago.

- 11 Nov. (Wed). Morning read J.J. Medi in a desperate attempt to finish before a self-imposed deadline of 11am to hit the road for Isfahan; did not get a chance to read the section on liturgy. In Isfahan by nightfall and checked in to the Saadi annex for 5T. Met the Bishop's secretary in the bookstore: he is in town but has a visitor and she does not know if he will be in in the morning but I can come see
- 12 Nov. Morning went by the Bishop's office: he had not come in; so I persuaded her to call his house, but I was too late, he had already left to show Bishop Weimer the town (secretaries!), maybe I could (maybe!) see him at h. Thanks just the same. Then I had a flat. While getting it fixed ( $\frac{1}{2}$  hour) no less than 6 beggars came by (1 male, 5 female of which one was both young and healthy); the boy fixing my tire smiled at my cynical 'I bet they make a lot of money don't they?' and said there were many more in the evening. So then I decided what the hell, I'd get a haircut, and so did not leave til 12:30. Arrived in Yazd just at dusk around 5. Letter from Mary Boyce saying she can't take me on.
- Found Shahriyar and Shirin both down with the flu. There was a jams of some sort but Shahriyar refused to be clear. Old Fereydua died and so I missed all; had I been here, Shahriyar assured me he would have taken me to see the Charem, but he wasn't clear as to whether the sag did had or had not been done. He was put in the dakhma at his wish because he had with his relation's money from Bombay built it. There's a fight on over land; one Muslim (outsider) says he bought some vafq land belonging to Bahram Shahr (the teacher) and came with 5 men to fight for water. Shahriyar's mihrab quit in fear. They went to the Police who said it was a matter for the courts (they do nothing unless there is a fight and someone hits someone or there is a court order). At the court, the judge said the land was one thing but why did Shahriyar give the man no water. S. said he did not know the man and there was no water; the judge ordered that S. satisfy his regular customers and if there is any water left he give it to this man. Finally the dastgah (drill) for the deepening of the well has come but broke down.
- 14 Nov. (Fri)--morning took Shirin to doctor Razavi. Went with Shahriyar to inspect the drill. He has a permit to 'clean' it to 140m. You start hitting water 40 m,



at about 75m there is steady water; the well at the moment goes to 90m. and we shouldn't talk about deepening to 140 since the permit is only for cleaning. The pipe walls of the well have to be taken out and cleaned as they are plugged up and the pump is fairly high up meaning that occasionally it pumps air rather than water.

Dinner at the Point Four: the only other people eating there were two drunk German engineers who apparently had been terrorizing the place, and Madame Netq used my German to tell them that he was on the verge of calling the police and Afshar Factory where they are overhauling the machinery to have them evicted.

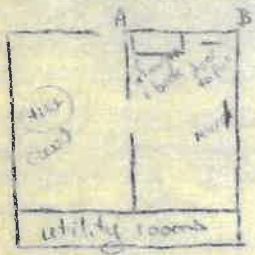
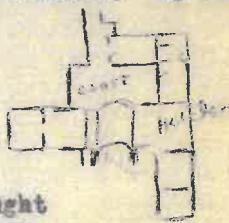


14 Nov. (Sun). In the morn'g waiting for Bazu and crew to go to Jafarabad, some more information of the news of the past week was forthcoming from Shahriyar. Re. the fight over land: this vafq land belonging to Bahram Shaar was given to one Jehangir Jamshid to farm for 20T/yr for Bahram's gahambar since Bahram is a teacher and can't farm himself. Then this Jehangir decided to move to Teheran and gave the land back. Bahram not having the time to look after it himself, and being able to take the 20T from other sources, said OK I'll just plant some wheat on the land every so often and not worry. Now then a Muslim showed up and said he had bought the land and wanted water; Shahriyar put up some resistance and that Muslim retired without pressing his claim. Meanwhile they suspected a relation of Bahram--one Beman Jehangir--of selling the land; he was called and denied it. The first Muslim buyer has since sold to another, and the second to a third. It is this third who is now pressing the claim and has five men on the field when the Zoroastrians are unwilling to engage in physical combat. Next Shahriyar revealed that old Faraydun said he saw something before he died--but I should ask Bazu about it. Re. the sag did which I tried again, it seems it was not done but this is not clear; he was brought here to be washed. Shahriyar did go into the belief: musa (wailing) of a dog at night thought to be the sighting by the dog of a devil; similarly since the soul remains with the body til the morning of the 4th day, the dog's sight is to watch for devils and kept them (him) away for the three days of danger. Servar was asked, and repeated much the same, but told of the case of her brother (Rustam?)--the attempt at doing the sag did was not very successful: they caught a dog, put a piece of bread on the chest of the corpse, but each time they released the dog, it would run away; they tried everything. Shahriyar comments that this is not surprising since they no longer keep dogs: they hit dogs, put poison on feed set out for them, and so naturally the dogs expect nothing but treachery from a gathering of humans. In the old days by contrast, the kuche dogs were looked after; they were fed; when there was a death, for 30 days feed would be given to the dogs. Still today in Gahambar bits of feed are to be offered to the dogs. In one recent one, a man was taking some feed out for this purpose; and another said 'what are you doing? I'm worse than a dog? Give it to me'. He was warned he would go blind, but responded sarcastically, 'gomen, give it to me.'

We then went to Ja'afarabad: Bazu Luti, Mersban and Simin back from Bombay, Shahriyar (not yet) and Skiria. Mersban left Yazd at age 18 on July ? 1942 going to work in his brother's restaurant in Bombay; he has not been back since, having married in Bombay. His wife, Simin, was born in Nasrabad; her mother died soon thereafter, and she went with her father and step-mother to Bombay where she has been all of her 36 years. She has an 18 year old son now in Commercial College and twin daughters. She says all the old women here claim they gave her milk as a child: both a common practice since milk not that available and because her mother died. She has a brother, 3 more died; the last was 24 or so and left two kids--their mother insisted on letting all castes come view the body--in Bombay, there is a rule that none but Zoroastrians should see the body after it is washed. She is pleased with the Iranian habit of allowing foreigners into fire temples. A Parsi man who marries outside the faith may bring his children into the fire temple; not so a Parsi woman. Hindu customs were adopted in exchange for being allowed refuge: the original settlers first shared rice and milk to settle the bargain; now the marks on the forehead and bangles on the arm are adopted etc.



Ja'afarabad is just beyond the line Elabad-Firuzabad-Jafarabad, towards the Isfahan road from Ashgezar which is walking distance to the south; Hejatabad is walking distance to the northeast; Aliabad off to the northwest. We first stepped at Shahriyar's father's house, about 40 years old and very nice; his father was the katkeda. We then went over some sand to an old small house where a sel was in preparation. We three men--Mehreban, Shahriyar, and I-- then set off across the sea of sand dunes in search of the lost city. When in anticipation of the trip people had referred to the shahre kirk kehne (worn-out old city) I thought they meant Ja'afarabad which has now a population of 6-9 and is being covered by dunes, but there really is something under the sand: a vast area covered with sherds. They say a Frenchman was out here to look at it. School children come out here to search for treasure (coins of which we picked up a few unimpressive ones--whether they will prove to have anything written on them remains to be seen after acid cleaning); we did not succeed in finding the center where apparently there are some houses to be seen and not just reeften walls above the sand. Stranger yet, one dune was covered with small white (snail?) shells. We went back to the Gakambar house for tea and lunch of ash, mast of goat (bez) and bread. We then went to the Atash-kade, which Banu called Atash Bahram, and I asked Simin about the Bahram-Agairi distinction which she put to Banu who of course replied that this was part of the fire brought personally by Zoroaster, pointing to the standard 3 fold pester of Zardesht on the left, the fire in the center with 3 steps leading up to it, and Shah Gushtasp on the right when Banu explained carried on the religion after Zoroaster died. Simin accepted this saying only that the Udvara fire came from here too. The form of the fire temple was a open one with



a small deer in the right-hand front wall behind which was the fire. Simin showed me her sudreh, saying that I would not be allowed into a fire temple in Bombay, nor is anyone allowed in with out the sudreh. The women lit a small afriqan, and some incense, and they took turns standing before the closed door of the real fire and whispering to it. Above on the wall were dolls of children delivered by God in answer to prayers. We then went into the house next door (all these people are related to Mehreban) for tea--a woman lives here alone; her children are in Teheran where she also lived for 7 months, but decided she liked it better here. We then were invited into another house where we were treated with a heavy sweet red wine (a winery was pointed out in Elabad) of the host's own make--very old. The women and I then went off on a walk to Hejatabad where they go for water as Ja'afarabad has none. There I was shown two girls at work on a carpet, and note was made that some Muslims are good by Simin, who went on to relate that before her husband left for Bombay he had been very thirsty one day, and stepped by a house for some water; the woman had thrown some simply into his hands not wanting him to touch the kuzah, but the man had asked him if he were not the son of...and had invited him in ordering a glass. We then went to see a royal garden built by Ahmad Shah (the one before Reza Shah)'s vizier, where each year (about 20 days ago) they have a feast called ruzi-vaziri, of course, in which some 20 man of rice and several animals were consumed; there are some (2) nice blue tiled pools, in which they say Ahmad Shah's queen placed a large fish with an earring in its nose; every-so often this fish is sighted here. I was told about, but we did not go to see, two mosques buried in the sand between Ja'afarabad and Ashgezar; one is the old masjide jameh; the other is called Masjid-e Rig, of which they tell the story that one woman went to the mosque to pray for a child, promising that on delivery she would donate her earrings to the mosque; the child came; she decided not to give up her earrings, and put them in a drawer instead, the next morning they were gone; she looked for the thief, but the next night in a dream she was told that as the promise had been fulfilled the payment had been taken; and upon awakening she went to the mosque and found the earrings there. They seemed to agree that this is the Masjid-e Rig to which the story of famine and sand turning to wheat belongs. Between the visits to the first and second houses we went for the sel itself in the old house of the farm:





The man who did the reading of the Avesta in the ivan, I think was the son of the diseased; in any case he is the atash-band, and farms in Hejatabad. Before beginning he retied his kusti. An old man came in and stood

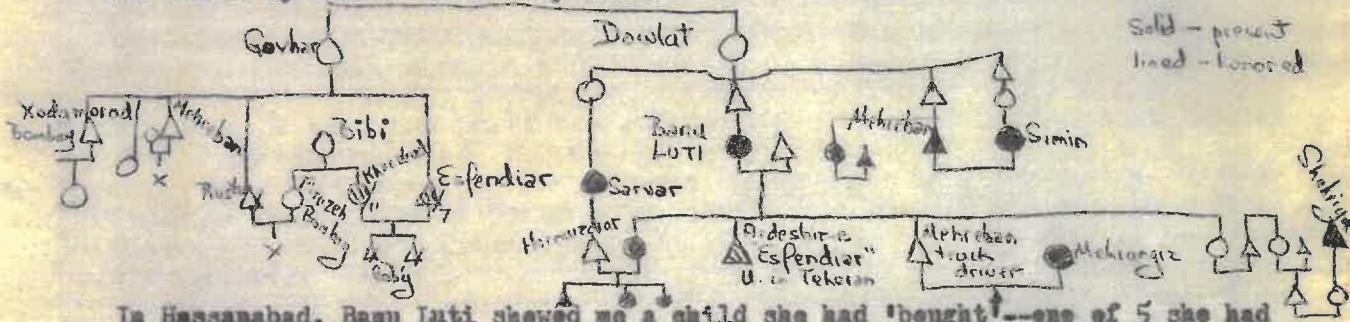
by me with a kusti and tied it (not re-tied). A third man then came in and retied his and took the ~~kusti~~ fire around; he later handed out the dried fruit. The fruit in the setting in the background was opened for the soul--it was explained. There was water, wine, pomegranate, apple, grapes, and two piles of bread. In-between the setting in the back and the fire in front was a white stone which I asked about: Simin says that in India they spread a white powder instead and she linked it to the forced whitening of walls on Zoroastrian houses to identify them, which now had become a symbol of perseverance (?). It was a brick painted white. Mehreban admitted to not knowing about the meaning of the ritual items, putting it in the 'meaning is lost' category.

I was shown the rue growing in the sandy ground--a thick needled evergreen small bush (esfand). Much more in evidence everywhere was the kiar kackus. Then there was a bush outside the sel house called ashnu whose dry twigs are pounded into a powder and used as soap. I climbed a pistachio tree and picked some pistachios to have Sarvar make the skins into a pickle (tersai); but for lack of water the pistachio nuts were not developed. A hardy old pistachio (paste) tree was shown to me surviving without water for 30 years except for the occasional snow and rain. The main green in the fields now seems to be beet, both the red beet and the white beet (shalgaum and shérangum--the latter for ghand).

- 15 Sunday Nov. Spent most of the day in preparation for the Fischer House Warming party, buying two chickens, borrowing the grills from the Sintons and Bonines and inviting them and Frazer; also the nomination for the Michigan Society came and had to write out a response. Evening party.
- 16 Nov. Mon. Trip to Hassanabad-e Ardakan with Mehreban and Simin, Banu Luti, Shahriyar and son, Mehrangiz and child, and another woman. Passing ~~Mazra~~ Aliabad, Shahriyar (not Mebedi) pointed out opposite one Mazar Khan which is now dry. Hassanabad is fed by a qanat, now drying up: used to give 120 gafis, now gives 40. But people farm in the next village of ... where there is salty water (they grow pistachies). They say Hassanabad is about 70 years old--a fair segment of Jafarabad people are here. We arrived early about 10 and began drinking wine. I did a household count; it was redone with a larger result, but about 200 people in about 40 houses. Hassanabad has a dabestan for girls and one for boys but the dabirestan is either in Meybed or Yazd. There are about 100 Muslim houses. We went out to visit a number of homes; Kai Khesrew did some palm reading. In the evening there was a big elaborate musical chairs about whether to stay the night or return--we stayed.
- 17 Nov. Tues. Morning we left Hassanabad with 11 adults and one child crammed into the Rover. We stopped first in Mazar Kalantar to drop off the old caretaker of Pir-e Sabz who was ill and returning home. There we went in to see the Sepah-e Dazehk who was teaching class (22 children) in uniform and when asked if he was enjoying himself said no, at which everyone laughed--he's only got 4 mo. left. A peddler had a few items for sale--from Ardekan: flower in a 20-liter tin, and a few little things. Next we stopped at Husseinabad and were shown around by Rustan-e Meradian who runs the pumps for the 9 people living there, all slightly salty--they are all Bahai. The two pumps are small engines placed below ground to lift the water rather than draw it. Asrabad the next town down supposedly has no one left. Shahriyar counts 30 Zoroastrian villages: Taft - 4, Khalilabad, Zeinabad, Cham, Moharake, Qassinabad, Kheramshah, Ahrestan, Keirabad, Raulabad (Mehtiabad), Meriabad, Rahmatabad, Nasrabad, Nejratabad, Elabad, Asrabad, Humezabad, Ja'afarabad, Aliabad, Mazar Kalantar, Shafifabad, Hassanabad, Mehtiabad-e Restagh, Pusht Khan Ali, Kuche Biuk. Ahmad Khan he dismissed as Bahai.
- Coming back I stopped at Banu Luti's for tea where I met her truck driver son--he does not own his rig but drives for a Teheran company which has 12 trucks. He says there is an oversupply of drivers. In Yazd they had a syndicate but it folded and they are trying to get it going again. There is no insurance if you are told to leave the job, but sickness and accident insurance exists.
- Spent afternoon typing on paper to send to Michigan.



18 Nov. (Wed). Spent the morning finishing up packets (2) for mailing to Michigan, and mailed them for about \$6 a piece which of course impressed the P.O. people. Came back for a sol of one Esfendiar who died without children 7 years ago-- actually it was the sol for his wife who died 3 years earlier; his sol will be in a couple of months. One of Banu's sons took on Esfendiar's name (Ardeshir-e "Esfendiar") and his estate to carry on the line. This son is at university in Teheran and was not present. Banu took over. She says that at first she was going to give her other son, Mehreban, the truck driver, in Esfendiar's name, but he objected; so Ardeshir took on the responsibility instead. The relation between Banu and Esfendiar is not particularly close: Esfendiar is her FMZs. That set of siblings was unfortunate: there were four brothers, none had sons who survived, only one had one daughter who survived. There is also a sister in Bombay. Again I noted the white brick in the sol setting, and got two interpretations; the standard one seems to be that given by Simin at Ja'afarabad--it stands for the white markings that were put on the houses to mark them from Muslims ones whom the Muslims were making so much trouble for Zoroastrians. But Sarvar says that she heard from her dai that ~~something~~ something pure white should stand before the dead, and something to give a good smell to which she pointed to a mound of dirt with greens placed in it (an afrigan was in front of the white brick and was used to light the murd then also put in this mound). In the back were the fruits, wine, milk, water, bread, surak. No priest came, but we sat and ate a simple meal of potatoes and ground meat, yogurt, and soup, wine and bread. Present were Banu Luti of course, Mehrangiz and child, Banu's daughter (married to Heruzd daughter of ) Sarvar, Mehreban and Simin, Mehreban's sister who today became grandmother (again?), old Rustan (? her husband?), Shakriyar Mabu, 2 other women, the 3 children of Banu's daughter. Bread was taken to the Hebedi house, the house on the kuche next to the electric shop, and one or two others by Sarvar on the way back.



In Hassanabad, Banu Luti showed me a child she had 'bought'--one of 5 she had 'bought'. The practice is that if a woman loses several children, she will sell the next one while still pregnant to gain someone else's luck, and that person then becomes a kind of god-parent.

Shakriyar's pump business goes on: they started digging and the well collapsed on them. First of all, the water was measured as beginning 60m. down. The pipes went to 90m. They then planned to simply dig down another 50 m to increase the flow. 7m beyond the end of the pipe, the walls caved in since there was no piping, and work came to a standstill; Shakriyar has sent to Teheran for more piping to be placed between 90-140m. He hopes that the investment will increase the flow of water so that he can charge 1/4 toman an hour. The rate is fixed at ? 3r / gafiz. We may go to Shiraz for the wedding of a near relative the Shirin says it is not worth it since it will be an ordinary wedding and not a fancy one; Shakriyar says weddings are of two types: (1) the proper one involves several days of cooking food etc. and the bride is brought, and a day is made for giving gifts and while the gifts are being brought the ritual of washing the bride and groom's feet in milk and water occurs (which custom I had to probe for); (2) the other is just a tea party with no gifts. During the wedding one is asked to choose one of 4 days of the month on which one will not work, or not work for oneself, donating that days profit to charity: Shakriyar's day is Bahram. (Bahman?) The other 3 days he is not sure of. He has been reading the Bible which I brought back from Ispahan: what is this? he says, it's just about the history of Israel. Hushangi was the name of a religion before Zoroaster converted Gushtasp in which fire was worshipped: they were the atash-parasts which the Z are



accused of being by the Muslims today. In the afternoon a man came by with walnuts from Deh Ballah and between us Shakhriyar and I bought 100 for five tomans. Mabu came by for tea and told of the son of his ham-shir (i.e. sister) who got thrown in jail under these circumstances; the son of a Muslim goldsmith used to sit by the hammam and watch the girls go by on their way to and from school; one day he got beld and said to 2 different Jewish girls, 'gerbenet beram, tera dust dalam' (I become your servant, I love you); they reported it to their school principle who told the police who seized the two boys who happened to be sitting there, one who was the culprit and the other Mabut's sister's son and threw them in prison; they are released on 10,000 toman bail (\$1300) til their case comes up in 3 months. We laughed but Shakhriyar took it all seriously saying: (1) were the girls Muslim, the case probably would have been dismissed, as among ham-dini, (2) were it not for the strictness of the police in such matters (were so even than if there is a fight), the girls of the damech sepah could not go as they do into the villages, but as it is no one dares talk to them. Mabu cracks the walnuts with the palm of his hand!

19 Nov. (Thurs) 1970. Bazu Luti and Xedaram wanted me to take them to get their dividends sa stocks in Nassargi Karkane (Ka. Pahlavi)--last year none was paid: this year they are to get 14 tomans a share.

Went to the resā tonight; the day after tomorrow is the day Ali(?) was killed and the last 5 nites of Ramazan have resas in all the mosques. Tonight it ended at 9:15 the some others kept going--last night they went with their loudspeakers practically all night and tomorrow night the boys promise it will go til dawn.

Rustam brother of Shiria from Teheran and also working in Sepenta is in town and went off to visit relations in Hassanabad.

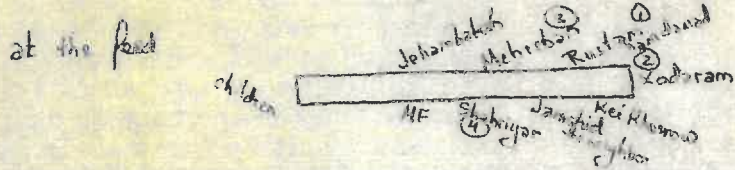
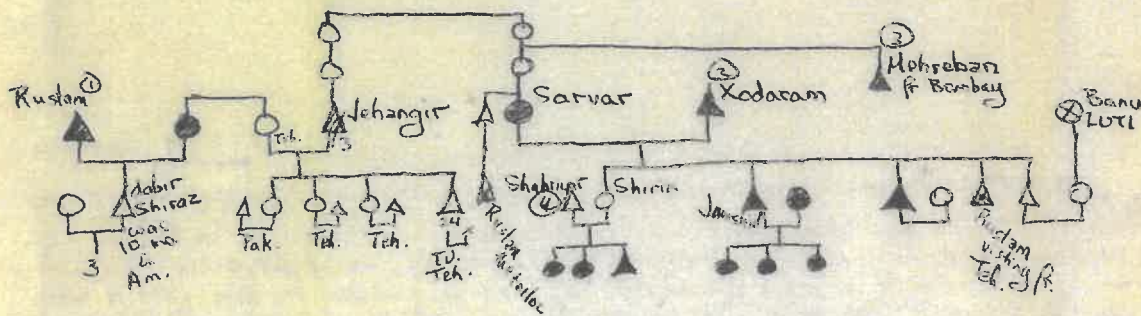
20 Nov. (Friday) 1970. Shakhriyar says Fereydun, the hammam keeper went off and got married secretly w/ a girl from Shirifabad probably thru a broker--without any one knowing. Yes there are many brokers about. What could he offer?--she probably just said he was a good guy.

It is hard to tell a sudreh from a regular undershirt in the hammam but no one seems to retie the kusti when getting dressed (these there getting dressed when I did were all young fellows and Shakhriyar).

At noon there was a sel for Jehangir (bacee bacee xale with Sarvar) in the house of Jamshid, son of Sarvar. He died 3 years ago and his children are no longer here so they allowed Jamshid to move in. The sel was given by the sister and handamad of Jehangir's wife. She came in as the men were finishing the simple meal of potatoes and ground meat, bread, arak, and abgusht to say her ta'raf excuses for the fare and say that she was after all the guest of Arbab Jamshid. Present were the following, plus Shapur and the guy who comes for Jehambaksh making bread (they did not sit down to eat), Jehambaksh, Kei Khesrow, Jamshid, a shaghber; a couple of other people came in later: Bazu Luti, Rustam the tailor, the crew-cut grey haired guy. Talk of course turned about Shakhriyar's well, and Rustam the ham-damad of Jehangir had a pessimistic view that there would not be much water even as Rustam-e Madir had said several years ago when he came to look that this well had not much, whereas the other was better. To back up his opinion he told the story that in the time of Nasr-din Shah, a royal inspector came to Yazd and reported that in Yazd there were really only 4 ganats--Ashgozar, Firuzabad,

--and that everytime xxxxxxx a new one was made an old one would dry up. Shakhriyar did not take well to the comment. We then went to visit Shakhriyar's amu who was having a small sel for his wife; xxxxxxx the tailor brother of Shakhriyar was there and two women. Altho there was ach we did not eat. Outside, one of the sons of Katkheda is putting up a new house. I then went to see Jamshid Damehd--Shakhriyar went into the fire temple and then did not stay for tea despite Jamshid's urging, and Jamshid was quite unhappy and poured out the conflict over the sakambar land saying he thinks Shakhriyar wont drink his tea because Shakhriyar is unhappy over the land which used to be in his hands and is now in Jamshid's hands. This land is for 3 sakambars a year--he does not know the relation between size of land and number of sakambars it is supposed to yield, nor apparently how much land he is looking after (!), but it is partly in the hands of sons of Xedaram (Shakhriyar's F-in-law)





(Jehambaksh did not drink any arak for religious reasons; Shahriyar did not drink saying he had not the habit.)

and they give him 5-6 man of wheat a year; then he gets a little bit of cash from someone else... The three gahambars are worth 600 toman a year, i.e. 3 gahambars, two nua (bread baked) and one lerki (just handing out raisins and nuts). He says there is no profit from the land and it is not worth the amount of talk that goes on about it. He is taking care of the joint property for the 7 brothers, but the papers are in the hands of big brother Kei Khesrew in Teheran and why he doesn't settle a division he doesn't know: it would be a lot better. He, Jamshid, can't do anything since he doesn't have the deeds, right--take it to court and demand a division--can't because that would look bad, people would laugh that the brothers can't get along. Meanwhile he is unhappy. And what about the house in which he is living--the paternal homestead several generations old, which he is fixing up. Besides he feels a debt to brother Kei Khesrew since that brother sent money to help put him through school. It looks like he's not going to marry before NoRuz because his fiancée is in the Sepah Danesh til then (she is teaching in a village nearby)!

In the month of Mehr--i.e. Bahman--every man who possibly can must cut a goat, says Shahriyar, a kind of a sharity.

21 Nov. (Sat). There is a story about that the Shah is supposed to visit Yazd; also the news is out that they want to put up a statue of Reza Shah. This from Banu Luti's daughter, the husband of Hormezdiar.

Today is Qatr--the day Ali died (he was killed the day before yesterday, died last night and today is the mourning celebration); everything in town is closed and the mosque on Pahlavi was jammed.

Shahriyar and I went to Mehtyabad to visit this Bahman-e Shahriyar, son of Shahriyar's amu--it was the mat si-ruz of the latter--about the vafq land over which there is a fight. Shahriyar, it turns out, has only been out here twice, and did not know the way; he also obviously does not know the genealogy very well and there was confusion over names--he thinking that this amu Shahriyar's name was Ardeshir (altho there might be some legitimate name confusion as with Pangar's son whom he named Jahangir but at naujote or something the name was put down wrong and he is now Ardeshir I think). The house was a double house one belonging to this Bahman-e Shahriyar-e Dahmobe, and the twin to another Dahmobe who turned out to be the pesar-amu of Pangar where there also was a sol for the wife or someone. Pangar was there and ushered us in and went through a long spiel about how land passed from one hand to another which both for names and Dari I lost track of--I wish I had had my taperecorder because Shahriyar was useless in reconstruction--but somewhere along the line he, Pangar, was given some Dahmobe land to look after and still has it paying Bahman rent altho Bahman doesn't even know where the land is (Zaminabad), and he wants Bahman to pay 500T if he wants it back, or he'll give Bahman 500T for ownership (the calculation had something to do with the value of the land, c. 1000T and the income,)--Shahriyar says that while Bahman may want the land Pangar will never give it up and the promise of 500T to buy it is an empty promise, so he's better off sticking with the yearly rent. As far as his own business, he invited Bahman to come to Nasrabad, and they would try together to get his share from Jamshid; when we got back he talked to one woman, a relative, who has a piece of this land because Jamshid's mother gave it to her for security of a loan of 250 toman--



the loan was never repaid; she pays Jamshid 20 tomans a year towards the gahambar, and Shahriyar asked her if they gave her the 250 tomans back would she hand over the land?--she said no. So Shahriyar's hopes looked dashed once more and he said some bitter things about 1 person in a thousand being a truth-teller; you give a Zardoshti a piece of land and he will never give it back. This fight over the vafq land got so bad that once or twice they even went to the police who said now look, you fellows are brothers, decide among yourselves. They don't go to court because if they do, the government will take over the vafq and then they'll have lost the land altogether becoming tenants. This fight has been going on a long time probably several generations back, but eventually what happened was that when the water dried up in Nasrabad before the deep wells, Rustam, Shahriyar's father took over the land and the duty of the gahambar. The one brother moved to Mehtabad. A second brother, amu Bahram, who at that time was well-to-do owning an early cinema and a shop in town--since going broke--was approached by Rustam during the second world war in a year when there was practically no wheat for some monetary help in ~~suxing~~ carrying on the gahambar; Bahram refused. When water came to Nasrabad, the two brothers returned to demand their shares. There was an altercation between Rustam and brother Shahriyar and a fist fight; Shahriyar left saying, when you die your body will stay put until I come and release it (sopah dayah--?). Bahram also came and demanded a share and he took his part by force--rather his son Jamshid did the forcing, while all Rustam's sons were off in Bombay. When Shahriyar (Rustam's son) returned from Bombay, only the fight with amu Shahriyar was outstanding, and when he began inquiring into the case people were divided on who was in the right, but Rustam died (Shahriyar came back at his death?) and 6 mo. later Shahriyar was informed that the body was still sitting in the daxme, and of Shahriyar's (curse'; he went to the daxme, the caretaker at that time being Dinyar (who had some sort of skin disease), and tried to talk his way or buy his way into the daxme to see if it was true but Dinyar refused, saying it was true and Shahriyar would be afraid. So Shahriyar said, 'ok he can have the land'; he signed a piece of paper giving ownership to his amu and promising to pay him 43 tomans rent a year. He then fetched his amu to his house, had him take a bath the next morning and they went to the daxme and the amu forgave his brother saying 'God bless the soul' may the body disappear quickly. Apparently Shahriyar was naive enough, and still is to some extent to believe the story about his father's body, and people told him that such stories were just devices to extort money. He said 'Ok' and paid the 43 toman for several years til Jamshid returned from the army and took the vafq lands from his hand saying he had no right to sign over land to their amu. Jamshid is of the opinion that whatever land one has, one should hold onto it by force; one yields only thru weakness; thus he does not want division since all the land is in his hand. Furthermore there is the business of the house in which both living amus have a share and the children of Rustam, which he has taken over and is now fixing up. As long as there is not a settlement of the legacy the other brothers are not giving up their claims peaceably even though the monetary amount or even utilitarian value concern is practically negligible. Things even reached a point once that Jamshid brought in a tractor to plough some land and another brother stood in front of it saying 'over my dead body'. Shahriyar's irritation at Jamshid is thus probably largely due to the latter's refusal to let him bury his being duped by the daxme story.

Marriage: people marry for beauty, love, money or they are forced. Khosrow, Shahriyar's eldest brother was forced to marry a girl he did not want, and he left her. Shahriyar himself was told to marry Shirin, altho he showed his mother several other girls, because Sarvar and Kodaram had looked after her and helped out with money and so on. Kodabaksh, son of Sarvar, was forced to marry the sister of Rustam Javanmardi, of Kirman, much against his will (she is older) because the latter had taken his sister. Shahriyar says that sister exchange was a means of ensuring that one's daughter will be treated well, for if one mistreats one's wife, revenge will be taken on one's sister. Brother Jamshid (Sarvar's son) also got a sister of Rustam Javanmardi (de-xale? because when they fight, the sister comes over to complain that we are all family and what will people say?). Altho he said that if one marries out, family members will demand division of property, Shahriyar



rejects the idea that marrying in is a way of keeping the property in one piece and keeping the peace in the family, because he says look at the case of his brother Jamshid who is engaged to a relative against family wishes (why is not clear and there is a story of some sort about Jamshid which he does not want to divulge having to do with his first marriage--this is Jamshid's second, the first also being a forced marriage with which he was not happy--does this have something to do with Jamshid's ~~comment~~ comment yesterday that he had gone to Teheran as his brother's had wanted to look for work but had not found any and so returned?) and still everyone is clamouring for a division.

Shahriyar thinks such fighting over inheritance is lessening since people have other work and income sources; like himself with the well, he doesn't really care about the paternal land--the brothers will quarrel until someone shows himself really serious, and then the brothers won't bether. The brother of the teacher who came to fight with me about my survey of Nasrabad, a tailor, takes the view that there was more peace in the old days because people were more religious. Every family seems to be involved in such fight. Old Kodarsm has more trouble than Shahriyar. The brothers of this tailor (there are 7 of them; 4 from a first wife and 3 from a second) are also constantly bickering. The way the fighting carries on is stealing extra land for cultivation at night etc. Walls may not be put up on joint pieces of land for fear that if one brother puts up a wall here he will ipso facto lose any chance of claiming land that may be in the possession of another brother which he covets.

Dez (Behaia) or dowry among the Zardoshti exists: the wife must bring everything for the house, plus everything for the first year (bread, etc.), plus everything for the first child. In Shahriyar's case, everything was brought by Shirin although he said he did not care, so she brought it bit by bit and not at once. People do ask how much dez will come with a girl. Sometimes parents may settle a money amount dowry on a girl--20,000 tomans, 50,000 tomans to go to whoever will take her. Altho there is no sedagh a boy may settle an amount on the name of a girl who has to be persuaded to accept him out of fear he may leave her.

There is much marital conflict in Nasrabad due to forced marriages.

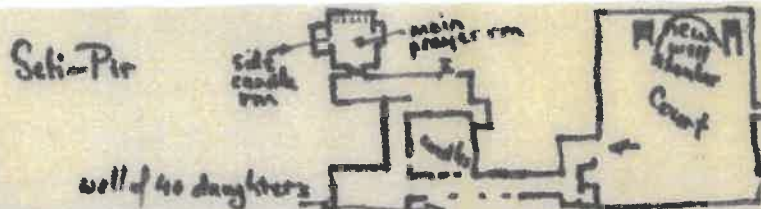
Shahriyar's fathers according to Pangar who is more familiar with the family tree than Shahriyar: from the top--Moveasad, Khosrow, Rustan, Gushtasp, Xodadad, Rustan, Shahriyar, and now young Rustan. Pangar was saying something about his mother telling him that God can do what he wants, and so Pangar should never take what did not belong to him; Shahriyar scoffs and says he was tempted to ask Pangar what about his 4 or 5 big gardens none of which originally belonged to him but which now are his, by right of possession (nine tenths of the law maybe bit ten tenths of reality).

Gahambar-e Lor in Taft. Nomads from Fars bring sheep around this time of year and will leave them with various people, agreeing on the price--say 100 T.; then at the end of Urdibehasht they come back ~~for~~ for the money, by which time maybe the sheep will have been sold for 300T. Nothing is done in writing. Well one Lur failed to return for his money one year; another year passed; finally the Zardoshti decided they would endow a gahambar in his name with the money. The third year, the Lur appeared and heard there was a gahambar going on, so he went in and sat down (it is the custom for these Lurs to be the guest of their clients till the money is actually paid); the dahmobe got up and came to the words { Xoda biamor Lor (God bring the soul of the Lur), and the Lur (Mahmad Lur) got up and said 'what is this, here I am?' They explained to him that the gahambar had been endowed with the money that this Lur had not collected; he said it was no but as you are remembering my name this way, may God bless your chaffty, I don't want the money, and he left.

Muslims on hearing of the death of a non-Muslim don't wish God to bless the soul, but say 'Xoda oqubatesh kam kone!' (May God lessen his punishment /poor kaffir in hell /).

Polidun--the hole in some old houses where a woman spent 7 days from the beginning of her period each month--the Jewish women did it for 15 days; after which a bath. But oholy the old do it--there is a young spinster who does it, she takes a bold bath on 3rd day and after the 7th--doesn't go to the hamman altho there is a special room for menstruating women because she says the hamman is dirty. Shirin does not observe it at all, just carrying on with her daily work.





Pangar's wife did not eat or partake of the tea etc. yesterday at the sol in Bahram's house because one day a month she fasts due to a fav made when one of her sons was very sick, that if he gets well, she would do so.

Shahriyar refused tea at the Mehtisabad house today (for politic reason?), as he did at his amu's yesterday and at Jamshid's, and at the house of Namaki. But this is not standard as he used to the occasion of a gahambar to try to force Jamshid to eat with his amu. Yet it is clear that food is being used: Jamshid was clearly upset yesterday over the refusal.

22 Nov (Sun)--Of course we did not go to Shiraz after all--after we'd talked about it for a week and I told them how much I wanted to go! So Banu took me to Seti Pir instead as it is Ruz-e Ashtad. First I dropped her and Kodaram at the Factory to pick up the dividends on their shares (1 1/4 tomans a share)--Banu has 9 shares and Kodaram 1 share. The factory is 21 years old--that time the land was being farmed by Banu and Kodaram's families, but the water had gone dry and since the factory was going to take the land by purchase or by force they sold--paying only 3 rials a meter; they demanded and got some shares in addition. I then went to check out my battery which had gone dry; they say they'll get me in a new one day after tomorrow and til then gave me a service battery-- When I returned, Jehanbaksh was also at the factory collecting money. We then went to Seti Pir picking up another passenger along the way: people just came and went. The prayer room is a 3-fold place with an alcove on either side with oil lamps. They say they are reading the various Yashts--Ashtad for the day, Bahman, Hormezd.. There are two candle holders at the entrance as well; one is up a small flight of stairs to the top of the old well; removing the cover one can see a reflection of a bit of water a long long way down--a nut dropped down gave no sound. On the cover was an egg wrapped in a green leaf--it is left there the night before the day one comes and on the day one comes to see if there is a green spot on the egg, one's wish will come true; if there is a yellow spot, it wont. Banu says that many many wishes have come true at this well, called chah chehel doxtaran; there is also a kalak for candles but the wishing mainly seems to be connected with the well. Banu in answer to my question as to who the 40 daughters were said that they belong to the seven worlds below the ground (there are 7 above as well--the word she used was barah--haft barah). A plaque at the foot of the stairs gives the story that a Zardoshti went on pilgrimage to a Zoroastrian ziaratgah in Mashad and there was discovered to be Zoroastrian and thrown into a guard house with the Muslims intending to kill him; at night in a dream there came to him a voice saying not to fear; and the next morning he awoke to find himself in this Seti Pir, while the Muslims in Mashad found his room empty; so he built this Pir--has something to do with a Mehrebanu-e Shakh Yazdigird and something in 1310. We took two women back to town as far as Dr. Resavi--turned out that it was the wife and daughter of Shahriyar of Nostratabad, the Shahriyar's whose son fell into or was pushed into a well and died (whom I met out at the daxmes that day with Mike Bonine and Mike Burrell); there were 3 sons, of whom this one died, another is insane, and another is worthless refusing to do any work; there are 3 daughters of whom two are insane ~~that~~ this 3rd one is not as clever as she might be--no one will have her to wife for fear of insanity with so much in the family. The old man is old and can only do a little farming and nothing more.

Four days Kodaram and Banu say are ~~wast~~ Sabbaths like the Muslim Jome, the Jewish Samba, and the Christian Yekshambe: Vahman, Mehr, Vahram, Ashtad (of which today is the last)--these are the same 4 days that in the marriage one chooses one of not to work; but they are not the same as the four days on which meat is not eaten: Vahman, Mah, Gush, Ram.

If one wants something very much, one may pay someone (like Banu Luti, Pangar) to recite the Bahram Yasht once a day for 40 days.

If you watch a little child play, everyso often he stops and just beams with happiness for no observable reason; Zardoshti say that ~~and~~ such times an angle comes to them. Tomorrow is Mehrangiz's child's first birthday--he is still being breast fed, tho also given water, tea fr a glass.



22 Nov. 1970 (Sun)--1 Azar 1349 (cont). Around 4pm Shahriyar came pounding on my door to say that Jehambaksh and Shahrookh were going to Shiraz for the wedding imminently and I should come immediately. And so we took off on the 5:00 bus via Isphahan, where we got off early at Chah Bagh, Shahrookh thinking he knew better where to catch an Iran Peyma bus to Shiraz but it turned out he didn't, and we asked a man who directed us wrongly confirming Shahrookh's opinion: the people of Isphahan are all liars. We got to Shiraz just in time for breakfast at the house of Shahrookh's brother, Jamshid.

Shahrookh (works in Bank-e Kesharvarsi, Yazd) says he married xish (d-xale?) by his own wish because the girl was well educated, they grew up together etc. In the past, everyone married ba xish; arranged by father, and sons could not object, for if they did they had to move out and were ostracized from the family. The reason was that communications were not well developed, people in one place stayed there; but when pressed on families moving to Bombay and sending their daughters back to Iran and so on, he put the emphasis on knowing who was who, their character etc. Now people say ba gher is better for medical reasons.

WEDDING.

23 Nov. (Mon). Jehambaksh and Jamshid spent the early morning talking about land prices in Yazd, and Jehambaksh's problems--Jamshid and brothers seem to be involved. (Jehambaksh says that Bomasi was bankrupted by sending gold from Iran to Arabia and not getting paid for the transfer.) After breakfast the father of the three brothers Jamshid, Shahrookh, Kei Khosrow, began to wash the rice to be cooked, saying that in a hotel they never took the trouble to do this. I helped him cut up the qand. Then a couple of people came in, and Jehambaksh took me for a walk--it turned out that these two were strong Zoroastrians and disapproved of Jehambaksh's presence as a Bahai, and so J. left to avoid them. We walked to the Park-e Shahr and sat for a while. He started in again on his now monotonous round of 'proofs' of Bahaisim, but I did learn two new things: I asked why he married Dowlat and not a Bahai girl--and he replied that it was a method enjoined by the religion to bring people into the faith, and it works because the children (as his two sons) usually become Bahai. Secondly, the Bahai prayer position is the same as the Shia one which he opposed to the simple Zoroastrian practice of facing the light and reciting. I asked him what the purpose of prayer was, to which question he seemed to have no response, so I suggested that prayer might be for asking something from God or for training the mind. He reacted strongly against the asking suggestion, saying that prayer is done because ordered by God-Baha'u'llah; one does not ask of God, one accepts what God gives. Again similar to Islam: 'islam' or surrender to God, the affirmation of which is prayer. There is a short prayer said 3 times a day (once btw dawn and noon; once btw noon and dusk; and once between sunset and 3 hours after); if it is not said there is something one can say to make up. We then went by Bruce's who was out, but I met Steve from Pittsburgh and now from Berkeley, a long haired linguistics instructor at Pahavi who wants to come to Yazd to work on Dari. When we returned boxes of oranges were arriving. Some of the women going out donned chadors.

At lunch time I met Bahram and father. Bahram now works for Iran Air (SIS), spent some time in India studying textile engineering in New Delhi, but gave up after a year saying the food was bad and the people hard to get along with. He served in the Health Corps in Ardekan and thus got to know Bellevani and Shahrifabad well--he finds them disgusting, and is particularly put out over the noshveh and the new daxme which smells because there are no birds to eat it. When there was a death he stood in front of the door and the wind came down from the top and out the door bringing a terrible smell from a body about 13 days old; he told Bellevani to come smell how bad it was, but the latter said to call it a bad smell was all in the mind. Before this incident when Bahram had suggested to Bellevani that daxmes smell the latter said no, for 7 days and nights the 7 dasturs prayed over it so there is no bad smell. Bellevani used to be the katkoda and he married his sister to the priest Koda-- so between them they control the place. Mary Boyce was there at his time, and he invited her to lunch in Teheran; she did not stay long only come to get a picture he had taken of boys carrying the ash around.



Bahram also had an interesting comment on marriage patterns and the reason 'knowing the character etc. of one's intended': even in Teheran there is no free dating, and of those girls you do date you wonder why they come out with you--chances are that they are not 'good girls'. He used himself as an example: there was this girl he was going out with for a long time, and he was even thinking ~~xxxx~~ marrying her; he never touched her below the shoulders, tho he would kiss her. Then one day she suggested he touch her genitals and she did so to him; he was shocked, withdrew and began to question her, at which point she laughed and said, no of course she was not a virgin and ~~xxxx~~ he must not think he was her only boyfriend. He had nothing to do with her after that. Maybe in America a girl can sleep around and then be true to her husband after marriage; but what is to ensure that she will not enjoy her experiences and not demand that one husband is insufficient? And to cinch the story: just a few days ago he met the father of this girl who said that two of his girls, this one and a second whom she had taken with her on some of her exploits, had not come home for several nights. They girls who go out freely are usually not more than prostitutes. Then there was the case of Bahram's sister, whom he asked if she had any boyfriends she went out with (on his return from New Delhi) and she said no; so he took her out to the cinema himself; he asked if she wanted to go a second time and she refused; why; because she did not like the way all those boys and girls behaved to gether. As a first generation Teherani she was still reacting in the strictest village code. And for this reason people seek village girls as wives, and use relatives and close friends as guaranters or judges of a prospective wife's character.

After lunch we went to the damad's house, where Bahram kidded around until a bottle of Bacciardi rum was produced--it smelled absolutely foul; it had as USEA stamp on it and Kei Khosrow admitted getting it from a Kuwaiti. Conversation turned religious with particularly much concern about Bahaism. Again a foci was prophethood, and somebody said that everytime someone declares himself a prophet a lot of people get killed; but just because a lot of people get killed when Mosadeq claimed Iran does not mean he was a prophet. We then drove back via the fire temple where we picked up Dastur S. V. (Taft) and returned to Jamshid's house.

There the room was set up with chairs around the wall. On the table in front of the Dastur were placed rose bouquets, a 3-layer cake with a rose on the top; a large plate of loriki (nuts and raisins and sweets and shredded coconut), a plate with an egg, a green handkerchief, a green spoon of thread, a pomegranate with a ude stick stuck in it; but a lamp was sent away by the dastur saying there was electric light--the bearer said OK, I thot it was the custom to have the lamp.

The Dastur says noshveh should be done at about 10 years of age after sudreh kusti to wash off the uncleanness of drinking the blood of the mother in the womb. The milk-and-water ceremony in the wedding procedure is done the day after the wedding; it means that now the man is a man and due to know how to keep the 4 elements clean. Sishu is for women after partuition: on 3 stones: once with nirang do the padyab; once with xak(sand); once then wash clean with water; and then drink a few drops of nirang for 3 days. He says that the bulls from which nirang is now obtained is from young (pre-puberty as it were) bulls owned by Muslims in Shahrifabad; it used to be that people would donate urine to the fire temple; now they want money for it; and so the yanna hair too. He seems relatively undisturbed about the demise of the priesthood: they dont pay us enough; I once went to find a job and the interviewer said all you mobeds, priests, akhuns, are worthless. He has 3 sons: one in school; one in college in Teheran; one in Sepah in Hamadan. There are only about 15 active priests in Iran: neighter Shiraz nor Kirman have one; about 7 in Yazd and 7 in Teheran.

The ceremony was short and done with good humor, only the bride looking dour (Bev Sinton suggests that the general Iranian thinkg is for bride to look unhappy so it wont seem she is happy at leaving her parents). The priest began Ba name Koda. and during the entire time of his recital, brother Shahrookh held the plate with egg--green cloth--some sweets--spoon of green thread--pomegranat with stick of ude--and Avesta over the head of groom Kei Khosrow. It was almost as if it were only the groom who were marrying, the bride being of no importance. It was the groom and his father who recited Ashem Vohus and V. several times; and it was the groom who alone chose a day not to work; the first part was in Persian, and seemed to be the formal marriage, the injunctions to the couple; then a more Avestan chanting during which people got restless and started talking amongst themselves. Shahrookh







Friday, 28 Nov. cont. Afternoon went to Sharifabad with Simin and Mehreban but it was just a short visit and not useful to me except learning that there are 7 fires in the village: Shah Azar Izet, Shah Mehr Izet, Shah Bahram Izet, Shah Ashtad Izet, Dada Hormezd, Shatesht Dar Izet, Shah Fereydun. We then stopped back at Mehtabad-Rostagh to see Simin's father's sister.

Saturday, 28 November 1970. The Day the Queen Did Not Come. Officially it was due to bad weather; but a story was afloat that she did not come because a mullah in Qum had passed the word to mullah's here that should she enter the fire temple they were to create a ruckus and not let her out. Shahriyar doubts the veracity of the story saying that if that were the case they would have made security that much tighter and had her go just to show that she could. But even before he had heard the story, he was musing as to why she had not come--it's obviously not weather but she was afraid to come to Yazd.

More on insecurity: they cooked some arak a few days ago, but when Shahriyar suggested they call me to see, they said no--they do not offer Katkhoda and Maboub wine for fear they will turn them in for have illicit spirits. Shahriyar's father was turned in 4 times.

Afternoon went to Pir-e Varmaru with Shahriyar, Shirin, Banu and took pictures of the Bibi Kuk dolls (when baby comes in answer to prayer). A man was there with whom Shahriyar got in a discussion about the prophecy of the return of Shah Bahram in the Bahman Yasht which Noshat had provoked. The man said it's not as the Bahais say (that Shah Bahram = Bahauddin) because it says that Zoroastrians will remain to the end and then rise again (not become another religion); at which point Shahriyar asked whether this means that the 26 million mullahs will convert--ans. yes. The Old Dastur who comes to Nasrabad also says so and advises potential converts to go to Teheran and just change their identity card since can't have a ceremony of conversion since the Muslims get upset. We were heckled by a couple of kids and Shahriyar took up the cudgels threatening to call the police, and remarking that once they were afraid to walk in Muslim parts of town, but now can and make a show of force if meet any impoliteness.

Went to see Rustami in the evening. A fish jumps out of the water to find out what is above but will die out of the water. So man wants to know about the soul, but cannot know til he dies. A learned mullah in Teheran says that the peygambars are like the 3 blind men and the elephant. A kth came and said you're all (partly) right. If I say I don't believe in God or Zardosht bad does befall me--from my fellows; we don't say so out of fear of our fellows. But if I do bad, no one takes note.

Sunday 29 Nov--8 Azar. Morning went to see Rustamkani. To prove that the Queen really did not come because of rain, he showed me a newspaper which showed the streets of south Teheran flooded. There were copies of special local newspapers which he had to sign and pass, which he did saying to his subordinate (he did not check) that of course nothing was written in them about why she did not come.

Re. marriage: first there is the namsad, then the add (contract) at which point the akdun comes and the register is signed; this is the official marriage. But the girl may stay at her parents home for another unspecified period (10-days to 6 months) during which cohabitation with her husband is an occasional affair (visiting relation, in Jamaican terminology). Then when she goes to her husband's home there may be a jagne.

Luzh was still finishing up the two fish I brought yesterday to Shahriyar--there was also some bread and potatoes from our neighbor, Feredun-e Rustan Moradian, from his wife's MoMe's sol, altho both he and wife are Bahai. There are 3 Moradian brothers from the first wife of their father, Rustan (the well-operator in Husseinabad), Bahram (the sick man in Nasrabad), and ...; of these all were Bahai but one has returned to Zoroastrianism. Then there are four Moradian brothers of the second wife as well, of whom one is the teacher Fereydun who came to fight with me about my Nasrabad survey.

Afternoon, I went by Ehtad and got Aaron Benjun to give me the list of villages he and his father used to visit as cloth peddlers. He also took me to see Sare Saag--the old, now since four years, ruined by rain synagogue where people still go to read tailim when someone is sick,



30 Nov--9 Azar. Today was the sol of a brother of Sarvar in Aliabad, but I already had previously agreed to go to the more important sol of Arbab Sohrab, father of the Keyanian brothers. More important because at the same time as the sol they were doing a charity naujote for 3 village boys. Present were Ardeskir Mobed up from Shiraz for the useh; and Rustam Shahzadi from Teheran here for the same reason. Shahzadi says that usually in marriage the girl's family pays for the namzad jasme if there is one; and the marriage jasme is split between the two families. In the past one married earlier before one was earning anything, and so often a marriage could be sponsored by the rich; and the children might remain in the parental homes after marriage. Similarly with naujote (re-birth) it is now getting difficult to sponsor a naujote; parents want to do it themselves and not let someone else do it. The Teheran Anjoman has money for naujote and marriage but it remains unused. Here one must look several months before finding someone to be sponsored. One of the boys today was a 13-year old from Morabad.

Things started with the sol, two priests officiating: Mehereban-e Gherati, and Bahman-e Farabkari, both wearing the veil over the face. They were dressed in white with white turbans and shoeless. They stood across the table from each other and held hands while one held in the other hand a shovel with incense to feed the fire. They then fed the fire, chanted on, motion of hands to eyes. The other (non-feeding) priest then laid down some greens on the tray with wine, water and milk. An assistant cut open fruit. They ended the invocation with a touching of the hands (both two hands to one/both sides) and sat down, beginning a new section with Ba-name-xoda. Then began the reading of names from a book: first the kings and pahlavan of ancient Iran, then the dead of the family--this went on for a long time. Then people started going out, bored--to the next room where most of the upper class sat. Unfortunately I let myself be persuaded by young Shahzadi (the mobed's son, serving in the Agricultural Extension Corps in Rafsanjan) to go out as well till the naujote would begin--I got engaged in conversation with Jamshidi and Jamshid Aminat and when I got back it was all over. The description from the two Shahzadis however is that a priest, best one priest for each naujote sits behind the candidate and takes his head showing him how to tie the kusti and having him recite after him word by word. ~~Ikaxox~~ The Confession of Faith is recited, and then a prayer for the health of the boy and his father; and if it is paid for by someone else also for that person. Afterwards--by this time I was back in--Shahzadi gave a speech-sermon explaining the ceremony to the assembled tracing the word kusti to meaning kanarband and thus to pre-Zoroastrian customs, turned by Zoroaster into a religious symbol. The veil over the priest's mouth he similarly traced to the ancient custom of placing one's hand before one's mouth when speaking to a superior as can be seen in the reliefs at Takht-e Jamshid and as is still done among the Kurds and in Azerbaijan. He spoke of the need for Zoroastrians to be moral leaders in Iran for else it is true that Takht-e Jamshid is just a memory. He spoke of the April Fool's Day custom in Europe of telling a lie on one day, contrasting it to the imperative of Zoroastrianism never to tell a lie, and pointing out that while once Iran had a reputation in Europe of not telling lies, now it has a reputation of being a nation of lie-tellers. He was dressed in a Parsi priest's outfit (being one of the officiants in the naujote) with a white fez-like turban as seen in the pictures of old Parsis. Then wine was passed around, and lordi among which were shredded coconut. And luck was served. Jamshidi was very friendly and after ascertaining that I was not particularly pro-Muslim, laughed into a harangue about how Muslims just stole everything from the Avesta taru Salomon (Mhd's Persian side); and told two stories of the origin of the throwing of stones at the Kaba, and of the washing of the face, feet and lower arms before praying: the first was that Salomon was at Muhammad's order put down a well and Avesta lowered with him; then a white book which was the Arabic translation and which Mhd called the Koran was lowered also and Mhd told the people to throw a stone into the well; then the other story was that a Jewess was taken by force--everything the Muslims did was by force--and Mhd was sick and thirsty; she brought some water and told him that since she was now Muslim to send away the other people Ali, Osman, Omar, etc. and she would administer to him; when they left and the two were all alone, she began beating him on the head, feet and hands.



Jamskid Amanat was more benign and began to speak in English to me, talking of his land--6 places he has land, 4 deep wells, one qanat, spends 1000 toman a day on labor--80 people employed--they all have been with him 20-30 years as he treats them well; he has pesta and a kind of xarbuze which grows well on salty water; also ranos <sup>U 9</sup> a red dye which grows well on salty water. The moqanis are part of his labor force. He has a pontiac; but his particular joy is a little VW which will go anywhere, in sand etc. He has 5 sons: 2 studying in Germany, --one machines and one agricultural engineering--another son is in Teheran; 2 more work with him here. Two daughters are married and both out.

Shahzadi's son said of the people complimenting his father on the fine speech: we have an idiom in English for such excessive compliment: hindevano zire baghal gosashtan (to take watermelon in the armpits). 'On the tip of my tongue' in Persian comes out sar-e zabun. When one is very hungry, it is said 'rude bozorg-e rude kuchikro dar-e mixoreg' or 'the large intestine is eating the small intestine'.

When the names of the dead are being read it is constantly repeated aida yad bad 'may the soul be remembered here'. Each family should have such a book of names. The peskam of a house is the religious arch, now called talar; the Keyansia house which is supposed to be a two peskam house according to Kanon-e Keyansian is really two houses, one old and one new, and when I pointed to the arch in the new section as a peskam, they preferred the term talar, reserving talar for the arch in the old adjoining court where the soul-sol lay-out was. Shahzadi suggested that this is a more ancient form of bad-gir--as it rises higher than the rest of the house usually and so can catch the wind. The old houses according to him should have four peskams. (But note while many of the old village houses have a cuneiform shape they are not usually extensions up to catch the wind). Of the white xtama brick--he (Shahzadi) compared it to a mirror and a bowl of fresh water, in which it is said that the ancient seers could see the soul (there is a black spot in the center on which they concentrate). White is the color of the Aryans and Hindus have a bowl with holes in the bottom in the shape of a fish, duck and so on thru which they spread chalk in these shapes. White is the color of the priestly attire in the Aryan religions, whereas black is the color of the semitic priestly dress, and when Zoroastrians had a religious ceremony they would spread white chalk around as a sign of a religious ceremony in progress; the Muslims put up a black flag. As to the custom of the taking off of shoes; he says this is a Hindu custom of respect--that the Zoroastrian religion says nothing one way or the other either about taking off shoes or hat. As to wine, he pointed out that in Judaism, Christianity and Zoroastrianism wine is used in ritual; only Islam is opposed and it is said that this was because one day when Mohamad was drinking wine, a man got drunk and killed another; but points out Shahzadi the god Rama (?) lost his wife gambling and still did not outlaw gambling but is the god of gambling.



30 Nov. cont. Afternoon to bazaar and talked to Musa Aarmanian's brother about the stuff given me by Aaron Benjun. See Jewish Bazaar. Then went over to Bouine's where Rashid Rashidi turned up; he is now living in Nasrabad which may be a stroke of luck--agreed to come over Thursday at 5pm. Hassan Barbari, Mike's new assistant at 500 tomans/mo., gave us a good Farsi lesson, and I was invited to accompany them to a meeting of the Baker's Guild at 9pm that evening which see.

3 Dec. 1970. Aid-e Petr (end of Ramazan). Shaban the Jewish barber came to solicit money from Shahriyar to repair the abambar in front of the Masjid-e Jome. Shahriyar asked how come the Jews have an abambar there and was told that the Jews had applied to a Muslim Senator for Yazd for an abambar; and the latter said 'OK, I'll tell the City to build an abambar there for the Muslims on the ground that there should be water near the Masjid; then as soon as it is completed you get a bunch of people to go there and take water; there will be a fight and it will come to the police station, and I'll intervene at that point. So it went, and at the settlement of the quarrel the Senator pointed out that even if they were to forbid Jews to use the abambar, it was already najes by their touch and so they might as well have it; and the Muslims should build another even bigger one. Which goes to show, says Shahriyar, that not all Muslims are bad.

(The bread which Shahriyar takes to the workmen redrilling his well must not be touched by his hands; he takes it in a handkerchief. He laughs and says even fruit which the Muslim shops buy from Zoroastrian farmers does not become najes before the initial transfer, but once bought by the Muslim, should the very same Z. farmer who sold the fruit originally touch it again, it is najes.)

I agreed to take Sarvar and gang for the sol of her brother So Aliabad at 10 but then it turned out that they did not want to go until 11:30, so I went in to town and Shahriyar invited himself along. He asked me what I'd learned etc. and I blew my stack and told him the truth of which of course, probably fortunately, he only understood half--starting mildly with Z. religion as being in change, moving to Zoros being so damn afraid to say anything, to what good is religion anyway. The last part of course completely passed him by, but he agreed with the other two points optimistically saying that maybe religious enmity would be over in half ten years (he's also fond of telling me every night that the Vietnam War will be over in the next few days) but ending up with a soliloquy on the reality of the fear of Zoroastrians to trust anyone with anything: 'there is no other alternative'. Fereydua of Sepenta asked him to register some land here in Yazd for him, pay the bribes and so on, because it's much more difficult in Teheran (apparently it costs to register land, the gvt of course having avoided a cadastral survey, and as long as land does not become valuable people don't bother to spend money on it), viz. he could ask a Major in the Police to register it for him in Teheran and it would be done, but then the Major might come for some iron to be sent to him, and the amount would be more and more w/o Sepenta being able to bill him, for if they tried to bill him it would earn them enmity which might be unwise later. Even so since there are some 400 Muslim workers and 400 minorities with the Zoros in control every time there is a fight, the police have to be on stand-by. Just like in India where they were friendly with the tea shop inspector who let them get away with the illegal practice of putting cheap saccarine in the tea instead of sugar; then they got on the wrong side of him and were arrested. Then there is the case here of the well: after they invested all this money, the Muslims gathered around and said that the price being charged for water was too much--Shahriyar could say nothing only sitting quietly like a mouse; only his mirab sided with him, and the latter had bought a new bike with his own money but was accused by the other Muslim as having been bought with a bike by a Gabr (a bi-kitab Gabr); there was a sayyid who stayed out of the fight only because Shahriyar had bribed him, and so it goes: he can say nothing because the police are far and have to be bribed to come anyway; meanwhile the Muslims can walk off with pieces of machinery even were he to close the pump, and so he doesn't collect full amounts from everyone. Just like all these fellows who drive without licenses by paying bribes to the police.

Says he is happy when he sees a Christian or a Bahai because they are a help to Zoroastrians. Says some members of the Zoro Youth Club are objecting to my presence.



The TEHRAN JOURNAL, Nov. 30, says in a note on a speech by the Chairman of the City (Teheran) Development Committee, Mushang Sakhoun, about the bad state of Teheran's susceptibility to flooding until they don't put in diversion projects to carry off heavy rain water, that Saturday's floods (which stopped the Queen from coming to Yazd) was caused by 12 hours of rain amounting to 20mm. There's also a note that "A losing cock in a cock fight attacked and blinded it's opponent's owner" in Ispahan on which 20,000 rials was riding: "As Mohammad Taqi /Ilkhan / saw that his bird was being beaten he asked Arshad /the owner of the other bird / for a ten-minute break so that he could warm up his fighter. He brought the cock out of the ring and began raining severe blows on its head and neck to madden him. Returning to the ring, the cock was in a frenzy now and was gaining on the other cock, which losing control, leaped at Mohammad Taqi who was sitting cross-legged on the edge of the ring and struck several blows at his head. The cock also managed a blow at Mohammad's eye, puncturing it."

Shahriyar doctored a cock here this morning giving it a myacin compound with an eyedropper.

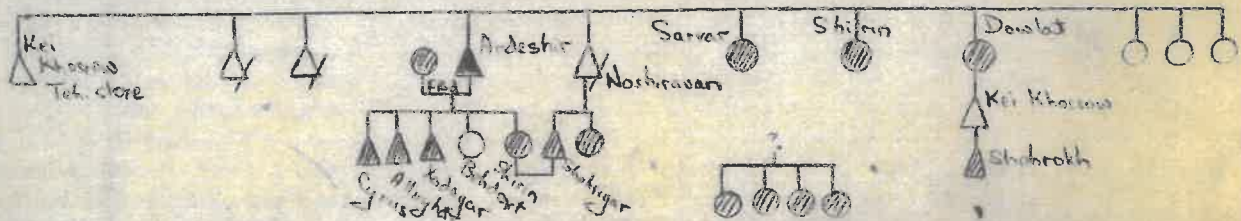
Note on fish--on ashor days (no meat) fish is OK because 'it does not have blood'; as we were cutting up the fish I had bought I pointed to the red liquid coming out and said what's that--oh well, they only say so because they want to eat the fish.

So went to Aliabad almost at noon with Sarvar, Shahrookh a high school student living in Nasrabad from Hassanabad and the SiSoSo of Sarvar, and the BroDaHuSi of Sarvar. There met Alliyar again, the guy working in Ispahan for the iron mill, and tried to do part of their genealogy again. The sol was of Sarvar's brother Ardeشير: present were his wife, daughter, damad, 3 sisters, SiSoSo, 3 sons, 4 granddaughters (?). After that we went to a porseh (10 days) of one Rustam; and then to the fire temple which as Allaykar explained it is an Alesh Bahram--the Dahr-e Mehr is the place in which an Alesh Bahram is to be found. He himself is emancipated, and enjoyed my response that I have no religion (proving in the end after all to be relatively satisfactory) saying he was the same, and people are much more comfortable without religion, but it is a real effort to free oneself from religious superstitions (xorafat). His dai, the atash-band here, came into the house last night and told the story that one day he was thinking to himself that all this business of taking care of the fire was a bit silly and close to idolatry; then today (i.e. yesterday) as he was putting madhman feeding the fire, it spit at him; and all the people around listening to him, said 'yes, yea' that's the result of your doubting. They believe that there is a fire which does not require fuel; the fire tended by the atashband is fed everyday but in the center is a fire which is eternal and carries on (or the fire itself is eternal whereas the food is ephemeral--MF). He has heard of fires going out, or becoming impure; then a new fire is installed from another atash-bahram. I asked about the asymmetry of there being 4 elements which theoretically should be kept pure, but fire is the only one installed in the place of worship as a center piece, tho the other 3 find expression in ritual settings. His response was that it was the only one of the 4 elements which required observation or care (negar kardan) for if it was not taken care of it would go out. Yes I said but in Yazd for instance water too must be cared for or the qanats dry up etc and then there is no water. And he said, so water is taken care of: people are concerned about it becoming dirty, and one is not supposed to wash directly in a running stream but take it out of the stream in a vessel and wash one's clothes etc. there (this isn't followed very much); and the people not only have this rule but they believe that the stream entertains bad feelings towards men if the rule is not obeyed (MF and indeed this is physically expressed by a dirtiness which is injurious to men). Similarly one should not throw dirty water etc on trees for they too feel bad towards men, which is esp. import for fruit trees. He spoke of the father of a friend, who was very religious praying 5 times a day; the son went to Bombay and returned somewhat emancipated having given up this praying, and the father's reaction was to remark 'the light of God has gone out of your face'. In the fire temple a 'gahambar' was in progress which it turned out was given by his mother in his and his brother Xodayar's names. Finger language--one finger held up he has heard means there is one god; two means 'and there are not two gods' and then they are touched to the nose and forehead. He asked a Dai the significance and got the same response but says that he does not think it is right and I should ask Shahriyar Dahmbed, which I did at night but he was not interested, but did say that one finger



fingers used are of the right hand. was at the word(s) 'hamam zurbania': we are all one people all together in the world and should take our strength from the fact' (sociological transposition of the simple minded 'one god' metaphor). The name 'gahambar' here refers to a section of the Av. read by that name. The gahambar was the result of his mother's vow (nasr) that the two boys should stay well etc. It was a simple lorki (nuts and dried fruit) gahambar, with a bit of surok, bread and potatoes. The seasonal gahambars are ref. to as shish cher-e gahambar. At one point all rose and turned their backs to the fire room towards the setting sun (as equally invisible in the room). At the sol of Ardeshir (nothing was read, tho maybe we were too late, coming only in time for a rather good lunch of liver, ash, rice) there was a torshi called sir va sedake ( , garlic and ?? ) which is supposed to make you able to see the dead in a dream. There was also talk that it was not good to go to the Darb-e Mehr first and then to the porseh, but it should be done vice versa, tho they had no reason for this.

After bringing them all back I went over to Mike's. Then a light dinner with Shahrivar. We are invited to Cyrus Moradian's amzade jama on Friday in Khoranshah; and Maboub came to invite us to the si-ruz of Fereydun-Rustam-Khan tomorrow about noon.



Allahyar in suggesting that I ask people's religion so as to locate Bahais expressed the opinion (which coincides with MF's) that Bahaism is a half-way house for people who are unhappy with the older religions but not quite well-enough educated to make the big step to indifference; rather they think they have found the 'right' path. Thus A. rejected MF's suggestion of it being a half-way house since it does take the form of a strong new faith. He also expressed his opinion that whereas Islam and Christianity were religions subject to change with time as evidenced by their sectarian fissioning, Zoroastrianism was unchanging and was the same as it always had been.

2 Dec. 1970. (Wed). The si-ruz for Fereydun-e Rustam Khan got going early--a poundia on my door at 7:30 I was summoned by a child runner for Bazu Luti to come--breakfast of rice (in the skins) and ash--with Iraj's sister, Shahrivar who's back from Teheran and will be going to Bombay in 2 mo. for 6mo. where he has a bakery, old Bahram who has 2 brothers in Bombay-Poona and he himself was there 4 times and then did some construction work in Teheran but now is ret.--'Mohandess-e Kiaban'--a guy from Teheran (Shahrivar is the dai of his wife; Shahrivar's daughter married Iraj's brother) who was born in Fakhraz Aliabad but whose grandfather moved there when Sadrabad dried up (at the Davosk Koran), Iraj's bro from Teheran who has a motor bike shop (Japanese make) on Shah Reza in Teheran, da of Shahrivar and grandson, a woman from Morabad. Meanwhile the Katkhoda and old Rustam and Shapur and Ardeshir were cooking ash in the fire temple for the xeirak, and tomorrow they'll all go sare-xak. They were telling me (Shahrivar, Bazu Luti, and a boy and Bazu's daughter) about the old daxme up in the mts which is a sunken pit in which clothed bodies were found with money--the shoes are still there but not the clothes, and a skull with writing on it fr God which they think may be Heb.--none of them could decipher it.

I went by Kodaram Shkrobodi's tailoring shop for a fitting of my trousers; they'll be warm but the cordery is too thick to look very smart. Soroush Shahzadi at the PO said there was something about a new hospital to which the Zoros contributed; asked me why I did not tape the reading of names--Bahram sings very nicely. Not every family has a book--like he doesn't--and the ceremony is done more often in Bombay like for the opening of a new shop or house.

Back at Nasrabad met a guy who works for the Income Tax place--his description of assessment procedure seems to be more or less the same with Ghademi's. Katkhoda and a fellow from Elabad who estimated there be about 35-40 houses there discussed water: 4 kinds of water: ab-e shiriz, talq, shur, qacki. A qanat can be salty at the source



and sweet at the mouth if the mineral is deposited along the way; a qanat can also start out ~~salty~~ sweet if it run thru salty land and up salty. Katkhoda's theory runs: the sea which deposited the sand around here either was salty or in any case (as with the marshes south of Teheran) left salt deposits as it dried up; thus if a water course is thru the sand say on the Morabad side of Yazd the water may pick up the salt deposits. On the other hand a qanat say from Mehriz to Elabad may start out salty and deposit it's salt (precipitate) as it goes. (?)--ask Amanit and Jamshidi, and Fariborz Shahradi. Old Bahram (Mehr?) was reciting poetry of Nassim Shomal (c. 50 yrs old--Iranian published in India) and Eskri (d. at the young age of 24). Others fiddled with their tasbeh (تسبیح), i.e. worry beads. People kept arriving and by lunch time practically all of Nasrabad was present: the men numbered about 40 tho they were not all from Nasrabad--there was the fellow at whose house we had wine in Ja'afarabad (Khosrow?) Hormezd?); then there was the old guy who gave me the household count in Rahmatabad; there was a woman from Morabad, the old guy with the left side of his face paralyzed out of shape from Elabad... From Mumeri himself to the Teacher at Shahnaz, Teacher Bahram, to Shahrivar, the Moradian brothers who still seemed upset at my presence, Cyrus Moradian, Jamshid Dahmobe (Jamshid-e Rostam), Jamshid-e Bahram Dahmobe, Bahram Dahmobe, Shahrivar Dahmobe, Rostam Sawi tailor, etc.

Meanwhile the ash was still bubbling away in 3 large and 2 small cauldrons. The recipe is: water, 6 man of meat (36 kilo in winter, 30-33 in Tir month since there are less people in summer with an inflow in winter of students), 10 man of rice (9 in Tir month),  $\frac{1}{2}$  man of mash (ماش; a kind of pea);  $\frac{1}{2}$  man of nakhot (chickpea) to a little under a man; about the same amount of lubia; then piaz (onion) and salt and pepper and sarchubeh (سارچوبه); 2 kinds of sabzi: sheviz (شنبلیله) and gashuis (گشنیز); and other spices: hel (هل), darcaube (دراچوبه) and sir-e sabz.

In the morning old sick Dastur Mehreban (the one who plays fortune-teller) was present and said he had had a dream in which he saw that Iraj would have 2 kids; later on Iraj said something about having a dream, but when I tried to talk about it he passed it off, and said something under his breath to others (as once Shahrivar had) about not telling one's dreams; and when I tried to talk about Dastur Mehreban's that was passed off as dehough--lie. Later on Dastur Rostam arrived to read the gahambar after which lorki was passed out.

Around 3:30 the ash-e xeirat was taken around.

After which we sat around and talked some more. Old Bahram turns out to be a rather jolly fellow, quite taken with the amount of change he's seen in his life--being able to travel from here to Teheran in 12 hrs instead of 24 days; being able to talk around the world even without wires. In the old days they sent money back to Iran from India by merchants because banks for one thing did not exist. People became rich in Bombay and stayed, others came back. Says Nasrabad was 300 houses. Talks about the introduction of prohibition in India with Ghandi--got rid of a white liquor which was very strong, something made from coconuts. He had an interesting theory of child-rearing when they asked me if I were not afraid at night to stay alone, saying that americans were not afraid of such things because their parents did not say bad words to them when they were children (like pedar-suchte, etc.). In the old days, people here without education, that is Muslims, did so; now people know better. And he recited from Saadi an inevitable poem appropo which he glossed in the metaphor that what becomes black cannot become white:

Zenapak zadeh madarid ovid

Ke sangi va shostan nagardad sefid.

(Appropo of the metaphor used to answer the question about converts). Appropo of white and black--I asked the old man from Rahmatabad about the white brick and he rhetorically responded 'which is better black or white'; what is black cannot be come white; white-pak (my suggestion).

Evening meal there was some very very strong Zoroastrian arak which we mixed with wine to cool it down--made in the 'factory' in Elabad (according to Shahrivar apparently a-legal).

Tomorrow then about noon I'm scheduled to take a couple of car-loads to the daxme but we'll see about sleeping there; they kidded that the only one's (presumably crazy enough to brave the cold) would be me and Banu Luti.



3 Dec. (Thursday). Around 10:30 I was called to Fereydu's house again for brunch etc. and to bring the car tho we weren't scheduled to leave til after lunch. In between I went back home to fetch my poustin and stopped to chat with Shahriyar (I had taken him and Shiria and Sarvar into the city earlier --the latter two to the hospital to get something for Shiria's allergy to cold which makes her hands all skratcy; and he checked with Rustan-e Modiri and then with this Haji across the street--a junk dealer from whom he bought an old pipe to use at the bottom of the pump which we then took there were the drilling rig from Akron Ohio was going at full speed--the engineer is a Teherani with two assistants, the machines belonging to the government, he's been in Yazd three years but is now scheduled to take the rig to Kashan--Shahriyar says the Haji has a lot of money but also a son who does not work and eats it all up in drink). ! Fir Izet everyone goes to the daxmes to mourn the killing of 99,999 Zoros; Muslim boys show up on bikes and sass the girls so that once even when Shahriyar's father was alive they left the Gahambar at the daxmes and went back to Nasrabad; later the Mahalleh Najoman sent police to keep order. He also --by way of defending everyone's defensiveness--spoke of the Lutis (robbers) from around Taft who would come with rifles and take what they wanted; once they stripped a woman in labor to water her give birth; they were not so much Muslim vs Zoro as just robbers. As to when ! Fir Izet is he doesn't know but he remembers it was cold. The thing at the daxme is Yasht Dowreh Dehmah (Dakmah) at midnite when the dog barks the soul is being questioned about his bad deeds--any time at midnite and occasionally at noon the dog is siad to be able to see the soul being questioned (dog is dirty, only his vision is clean). Muslims and Zoros tell of seeing 2 of Gd's messengers come to a grave at midnite and call up the dead, fasten a chain on his neck and take him off to the scene of his crime or bad deeds. Jew are hated more than Muslims--call them kar pavan workers of magic--old Kodarama had to call a Muslim to help him get rid of a Jew who was abusing him and threatening him with magic in a fight over a sale of something or other. Shahriyar is going to cut a goat at completion of the well drilling when the fight over how much the water well cost will start.

Maboub made a ref. to the fertility of Jews in a discussion of giving out ID cards; he said he was 15 and they responded that were he a Jew he'd have 2 kids by now. At the daxme good ol' Shahriyar Forudi broke the news to the nasrabadis that I was a Jew; we'll see how long this takes to get back to Shahriyar.

Around noon we crammed some fire wood and the following people into the IR: Ardeskair (Iraj's father), Iraj's mother, Bazu Luti, Shahriyar's son, ~~and~~ a daughter of Fereydu-Rustan Khan and thus Iraj's mother's sister who is married in Morlabad; her grandson, Behruz, 12 (who is Bazu Luti's godson--she bought him for 5 rials when he was sick as a baby-- and when he gets married he should give her some cloth), 3 other old women. At the daxme of course we were joined by Amujan and Shahriyar Forudi; and Kei Khosrow (the IRS man) came with a Muslim friend to show around til dusk, also Iraj's brother came with them. A party of us went off to find the old daxme which Amujan had visited with brother Rustan 40 years ago. It is on a ridge further back above a mining quarry fairly small in diameter (c.33') with apparently a single row of pavis separated by upright stones on end. Bones and a fairly well-preserved full skull were there as well as a wood comb; they were fairly sure it is a couple thousand years old because bits of cloth (a kind of loose-woven burlap) made from the bark of the xorma tree. We went back to the new daxmas: they are planning to close the newer one, the one which Fereydu-e Rustan Khan's family built (called Golestan) to destroy it, and just leave the older Manekji one in operation. Fereydu himself was put in the latter altho the family wanted to put him in the one he built. Then Kei Khosrow took me and his Muslim friend, Gholan Hassan, on a tour of the graveyard: the rooms where the body is washed if this is not done at home, where it is dried, where it is laid for the dasturs to pray and people to pay last respects by giving a kiss from the floor up asking forgiveness for any wrong done the dead, wishing the soul well etc. And the room next to it for the gathering of the folk. The water running thru the graveyard just below the surface is the qanat to Qassimabad. At the graveyard both hands and legs are fadded an iron bed for each corpse with brick walls and a cover--to be like Qala Firuz.





## JOURNAL

He stressed how there is a rule that no grave stone is to be placed until a year after burial to give a kind of equality; if someone has no money after a year he can ask the Anjoman for help and people need not know. Grave stones should be simple and all alike. A tree at the head of each. Yeganegi is sinking a well and they hope to have some gardening done by the caretakers. The land out here is Zoroastrian waqf from the time of Nasraddin Shah and Manakji.

Dastur Mehreban (the main atash-band) was there with Dastur Rustan to read the Yasht. I asked around if anyone else could read it and they all said no; and when I asked what would happen if there were no dastur, they said then the men would have to do it; why the men, it is the custom for it to be men's work just as gahambar etc. are more men's work than women tie the kusti etc. as well but less. Mehreban turns out to be pro-cremation; it is much more comfortable (rahatar) as done in Germany. I asked about bareshaum-gah and his response was that bareshaum has now gotten corrupt and broken down; there used to be a place near the abambar by the shops in Mahalleh but this is now ruined, and if people want to do it they go and take stones in their house; and now behdin run it too, as for instance he himself is too busy to do this; and for further information I should go to Rustan Shahzadi and not pay much attention to Kodaram(?) in Shahrifabad who does things out of his own imagination. Bareshaum in any case is an innovation of Sassanian times when there were a lot of priests who could take some profit from it; it does not belong to Keyanian times, and Zoroaster had nothing to do with it.

The namzade celebration tomorrow is put off a week because of a death in the brides family--a man who was over 100 and who was put in the dazme yesterday; there was a tell-tale circle on the ground around where his body had been placed for last respects: a circle of serke (vinegar) which as was explained was to kill microbes--it is as was done later at night by Amujan rosted in the fire with lorghan-e shir (oil of Milk?) and sire sedou (an herb) baroyeh zedeavauna (to kill microbes: it gives a good smell (bu) into the air which kills microbes).

At six after dark, the two priests began to mumble in one cubicle while everyone else talked and ate and laughed in another. Amujan and Shahriyar Forudi recited Patets for the soul as did one or two others. And Amujan put some sirke etc. in a ladle on the fire as described above. The Yasht takes 4 hours and people kept checking their watches to see how much more to go. At 10 a taxi came to take the dasturs and all but 5 of us back to town. Three women (incl. Banu Luti) and Ardishir and I. Ardeshir was in Bombay and owned a tea shop with 20 workers; he says he was able to send back about 200-300 tomans a month; now it is in the hands of a relative and by law only 100 rupees can be sent a month, but the latter has his family there. Says he has 60 acres here but it is harab. In the morning Patet recitation again and left after a very cold nite.



- 4 Dec. (Friday)--after returning home, went to the Hammam where Iraj went out of his way to be nice, giving me a rubdown. Noon, picked up my trousers from Kodaram the tailor--not very nicely cut--he's on Jamshid's side about giving land to the Rulabad Dahmbedis--the land is worth a lot now, esp. that on the road and around Dowlatabad. (The Dowlatabad land accord. to Iraj is worth c. 400 T./m. while that on which the Cyrus Hotel is located is as much as 3000T/m). It can't be sold--if it could, they would have sold it long ago; so just leave it in Jamshid's hands; he himself has bought land elsewhere. He went to Bombay with his amu Bahram at age 10. Shahriyar went after wards, also c. age ten.
- Afternoon, Iraj and I went to take people back to Moriabad (his siter married to KK the IRS man) and Mehtabad (his xale). He's vs Bahais as gaining converts by a kind of force (aid if you want something; marriage)--no one on their own converts. This xale is married to Jamshid Lor, the manager of both the Cyrus Hotel and the cinema next door (the owner is in Teheran). It is true that S. used to own all that land--drank all the money away. There was a fight about building the cinema across from a mosque and a lot of money was paid out. Lor's have a 13 yr old son who they say is small because he was premature (7M), son 11, son c.7, and a da. The children can only understand but not speak Dari. Jamshid's bro wi (Iran) lives in Rahmatabad. For Barashnum people go to Pusht Khan Ali--you can send someone in your name usually someone of the family or second best a dastur, e.g. when Iraj's MoMo died 3 years ago they sent his si (in Moriabad)'s Hu (KK)'s mo. to do it in her name.

- 5 Dec. (Sat)--In the morning the redrilling of Shahriyar's well was completed and a few people gathered to cut a goat which Shahriyar donated (250T). Shahriyar himself prepared for the cutting by going to the hammam, praying at home to Zardosht and the Virgin Mary that everything go well with the well; he then came to the well with two sticks of ude and mumbled something (Ashem?) at which ritual the older machine operator who says he's going to marry his second wife aged 15 for 10,000T, sedagh half to be given and half written, the first wife remaining but one must change clothes every so often, started a counter invocation to Mohammad, and Shahriyar when coming back into the workshop among all the Muslims to place the sticks of ude on the machine said an Bismallah. A Sayyid who has killed a man, whose mother was Zardoshti (by force), and who is feared by all such that once their was a fight in the Electric Shop and Jehambaksh called him, and everyone left, came to pay Shahriyar some money for water. The water came up, more than before as Shahriyar had hoped. And the goat's neck was slit over the jube with the water: it took the poor goat a couple of minutes to die. Then it was taken into the yard for butchering: all the butchering was done by Muslims. The goat was divided first with the skin going to the main machine operator (the above) and a large chunk of the meat to him, his younger assistant, and their engineer. (The 3 will also receive 600T. gift tomorrow.) Then a chunk was cut to be taken to the shop in town who had sent the machine operators. Then everyone who happened to be present got a shishtram (a 'sixth', like a dang) or a xoda merzi (eg. like gahambar you take a small symbolic piece and say xoda bianorzi). Then the remaining meat was split split between Muslims and Zoroastrians with the larger share going to the former; and cut up to be sent to houses such as Hajji Sayyid Mahmammad Nam and Mohandess Hosseia (the secretary of the well). Tomorrow he is planning to call together all the people and decide on a new price: he'll start at 14T and hope he'll get 12.

Afternoon went by Iraj's Bank. Tentatively made date with Shahpour to map the village day after tomorrow.

To town to see Mike, and got the following account of Muslim death practices from Hosseia Barbari: The day after death is a porseh usually held in the Masjid-e Muhammadiyeh (or Hazireh) with the new minarets on Pahlavi; the Chari or Qor'an reader comes to pray and an akum speaks, the affair costing 100-150T. Then on the hafte (week) a rosa is held at the home, if one is rich for 10 days, or 5 days or only 1 day if of modest means; then again on the 40th day another rosa for 10 days or so; and finally on the sal (year) another rosah. (Rosas otherwise are endowed usually only for Imam Hussein in Moharram, e.g. Herati does one ea year for 10 days.



For the porseh, surukok is cooked (oil bread with flour, water, oil of konjeh which is either sessmi or grape seed) and this is given to beggars as well as others; it is believed that it is like the dead person were being fed and if the surukok is not cooked, the dead would go hungry. Sab Shabbe aval-e gahr (first night in the grave) the family buys some moql (sugar) and takes it to the mosque to hand out to the people to pray for the soul; the first night the dead is afraid of the dark: and the prayer is called namaz-e vashat-e gahr (prayer of grave terror). It is believed that if the deceased was a bad man, (1) the grave will press him so that the milk he drank as a baby will come out through his toes; (2) the messengers of God will beat him with a torch (gorzeh ateshi); (3) When the soil is filled in on the grave, the priest instructs the deceased in Arabic that if someone comes to ask who you are, you are to reply that you are a Muslim from Ali, i.e. Shii. Hossein once asked an akhun how if the man never understood Arabic while he was alive, he could understand it when he was dead; the question was met with accusations that he was not a Muslim, etc. On Judgment Day it is believed that the distance between the sun and the people is one mazeh (a stick of 5-10m), and people stand on one leg as God asks them what they did in life to determine if they are to be sent to Heaven or Hell; each part of the body confesses, e.g. the eyes that they have looked upon women with lust, the hand that it stole, etc. Each Thursday afternoon many people can be seen going into the graveyard and on such days as Ruz-e Qatr Ramazan; they pour water on the ground and read Fatekha which consists of Alhamullillah and of Qul Hovallah. It is not clear what happens between death and Judgment Day, but the soul goes to a garden which is either a good or a bad place according to his merits.

Afterwards had dinner with Shahriyar and Shirinaad Sarvar. Shahriyar bought Rustam Pangar (Katkhoda's son Kei Khosrow for 15r. when he was very sick as a child and the mother came asking him to do so; it is the right of the buyer to change the name of the child. Sarvar or her sister also bought. Muslims themselves speak of Mecca as a place where thieves go to get the title Haji. And they call their asses 'Omar'; old Xodaram's ass is called this. Banu Luti's sister was captured by the Muslims and forcibly wed to one: Banu went to her and she said at the times that she wanted to be Muslim but now she says that she said that under the influence of a drug they gave her to drink; she is unhappily married. Shahriyar got on to Jews again and got me to ask Sarvar which were worse Muslims or Jews, and of course it is the latter as he had been saying: they must have some sort of special power because they are located in the city whereas if Zoroas had tried to live in town they would have been chased out. They say Jews take children and turn them into mummies and draw their blood. Hormuzdiar, Sarvar's son, says he saw w/ his own eyes the capture of a Jew in the act of stealing a Muslim boy in Mahdishad, the boy was in the saddlebag covered with grass and was discovered when he cried: he d. 2 days later. Gol Banu--Mo of K.K. from Bombay says that she once asked Musa to cut a chicken for her and he disappeared for an hour to beat the thing and torture it before killing it. Noshirawan, the now deceased brother of Sarvar says he sold a goat to 2 Jews who said they would buy the weight of the mutton when killed and proceeded to beat on it and torture it, and pull out the hair at its throat while he watched; says now he wouldnt sell a goat to a Jew for 300T. Shahriyar went to a house near the Masjid-e Home to buy some bone fertilizer but when he heard that the house had belonged to a Jew and was invited to go into the xir-zamin to get what he wanted, he took fright and left, sending old Xodaram instead.

I then went to see Dr. Rasavie--he says he was kicked upstairs to a ministry post in Teheran and has h. mo. vacation to decide whether to take it or retire. His father-in-law is a lawyer here; father had gardens in Sadrabad and Shamsi. He and his father-in-law are partners in Rasavieh, a well sunk 10 yrs ago 150meters and yielding 80 gavies an hour--the best yiled of any well in Yazd, at the confluence of seasonal spring streams from Shir Kuh, Sonich, etc. Grows pistachios and pomegranates; the former is being held up in sales to the US due to the devaluation in Turkey--he thinks Iran will eventually just have to settle for a lower price. Two main exporters of pistachios based in Rafsiyan: Iran Pistachio and another, both based in Rafsiyan. In 1323 he returned to Yazd after getting his degree at the U. of Teh and serving 1/2 yr in Savah. Spoke of difficulty of knowing



6 Dec. 1970 (Sunday). Morning was persuaded by Sarvar and Shirin to take them into town; Banu Luti and another woman came along, the former going to visit her (Muslim?) sister. I then returned for the meeting Shahriyar was to call to discuss well prices. It turned out he was afraid of the fight and had taken the advice of someone or other to just set an arbitrary price--13 Tomans--and see what happens. He bought off Houshang, the guy who cut the goat and who is 'a notorious fellow' by saying he could just pay what he liked; he made the same offer to Sayyid Ahmad, the murderer. Then I went to look up Keyanian, and was met by the brother who has been to the States who gave me a little bit of the genealogy and talked a little about pistachio growing--the life of the tree is a very long time 40-50 years and goes bad only if dries, and then can't plant a new tree in its place because the roots of the surrounding trees are too well developed. Then Fereyduz came in and read the newspaper--for an hour I sat there while he tried to ignore me, and would not even answer my attempts to leave gracefully; eventually we set a time for Wednesday morning at 9am and if that is as unsatisfactory I'll forget it. Went by to see Peter Sinton. Went home and drew up a schedule for tomorrow. Evening Shahriyar had the 2 main pump operators over for a farewell dinner. There are some 500 wells in Yazd; the water has dropped from 41-2m. to 60m. in the last 15 years. Anar has a lot of water; the ground around Taft is very hard to drill. Stories of the stealing of the Turkomen around Gombadi Cavus and of the Baluchi who steal just for the fun of it. Kodabaksh put in that yes they say the men of Yazd are women because they don't do such things and when the latter protest to do such things leads to jail the response is yes, jail is a place for men; home for women. The mohaddess suggested to Shahriyar that he collect the money before giving water. After they left Shahriyar started in on Jew stories again--he checked with Hormaz about the child who died after being stuffed in a Jew's saddlebag--fed up, I left quickly. There was another story he started by saying that Muslims and Zardoshti go to the houses of Jews to buy something, but wouldn't tell me what it was they buy. When the pump operators left he said he liked them and it proved not all Muslims were bad; I said yes the new Iran; he said no there always were good Muslims, 40 years ago the Muslims wanted to kill Sarvar's brother for something and a Sayyid stepped in and said they would have to kill him as well; what the bro. did again he would not tell me.

7 Dec. (Mon). Shahriyar says that he can't take up the suggestion of charging money before giving water out of pity for the poor people who only live on income from the land and who need the credit until they sell their crops. There is for instance a poor old woman-widow with one no-good son (Rustam, who married and beat up his wife till she ran away and complained to the police and they got him to sign a divorce decree; then he remarried a school teacher, a friend of Mumeri against his advice, and she eventually kicked him out without gaining a divorce), another son in school, and a daughter engaged; she gets a bit of money from her brother, but barely scrapes by.

In the afternoon he took me to the sal of Bahram Katkhoda, his MZs who died 13 years ago. A bit more of the history of this first well came out. When the qanat giving water to Raimabad went dry, people got together and pooled 30,000 tomans to drill a well (c. 52 people); Bahman-e Raiz apparently gave whatever money also was needed--Sh. said 10,000T. but then admitted he did not know the amount--and registered the well in his name, in whose name it still is. There was a fight over who was to be the manager of the well, and everyone ganged up to force Bahman-e Raiz out, he giving way to Rustam Meradian (who now runs the pump in Hussainabad); this man is a Bahai, and people gave him a rough time abusing him, and not paying and so on; he started to go bankrupt, selling land to put into the well; eventually he was forced out and Bahram the Katkhoda then took over sleeping on the roof of the pump house (it was summer), but one night he fell off and there was something with his heart and after 4 years of illness he died. This was 13 years ago--his house is the Gahambarxane. He had a daughter whom his wife then had a hard time marrying off and after she finally succeeded that damad died within a year. Bahram-e Katkhoda's father's other wife had a daughter who is now married to Rustam Pangar the current Katkhoda (who helped organize the ousting of Bahman-e Raiz); her brother is Kodaram Sabze, the teacher at Kenu Dabestan who helped us find Marylin's purse in Kuche Biuk.



Shahriyar says he paid 16,400T. for the well drilling. (The drilling business he suggests is a lucrative one as one of these drilling machines costs only 150,000 and look how much they took from him just like that.)--the company which did the drilling belongs to one Zoroastrian, Jamshid Gherati, who is doing better than Esfendiar Yaganegi at the moment; the I that I heard the engineer say yesterday that Esfendiar had 24 drilling machines, Shahriyar insists that E.Y. has over 100).

On the way to the well we stopped to look at the house being built by the Katkhoda's son--by a builder from Kuche Biuk--will cost about 60,000T. Shahriyar shakes his head at spending so much money for a house in Nasrabad.

On the way back, we ran into Nayeb (the Narestaneh guardian) who enthusiastically told of the results of a test dream: he prayed that if there was really someone there that he had revealed in a dream; he slept and dreamt of a chamber lit with candles, and saw himself there; a door opened--a large door--and a white robed figure came forward with whom he exchanged salaams, and he then awoke.

(In the morning I went to find Shapour-e Shahriyar who was ready to help me map the village, but Shahriyar his father convinced me that the Katkhoda would give me all the census data more accurately and easily than I could collect it myself--so we played chess and then sought the Katkhoda but he was in town--he agreed in the afternoon to meet tomorrow at noon).

On the way to we also ran into Saaban and Shahriyar made a deal to meet him tomorrow to look at this abambar. He's also trying to convince him to write his relatives in Israel not to treat the people under them (Arabs) so badly.

Evening went by Frazer's--there's a shaluk abrewing: a letter came from Teheran not to allow building on the land to the RR side by the Davosah Quran.

Then went to Rasavi. He says that 30 years ago, Yazd was much more dusty because there were fewer villages in the vicinity--more build up since the sinking of deep wells. (Also laying of pavement). Also in these days you could not get fruit in the winter--you had to eat what was locally available. (The apples we were eating however were from Dehbalk). Marriage. The Teheran pattern is to get rid of sedagh; it was more expensive to marry in the past. But in Yazd the old pattern still prevails, mothers choosing wives for their sons. Many say that not paying sedagh immediately but leaving it on the books in case of divorce is better because if the man pays now he feels himself free to leave, but if he has to pay when he wants to leave and has to look around to raise the money it will make him think twice. Match-making is done thru brokers: the mother of the damad goes and receives the names of some families whom she then goes to visit w/o revealing the nature of her visit, but mutual questioning may lead to agreement, or the father of the damad may call on the father of the arus and they will discuss conditions. When agreement is reached, the eldest male members of the two families will call an akun. Guests will be invited; males sitting apart from females. The akun will first come to the males and will go thru the conditions again and then will go to the females where the arus will be sitting on the ground surrounded by candles and mirrors and seven things starting with sin ( )--sabzi, sanget, but he did not know the others--and the guests. The mullah will ask the girl if she agrees to the conditions; she does not answer; he asks again; she does not answer; he asks again; she accepts. The akun then returns to the man where he and a second akun play the roles of the bride and groom again discussing the conditions. A government registrar is present and presents the register for signing by the father of the bride and father of the groom and the groom himself, and 3 witnesses (the arusi doesn't sign). The groom then goes to the room of the bride where he is permitted to converse with her. There is then a period between the legal marriage and the taking of the bride to the groom's house of weeks or months, which period is used to prepare the jehazia (dowry). It is customary for sedagh to be paid in part in house or land or cloth. The questioning of whether the bride was a virgin is now defunct. Namzad is rare in Yazd, more common now in Teheran.





8 Dec. (Tues). This morning went to the well to check when Shahriyar was planning to look up Shabaz; and found a small fight in progress between Abbas, the mirab and a long-haired fellow who wanted water. Abbas was out in the fields in front of the pump moving dirt sluices; and this fellow grabbed a shovel and went out putting dirt back where Abbas was taking it away, a bit of pushing and Abbas dropped his shovel and ran for the pump which he turned off. Shahriyar who was taking a fairly passive role, told him to go fetch Haji, the strong young man who helped Houshang cut the goat the other day; which was done in a few minutes, and Haji came to a quick decision that an hour's worth of water should be given where Abbas was giving it and then water to this fellow. This fellow was arguing that other people just wanted water to start to plant wheat whereas he had green fields (of chalgan?) and he had not had water for 40 days (the well being redug).

Walking back with Xedabaksh who was bringing in kalamia (Dari, kelemia), a grass (cabbage is kalam?) which is to feed gusfand, donkeys; he said there is no regular schedule for the water distribution, but when you want it you have to go to the well and ask; thus there was old Rustam standing in the door of his garden (ar Basu Luti's) asking if the water was coming and Xedabaksh advised him if he wanted any he better go ask for some.

Before going to see Shaban, Shahriyar is taking his mirab from the other well to the pump guy on Kh. Kirman; the mirab gave him a post-dated check in Shahriyar's name which the latter signed over to the drill guy who wants the money now, so the mirab will have to write a new check.

Haji the mediator, is a 'friend' of Shahriyar and wants to become his mirab. So while Shahriyar went off to Kh. Kirman, I went to the Bazaar to buy some cloth which I got at the shop of the grandson of a former rais of the seaf of the bazaazi. He kidded around and said that when I got my PhD I should send him some sweets; I said I'd do better, I'd come back and kill a goat; he asked why and I said just for celebration so he said well I had learned the ways of the country all right, but that way an old way of doing things, back in the days when people did not have anything, killing a goat was a kind of good deed that they should have some mutton. Just like lighting candles in prayer places in the kuches and so on was when there was no electricity; and when twenty some candles or so were lit the place became lighted. As to the seaf there is not an operating one now, altho there is a rais of the seaf who goes around and for instance collects the money for the decorations of the birthday of Ali etc. But now in Yeheran and Isfahan there is a syndicate, and they are hoping to establish one also here in Yazd; this would collect taxes more fairly, lobby for a rest day on Fridays, etc. Now taxes are paid, but assessment is hit and miss and thus unfair. Collecting taxes used to be the job of the old rais of the old seaf, but that was back when there were only thirty-fifty shops; now there are 4-500 hundred bazaazis with profits from 2000 to a million tomans. The rais of the seaf can't keep track of all of them, and so his job has lapsed, altho there is this pir-e mard who has the title; seaf has just become a word for the practitioners of the trade, like a basketball team. He spoke of his grandfather, the old rais, xxxx as a geshang-e pir-e mard with nice riah and aname (turban). I then went to see Cent the tailor. Missed Sa. at the abambar.

Back at the house, Shahriyar and Jehambaksh talked about the well and then I got them to talk about the electric shop a bit too. The well is xxxxxxx divided into 16 days, of which this Bahman-e Raiz from Shiraz has 2 days as well as registration of the well in his name. He has come to say not to pay dividends to the other holders until they come to see him and settle the outstanding debt from when the well was built, and then he will transfer title to their share to them. With a few people he has already settled. Most just tell him to get lost. He sold his 2 days to a carpet seller in town, and so at the moment is making nothing, off the well. Shahriyar wants to take a couple of people to court who are clear as regards the debt and see that the actual transfer takes place or if the man is a liar; Jehambaksh says he went come to court, only he wants money. Shahriyar says that Bahman's threat is that he is waiting to take people to court until he thinks the price he can recover has risen. Haji wants the job of mirab for 2h T./day, and he will ensure that Shahriyar gets cash payment on time--ie he will take the responsibility of



settling disputes and fights over water; at the moment Abbas gets 200T/mo. and when a fight occurs, submits that he is only a servant and the disputants should go see Shahriyar. The mirab at Shahriyar's other well takes care of everything. But Shahriyar says he is afraid to give the job to Haji because he is a fighter and there may be a lot of fighting.

As to the electric shop, there were five partners, and things started to go badly from the beginning: they expected to get money from the government for public street lighting, but it took Jehambaksh a year of lobbying to finally get the OK on this and 30,000 tomans. Once they got the money, they started spending expecting to get more money from the government which they did not. Having sold outlets for 100-150 T. a piece to some 300 houses when they started to lose money they could not just close down for fear of the angry patrons who had paid. Jehambaksh took over the running of the factory himself and says that the other four partners just cut their losses and left; the factory was put in his name so he could negotiate with the govt etc. Over six years he says he lost 40,000T. I asked why he could not charge higher rates to cover losses, and he insisted that people just refused and he could not refuse to close the workshop. At one point he wrote to the governor saying that if some financial aid was not forthcoming, he would close in 5 days; he actually did close for 3 days, but the governor wrote he should reopen and hold on and something would be done. Shahriyar is one of the partners and refuses to call Jehambaksh an outright liar but says that everytime he asks to see the accounts, Jehambaksh just starts abusing, and so he's let it go. He recalls that there was a lot of fighting about the electricity and one time Jehambaksh locked up the house and hid in the closet of the birun, while people were looking for him.

I asked Jehambaksh if there were any pumps which were making money, as he was painting a picture of Shahriyar's well business as analogous to the electric factory--people not paying, being tied down to one's capital investment, not being able to close the pump because some people do keep their accounts clear--and he said, sure Jamshid Amanat: he charges cash before he delivers water, and he has both money and political pull what being related to Yeganegi in Parliament etc. to get what he wants; if he has trouble he can organize counter forces. What about the next well up in Kanu, I asked. Yes well these people are rough-necks, thieves, abusers, fighters, etc. There are three kinds of people in Iran: these latter, the rich, and the ordinary people. But there are only two kinds of power: the power of the rich-political like Amanat, who walks straight in to the Governor's office and who has enough high placed pull that govt officials are afraid to cross him; and the power of the roughnecks, who will bully, abuse, and cow people. Ordinary people like himself and Shahriyar have ~~another~~ kind of power; when people abuse them, there is nothing they can do. Taking people to court is uneconomical since the case may drag on for a couple of years. What about using the power of someone like Fereydun Felfeli (the Sepenta Magaats)--he will help in something important, but he is only interested in himself and can't take the time to help in daily problems of small import (to him). /MF: also there is not much Shahriyar or Jehambaksh can offer in return, whereas presumably Amanat can be useful to Yeganegi--ie parity of exchange. / Which leaves only the question now why Shahriyar went ally himself to the lower class kind of power through the means of Haji. He, Shahriyar, admits not having made any profit in the last eight years, but says he is optimistic of making profit in the future: how--God will give, wont he? No, why should he? Well that's the difference in your belief and my belief: if I am friendly with you, you wont speak bad of me will you?

Afternoon went to find Katkoda, who said he would come by the house tomorrow and give me a household count and so on. He then transcribed his poem on the non-visit of the Shahbanu into English characters for me that I might learn Persian!

Evening Shahriyar came over as promised to tell me actual facts about the well--but we were interrupted by a customer and Abbas settling accounts; I did get a list of the shareholders however and their respective amounts of share. These two Muslims I offered tea, not asking them but just putting before them; the one refused to drink, altho Abbas told him that I might get upset, and I using my role of only partially being able to speak the language naively asked why he



he did not drink; both he and Abbas turned slightly pink, but he bravely said that he had drunk a lot of tea, and I let it go. Abbas waited till he left and then bravely downed the small glass of tea, but refused a second. After he left, Shahriyar playing the white liberal of course had to go and emphasize that they did not drink even though they thought I was a Christian, if they knew what I really was they wouldn't even have come into the house; Abbas has never drunk tea in his house. Then he went into a harangue about Muslim notions of cleanliness; they take any dirty glasses and just dip them in a pot of water and think they are clean--that's why sometimes he doesn't drink tea in Muslim houses (the like that arose in saying he was just as happy that Abbas didn't drink his tea; he also in parity didn't drink in their houses), not because of religious enmity. Then there are the Muslim women who even come to the well and take off their pants and dip down in the water 3 times while praying to clean themselves of any drops of urine (?) and you can see their genitals though they make ineffectual efforts to cover with their hands--which is a shame, why they should take off their pants in public like that?

Haji Khedre-- one night a person saw a white cloaked figure in that kuche who said to him I'm Haji Khedre; then another person saw the figure again and this time it said, why did you not build a ziaratgah like I told you. So they did.

He retold the story we heard last night from old Rustam (?) about paygambar-e Musa who one day came upon a man who always since the day of his birth had been suffering misfortune. Now it was the habit of Moses to go periodically to talk to God--Moses is the only prophet, even the akhuns say, who actually spoke with God. So this unfortunate man asked Moses to go ask God if he was always to suffer like this. Moses agreed; God said to tell the man that he had lived 40 years and would live another 20, but only one of these years would be a year of good fortune. Moses told the man, and the man then begged Moses to return and ask God to make that one year the current year. Moses did so and God agreed. Moses returned to tell the man, and the latter said yes, my son was sick and this morning he got well, I found a damad for my daughter, my wife has become healthy, already I have found a good job and am feeling healthy. In the following year the man earned a lot of money and all went his way; he used his good fortune to give xairats, to go out of his way to help people, prayed to God and did all the good works. The year ended, and still things went well; a half year went by, then another. Moses eventually in one of his chats with God said well have you forgotten, it's been two years now. No, replied God, in that one year he did all the things which earned him good fortune for the remaining 19 years.

Then, suggested I, God told a lie, since he knew before hand what the man would do. No, retorted Shahriyar, God did not tell a lie, because it is written in the Avesta that God put into the hand of man the decision to do good or bad with the resulting consequences. Then I said adam mitavanad xedesh sarnavesh avaz kenad? Yes, emphatically replied Shahriyar. Like for instance if I go and steal your carpets--Shirin interrupted that this was a bad thing to say because now if someone stole my carpets, I would accuse Shahriyar--and the police catch me and I say it was my qasmat (fate) they will say, OK come along to prison, and I say chasm it is my fate, then going to prison also is my fate.

I tried with leading questions to elicit some sort of beliefs in evil spirits but only got an affirmation that people believe in jinn and sometimes see visions of bad persons; but could get him to say nothing specific about a parallel bad version of say the Pirz. I even suggested the Avestan Ahriman--yes, there are 3 types of beings in the camp of Ahriman: davaes (who follow after Ahriman), druj (the little men who do bad), and the evil creatures like scorpions (agrab) and beetles (susk) which it is a sin not to kill because they do evil. But on probing druj I got no evil inherently people, but only the bad speaking, angra usiyau infected person. The devil homes on the charen--the good or ugly maiden or boy who greets the diseased as a reflection of his deeds in life. /NF: Greek legend of splitting of man-woman vs Persian legend of splitting after death of the individual and his deeds-record; identical relation of inescapable battle of the sexes--a conflict-complement opposition--which in the one case explains life, and in the other justice/



According to the Teheran Journal (7 Dec), the first paper mill opened in Haft Tapeh, 100 km. north of Ahwaz. (a note several weeks ago that no new sugar mills were to be opened--at which the summers et al. laughed with the Isfflers because they've been putting sugar mills everywhere--e.g. in Behbahan).

Shahriyar says that because being a Zardoshti is not so bad nowadays he just carries on, but under pressure he would take the easy way out and convert because religion is just a social backing: he would convert to Christianity.

9 December 1970 (Wed). Morning went to look up the Keyanians only to find that today is the day the train is coming to Yazd and so of course they must put in an appearance with the local society. So I returned for my camera and also went out to see the three sights: the local society (women without chadors--Jamshidi, the Keyanian brothers, Drs. Mortaz, the Daftar-e Mohandessi people, etc.), the passenger train which pulled in from Isphahan presumably (there will be no passenger service for at least a year after the line is finished to Bafq), and the Russian track layer with posters of Reza Shah and the current Shah on it decorated with Iranian flags. This machine was of the three, the most interesting by far of course; altho a crew of men is still required, sections of track, rails attached to crossbars are stacked and lifed out ahead of the machine by pulleys dropping them down into place, each section taking only a couple of minutes to lay--if they would work full time, assuming all the bedding and bridges are prepared, they could be in Bafq in a couple of days.

Lunch at Asleh Chahr which is becoming a habit these days. Then home to wait for the promised arrival of the Katkhoda who was supposed to come at 3-3:0 but at 5:30 I went to look for him and found him at his son's new house being built--and he came along immediately saying that in the morning he had been busy making the rounds of offices in town, and in the afternoon he had gone to Mehtiabad for some work and was only now getting around to me. He brought me a book in which he has listed all 480 houses of 3 years ago--there are since a whole mess of new ones--in Nasrabad, Muslim, Zoroastrian, Bahai, with number of inhabitants and Shenasname number. This he left with me, and I'll try to get Shirin to read it to me tomorrow. Then we talked about my statues of Afghanistan and he asked me what their religion was, and I tried to explain animism as something not belonging to one of the great religions, but he latched on to my explanations that yes it must be like before Zardosht--Mithra worship, worship of the fereshte (spirits of water, woods, etc.) yes like in the Avesta--there are the Setayesh or Yashts which are invocations to Ahura Mazda, and there are the Nyaeshes or invocations to the fereshte (Atash, Mah, Khorshid, etc.). The metaphor he used to explain the difference was one of the mediator or go-between to a great God--you cant go directly, you need someone to go for you, or at least you need a guide. Like myself, himself, and Nasrabad: Nasrabad is God, he is the guide, and I am the seeker who needs his guidance to God. Like the Pope in Christianity. I asked if most people could read the Nyaeshes and got the affirmative answer; yashts, no, need the dastur. People in the universities can read the yashts, but because it is in the Pahlavi-Avestan ordinary people cant read it.

Somehow we got off onto what happens after death and ~~what~~ he started with comparing it to dreaming--your spirit is where your dream is, you are not here. Similarly you're not here after death. Where does the spirit go--he used the metaphor of the sea of God and the rain-evaporation-cloud cycle together with a progression of the soul up the chain of being from stone to tree to animal to man to fereshte. That is after death we ~~re-precipitate~~ evaporate into the celestial sea or cloud of God, and then re-precipitate. (An image Neshot used too). The progression of the soul (ruh) up the chain of being is one way, i.e. once having become a man, one cannot become an animal again; but one does not automatically move up--if one does bad, one comes back as a man, and as the soul becomes clean (pak) it can move up the scale. He contrasted this conception of the after-life with the Muslim Koran where there is a Heaven which is called the Bagh-e ... because the Arabs were living in the burning desert and to them a garden (the Garden of Eden is where they got the idea) was heaven; and a hell of the burning desert. I tried to find out (a) how this differed from the Bridge-Heaven-Hell of the Avesta and (b) how his acceptance of the latter being in the Avesta fit with his above described metaphor of evaporation-sea, but Jehambaksh came in and



got a bit vague and the line of conversation got changed. The only thing that was vaguely clear was that he preferred to use the term duzax for the Zoroastrian conception, and jahannam for the Muslim version. Somewhere in all of this--he kept protesting that he had not read the Angil or Torah tho he has a Persian copy-- said that he knew something of Jewish customs, and that they did not differ from Zoroastrian ones: a woman is considered unclean when issuing blood from her womb, and sits aside for 14 days after each period, and 40 days after partuition (for Zores it is 7 days and 40 resp.); after death they do similarly charom, dahom, chehelosal.

He is an official Katkhoda--they have his picture, etc. in the Govt office, and there is even a small remuneration which he does not take because his grandfather Bahram, who was Katkhoda of Sadrabad (nr Davezeh Koran--now dry) decreed that his taife should not take up this job any more--this was connected with a story I did not follow about a chenar tree equated with Padeshah because of its size, and the flower which was called xanom, the archaic term for whore (which has now become respectable and every woman is called xanom) because a flower is passed around for everyone to smell, and the tree being cut down for wood or something. Anyway in the old days, the katkhoda had income from being a middle-man in the village's work e.g. he would buy one man's wheat to pay a moqanni to fix the ganat, paying the former a rial less than he could get in the bazaar, and charging the latter a rial more (there was a third rial involved as well which I missed); also he got 2 shaban-e ruz of water to sell. But now he earns nothing from the well (--ie natural that Bahram-e Katkhoda of Nasrabad--Shahriyar's relation should have been interested in running the well); the government uses its own gemdarmerie to catch criminals, etc. Lucrative work that needs a katkhoda people go to Namaki; they only come to him to find someone who is in arrears in this or that. He is teacher at the old Zoroastrian school--money has stopped coming from Bombay and so that is charity work on his part--God will give. It's been 8 days that he's been chasing after other's peoples work; and has been able to get to his garden.

He gave me a beginning on his genealogy. The natural gaxingx genealogy as he offered it without my suggesting had the form of straight lines of fathers back 5 generations for himself, his mother, and each of his two wives; then he suggested his children: a lateral cut. I then took over to get some laterality and we came to that 'bacce smu' of Shahriyar in Rulabad (mehtlabad) and he could not figure out the actual relation, finally saying he only knew the straight line back of the taife Dahmbedi and not the branches, using the tree on my new prayer rug to illustrate his point. The fifth ascending generation back of himself stems from Shiraz; of his first wife from Rasht (her great great grandfather was a postman from Rasht who married here in Yazd and settled, as he knows from that family's gahambar-name; her father Beman had only one child: her self and she inherited his portion which has now been passed on to Katkhoda's eldest son (her only child) Bahram); his mother's family and second wife's family stem from Yezd. The history of Yazd he gives as the zendan-e Eskendar and then capital of Yazdegir, and he directed me to the TARIKHE YAZD by Abdul Hossein Ayati.

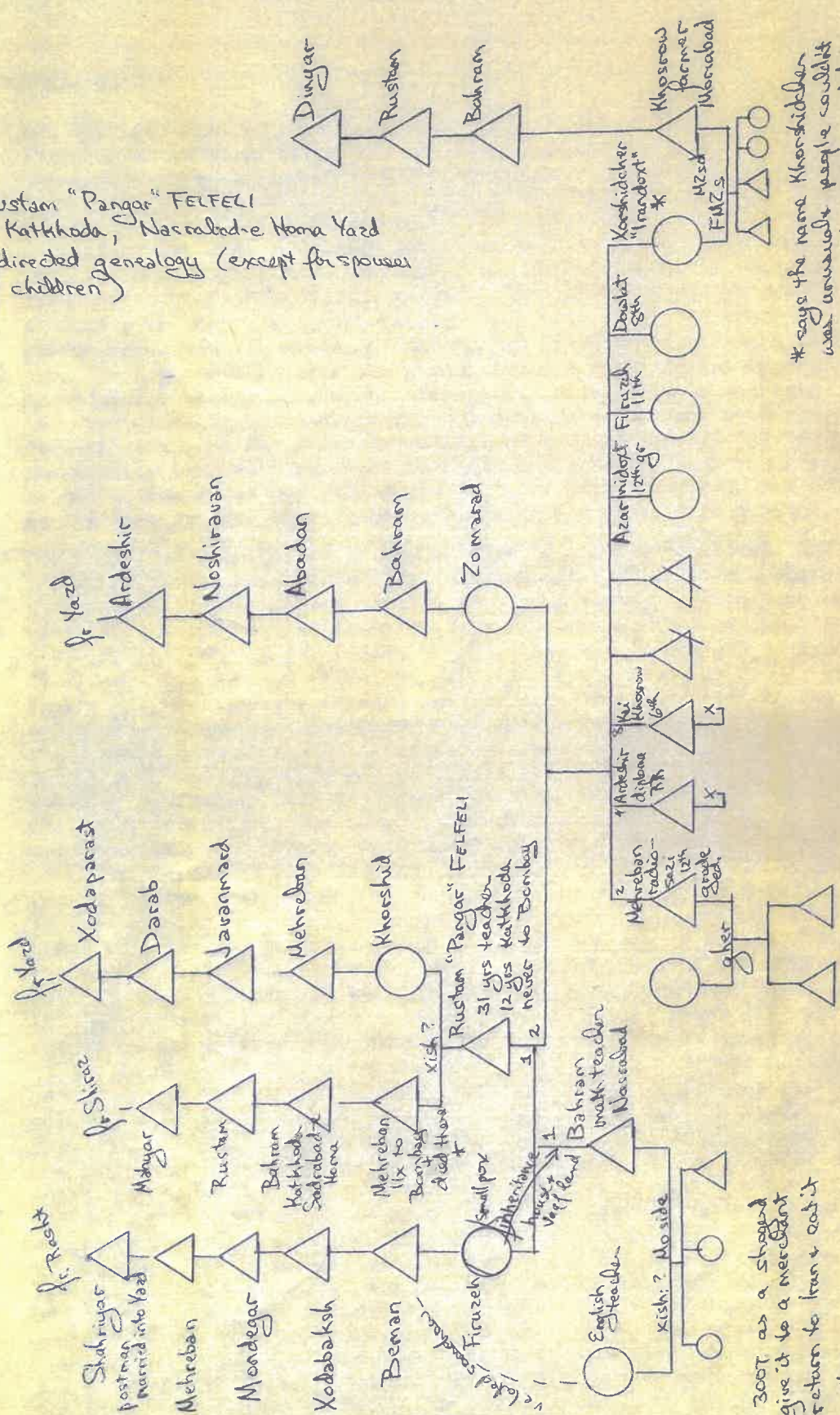
Jehambaksh had gone out and returned saying he had found the front door open altho he had locked the door going out, and was very big on thieves etc. I dont think he went out that door, and I did not lock it as we came in. We then systematically checked all the rooms a thief-murderer could have hidden in except of course those without lights in which he would have hidden. Jehambaksh also objected to the wood table I brought in to my birun as destroying the beauty of the room. (!)

Yesterday evening Shahriyar had described a Zoroastrian rule that one should leave the door open when one eats so that if someone is hungry he can come in--this was in stifling an impulse to close the door because he was celebrating some fish he had bought by drinking some wine which he wanted hidden.

Katkhoda excused himself by saying he had to go and make sure his kids were studying. He gets the family up at 4am; first Avesta, then feed the animals and make tea.



Rustam "Pangar" FEFELI  
 Kattkhoda, Nasrabad-e Noma Yard  
 undirected genealogy (except for spouses  
 of children)



\* would make 3000 as a shopkeeper  
 in a teahouse — give it to a merchant  
 for transfer — return to Iran + eat it  
 up in a year + return

\* says the name Khorshidher  
 was unusual people couldnt  
 pronounce it so they called him  
 Khorrow + it stuck



10 Dec 1970 (Thurs)--19 Azar. Morning I got Shirin to read me page one of the Katkhoda's roster of Nasrabad. They then wanted to go to buy cloth at Karxane deraxshahn--they like many other Zoroastrians have shares in Derakhshan and there fore get a discount there. But when they returned, they complained that the Muslim workers had set aside for themselves all the best pieces of cloth.

Afternoon went to see my goat, and saw the house of Kodaram Sabz--the goat is being bought from Yazdigird, the father-in-law of Pereydon son of Sarvar. Then went with Kodaram to his garden in Hassanabad-Homa--he has about 10 pieces of land over there, a couple fallow, some with wheat and turnips; and only one garden which has all kinds of fruits, all of which he consumes rather than selling any. He goes to cultivate the garden twice a week, saying he really enjoyed farming--for health farming is better, for money being a teacher. He taught for five years in an Armenian village near Ispahan, and says they have a big festival the 10th day after Christmas--to be a government teacher you have to go wherever they send you for the first 5 years, and then you can choose; this is still true after the introduction of the Sepah-e Danesh: you serve two years in the service, and three more then out of the service as a civilian.

11 Dec 1970 (Fri)--20 Azar. At 4am we started scrounging around, the path in front of the house had been wetted down and incense lighted when I emerged. The Bonines and Sintons showed up at 4:30 but we finally did not get on the road until 6. We stopped in Sharifabad to pick up two more people. From the turn-off at Aghda to Pir-e Banu is  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and from there to Ardekan is 26 miles. Firuseh was there (the guardian) and greeted me warmly kissing the female visitors on both cheeks. On the way out of Nasrabad in the morning we saw a train of camels; Shahriyar said they carried manure--human as well--and there was a Zoroastrian who cleaned out cesspools, but this was denied by others in the car. In Sharifabad, we called out to ask directions to Zoroastrian women by addressing them as 'xish-o-ghom'. Shahriyar says the term for fast idiot drivers is 'xar sur-e xar' (ass riding an ass). At Pir-e Sabz we first had breakfast, and then we sacrificed the goat: putting a silk scarf around its neck, we carried it into the the Pirangah, and there circumambulated it on the ground (it was dragged most of the way but it did not sit down), candles were lit and abesham (عشبنان; thyme) and sanjet (سنجت; nut of the jujube tree) were put on the kalak-table of three legs, while Shirin beat the arabuneh (عربونه; tambourine) and we clapped, while Sarvar danced. We then took the goat outside and had the local Muslim butcher who was helping some (3) Taft masons rebuild the main building of the Pirangah kill it: first of course it was offered some water. He then got a share, other shares were given to the local beggars; and we cut up the rest to eat. Before cooking it, we went for a stroll in the village across the way of Zarjun; the Nasrabadis shaking their heads at the poverty. There are 35 houses, maybe 30 men, of whom only about 5 are resident all year around, the others going to Teheran and Ispahan to work. One woman said that when her grandfather settled here there were only three houses; and that everyone is xish-o-ghom. A 60-year old man said he was a 'bacce Ardekan' but had married here. There are a number of looms in the village, weaving Naini patterns and very nicely done too (tho of the three we inspected, one was completely slipshod). One girl said she had learned to weave last year and had been working on a 2x3 m. carpet for a year and it would take her another year or so to finish said she had been promised about 3000 T., i.e. half the price of the carpet, the other half going to the contractor who supplies the loom, the wool, and so on--this particular Contractor is a Tafti now living in Nain. The village is now administered from Ardekan, but formally belonged to Nain; the gendarmerie is in Aghda. They have a school building, and used to have a Sepah-e Danesh, but he no longer comes and so the children do not go to school. A sixty year old woman married to the 100-year old blind man who always come to beg--she had five children and only one survived she is the second wife, marrying when she was 25--told this story about the Pir: a shepherd came and said there was nothing there, and slept on the roof, in the night he got up and pissed, and went back to sleep; then a snake came and bit him and he died.



The badam kuh growing thereabouts is also called mehkuh. The cooked blood which Zoroastrians sometimes eat, but Muslims never (they also do not eat balls--but the latter are sold at Mir Check Mak, the guy selling 100 or so a day according to Mike is called kaliar mol (کالیار مول) as Jamshid Dahmobeifi wrote it) or kalmial mol as Shahriyar spoke it--Dari name. To sacrifice is gorbani kardan--dar rahe Xoda. Back home, Shahriyar spoke of Zarjun as a place where God must keep Satans--there's nothing there, no water (3 springs but not much in terms of irrigation), no work, no school, nothing.

Gahambarxane--was built by the adoptive father of Bahram Katkhoda because he had no children (which is why he adopted Bahram) he built this and made it vafq to be looked after by Bahram, and to be a place where travellers could stay, marriages could be held (one of Shahriyar's brothers was married there) etc.; but then Bahram himself moved in so it went more or less unused, but now it is available again, since Bahram is dead and his wife and daughters are in Teheran.

12 Dec. (Sat). Morning Shirin said she was too busy to read Katkhoda's register, so I went and found Shapour who began reading it for me; we then went to his ame's house for lunch where the sol for his young amu Rustam (who died last year in an auto accident) will be held. The sol will include a jashan (reading of the names of the family). Went into town in the afternoon to collect clothes from dry-clean who returned to me 50T. left in my pants; ran into K.K., the I.R.S. man who pointed out that if it had not been a Zardoshti I would not have gotten it back. Back to Nasrabad and the sol-house for dinner where I met two Edwardian-dressed sons of Shapur's ame (?), one is a H.S. teacher and writes and directs plays at the same time. I asked him about the current controversy started in Teheran when the actress Azar Shiva quit the cinema and began selling lottery tickets in front of Aryanehr University as a protest against the a-artless nature of Iranian films. Apparently, according to the English newspapers, other actors condemned her saying that she's biting the mother that gave her an expensive house, she's not selling tickets in South Teheran, and she did not get any roles in the last year. This fellow pointed out that Iranian audiences are not sophisticated enough to support good films: they want love and violence, which is why of foreign films the only ones that are box-office successes other than 6 theatres in Teheran for the educated and foreign community, are grade B westerns; Ben Hur was a flop as was the ten commandments. He also pointed out that Iranian films are quickly produced with small amounts of money; even a film like Gaysar was expensive by Iranian standards because one had to set scenes, etc., whereas the normal film one just gives a girl 50T to dance; Gaysar was a success only because it also had violence, s.e. the lower class people could go see it for the violence, the upper class people for its artistry and social documentation. He does not believe that the Ministry of Culture will support film-making. He is currently writing a play which will be produced for TV; the set is a coffee house wall, two kuches, and a sagha-xane (ساقه خانه). Sagha-xane is a barred niche in the wall, with a water spicket with attached chain and cup--people can come and drink, also light candles there for wishes. The characters are a lame man, a young man, a young girl, and an old lady. The lame man comes there after 22 years of being away and remembers back to seeing the old woman there lighting a candle--her son loves a young girl who loves another, and she is wishing that he win her and the lame man says if he can be of help he will. The young man whom the girl loves says he will go on the Haj and if he returns he will marry her; he goes and is one of those who dies along the way. Back the present the lame man asks the young man who he is etc. and discovers he is the son of the young girl and is invited to the young man's house but refuses, as he tells the audience in the epilogue because he did not want to reveal to the young man the story of his mother. People were present from Teheran, Hassanabad, Jaafar A amusegar from Hassanabad; ja-ye ke namak xori, namak dan nashekan (a place where you eat salt, you give salt back, approx. i.e. where you eat you do not speak bad



*don't break the salt shaker*



13 Dec (Sun) 1970. When I arrived this morning at the house where the jashan was held I sat next to a man from Elabad who estimated the number of houses there at about 30. Water comes thru a ganat which used to give 40 gawies, now only 5 and with such a bad smell (I did not catch why) that not even animals can be watered with it. Drinking water is stored in an abanbar from the Nosratabad ganat. The Elabad ganat starts near Khetk. The ground water at Elabad is too salty to make it worthwhile to drill a well. There is a well however at the liquor factory, and people take water from it to their houses. Elabad used to be the best of the local Zoroastrian villages, but now everyone has left, even the members of the anjman reside in Teheran. The Jashan (reading of the names) was done by Dastur Kodadad of Shahrifabad and Dastur (Rustam? Of Nasrabad); also present were old rams Dastur Mehreban, and Dastur Hormuzdiar without his beard who refused to talk to me. Dastur Kodadad has taken over the fast affairs while Dastur Sorush has moved to Shiraz for the 25th Century Celebrations. They're having a sol today and a xeirat tomorrow of gushvand berium (marinated-roasted whole ?) Mahr Izet in two months time (the old Mehregan) every house in Shahrifabad does a goat this way--I should come and see--a 5 day affair. Put into the fire were these 3 good-smelling items: sukah (سوکا), luban (لبنان), and condor (کنند); also a stubby black stick (s) of agarbati (اگر بتي). On the plate in front of the one priest were three glasses of milk, wine, and sharbat, and a vase of murd greens. Usually for a gahambar the loriki contains 7 items, this time it contained more because the boy died young and only a year ago: xorna (dried dates), angir (dried fig), badam (almonds), keshmesh (raisins), pareh sardalu (dried apricots), gerdu (shelled walnuts), perste (pistachios), pandox (an orange nut), nargil (shredded coconut), sanjet (nut of the jujube tree), nabot (glass sugar)--which makes 11 items. On the fruit platter were watermelon, xarbuzeh, pear, apple, pomegranate, portugal-orange, sabzi. There were gand in green covers and without. Bowls of yogurt; cooked rice with an egg on top, and potatoes; bread, surok. Lamps. Sprouting wheat, and murd greens, and sarv clippings. People brought greens and flowers. Muneri brought a flour and orange, e.g. Some 50 males and their women folk or more attended, including Jamshid Amanah, and a friend Reza Olfati whose house is near Moradian tailor near Mojssame--I should look him up because he has a collection of historical things. Jamshid Lor helped me finish reading the roster of Nasrabadis; his father did farming, had some 5-6 carpet looms in Mehtabad (worked by Muslims), etc. He himself started as a tailor, then went to Bombay, then Karachi, and now is here--since a year and half he runs the Cyrus Hotel and Cinema and does some tejarat on the side. Amir A sisters son of Shahriyar, father of Shapur, is in the well business his father from Kaoramshah, mother from Nasrabad, himself originally from Ja'afarabad, but now lives in Nasrabad. At the Atash-kadeh Katkhoda gave me this line from the Shahnameh on the idea--while one house is celebrating a marriage another is sending off a death, apropos of my going to Cyrus' namzadeh tomorrow: che kosh farmud Ferdosiyeh Tusi be ja-i matamo jai arusi (چه خوش فرمود

فردوسی طای به جای ماتمو جای عروسی)

Went by the bazaar and talked to Musa and brother: they admit to polygamy in old days; say there was minimal divorce thanks to community pressure; say that Jews do not have ash-e nasri, like the Muslims who had one last nite in their quarter. I missed a marriage: daughter of Shokhrullah Revani. There are merchants who go to Teheran and buy wholesale cloth which makes it a bit more expensive less than a rial a meter (?).



14 Dec. (Tues) 1970. Morning found Shahriyar at the well and gave him 100 tomans to give to Yazdigird to pay for my goat. It turned out that what Mike had conveyed as Shahriyar saying something about them not killing the goat because they thought slaughtering unclean, in fact was that the Muslims had said that the Zoros were unclean. When we brought the goat, the Muslim workers there said they wanted some mutton and we said ok; then they said that Jamshid and Xodaram could not slaughter it because they would not take meat from our hands, why...you know why; so we let them slaughter it (had I known, I would not have allowed this!) --apparently they then got the skin as well); the beggars however took meat after we handled it--a pure and outright swindle to get something out of us!

He translated his first contract for me, and I thus found out there is a new one. Odd bits of story. Hormezdiar Keyomars, number 3 of the shareholders, is the son of a Bahai; when the old man was dying, and his Bahai friends came to see him he told them not to put him in the Golestan, but in the darme so that his son would be free. There is a story about Mohamad Xebra (#17). In Bombay the Cama family has a darme with a grating over it that the birds not get to the body: only the body should be dried by the sun-- called sariahadah (Gujurati?). Mehr Izet--Shahriyar is a bit confused about it all--thinks it lasts a month long, that Taft celebrates it some 15 days after Nasrabad. The thing costs about 500T.--large goat so it will go around--say 250T. then 5 flour at 5T a piece for bread; two ways to do it, either send around the raw meat, or berian which is to cook the mutton on chain in ? which is more expensive as you have to pay people to do it or is that is 500 T. and usually done in the Atash Kadeh. My goat was 2 manm kam yek sad or 1 3/4 manm; mutton should be 60 T. manm after cut; Mike B. was saying that mutton should be 9T/manm or 45r./manm live; which worked out right: if 2 manm would be 12 kilo or 108T. Mehr Izet--falls in moahh Bahman which as Sariyar mused was the month in which you should not kill gusfand or other creatures, as observed in India, yet now they killed more than ever (confusion of the two calendars which I pointed out--he agreed and went off into talking about the 3 calendars: Sahanak, Fakki, and Kadimi, and insisting that the old calendar wrong because they were too ignorant to put in the intercalulation)

Afternoon Cyrus Moradian Namzad party. Hormuzd's bus was hired for the occasion (a 13 year old Leyland which he bought 5 years ago in Teheran second hand for some 70,000 T.; new price being 180,000T.). First we went to the Ignad's house (his father Bahram is the old sick man) where we had tea and cookies; everyone gathered looking especially well scrubbed; Maboub, Jamshid Rustam Dahmobe, etc.) Then we piled into the bus with various parcels and arabuneh (tambourines) which were light-heartedly beaten. Cyrus proceeded ahead in his blue VW with his crippled father. There seemed to be a particular stress on the color green in the women's choice of makao. But the entire ensembles were basically red and green--why red? We arrived at the bridge near Bahram Izet and proceeded on foot, Shapour carried a lighted storm lantern (which had been lighted in Nasrabad at the damad's house and he said was indispensable as a symbol of roshani) some women beat the arabuneh. Zoroastrian women lining the kuckes greeted and welcomed us to Khoranshak as we passed. We first went to the house of a relative of the bride, where trays were placed and gifts to be taken to the bride's house were put on them and covered with green cloths. Kei Khosrow who was a kind of host, brought a glass of water for Cyrus to drink, and sweets were passed around. Then a procession was formed with a woman in front carrying a large mirror; Shapour carrying the lantern; and several men carrying the trays (4) of gifts in procession to the bride's house. There we entered with much shouting of 'happiru, happiru---shad bosh' (i.e. nobarake, nobarake, xosh boshe). The trays were placed on the ground and we sat in chairs around the walls. Cyrus sat next to his bride in front of whom were placed a small table. Behruz brought some goliab and mirror and went around. Hot goliab was served to drink, then tea, with sweets. There was some dead time for talk, and then the mother of the bride took off the covers of the trays and presented them to Cyrus who presented them to the bride: first a pomegranate whose skin was perforated with silver tomans. Then a ring which Cyrus put on her finger. Then a second ring was put on by the bride's mother (Behruz says it is always a woman from the bride's family--mother or sister--but did not know any explanation for this ring--its the custom). Then sweets (a qandâ-covered in green) noql, etc.).



(When we entered, the house, a woman showered us with moql and thyme; and there was a flaming banier near the entrance--no fire other than the lantern was later brought in). Then clothes for the bride: green cloth, green-based-with red scarf, shoes, green comb, white handbag, soap box, etc. Fruit and greens--pomegranate and sarv twigs. And finally a large box of sweets to the father of the bride. (The bride is the daughter of Behruz' mother's uncle). Another interval; then the family of the bride brought in counter gifts for Cyrus, again sweets, clothes. (Will the cloth given be used for the wedding dress?) A woman (fr Nasrabad) got up with some sarv twigs and pomegranate and made a tasrof offering to various people around the room, never really giving, but symbolically. And qand from the arusi side went to several people--all young men like Jamsid or whom they?-- Then a period of laughter and talking and Xodarama Sabz and Behruz and Hormezd sang some. Then departure.

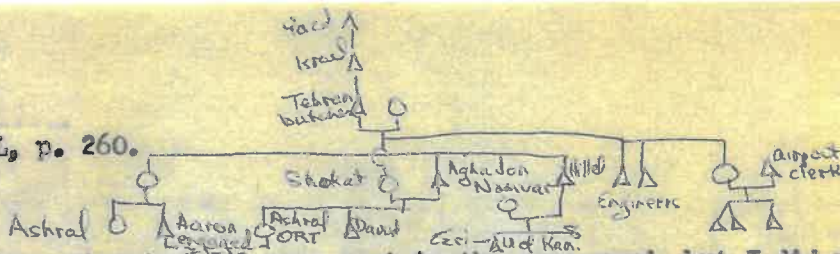
After three cold days of near drizzle with one or two drops actually precipitating, a black--dark brown wind was seen approaching from Nasrabad as we reached the bus; by the time we got going we were enveloped in a bad sand storm, very cold.

In the evening, as promised, I went to Agha Jon Nambar's house to write a letter in English for his brother; the latter is in Teheran real estate, having left Yazd when about twenty--spent some time as a wholesaler of cloth in Isphahan, has eight children, one of whom, Eari, is a student at the U. of Kansas, Lawrence, and is invited every Shabbat to the home of one Mr. & Mrs. Salway to whom they wanted me to write a letter of appreciation. They then described a sweet that was being cooked called Terkh (terak) which it later turned out is only a specialty under that name for Yazd, being called dafak also in Yazd, and halvah golab in Teheran. It is a species of halvah--sweet solidified molasses in consistency and supposedly good to cure all diseases. It contains some 50-70 items including:

gandom ard-e gandom (wheat flour)	mash
berenge (rice)	margil (coconut)
shekar (sugar)	peste (pistacios)
lorghan (oil)	bedan (almonds)
gerdu (walnuts)	fandox (hazel nuts)
snab	raxshaksh
fufal	gavsavan
siah dane ba bonne Shirazi	toxme geshmiz
balam guh	gorze kamar
benafshe Kermazi	kle almok
toxme shevid	dakan-e box baste
toxme havich	teranjabin
gol-e safa	sixe shater
rish-e matk	sombolati
siah sham	xar xashak
tear	asal (honey) --garn
vasvai	barge tiur
bixazar	hel sefid
mulkebud	hel-e sabz
zangafil	darchin
puste bolang	kebab chixi
xabfeh	gu zabane sabz
toxme shaabeliek	chai sabz
zarfenan	chai sefid
musaki	chai siah
xak shir	toxme sharbati
qave (coffee)	xorma xomak
shirxest	xorma tar
meske taranesh	gas alafi

Some of these items are warm and some cold so it cannot be classified. I described the namad ceremony and they said they did similar with lamp and one big mirror. Sedagh is supposed to be 3x the jaks or dowry (vs khik Muslim saying dowry 2x sedagh) I did not catch something about marriage the namad period and the ability to break it off freely or not, but the two Hebrew terms involved are shiduk and gidush.





There is a siaratgan of some sort in the graveyard, but I did not quite catch the story which Aaron told. He says that there are arm-talismans around, usually with something written like the songs of David.

15 (Dec) Tues.--I went back to the Navvar house to taste the terak. Ashraf, Aaron's brother, gave me these items in the local dialect:

Persian	Jewish Dialect	English
آب	iv	water
بیا!	bi	come!
بور!	vesh	go!
انار	nar	pomegranate
خاکدانه	yah balang	
خیار سبز		cucumber
میکهید	t	do you want
چای میکهید	chai t	do you want tea
نمیکهید	n an	you dont want
اتاق	gonzor	room
بریم	v v shan	let's go
میران	no ashin	I go
رافتان	no sharin	I went

And I was then invited to eat lunch at the house of the sister of the new damad-o-arustie sister of the damad who married Shokrullah Reyvani's daughter a week ago. The damad works at Bafq for the Sob-e Ahan after graduating from Yazd's Honarestan.

Back home, Musa came around but said he could not fix my shoes. (He came around the day that Mehreban and Simin et al. went ikh to Ja'afarabad. Shaban seems to come around more often--he was here yesterday as well.)

Tea with Sashriyar produced a few tidbits. Today for some reason he was on to telling me that the motive for marriage was money and that xish was just a justification. It started because the sister of Shapur was there and left; she is unmarried; Shapur is unmarried; the father is dead; the mother works in Push Khan Ali; the children are not married, because they are poor and no one will have them altho they have relatives who are rich. Then Mehrengiz walked in and Sashriyar said her family was also poor and jumped at the chance to marry her off to Mehreban (Bamu Luti's son) ~~just~~ when they were ready to take off for Bombay, where the rest of her family is--she is not family with Mehreban. Her dai is Kei Khosrow who came from Bombay and sold a garden for 70,000 tomans. Then there is the case of Shairin's brother--the sister Dowlat had a chance at Rustam Javanmardi who was an up and coming young man; and part of the deal apparently was that Rustam's sisters had to be taken off his hands so one of Shairin's brothers was forced into that. Then brother Jamshid is only after me; Then Kodaram-e Sabz was urged to marry his da-xale who also were poor and he refused. It is when such an unequal match is being urged that people invoke xish. He refused. I asked about Cyrus' match; he says that they think it is a match of love, because Cyrus is well-off and they think he may have noticed her when she came to buy cloth; her father is a farmer.

Pangar was by yesterday and said that the reason for 30 years sol is that when we die, our soul goes into another person, therefore say body A dies at Z; its father or son or wife carries on the sol for 30 years; meanwhile the soul A' is in Body B; say after 25 years it dies, then its relatives carry on a sol for it; and so there is a constant praying for the soul thruout eternity. (what if B lives 80 years--i.e. but the idea is a generation is 30 yrs/?). In response to question, I described the Yarezeit; to which Sh.'s comment was that it involved no expense--whereas the sol does involve expense. The first year may involve more than 1000 tomans--grave costs 250T (daxme less); then each xeirat of the neagrest sort (badbaxti) is a minimum of 100T: charom, si-rus, daka, runja (monthly for 13 months), sol, and sol for 30 years. At each of these events the dastur is paid in eggs, cloth, and money; Shairin was not sure if there is a traditional number of eggs (like 20 she thot); white cloth for clothes; money may substitute but also in add. Sashriyar says it is now over 30 yrs for his mother, but he does not ask the dastur to cross her off his book (he keeps track of all these as well--his source of livelihood) since he would be unhappy over it.



There was an item in the KAYHAN of 13 Dec., p.3 : "Meshkin-Shahr, Saturday. A wild bear killed a man and 'kidnapped' his wife in a village near here. The couple were attacked by the beast while collecting wood in the forest. A rescue team organized by the villagers succeeded in tracing the bear and finding the kidnapped woman in woods near the village. The woman was found injured and 'in a bad state' according to villagers. She is now being treated at a local clinic." I used the story to raise the question of ghosts with Shahrivar--for which apparently they have no real equivalent, using rather such value-laden terms as div, druj, shaitan or for good ones fereshte. He is of the opinion that there are no playful stories about ghosts; rather one uses such things to frighten children: there's a div here who will get you; there's a dog who will get you; Shaban--or the Jew--will kidnap you and take you to his nirmania where he will prick you with his needle (and get your blood).

16 Dec. (Wed). The filler in Pagar's account if the second body of soul A' lives more than 30 years is the Hamaveran prayer for all the souls together, said at the Dadgah (Dakmah) once a year. (When?)

17 Dec. (Thurs) Last nite Haji who together with his brother owns a well in Kenu came by with Iraj--they want Shahrivar to install a new engine--65,000 toman Baudouin (French) engine--tomorrow. Haji says he has problems with people not paying as well, and he has instituted a system whereby he extends credit only to people who own the land on which they work. So this morning we went to look at the engine--Shahrivar still has to supervise masons putting back up his machine house (4 people; the ostad getting 20T/day, one shogerd gets 10, and two others get about 15). And Shahrivar explained the pump owner's dilemma: Haji says he takes in about 20,000 T. a year; the engine he is replacing is 6 years old, cost 70,000 toman new (Rustan Paxton; English) and worked ACK for 4 years, then the last two years ate up about 10,000 toman in repair; that's 120,000 T. (receipts over 6 years at 18.5 T./yr) -80,000 toman, leaving 40,000; but the pump now costs 90,000 together with the pipes--the calculation gets fuzzy here because the pipes last a long time and the pump head about 10 years (were it 10 yrs: 6/10 =54,000 which already gives you a deficit of 14,000 toman). Shahrivar says they all miscalculated when they got in the business by thinking the engines would last 10yrs. Sol. today for Shapur-e Shahrivar's mother's father.

18 Dec. (Fri). With Shapur-e Shahrivar I did part of the Nasrabad survey. And we agreed to go to Narestaneh with Feryedun Ayati (Nayeb) tomorrow.

19 Dec. (Sat). We finally left around 10. Hatayun, Shapur's mother, while I was waiting for the menfolk to get ready, commented that Zoroastrian religion was a lot of trouble--Muslims and Bahais are more free (azadtar). The reference was to death ceremonies: when someone dies, we have the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 10th, 30th etc. Jews too she had heard had a lot of trouble; but Muslims and Bahais were freer and finished with it. The context of her comment was something to the effect that all young people (like me) were bi-diai; the young people say they will not read sol and so on, and leave it to the old folks. I asked about the transition from Yazd to Teheran: it being easier in a community situation than in the big city; everything is carried to Teheran (there is the Anjoman center) except gahanbar which being tied to vafiq, must stay here, and the people here do it. As I confirmed on the questionnaire yesterday, the form rent takes is to read the gahanbar.

On our way out--Shapur, Shahrivar (his father), Hormezdiar (his son?), and Nayeb we stopped first at Seti Pir where they lit the little fire and said some prayers, a where the caretaker (from Morabad) took advantage of our excursion to come along-- He had been to Pir-e Narestaneh only once 35 years ago as a child, going on foot with a donkey with his family; he had been to Pir-e Banu twice, once as a child, and once about 5 years ago. After he arrived he busied himself chanting away. I asked Nayeb what he was chanting: Avesta, yes but what of the Avesta, the Khorda Avesta, Atash Nayesh, Mah Nayesh, Khorshid Nayesh, Bahram Yasht, Hormuzd Yasht, etc. I then asked Hormezdiar: Avesta, yes but what of the Avesta; don't know, and he probably doesn't either. I then asked the actor himself: Bahram Yasht.



Nayeb's dreams having to do with Pir-e Narestaneh:

(1) The dream recounted a few days ago, of having asked God before going to sleep that if there really was someone here, he should send a dream: he slept and dreamt of a large room in which he saw himself sleeping and two large doors with lighted candles about, the doors opened and a white robed figure approached him and greeted him, and he awoke. Proof there is someone there. (2) The dream having to do with the reason the water from behind the Pir dried to a trickle, now since about 2 months. He was in Nasrabad when someone came with the news that the water had dried up. He prayed to God to know the reason for this. And in a dream he saw the Pir entrance: there were candles lighted about, and just inside the door (where there is now a plaque with some pictures of the dead) he saw a white dressed woman, just her upper torso, she said that the water was stopped as water-e man because of her, i.e. she had done something bad, unclean, etc. in the Pir; any way she was the cause, and she said that the water would be restored. He then awoke. (3) The dream telling him not to be afraid to sleep there alone. He was in a place with white robed figures going to and fro on a path, and a voice told him not to be afraid for he was near God and this was God's place. (4) The dream confirming his nearness to God. In the dream it is approximately high noon and he is in a big circular empty space. He hears a voice call him, but he sees nothing. The voice tells him to look up. And above him he sees seven--or maybe it was eight--fereshte (spirits) in white. A voice tells him to come up and tell him whatever news he has because he is near God. He replies why come up as communication seems to be OK where he is. The voice says Man shah-e alam-am; man padeshah-e alam-am (I am the Shah of the universe). He awoke.

Kateyua says there are 6 Pirangah in Nasrabad: (1) Shirke Panha (near Bazu Luti's); (2) Gohar-e Sham Cherakh (next to the Jewish ziaratgah); (3) Mehr Izet (there are two of these--&h); (5) Haji Khez; (6) Hushe Morvarid (by the girls school). She did not know the stories of any of these, and the men with me at Pir-e Narestaneh suggested the people to ask are Bohbol and Paqar..

News items: today is the 11th anniversary of the marriage of the Shah and Farah.

fr Teheran Journal 17 Dec. note that 150,000 tons of wheat are to be imported this year, the first 20,000 tons arriving at Bandar Shapour on a US vessel this afternoon (17th).--a previous editorial in the Kayhan that need for imports due to lack of storage facilities for wheat of good years

20 Dec (Sun) with Shapour to work on the Zoro household survey.

Shakriyar Dahmobeid: Iranian law says you cannot change your religion until you come of age (21) or after you marry (?--ask Rustami). A Zoroastrian said he wanted to become Muslim and went to the mujtahid who said to go to court and have his shenasname changed (don't come to me). The man did so and returned saying, ok now I want a girl. The mujtahid replied: there's no girl just to be taken off the street: first we'll wait five years and see if you are a true Muslim, then we'll find you a Muslim girl. The man reconverted back to Zoroastrianism. Things are not as they used to be when wives, money etc. were used as enticements to convert and ways to bind a man to his new faith. Things are the same with the Jews: Sabban says that it is difficult to become a Jew and a Jewish girl will not be given to a convert, but only to his children who have been raised as Jews.

Syyid Ahmad is the <sup>son of</sup> ame of Iraj--taken by force to Kazu. Sairin does not think there was any problem with vafq land. When I asked in Shapour's house, about Iraj's ame, Shapour first said she was dead, but his father told him to tell the truth and it was admitted she was Muslim.

21 Dec (Mon). Shabe Yalda--the winter solstice--Iranians tonight supposedly gather around the family hearth and consume an abundance of fruit.--Teheran Journal Dec. 21 p.6.

Went to get the boxari (stove) seller to come fix my boxari. He, son of a peasant, complained that he had no education and so couldn't do better, but was against his son becoming a doctor, saying it was not a profession of God: I asked how long it would remain cold here. Three months. He then asked me whether Americans or Iranians bishtar sakhat mikashand about keeping warm. I answered and took the opening to ask if he had been outside Iran. To Iraq. Ah, to Kerbela? Yes. Have you also been to Mecca? No. Insha'allah you'll go in the future. It is in God's hand, not mine. Why need money to go to Mecca, if I had the money I'd go. Iraq, is it a good place? Yes.



Better than Iran? No, not better than Iran (emphatic). What do people do in Kerbala, farming like here? Yes and...but they have no industry, like here is none. It's coming to Iran: what with the steel mill, the new paper mill, the textile mills in Yazd. Yes, industry they don't have there. Do you have any land here? Just a house. You don't farm? No, ~~nothing~~ boxaris are my farming. Your father, did he farm? No, well yes but before I was born. Where? In the country. We did not have any education without education what can one do? but things are OK. You have children? Yes, Well, they're getting education, become doctors, and so on. Yes...(pause)...but I don't want them to be doctors: doctors is not good work, it is not work of God (kar-e xoda). (Silence on my part). Work of God is like now I came to your house immediately to fix your boxari tho I have other things to do, because it's cold and you would be uncomfortable, and you'll go back to America and talk about what you bought. Yes, I appreciate very much... Kachesh nikonan, no (I'm not fishing for compliments) but what I want to say is that helping another is the work of God--if a doctor helps someone who is sick to get well, that's good. But for a visit he charges so much, this always seeking money is not the way of God.

The Ashgozari butcher says he sells 2 goats a day fr the koshtegah (slaughter house) he killed 5 himself last ? the day after a meatless day. Jewish killing is done then too--separate: the difference is that they only slit the throat once (instead of 3 times) and if there is something iron in the stomach they say it is najesh.

2nd 11th month at Bahram Dahnobed's for wife: next month will make reirst on sol. Four items are necessary on the setting: wine, milk, pomegranate, and beh (pear). When Zoroaster came to Sash Gushtasp the latter said he would not accept Zoroaster's religion unless he could go to the other world and see for himself; so Zoroaster gave him wine and for 3 days he was bixosh seeing both heaven where he wanted to stay and hell.

Bahram Dinyarian: in response to my survey attitude questions quoted Saadi, lines which old Shirin also knew--

- 1) Del she kastan badtarine jurnekast zanke del nazur-e ezar-e xodast  
(There is god if you have good in your heart, not if not)
- 2) Sadio nardanekuh ruban nazird kharje nordean ast ke nam ash bene kuk-i nabaran
- 3) Qarun halaq shod ke chehel xane ganj dasht noshiravan namord ke nam-e nekuh gossakt. (Noshiravan did not die because he carried a good name; immortality for good works)

Janshid-e Bahram Dahnobed asked me, do you believe in a soul (aqide dar ruh)? No. Then why when I sleep in a dream is my soul in Teheran? May I answer that with another question? how do you know your soul is in Teheran--if I now say 'Khaban-e Ferdowsi' do you not get a picture of that street in your mind. Yes. Now are you, or is your soul here or there? It's here, so you don't understand; in a dream my soul is there, why? I understand--I only ask how you know it is there? Look, see that light bulb. Yes. Electricity makes it bright; everything has a body (jean) and everything has its electricity; an engineer turns on the electricity, so God is my maker. (We go into eat. Jansaid turns on the light. I consent jokingly: you've become God. He laughs). So you've been to all these Pirangah--what did you learn? Well, I learned their stories what people say about them. Yes, but did you learn if there is any truth to them? That depends on what you mean: I learned that people have faith in them (iman darand) and that constitutes a kind of truth. Now look: if some one says there is ash(stew), people go to get ash--but there may or may not be ash. I did not ask for any ash. Well what then did you see? I saw a building, and a mound of earth (at Pir-e Basu). But that's all? Yes, I did not ask for ash but you've been there too, did you find ash? No, I only found people who said they had found ash, but then do you think there is any truth to people who go there? Bahaf itself, as I said, is a kind of truth--people who are sick and who believe go and are cured. Why don't they go to a doctor? There are some things a doctor cannot cure-- Like I have a cold, but I don't go to a doctor because I know he cannot do anything: I just take some pills. But you don't go to a Pir. No, because I don't have the faith.

Xodadad-e Rustam Dahnobed: old times did not worry about cold, just lit up the opium



Shakriyar Rustan Dahmbed says that I should not go around telling people I'm bi-din. It is a term of abuse to call someone bi-din. Haji is telling people to watch out for me; I'm bi-din and so I must be a communist sent here to turn people into communists like there are in America. There are two Bahrams in Nasrabad; one, his amu Bahram, is called Bahram-e Bi-din because he always feigns, like this morning when we said we wouldnt come to Rulabad he abruptly left without saying goodbye. There was a sol in Rulabad at the Dahmbedis, and Katkhoda's wife and Bahram wanted me to go finally they persuaded me but left before I came so I did not go. Shakriyar says it is just as well since the Rulabad Dahmbeds are poor and dont want us. When there is a sol one opens one's door to all. But if one really wants someone to come one sends someone to say you are invited to come and say xoda niemorsi. But Katkhoda and Bahram just go. If one is a friend of the departed and wants to pay respect to the deceased one goes but at a time when all will be offered is tea and so not embarrass people who have little.

Says there are a number of Omari (Sunni) in Nasrabad & Yazd. Story that when he returned from India he was accompanied by 3 Muslims--they shared food etc till they reached Kaorashah, then they said jokingly OK Babr from now on you are separate from us Muslims.

Story by mother of Sharook's wife that in her home village of Khalilabad there are and were neither jadid nor Bahais. Once a Jew came and said he was a Bahai and the Muslims stoned him.

Xodaram Sabze says Museri is 65, the richest in Nasrabad, gets c. 3000T./mo., his wife has a pension of 1200T after 30 years service. Father was rich because educated and people put money in his hands to invest and she bought much land. His dai's Fa was Katkhoda. Fa of Xodaram's wife was Rais of the Anjoman-e Zardoshti in Kuche Biuk. Anjoman-e Dek here is finished because all is administered by the city. Shakriyar goes to Sayyid Namski because he is respected in his own right and as a Sayyid, not as rais of the anjoman-e dek. Katkhoda is not a katkhoda like the old time katkhodas who used to be nominated by the people but sustained by the gvt, was the one to buy people out of army etc.

Shakriyar says one verbal abuse of the Muslims is: we will all conkhere and spit: and you Zoroastrians will be washed away in the flood--is the survival of so few Zoros is miraculous.

Musa came by: he only goes around the Zoro suburb villages because in Kukistan only Muslims and they irritate Jews--a Jew was killed in Kukistan (a pilevar). Zoros are OK to Jews but Bahais are better. Says things started to get bad with the State of Israel founding. Now only a few hundred are left--3 more families are leaving tomorrow. Says he has difficulty understanding the Jews of Ispahan and that the Mahalleh dialect here is Farsi dialect. Says in the old days Jews ran business of rams and osterlabe, etc. but there is no one left who knows this business--they've all died. He fixed a shoe and sold me a comb: 11 rials-- I give him 2T and said it was for Kasnuka wh starts tonight and he said he would lite a candle in my name in the synagogue.

So I went by the bazaar but did not succeed in getting myself invited to any Chasuka celebration--Musa Aramian is in Ispahan on a buying trip. The father of --is in Kukistan on a selling trip.

Shakriyar--one real fire: Azar Gushtasp--I saw it with my own eyes as did a Muslim woman who came to tell us the fire had come.

23 Dec (Wed).--finish almost the Zoros and spent the afternoon writing the survey clear. Been there was a sol for Gol Dekneri's Hu (Fa of Saah Bahram and KK) with a 1200T xeirat of ash in the afternoon.

Evening Hossein Barbari came by

Xodaram Sabze: Gomparsa nr Ispahan--dialect similar to Zoro; fire w good smell gahambars and xeirats

said Muslim but not

gahamber--from Gah-sambar: xeirat at times of storing wheat are

Hossein Barbari-- Muslim tithing: c. 1/3 to om (ordinary men) saket

c 1/5 to sayyids (khoms)

distrib thru office of Saduqi the mutjahid

... .. had their own notawali to collect money for



organizations: Zoro, Muslim, Jewish

Muslims: the two kinds of taxes collected centrally (whether on a community or regional level): zakot and khoms  
(plus jaizia) collected from non-Muslims)

vafq donations administered centrally w/ 10% of prod taken  
maktab-madrasah-maitshid system of clergy organization

occasional communal xeirats

role of muftasib in guarding community morality (?)

control of courts (sharia), notary republic, issuing fatwa

support of private armies of brigands (lutis)

Q: how did and does this work on the ground in Yazd

Zoroastrians: until the Anjoman organization--community organization of  
sols, xeirats, gahambars with loose coordination thru  
priest rotation and priest endogamy, decentralized priest  
payment

financial burden of the religion centers on these "alemtans"  
kathoda political leader tied into state administration  
and legal authority tied into akhuna's notary authority

Q: how far is this paralleled by local level Muslim organization

Jews: until the Alliance Israelite and JOINT, community focused on kaissa  
shabbat services rather than xeirats

local training of ray in maktabs

loose trade-cum discussion connection with Isfahana-Hamadana-Shiraz-  
Baghdad centers?

marketing hierarchies--the Hassansbadis say most of their marketing is in Meybod

24 Dec. (Thurs). Morning more or less finish with Zoros on survey; try thru Shahrizay  
to get Muslim to work with me on Muslims; wasted afternoon.

Shahrizay Dahmabd: story of div who did not come to say salam to the King--a  
woodpecker (tantusk) was sent to get him and to ask him first way he had  
laughed in 3 places: a fortune teller, a man buying a shoe, and in a desert.  
The div answered that under the fortune teller was buried a fortune and he  
did not know it; the man buying a shoe wanted a 4-year guarantee from the  
seller but he would die tomorrow; in the desert there had been a city 7 times,  
each returning to desert conditions. The woodpecker sat on his head and  
threatened to peck if he did not come to the king.

Story of attempt on Panger's life. About 5 years ago one Muslim turned  
Bahai. He had a garden to which a relative named Arzoman laid claim as a  
Muslim who had not turned. So this M-Bahai gave Rustan Bahman Moradian power  
of attorney and went to Bombay. Rustan went to court and won a judgment in  
his favor and against Arzoman. Arzoman then tried to plant some opium in  
Rustan's house so as to call the police, but Rustan caught him and beat him  
up. He told Panger what he had done, but when they brought the police to  
the house where they were holding Arzoman the latter claimed that he had just  
been walking along and these two had jumped him and forced him into the house.  
Rustan was sent to jail. And the Muslims swore to kill Panger who had a police  
man sleeping in his house. Jehambaksh was also hiding as they were out to  
get Bahais in general. One Muslim grabbed Fereydun (Rustan's son) by the  
throat demanding where's my watch and was going to kill him til Shairia et  
all raised a ruckus. They were also after Hormadiaz who is living in that  
M-Bahai's house (too that is snak in the center of the Zoro quarter?).

Ate ash from yesterday's xeirat. How does a xeirat aid the soul?--the  
same way if I'm arrested for a crime and all the villagers of Nasrabad come  
to say look he's a good guy and it was a mistake, or if they come to say  
that man is a jean-e bad and we'll pay you to keep him locked up. There is  
xeirat for happiness as well as for death. Ash today is not valued as it  
was in days past when people did not see rice for weeks. MF: what I don't  
understand is how such poor people as you describe could ever put together  
the money for a xeirat. Answ: with faith anything can be done--story of  
going to Pir-e Baau--not the way we went by car and just have fun and leave--  
but like the song "Pir-e Baau ba pa buset biyan, Ya, Pir-e Baau"



is we come to you Pir-e Bawa on our knees. Also stories of xeirat being of more merit if from a poor man than if from a rich man. Muslim story that in the time of the Prophet, there was a wealthy man who had two date (xejar, xorma) stores (ambara) and said that after his death they were to go to charity. He died and the workers came and carried out the dates; two dates stuck to the soul of one of the laborers. Someone went to the Prophet and asked how much merit would accrue to the soul from this act of charity. The Prophet said: as much as the two dates on the soul of that laborer, but had he given the ~~xxxxxx~~ stores when he was alive, the merit would have been that of the full two stores--he only gave after it was of no use to him, no sacrifice involved. The same says Shakhriyar as 1000T from me for the Pakistan flood victims is worth more than 10 million dollars from Nixon, because he has. Zoroastrian story of King Noshiravan who gave a sumptuous gahambar. At the same time there was a crippled dastur who could not attend and who sold one of the doors to his house for a little gahambar. In a dream that night Noshiravan saw that there was someone who had earned more merit than he, and so the next day he sent out to find out who this man was. The dastur was found.

Now religion is becoming old fashioned. People sell vafq land and go to Teheran. They laugh at religion. Was a time when we wouldn't walk from here to there without sedreh kustii. Now a dastur came here and wanted to sell one garden--he was told it was vafq and he replied: you just sell the vafq and give me the proceeds. The new issue for fighting will be pure caste; and then maybe nation: I'm an Iraqi. -- doesn't think Sabze has sedreh-kusti.

Afternoon he brought a relative of Haji (the pump owner in Kazu): this man sank a well but hit only sh-e shur--10,000T. gone. Another well was sunk since had invested in all that machinery. He's in the same position as Shakhriyar. Shakhriyar says he is in debt to the tune of 16,000T. (that doesn't mean much and I think is just the figure for the money he has signed on a check for the well drilling which he has to find somewhere). This other guy is a relative of Haji. He says there is a story of an ass braying; the owner a pump operator said to him that if he did not shut up he would make him a partner in the well; the ass shut up. I kept telling them they should declare bankruptcy if in fact the business was losing money; and they kept saying they couldn't because then the govt would make them sell house and home and they had all this money invested in equipment which they cannot sell. Could they find buyers for the wells they would sell today. They can't raise the price of water because the farmers won't pay more saying that if the price of water is raised they will go broke. They can't gather into a union to go to the government because (1) there are well operators who own the land as well and so therefore don't feel the pinch, and (2) the government has theoretically nationalized water--they've been to ask when the govt will take over de facto and have been told just to carry on. Shakhriyar says that when he came into the business he did ask around and a couple of people did warn him against involving himself, but he that since he knew something about machines he could make a go of it by working himself and thus cutting overhead. The big crux is the high price of engines which don't last as long as they should. There is word now that the Russians are selling a machine for 26,000 T.--that might save the day. Like Jamshid Anarat goes out somewhere in the Khiaban (desert) and drills a well and then sells the land at 12T/m and so his expenses are quickly covered. Or Rasavi also owns the land.

Evening Morvarid--da of Sarvar and Kodaran came from Shiraz and Shakhriyar engaged her on Maher Baba--they have a day in the year when they don't speak. not a religion but say all should be good, brothers. After death: the universe is like a sea and souls like bubbles which burst at death--the soul comes back as a new bubble at a situation relative to his good-bad works of the last life (retributive reincarnation). Zoro: everything has its opposite: good-bad, male female, night-day, Ahriman-Serpents Maiyan, but there is one god who gave the latter two which have separate existence, yet free will.



25 Dec (Fri). This fellow Ali Sardar whom we had tried to get to help me did not show and was not home; Shahriyar reports that he had sent word he would come but was afraid of what to say if someone challenged him as to who I was, and wanted to say that Shahriyar was the one who instigated all. Shahriyar himself admits asking a policeman about me, and being told that while I might be authorized to ask questions, people were not authorized to answer and all answers should come thru the police!

Story on the Zoroastrian hennan. It was supposed to be vafq but Muxeri registered it in his own name; people think this is very bad--why everyone's trying to do the same, like the dastar you told me about yesterday; yes, but this was not private family vafq but vafq for Naarabad. Anyway there was a fight--he had a Muslim run it for years, then the Zoros decided they wanted it run by a Zoro and a fellow named Janshid got the job. The Muslims came and wrecked the place. It was repaired and again wrecked. The police came and warned if they found any unauthorized person in the hennan they would just shoot; and Muxeri moved a Muslim family onto the premises since which no trouble. This morning we were going to go to a hennan in town but Sarvar objected; don't go to those people, pay your money to our own.

Carry on joke with Naayeb about opening a tea house--says no one will come.

People who refused to walk around the kuches with me or help me that way because of fear of being challenged by other people now include: Sayyid Mad R Namaki (Rais of the Anjoman-i Dei); Shahriyar Dahmbedi; Abbas (Shahriyar's mihrab); Ali Sardar (works for the municipality); Shapour as far as Muslims.

So I did it myself--got one refusal, a couple of people who refused to tell me the truth. A couple of boys of the late-teen category helped me after a while and things went better--reaction to the attitude questions was poor and I cut most of that just doing a census type survey. This was received rather well; I said I was doing a sar-shomareh (head count), a term they are obviously aware of. (I got one reaction from a Zoroastrian woman--Elabadi--but I already told the government man all that.)

In the evening I collected a watermelon, qand koraz gereft (sugar cone wrapped in green paper & gold) and some sarv twigs to add to the Christmas dinner at the Simtons where met Paul & Margo Zimmerman (director of the Peace Corps/Ira who revelled us with stories of meeting the Shah who it turns out is only about 5'6". There is a story that he is good to the Jews because when he fled the country to Rome, a member of the current Majlis rep's family lent him money (he had no funds????). They were in India before and confirm that Indra Gandhi married and then divorced a Zoroastrian. Margo said she walked into the fire temple at Bangalore without problem.

26 Dec. (Sat). Big xeirat at the fire temple. The xeirat was for Noshiravan the brother of Sarvar--held the day before the sol because the day after is a meatless day and the ash could not be eaten that day since it has meat in it; so if given out today we can still eat tomorrow of it. Breakfast was giger or kalis (cooked blood with onions). gepo is the rice cooked in skin; xorrah is the name of dried meat cooked in oil and then recooked to eat which can be kept for a long time). But today was also the sol of ZOROASTER. Shahriyar says that this was something the local Anjoman thought up about five years ago for Aniran Dei (5th Dei), but Katkhoda says its in the Avesta or Shahnameh. Katkhoda also says that there is a book by the name of baxastal which tells all the astrological secrets which is kept (after being stolen) in the Kitabxane Bukom in Mecca--an arabic translation of one of the Avestan books otherwise lost. He is of the opinion that Jews are just like Zoros in ritual practices of sols and so on, only on Shabbat they pray all night long. The two--Shahriyar and Katkhoda had an argument as to how the Zoros got to India; the latter maintains they went by land on camel thru Baluchistan (hence the name udvara); Shahriyar maintains they went by sea and landed where the Indian King kept his camels (hence the name Udvara). Katkhoda maintains they first arrived in the Punjab but were not allowed to stay.

Story of piece of land that Xodadad, Shahriyar's brother bought which was vafq there was a fight with some Muslims who bought other pieces and maintained that X's was in the street and who tore down his walls; he fought and eventually they paid him for his caaim. They got the land; he got money.



(cont. fr. 22 Dec

While talking to Musa Aarajian's brother, one of the Muslim bazaazis came up and tried to get me to say that the worst people in America are Jews; I told him off. The brother says that they are irritated at my being American and Jewish and he says they wouldnt be quite that way if Nasser had had his way at the time when relations with Iran were at there worst: Nasser called the Shah 'haramzadeh' (حرام زاده, bastard) and said that the Egyptian army would eat lunch in Israel and dinner in Iran. Had Nasser beaten Israel and dropped napalm on your head, he told the man, you wouldnt be so anti-Israeli.

Evening Shapour and I went to the Indian film Ram aur Shyam--whether it is my fatigue with Iran, lowering of aesthetic standards or what, it was terrific--all the little sociological details were there: color, wealth, etc. The three comic actors of Iranian films are Sefernia, Homayun, Zohari. The yodeling-like effect in song which Iranians admire so much is called chashe hava.

Maboub: 17 day water cycle used to be in Nasrabad-Raimabad, the mirab getting two jureh pay; the taqban was one's self or partner the two Mahmudabads had the same cycle 12 day cycle in Ashgozar )

27 Dec (Sun)--6 Dei. Tried to do something with this check that Chicago sent me and finally gave it to the Bank-i-Saderat to play with hopefully quickly. Then went to seek the Katkhoda which involved going to the sol for Noshiravan. The tailor Moradian befriended me there. Dastur Hormuzdiar still avoids me like the plague immediately leaving any room I'm in. Very cold and a bit of drizzle enough to turn the top levels of the white sand into brown dirt.

Katkhoda came back home with me. We did a bit more on his genealogy, he told me the stories of 5 of the 6 Pirangah of Nasrabad. He says he has no gahambar-name at the moment, but the dasturs hold them, but he'll try to get one.

The most interesting of them is that called Sheikh Panha, whose proper name is Sheime Panha, i.e. Shirin-e Panha, since Zoroastrians do not have Sheikhs, nor is there a grave in it. (Panha=secret, hidden). At the time of the Afghan invasion, there was little grass and the people cried for lack of fodder, and early wheat was being eaten by the animals. In a dream one night, Shahriyar-e Fereydun saw a sefid-pust (white skinned person) who told him not to cry and that they should sow once more and they would have plenty, and that he should buy the land with money provided. When he awoke there was indeed the money and he bought the land. Today gahambars are still endowed from this in the houses of Xodaram-e Erd, Xodaram-e Bondar, Noshiravan-e Bahramshahi (in his son's house, Gushasp)--very nice ones:

*With the money*  
in Ahmehabat, Sadrahod, Turkabad, Bahram, Bondar, Xodaram, Ashgizer Fereydun, Ahmadan, Noshiravan, Ardakhar, Xodaram  
& Firak --all near Ahdakan.

Haji Khez is an arabic name for the spirit (fereshte) Bahram, used to keep the Maslms away in the same way that the Jewish siaratgah here is also called the Jewish Haji Khez Jahudi. The story is that in a plot of melons a man cut one and went away to come back and retrieve it to find only two crossed green twigs. And to this day--ask Xodaram Erd--melons do not grow well on that plot; it is said to be due to the wish of Bahram; for why on one plot with the same water, the same earth, the same fertilizer will you get a lot of melons and on the next one none? Similarly way do I get 70 mana of wheat on my plot while my neighbor gets 10?

The one Mehr Izet: ~~the original story is that she was a woman who~~ Morvarid Keshmiri rebuilt it after seeing a dream which she will not reveal. The original story had to do with a woman who suffered a miscarriage and who there saw a dream that she would not loose more children. The second Mehr Izet is very old and there is a story that it was very hot and a man wanted something to drink, but the melons were yet very young and small. A person appeared and said to look over there, and the man found a 3-kilo melon which he cut and brought back to share; the stranger said to bring a knife; when he returned the stranger had disappeared and the melon had turned to gold. Which I pointed out left him still thirsty, but which he pointed out he could buy a lot with.



Gohar-e Shab Cherakh. This is on the Rainabad qanat channel. One Khorshid Ruz Mah-e Farvardin (the 6th of Farvardin, the birthday of Shah Kei Khosrow and of Zoroaster) a woman went there to fetch water for her cow; the water turned to gold (talsh) on her hands, and in the cow's belly who subsequently died. Later it was rebuilt by one Sarvar, who was very poor but whose children became well off and is now in Teheran.

Elabad is the second Elabad--there being an earlier one closer to the desert side.

Seti Pir: a Zoroastrian disguised in Muslim clothes went to Mahhad on pilgrimage to Gumbad-e Tus, tus-e Nosar, the old fire temple where the shrine of Imam Reza was put. He was discovered and put in prison. In a dream a spirit came to tell him not to worry in the morning he should go to the mujtahid and seek permission to build a ziaratgah to the Pir. In the morning he found himself in the sand dunes where Seti Pir is now along with 3 piles of treasure (ganj) which he was instructed one was to be for the mujtahid for permission to build the ziaratgah, one was to be for the cost of building it, and one was to be saved. He went to town and told the mujtahid to verify the story, and this was done and permission given. The third pile of gold or treasure was taken away about 5 years ago, some say by foreigners but no one knows. All that is known is that in the morning there was a hole under the Pir and fire tracks: whoever it was knew exactly where to go to get whatever it was he got: no other holes were dug, digging at night is not a normal activity.

Pir-e Mehru in Agbada. Until the time of Manekji Hataria a cow (gav) was sacrificed here (gorbani K.); it was first taken to Pir-e Banu in vaqt-e vaqt (Mah-e Tir) and then brought here: the meat was given to the Muslims, none being retained by the Zoroastrians as a way of bribing the Muslims to allow Zoroastrians to come to the Pir without being bothered. Pir-e Mehru was the eldest sister of the daughter of Yasdigird: Pir-e Banu, Pir-e Mehru, and Pir-e Shahbanu who married Hassen and whose grave is near Rey.

Qanats under Nasrabad from Kh. Shah towards the desert: Nosratabad; Qerd-e Faromarz (which ran by the Katkhoda's house and which he used to get household water from--nafagher, paid to the katkhoda of the village where the qanat went; ran dry about 10 years ago); ashgoza Mahmudabad; Ashgozar; Majumerd.

Katkhoda is of the opinion that there is--must be-- correspondences between the names of spirits in the Torah-Azjil and the Avesta and Quran of the sort that Haji Khaez (Khaez meaning green) is Bahram; there must for instance be and he knows but has forgotten the correspondants for the 7 amshaspands are Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, ...seven of them.

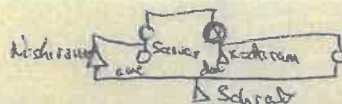
28 (Mon) Dec.--7 Dei. Shahriyar Dahnobedi life: got out of the Kama Aeturnan in 1938; went into the British Army (British and Other Ranks) for the period 1940-1944 where he learned to be a mechanic. (Today he claimed that white-black is a skin colour distinction: the Jews in Bombay were white--they dealt in the numbers racket, sold liquor, etc.--just as I am; my skin is in fact whiter than an Iranian's.) After leaving the army he went to Qatar where he worked for an oil company for one year. He returned to Bombay where he helped his brother Gushtasp run a tea shop. Then he returned to Iran.

On Sheikh Panha: some say it was Shiria, others a Saekha (i.e. a Muslim) some say running from the Muslim tax collectors and sat there and was not found (to pay the jezia). His MoSiHu used to be the caretaker and says the Pir came in the form of a snake, which Shahriyar points out is the symbol of a holy man in the Indian tradition. Shahriyar counts the day-before-yesterday as Aneran which would be right by the old calendar, but month Dei which is the new calendar; Sorush says Khair (the 11th-or Khorshid) of Dei which fits neither.

Katkhoda: some people say to tie the Avesta on a child is a talisman against evil; others say that one must keep the Avesta in a clean place and a child is not such a clean place.

Katkhoda's wife insisted I take them to Pir-e Varmaru today; she eats nothing on this day of mabot (due Shahriyar explains to a vow for the health of a son). Tomorrow could be a Bibi Se Shambe--she does all if people send money; don't do it in winter because it is too cold. Hormezd's wife gave me money to put in the box at Pir-e Varmaru.





29 Dec. (Tues)--I had agreed to spend the day with Neshot whom I happened to run into on the street yesterday on his way to tutor the daughter of Dr. Resavi. But Morvarid, Sarvar's daughter, and Sohrab up from Shiraz wanted me to take them to Sharifabad to see old man Turk who went blind 3 years ago (in his house there is and eternally lit candle) and we ended up spending the day with them in Hassanabad after a brief visit to Shahrifabad and Meybod where Neshot introduced me to the Director of Education. Meybod has four H.S. and 26 dabestans (half male, half fem). It is a city made up of 17 villages and is the old capital of Mosafaradin. A center for kuzehs and esp. zelus which are woven in almost every house. We went to visit a kuzeh kila--they said there were only about 17 kaxxanes in Meybod; the kuzeh stay in the kila 3 shaban-e ruz (nites and days) under a coal heat that is not so hot you cannot walk into at least when we went in. They say it takes 25 years to become an ostad.

Sohrab and his wife taught me a few words of Dari during the day:

Greetings-- ruz goriaka shoma xebe, xashi (mezi)? are  
shab bekhera (= Farsi: shoma xeili xosh amadid? you  
sob bekhera xosh migzare?) well  
?

		<u>xeili xashem</u>	
choi xa?	=Farsi: chai xordid?	=English: did you drink tea?	
bale emxa/	= bale xordam.	yes I had (tea)	
xiar	= toxme morgh	egg	
gaskok	= kapchak	spoon	
nafte	= nemixam	I dont want	
lut	= eskemas	note money	
aldi	= pul	coin money	
duleh mast	= kuzeh mast	jar of yogurt	
ov vaka			
ov vakor	= ab bexor	drink water!	
ashi	= befarmaid	please	
memo	= mixam	I want	
memo veshim tu	= mixam bera(va)m	I want to go home	
kzashim	= tu manzalam		
una shone	= unja raftam	I went there	
mia famila hame		all are family	
peste pula vakha	= pesteh vah dad jip kon	put the pistachios in your pocket	
vekra	= mikonand	doing	
chi chi vaje?	= chi migid	what did you say	
ma eki chiz ca-	= an chi-e	what's that? how do you day that?	
bimoneh	=	come here	
biu	=	come	
unek	= unjaj	stay there	
genzah	= outagh	room	

shmo dare Farsi  
 xebe seme gori you are learning Farsi very well  
 mishuse vaja che deyh ishun mige she daste she says you have a white  
 svide gashangi doreh sefid-e gashangi darid beautiful hand  
 che mize tashi dare che muye gashang darid what beautiful hair you have

(With reference to black-white, I was told I would turn dark if I sat in the sun--I should sit with the sun on my back; I answered that I thought black was beautiful, Sohrab's wife grinned and said: mama darad --black people have salt, they are tasty, they laugh and joke--whereas presumably white people are serious)

There is a pure Persian equivalent for mamunam, tashakor, merci: sepas gozaram

I was told that the Hassanabadis sell their field produce to whoever comes to buy the buyers coming here from Yazd, Ardekam, Isphahan. (?) The water has diminished since the village was founded 70 years ago.

In the evening I caught the bus for Teheran. In the bus station I ran into Rashti. so I asked him about sakhot and khomz, and he said that was all defunct now: we eat it. And he went on to complain that the town is now atheistic and materialistic. It used to merit the title dar ab abadeh (place of worship), as Teheran was the dar ul kalife and Isphahan in the Safavid past dar ul-Saltane.



1 January 1971--11 Dec. Returned from Teheran at 11 am. Went to deliver message to Mike B. where also found Siatons. (In Teheran, Bill Sumner tells story of student unrest now clouded with the grand espionage story of the Iraqi infiltrators who were supported by the communists, feudalists, capitalists, oil companies and whose directorship was infiltrated by SAVAK--SAVAK is on the job creating and destroying plots--that Queen saw Jim Bill twice about his article on student unrest in the Iranian Students Assoc J. and a lot of it found its way into the Shah's speech on the students: we must fulfil their aspirations, even if unexpressed.) Mike says that the 5 worship times are contracted into 3: before sunset and 3am into one around 6pm; afternoon and noon to noon; and morning. (?) (I hear calls at 3pm, 6pm, noon). The coppersmiths he has found are all resident in Pusht-e Bagh (on the Taft side of Kh. Iraashah), used to have an active seaf.

I went to find two 'hizom-doms' he had mapped on the Goodarz side of Soraya: turn out to be Pir-e Kush Kuchik (next kuche from the water pump) of which an old Zoroastrian lady said she did not know the story but probably someone named Kush had died; anyway she lit candles there every nite altho the Muslim repeatedly break into it. There is another Pir-e Kush (Bozorg) near Moriabad. The other in the the kuche behind Goodarz Hospital is Pir-e Gombad. The term hizom-dom was unfamiliar to the 3 zoroastrians gathered (mike got it from Muslim kuche urchins (lit. fire-wood--/?))

Evening to find Aaron--ran into Aaron Benjun at the spinning mill next door which he showed me in the dark--he spins there some wool thread for carpet-weavers which he was leading on his bike. It was Sabbath eve so of course by going in I invited myself to dinner at the Namvars. Aaron has succeeded in buying his way out of the army for 3-4 thousand tomans (\$400-500) and will now go to look for a job at the Isphahan Steel Mill--Mike says there the Assyrian couple who run Motel Safayeh report discrimination in hiring vs non-Muslims there.--the chief of the gendarmerie is involved in the deal but as he is new in town it is likely that there is someone else in the local administration who is a key. Four candles were lit: two for each adult (married) woman (Namvar's wife and his mother). But kiddush (or as they say giddush was dispensed with as they did not happen to have wine on hand--and what's a kiddush without wine?). There are twelve synagogues, but only 4 normally work (more on a holiday such as Yom Kippur went people apportion themselves into minions); and each of these four manages a minion morning, noon, and nite.

Iastegah (betrothal period) is important in Yazd; should a boy be refused by one family, it is likely he will have to go out of town to find a wife, for other families will say there must be a reason he was refused. Muslims have marriage brokers but Jews do not since the community is so small and all know each other. It used to be that Jewish girls wore the chador everywhere--to school, in class, esp. if male teacher; and if a goy came to the house. It is true that there is a custom that when a male child is born, a bottle (s) of wine are prepared and kept to age until he married when they are opened and drunk--the wine we had at Shokrullah Beyvami's son-in-law's was 30 years old--wine made when he was born. The custom is not done for girls--for them the boys joked only sirke is made (vinegar)--sirke is made the same way as wine with certain omissions:

wine--you take grapes (angur), press them in to grains (dane), chang mizandad, out into a xomre (belly-like kuzeh of pottery), and each night for 3-4 months beat the liquid with a stick; then strain thru a cloth and bottle

sirke--you dont need to beat; or press as in the beginning; and it sits only 2m. It is said: doxtar vaqtike ziad mishad, bayad ura bagzaran tu sirke, (a daughter who grows old must be put into vinegar) so that she will be preserved (xarab nemise). And of an old maid it is said: torshide shode (she had become pickled).

Jewish dialect: veshe oain - sit (beshin)

bero gatin - return (bar nigardan)

to go: ashin	Farsi: miran	asham	Farsi: mirin
ashish	to miri	ashed	mirid
ashe	wire	ashun	mirand

past raftan as in Farsi



umoria	Farsi: amadan	umoram	Farsi: amadin
umorish		umored	
umor		umorus	
mi(n)	mixam (I want)	namin	nemixam (I dont want)

--Davoud Namvar

Death: there was one yesterday. The body is buried immediately, only not on Shabbat, nor at night. Then for the first seven days the rav comes and reads from night til morning (reads the Tirghonia); then each Adine (=Jome = erev Shabbat); on the 30th day, the 40th day; the 4 month anniversary; the eight month anniversary; and the year; and then each anniversary. Only sons have the duty of carrying this on.

Charity ashes do exist, called asha kamir or ashe reskte, costing 50-100CT. for vows and wishes; sheep may be sacrificed as well for these reasons; and are sacrificed specifically on Aid-e Shevot (Shavuot--it did not dawn on me what they were saying til I got home--in Khordad mo.) and is given to the poor. The charity ashes do not seem to be the the full community affair as among Zoros, but rather family, plus.

There is no one in the community who knows about astrolobes; there used to be two brothers but they have long since gone to Israel. A son is in the Etehad School but he did not learn anything. The hammam is not going to be fixed altho JOINT would put up matching funds because many have hammams inthe house, and they go to public ones. Similarly they did not know Shaban was going around trying to collect money for the abanbar--again most houses have piped water. The people do not feel in is worth fixing up these community items because in 2-3-5 years they will leave, and it will just be left for the Muslims.

Mike on child-rearing: boy in kuche shouting at his mother that her vagina was oversized; she shouting back that he has two kids fathers; kuche audience shouting same, all with vigor, non abashed.

A big train accident on the new rail line near agda with many people killed and hurt. Also a bus accident a few days ago.

2 January (Saturday). Morning I spent in the Friday Mosque Library studying Persian. At noon went to meet Davoud Namvar who reported that Saam, the English teacher, was too busy to meet me. To Asle Chahr for lunch where I ran into Frazer and Renata. Afternoon working on the paper again.

Evening Hossein Barbari came by and taught me how to pray etc. There was a big mullah in from Teheran who spoke at rosa in Bazk Pusht-e Bagh (on the far side of Iranshah) who spoke of the destructiveness of electricity if it were ubiquitous, similarly of the destructiveness of khak ubiquitous water needing a gardener to channel it and guide it so as to get fruit from it, and so too with man; he needs an engineer to guide him--Mohammad. He also spoke of Buxtold Nassar who destroyed the original Torah and Angil by burning them and throwing the ashes into the sea--thus the present Torah and Angil are not true.

When someone answers that he has been to a ziarat, you say 'xoda qabul kone'.

In the bazaar, some occupations say that it is necessary to have a broker to carry on bargaining, esp. carpet sellers: bargaining without a middle man is just too difficult. The dalal gets a standard rate of one sinar (10 sinars = 1 rial) per toman on the final price. I.e. one hundredth; e.g. if the price is 1000 tomans, he gets 10 tomans.

The prayer begins with the recitation of the two Bismillah-ke rahmaneh rahims:

Bismillah-ke rahmaneh rahim alhamdolillah-ke rabelallamin (1)  
 malleke yom-a-din (2) i yak-e no'abodo va i yake nosta'in (3)  
 ehedina sarata mustaqim saratallezine anante alehem gherle maghzube  
 aleyhem valazalin. (4)

Which means (1) In the name of God, i.e. in Persian: Be name xodavande baxshandeye mahreban... (In the name of God, the blessed forgiver); Borujerd adds the folloing commentary: Be name xodavande ke dar dukya bar mo'menc kaffarkomom rahm mikonand va dar axerat bar mo'men. (In the name of God who in this world pardons both believer and unbeliever and in the next world the believer--i.e. he says this as a solution to the problem of evil, that just because an evil man in this world seems to have success does not mean there is no God, for the judgment comes in the next world.)



(2) owner of the Day of Resurrection; (3) I only worship you and only from you do I want help (Farat torah miparastam va az to mibaham ke be man komak koni.--or synonym: medat va yari mixaham); (4) lead me in the right way and not in the crooked way which you punish (Be rahe ke sanike be anha nehmad dadi, ne kasan-i-ke bar anha ghazab karde) The last syllable of the last word, valazalin, is held, as if say the akhams there were seven l's. Then follows:

Bismillah-e rahman-e rahim qoll hovalako ahad (1), Allaho samad lam yalled va lam yulad va lam ga qoll-e hu kofavan ahad. (2)

(1) Begu-ye Mohammad koda-ist yagane (Say Mohammad, God is one); (2) Farzand nadarad (He has no child), va az kasi za'ide nashod ast (and he was not born).

Then begin the athletics; at each change of position one repeats: allah-o Akbar

(1) allah-ko Akbar the roka (  $\frac{1}{2}$  )

(2) bend at the waist with palms placed on one's knees and say:

Sobhane rabial azime va be handeh

(3) return to erect attention and say:

Same allahko leman hamade

(4) the sojud (  $\frac{1}{2}$  ): seven parts of the body must touch the ground

(haft joz-e badan boyad ruyeh zamin karal begirad)--2 palms (kaffe dast), 2 knees, 2 toes, and forehead (pishani) and say:

sobhane rabial allah va behamdi

(5) sit back on haunches: Allah-o Akbar

(6) repeat sojud - the number of sojuda depends on the time of day  
morning two times; noon four times; afternoon four times;  
evening three times; night four times

The entire cycle is called a rak'at rokat (  $\frac{1}{2}$  ). Allah-ko Akbar means that God is so big we cannot understand him or comprehend him.

3 Jan (Sun). Morning typed journal and then went to find VaBiz (Elabadi) to try to tape Mosghel Goshah but she has gone back to Elabad; I ran into Shairin Keyani and so added her to the list of the household count and talked--on the question of which is better to success parti, money etc., she reacted strongly to parti, coming to tears as she related the hard times they had had when their only son was born--her father had just died, Rustam had nothing, he went off to India to find some bread; how hard he, the son, worked in school, always first in his class except for the license when he was second; how he had been sent to America for a year as an outstanding children and how with 5 children he is still studying to be a U. prof. Note the ease w/ which old people come to tears when they think of something bad--the tears the old man, Turk, of Sharifabad broke into when the subject of his blindness came up (he's been blind 3 years); of old women who would break into tears when I did the family count and the subject of dead fathers, brothers, etc. would come up. Even the tears of Simin when she talked with old relatives about the death of her brother--the that was only a year.

Afternoon went to the Majjid-e Jome Library where the librarian has befriended me; he took me into see the manuscript collection which is huge--some 60 books of which there is only one copy; a vafq-name with 199 meals, letters from Nasradin and Mohammad Shah, many Korans and some Shahnames, and a torah in Persian.

I spent the afternoon reading a book on Shiism instead of working on Persian as I had intended. Evening exhausted, and typed my notes on the book and went to bed.

4 Jan (Mon). Morning, I went to see if Aaron was in the bazaar as I'd like him to go thru the Jewish cemetery with me. He was not there, which was lucky. I ran into the Katkhoda and daughter-in-law (wife of Bahram) who were buying things for a wedding--jewelry, socks, sweets, pots and pans; the dai (youngest of 4) of the latter was marrying a daughter of Mehreluk (the former driver for Shahriyar); this afternoon was something, and so I was invited. I went to the P.O. where I talked to Soroush about it who suggested it might be the govah (  $\frac{1}{2}$  ) or contrast (agd ) which sometimes is done before the marriage proper; in this case the marriage is scheduled for the coming Sunday. Also ran into Keyvan and stayed to talk a bit. Then back to Nasrabad where my landrover was pressed into service to take people to Pusht Khan Ali to the house of the registrar of marriages.



Before going back to Nasrabad, I went to get gas and ran into Ghademi, whose been sick for a few days. As we were exchanging greetings, a little old man in a white turban came up--he turned out to be the owner of the land that Ghademi's garage is on, and owns a whole block of land to Kuche Valiad (Hozime's kuche to several shops down) from a time when you bought 50T worth of land by picking up a stone and throwing it as far as you could. The land here now is worth 800T/m. The other side of the street for some reason is more expensive: 1400/m, like where the cafe is further down. Sargholfi on a store front along the street is say for the tea shop next to his garage 15,800T.; for his own garage he paid 60,000T.

Today is Ruz-e Ashdod, the day Pangar's wife goes to Seti Pir, so we waited for her return (with Bahram Dahmobe); then we all--The groom, Mehreban-e Xodadad, bride, Kaorshid-e ~~Mahrezan~~ Behruz Mehreban, Pangar, Xodaram-e "Erd", Pangar's wife, two old ladies, Nayeb, and two others--all piled in to my car and a taxi. The registrar of marriages is old Shahriyar Zomorodi who lives in a magnificent two part house, one with a big tallah, and one with hints of h but really one tallah (arch). Pesgam according to the Katkoda is smaller than a tallah and refers to those such as in his house and that of Mehreluk--Mehreluk's is a h-peseshgam one 60 years old. Shahriyar Zomorodi says he does not know how old his house is; it was 55 years ago that he bought it for 5000 tomans--covering an area of 1400 meters with a balcony (roshani) in the back overlooking a submerged (now ruined) garden. He has fixed up parts of it such as in the smaller courtyard he has ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ reconstructed the roof which used to be arched with iron beams so that it is a flat ceiling; in the doors are some old painted glass. Before the ceremony started I discussed the marriage steps with Mehreban (the damad, who works for the Malaria Office in Qazvin, previously was in Sanjan--says this year there were 2 malaria cases both introductions from Bandar Abbas; they have a staff of 80 because they visit each village each month to catch any case that might appear), a young man who works in the animal husbandry office (his wife's xale is the bride) (they also make the rounds of the villages to inject animals etc., going on call if someone asks for help, going to give injections in case of serious disease--there is a lot of disease exp. shogham which humans also get; govek last year--he used to work in Baluchistan in the Zahedan area), one Ardeshir, and another man. Manzadi is the first stage, is the sealing of the xastegah; if a girl is wanted and when the offer is accepted then the manzad is celebrated. In the past this might occur with infants; infant engagement (manzadi tufiad); but this does not happen any more that they know of, the matter generally being taken out of the hand of the mother and put into the hand of the son. In this case today, the manzadi was celebrated a year ago. The next step is the govah, or what Muslims call the aqd, (the marriage contract, when the register is signed, the religious ceremony is done); from the religious point of view, this constitutes the marriage. But then there is the sur-o-mehmani which may be done the same day, several days later, and in today's case in 5 days; people are invited, there's food, singing etc. This is the marriage and after this is when the girl goes to the boys house, tho if they are poor there need not be this last step.

The setting for the ceremony was as follows: Shahriyar Zomorodi sat at a small table filling out the register and the marriage certificates. In front of him were two chairs on which the bride and groom sat, to sign and answer the questions whether they were acquainted with their intended, whether they wanted him; the girl did not respond and people all around said say 'bale', speak up etc., urging her as it were not to be falsely modest, and at some imperceptible response they concluded she had concurred. Then witnesses came to sign. To the right of this was a long bench on which the couple were placed next to the dastur (Rustam, the dastur for Nasrabad, who made some feeble protest, as is his custom to my presence, but dasti as all the dasturs are familiarly called, was quashed by Pangar and others saying that it was my research), the groom having a green silk cloth on his left shoulder at first but this was given to the bride (dressed in a green dress) to keep on her lap, and the groom put a plaid cloth on his shoulder (of the sort worn by the older Zoroastrian men as head cloths. A kusti was draped around their necks (one for each). The dastur began by saying something about the kusti at which the assembled said sham, and the

No. 8  
 U U  
 C. C. witnesses  
 U U U U U U  
 bride groom father  
 (Laska) (GAF)



groom thereupon got up faced the afternoon sun and tied the kusti; the bride remained seated with the kusti around her neck. One old woman tied the kusti. Others just prayed. Kodaram-e Sabze (his brother's wife is the groom's sister) had the honor of holding over the groom's head the plate on which were some noql (sugar sweets), a sweet pomegranate (naar-e shirin), a pair of scissors, an egg, and a green scarf (Nayeb who had come in a taxi after us, took the egg from out of my car before we left, presumably to ensure that the ceremony would not start until after he had arrived.) Dastur-e Rustam read the service from a book inserting the names of the current couple at which point he had to be helped. Again the couple was each asked if she accepted, and the girl again did not respond tho she smiled, and again there was the good-humoured--oh come, on, you've got to speak up and say yes, and the same taking of some imperceptible sign as the affirmation. At each of these female affirmations, and at the initial entry of the bride into the room, the assembly shouted 'happeru happeru ...shod'. The groom was asked to repeat... and the assembly was asked by the priest to say ? Vathiya Ahus. The dastur stood and threw some rice-sum-thyme on the bride and groom. Kodaram-e Sabze at last relieved of his burden of holding the plate over the head of the groom, took the egg, went outside and throw it as far as he could over the house (asking Shahriyar first which direction it was supposed to go--it going towards the vacant garden). Pangar then presented bride and groom with the mirror and splashed them with rose water. (Saying as giving the mirror: ekashet tu in). From the tray with presents he took a wallet and out of it presented along with it a watch, 2 pahlavis from the time of Nasradin Shah, and a knife; cloth was also given (to both?) and a box of noql (basically pure sugar balls--pure sweetness) was offered first to the couple and then around the assembly. Tea went around. And qand cones (6) with a silk ~~xxxxx~~ handkerchief were given to Kodaram-e Sabz, the dastur, old Rustam (the dah-mobed), and ? Lorki was passed around (raisins, sweets, peste, coconut, \*

Comments. The groom also wore something green: a green sweater. hazel nuts, Contract: in the discussion from previously about marriage customs, almonds, dates, it was pointed out that different from Muslims there is naigher (apricots) sedagh nor divorce, nor a contractual mehr; jehazia was what the girl was supposed to bring the furnishings of the house in the old days, and the boy normally brought the house, or land, etc. But this was a case to ease thing and not something demandable as a condition of the contract per say. The parents of the bride were not present--Mehreluk is sick, bed-ridden. The EGG: Kodaram-e Erd began to explain that the egg represented narrohati which was being thrown away (that there should not be unhappiness in the marriage), but when I pressed to know the connection between an egg and unhappiness, he asked Pangar to explain. Pangar began with the fact that the egg has two parts--the white and the yellow--which represent night and day; but then slipped into saying that it had to do with the breaking of an egg into the fire when someone is sick so as to destroy the evil eye--things were socially too confused for me to get further explanation at the time as Kodaram-e Erd urged me to leave Mehreluk's house for home. Shahriyar Dahmobed whom I later asked, says that the egg is a symbol of the girl which is given by the family of the boy to the father of the girl, and its throwing away is a symbol of the latter renouncing any claim further on the girl; Shirin later gave basically the same explanation, saying it was as if the girl were being sold for an egg but the point being that the father would exert no claim and the girl would not seek her father in preference to the husband; a breaking of the tie. (xxxxx It is as if female chattel were being transferred in the rite: the girl refuses to give her agreement out of modesty and attachment to her parental home; and the males then agree at the end that nevertheless all tie to the parent~~al~~ home is severed.) The evil eye custom, Shirin explained, had nothing to do with this egg: when some one is sick, they would go--she hastened to point out that this was the old belief and we no longer have belief in it (aside madaram)giggling as she related the custom--to a se rah (like where I park my car: where 3 roads come together), or in the house, build a fire, take a piece of coal and write on the egg the name of all the people who came to the house and who might have had an evil eye--this egg is put into the fire (without being broken) and is cooked; it is then thrown away in running water (ab-i ravan) such as a chasme (jube). Instead of the egg, za (something like nabot glass sugar) may be put in the fire (into which also is put condor etc. to make it



smell good) which of course melts into a water which bubbles and crackles as it runs away, and people--more giggling--say that it is afraid of camels, it is afraid of donkeys--(may it be? mitarse). QAND--Shahriyar says that this should be given first to the Dahmbed, the Katkhoda, the Dastur (the 10T may be substituted), and then to close family. The SISSORS Shahriyar says are to prevent any magician who may be present from doing anything bad. Shahriyar compared the throwing of the egg to the custom in India of breaking the pen with which a death warrant is signed. (Chash tarside: if you've been bitten by a snake, whenever you see one you shy away.) In the ceremony a day should be chosen on which day you should have a bath, go to the fire temple to pray and donate 1/10 of your month's income to any kind of charity. At Mehriluk's house a qand and hankerechief was given to me.

Before saying good-bye, I urged Xodaram-e Erd to tell me the story of PIR-e SHEIKHE PANHA. His FF was accosted by a government revenue man for tax money--this happened right here by the davozeq (gate)--the area by the abambar; he had land in Kanu but it was dried up, and just couldn't find the money. That was in the days--as he elaborated in a second telling to a friendly Muslim who joined us sar-e se-rah--when they beat you with sticks, set dogs on you, put ice on your chest to force tax money out of you. He ran out into the fields where the Sheikh-e Panha now is and cried himself to sleep there: there was a room used for shelter for the agriculturalists. He had a dream in which he saw a white robed person who told him to go home and make some kelaf of silk (ball of silk?) on the machine in his house, and to go to the bazaar and sell it, and work at it till he had enough money to pay the tax. He went home and did so, paid the tax, made more money and bought the room where he saw the dream for 30 tomans, and instructed his wife that every night there should be a candle lighted. When he went to Shiraz for the wedding of Kei Khosrow (Xodaram) the key was given to Banu Luth to light, now since she is in Ispahan he had the key. Other people had other dreams, and added things to the shrine: at first it was just a gombad (dome); then someone added the walls, etc. And people when they wish there, vow to read a gahanbar, or a rosa; when I got married, I should send 100T. thru Shahriyar to kill a calf for people to eat (don't eat it all myself--a ref. to the lamb I sacrificed at Bir-e Banu and didn't bring any back?).

In leaving Mehreluk's house after being given the qand and hankerechief, Xodaram-e Erd instructed me to say to the damad: Shirin kam boshe (which seems to me to be the opposite of what I should be saying?)

Marriage registers are filed with the central office as soon as they are filled. The current register has marriages number 1150 to 1196 (today's), the former dated Amرداد 1348, the latter dated 14 Dei 1349--is roughly 46 marriages in 17 months.

In the early evening, Shahriyar persuaded me to go see how Haji's French engine was working in Kanu. On the way over I asked why some land is walled and others not: if you are sure of getting water, put wall around it and plant trees; if plant trees in open land, everyone will take the fruit. We went to a second well as well which had an American Cummins (Indiana) engine, and was giving 65 gaffies--at about 20-22 tomans/hr. Coming back we found Shaban cutting the hair of Jamshid-e Xodaram in Xodaram's house. Shahriyar said he had found out from Rustam the Zoroastrian butcher in Mahalleh (supplies meat for xeirats etc. thru Hormezdiar giving him the word--Xodaram's son who works for Kavusi) told him the stories about Jews torturing animals are all lies and that it is the opposite--as little as possible pain. Shaban says that Rabi (the barber who had a shop in Mahalleh)'s house which he sold for 8 tomans (8000T) when he left was resold by the Muslim buyer for 19. I asked about the pirangah in the Jewish graveyard and had Shahriyar translate as he is difficult to understand: many miracles are associated, but the story is that one Hossein-e Kashi--who was a luti some 60 years ago--to whom Shahriyar now attributes the story of robbers who came and forced a Zoroastrian woman to display herself as she was giving birth in the Nasrabad abambar; and who was finally put down by troops from Teheran and hanged in Dowlatabad--this Hossein-e Kashi was so strong and arrogant that he would send a messenger to tell his victim population that he was coming and they should give all or he would kill them; he sent word that he was coming to the Jewish Quarter. One Mullah Or said he knew how to stop Hossein-e Kashi but said that someone would die in the process: he wrote out something on a piece of paper which was to be bound to a carrier-pigeon (katah) but the person who released the pigeon would die--a volunteer was found; and his grave with those of his sons form the Pir. Shahriyar interjected that there are only two things which could be on such

a paper: magic or prayer. Muslim needed for talisman at Sar-e Se-rah



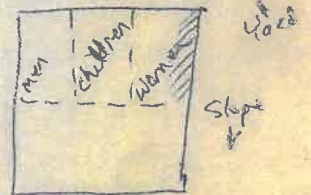
5 Jan (Tues). I went to find Aaron to go to the Jewish graveyard; he dispelled my illusions of doing anything with the graveyard saying that none of the graves had stones with writing on them; that I suppose I could have checked out by myself first. Anyway we went to his house (Namvar) first for lunch where I saw navar being woven by Mrs. Namvar--this is a brightly colored band (of silk, now artificial) of colored threads bound with a black one. This is a speciality of the Jewish community of Yazd, and a little bit of Kashan--it is sold to some tribal folk near Kirman called Koli (?)--tho they agreed Lurs and Kurds might use the same. It is woven and sold in 30 meter units; she says if she worked all day she could do 30 meters in a day, but as it is she does one in a month or two. It sells at 7 toman a meter. The parts of the weaving device are called shame (شانه) or comb which holds the threads in place, chapar (چاپار) or plates of sheep-skin in which are four hold holding different of the threads and which is rotated as the the shuttle (masuri--ماسوری) is passed back and forth; the whole affair is tied to a door handle at one end, and around one's knee at the other. I asked about the thing used to tie a baby's legs; it is called band-e ghontaq (بند بندگات) and is so bound that the knees cannot bend. They have also started to cook terak: last night the buying was finished, several days now they will pound, and then in a few days, one night for 12 hours the stuff will cook. In the sun drying were mash (ماش) a small green pea, which Haim translates as chickling vetch or grass pea) and khashkhash (خشکخشک) small white seeds; poppy). Ashazzf asked if I would take them all to the daxmes and I agreed but then Aaron stepped in and put it off til Saturday. We then went to the Jewish graveyard which is a very sorry sight indeed: the walls have been broken down; there are not many some of them in not good shape; but in any case it is true that there are no head stones with inscriptions which is a bloody shame. The form of the graves is of mud rounded on top or square--just mud or mud and straw. Aaron pointed out his father's grave--2 years old a rectangular mud-and-straw box on the ground. The grave is dug 2-3 meters below the ground, the body placed in a white shroud is put into the ground and a ceiling made over head so that dirt is not placed directly on the body; but no box is used. Only one grave was made of bricks. When people come--sar-s sal (year anniversary) or jomeh, they bring murd (green myrtle twigs) and rose water; candles are also lit but not on the grave-- in the ziaratgah--the one lone building housing 4 graves about 100 years old--which has also suffered the ravages of Muslim children; Aaron says that things have gotten much worse since the 6 day War. I then let him drive the L/R a little, but he did not push things too far and gave me the wheel when the kucha narrowed, so we went out to Safayeh and let him practice there. I got him to promise to help me do a household count-cum-map of the Quarter tomorrow afternoon. He says that N. (the kharazi on Ka. Kirman) just had a baby son, and the brit millah of the Jews here is still done at home or in the knissa by Mullah Josef on the 8th day. People used to bring ard-e shir-e shikar (like nabob) on the occasion, but less snow. The Muslims do it in the Hospital but also while the child is an infant. So I stopped by N. and tried to invite myself: the child was premature, is 20 days old, and so they are postponing the affair, but I can come.

The legend of the Pir south of Takrazan Ispahan is that one of Joseph's brothers had a daughter who told Jacob that her amu Joseph was not dead as her father had said but that he had been sold into Egyptian slavery; Jacob said that since she had told the truth so well, she should be rewarded with immortality. The site of the Pir is where she was seen by someone.



Marv Davis and Ruta came by in the evening--travelling by bus to Calcutta.

6 Jan (Wed). In the morning took Marv and Ruta to see the Fire Temple and then out to the daxmes where Amujan gave us a rather thorough tour. He says the shroud is left on the body and the birds rip it off. There are 5-6 vultures (kalak) around. He confirmed that some of the birds had been shot by Muslims. The newer daxme he says is about 40 years old, and the date on the stone is 1303. The daxmes are used for 3 years, they then become full and are closed for a year, after which the bones are collected and put into a central well and acid is poured on them. The newer daxme is at the moment empty. The two round daxmes are built on the Indian plan; the older daxme is rectangular, the lower portion on the hill serving as the central well: where he showed us not only bones but also bits of white shroud (kafan). The upper portion was divided into 3 sections: on the right men, in the middle women, on the left women. Was there a reason for these positions (i.e. right-left?): he says the women's side gets more shade, whereas the male side eats more sun, saying that one gives the shady side to women because one should give respect to women, but then he laughed and said but in Yazd no one respects women. He says this daxme is 1000 years old. The other one in use is 135 years old. We then went to the graveyard (which he always calls the bagh (garden)). He showed us an empty grave which he says a woman bought so as to be opposite her husband; altho the usual procedure is to bury people in order of death, since there happened to be an empty plot opposite her husband, she could reserve it. The different styles of gravestones have different prices ranging from 100T to 800 T. The 800 T. one is a gray-mottle stone; the 150T. one is a checkered blue and white tile facing; there are also 450 and 550T. ones.



For lunch we went to Asle Chahar where I talked briefly to Remata. The proper name for Seti Pir, according to her is Qala Asadon (قلا اسدون). Jakobi is the area around Sare Saag (which latter was the name of the quarter); it has an interesting mosque; the name Jakobi comes from the name of one of the commanders of the Atabegs. She asked if there was a stone with a date in the mosque; usually people tell her, no the Germans stole it, but this time they said, no the Jews took it. The Atabeg period (11th cent) was one of the great periods of endowment, the other being the 14th century in which the mosque at Banderabad fits.

In the afternoon, I went with Aaron around the Jewish quarter, doing a map--a lot of people have left while I've been here: there are only about 46 houses left. I did not get to fill in the questionnaire--except at 3 houses because Aaron was a bit defensive about the affair. In Shahan's house there is navar spinning. In the house of teacher Joseph Cohengadosh there is natural silk separating into 4 grades: the silk is bought from Rasht and sold in Ispahan for carpets.

In the evening, dinner at the Bonines.

7 Jan (Taurus). Morning took Ruta and Marv to the bus to see them off, and then went to the hamman at the end of Soraya: there the man first said there were no showers empty at the moment, but after a short hesitation said 'except for two belonging to the Zoroastrians'; I said I did not care and took a shower in one of them. Afternoon with the Simons. Evening a disastrous evening with Hossein Babbari's brother who drove the car into a wall; the policeman, he earns 600T/mo., used to be a mason or something but was lazy and so took up police work, which he treats as a license to do what he wants, take what he wants, etc.

8 Jan (Fri). After getting the car in working order again--took Pangar, son Makrakhan, Jehangir, friend from Teheran, pesar amu of Mehtiabad and a couple other boys to Pir-e Herishak. A Muslim high school boy I met there turned out to be the son of a mason who had built many of the buildings, and now works for the government there in Ardekan; he gave these names of Imamzadehs: Haft Der, Sayyid Mohammad, Mirza Shams-ul-Hak, Hadijeh Khatun (Meybody), Hosseineya Tat (behind Herishak), and Abdullah (Hajlabad). The story he gave as the basic legend for them all was of flight into the desert from Yazdigird--Yazdigird was a Zoro and an enemy of Muslims; they died at these spots in the desert of thirst.



Mehreban, pesar amu of Pangar. Priests were necessary in the past because people were of unequal education; but now everyone can be his own ethical conscience. Prayers such as the yasma (who will read the yasma when all the priests are gone?) are not so important as doing right--their use in the past was to get people to do right, but now everyone has education and can do so on his own. Fire temple fire is not so important as the fire in one's heart towards other people.

The boy from Teheran: reading the sign on the outside of the newly built Pir-- should pray and tie kusti and help keep the place clean: no most people do not tie the kusti, a) because they are not always clean (transference of cleanliness to kusti), b) because with modern clothes it is a pain; just come and read Avesta as you are. Friend from Pakistan where they are very religious came here, afkar and said all his prayers, morning, lunch, etc. After a month here only did evening prayers, and now like the rest of us only occasionally when he happens to be in a fire temple. Classes given for learning stuff at the Zoroas Center but all ages together so when the little children laugh it is embarrassing to him and he doesn't go. 90% of Zoroastrians are diabetic.

Mehreban, pesar amu of Pangar. End of priests or not is up to God. Piragah: where we believe there was a xodashehas--not a prophet or anything, but one close to God, whom we can use as a mediator.

9 Jan (Sat) 1971--19 Dei. Thursday last was the 17th Deci (the 31th anniversary of the unveiling and emancipation of Iranian women by Reza Shah. Today is the birthday of Basm Reza. Took the car to Ghademi for repair. Walked thru town thinking about what I should do: Basm Luti is back from Ispahan and wants to go to Bombay with me and Shahrivar...

The nite before we went to Pir-e Herishak, Jehangir went to the house of the bride and groom for 'xastegah'--I could not get an adequate explanation of this use of the term: they are religiously if not socially married. It appears to be a meeting of the two families to go over what has been bought by each side for the other.

From Haji, the antique dealer I bought 3 cups (jam) made in Kirman with inscriptions of their Zoroastrian owners. Was invited to rosa but went to get Hossein to translate and in the process was late and we missed it. Re. bande qondaq; first you put a diaper on the baby (jol) and then wrap around that a large cloth (qondaq) all around the lower part of the baby and this is tied together with a band-e qondaq which need not necessarily be tight. Hossein's sister who has a couple of babies that age, says breast feeding is about 2 years. On his wall, Hossein has this saying from Saadi:

طاقت آن نیست که بر چاک لپی پیشانی  
صدق پیشانی که اخلاص به پیشانی نیست

Obedience (prayer) is not that you must put your forehead on the ground but that you be truthful. Hossein and Mike B. talked to an old man about seaf who told them that in the old days there was a Hakim-e Shahr who was like a religious governor, appointed by the people in the manner of a mutjahid with powers of deciding cases, police activity, etc. He had at his command so-called tufanji (armed men) to act as police and protect the town against police. There was also a man (men) called atos who were night watchmen; their chief being called darughan; at 10 o'clock at night they would climb a bazaar and drum out curfew. Hayate asnaf, the chief of all the seafs (asnaf).

10 Jan (Sun). Morning went to pick up the pictures taken at the wedding and brought them to the damad, getting a ride into town with Moneri. Cooking is being done at both houses, that of the damad and that of the arus (zomos and vazi, resp. in Dari). The damad is the son of Nayeab's dead brother. Pangar, apparently the match-maker, is overseeing the cooking in the bride's house (Mehreluk with old Rustam and Ardeshir under him--they were cooking abgusht (gush-e shirvo in Dari) and xoresh. Shapour and Ferydun were making bread in the house of the damad. The two houses are back-to-back tho the entrances are on different kushes. Hormuzdiar was also helping in the house of the damad. Mehreluk is on a slow mend after his hard hmagkk bout with something which opened up sores all up and down his legs and made him insane, such that he was found walking to Dowlatabad practically naked in the cold, wearing only a shirt, saying it was summer and hot.







Sheluk! What a way to run an anthropological enterprise! Especially as it is a one-shot deal. Should another marriage popup I'll be better prepared. Two houses: ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the house of the damad, the house of the arus. The evening begins with exchange of gifts on trays covered with green cloth sent first from the damad's house to the arus, then later from the arus to the damad, clothes etc., ~~ring, wa~~ ~~xxxx~~ All along tambourine and drum beating, singing and dancing. Then dinner, the nothing elaborate: cheese, bread, xoresh, and good wine for once. We ate in the arus's house tho we could have eaten just as well in the house of the damad. There were ~~two~~ rooms basically in use, one into which the women were crowded, ~~including some chadom d~~ Muslims--and Mrs. Muzeri urged me to grab a picture of Zoroastrians and Muslims together as if that were something unusual. They were dancing in there. A few men were gathered in the ~~xxxxxx~~ other room but it was rather quiet, and after we ate some women came in to eat as well. It turned out that the friendly animal husbandry fellow (one year study at the U. of Teheran) who had sat next to me at the contract signing, was a Bahai as was his MZss who was present (his damad was also present--a co-worker with Rustam Javanmardi, the tailor. He says that under Reza Shah Bahais were free, not like now--the things are better now than they were a few years ago. He himself became Bahai thru reading, his father being Zardoshti. About marriage, he stressed not so much that Bahais could have two marriages, one in another religion, one Bahai, as that they would have a Bahai marriage, and if the government pressed the issue attempting to jail them they would buy their way out. He estimates about 4000 Bahais in Yazd, most having left, of whom maybe half are ex-Zoros. As to marriage customs, they are all variations of bazi (play). One such custom is when the bride is taken from the house of the arus to the damad's house, people will stand in the door ways of the houses in between, with sticks even, demanding money for passage; the money given is collected sometimes in the house of the arus by her father before ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ in a shahdesah; the people along the way sometimes ~~xxx~~ demand paiyandaz (پاینداز) saying they will use it to take the bride to a ziyarat or will wish the bride well at a ziyarat, or will buy the bride a gift. The excess money may be distributed to the children. Or sometimes fires will be lighted along the route. (He was not suprised at my description of the marriage play with the akhaun described by Mike B. from the mines). Re. paindaz, Hossein Barbari said this afternoon when I went to invite Mike, that there are two things: sabandaz and paindaz, the former referring to something above (sar) and people say 'ziyarat Hazrate Hossein sarandaz'; the former referring to earrings, rings, etc. which are either given or said to be given. This happens when the arus arrives at the home of the damad; for instance the brother of the damad will adress the girl by saying, 'arus, xanon, xeili xosh amadid sarandaz va paindaz'. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ This Bahai said Shahbabak has Ismailis, which used to belong to Yazd but now is part of Kirman; other wise Yazd is wholly Shia. He was familiar with the terms Hayderiye and Ne'amiye but could not distinguish between them; as to darvishes (Jalai) whom Hossein described as loving Ali very much, always reading poetry and rosas about Ali, he said there was a sect in Western Iran which fit this description better, believing that Ali was God. (The sweets shop I go to and the motorcycle shop next door are supposed to be Jalai). M. Bonine got a reference to the Hayderiye and Ne'amiye from Renata-- a reference in Russian in the Oriental Institute in Leningrad: N. Shetalo. "Gorod Yazd" SPOPNIK SREDNE AZITSKOVO OTDLA pp. 44-44, No. 1.1907; 1898-1899--a Russian doctor here 70 years ago for two years who said their eastern part of the city had one of the two sects, having come from Kakhlan in the days of Shah Abbas' transferring around of populations.

At the damad's house more men were assembled and more singing and dancing with Behruz et al. A fellow named Peshotan dressed up in a cloth as a monk-woman to dance and sing songs with refrains for all to join in, esp. at the end the business of 'Man tu aftabe miram; chetowr ta aftabe mirid?'. Then we went to get the bride, with singing that the bride is pretty: mobarake (I now had the camera, not the taperecorder!). As we entered the brides house, there was a fire and we were greeted by some girls. Tayme was thrown on us. We stood around and sang a bit as the arusi procession got ready. The bride was led with a green cloth on her head (over her face), Pangar leading in place of her father together with Ardeshir, the brother of the damad's dead father. The procession included a lamp, a mirror, Bahram'Pelfeli (Pangar's son who gave me a rosary to play with saying he liked to think that when the Arabs took over Iran, the Zoroastrians adopted the rosary for 21 Ashem Vohus and 13 Vatha Aiyus--what those say who do not know the ayashes)'s wife said the mirror and lamp were for roshani; the



cloth over the bride's head symbolized both that the bride should not see her mother as the latter gave her hand to the damad and said I put her hand in yours and your hand I give to God, and weep; and also symbolized the buying of the bride (the groom had to pay something to remove the bride's veil). At the door Pangar stopped and said 'I've raided this girl with many ashrafis and pahlavis, so you must give me something in return. The procession was a very slow one from the house of the arus to that of the damad, with singing, poetry, etc. At the entrance of the damad's house, the mother-in-law must greet the arus and give her something; in the hyat of the house the groom and bride and old Rustam, and two women (the wife of the damad's amu) held hands and circumambulated the fire (high flame) 3 times clockwise. They then retired into the room and a cauldron of sharbat was brought, The groom removed the veil, took three coins (which the bride was holding) and put them into the Shahrbaaf. A cup was taken of which he drank and then the girl drank; the refusing at first; then a noql he ate half of and she ate half of.

On the way to Mike B's in the afternoon I stopped to talk to Haji (Bro of the Rais of the Anjomanf Day) ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ saying I'd like to learn something about Islam to which he returned and what religion are you. So I said well I believed in God, so he said well that's not much of a question (sure it is there are people who dont believe in God) because he went on at length of which I only caught a portion, it is a matter of language: what is it they dont believe... Anyway, they have belief in Christ, not the Christ who is the son of God, but the Christ who is the real prophet written of in the Bible. So you see I countered, if I say I'm Christian, that doesnt tell you whether I believe in the Christ which ~~xxx~~ is the son of God or not. He went on about the 72 sects and how they misled people about the Koran but I did not follow much of this.

I wonder if Bahai relatives have had much influence on the drinking habits of Zoroastrians: a number of the Zoros tonite got drunk incl. Bahram Irej (tractor) and Kodaram Sabz. The Bahais did not drink. Katkhoda says he cant, his son drinks little--they all start to beg off.

Jan 11 (Mon). Morning went to look after the car--radiator fixed; but then to Separi for carburetor, and headlight is yet to be fixed as well as get antifreeze. Stopped in to talk to Kodadad Dahmobeid who wants me to take his picture. Lunch at Asle Chahr. Birthday telegram to folks (Happy Birthday, Love = \$5). Home and started reading some Persian and wait for Kodaram-e Kabze who said he would come by at 4:30. Banu Luti came by instead, and I recorded the story of Mosghel Goshah ~~xxx~~ in Dari but couldnt get her to dictate it slowly to me; but did take a dictation of the Persian tho it wont be a one to one correspondence. Just as she finished, Kodaram came. (She says children are breast fed 2 years, but now women are going dry, or going to work and so it may be less.) Kodaram first presented himself in the spirit of one who is going to tell me: has anyone told you about Mehr Izet or Atesh ban kardan. Mehr Izet (Ruz-e Mehr, Mah-e Mehr--or Mehregan) is the day on which Zoroastrians sacrifice (gorbani koon) a sheep or goat in memory of the Abraham-Issac story; just as the Armenians do before Christmas and the Muslims do on the Haj. This is coming up relatively soon, according to the old calendar. Atesh ban kardan (lighting fires on the rooves of the houses) is done ~~SabzarEsfand~~ on the last of the 5 Panjeh days; and at that time also on sobee ~~xxx~~ Esfand people go to the daxme; this by the old calendar falls at the end of summer, and the Muslims say havaye garm atesh she kaste (fire ends the warm weather--? the time would be different each year; by the Shahanshahi calendar which Kodaram says is the right one it should fall around the 21 March???). I asked about marriage customs. I asked about the wedding last nite, if it was a normal one, and he confided in me that Mehreluk's house was the poorest house in Nasrabad, and money to the tune of 2-3 thousand tomans was given to the bride for the marriage; and that the difference in status between the two families could be seen in the much larger number of people invited to the groom's for dinner, the better quality of food with meat, and the greater amount of food. He told this to me with an air of cautious confidentiality because it would not be good if it got back that he had gold this, but he was on the Anjoman and knew the accounts that it had some 100-200 thousand tomans in land, buildings from which it takes rent, and bank accounts which earn interest. Poor people are supplied money, blankets etc. but



secretly so no one will know. Thus he also explained the Anjoman's refusal to answer my letter that they felt they were not an arm of the government or something. So I asked how the Anjoman got its money, whether it came from Teheran or was collected in the village. His answer began with the invasion of Iran by the Arabs, and the writing of the Quran by Ruzbeh or Salman Farsi and went on and on, I having to remind him two or three times that his answer was supposed to have something to do with how the Anjoman collects its money. The answer eventually was that much is donated by people who die without issue--land etc.; wealthy people also give. The hammam he said was not Anjoman property but was built by relatives of Mumeri who died without issue in Bombay and it is still in Mumeri's hands--Mumeri he went on to emphasize again is very rich, having been of the first generation to get licence he invested money in land here in Yazd and in Teheran. The history as he related it was that Ruzbeh, also known as Salman Farsi, went to Mohammad on business and they became friendly and plotted to use religion to further their businesses, Salman telling Mohammad of the wealth of Iran. The arrangement was that Mohammad was to pose as the prophet, and Salman who was a learned son of a dastur would write a holy book down at the bottom of a well; he would pass each page up to Mohammad who could claim it as inspiration (vai ) from God. Mohammad's first convert was Ali, his FBs. Remember Mohammad had no education. (Explanation needed for the writer of the Quran). After 40 days 70 xish-o-ghom of Mohammad peyrod dasht (converted to his cause). Mohammad then told his followers 'if you love me, throw a stone into this well (where Salman was concealed) each until it is full' and so Salman died. Muslims still have this ~~xxxxx~~ action preserved in the custom of throwing a stone into a well on the Haj, which Kodaram saw himself in the film Xane Koda (film of the Haj). The Quran today has only 30 sura; but the Quran as originally written by Salman had 40 sura, of which the ten lost ones were about Zoroaster, the others about Isa and Musa etc. Mohammad wrote a letter on a bone to Yazdigird III telling him to convert; the latter did not and threw the bone away and kicked the messenger out of Iran. Then Mohammad died and Ali was supposed to be his successor, but Omar, then Abu Bakr, then Osman preceded Ali. It was at the time of Omar that the invasion of Iran occurred and those were killed who refused to convert; and many fled to ~~Indiayxxx~~ The Muslims still believe in spiritual reward (savab ) of going to Paradise if they convert someone. In the invasion, the wealth of Iran was carried off to Arabistan. Omar understood that if the Quran was taken to Iran complete with the 10 sura about Zoroaster there would be few conversions. So he eliminated the 10. At this point as he slowed down again and began to lose his direction, I pressed the issue of how this connected with the collection of money by the Anjoman, but also then threw in some pointed comments on his story beginning with asking whether then he thought of Ali as less of an enemy of Zoroastrians than Omar to which he answered no, they both made trouble for Zoroastrians and there is still trouble, tho he agreed when I said it was now little, tho then he repeated that there is still annoyance and I did not know how much trouble they caused in the past for Zoroastrians; I cut off this self-pity by saying sure I knew and it was true for not only Zoroastrians but all non-Muslims. I then pointed out that I was interested in the here and now, and not so much in 1000 years ago; that while the Shia may say that Ali was chosen by Mad, the Sunni might say different, that that Hadith was not a true one--to this he agreed and was further impressed (borikala) with my distinction between Sunni and Shia on the basis of selection by vote of the elders or by blood line. I then went on to point out that Zoroastrians were not simply slaughtered if they did not convert at the time of the invasion but they had to pay jexia which was the equivalent for the non-Muslim of the tax on Muslims of khoms-c-zakot, and that the administration of Iran was carried on for a long time by Iranians tho not all of these were Zoroastrians (as he had said, all of Iran pre-~~4~~ invasion was Zoroastrian), many being Manicheans, Christians, Jews; that many of the books of the Avesta which we now have like the Vendidad are post Mohammad. On the last point he said he did not believe what I said, that all the Avesta was from the hand of Zoroaster. My citation of Parthi sources did not impress him, but my question as to whether he could read Avestan and Pahlavi did cause him pause (he cant) and my assertion that the language of the Gathas and that of the Vendidad are different and statement that thus people suggested they were of different ages was something to which he could not answer, pleading an ignorance. Of the people I cited--Bode, Anklesaria, Rustam Shahzadi, the only one he knew was the last whom he respects as the author of several books which Paagar has.



By this time he was eager to leave, staying to listen to part of the tape of some of the game songs of last nite (Open the door, no I wont open the door; I'm going into the aufgabe; how are you going into the aufgabe). I asked about marriage ba xish and he was adamant that Zoroastrians did not do this because marriage within the family is bad as all the doctors say, but when I pressed him why he could not say; eventually he admitted that such marriage did occur but when I suggested child engagement as well, he said that often that was a game and did not infact bind the children when they grew up. Haydayeh are those Muslims who believe in the son of Jafar

We drained the water from my radiator in the car as I have not had a chance <sup>Sadegh</sup> to put antifreeze in again so it wont freeze tonite. Hossein Barbari showed up and we talked a bit. I asked about najes and he got a little defensive, but said that one must be clean to pray and who ever is not of the religion is najes and kaffir and what one drinks out of etc. must be clean or one cannot pray. But a cup can be washed and be clean again. So I countered why are there separate shower stalls for muslims and zoros if the running water could make the stall clean again? Well that must be an idea of the Yazdis, for he did not know about it; xxx just as beating with chains on Moharram etc. is not part of Islam per se. Religion is doing good, not these other things (another quote from Saadi). I suggested that was morality rather than religion. He then talked about what he was learning with Mike: the localization of specialized activities--the sheep shearers are all from B.; the different xxx caravanserais; there is also the t--which is a small one or two man caravanserai with no place to load camels but porters bring the goods from another caravanserai.

Earlier in the day talking to Qademi about haft sin (seven items beginning with sin) supposedly in the marriage layout we determined that haft sins are of various types (xordani, eatables; rise; etc.), and used for NoRuz and sare sol as well as in marriage. The eating set might be: sabzi, sirke, sir (garlic), samanu (juice of germinating wheat mixed with flour siw), sanje, samaq (sumac), sib. Watch (sa'ate) was thrown out of this set because it is not an eatable, but may fit in another set of sa'at, samovar, etc. Qademi says the women are the people who know and he'll ask his wife. The son of the tea shop owner said that people to ask were a woman in Morgibian's family on Muslim customs, and Sharbanu Shahriyari on Zoroastrians who contributed regularly to the chahrshambe Baraameye Folklore from 21-22:00 on Radio Iran. The sofre aqd (marriage) includes other items such as a colored egg, 2 candles, darehmi, felfel sabide and felfel not

12 Jan (Tues). Morning to pay Separata for the work on the carburetor and Qademi for the body and radiator. Then to find Behruz to transcribe the songs sung at the wedding. That took the rest of the day more or less; Behruz himself now works at the Bank Asnaf--but he says this has nothing to do with seafs--and his brother Rustam helped me in the lamp-wire shop in the afternoon. In the evening I stopped by the Naavar shop in the bazaar to see if Aaron was still around: He's in Isfahan but will be back on Friday. There was a Jewish engagement party tonight to which we almost went but the news came that it was of the second type so we did not go. The first type which is of more interest is when everyone in the community comes together in the house of the girl, including the mullah. The father of the damad goes up to the mullah and says I've come for the daughter of this house; people said you were willing and I should come tonite. He gives the ring to the mullah who asks the father of the bride, do you accept this offer. The father of the bride says, it is ok by me but I must ask my daughter. Messengers are sent into the adjoining room where the girl is sitting and they ask her three times, she not replying until the third time when she says 'I respect my father's decision'--she must not say yes. The messengers return to the company and report that she says she respects her father's decision. A kal ( ) or kind of flute is played. There is eating of sweets etc. The second type is where the relatives only assemble--no mullah--and a brief meal and then they leave. Davud says that sadagh is never paid among the Jews unless there is separation. Boys and girls cannot be friends for people make trouble and say bad things as was the case with the daughter of Ezra whom a boy in town from Teheran used to consider his sweetheart; they are now not on speaking terms. Axvan (relatives: xish-o-ghom) are of two types: axvan-e sababi by marriage; axvan-e nasabi (by blood, nesbat). So we went to the home of Masa Cogenghadosh instead (the head of the govt part of Etehad school) who had been to Israel this summer to take a sick person to the hospital and whose son is a study partner and classmate of Davud at Armand.



13 January (Wed) 1971. After typing some of yesterday's gleanings, I went to see Rustan Behruz in his shop--a Fellow from Khoramshah was also there, as was one of the two Sepah-e Danesh whom I met in Zahedan having finished his tour of duty. (The B brothers have been excused from military service for SCOT, a piece through Teheran.)

Yesterday at Ghadimis I learned the idiom az bix Arabi which is the Iranian equivalent of It's Greek to me. Also the rotor in the engine is called a chekosh bagh, that is, electric hammer. Khangam - it goes in one ear and out the other.

Customers at Behruz seem to be largely Zoroastrians. I did not get any work done today. And with a Muslim haggling over light bulbs endlessly--bargaining is not a very congenial mode of exchange--much wining over 5 Fials this way and that.

So I went to the P.C. to mail back some notes (Nov-Jan) as a kind of arzatz ~~Christmas~~ Birthday present. But there was the usual shelik about how expensive it was--I know, I want to send it anyhow, no I dont want it to go by sea--and then it was said they did not have enough stamps and it should be done at one of the rear desks rather than ordinary stamps, but that guy would not be back for an hour--then he disappeared saying he would be right back, but someone else said he wouldnt be back for an hour. I then discovered the cause of all: a funeral procession was being formed in the street for a dead employee with Qa'amagami in the lead car.

So I went to Fraser's to pick up Renata for lunch. Mariamabad according to the history was founded by Mariani Khatun, mother of one of the Atabegs, just as Jakobi was founded by one Atabeg commander of the name Jakobi. There was a gate of Jakovi (facing Mariamabad) called by that name tho it has later become corrupted. Seventy five years after the founding of these villages there is a note (11th cent) that the inhabitants of Mariamabad, Jakobi and Sare Sang were all worshipping in the masjid-e jome of Yakobi, indication that there had been some sort of change in the nature of the population as every functioning Muslim village has its Masjid-e Jome. She also says that in the village of Turkanabad (Sharfabad) next to Isabad there is an atash kade in the middle of the mosque: it was incorporated but is a separate square tower entered now from beneath rising above the mosque roof; the mosque she does not think is more than 200 years old. She is interested in the development of Islam as uniquely displaying a religious center which has no architectural influence elsewhere--no copying of the Basilical of St. Peter (she discounts the Temple of J. because it was destroyed and synagogue are more meeting places than temples)--rather altho Mad directed the center of the worship should be Mecca and the Kabba (no other Kabba's) mosques are patterned after Mad's house in Medina; Ibn Kaakduh dismisses these places of gathering by saying there are only two mosques in the world: the Kabba and in Jerusalem, the Masjid-e . Also the development of pirangars is interesting: they are not found in the theology of Islam which forbids such worship, nor are there such in Arabia (?)--they come about in the East and the West: Khorassan, and North Africa. She thinks they are developments of the rabats (forts put along boundaries in the holy war) and pir-s developed from warriors falling in this effort. She thought about my suggestion that while here pir-angars (esp. imanzadehs) are found in villages, in North Africa they are more isolated, but eventually she suggested that in North Africa there was much destruction of settlement: many places in earlier times flourishing are now desert, whereas here villages had a chance to grow up around an imanzadeh. There seems to be a bi-weekly cycle of 3-day rosas in different places in Yazd, the 3rd day being esp. for women.

I then went to the hammam, and then to Ehteshad where I ran into Mrs. Rombod, Musa Cohanghadosh and Haridim. I then went to talk to Mullah Joseph who says the person to talk to about history is his anu, but once he got started he himself was interesting. He tells a story of Geziah, pupil of Elishu Hamavi and the subsequent descent of one taife of Zoroastrians from this former Jew. There was a Sultan in Syria (a Zoroastrian area at the time) who had kuf (leprosy); in battle his forces captured a Jewess. She found out that the Shah was suffering from the disease and thru his vizier, Naman, she said that in her country there was a person near to God who could cure the disease. They went to Eli Shah (another student of Elishu Hamavi) and asked for permission to consult the latter prophet (peygambar). Eli Shah, being a student of Elishu said there was no need, the Sultan should go to the Nile, remove his clothes and bathe. The Sultan began to laugh saying there were many perfectly good rivers in his own land to bathe in. But his vazier pointed out that there was



and so they went and lo and behold he emerged as clean as a baby. (Missed: first they did go to the paygambar Eliahu and ask that he shafa bedid (give a cure?) and he answered, how can I, I'm not God; but then they went to Eli Shah who said divine intervention of that sort was not ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ necessary.) The Sultan returned to Eli Shah and offered him all manner of riches which the latter refused. But Geziah who was in the court at the time could not bear to see all this wealth refused, and so followed the Sultan on the road and saying that Eli Shah had changed his mind, and the Sultan willingly paid out. Eli Shah being a prophet and close to God, understood what had happened and cursed Gezia who subsequently developed kuf (leprosy); now by Jewish law leprosy was treated by exiling the unfortunate; so Gezia was banished and he went to Baghdad where he taught the Zoroastrians Israeli lore and learning; he is the King referred to by Zoroastrians as Zehak. He married a Zoroastrian and his children are physically distinguishable by a genetic trait he acquired when he got kuf: a small but of fat on the ass. From the Jews the Zoroastrians adopted the twin mimarets in front of the Yazd Masjid-e Jome: they represent the two sary trees which stood in front of the Temple in Jerusalem until it was destroyed. Yazd, of course, being the capital of Yazdigird the III. The Zoroastrian kusti is taken from the kamrband of the Cohen Gadol's 8 special garments for serving in the Holy of Holies.

As to the origin legends of Yazd, The first Jews to come to Iran came to Yazd from Baghdad and Hamadan. Three persons at first arrived: two brothers, Jakob and Ishal and a sister Mariam. A visier of Yazdigird III observed that these new comers were not worshippers of the sun, moon, fire, etc; but worshipped something else called God (xoda). A messenger was sent to them to find out who they were; they said they were Israelites, children of Abraham (olado Abraham). The king said that he would test their belief in the manner of Abraham, ordering that if they survived ordeal by fire they could stay in the country for their God was true and protected them; if they did not, they would be banished. The three asked for 3 days grace and during those three days fasted. Then one was chosen: he came out of the fire unscathed. They were given permission to stay and they founded three villages: Jakobi founded Jakobi; Mariam Mariamabad, and Izhak Khtek. They then sent back to relatives that they had found a good place and all should come. Many came such that for one Saturday 400 sheep were killed (the day before and cooked to be eaten on the Sabbath). Slowly things became bad. In the time of Shah Abbas II (not Shah Abbas the Great who killed many Jews), they came into the town; Shah Abbas was wont to go around the country in disguise, but he was recognized in Yazd and people set out to kill him; he escaped into a ganat in the Old Quarter and then a Jew from Sare-Sang came in to wash or something. Shah Abbas said you are you, he said I'm an Israelite; Shah Abbas who til this time had no particular love for Jews, understood something and said give me some clothes to escape. The next day the man brought his old mother's clothes into town and the Shah put on the chador, sorghs (high boots), and carried a big bundle and so escaped as an old man. Free he granted the Jews a boon, who said all they wanted was to be in town where it was safer, and so it was effected. Yazd was a big Jewish center for a while, as was Kaskan, and Ispahan, but not Shiraz or Teheran or Mashad. Letters of inquiry would come from Teheran to Yazd and be referred to Baghdad. The torat in the community at present are partly written in Yazd and partly in Baghdad, the latter being fine workmanship. Many translations into Persian were also made, but occasionally mistakes krept in. The maktab for training ravs when he studied there had about 15 students. Jewish butchering has the requirements that the knife be razor sharp, only one back and forth slicing motion is allowed, and any defect in the animal (fed injection, etc.) makes it trixif unuseable. It is true that Jewish women here do not sleep with their husbands for 14 days at the time of their period; but that is the only restriction—they can do all other work. He urged me that I should not marry out of the faith, saying Jewish girls were more clean, nicer etc. (The Mawvars say that Jewish food is much superior to other food).

Went over to the Sintons who with the Bonines are going to Ispahan tomorrow. Then home feeling rather ill. Shahriyar fed me some fish and said that the marriage I say was settled some twelve years ago when the wife's brother's son of Mehraluk took his older daughter, they agreed the younger son should take the younger daughter. There was a lot of kidding about it saying maybe when he grew up he wouldn't want it, but it did work out. Story of a man who blew off too fingers setting off gunpowder in a pipe while drunk at a wedding. S. has come to the conclusion that no one can hurt him, he can only hurt himself.



\* payandaz  
 il li il li  
 usually - the first cloth or  
 carpet spread for a  
 dignitary upon entering  
 a house - Ham

14 Jan (thurs). Most of the day spent sleeping. Started taking antibiotics, bad sore throat, etc. Evening Mereban the new groom came by to ask if I would take them to Narestunch. So agreed. Then Xodaram-e Sabz came by and we talked til 11.

Marriage: The father of the bride says I won't give you the girl until you give me some money for I have spent a lot in bringing her up. This is repeated until "33 ashrafis" are collected from the father of the groom. Ardeshir the brother of the groom in this case had going in a handkerchief as well as sweets, thyme, sanjet. He would go ahead each time and finding the arus was not coming would be told her father wanted money--and he would give another coin. Accompanied by songs and poetry. The arusi mobarake ganshange song is something picked up from the radio. Finally arriving at the door of the house of the groom the mother of the latter comes and gives some payandaz\* a ring, or she says she will give some goats, or some melk-o-ab (land and water), or a car, etc. Then as come inthru the second door the groom himself comes and takes the hand of the bride. The dahmoba joins hands with them, and the sister of the groom and the sister of the bride. They circumambulate the fire three times counterclockwise (he had no reason for it being counterclockwise, and when I suggested that they had in fact gone clockwise, he demurred). Carried in the procession are a mirror, lamp, sharbat, and a box of clothes for the arus if she wants a change that nite. They then go into the hajleh (room with all the treasures, carpets etc.). There the sister of the damad raises the cloth covering the head of the bride. The bride takes some money from the hand of the damad (30T-50T-100T). The groom takes 1/2 cup of sharbat and forces bride to share other half. All present drink. Then the guests leave. The sister of the damad then opens the bridal bed. In the morning the groom reports on whether the bride was a virgin or not (a blood stained cloth may be used); if she was not he can send her away and the marriage is void--2-3 cases like this have happened. The groom leaves 50T-100T. in the bed for his sister for her trouble who then collects the money and closes the bed. Then around 9:00 there is a ceremonial breakfast in which the relatives only come and wash the feet of the couple in milk, water, and murd (?) signifying that the couple's heart has become one because they slept together. Each of the relatives then gives a present of value from radio, fountain pen, on up. The extra food left over from the celebrations is given away to the poor.

(\*delesh yeki and)

It then asked about putting the milk into running water and he confirmed this, pointing out however that this was work of the dastur and the damad was not present. It's called 'ab zur', the dastur puts this into running water, maybe the same milk used to wash the feet; and so that the fish may gain (estefade migirand mahi) and some food for fish may also be given, or some food left over from the breakfast.

As to the preliminaries before marriage. Choice of spouse is always a matter for the boy, not for the girl. First he chooses, then seeks the consent of his parents; then they consult with the parents of the girl. Should the latter agree then a namzad is made: they go to the house of the arus where there is food or sweets for the relatives the not on the scale of a marriage. If the family is poor there is an exchange of gand and the halori namzadi (engagement ring which is a simple gold band, in distinction to the wedding ring which may have a face, stone, etc. to it). Thus in the case of Mehrelek and Mehreban there was only a ring and one gand. If they have more money, they give nabote, cloth, clothes etc. They make hakiro and carry the trays of exchange--which I saw at Cyrus' namzadi.

It is the case that rich marry rich, poor poor. Mehreban complains that his wife is not good enough for him because she has no money. Why did he take her then? Because he listened to his parents who made the choice along time ago. At that time were the families of equal wealth? Yes, it's only now that Mehreban himself has money.

NoRuz. Everyone puts on new clothes and goes in the morning to the dar-e Mehr to (1) pray to God for health etc.; (2) visit with the others of the community--the poor who have nothing, like Ardeshir, and are uncomfortable if you visit their homes, can come here to visit and get invitations etc. (Mullah aghat mikonan). Sweets are provided by the Anjoman. Then one goes to visit one's



grandparents, or if they are no longer around, one's parents. The night before sofreh haft sinn is prepared (sofreh is the cloth on which food is set): sanjet, sumac, surmek (for eyes; black coal of peste, badam, etc.; ghovat dare: is enegery as meat, milk, etc. has energy) (سبزی) sabzi, etc. The items may vary from house to house. This is placed under the vajou. The vajou is of 4 or 8 corners, usually four. Nothing special is put on it, maybe meat or other things that you dont want mice or cats to get to. (When go to visit older generations they give aidi or presents of sweets etc.) When I was a child I was told that when the New Year came, the vajou would turn--a way of making people stay up till midnite (as I had described NewYears parties)--and twice I stayed up to watch but it did not turn. In the morning the haft sinn are eaten. In the atesh kade one prays what ever one knows: the 6 first of the Khorde Avesta, Khorshid Nyaesh, Mehr Nyaesh. (Not the Patet--Patet is for the dead; or rather there are two--Patet bonorg is for the dead).

Armenians are good people; have good customs like Zardoshti--wear nothing in their clothes which is black (not even a black thread) because black is the color of Muslims. Prefer reds and whites. Have fires with good smell, sacrifice like us (gorbani). Muslims marry young: 20 for a girl is very old. Mad said that a girl should be married at age 9. Here in town however if the govt finds out that one has been married under 15 they are liable for prison.

In schools they no longer teach children the proper names for the alphabet but spell by sound, thus mm instead of min.

15 Jan (Fri). Morning I was ready for our 7:30 departure, 8:00 finally around 8:30 Nayeb showed up to say people were in the hamman and would be ready imminently, he would give me a second call. It turned out that the bride and groom were not going to go! Mehreban (the groom) said he was not 'clean', Kodaram-e Sabze explained to me quietly. We went to invite Shahriyar, who said he would not come; as we urged him to come he first protested that since he had said no at first and since he was trying to live his life always telling the truth, he now could not come; then he told me to hurry back as old Kodaram (his father-in-law) had cut a goat this morning and there would be meat at noon (he had wanted to come call me to see the slaughter but thought I would be sleeping)--when Sabze heard this he started riling Shahriyar about his hedonism, not coming because of the meat; so thirdly Shahriyar protested that he did not go to ziaratgah's just so for gardesh but he went prepared morally speaking as well as physically with a goat or so on--he thought of a moral defect he wanted to correct, meditated on it and then went as it were to seal the vow to do something about it ritually. /The goat sacrificed by old Kodaram was on account of the pain in his leg, arthritis I gather; Muslims sacrifice to Hazrate Abbas--whom Shahriyar equates with Bahram Izet--and so he said he'd try it and sacrificed the goat in the name of Hazrate Abbas giving half the meat to Muslims and half to Zoroastrians. /

So off we went to Pir-e Narestuneh--it turned out that Nayeb wanted to go to fill up the abanbar for summer. At least that I, I'll get to see the filling of an abanbar, but the Muslim herdsman-cum-farmer who rents the land below the pir (belonging according to Mehreban, son of Pangar, to Arbab Mehreban Goodarz Var... who also owns the Yazd Radio Shop where the M. works, and whose daughter was married to Dr. E. Yaganegi's son who in England apparently married an American and the 1st wife has consequently gone mad) and who with a mate herds 400 sheep; undertook the job which as it turns out was a good thing as the stream from the spring which is to be used is rather slow in terms of time required to fill the 12m deep abanbar. Mehreban-e Rustam 'Pangar' says that after filling they just toss in some salt (NaCl) and some calcium oxide (CaO). As we arrived Kodaram-e Sabze pointed out some-greyish green rocks outcrops and asked me for an opinion as to why they were green: it seems the folk belief is that the mountains are young and growing and so they are green. Nothing special at the Pir. The first thing for everyone was to wash hands and face and go into the Pir to pray. What--again I asked Sabze--do you or are you supposed to pray--Avesta--I know Avesta but what of the Avesta? Whatever you know, it does not make any difference. Why, then I ventured, knowing the setting to be somewhat inopportune, do you pray? This of course was taken as a questioning of the obvious: we pray to God was the answer. Of course, I know, but...



'Just like you pray the angil (gospels)', he interjected. 'Well, no, it's not quite the same,' responded I, pleased that he had chosen to address me as a Christian so I could use my training as a Protestant theologian, 'because we don't just read the angil as a prayer, but we personally pray to God for help, or to help or keep well our parents, or to help us not be bad'. 'Well,' he responded not seeing the distinction 'that's what we are doing too'. With others around, it was not the place--and he is probably not the person--to try further. The exchange does however sustain the notion that there is something very different between the ritual activity of these people and pentecostal prayer!

On the way back we stopped at Seti Pir and I had Nayeb's daughter read the plaque with the story to me very slowly. Whereby she confirmed her interpretation of the etymology of Qala Asadon (قلا اسدون) which name they knew and supplied in response to my question; do you know another name for Seti Pir?--Hast-o-Bud, rather than ostaxandan which Renata says the Muslims say it stands for--she heard the day before yesterday. The text in somewhat faulty transcription as they were in a hurry is:

~~BEH NOME AHURA MAZDA~~ BE NOME AHURA MAZDA (IN THE NAME OF GOD)

Shahi darboreye in makone moghadast ke Zartoshtian Seti Pir minamand be mujebe kitabi ke dar an be xate Parsi va Inglisi va Gujurati dar sol-e 1310 darboreye Zartoshtian neveshte va (va) be tab raside ke ebte dayash neveshte shode. Zartosht va zendigeye novin dar safeye 24-63 martolebi rajebe mehrbanu nava-he padeshah-e Yazdegird neveste-ast ke nokati az an be makan Seti Pir nesbat dade mirhavad. Darboreye in chah gadimi ke dar Seti Pir miboshad be din nav neveshte ast Mehrbanu navehe Yazdigird ke shish mah-e bud madarash Seti ya Masti ura be Kerobad mohed-e Yazd seporde va baroye rahoyi az reda esarate va farar az doshman xod va dar in chah ke dar vasate biban bud sarnegen soxte va shahid shode ast. Doshmanan kata baroye daste avordane jasade u sar chah amadan. Didand chah pour az ab va asari az mehrbanu nist. Ba ham miguand chetovre shode u ke hame inja bude va hast az in rah edeki injara bename Qal-e Hast-o-Bud minamad va chun Zartoshtian ziaratgahra Pir miguand az in rul in ziaratgah bename Seti Pir mosun va morede tavaje mmame Zartoshtian mibeshod az tarife chanin ravoyat ast ke chun Zartoshtian hamishe be ziarate Khorassan miraftand va be xoskes Shahanshah Sassan bad az taj gozari piade az tisfun be Khorassan baroye ziarate atashkade Azarban in Mehr miraftand vali bad az hamle Arab va viranye tamame makone motabeke bas ham Zartoshtian be ziaratgah Khorassan miraftand va guyand yek nafar Zartoshtian bareste ziarate be Mashad rafte va dar unja chun aga shodand ke Zartoshti ast va bakalofa Shahr midunestand ke mahovesti be ziarat beravad az in ruh Hokma qatle ura baroye sob-e ruz-e bad soder nemudi va shad ura dar yeki az ghoriha zendani va negabani baroye u gomastand. Un farde Zartoshti dar halike shah ta sob xeili narohat va az dargh-e xodavand eltemas va mogharebana be estem dad mitalabid chand daghighe be xab raft. Did chand nefar ba lebas-e sabz va sefid bar sar-e u istade va be u farmudand ma tamame ba ham yeki hastim. Chashmatra bas nema va dar in makan-e moghadast ziaratgahi besaz chun chashme baz mikonad xodra dar sar-e in chah mibinad. Boland shode rashad zade fekr mikonad vali chun Zartoshtian dar an zaman ejaze hic nou soxtemani nadashtan be yek az mojtahedin bozorg-e Yazd morajehe va sargozashte xocra miguand ishan miz az mojtahede Mashad soal minemayad va chun ghx haghigat dashte be u ejeze soxteman midahand va uham in makane moghadasta bar sar-e in chah bana minemayad ke aknun be name Seti Pir name no shode.

Shahi wrote about this holy place which the Zoroastrians call Seti Pir in a book written and printed in Persian, English and Gujurati in 1310 (1931). Story of Mehrbanu, granddaughter of Yazdigird: 6 years old when her mother Seti or Masti deposited her with Mobed Kerobad of Yazd and herself to escape the enemy hid in this well in the desert. The pursuing enemy came to the well to take her but found the well full of water and no trace of Mehrbanu. And so the place is called Qala Hast-o-Bud after the one who was there (invisibly) and is there. The story of how it was later discovered has to do with the habit of Zoroastrians going on ziarat to Khorassan to the fire of Azarbania Mehr. The Sassanian kings after putting on the crown would perform this pilgrimage, and after the Arab debacle Zoroastrians continued to do so. It is said that one Zoroastrian went on such a pilgrimage was discovered as a Zoroastrian and was thrown in prison for execution, and shif was very upset and prayed to God, and



off to sleep for a few moments; he saw several persons in clothers of green and white standing by his head who expressed solidarity with him (we are one) and told him to build a ziaratgah on the spot where he opened his eyes which would be the head of a well. This he wanted to do when he awoke but as Zoroastrians did not have the right to build new buildings he asked permission from a mujtahid of Yazd and told his story and the latter ascertaining from the mujtahid of Mashad that the Zoroastrian was telling the truth gave permission and so the ziaratgah was started which now bears the name Seti Pir (since Zoroastrians call their ziaratgahs Pi

Ostaxandan (place of bones) they had not heard of, and regarded as simply a wrong etymology.

After we returned, I went to find Aaron Shabatani--he had returned from Isphahan but did not know when he would return because he wanted to check out if the pay in Bafq might not be better first--I said in that case I'd go to Isphahan that evening to try to catch the Sintons and Bonines who went in for the weekend on Thurs rather than going to the Namvar's for dinner as I had been invited because I was just too tired from my recent illness and Eir-e Narestaneh to cope with an evening of strained Persian. He gave me the address of 4 Jewish boys sharing a house on Chahr Bagh who worked at the Steel Mill. I went home, informed Shahriyar

I was going, and tried to find a bus--it turned out that only an Auto Taj bus (not one of the first class lines) goes to Isphahan on Friday nights. It left at 7 and got to Isphahan at 12pm. On board was a man who sang of the tragedy of Kerbala for contributions complete with his own little mike. I ascertained that the Americans were at the Hotel Saadi which had no more room and got a 5 toman bed at the Saadi Annex.

16 Jan (Sat). Caught up with the Americans just before lunch and we ate at Iran Tour Hotel's 11toman buffet ~~xxx~~. They then left around 3. Saturday of course most of the antique stores were closed, the Jews. Mike said there was something from the Japanese Embassy for me in our box--I laughed and said it was probably a vely nice Japanese calendar, but hoped it would be word of Dr. Ono's Zoroastrian studies-- It was a calendar!

17 Jan (Sun). Did some shopping. In a Jewish antique shop I had visited before, I was recognized and we had a fairly long conversation in the course of what I somewhat unsuccessfully tried to turn into a bargaining situation over a ramz (raml) set and a Chinese ash tray which apparently found its way to Isphahan through an Armenian family. The latter was quite cheap because the market here for Chinese goods is not large: were the design Iranian, they complained, oh they could get alot. As to the ramz I wanted--altho it was new and in Farsi, yet such things are going up in price because the assistant craftsmen are all going to work in the Steel Mill, and those of the Kirman bazaar to the mines. The particular man who made this one is dead. It was not clear--somehow I didnt ask--but apparently it is Muslim craftsmen rather than Jewish ones who make and made them. They peddle their wares themselves, from shop to shop and so the dealers buy. The people who could tell me how to use it might be one of the akhuns who sit in front of the Masjid-e Jome, tho then they promised to ask around for me (they, being the young boy of maybe my age, and his grandfather); best of all would be if I could locate a book of how-to-do it. In the old days it was admitted with a grin, there were a lot of Jewish fortune tellers but they're all dead. They told fortunes for Muslims, generally not for Jews. If a Jew wanted his fortune told, he went to a rabbi and the latter did a reading from the Torah (whatever line chance chose would dictate by its positive--happy sbry, wedding, birth, etc--or negative--war, death, famine, etc.--signification whether the answer to a question should be positive or negative, the question being of the form 'Today I should go to Teheran or no'. As to occupation, Jews of Isphahan were very poor and mistreated by the Muslims. Some were peddlers in the surrounding villages. Today there are about 20 identifiable synagogues but they cant all be said to be functioning. One is near the Madresseh and has about 500 people on Yom Kippur--this is where those who work at the Steel Mill go. (Isphahan is full of Russians). Most of the torat were written in Baghdad but a few come from Yazd. In general questions on ritual matters etc. (responsa) might be sent to Yazd or Baghdad but at the time of Jusef Gabai all questions in Iran were referred to this learned



Ispahani, who died about 55 years ago at an age of about 90. He was succeeded by Hezria. The great name of Iran was Mullah Agha Baba of Yazd who lived maybe 300 years ago. The name of the Ispahhan graveyard-cum-ziaratgah is Sarah bah Asher, and he told the same story I heard from Shaban about the daughter of Asher telling her grandfather that Joseph was alive and not dead as claimed by her father and his brothers--I think he said she knew this through a dream. How the ziaratgah was rediscovered--how we know that Sarah is in this particular place, he did not know, but he did know a story as to how it got started as a respectable ziarat: at the time of Shah Abbas, who made a lot of trouble for the Jews, Jewish nomads wandered about in those parts, and a Jewish goldsmith from Shiraz happened to be sitting at what was even then a ziaratgah when Shah Abbas went hunting gazelle (ahu). Shah Abbas was chasing a gazelle when all of a sudden it disappeared. The Shah came galloping up to the Jewish zargar and demanded to know if he had seen where the gazelle had gone. The goldsmith, in verse, replied that he had seen no gazelle so terrified had he been when he saw the king and retinue. For some reason the King got pleasure from this answer and ordered that the ziaratgah be built properly. Now every year thousands converge here around the time of Rosh Hashanah but before Yom Kippur. Also there is a custom to come here to cut a child's hair for the first time when he is 2-3; noql or money is thrown over his head, and a goat-sheep (gusfand) is killed by his side with the meat being passed out to the poor. This is the graveyard for Ispahhan; there is one important grave, however, in the Mahalleh itself--that of Mullah Jakob who lived maybe 300 years ago--people go there to light a candle; around Mullah Jakob's grave are graves of other rabbis.

/On the way to find Aaron Shahatani the other day, I ran into Aaron Benjun working in the spinning factory; he was spinning perlon (?) from thread he got from Nasajan factory and he resold it to the factory--apparently they don't spin the heavy cord themselves, he says he's the only one to do so in Yazd; it's used as the weft (or warp?) in terms, it's used in carpets, in mosque zelus, in kisehye the cloth used in hammams for rubdowns. /

Finding a bus out of Ispahhan to Yazd on Saturday morning was even more difficult than finding one to Ispahhan from Yazd on Friday nite! Finally got on Auto Taj again in the early afternoon. An old man got on the bus with a plastic piteker of water saying Bismillah rahmanek rahim... all join in a Salam Mohammad... and xarchi ke ab mixad bexor, going up and down the bus asking for money for an old man but not begging, and left with another call for all to join in a Salam Mad.. Then a woman begger got on and whined about being all alonge. Then as we passed out of town and stopped to pick up someone, a young man got aboard and with a speech impediment and his tattered clothes begged the beg of a young man admittang at one point that he was not really a sayyid but for his namesake--Abul Faz or someone one should give.

Back home, having found my Japanese calendar (!)--they are nice calendars: this one of Japanese dolls; Shahriyar tells of a land fight going on between him and Rustam Erd. The latter has the power of attay of Fereydun, the partner on Shahriyar's first well, the one he owns  $\frac{1}{2}$  and runs for Fereydun for 300T/yr the second half. Fereydun, living in Bombay, of course is trying to sell off his lands; and Rustam Erd is doing this by paying dastrang to the tenants: a payment to get them to agree to leave, and selling the land to real estate developers who want to build houses. This hurts Shahriyar because all these farmers owe him money for water, and how is he to collect once they've left the land and; he wants Rustam Erd to let him in in the process of liquidation or rather he wants payment from Rustam Erd for the water; this of course is not forthcoming, so he is thinking of informing Fereydun that he no longer is running the  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the well belonging to Fereydun and he can buy a machine and run it himself for his 8 days of the 16 day cycle; Fereydun owns half the pump but the engine is all Shahriyar's--a new engine is required but Shahriyar hesitates to invest in it as water is supposedly nationalized, and they'll leave him high and dry like happened with the electric shop.

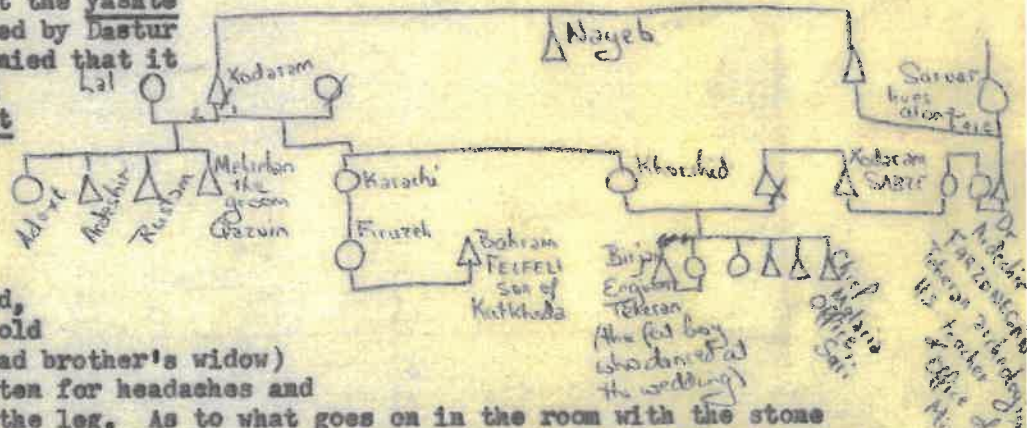


Re. marriage, Shahriyar says there is a saying that when a man gets married the dead souls clapp their hands and say the man has now joined them.

18 Jan (Mon). Morning spent trying to classify my notes--slow. Soroush says that on thursday, the first day of Gahambar Esfand two priests will read voje gahambar yasht and promised to ask whether I could observe this. He however was more interested in finding out if I had found a rams pair (jiroft) for him, saying he did not know how to use them, but you start with a series of questions which are calculated aby the abjad system (alef = 1, bath = 2, etc.)--what is your name, your mother's name etc.; then throws are made for calculations of the zodiac: humal, soh, jozah, saratah, asad (lion), sonbolah, mizon, aghab, ghos, jadi, dal, hoot. Qa'amagami was in so I went to see him, but fortunately he had to go to lunch at Safayeh in honzur of the Kings police inspector. Back home old Kodaram and a Muslim were talking about the land problems caused by Rustam Erd selling land (as Shahriyar mentioned yesterday)--this man has no land of his own, is being paid to leave Rustam Erd's land (i.e. Fereydu's land); he also has land which belonged to Bomasi whom he remembers as a very good arbab who went broke and whose land is now in Ruhani's hands who is a rogue. Of the big landlords--Bomasi, Bahram-e Khasrow, Fereydu, Teriakji; Museri is the smallest, has little land here. Land Reform has not come to Nasrabad: it starts ten farsaes or something from town. I found Katkhoda at Bahram'Dahmobe's--tomorrow is the sol of the latter's wife. He promised to tell me to whom what land belonged maybe the day after tomorrow as tomorrow he's busy with Bahram's xeirat, and the day after is gahambar--a nuni one in his house. Evening when I had scheduled some Persian study, Kodaram-e Sabz came by for a very long painfully serious chat eum English lesson as he turned it into--he says he can teach me to read anything in Persian (whether I understand it or not in 20 days, well maybe a month--it's how they teach the school children). He says there are 11 members of the village Anjoman who serve two year terms; last time around there were 24 candidates. We had a conversation on God and the afterlife which again made me aware of how useless my command of Persian is: God created the world, he is one, but there are two spirits Sepentamaynu and Angramaynu or Shaitan and the former has as his helpers the fereshte for whom there seem to be no counterpart for the latter. God weighs one's good deeds and bad on a balance to determine whether who cross over the bridge to Behesht or the bridge breaks and you fall into Jahaanm where you burn in fire. Shaitan is a real entity and his home is underground, but he is a spirit within us--that is spiritual matter bath good and bad seems to float through our corporal systems urging us to go good and bad.

I asked him about the yashte gahambar mentioned by Dastur Soroush and he denied that it existed at first saying that yasht

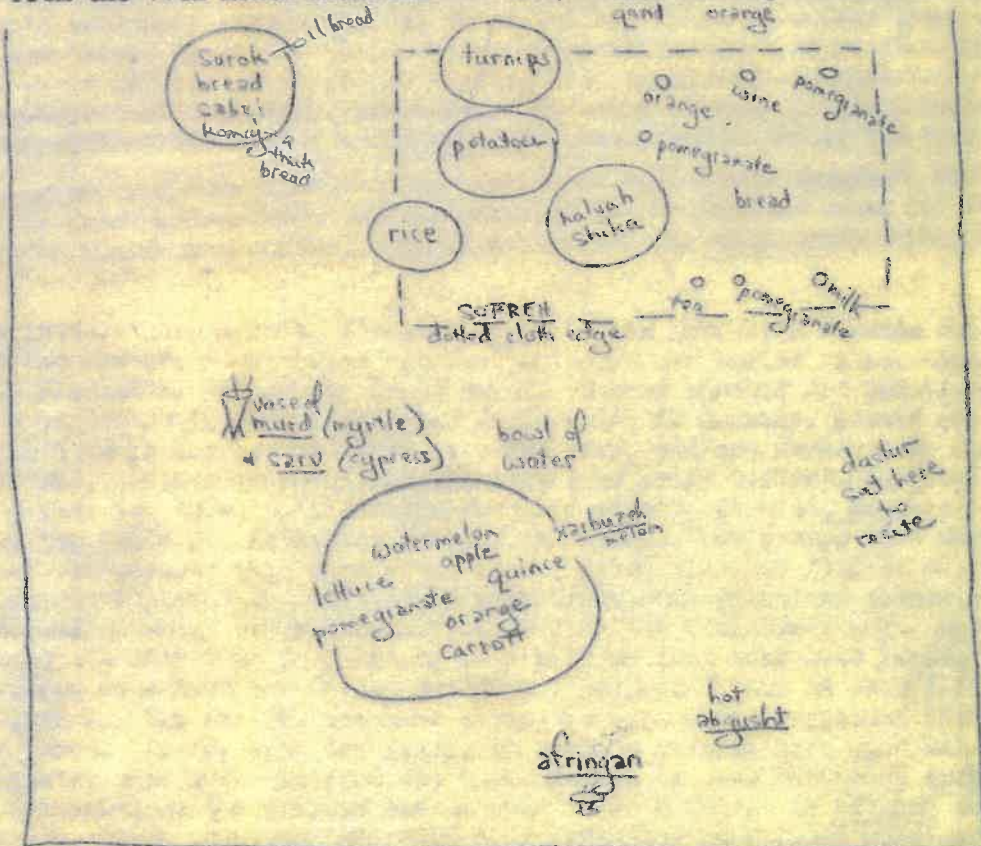
is a 4-hour affair you pay two dasturs to read for you if you are afraid, ill, etc., like old Khorskid (his dead brother's widow) does every so often for headaches and chronic pain in the leg. As to what goes on in the room with the stone floor etc in the Atash kade, that is a ritually clean place like the place for the fire and the laity has no business there just as they have no business in the fire room--you need clean clothes etc., must be clean all over, body and soul. (Ruh is the word he uses for spirit or soul and apparently it is one--denying that one's ruh has various parts; urvan he did not know). Bareknum was a way of becoming clean in the past when people did not have education--one would go and the dastur would give you moral guidance.





19 Jan (Tues). Morning spent reading Persian in the Masjid-e Jome Library. Noon went to the sol for Bahram-e Dah Mobed's wife--a big affair with Nasrabadis in one room and Pusht Khan Alis in the other; his son's were down from Teheran--one a high school teacher and university student who spent two years in Germany and speaks good English as well; another a classmate of Bahram Felfeli (son of Pangar). The latter and I sat together. From a hook of a Muslim professor in Isphahan this etymology of masjid: from mazda-kade (room of God). When he was a child, Bahram Dahmobed had a big store for all sorts of assorted goods where Khaji Khalife is now--the war years and prices were high, there was problem of stealing. He also ran the cinema in those days, films coming from India--films which now are being redone and rerun--Shirin o Farhad, etc. Very few people drank either arak or wine: of the twelve nearest me only 3 accepted. Thirty--forty men in our room, how many in the other I don't know. I have been roped into taking the family to the daxe tomorrow morning. Bahram Felfeli says that in the old days when he was a boy (he's about 30) xairats differed in that the proportion of old men was not so great, there were many young men and children too. In those days Nasrabad was more fully Zoroastrian. Most of the men were farmers in Raimabad and Mahmabad, and after working in the fields they would play gu-bazi (game of ball, or polo) or shovegan-bazi (also translated by Hain as game of polo or hockey) which was played with a stick and a ball but he described it has the ball occasionally (usually?) going very high into the air: سیلاب چوگان سیلاب

From the 11th month memorial--21 Dec.-- the setting included





Xodaram-e Sabze came over in the evening to give me a lesson in Persian--he could not find the book today but hopes to have one tomorrow. I can't convince him that he can teach me the alphabet in one night--he thinks a month is a good enough time, pointing out that they take a month to teach the children to read from the right to left (which picture comes first) alone! So he taught me how to form the letters a, madde-a, d, r, b--he refuses to call them alef, bet, etc. saying that is wrong: the idea is that if you associate form with sound that later you will have less trouble reading. And he wants me to write a page each of these forms (which makes 8 pages) plus one for the combinations making up the words ard, nan, baba--which after he left I did also throwing pages for him of p, s, z, z.

He does not know a dari word for mehraye (dowry), but people only say chum-e sur i.e. things of the wedding which refers both to things from the bride and from the groom. I asked him about the ball game Bahram Felfeli was talking about--there seem to be a great number of them--he has a book describing them. The bat is called showgan by the Muslims and chafte in Dari; the ball is a piece of rubber (a piece from a worn-out tire, etc.) sewn together. Qu-bazi is like a game of 500: one man takes the bat and hits the ball up into the air towards a group of receivers--if a person manages to grab the ball out of the air and hold on to it without dropping it, then he gets to bat; apparently they were not good at catching the ball, and as Xodaram points out there was always the problem of combating the rest of the crowd as well as catching the ball--obviously in Iran there would be no notion of 'calling the ball'. Chub bazi is where the bat or a stake is set into the sandy ground end up; three fellows stand on either side; one takes the ball and throws it at the stick trying to knock it down; if he succeeds he gets to do it again and continues til he misses; when he misses--as apparently was the usual case a member of the other side tries. No score is kept in these games. Chowgan bazi is another variation; so is sham shir bazi...he'll bring the book he promises.

These games would be played in the open sand-land behind Pangar's house where there used to be no houses there til Nosratabad; in the evenings when the men came back from the fields in Raimabad. Opium was one of the crops grown here, but he doesn't remember--he's only 32.

20 Jan (Wed). This morning I showed up at Bahram Dahmobi's house to carry them all to the graveyard--it turns out that Morvarid was buried rather than put in the grave. Hormezdiar was making bread still. Bahram himself did not come, but we crammed in 3 sons Esfendiar (studied engineering in Germany, speaks good English, teaching 5 years instead of going into the army, and now works for a Swedish firm in Teheran), another Teherani son, Jamshid (the crazy tailor), daughter Irandoxt and I gather her husband, Shakriyar Forudi's sister, Zomorod, daughter (wife of Xodadad the tailor). Esfendiar accepts the thesis that daxes were made for the war time--he accepts this even after he had first elicited from me that 'people here give the war explanation, but it's a much older form extending across central asia'; he also talked about the philosophy of keeping the 4 elements pure, and that the daxes must be away from town and up on a hill so that what ever impure fluid can be filtered down thru the dirt. But when I suggested that in that I did not really understand how the air was not made dirty, he agreed and suggested the philosophy was not too good. In any case the grave, we went to putting some murd and sary twigs on it, lighting some uds. Zomorod who takes charge in such instances sprinkled some sirke (vinegar) on the surface and on some other graves. An afriqan was lighted. Zomorod's mother is buried near-by, i.e. also Xodaram-e Sabze's mother. Irandoxt knelt and began to cry, but was reprimanded by her brothers and eventually taken away and her tears stopped; but it was clear the brothers felt deeply too. They occupied themselves with considerations about the kind of stone they wanted put on the grave--opting for the one I like too: the simple rough hewn rock (I think the cheapest as well, but anything is better than bathroom tile!). Someone asked who dug all the waiting graves--someone else answered pusht-e Ahrimaa, a Muslim and all laughed. Esfendiar took the opportunity to say to me that he thought the world would be a lot better off if there were only one religion so there wouldn't be such fights as Arab-Israeli, Pakistan-India; but when he said so to his family he was accused of being a traitor to the faith. Xodadad's wife said that the children should not cry at the grave of their mother, because one should not give one's mother trouble--one



Irandoxt explained that when her mother died, the brothers had come and seen to all without even telling her, but her sister explained that one does not make a sick woman come to Yazd. Before leaving some kindling was lighted near the base of the grave on the ground, and some sirke was heated together with zarahube, oil (roghan), salt (namak), and sir-o-sedab (garlic and rue), to make a good smell to "kill microbes". On the way back Esfendiar wanted to know about my opinion about the Shah etc.--his is that while the Shah is OK there are a lot of people around him who would rather pocket money than use it for the projects it is supposed to be used for (corruption). I felt there was more of a problem with inefficiency or fear to sign anything (the Shah's administrative revolution) that corruption per se, citing Esfendiar's own story that it took two years to get a piece of paper for his company saying he had been excused from military service because of his teaching--he wrote to the Min of Ed, they to the Army, they to Yazd, etc. He is concerned about education and sees education of the young as the solution to all Iran's problems--sanitation: the people here are just simply dirty, if I come here and say well but that's dirty, they say go on you wont get sick if you eat it; etc. And complains that since there are (a) not enough teachers (b) not well educated, you have the blind leading the blind--a high school teacher has been one who merely completed HS plus one year training. He thinks teachers should be paid better than workers in the oil industry rather than vice versa so as to draw qualified people.

Back home, Shahriyar expressed regrets that he had wanted to come along, but no one had waited for him. Bolbol was apparently telling some stories about the graveyard and her dreams or something--but I missed it all being in Dari and Shahriyar not being interested. She dreamed Morvarid came by and wouldn't talk to her because she was too busy. Then there was something about a person who converted to Islam and buried his mother instead of putting her in the dahme and something about a berium goat which should be done sar-e sol. The only thing of use: persons like her who are opposed to graveyards refer to them by the abusive term, gur. On the selection of headstones, Jamshid wanted a thick one so Muslims or someone could not break it, vs Esfendiar's choice of a slimmer one.

Shahriyar regards it as one of his community services to convince people like Bolbol that they should bury, just like he says he tries to teach them sanitation--many of these old Nasrabadis--she is one--take no water or anything with them when they go to the bathroom: they are just simply dirty. He says that Zoroastre was buried in Balkh.



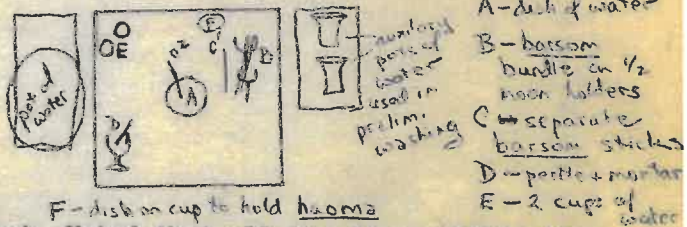
21 Jan 1971 (Thurs) --1 Bahman 1349. VOJE GAHAMBAR YASHT. At 5am Shahriyar woke me up and I had some tea with him and then he did come along with me to the Atash Kade Homeh where we met Mehreban-e Mobed Siavash. He let us sit in the Yesh...gah room out side the pavis. And complained that he had to do the Yasht alone although it requires both priests, because there were so few priests, and there was no community support for priests. After the ceremony he told me that he learned all these rituals from his father, and that he was basically the only one of the six local priests who knew them. When he was a youngster, he went to Teheran to do some tejerat, but his father asked him to take up the priesthood because there was no one else, and so he came back and studied with his father, was examined by old dastur Mehreban-e Tirandaz, the son of Tirandaz. He has suggested to the other priests that they should meet occasionally to discuss and learn the proper ways, but they have no interest in doing so. He was perfectly happy to have me just sit and observe the formal actions he did, but afterwards asked what I could understand from what I had seen: I said that well I just wanted to see what was done and now I would have to consult the books, ask him and others about the meaning. He agreed saying that when he hit the barson (a repeated action) that this was an invoking of the 33 yazatas or fereshate as he called them. But, he went on, he really did not know that much; the person to ask is Rustam Shahzadi in Teheran; or go to Bombay, and when I suggested I might in fact do so, he encouraged this strongly, saying now is the time to go as the weather is good. He again discouraged me from consulting Xodadad of Shahrifabad, saying that he was full of superstitions, and that for instance his insistence that Muslims should not partake of the gahambar is wrong, for if you read the Avesta, Zartosht says that if someone does bad to you that is no reason for you to compound the bad by adding bad to bad. And Xodadad's superstitions are not even Zoroastrian superstitions, but Muslim ones. Then he went on to archeology, had I heard that they had discovered something even bigger than Takhte Jamshid in Western Iran, that in Afghanistan somewhere foreigners had discovered a cache of books and stolen them, etc.

The yasht then took place in the Y...room where there are five separated pavane areas, separated by pavis. The setting for the ceremony was on the second from the Kirman side end. The two end areas were cobbled while the other three are stone-slab surfaced, so maybe there are only 3 pavi aras. Mehreban Mobed Siavash began by tying his kusti in the Y. room, then he went into the fire room and read the Atah Nyash quickly ringing the bell (which Shahriyar said was for chasing out the devils). He then came back saying that for most ceremonies there are 33 barson (I asked how many there were ) but for the yasna there are 23. The setting was as drawn, and he first ~~washed~~ poured water from a large metal kuze into

the pot to the right of the alat and filled it to overflowing. He then placed the kuze outside the pavi area and with a lot of ashem vokus etc.

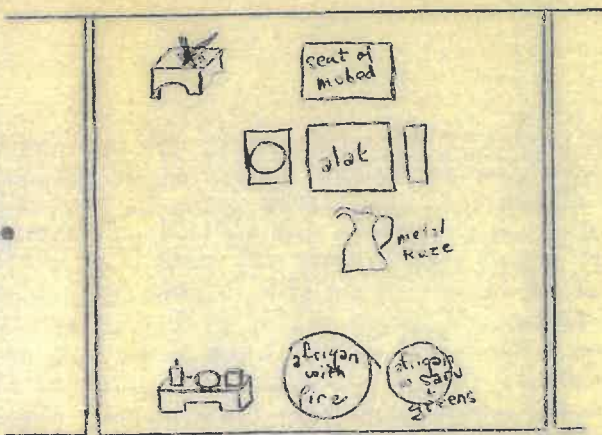
washed the implements, and came around to the fire and put some condor in it. The washing and setting up of the alat completed the ceremony was ready to start. Noted that all the items within the

pavi area except for the book and its X stand of wood, and a cushion and carpet on his stool were of stone or metal. Later I asked if the water used had a bit of nirang in it, and this was denied both by Mehreban and the atashkade negaban who came in around 8:30. Having then washed the alat, including ringing the pestle in the mortar, and coming around with the water to put condor in the fire, and wash the base of the afriagan, he returned to his stool on which he first stood picking up the barson and while holding it recited the invocation of the day, etc. He then sat in what hereafter will be called the reading position with the book on his right and two fingers of his left hand placed on the barson lying across the half moon holders. After a while he then placed three fingers of his right hand on his left hand, which he then repeated. Water then was poured from the pot with a little auxiliary disk into two cups on the front right corner of the alat stone (directions cited from the dastur's point of view).





Setting: Seat of mobed had a carpet cover and cushion back set against the wall. To his immediate right is Avesta and book holder. Immediately in front is the stone with the alat to the left of which are two auxiliary stones. The Water Kuze is removed for the



ceremony. The little stone in the foreground holds a yarzeit-style candle of wax in a glass; and two bowls of condor sticks to be put on the fire.

The water from one of the cups is then poured on the four corners of the alat stone; whatever water is left over in the cup is poured back into the pot, and the cup is refilled from the pot. A bit of water is poured on the barsom, two fingers still being on the barsom. This is repeated; i.e. the pouring of water on the four corners, pouring back into the pot and refilling; then a bit is poured into the mortar and pestle, after which this cup is turned upside down in its place front right. Then the second cup of water is taken, part is poured into the central dish with the barsom stick; then pour water twice on the ground near the book stone. Then put the single barsom by B into the central dish. Return to reading position with 2 fingers on the barsom. The mobed dips two fingers of his right hand into the mortar and wipes them 3 times off on the far end of the barsom bundle and once across the middle. Place the 3 fingers of the right hand on the left which is resting on the barsom. Place upright the first little water cup. Pick up the barsom bundle, and take out one stick, turning it normal to the others and retie the bundle together in that position and set it back into the holders with the single stick pointing up and down, and hold in left fist. With right hand pick up the two barsom resting in the central dish and with them strike the upright barsom of the bundle with light rapid strokes of the rhythm: one in water dish, two, three on upright barsom; one in water dish, two three on barsom, etc. I did not get the number of times this 3 count unit was repeated in the first series. But it was repeated throughout the recitation at intervals. Shortly after the first series, it was done 8 times; and shortly thereafter 6 times. [Sashriyar left at this point and in so doing invaded the pavis, taking a condor stick and putting it on the fire and then going into the main room to pray before leaving. After the Nyesh Atesh at the beginning, he had wondered if perhaps the mobed would bring some ash from the fire around to be put on the forehead, but was disappointed. Altho he spent  $4\frac{1}{2}$  years at the Csma Asturna he doesnot remember much of ritual particulars it seems and is only slightly better informed than the rest of the laity. /Between striking units, the two barsom sticks rest in the central dish. Place right hand on left preliminary to picking up the dish of haoma twigs (collected from the surrounding mts they say) and passing it in the air over the barsom; this is then repeated after a few moments, and the pestle and mortar are then rung. POUNDING OF THE HAOMA. Then the haoma twigs are taken from the dish and put on the stone in front of the mobed and are pounded with the pestle. The pounded haoma is replaced in its dish; and return to reading position holding barsom in left hand. Then take the pestle out and set it down; pour water from the mortar into the central dish; turning mortar upside down, ring it against the stone three times on its lip; put haoma in it and put the pestle back in. Position of right hand (3 fingers) on left (with two fingers on barsom. Then take the pestle out of the mortar and ring its ends three times against the stone; then pass it up in the air before the mobed three times. Then rhythmically pound haoma in the pestle and ring the pestle in the mortar and then continue pounding. Pour in water 3 times from one of the little cups. Then from the mortar take the clump of haoma twigs with the pestle as a spoon or ladle with the right hand and pass circularly in the air clockwise, and



replace in mortar. Take pestle out and dip in central dish of water; back in mortar; touch barsom, back in mortar; touch stone, back in mortar. Then pour the haoma into its dish and replace in original position. Ring pestle in mortar. Hit barsom bundle with the two barsom resting in the central dish. /It is now 7:30, we having started just before 6:30 when the sky had just begun to lighten; and a lone man comes into the main fire temple to pray. / Repeat hitting of barsom. / An old woman comes into the main fire temple about 10 minutes after the man. / Hit barsom--7 units. Then put the haoma from the dish into a mortar and pour water from the cup below it into the mortar, and then pour in some more water from one of the two auxiliary cups. Pound some more in the mortar. Hit barsom four times. Pound haoma in mortar, and ring pestle in mortar. Hit the barsom eleven times. Pound in mortar, and ring pestle in mortar. Hit barsom seven times. Ring pestle in mortar. Pour water and haoma into ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> dish, squeezing the haoma and put the dish on the mortar. Pick up the cup on which the haoma dish had been resting and touch its bottom to each of the four horns of the barsom holders. Take the haoma twigs (now pounded and finished) out of the ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> cup and put them aside in the far right corner. Return dish with haoma to its place. Ring pestle in mortar and turn the latter over. Pick up the dish with haoma juice and place it on the upturned base of the mortar with the cup of haoma juice placed in its center.



upside down  
as cover to  
cup w/haoma

Fill one of the auxiliary cups with water from the pot. There then follows a long recitation period with little movement, i.e. all in reading position with left hand in a fist around the barsom bundle (thumb and first finger on top and 3 fingers below; the first finger being between the holders and the thumb to the near side.) The recitation period is broken (the recitation itself is never broken, i.e. one continues with the reading or at least recitation of Ashems and Vatha Ahus while doing all the operations) only by hitting of the barsom bundle with the two separate barsom sticks in eight different series of 8, 6, 8-9, 6, 6, 8, 9, and 6 units (of 3 beats) ~~xxxx~~ resp. / During this period, another woman came into the temple around 8:10. And then a man, the caretaker came into the room where the yasht was being recited, doing various activities directed by Mehraban without the latter trying to break his recitation and directly communicate, such as turning off the electric light, closing one of the two doors. This man came and sat in front of the fire afringan to warm himself, and began reciting himself accompanied occasionally by snapping of fingers, a tsk tsk sound, and passing the hands over his face. Note that he sat directly in front of the fire, rearranged the wood and ash, warmed his hands over it; whereas the mobed was wearing the padan--ie it would seem that the pavis and care of purity etc. is recognized now to be only symbolic in the mood of Basm Shahzadi's 'we are only playing at these rituals' because we have lost the meaning. A woman then came into the room, and she too invaded the pavis, stepping into the area to place a coin on the ground near the water pot and put a empty bottle over it; she left. / 8:30 comes. Position of right hand on left, signalling the clean-up period. The bundle of barsom is taken out of the holders and untied and the upright one is placed back with the others. Return to original reading position with two fingers on the bundle thru the near half-moon. Pick up one of the barsom, and then the second in the right hand, and stand on stool with bundle in the ~~right~~ left hand. Wave both sets of barsom in the two sticks in the right hand upwards a couple of times, then a kind of orchestra-conducting motion with both hands. Sit and put the barsom bundle back on the stands and replace two fingers of left hand on top. Circular clockwise motion of dish and cup of haoma juice over barsom. Then hit barsom with the two barsom sticks. / Old man came in from the main fire room with a jam--metal drinking dish--and was given some water from the pot to drink from--ersatz haoma unless a bit of haoma juice was surreptitiously popped in escaping me. / a woman came in to sit by me with a bottle in hand waiting for the haoma to be ready. She wanted to know in a loud voice--these people do not know how to talk softly--who I was, what I was doing, for whom I was doing it; this religion of Zoroaster is very good; all religions are good, but this religion is particularly good; or what



religion are you; dia-e xodan (my own religion); dia-e xoda did you say?; or yes, that'll do (religion of God); well we worship God too (really?) but we also worship Zoroaster (the word used was parast, worship) don't you have a paygambar (prophet)? Nope. Oh well we believe in Zoroaster. Gee I wish they would hurry up and finish this reading and give me the juice so I can go home. What's the bottle for? For the juice, it's good for all illnesses, kills all microbes; it is very good because the dastur had been reading so many prayers over it; two three hours he's been reading, since before dawn (you're telling me lady!), it's so good, we drink it for three mornings before eating anything. Put holders away on the far side of the alat stone, placing the barsom bundle on top of the mortar. Pour haoma into the mortar putting the barsom across the top and two fingers continue to be placed on the barsom. Take water from the pot and pour into xxx cup and pour into mortar. Second woman comes in talking to seated man and then leaves. Pour more water from cup into mortar. Pick up cup with haoma juice in it and tap top of mortar and barsom with it and set on top using barsom bundle as prop. Pour contents of cup into mortar and set down. Fill cup with diluted haoma juice and tap on mortar and barsom several times, pass cup up into air, and pour contents back into mortar. Again fill cup with dilute haoma juice and pass in air, and pour back into mortar, this time in five separate pours. Place 3 fingers of right hand on left. Tap barsom bundle with the two barsom sticks rubbing them along the bundle; repeat eight times with rhythm: one tap in central water dish, and one rub (of two counts) on barsom bundle. Pick up water dish and place on mortar putting both sets of barsom on it, pouring water into mortar, turning dish upside down on mortar and barsom across it's top. Put the two separate barsom sticks into the bundle. Tap ends on stone and replace across dish. Pour water from auxiliary cup into mortar and recover. Hold string tying the barsom bundle and twist the two ends and then hold them in left hand. Then tie loose knots without pulling them tight so that 6 loop-links are formed. Put the barsom bundle in far holders and place two fingers of left hand across top. Do the salamati gesture with open palms face up from alat stone up to face. Close book and finish recitation. Leave stool and pak area. Throw used haoma twigs into the fire, fix ashes of the fire. Take bottle from woman and put in some haoma juice; he was going to further dilute this with water but the woman asked him to desist which he did; she left.

Mehreban Dastur Slavash said he had been to baresnum for the ceremony. (?) I'm not sure I ought to believe that. Anyway he has his work cut out for him the next five days as he must go to read the individual gahambars in the houses of Mariamabad and Qassimabad. He says in Bombay I should contact Mobed Sohrab Xodamrad Shahzadi (pesar xale of Rustam Shahzadi) at the Adarian Dadashi, and should ask him to record some Avesta. Apparently there was a Frenchman who came a few days ago and took a lot of pictures.

Afternoon, Shapur-e Shahriyar returned from Teheran. He says that tonight is Shab-e Moradi or Shab-e Jome which means that after everyone (Mulsims) go to the graveyard, they come home and fuck, because tomorrow they have to go to the hamam, and any issue of semen is considered defiling (makes you najes); wet dream or issue of semen = shaitani.

Before going on Haj, people go around village singing something about let's go to Mecca; when they come back they should kill a goat etc.

- 22 Jan (Friday)--2 Bahman. Morning started typing yesterday's observations of the Yasht. Note all the laymen say yasht? yasht for whom? i.e. to them it seems that the point of the Yasht is the preparation of the haoma to be used vs illness. That a yasht is read for the gahambar is not known by most, not even Shahriyar knew before going. Shahriyar thinks that the twig pounded is from the pomegranate tree. The dastur and caretaker say it is from the biabun around about, esp. mts. Got called to tea at Shahriyar's and Jehambaksh was there so Shahriyar naturally turned the conversation into a religious debate, which I had a good deal of fun talking to Jehambaksh, but it's too bad I never got a chance to make good notes. In any case, we know the existence of God, spirits, etc. only through the word of a prophet. That is, all the arguments that what is pain, there must be something or other analogies for the existence of God are secondary; it is the case that



we poor mortals cannot directly perceive the existence of God. But we can recognize a prophet (a physical human being close to God) and he is the messenger who can tell us about such things. As to fereskte (spirits, angels), yes Bahais believe in such things but they are not spirits of trees etc.; they are simply spirits of God's helpers, what their form is we cannot know or perceive; again we only know of them because the prophet spoke of them. I.e. other people spoke of spirits, Bahauallah came and said that these spirits are not in trees, streams etc. but must be conceived simply and only as agents of God whose workings we cannot know. One cannot ask aid of spirits but only of God directly. How do we recognize a prophet, because there are others claiming to be a prophet and by comparison they prove themselves to be false. (There are five indications of a prophet...). The necessity of binary opposites for cognition: there is no such thing as darkness, God created only light, but one could not recognize light without the absence of light; the understanding of day requires the contrast of night, man woman, etc. There is no sun giving out darkness corresponding to a sun giving out light. Ahriman or Shaitan exists only as a contrast for man to know to choose good. He denied my insistence that such denial of darkness and evil is only a word play, and denied my characterization of the world in such a case as a cruel game devised by god to torture humans: God did not create the world in the sense of the world having a beginning. The world never had a beginning it has always existed along with God; only man has slowly progressed with the result that each 1000 years a new prophet is required to reformulate religious rules so that in 1970 we do not still regard with Mohamad that 70 maha of water is always clean for all purposes just on account of its volume. We know that a prophet is true, or that any event in the world is God's choice by its/mis success. Bahaim is growing, is bigger than any other 'religion' founded at the same time. Should there be a war between Russia and the US the winner of necessity is God's choice. ~~Man~~ We cannot question God's choices and ways; chance of accident is God's work, but an accident in which we run into a jube is our own fault because we have eyes. The stories of the return of prophets in the Zoroastrian, Jewish, Christian and Mohammaden traditions are to be understood how if not in the reformulation by new prophets for new times? The stories taken literally are absurd: (1) the Jews say that Moses will return out of the Shahr-e Beyne Musa (city of the children of Moses) which city is pictured as having sand swirling around it so as to prevent entry or exit until such time as Moses is ready to return; (2) Isa is supposed to return riding on a cloud with angels on either side of him amid music of drums; (3) the twelfth Imam is supposed to be hidden in the well of j... This well, the city of Moses, the cloud of Isa have not been found altho by now we have discovered the entire world. /Shahriyar interjected the story of Zahak, the ancient tyrant of Iran who was befriended by the devil and ruled for a thousand years and by some is said to be Jewish; after aiding him the devil was granted a request: to kiss the shoulders of the tyrant, out of which grew two snakes who each day had to be fed the brains of a boy child. When Fereydun overthrew Zahak God told him not to hit the tyrant but to bind him in chains and bind him to the Elburz mountains. It is said that each day when the cock crows the chain gets a little longer; eventually Zahak will be able to break the chain and war and dissension will break out with force in the world. This will be followed by the establishment of a new religion. Has nothing to do with Zoroastrianism, is in the Shahnameh. / God is necessary to have conscience not to do bad; the Russians w/o God are able to do every bad thing and not have any remorse.

Xodaram-e Sabz came by to take me to Pangar's gahambar-e nuni. Xodaram-e Sabz says that what is recited is Hamazure Dahman, and this must be recited for each gahambar. Thus if say in Pangar's hands are 4 gahambar, 2 persons may recite the business 2 times, or one 4 times, or 4 one time. The dastur gets 15 rials for each recitation. All participate in tying the kusti. A few people (laymen) like Bahram-e Dahmobe and Farhad know to read this and can help. In the old days, Nasrabad had two dasturs. Everyone then got some kesmesh (raisins), and a couple small breads. A boy of a particularly poor family got more breads. With the bread a symbolic forkful of cooked food was also given. Then most people left, only a few of us remaining behind. Bahram Felfeli showed me his copy of TARIKHE VA FALSUFI MAZOHEBE JAHAN Vol II by Bahadur Dastur-e (Shahriyar)...



1347)--Hist. & Philos. of World Relig. in which he wanted to show me in particular the list of the 21 Nasks: (1) 22 books on Truth, Virtue and the Uses of Praying; (2) 22 chapters on the order of Worship; (3) 21 ch. on the avoidance of faults for eternal deliverance; (4) 22 ch. on the Problems of divinity and the day of resurrection; (5) 35 ch. on astronomy; (6) 22 ch. on religious laws; (7) 50 ch. on king, priests and scientists; (8) 60 ch. on rule of the country; (9) 60 ch. on sins and virtues; (10) 60 ch. on Shah Gushtasp; (11) 22 ch. on God's creation and social duties; (12) 22 ch. on surgery and med; (13) 60 ch. on the early life of Zoroaster; (14) 17 ch. on God and the angels; (15) 54 ch. on the Laws of Wealth and Chastity and Virtue; (16) 65 ch. on marriage laws; (17) 65 ch. on the punishment of sin, haram-halas; (18) 52 ch. on the carrying out of law; (19) Vendidad; (20) result of good and bad; (21) 33 ch. on Akura Mazda and the angels. His wife, Firuzeh, underwent her naujote with Dastur Dr. Dhalla altho generally he only went for boys.

After this went to find Saapour--Bazu Luti was there and she dictated relatively slowly for me in Dari Mosghel Goshak (moshkeli tamam konan), sending out for some naxote as well to accompany us. But my god transcription condition: A radio going, other conversations going. They seem to be in favor of my going to Bombay by ship (9 days from Kambanshak) rather than driving.

It was snowing lightly today and bitter cold; my boxari clogged up and around 5:30 Kodaram-e Sabz showed up and he and I cleaned it out but it still does not work too well; an incredible amount of soot had piled up in the pipes and blocked them so the room filled with smoke. We're not sure what's still wrong. Today I had him describe first the dastur's fees: 15 r/ gahambar; 3 T./ sol; 20-100T./charon; 200T./dahom; used to get cloth and eggs etc. for shakron which he would cook at home and bring to eat rather than eating with the laity; Kodaram denied that this was the remnant of not eating with Behdin, but simply that the dastur maybe did not think that the food was clean (sanitary, rather than ritual cleanliness) whereas he could be shure of that he cooked himself: he does take bread. /I think this is a remnant of not taking food from the behdin--because Kodaram's categories of cleanliness dont hold up under scrutiny: it maybe a case of the transl. from purity to sanitary in clean). Then the DEATH customs. Nirang used to be in place of alcohol, now nirang comes from town and is administered in the last gasps of the dying; it used to be also used in the washing of the body, but now alcohol is substituted. Nirang comes from the cow (he thot female cow rather than my suggestion of bull, but then admitted that he did not know) which has been fed specially clean food for 7 days. After death, the body is washed with soap and water, and then with a bit of alcohol (formerly nirang). Before death when one sees death approaching, shaving of the beard, cutting of the fingernails etc. is done in preparation. The anus is plugged up with cotton to prevent drippings. Chakelvar, a white shroud cloth, is made into shirt and pants and the corpse is so dressed; arms and legs folded; and another chakelvar is put around the body and sewn together. Why is the stuffing put in the anus (he asked, OK why) well just to keep it clean when the bearers have to carry the body. In the charnel house prayers are read: patet and something else (there are two patets, one for the living read in the fire temple, and one for the dead). No sag did is performed. /NB: dogs are kept at the daxme./ The body is then taken to the daxme or graveyard. Sevon--on the morning of the 3rd day, women go to the house of the diseased and give something with a good smell, money, eggs etc. On the morning of the Chakron, all men who knew the diseased gather in the house and the dastur also comes. Early that morning when the sun crosses the horizon, the soul is believed to be undertaking its journey across the bride. And so all the men gather to pray for the soul. The Mobed waits for the assembly to collect and directs them to recite the Khorshid Nayesh, Mehr Nayesh etc.; he also recites (something else maybe, dont know)--maybe Patet--takes an hour or so. Then under the lead of the mobed, all in loud voice together say:

Gonakesh xoshak bad, va savabeshra gabul kon (Excuse his sins; accept his  
 (with palms face up) Rah-e Behesht Baz virtues) (Rd to Heaven Open  
 (with palms face down) Rah-e Duzhak Baste (Rd to Hell Close)



This is repeated several times. Then tea is served. Everyone is given bread like at a gahambar nuni with egg, gress, and potatoes (but there is no raisins). If the family is poor someone who has money--like myself--or the Anjoman will provide funds on the sly without anyone knowing. When Fereyduh died, his house was absolutely jammed with people; the people who showed up for the si-ruz were nothing in comparison. Dahom: the dastur comes again, and people gather again to retye the kusti and ask God-- Xoda az gonah dar gozar

Xoda ya ura bebesht bebar

or in Dari: xazoya eshveba bebesht (Forgive his sins; take him to  
xadoya genohosh vebakhsh heaven)

Si-ruz (1st mo.) is xeirat and mehmani mikonand--i.e. this is a big affair in comparison with the succeeding month memorials, until the sol when there may be a xeirat again. The above praying that God take the soul into heaven is called da'i: . Xoda bismorza.

Note: noshte = sobhkane = breakfast: noshte hastan means hici maxordam  
noshte shodan means I've had breakfast  
i.e. maafi (negative with hastan); mosbat (+) with shodan (?)

We then had a lesson in Farsi-English. They teach the children to count letter-sounds with their fingers opening the fingers from a closed fist with the speed of the length of the letter-sound starting the word from the pinky.

Shahriyar let his well driver, a young boy replacing Mehreluk, go home as it was cold and no one had come for water; the latter said he would go and beat his chest: dasteh group.

23 Jan (Sat) 1971. Morning typing the dari dictation; then to hammam, P.O., cleaners, tailors. Cent. the tailor has a brother studying in Heyderabad; 4 brothers there run a hotel. Then home--Katkhedra was supposed to come by. Shahriyar came by with Mehreban (who is Jamshid's Fa-in-law) who works at the electric office and Fereyduh the hammam guy collecting contributions for a gahambar the day after tomorrow. Shahriyar stayed to chat, nothing much useful. As he was leaving, Jehambaksh came in. The five indications of the prophet as oppes. to an ordinary man are (1) eda kardan: they proclaim they are messengers of God; (2) rad kardan, shariat-e pish maase kardan e shariat-e jadid miavordan--they declare the past laws abrogated and bring new rules; (3) esteramat kardan--they stand on their word no matter what befalls them (whereas ordinary man and even the Bab if they encounter strong opposition will bend to the latter and recant); (4) qalam--they bring a book which they say is not of their own composition but is of God; (5) he couldn't now remember but ask any Bahai. Prophets can do miracles, but this is not an argument in their favor, for after their death people will not believe in what can not be demonstrated, they will doubt the existence of the miracles. Bahau'llah once offered to do a miracle that the ulama agreed on--they should ask for one thing, making a dead man return to life, etc., but must agree that if the miracle occurred they would believe--the offer was not taken up. Then there is the miracle of the Bab escaping at the first firing in Tabriz. This story has another interesting meaning as well: ~~xxxx~~ I was trying to press the issue of Bahais saying that they obey any government in existence: what happens when the law of government comes into conflict with the law of God as handed down by the Prophet? One must obey the government. Two stories, one was the story of the Christian commander of that firing squad who went up to the Bab and said look I have this order what must I do? The Bab told him that he must obey the order of the Government. He did and the Bab did not die at his hands--is he served God in serving the Govt altho the Govt was acting against God. The second story was a version of the MD Bahai in Manshad whom the Governor of Yazd ordered to be poisoned by putting the poison in tea; the doctor was invited to a house on the pretence that there was someone sick, but he had an premonition of knew what was to happen and said as he entered the guest room, that they should take up the nice carpets because when he drank the poison which being the order of the Govt he would comply with, he would shrely vomit and they need not destroy the carpets for this sake. While this rule of Bahaiism would seem to conflict with Western notions of individual responsibility, the overriding object in Jehambaksh's view is the establishment of world peace; everyone must accept the 12 rules of Bahaiism for there to be



world peace; the encouragement of individuals to fight in the name of what they perceive to be moral right, has, as we can see from the history of the many religions in the world, not proved to be conducive to peace. The proper way is to reduce the amount of conflict by obedience to government and to work towards getting that government to cooperate in the United Nations envisioned by Bahauallah which will enforce unity in the world: unity of language, weights and measures, etc. Jehambaksh agrees that these rules are a kind of socialism, but socialism is an idea of this age, and is due to the preaching of Bahauallah the Prophet of God, why else did it not catch on before this time? Furthermore insofar as people are accepting socialist ideals they are taking the first step towards recognizing Bahauallah. Whereas I would see Bahauallah as a mechanism of getting some kinds of people to accept socialism, and eventually Bahauallah will become unnecessary; Jehambaksh sees it the other way around, for various reasons people accept socialism and eventually then they will see the prophethood of Bahauallah. (What I was having him call socialism were his ideals of equality between men and women; leveling of extremes of wealth, etc.) His answer to my suggestion that maybe Marx was the real prophet rather than Baha'u'llah (he did not know the name Marx, but knew Lenin), was neat: Baha'u'llah said that God would send many people with special powers; these people are not and do not claim to be prophets, but they are helpers of God. The question of the progress of the world then arises: just as there is no beginning to the universe there is no end; maybe this planet Earth will end but if God so wills there may be other Earths with life; God can do anything, we cannot know God's intentions, reasons, or ways. As to whether or not Baha'u'llah's message will be heeded, that too is indeterminate. What we can say is that if there is to be peace, the laws brought by Bahauallah must be obeyed. If these laws are not accepted and enforced there will be war. It is the Bahai faith however, that these laws eventually will and must be accepted. And the sanction on the personal level towards getting people to accept such rules is that there is an afterlife (axerat); we know that there is an axerat because the prophet says so, but mere we do not know just as a child in the womb does not know what life outside the womb is like and cries as he comes out, but later laughs and then cannot tell us what life inside the womb was like, so too we cannot say what the afterlife is like. Again one must interpret the claims to return of prophets like Mhd, Christ as cedes (rams) for it is absurd to think that Christ will return on a cloud, or an Imam has been hiding in the well for more than 1000 years. Bahais thus say that the Bab is the twelfth Imam. These stories mean that as times change the message has to be reformulated and reemulgated so people do not forget.

24 Jan. 1971. Morning with Shapour went over the Mosghel Goshah sbtry. Then Kodaram-e Sabz showed up and wanted me to take his kid to the doctors! That broke up the day. He came back in the evening and told me some Dari verbs.

25 Jan (Mon). Today is the day of the community gahambar to which I also contributed. All those who are too poor to hold their own gahambar, like Fersydun, he himself explained, contribute whatever they can whether money or wheat of whatever. Maybe the total will reach 300T worth. All were busy cooking bread this morning.



Around two I went back to the gahambar in the Atash Kade (Dar-e Mehr). Not all that many people showed up--katkhoda was in town, shahriyar dahmobe did not show, nor shariyyar khosrovi. Among those present were Kodaram-e Erd, Iraj's father, Rustam the dahmobe, ferydun felfeli, banu luti, somorod, shirin sister of sarvar, jamshid bahram dahmobe, bahram dahmobe, hormezdiar, k.k. maboub; among those new arrivals who were in time for the reading of the gahambar were old kodaram-e bondar, shapour, sharookh of Hassanabad, shepour-e shahrôyar; later arrivals incl. kodaram-e sabz, ardeshir. In the bread cooking room before the gahambar was read, shirin sister of Sarvar tied her kusti. Jamshid, Shahriyar Dahmobe's bro-in-law, made a show of tying the kusti but did not and put it back in his pocket. Ardeshir who came late did tie it. I left with Kodaram-e Sabz: there is a kuche along the kuche just before his kuche which is vafq where the womenfolk gathered to get bread: their half of the gahambar--and I recalled that there was a similar such arrangement for Pangar's gahambar. Kodaram when asked just said it was the custom for the women to be separate. But the bread is the same. The size of the bread and its thickness tells you how much was in the kitty: some 1000 breads were made today--2 per person being the minimum, of small thin size. Raisins also were handed out and one tray of assorted pieces of fruit just for a taste. Shaban met us in the kuche and said something to Kodaram who then told me to talk to him, Shaban; I saying about what--Shaban had been sent by Shahriyar to cut my hair! What could I do? As Kodaram said the man is poor. So I told him not to take much off, fearing whatever result since his usual practice is to practically shave one's head, and he was good to his word, and I slipped him 6T when the others were not looking (he usually gets 5 rials, and he rolled his eyes upwards in wordless appreciation--he also asked for whatever worn clothes, boxari, furniture when I go to Bombay--Shahriyar had told him I was going!) We then adjourned to Shahriyar's for tea: Jehambaksh, Shahriyar, Kodaram and I. Talk first was about the gahambar, I asking if there was a religious duty to read a gahambar or if it was just a matter of voluntary charity, aside from the duty to read that which land has been set aside. They all insisted that it was charity and nothing more: there is no duty incumbent on one. If one doesn't read a gahambar on which one holds some land, sin accrues but otherwise not. Thus when ferydun gives 2T and another poor person 2T it is because they were to be partners in a gahambar. Kodaram pressed his etymology of gahambar as gah-e ambar, so Shahriyar cynically asked what he had put into an ambar; and he said pomegranates, a month ago, but Shahriyar dismissed this as just talk. I then pressed the justification of vafq-names as in fact discouraging Muslims from taking land which all agreed was the case. Kodaram says that he has some relatives in Shahrifabad who had two daughters, one was taken by a Muslim boy (zir-e in doxtar amad) and she robbed her father of his land documents; after some time her husband went and registered the land in his own name (after 10 years). In the old days there were land deeds signed by akhuns but no registry; registration was taken on a man's word together with 4 witnesses. Vafq-names were written out by akhuns; there would be a gathering of akhuns, several nights tea drinking, maybe giving of some money or something if had it, and then maybe as many as 100 akhuns would affix their seals. But I pointed out why had the father of the girl as soon as he discovered the theft of his titles not protested and gotten new ones--because he was afraid. So then it made no difference if there was a title or vafq-name or not. It was agreed that if a member of the family became Muslim and stole the family documents and had new ones made in his own name with the backing of fellow Muslim witnesses, there was no recourse. But it was pointed out that in general the akhuns would know what was going on and would not approve. Shahriyar even laughingly saying that akhuns were good friends of Zardoshti because the latter always brought them gifts whereas the Muslims didn't. And it was insisted that Muslims believed in God, feared God, and would not touch something that was vafq, because they feared they might die at any moment and the taking of religious property was serious sin. Muslims in that respect were better in those days than now, because this fear of God has weakened and today they'll take anything if they could. So will Zardoshti someone said. So then I tried to get them to explain why the Muslims would have respect for religious property of kaffirs--which they all thought a good question. Kaffir, Shahriyar jumping in to point out, meant someone



added the distinction of people with the book and people without the book--asking how Zoroastrians were regarded. Jehambaksh said that Zardoshti before were called people without a book, but now in the radio, the Shah and so on were saying that Zoroastrians were people with a book and were making the Abraham = Zoroaster identification which formerly Muslims would deny. And that got Kodaram on his hobby horse of the Quran being written by Salman Farsi and the lost 10 sura about the Avesta; he says this complete Avesta was found in Azerbaijan. What language was it written in, he thought both Arabic and Avestan. How had he heard of it, from someone in Pusht Khan Ali. When he was at the point of saying that Mhd was without education, I said what Muslims admit, that too--this they all disagreed with, and Kodaram said he was in Mashad once and played Muslim going to madressehs and so on, and in one gathering they were saying that anyone who did not pray would go to hell, so he got up and asked if that meant that the father of Mhd who was uneducated went to hell; they were pissed and asked what kind of question is this, of course the father of Mhd was educated, and prayed and went to heaven. Which Kodaram said was ridiculous, those Arabs who ate mice and lizards. So I said that proved nothing, maybe mouse meat was good, we eat snakes in the States. I told them S.H. Nasr's position that Mhd was uneducated and had to be so because the Quran was a miraculous divine revelation and to prove it, it came thru the medium of an illiterate; I compared the necessity of Mhd's illiteracy to the story of Zoroaster's need for a miracle to prove to Shah Gushtasp that he had a divine miracle, planting his staff into the ground, and it growing into a sary. Not only did it grow into a sary, Kodaram pointed out, but on each leaf was green and on it inscribed Ashem Vohu. But he went on, the business of an illiterate being able to write the Quran is nonsense (the others admitted hearing such a position, but insist the majority of Muslims will disagree violently, the position having been heard from a big akhun of high status). It was Salman Farsi who wrote the Quran, in the well passing up pages to Mhd til the latter had him killed by having his 75 followers throw stones into the well. Why would Salman Farsi pick an illiterate to be his partner? Because he was in a big city of Iran--maybe Isphahan, the heartland anyhow--and there was dissention between dasturs politically, and Salman Farsi said all must be brothers and so he went to Mohammad who was a big merchant having married a 40-year old woman (yes he was 25 at the time, I put in; Kodaram said he did not know Mhd's age--which had reference to the earlier discussion on the lost 10 sura, my having asked how it was that we had no other copies than this one supposedly found in Azerbaijan--how long was it between the writing of the Quran, i.e. how old was Mhd when the Quran was written--40 he said--and how old was he when he died--well he was a prophet 40 years--the earliest point at which Omar could have had the 10 sura destroyed. Kodaram objected that Mhd only had 75 followers, there was no need for wide spread Quran copies, the religion was nothing at his time; well then said I how did he fight a war with Mecca and win-- Shahriyar jumping in to back me on this question--he fought with Zoroastrian troops: Mecca all that part of the world was Zoroastrian. So then I retorted maybe Mhd was Zoroastrian himself. Yes, maybe, we don't know. In that case, if he was Zoroastrian, maybe he was educated as well--if the Arabs were Zoroastrian they must have had some education, dasturs and so on. Yes, well maybe; some of the Arabs were Zoroastrian and some were pagan mice eaters, but Mhd was without education) to together make a religion: he knowing how to manipulate religion to get people to do things--you just tell them this comes from God, he told Mhd. And in those ~~the~~ days the people believed such things. But why did he have to go down into a well to pass up the pages of the Quran? So he would not be discovered as he would if he were in a house. You mean to say not one of Mhd's followers was curious or sceptical enough to even look into the well? No, in those days people just believed. Oh come on, you mean people in those days were different than in these days? Yes, very much so. Jehambaksh disagreed with Kodaram about the story of the 40 sura. At the end Shahriyar asked Kodaram if he thot Muslim religion was right (rast) or a lie (dorough): he said dorough because look how many differect sects there are: Sunni, Shia, Hanafi, ... So I said well there's Fasali, Shahanshahi, Qademi--what are those--Shahriyar supported me; but no he said, there are for instance Muslims who say Ali is the 'replacement of God'. Ok so what, even if so, does that make



all Muslims liars? I forget the link but somehow he then said that things get better and better by reworking--it had something to do with believing Judaism and Christianity to be OK because after all they had taken all from Zoroastrianism. So then I said then Islam must be better than Zoroastrianism since it is later than the other two. Like would you buy a Model T Ford because it was the first car built or would you buy a new model which runs? This he countered by saying that the Bahais say that one must discard one's shoes when they get worn out and that the older religions are like worn out shoes, ok one must discard shoes when they get worn out, one must discard coats when they get worn, one must discard one's father when he gets old and worn too? He left at this point and I congratulated him on a beautiful come back.

Shahriyar afterwards was talking again how interested in religion he is. He maintains religion is morality: telling the truth and trying to do good. He came to the fire temple today (in the morning) only because in the early morning he said he would. Then it doesn't matter what religion you are, all religions, everyone says to do good. No, it doesn't matter; all religions say there is one God. That's not true! What religions say there are two gods? It's not a question of one or two gods, some religions say many gods. Ok, it doesn't matter. The only thing that matters is doing good and telling the truth? Yes. It doesn't matter whether you believe in an afterlife or not? No. Then why do you pray every morning? I pray to God. ~~Shooqom~~ What is God? God is he who made me roshani. Roshani what, where do you keep that? That I see, live and think, that's the roshani he gave me. Did you not get that from your parents? Sure but some people can't see, ~~ix~~ are blind. Katkhoda sometimes says there is nothing after death, like you MF; sometimes he says the soul comes back in another body. Me I believe in reward and punishment after death, but I don't believe there is so much punishment as is written in the books: that the first 3 days after death are like ~~ix~~ 57 years. But I do believe that whether the soul comes back or whether there is another place that we receive our just deserts. And so I always try to do good.

Xodaram came back in the evening. I asked him about the gorbani (sacrifice of a gusfand on Mehr Izet) being the memory of the Abraham and Issac story--what has this to do with Zoroastrianism. He said it did, and then said that he did not believe the identification of Abraham and Zoroaster. And trailed off into a comparison with the Muslim-Arabic saying that Abuham adam val ummum hava (Pedar-e ensan adam va madar-e ensan hava bud; human being's father was a man and his mother the air) with the people who say that man and monkey are descended from the same root; he believes in the latter, though the Muslims deny the latter. OK said I but what's that got to do with the connection between Abraham and Zoroastrianism? Well, said he, the name Abraham is a name written in the Quran, it is not found in the ~~Shahnameh~~ Torah or Anjil, and since the name Zoroaster does not appear maybe it was a way the Muslims doctored the Quran (originally written by Salman Farsi, remember--but he did not bring this up per se) using another name for Zoroaster. Now wait a minute, the name Abraham is not found in the Torah or Anjil? No. Yes it is. Is it? Well I don't know, not having read them. So I told him the story of Abraham, Issac and Jakob, Abraham being the first Jew. He knew the story of Abraham smashing his father's idols. So then asked again to establish a connection between Abraham and Zoroastrianism, he suggested somewhat lamely that maybe Abraham preceded Zoroaster and the latter took over the sacrifice-story in much the same way the Muslims took much from the Torah and Anjil. The story being of the testing of faith in God. Did he know where the story of Abraham and Issac are to be found? No, he only heard the story, not read it. In the Torah. OK now is the name Zoroaster mentioned in the Torah and Anjil? No. Why not? If I write a history of England need I mention the Shahanshah of Iran? To this he had no response, agreeing it was an answer. SADEH is 50 days and 50 nites (=100) before noruz. A fire is built either in the Atash Kadeh Homeh or in Marker School for Girls. It is on the occasion of Shah Jahshid having done something but he can't remember what. The Gathas he says he's not read. He memorized the Bonyad-name by Sorush Lorasp, and began citing it to me, surprised then to learn I had a copy. They also read an Ain-nameh but by whom he did not know. He began to read a little out of my copy of Lorasp, and



in commenting on a phrase made the identification of the words angra maynu, ahriman, and shaitan; and spenta maynu, ashuyu, paki (as lahaze baten, na az lahaze tamis, cleanliness ~~of~~ not of soap and water, but inner cleanliness), and fraovashi. I perked up at the last word, but it turned out that he did not know what it really meant, it is a Avestan word, but the word ashuyi he knew meant paki. So then I said something about fraovashi being that part of the soul which is one's conscience, but he knew nothing of this. So then an inspiration--as if it were a different subject, I drew a crude picture of the faravar and asked him if he could explain it. Yes of course, each part has a meaning and he could say a lot about it, it would take time. Other people couldn't explain it to me, but he knew all about it. Then he said, well it is explained in the Bonyad-name and turned to the page, where the first sentence said it was called a faravar or fraovashi, so that is it then; fraovashi and faravar are the same thing. So much of how much he retained of his memorization of the book, or his further curiosity. His explanation then followed Sorush Lorasp. Every Thursday, Xanom-e Firuze (Banu Luti's daughter) and Homayun (Shahriyar Khosravi's daughter) teach the children religion in the Dare Mehr: the children memorize Avesta and are taught the mother and father of Zoroaster and so on. They understand about as much as Muslim children understand of the Arabic of the Quran; there are many parts of the Avesta I even do not know. (Don't let that bug you brother, nobody understands many words of the Avesta. That's not true, like Dr. Abadani, my friend, from whom I learned the meaning of the parts of the faravar (the Shahrifabadi prof of Av. at U. of Isphahan) he knows everything.)

The gahambar of contributors is always on the last, 5th day of the gahambar. Tomorrow is the 6th Bahman (anniversary of the White Rev) and there will be a parade in the morning; this evening there were fireworks; the teachers march in rows of 4; girls; sepah-e danesh; workers. More fireworks. Moshgel Goshah is also said by Muslims, not particularly Zoro. The story of Bibi Se Shambe he does not know well, and in any case doesn't believe in it.

Kodaram's knowledge is spotty to say the least, for all his pretensions to 'my knowing'. When he started reading the section in the Bonyad Name about the birth of Zoroaster in Rey, I commented fine but we don't know where exactly Shah Gushtasp lived (He having explained to me that Shah Gushtasp had been king of Iran), sure we do said he and started reciting some Shahname? OK when was the Shahname written? When did Ferdowsi live? In the time of the Ghaznavids said he. OK how long after Zoroaster was that? A long time. OK so maybe Ferdowsi was as dependent on hearsay as we today? No response; return to reading this time the names of Zoroaster's parents. So to encourage him, I said, well that we know for sure since it is in the Avesta. No it's not said he. Oh, said I maybe not, but I thought it was. Where said he? I'm not sure now--if you say it's not--but I thought in the Gathas... The Gathas, I haven't read the Gathas. You haven't, but that's the most important part of the Avesta. Do you have a copy, he asked?--yes in English, oh? Have you the Vendidad? No, but I've read it in English. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ When, I asked, is the yasna read? Yasna, what's that.



26 Jan (Tues).--6 Bahman: Anniversary of the White Revolution and a big parade in town with all the workers etc. marching. On the way in I was waylaid by Bahrami and friend who makes electric signs--he also paints and had a large painting of a 'falgir' in Baghdad--apparently a famous picture--the fortune-teller was a Jew and I asked how they knew: they said by the face--if I would go to the cloth bazaar where there were Jewish merchants I would see the same facial characteristics.

From yesterday's conversation: Shahriyar says that in the time of Ardeshir Babak the religion of Zoroaster was finished or in a similar state as it is today, but it grew again.

In the afternoon to the Sintons. And for dinner to Pt 4--there I ran into Rustamxani and a captain of the force from Tabriz. He told me that on Saturday--ie 10th Bahman is Saddeh, the day commemorating the finding of fire by King Jamshid (throwing a rock at a snake and it hitting a wall). He says he bought a map of Yazd and has it up on his wall--I should come see it--its the 24 sheet thing. He also says that yesterday Mike Bonine was in the Bazaar with his questionnaire and some of them phoned him at the office complaining that they did not want to answer questions about their income etc. So he called Mike in--and Mike promised not to ask people who did not want to talk. He also says there are 1100 Hajis from Yazd this year--so many because it is free this year, and one who wants can go.

27 Jan (Wed)--7 Bahman. Morning typing on the Moshgel Goshah sbtyy. Then went for the final fitting of my suit. Then to see Rustamxani who showed me his map behind and elegant blue curtain, with the schools, huseynas, Jewish and Zoroastrian quarters, hospitals, offices, makhd. Aram Qasmagami is back in town for two months--his spoken English has blossomed. I had lunch there of mash palo with dates--a dish the older Qasmagami said is for winter because of the amount of calories--Keyvan put in that the dates and raisins make you break out in pimples; they are warm. Qasmagami is reading an article on Hoyveda's beginning his 6th year as PM said yes he's been a good man--things have really begun to get good in these 6 years as they were not before; and the stability in this country compared to all the neighboring countries is really something. When he came to Yazd 6 years ago, people came to seek work just to eat, now they are demanding salaries of 300T/mo. Workers then were getting 7 toman a day; today they demand 20T--3 times as much.

I was planning to try to catch a bus to Shiraz in the afternoon but determined to try to catch Banu Luti first and see if I couldnt collect another Dari dictation: I did two--both Bibi Seshambe and Shah Pari and got the translation and correction on the spot from Shapour. It turned out they were cooking surek Bibi Shah Pari today in the house for a vow of some sort. Normally they affirmed Bibi Shah Pari is done once a year in the month of Aban, and you kill a hen (gorbani), just like on Mehr Isat in 20 days or so those who have made a vow to do so sacrifice a sheep, carry it to the Atesh Kadeh and give it away. There is plenty of milk, mast and eggs about--Maboub and Farhad and Rustam Keydari have cows to supply people with. Eggs 3 for a toman. I was there til 8. I then went to see Hossein Barbari whom I had seen this morning when I dropped off Zomorod on her way to PIR-e VAMARU. I asked Banu Luti about the story which the old woman from Elabad told to the mirror at Pir-e Vamaru and she said we'd have to go see the woman--I have a standing invitation there anyhow. Banu Luti I had taken this morning to the Shahr bani to fix her exit visa etc.: they told her she needed her husband's permission--his signature, but we found later that her ID card says nothing about her being married and having children--so they'll go back tomorrow and pretend she is a virgin--else she'll have to go to Teheran and get her husband's signature. Hossein as promised gave me a very nice description of what happens in the woman's house of a Muslim marriage which he got from the women in his family. He says he has arraged for us to attend a meeting of anti-Bahai discussion but was not given a specific date.



28 (Thurs) Jan. Spent morning typing the Dari stories. Went by the Jewish School but Mullah Jusef was not there. I heard that his amu had just sold his house for a price that under the circumstances was not bad, i.e. only 100T./m. less than what he should have gotten. Went by the Behruz electric shop but they were closed. Came back to find the Katkhoda but found him on the way to the doctor complaining that the day before yesterday when he had promised to come by he was in Elabad, and yesterday he had been sick. Had Shahpour read the Farsi in the letter I got from Rotblat. Jehambaksh sitting with Shahriyar was full of an American couple that had been with Rustami and could talk Farsi just like Iranians. So I went home and started a long letter to the Rotblats.

29 (Fri) Jan--9 Bahman. Morning continued Rotblat letter. Afternoon found Hossein Barbari and we had a good afternoon running after fortune-tellers. We went first to Mir Chak Mak where we talked to a friendly sidewalk squatter. He said that a naxot falgir might come to the Mir Chak Mak mosque later in the afternoon, but that there was a fellow who threw ramz in the kuches nearby, as it turned out in Shitfar's kuche, but he expressed amused skepticism at the whole business saying that if these fellows could do as they promised they should do so right off and not just promise. ~~XXXXXXXX~~ Can you make a girl fall in love with me?--yes, they'll say, when it is just as easy to go make the girl fall in love with you yourself. But people will believe, and if something happens ten years later they'll credit the falgir. He then told two stories. The first was of a man taken from the water by the king's men; he was brought into the king's presence and commanded to speak, who he was etc. He said nothing and so was put in prison. He continued to refuse to speak. So the king suggested one day that he be taken around town and maybe he would see something which would return to him the power of speech. This was done, and when they came for instance near Bazaar Khan he laughed; then later at a shoemaker's he laughed when a customer demanded the shoemaker guarantee the shoe for three years; a third time he laughed when they passed a fortune-teller. When he was returned to the king's presence, the latter said that if he told why he had laughed in those three places he would be freed. So the man said that the first time was because he saw some garlic (sir) on the ground, while cucumbers were placed above on a shelf; he had laughed because it was the garlic which was good for 72 diseases which were just tossed on the ground whereas the ordinary cucumbers were placed above. He laughed at the request for a three-year guarantee on the shoes because the buyer would die the following day. And he laughed at the falgir because he did not know that in the ground beneath him were buried seven jars of gold. The meaning of the story he spelled out as the chicanery of fortune-tellers. The second story was a Shah Abbas story: Shah Abbas dressed up as a dervish as was his custom to go about and find out what was going on in his realm. He came to a house in which three thieves were sitting, and they invited him in to share their fortune. They decided to rob the king's treasure that night, and before leaving each told of his own particular skills. One said that he never forgot a face; the next said he could understand the language of dogs; and the third said that when he looked at a lock it would open. When it came Shah Abbas' turn, he said when I rub my right mustache the country develops, when I rub my left mustache the country falls into ruin. So they went out to rob the King. As they came to the palace, a dog barked, and he-who-understood-dog-talk reported that the dog had said the owner of the palace was among them. They all laughed and told him what nonsense. They broke in and at the safe of the king, he-who-could-open-locks looked and it opened. So they robbed the valuables. Shah Abbas when he returned to his true role, had his police find the thieves. When they were brought to him he-who-never-forgot-a-face recognized the king and repeated the king's boast that when he rubbed his right mustache the country would develop and when he rubbed his left mustache the country would fall into ruin. The king said they could keep the loot on condition they swore not to steal again; this they did and from then on worked for a living. The meaning of this story he pointed out was that those in power have the power to declare a man guilty or innocent irrespective of the case. Presumably the two stories were juxtaposed by way of contrast.



The nearby falgir turned out to be suprisingly open and friendly. He used the two ramz without the disc, saying he has no faith in the latter, and particularly no faith in calling on the pari when the latter is used. He was nearly blind and had to put his eye directly on the ramz to tell which side was up. They are read in pairs, i.e. position one of stick one with position one of stick two. For instance



means bad or negative, whereas means good or positive.

has reference to going; would mean to go ahead with a proposed trip; but would mean it is good to wait. means good. He was not very specific either on the range of meanings or on the meaning of the four different positions. Later in the case of the woman below he pointed out that .. :: meant a man was not at home, his house was empty. A woman came in to consult him and we just moved aside and so could watch the proceedings. She complained of a beating of the heart. He asked her name (or it was not at first said that it was she, but the name of the afflicted) and the name of the mother. The ramz was thrown and a set speech was given to her. He asked if the woman had hadn pregnant and the child was on the point of death but did not die. She affirmed this. She said the person had gone to another such practitioner and had become worse after this. The cause of the heart beat was diagnosed as fear of three people who wished her harm, one of the three being a woman who was saying bad things about her to her husband. She affirmed that she suspected as much but thought only two were involved. It was then brought into the open that the 'person' was herself, and she was invited to sit next to Muhammad (Sedagh?) as he is called. He took out a large knife which he held over her head while he recited a long text, near the end tapping her two knees and shoulders with the knife. He then gave her various slips of paper with Quranic lines written upon them: (1) seven small slips of paper, one each to be eaten each of the next seven mornings with cold water; (2) a larger piece of paper with a magic square in whose sections were words of another Quranic part which was to be soaked in rose water and the rose water then rubbed on face and over heart; (3) a piece of paper to be buried by the door; (4) and a rolled piece of paper with a piece of cotton in its center to be put in the fire and the smoke from the slow burn to be inhaled through the nose so that the smoke should reach the brain. Without encouragement, she said that the business with the knife had already made her feel calmer. And Mhd to us said, see; there's a story about a simple man who used to put his ear to the trunk of a tree, and when the people asked him what he heard from the tree, he said a simple man with faith in God could simply understand nature and trees. So he too, Mhd, had no desire to deceive, his work was not something of his own hand, but God's. The woman asked a couple more questions something about a man in Kuwait whom the ramz as above described said was not at home-- she agreed and he suggested Kuwait, she agreed. She paid four tomans and left, but not after showing the pieces of paper she had gotten from the other fortune-teller: Mhd dismissed the teller as without education and tossed the slips of paper to us to show us what nonsense and to compare it with his own: his own were truly Quran partly well written, partly more crudely in red, which Hossein could affirm as his Arabic is pretty good. The other was not language but supposed mag<sup>g</sup> symbols compsed of numbers, single lines and squiggles. Mhd suggested the woman throw these into the jube, but she clung to them on the assumption that it was still possible they might work, altho as Mhd pointed out the other fellow was upside down since she had felt worse, not better. Mhd. was born in Yazd, raised in Rafsinjan, and spent some time in India where he learned this sort of thing. In Bombay he had worked for some Ishmailis and had eaten well, like he had not been able to do since. At that time there had been a little man, py size, but black, marching about the streets with a flag amid much commotion. He had earned some bread back in Iran as a strong man--one of his tricks being to lift two men onto his shoulders. He had 4 wives and 9 children, and is 64. He's an opium addict, which is legal again, but there was a time when it was illegal, and he had been caught, but they had gone easy on him because of his 9 children and the help of neighbors. He was released and did some magic to revenge himself on his captors: they were all scattered away from



Yazd, and one even killed his wife. This magic is done by drawing pictures of the victims with swords in their hands so they may attack each other and writing a magic word in between them, and then burying the picture in a graveyard. He sold me a ramz book in Urdu printed in Bombay. He said there were a lot of falgir in Yazd and gave me the names Abbas Shem (Kuche Bondun), Ali Ainaki (Ali the Eyeglasses, Meidun-e Shah), Mohammad Hossein (Kuche Goleha), and Morshed (Sar-e Tal), and Ali (who works in Karxane Herati and lives near Shir Khorshid, who had learned from him). I asked about Zoroastrians and Jews; he knew about a dastur who practised, but no Jews, and when I asked about the past, a second woman came in and said no one would go to the kalemi and they were all leaving--she used the respectful term whereas we had been using the less respectful Jud. Mhd. says he makes about 50 tomans a day!

So then we went to find Morshed. Mhd. had told us we should tell these others I'm from Bombay, but an Iranian, and want such and such so they would not be frightened. But since neither Hossein or I are very skilled at involved fictions we did not try. Morshed was consequently non-committal. He did not deny that he had once practiced, but he had given up the work. He had gone to Bombay at age 12 and had learned there. The main thing he talked about was minyatziz-yebnatiz which he described as putting one to sleep so as to free the soul, and the soul could then be questioned or sent to various places; no medicine is used to put the person to sleep, only prayer; and with a child of under 12 one can even release the soul while he is awake. (Hypnotism?) He declined to put me to sleep begging retirement, but said that we should go see Mohammad Hossan Mohaqeq in Bazaar Bol Meri who was like an ostad in these matters. There was also a technique with a mirror whereby one could call up a jinn in the mirror to question him. As to osterlobes, again Mhd Hossein Mohaqeq was the man to ask--this he knew well and if I really wanted to learn would take some 40 days of hard work, not something to be told in a night. It had to do with setarshenasi (science of the stars) but declined to say anything about the parts. As to ramz that was something entirely different. After we left, Hossein said that this man was an opium addict as well, that he had a 23-year old daughter who was a prostitute: she had been married, and had been caught by her husband visiting other men, so the latter divorced her; she now lived with her old man.

Next we went in search of Mohammad Hossan Mohaqeq. This man's house was a surprise: very nice. A son who says he goes to Ayatollahi and is a student of Sinton, showed us into an office with chairs and metal desk. On the desk was a ramz set: the two dice-sticks and the plate with zodiac figures drawn around the circumference, and three concentric circles of circles. There were books all over; a book on the coffee table seemed to be some kind of magic book. One of the books in the bookcase had the title Rescue from Artificial Death; next to it was a book labelled Spirits Arha; another book was called Mystery of Foods. The boy returned to say his father was not in, had gone to rosa (which was strange since when he ushered us in he said the old man was in); he said he had meant his brother was in, so Hossein said OK we'll speak to your brother. He left again and there was a long pause with commotion in the house; he then returned to say, he did not come? He should be here any moment. Who? My father. I thot your brother: he's not here, my dai. He said this dai was an English teacher at Iranshahr by the name of Sheikha and lived by AmirKabir Kitab Forush. We went there and asked at the house we got directions from the bookstore from: they had relatives named Sheikha but none was a teacher. In bachok mara andoxt tu kuche Ali chap, is the appropriate idiom of disgust: the boy led us down a blind alley. At such times of disgust one is want to say in angry tones La illaha illahu (He is merciful!). Insult: toxme sag! (dog's nuts!)

Before seeking out Morshed, we saw a tray of sweets being carried thru the kuche and inquired if there were a wedding, and this was affirmed and we were allowed to invite ourselves in. Such guests without invitation are called tohfeli (سوفلی) which is Arabic, or in Farsi: mehmani naxonde. We of course could only go into the groom's house. There were borrowed carpets covering the place, a canopy over the hyst, and a large xunche (خونچه) of gabe noql (گابه نوقل) with red cherry and strawberry lights at the top. After the celebration the xunche is taken apart and taken around to the family to partake of, which is called dahan shirini arusi. We were served tea and sweets by the arus' amu, who affirmed that in the women's house



there were carpets, less chairs since there would be more people (women's house is less on invitation basis, more on whoever wants can come in), mirror, green candles, qand, and tray with the items Hussein had described. He denied the name haft sin, saying that was little observed in Yazd, being something of bigger cities. The two houses might be borrowed, or the girl's and a neighbor's. The damad was from Aziabad,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  farsacs away, where most people including this one are builders. We then went into the room with the two akhuns which is the room for the close family as well; here we sat on the carpets and not on the floor. One of the priests--the vakil for the damad appeared to be from Aziabad; the other seemed to be a Yazd mahazardar (ماہازدار) --one who knows marriage procedures particularly. He said that the xotpe (خوتپه) or exchange reading between the two akhuns was optional, but if done was done in Arabic, because after all Islam was an Arabic religion. In the chatter, Hussein lightly commented on how well-fed the akhuns are what with lots of good food at marriages and deaths and there's sure to be one of one or the other every day; there is a saying that if you want to become fat and cannot, you should study to be and akhun and your desire will be fulfilled. The filling in of the marriage register and the marriage certificate (sedagh-name) was done by the two akhuns together, the one holding the register and reading off the items from identity cards etc. so the other could fill in as well: it appeared to be a public ritual of the settling of the sedagh, for when we came to that item, the akhuns were told the sedagh was to be a garden or rather half a garden. The mahazardar for some reason did not think this was OK, he wanted to be able to write in a monetary amount, and there was some discussion about this garden being ers (inherited). At this point he suggested that further discussion be held in private, and they went out and discussed it and then came back in. The solution as registered was that the sedagh was 15,000 toman, 5 thousand in cash, 10000 andar motalebe (in asking) (اندر مطالبه). Also entered was that this was an ezdevaj da'em (عزدهای دائم) a permanent marriage. After all was entered, the mahazardar who was acting as the vakil for the girl, took the register, and went to the girl, to seek her approval. When he returned he began to sing Bismillaha... something in Arabic among which he said that marriage is good for the system of the world for it produces children whereby man reproduces himself. The two priests then make the ritual declarations in Arabic which I recorded the day before yesterday (cf. Muslim Marriage) on behalf of their clients. The groom signed the book. After this we left, as nothing more would happen. And went to seek Moshid.

The answer to yallah is allah negardare shoma (may allah watch over you). gur means grave and is short for gurestan which is the same as gabrestan. This came up as Hussein was quoting a poem of Saadi, and so he said that gur (my question) is not a bad word for graveyard, (as Shahriyar had said it was), but is rather High Persian.

tazer-kone chi-e? What's new and old? This is koneh 'old': کنه  
The other kone meaning both 'mine' (as in iron mine) and 'anus' is: کانه  
az bix Arabam -- from the bottom I'm an Arab; I did not understand a thing.

On a saghe-xane (where there is water and people make wishes) is often written:  
Abi be nush o la nate haq bar Yezid kon. Drink with righteous curse on Yezid  
Janra fedayeh marqade Shah-e Shahid kon. Sacrifice you life for the thirsty murdered  
king (Hessein).

*feda kardan =  
gorbani kardan  
to sacrifice*

آبی بنوش و لعنت حق بر یزید کن  
جانم فدای مرقد شاه شهید کن

nemikasham na kafun nokonam hishtash - a Yazdi witicism for saying I do not smoke  
I neither weigh nor do I weigh: kashidan means 'to weigh' kashidan (?)  
as does kapun k.

Are you related to Mr. Shekha?--colloq: Shekha kasi shomahe?  
formal: Aya nesbate ba Aghaye Shekha darid?  
You can call anyone xish-o-ghom, to get their attention.  
two kinds of relatives: nesbati and sababi (by ancestry and by cause).



30 Jan (Sat.). A wasted morning. Banu Luti and Sarvar wanted to go to Elabad and I said I'd take them on the condition we went to see VaBiz and got her to tell me the story of Pir-e Vameru. Well it turned out that VaBiz was too busy as there is a sol for her husband tomorrow; another time she promised. A son, truck driver, named Mehrebun was in, and they ta'arofed me with some two year old wine: they have grapes on a plot in Firuzabad--there's no water in Elabad. They say the wine factory is at the moment closed. So I took some pictures of the Elabad dar-e mehr which is interesting in construction, resembling a masjid, but the fire closed away in a small door at one end. Banu's husband, Rustam, was in Bombay for 12-4 years, and is now in Teheran where he is the foreman of a farming operation run by Sarvar's son Fereydu and another. Sarvar's sister is in Elabad. Both she and Banu Luti have lots of kish-o-ghom there. They sat around telling small talk jokes like about so-and-so who is hami of hearing, and some one came to see him zang and he inquired 'bextar shodid' (did you get better?), the answer was no, and he said 'alhamdulillah' (praise be to God); and so the comedy went on till the man said look you saying such bad things to me, why; and he said, oh, my ear is bad, I did not understand what you said, I thought you said hellow, how are you, fine so I said alhamdulillah. (Fr. yesterday: Hossein says that a Yazdi ta'arof witticism is when someone says 'hohesh mikonam', you say 'hohesh nakonam, hohesh nakonid'). Last nite Banu had a tearing eye which hurt as if she had a bit of dust in it; Sarvar fixed her some hot coffee and it immediately got better, so it must have been bad bu; there was a precedent: when she was a newlywed the same thing happened, and her husband who had just returned from Bombay said he would fix it; took some pepper and darchube and boiled it in water, and told her to drink it with nabot, and it immediately got better as well; so last nite Sarvar said she had no darchube but she'd make coffee. Banu Luti calls xiar sabz, xiar boland, in Dari.

Shahriyar: wheat is up to 7 tomans now. This morning he told me in his usual tones when he tells me that there is now peace in the Middle East or Vietnam, 'I have good news for you: the draft in the US is finished'. (Last night BBC was discussing that Nixon had received a report that the conscription could be ended by July 1971 if we raised salaries of the army: 2½ million man volunteer army would be feasible.).

If finally picked up my new suit from the tailor after 2½ months! And he did not do some things I want and requested specifically such as putting a zipper in the fly instead of buttons and padding the shoulders like a zoot suit I did not want, but I wanted to wear it this afternoon to the Jashne Sadeh so I just took it. The Jashne was a fiasco as well: we decided to go around 4 so I went over to Shahriyar's (we usually don't go to such things, but for you we'll do you the honor of sitting in your car!). None of them were ready and each had to be persuaded to come, normal ritual after having talked about going for a week! So finally we went: they did not know where Marker Doxtaran was. I guided them there, there was a large crowd outside of chadored women as well and much pushing and shoving. I used my status to part the crowd and made it almost up to the door, where I was informed that today was only for women, tomorrow for men, the day after for spillover. Shahriyar had at the first sign of resistance retreated to the end of the kuche! I made sure the women would get in and we left. It turned out they returned soon too because there was such a commotion, and apparently someone even asked Xodayari that I was outside, could I come in, and he said no because of the lack of discipline it would be better--more police--tomorrow (or so the story comes via Shirin and Shahriyar).

I any way went to show off my suit to the Sintons and Frazer was there, and we still haven't settled our long standing argument over whether the suit is brown or grey: while I concede it's got brown in it, it is basically grey; whereas they insist it 's brown--someone's color blind somewhere! So I went back with Frazer to his office and there met the mohandess from Sabzevar and we went to see the Boston stranger. We discussed religion. After the namaz (formal prayer) one holds up one's hands palm upwards to God and does an individual prayer for help from God for such-and-such (da'a kardan). ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Ziaratgah pilgrimages like to Qum are not part of Islam proper but if people are unhappy (narohat) they



three kinds: falgir, jengir, and da'a nevis. Fall kardan is often done with Hafez: in Northern Iran where they have the c... (low table with hot coals under it and a quilt over it that one sits under) people enjoy fortune telling with Hafez--for his poems are difficult: one gets pleasure from their beauty, but one does not always understand their full meaning. Like his grandmother who does not have much education, will say when he reads a Hafez poem that 'baba that was really nice' or 'well that wasn't so interesting' because she did not understand. Saadi is not used: only Hafez. Jengir is one who clears one's house or brain of jeni (jinn): of one who is unwell without apparent reason one says he jeni shode (approx. he's been possessed). da'a nevis is one who writes out magic or quranic formulas on slips of paper to be eaten, buried, etc. Jinn have feet of som (hooves) like gusfand. Re. my denial that I was getting very far with my research, he said well if I could read Persian well, there were the books of Pour-Davoud and Behruz which said a lot about the sociology of Sassanian times. Those who said that when Islam came it came by force are wrong. Sassian Iran had 4 classes, royalty, priests, merchants and farmers and the fourth which made up the majority got least and so they welcomed Islam, and Islam is the best ideology. I tried to argue that that sort of statement depends on what you bring to an interpretation of Islam: like is the prohibition against pork part of Islam. He argued yes and it was good because now we know about the worms etc. from pork, and my argument that with clean husbandry nowadays pork can be clean too, he dismissed as ok for the US but not for Iran where such husbandry has not been introduced. So then I asked about the chador; no, chador per se is not Islamic--it is just a convenience, but Islam only says that the only part of the female body which should be exposed in public is the hands and face; so then the mini-skirt is not permissible? No. What about the class distinction imposed by the recognition of Sayyids and payment of khoms? Well every society needs leaders. Sure, but does selection of leaders by blood line ensure good leaders, to wit, are all Sayyids today good men? No, of course not, there's Sayyid Charletan, Sayyid Simpleton, etc. But with the Imams it was different: Ali had a brother who wanted a cut of the khomz, but no one respects that brother; similarly there were lots of brothers of the other Imams and no one pays attn to them. (I.e. hereditary succession ~~xxxx~~ as long as it does not insist on strict primogeniture or ultimogeniture, does have elasticity for selection.) And so we were led off into an agreement that there is always a difference between religious ideal and practice: religious men both in Christianity and Islam presided over inquisitions; a hundred years ago we could not have gone thru the streets without being pointed out as kaffirs. But he could not see the force of my quoting of Mrs. Zimmerman's comment that all religions seem so intriguing and beautiful when you read about them in books, but they are ruined in actual practice.

Near Nosratabad, there are some strange formations of dirt piles in the desert. Banu tells the story that one day a King wanted to know how many piles (talleh) there were, and offered his hand in marriage to the person who could so tell him. Many people tried to count, but there were so many, one could not count them all in one day, and when they went to sleep at night a div would come and such their toes so they would forget how many they had counted during the day. So two men decided to trick the div: when they lay down at night, one put his feet in the other's trousers and vice versa. The div who wasn't too bright came and went around and around muttering here I am in the place of 1002 mounds to see a man with two heads and no feet. (Rasidam sar-e sahrayhe hezar-e do tal be didan adame bi pa o do sar.) And so they knew and reported to the King that there were 1002 taleh. He then was faced with the problem of dividing one daughter among two men, so he gave them monetary reward instead.

Sheikh-e Panha. Banu Luti told the same story of flight from the jezia Tax man and on the site of the pirangah the Zoroastrian disappeared from sight of his pursuers: he could see them but they could not see him. She also had a dream about the pirangah: she dreamt she went there and saw two women; they asked her to stay, and she declined saying she had to go home to her children; so they said but you come back every day; she said chasm, and so she does. (She refers to it as my pirangah).



31 January 1971--11 Bahman. Spent the morning with Banu Latî in Pir-e Sheikh-e Panha. Mehrangiz, and Sarvar and other women were cooking bread and some ash just for the fun of it, not even a vague nazr. The pirangah is a rather nice building: three rooms along a small garden with 5 tall sarv trees, still rather young, and trimmed along the trunk to make them shoot up, a sweet pomegranate, a sour pomegranate, zardalu, and angur. The three rooms are a kitchen, the pir itself where there is a kalak but it is a kerosene lamp that is eternally kept lit by Banu each evening; with an oil lamp lit when people come in. Inside are pictures of a baby boy who came to a pair of parents who had no children and made a wish here for a child; the family is now in Bombay but sent money and continue to send for the building and oil etc. The baby boy has this year married. And the third room is for guests. People come here particularly on the Sizdah after Mo'uz and cook ash-e kamir (an ash with dough, rather than a gusht-ash, with meat as is done in the Dar-e Mehr. It is a very pleasant site and the noise of the wind is caught by the tops of the sarv trees creating a pleasant rushing sound. Banu was complaining about the Muslim women yesterday who had created such a commotion at the Marker Doxtaran School--they were not wanted but had insisted that it was a jasm for Iranians and not just Zoroastrians and the Zoros did not want to create a stink since there were a number of dignitaries (Muslims) inside. Where can we go that they will let us be free? We don't go to their affairs but they insist on coming to ours.

HOT & COLD FOODS. I asked a series of foods and got unhesitating responses. But when I asked how she knew which was which she said well she had just heard from her mother and father. She did give two rules in the course of the answers: whatever is sweet is garm; and what has oil is garm (thus surok):

<u>garm</u>	<u>xonok</u> (cool)	cold ( <u>sard</u> )	<u>motavaset</u>
gusfand meat*	xorus (cock)	rice	cheeze (panir)
morgh (chicken)	gav (cow)	potatoes	sib (apple)
sevitch	esfenich	mast-e gav	beh (quince)
fish	gasnitch	xiar sabz	golabi (pear)
mast-e gusfand	naxot (chick peas)	(cucumber)	
mash	lubia (beans)	narang torosh	
sweer pomegranate	namak (salt)	chagande	
angur	jou (barley)		
keshmesh	qavve xumesh		
xorma	havitch		
surok			
felfel (pepper)			
zarchube			
hel			
darchini			
roghand (oil)			
gandom			
cooked coffee			
badenjum			

Her distinction is basically a binary one: hot-cold with a residual category. She used xonak and sard basically interchangeably. But some things in the garm category are hotter than others, thus morgh is more warm than gusfand, and nabot is more ~~xonok~~ warm than gand or sugar; in the latter case it is because nabot has been cooked as well as being sweet. Some things are colder than others too, but for instance she referred to gav as both xonok and sard. The meat of gusfand is differentiated, whereas that of the cow is all cold. Of the cow, Banu said that it xeili asiad dare and her son and husband in Teheran eat it a lot, but we here in Yazd don't eat it--the Muslims do, but not we Zoroastrians--because according to Zoroaster our prophet we must respect the cow. So I asked if cows were not sacrificed at Pir-e Banu in old days; she said yes of course, but the Parsis came and told us that it was wrong, we were uneducated. The gusfand then: shekem, jegar, shoham are xonak (i.e. stomach, liver, ), but gusht-e harre and gusht-e mar are garm (the young and the male) while the female (with its xonok / shekem would fit with the female's cold-cold wet).



Note that the three kinds of sabzi are differently categorized (esfenich and gasnitch are cold, while sevitch is warm). Banu burned her arm putting some bread in the oven, and she put salt on it because salt is cold. Once before this remedy had worked well, but this time I think the pain was a bit much. As to tea, she did not know what category to put it in because tea is something new to Iran brought by the foreigners--maybe the Russians--it is because of drinking tea that Iran has become weak; before Iranians were strong Pahlavans, of whom there was no superior. She thought that before tea was introduced people took the rish-e madde and made a brew (root of the ). Note that coffee when it is cooked and gives off a smell is garm, but its xumesh (grounds?) are cool, and is good to eat with sugar for eyes, headache. /In Elabad we were offered this sweet mixture of coffee and sugar in one house, because it was not quite two months that a member of the household had died--presumably you offer something sweet so that the receiver will pray for your relative. / Banu's husband has mariz-e qand since about 3 years and the doctor forbade him all sweets (diabetes) and he should eat cool things such as ash-e jou and nun-e jou (barley stew and barley bread), and jeger (liver). Angur (grape) is warm because it has sharab (wine comes from it) and it is good for the blood. But note that it is the cool anar torosh (sour pomegranate) which is good for the blood rather than the warm sweet pomegranate.

/Previous questioning in October, I think of Shahriyar, yielded beef and rice cold which checks; tea, abgush, and leg muscle of goat soup, motavasset; and mutton, potatoes, and chicken as hot. Only potatoes do not agree--and it would be reasonable if both starches were cold. /

In the garden was a plant Banu called razdune the seeds (dune) of which give off a good smell and so are put in the fire; in Bombay they eat these seeds. It has a bamboo type stem, and at the bottom is beginning to turn green in a fern-like growth.

Kuresh (Cyrus), Mehrangiz' one year old boy was giving a lot of trouble, and Banu said or quoted philosophically: hokme bacce balatare padeshah, (the gvt of the child is higher than the shah), which reminded me of one of Qa'agami's early stories about Napoleon crawling about on the floor with a child on his back; and the English ambassador walks in; nonplussed, Nap. asked the latter if he has children, and receiving a positive response, says well then you'll understand, I have to finish this first, and went on crawling around the room.

Banu says the songs the women used to sing when spinning together were in Farsi, not Dari, e.g.:

Rahe bam amadi	To dar bumi, man bam barobar
Kardi esharah nemidanam	To sheme noghre, man nazeparvar
To ya mahi ya setareh	
Agar mahi be notabed biyaayan	Dar bam-e boland, bexab man-o-to
Agar danam key yaghin mal-e ma-i	(On the high roof, lets sleep you & me
Be didaret biyayam	Maxmal bekashim, rush bexabim man-o-to
	(Lets spread the cloth, and on it
	sleep you and me)
Dar kuche dar amadi o sibam dadi	In bad-e sabo ke begzarad dar man-o-to
(In the kuche you came & gave me	Pichi da shavad, zolpe man-o-kakaleto
an apple)	
Hamrangi xodet sorghet-sefidtem dadi	
(Same color as yourself red-white)	
Sibi ke to-am dadi Hamuz-esh daram	Ghaboye sabzo darayi barseto
(the apple you gave me, I still have)	Se mesghale tela angoshtaret tu
Sad nogre gereftam-O-arzesh daram	Har un vaxti ke harjela darayi
	Se ta xahe be gorman sareto
Man-am inja va yarum (zan) harjla	
xane/ Xodam angoshtaro yarum negina	

Xodavenda negare negin bosh ke yar avval-o axher hamin-e

They laughingly suggested I learn these and sing them to the girls. I then had her dictate to me the story of Sheikh-e Panha in Dari, and then recorded it along



Yesterday when we passed the Dowlatabad wall, Ranu pointed it out and said that it must have a telesm to still be standing, and maybe there's something valuable buried underneath it; or asking me maybe the foreigners have already taken it: Iranians, uneducated don't know where to look for such things.

In the afternoon I went with Rostam Behruz to Jashne Sadeh. At his shop was a tax-office employee, and they said that there is no income tax but only on businesses, property, etc. The jashne was in Marker Doxtaran--no heating and it got very cold. A long program of first the Rashid Kudakistan dancing--of which one number was very good: a little boy and a little girl dressed in princely and princessly costume danced with each other in a makk courting dance, starting with the little girl dancing with her guazey veil held up to her eyes; then some singing by individual boys accompanied on the drum (zar)--the drummer was good; a dance by a young girl; and two plays, one melodrama grandiose of war between the king of Iran and Constantine Caesar of Rome; whether it was an accident or not that Constantine was darker than the Shah I don't know but his foremost knight, Marcus, was a caricature African with topnot, large earrings and painted jet black. Needless to say, the crowd was very partisan for Iran. The other play was a comedy with caricatures of an opium-smoking old peasant, a mean arbab, a crazy son, a foreigner (Mister, or Mister Kubide), and a side kick for the son and the old man, and a literacy corpsman. There were of course the inevitable speeches by Shahriyar Xodayari studded with Shahanshah Arayamehrs at which one had to clap, denunciations of the Shah's enemies, and ending with Javid Shah (long live the Shah). The show scheduled to start at 4:30, began about 5:30--packed mainly with young school boys. But I met Shahriyar Varjovand who speaks good English, used to work for the oil company in Abadan, is born in Bombay but here since 31; he teaches English now as a pensioner; knows both young women, Mary Boyce and Helen. He says Dari is deswended from Pazand--he studied for two years with Justice Davar. After the show a bonfire was lit in the courtyard with Mehreban Dastur Slavash ceremonially lighting it and then stepping back and reciting: the Atash Nayash presumably, in his white outfit. He had no mike whereas everyone of the players in the theater did. Went home and it began to snow a little.

1 Feb. '71. Caught the 6:30am bus to Shiraz on a gamble that we would make it: it snowed for real the first time last night and was snowing in the morning as well--the ground everywhere was completely white. There was however no problem and we got to Shiraz only a little late, around 5. I went straight to Bruce Livingstone's who is living up like a king with two servants, and so really great food. He encouraged my plan to go to India, but it doesnot look like he wanted to get saddled with the car.

2 Feb. '71. I went up to the Nemazee Hosp. to see Bruce's 11,000 survey sheets which he is coding hopefully for computer processing. A simple questionnaire: name age occupation, residence, number of kanevades (household's sharing meal) in house, etc. Tho not on the survey he says they did get straight responses on a class structure question: tenants, workers, etc. with barbers at the bottom. Jewish barbers used to do circumcision for the Muslims (unclean work?). Ismail, his servant from Kazerun says there used to be a large Jewish community of 30-40 houses in Kazerun but now there's only one guy who sells liquor. Bruce finds a very neat correlation demographically between size of village and access to road. Altho almost every village will have a qasabi (selling naft, soap, etc.), and is served by a pilevar, people may go into Marv Dasht to buy the same items they could so get--is a lower price Ismail is the father of 4 children; the eldest a girl is married to a shopkeeper in a village near Kazerun who is her pesar xale; she is six years older than the next child because one died and then there was a gap. He said it was too bad the first child had not been a boy because then he would help; so I asked well isht a damad as good as a son, and he agreed esp. because he was the pesar xale and so there was a community of possession to some extent. He says Kazerun has a small version of a naql for Moharram called a amari (5,61) which four people can lift; in the past people whuld cut themselves on the forehead, but that's out now. He says a woman having a period should only stay away from her husband--she can cook, shop etc--



We ran into Mahlouji at the hospital and he also encouraged my going to India-- as a medical prescription for my depression if I want to take it that way--and suggests I start by going immediately to Poona, where he gave me the names of two medical Parsi friends, one of whom is maybe doing something with genetics of the Parsis. Poona is a smaller place and I won't get lost so easily. Anyway he<sup>f</sup> wrote two letters of introduction. So then I got a cholera shot, and telegraphed home for money. Bruce says he's planning to do the dissertation on hot-and-cold food classification as put together with three body items: xun (blood), soprah (the meaning of which he doesn't know yet; closest in Haim is an anat. word for thyroid?), and b.... (fat). Ismail says there are two kinds of blood in the body: xun-e soda, and xun-e tabel. He used basically a three fold classification: garm-xonok-sard with 'xonok' very often qualified with the phrase 'na, garm, na sard, xube' (not hot, not cold, good). Motavaseet he only used once and at my suggestion, for anar which he had described as not hot and not cold, neither the sweet nor the sour pomegranate, and both have lots of xun.

<u>garm</u>	<u>xonok</u>	<u>sard</u>
garmish (? water buffalo: bigger but like cow; lies in the water in summer; in Arabistan.)	<u>gav</u> (cow) esfinech (spinach) berenge-e shanpar ( 'na garm, na sard, xube' )	<u>xiar</u> (cucumber) mahi (fish) bereng-e shari (small grain)
badenjan (egg plant) (very garm & has soda) <sup>1</sup>	portugal ( 'na garm, na sard' )	
naranj	limu (both shirin and torosh)	
shevitch		
havitch		
xarbuze (garm: ateshi)		
sibzamini (like badenjan: has soda)		
xorma <u>deh sunni</u> <sup>2</sup>	xorma xeshti (has <u>xun</u> )	
<u>jeger</u> (liver)-(has more <u>xun</u> than anything else)	mast-e gav & mast-e barre (both have a lot of xun)	qavve (coffee) but later, 'when boiled becomes garm' <sup>1</sup>
mahi megii (a small fish)	xorus (cock)	
morgh (hen)	red beat	
white beet	beh <sup>3</sup> (quince)	
	chai (tea)-(ziad xub nist: a lot of tea is not good)	
	bakrui (a small portugal) seeds <sup>1</sup>	

<sup>1</sup>Badenjan (egg-plant) is very warm, and increased the soda content of the body, such that a person who has a lot of soda like me (Ismail) gets a red rash from eating it. Bakrui (small portugal) seeds is xonok and absorbs excess soda.

<sup>2</sup>Xorma deh sunni and xorma xeshti. The difference between the two dates is based on the area they come from. Sunni is towards Bushire and Arabistan where it is always warm, never snows, and the date crop is ready for harvesting as early as a month after NoRuz.

<sup>3</sup>Beh (quince) is good for the heart; one--doctors--prescribe sharbat beh-limā.

3 Feb '71. Caught a bus to Ispahan at 10am which only got to I. at 6; and there was no bus out again to Yazd until 10pm--got in to Yazd at #3 and home at 3:30. No trace of snow left.



4 February 1971. Back in Yazd, slept late, and then went to the P.O. where telegram from the folks confirming money sent was waiting. Next went to see Rustamxani to start the exit permit procedures: should be ready on Monday as tomorrow is Friday, and Sunday is Eid-e Qorban. Went to the airport to see the Sintons off for the weekend to Teheran. The Bonines were there as well, they'll be going on vac to Baluchistan next week. Late lunch at Asle Chahr. (At the airport strict security measures against high-jacking are in force: every person is frisked rather thoroughly. Apparently the Peace Corps nurse would not allow anyone to touch her in the open without a screen, so now there is a screen for the women.) On the way back to Nasrabad, I ran into the katkhoda who promised to come by either this afternoon or in the morning, saying he had been by my house while I was in Shiraz so our account was clean (i.e. he not having come by last week as promised). He then did come by an hour later for an interesting if--as always!--unsystematic chat. I showed him my map of Nasrabad first of all and he did make some identifications on it but suggested that Shahriyar knew better (!). It appears that when registration of land started about 1309-11 (?) everything to the Dowlatabad side, i.e. all the zamin-e Dowlatabad (meaning all land cultivated with Dowlatabad water) went in to the hands of one Akari who was working ~~for~~ for the registration office and became the vakil as it were for this land. Somehow and I still dont understand exactly how the process of registration involved the redistribution of land so that most people lost out. First of all it appears to be a transformation of accounting of land by water to an accounting of land per land. Akari altho it was he people then rebought the land from did not become rich from the transfer; he has nothing today. Those who were rich became richer and those who were poor became poorer? On the Sadrabad side, it was basically land which was just sand, and Amanat grabbed this and registered it. In Raimabad, there was water at the time, and it was divided into kurds and was left that way. But again there are large blocs of land which passed through Akari's hands. 'Dandankhan' (Navayasdan) sank a well near the present Melki well, but it went talkh, and he took his equipment to Cham where he sank the well; he also first drilled the well which Shahriyar has. His son, Fereydu-e Rustam Navayasdan, is now in Bombay (Shahriyar's partner?). Bomasi, like him, is in Bombay and owns a lot of the land. Akhun Raimi bought another large chunk of land from Akari on the desert side of Nasrabad, but watered originally with Dowlatabad water; this was originally Muslim vaqf land. This is all chaos, but hopefully I can work on him again tomorrow: what happened in the registration? what is the situation now, specifically with regard to what percentage of the land is owned by the person working it; what percentage is 'vaqf'; what percentage is owned by persons living in Bombay; what percentage is in Zoroastrian and Muslim hands? /Note that in the Katkhoda's attempt to say that Shahriyar is the person to ask about ownership of land etc. he again appealed to the line that people would not like him telling: if only they would let me get them all together and agree to cooperate in talking to me! But they all insist on being so damn secretive altho they know I'm talking to them all. It's no wonder that nothing ever gets done. / So then we retired to the other room, and I showed him my ramz set: this interested him a good deal more. He called the dice-sticks ramz and the plate osterlobe. He threw the pair of dice-sticks (ramz) and they came up: which he then accounted into the following fifteen houses writing each horizontal pair of points as a line and single points as zeros (xat and sefr): reading from right to left below, he first read the ramz A from top to bottom placing the xat-o-sefr in the first two columns; then B similarly.

:•	:•
•:	:•
•:	:•
:•	:•

A                  B

In the second set, an ~~addition~~ the columns are simply transposed into rows, such that column C becomes row D-E, column F row G-H. In the third set, an addition is effected such that any xat-xat or sefr-sefr pair becomes xat, and any diparate pair becomes sefr. The addition is done first for set one, the first and second columns being added together horizontally, then the third and fourth columns; the same is then done for the second set. Then the same is done for set three writing the results of the first two columns to the right, and the second two columns to the left; in the middle is put the addition of these two columns. The result



			E	D		F	G
XX	- . .	. . - .	- . .	- . .	- . .	- . .	- . .
	- - -	. . . .	H . .	. . .	G . .	. . .	. . .
	. . -	. . . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .
	- . .	- . . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .

Next picking up the 'osterlobe', he said one starts by asking a person's name and his mother's name (not father's) and adds the value of the letters according to the abajad system:

1 = ا	6 = و	20 = ک	70 = ح	300 = ش
2 = ب	7 = ز	30 = ل	80 = ف	400 = ت
3 = ج	8 = ح	40 = م	90 = ی	
4 = د	9 = ط	50 = ن	100 = ق	
5 = ه	10 = س	60 = س	200 = ی	

Thus, Fisher ( ف + ش + س + ز ) = ( 200 + 300 + 10 + 80 ) plus fren ( ن + س + ز ) + ( 50 + 10 + 200 + 10 + 1 ) equals 861 which divided by the 12 borj (zodiac signs) gives 71 with a remainder of 9 which means the ninth sign or qas ( قوس ), which one then finds on the plate, and from which point one reads along the rows towards the center according to the piece of information sought. He suggested I find myself a copy of the book Jame al-hadavad-e Kabir, and also there's al-ha-davad-e sager, which can be found in Mashad and Teheran, and maybe also in Yazd. So then I showed him the Urdu book I got from the falgir Mhd. This he began to read with interest; There was for instance a prescription of sweet basil for a woman who wants to become pregnant--sweet basil (ranan) is very warm. The same, being very warm, was prescribed for hemorrhoids. Among the pieces of paper inserted in the book was one of a man and a woman with magic squares on their abdomens, etc. and their names written in abajad below, which Pangar recognized as a magic device either for making the two love each other or hurt each other, depending on whether you folded the paper so the two pictures were face to face or back to back. I asked him about hot and cold foods and he claimed to know little, tho he has a book--he thuds to read such things with interest but he forgets again since he does not take notes like me. He borrowed the Urdu book for the evening to read. So I asked him about soda and soprah which we then looked up in Haim (he could not remember off hand what foods had them, but when I suggested badenjun, i.e. egg plant, had soda, he countersuggested that what it had was soprah; they turn out to be bile and black bile, i.e. yellow bile and black bile (sofra سؤرا or zardab, ie yellow water, = gall, bile, choleric; soda سودا is black bile, melancholy, fury). In describing them, he suggested that sofras makes you vomit; soda-zadeh (melancholic) is one who is always saying that such and such a rule must be followed, that this and that is unclean, etc. Pangar suggests that the abajad system and the osterlobe did not exist in Sassanian times; and that they came from the Jews in Palestine since the abajad fits the Hebrew alphabet as well (the unspoken premise being that the Arabs were too stupid to have invented it?). When I go to Bombay, he wants me to find for him in the Cama Library the letter which Salmon Farsi wrote saying that the Zoroastrians of Iran were worshippers of god (Xoda) and to which both Mohammad and Ali affixed their seals. He also wants me to see if they have a copy of the Bughestal, the book of Avestan magic, which was translated into Arabic and kept in Medina. I asked him about the story of the Pir-e Soroush Izet by the Girl's school, which he claims not to know, saying that he only knows Soroush is the equivalent of the Arabic Gabriel having to do with aiding the dead. There are 7 Amshespands and 33 yazatas of which 30 are the days of the month and the other three are Hum Izet, Borz Izet, Nireyesang Izet. What the latter two are he does not know, but the first is what the Muslims call hizom-e Alijan which is put into the fire and gives off a good smell, the belief having been that fire scares devils away (jinn) which means scared bad-persons, evil-doers away. This hum, on my probing, turned out to be haoma which he confirmed is pounded in the yasht ceremony for its juice and which was given to Shah Gushtasp to make him bixush. These three Izets have something to do with respect given to the elements, water earth and stone (ab, xak, sang), of which Hum he identified with xak because it grows from the ground. I asked about the four foods necessary for the sol sofras: sharab (wine), beh (quince), anar (pomegranate), shir (milk) he listed without



which Zoroaster inveighed against, but wine of hum which they drank in the old days to make you bixush for medicinal purposes as we use chloroform today, or for soldiers in battle. Beh was given to Pashutan that he be behdin, i.e. high in religious knowledge. Folk etymology both on beh → behdin and bendin = priest rather than layman? Anar and shir he could not remember. We spent the rest of the time bemoaning the fact that he did not have the money to accompany me to Bombay altho once there he has money (his back fees on teaching, plus something else?). He says I should stick around at least til chahrshambe (Wed) next since that's when Mehr Izet is.

5 February 1971. 6:30 am Jehangir, son of Katkhoda, shows up and says Father says lets go to Pir-e Sabz now in half an hour. I said no. Katkhoda showed up a little later, and we went in to see Shahriyar. Land and business is the common subject of conversation: they discussed Shahriyar's brother, Khrosrow, and by what devious means he is earning money, Shahriyar saying after the Point Four folded he went around and bought up pieces of machinery etc. at discount prices and then resold at a profit. They were discussing this house Khrosrow fixed up on Kh. Simetri in Teheran which belonged to an officer in the army: Khrosrow gave him a certain amount of money to fix up the place and occupy it for 5 years, whatever profit going to him; when he fixed it up the landlord wanted more rent, Khrosrow said no. The landlord tried to sell the house to a Jew and thus force Khrosrow out; Khrosrow said go away. Now the five years are or not(?) up, Khrosrow won't leave. Yazdigird and a woman came in, and they began discussing what to plant. Shahriyar is obviously not a farmer because he asked Yazdigird if one couldnt plant both watermelon and cucumbers on the same kurd (plot): the answer is no because the one requires water once every 8 days, the other once every four days. After failing to convince me to go to Pir-e Sabz; Katkhoda went home to send word that they were not going: the nazr first had been to cut a bare (young lamb) at Pir-e Sabz but that day we had gone to Pir-e Herishk instead; now the bare for Pir-e Sabz is still around and we should go kill it there, if there is sun stay and eat kebab (it was a nasty cloudy morning), and if it rains or snows, bring it back here and eat it.

From yesterday: in expressing his scepticism about fortune telling, hot-and-cold foods etc. Pangar related this nice piece of psychological mechanism whereby thieves can be caught by such means. Someone in his school stole a valuable pen, so he said he would catch the guilty one by divination. He took some straw and made pieces of equal size which he passed out one to each boy. He then said that he would go up on the roof and when he returned the thief's piece would have grown extra long. When he returned he went around and looked at each piece, and saw one was extra short, and said you, you are the thief. The boy replied, no I'm not, mine is shorter than all the others. Pangar said, why is it shortest? Why that is did you break it if you did not feel guilty: no one else broke theirs. This was with reference to a cure in my Urdu book which involved drinking something and the thief's portion would stick in his throat--of course said Pangar--it'll stick out of fear just as the straw was broken.

Katkhoda came back a while later to do, as he promised, more about the land around Nasrabad. First there was some story about a graveyard to the desert side which had belonged to Afghans from the time Afghan camel caravans came through here. As Shahriyar put it, they used to dig up bones to carry to Mecca for reburial and brought them through on camel caravans. There is a disagreement between Shahriyar and Pangar over the history of the Dowlatabad-Nasrabad area. Shahriyar maintains that the Dowlatabad water was free water, there was no qanat, but when it rained the water would come down from the mountains (or snowed): this is not terribly likely. Pangar maintains that Dowlatabad had a qanat which was owned by a variety of people, most of whom also farmed the land. Shahriyar maintains that the khans just said that the water belonged to them, and also whatever land went with the water, Pangar and that when the registration was started in 1310 (Pangar had a piece of paper with him that had such a date on it, presumably the date of the beginning of registry) Akrami got power of attorney (vekalat) from the khans to sell and register the land. Pangar maintains that Akrami got power of attorney from the various owners of the



of the ganat which was divided into 16 shaban-e ruz (16 night-and-day units), each shaban-e ruz being divided into 130 sam (shares) or jureh. One fourth, i.e. 1/4 shaban-e ruz, was vaqf for Bagh-e Dowlatabad (the government place grounds). /It is possible that this vaqf is what comes through in Shahriyar's account as land of the khans/ In winter the actual water cycle was 16 shaban-e ruz; and in summer when water is required more often, the cycle was doubled to 8 shaban-e ruz, meaning that if you had two jureh in winter you would get both at the same time, but in summer you would take one jureh in each of the shorter cycles. Cycles varied in length: 16, 17, 18. Why?--well, when a ganat went dry and needed repair, and if the owner(s) did not have the capital to do the work, they might sell another shaban-e ruz of 130 sam so that a 16 day cycle became 17 (like issuing stock). The actual process of registration--if any real alteration in tenure relations occurred--is still not clear to me. Pangar maintains still that Akrami did not aggrandize himself. He however sold land to people which is how now large blocks of land are in the hands of such Zoroastrians as Nureyasdani, Bomasi, Felfeli, Rustami (Kei Khosrow), and such Muslims as Maleki, Askeri, Tadayan, Heydarpour, Heratmand, Haji Gandhari (Gand-xari?). These people were merchants at the time--Bomasi and Rustami and Amanat are from town rather than from this side--and had the money to invest. It was at that time that the vaqf for Bagh-e Dowlatabad was made melki and presumably thus became open to sale. It is not yet clear how the land of Raimabad got sold off if it had previously belonged to the peasants and not been arbab land rented to peasants. At that time, the time of registration, land changed hands quickly: in one year, for instance, a 100 qafiz section passed from Akrami to Maleki (did Maleki exercise some control over it before?) to Kei Khosrow Rustami to Nureyasdani to Felfeli (who owns Sepenta in Teheran). Another piece of vaqf which became melki at that time was that which was bought by Mullah Raimi, Muslim vaqf. The land which is being quarrelled over in the Dahmobedi taifeh was in this period registered by Rustam Dahmobed (Shahriyar's father) as melki; his brother Bahram complained, and as a result the brothers reregistered the land as vaqf-e oladi. But originally the land had been vaqf-e amulmanfa (for all) on which gahambar in the Dahr-e Mehr was supposed to have been read: i.e. as dah-mobed vaqf was entrusted into his hands by other people (without children, etc.) so that community gahambar could be read. /And so it would appear, the Rulabad Dahmobedis' claim rests on a twisting of the latter legality with the former: i.e. as Dahmobedis they claim share in vaqf-e oladi, but since they must be amus rather than brothers of Rustam and Bahram their claim in fact refers to the time previous to Rustam's attempt to register it as melki; but in that case, the land was in fact vaqf-e amulmanfa and thus none of the Dahmobedis should have legal title, but rather under the current Edare Oghaf the land should be paying rent to that Government Office supervising endowments of religious institutions. Now since one of those Rulabad Dahmobedis ~~owns~~ owns land in Pangar's hand on which Pangar pays rent faithfully but won't tell the current heir where exactly the land is since he is trying to buy the land at a discount, Pangar tends to support when politic this Rulabad claim; also the next door neighbor (in one house) is Pangar's pesar-amu. Jamshid and Kodadad, brothers of Shahriyar, thus for good reason see no point in honoring the claim. / Part of the explanation of how Akrami could sell off land was that the land was at that time dry, and so people did not press the issue, i.e. little people who did not see the value of waiting 40-50 years for the land to become urban land. It is 20 years since Nasrabad has a well; so about 30 years water has not made it to Nasrabad from Dowlatabad which was the source. It is said that in the last 10-15 years there was more precipitation in the mountains and ~~there~~ there would be water again (but now there are wells); the old water ways ruined--Pangar could not find it on the map). That was the period when the fight of the Dahmobedis began (see Shahriyar's explanation about the dowre daxme etc.). Water had been bought and taken to Khoramshah and Abshahi from Dowlatabad (? -uphill?) e.g. the father of Ardeshir-e Superman. Note there are two kinds of water-ownership: ab-rox, i.e. water alone without land; and arezi tabea or melki-ruye ab (the land covered ~~with~~ by the water together with the water.) The Dowlatabad water went almost to Nosratabad. Yazd Bafq is built on Dowlatabad land. But Karxane Agha is built on zamin-e Mushir who bought land from the khans c. 120 years ago and brought



Mahmudi, behind Raimabad, had a qanat owned by two persons. Price changes: Rustam Dahmobe sold a piece of land along the street near Meidan-e Shah about 22 years ago for one toman a meter; it now sells for over 200 T. In those days, the land where we are right now was about  $7\frac{1}{2}$  rials/ meter; today 20-30 T.

The history of Nasrabad. There was a governor living in Bagh-e Dowlatabad who had maybe 200 wives but no children. He took a Zoroastrian girl to wife and she became pregnant. She aborted. There was a smell of the Zoroastrian xash-bu, good smelling fires, and the Governor was told that it was the magic of the Zoroastrians, and so he ordered that they be killed. Meanwhile--this was in the time of Shah Abbas--the mother of Shah Abbas, Gohar Taj, who built the Masjid-e Gohar Shah in Khrassan had a dream. She also was Zoroastrian, the mother of Shah Abbas. In the dream she saw half of Yazd in flame. She told the Shah who came to investigate and on the road they saw streams of people. What the Governor had decreed was that the adults should be killed--at least the males. The boys should then be separated from the women and girls and sent to one place which was known as Narsiabad so named after one Narsi ben Bahram; in the popular memory however this became corrupted to Nar-sabad (nar being the particle signifying male animal, e.g. gusfand-e nar), i.e. taraf-e nar (the side of the males) and so becomes today Nasrabad, whereas its proper name is Narsiabad. The women and girls were sent to Kuche Bivedi or Kuche Biveji i.e. the place of 'zan va doxtar-bi-shohar' which later came to be corrupted into Kuche Biuk. This story can be found in the Tarikhe Yazd by Golan H. Ayati.

About 50 years ago when Pangar was a little boy, Nasrabad had only 4-5 houses of Muslims, maybe 80-90 houses of Zoroastrians but full houses not like today when all the houses are empty. Kanu (Kasnavieh) had more Muslims, and he remembers that the luti bandits came once, and since he was a little boy he had some freedom to wander about, and his mother had told him to go to relatives in Kanu (safer presumably because Muslim?) and if anyone should ask his name say Hassan, not Rustam. This was in the time of Ahmad Shah Qajar. The villages in those times had walls and gates.

On mapping--or his saying--what percentage of land is ~~owned~~ owner by the person working it, this is difficult first of all because he doesn't know that well. And secondly it's difficult because things keep changing, e.g. he has ten plots of land, two of which he farms himself, but the others do not remain in one person's hand indefinitely; he might say this year I want to farm that piece of land myself, and you do this one and then reverse. This is protection against a situation where after thirty years a tenant claims the land as his own. Rent taken from Muslims is more than rent taken from Zoroastrians. He's got a piece of land on which there is a gahambar; the rent he gets is 30T.; he spends 500T on the gahambar, so he's not going to bother registering it, if the government comes and takes it, that's that.

(All the above except where specifically said, is from Pangar.)

Shahriyar once took an exam to be a foreman at Egbal factory and passed and was given an offer of 500T about 10 years ago, but he demanded 1000 and did not go. He went to Bahrain on an Indian passport. Went to Cama Aeturnan on false pretences. And now all of a sudden he's this hyper moralist!

In the afternoon when Shahriyar came back from the hammam he sent to tell me that he had heard the astronauts set down on the moon OK. He started talking about how unclean the omami (public bath part) is where they all just dip in a common pool, and related it to the Mohammedan's religious belief. They'll go under a tap and then after they'll dip it in the standing pool of water. All because Mhd said that 70 mann of water was clean. But I pointed out that if Mhd said 70 mann of water was clean with relation to 10 mann, that did not mean running water was not cleaner, and even Muslims are not so stupid as not to understand that. He agreed, but lamely said well it's their belief and if some of them are too uneducated to follow our argument they follow the akhuns in rosa and those are the akhuns who say Zardoshti are atash-parasts. When I remonstrated that that was something different, he agreed but had successfully gotten the conversation away from the question, and went on to discuss other dirty practices; the water supply of Dowlatabad which formerly had to serve for all purposes, and the abambars. The latter was filled and a piece of salt was put in to protect it from some germs, but some 10-15 men were supposed to supervise



that no one should be using the jube to wash clothes etc., but they wouldn't and all sorts of things would flow into the abambar; then of course dust etc. could blow in the top and if a cat chased something up there and fell in no one would know. Furthermore the elbows which carried the water under the road etc. would not be cleaned out before channeling the water through and that was a natural collecting place for all sorts of filth. Now they fill the abambar with water from his well. Shirin told him that in the old days when there was a xeirat or so they would get up extra early in the morning to fetch water when no one would be using the water (Nasrabad is pretty much the last stop on the downhill flow--he did not know where the water came from, but certainly it at least first came through Kuche Biuk). And sometimes they would find a turd floating by, in which case they would cuss the Jews for having done such a dirty thing (now the water apparently is coming through the old city). Always they would blame the Jews. Another story he heard was about a Muslim hammam owner who used to channel the used water of his hammam into this utility water; one Zardoshti was working in the inspector's office and came to inspect and discovered it--the man was fined or sent to jail or something. Shahriyar had gone to the hammam in town, because as he explains (which brought on the above) the local hammam here is really unclean, not a good place.

After Pangar's story this morning he went to see Maboub and asked him if it was true--that one Zoroastrian girl became Muslim and married Mir Miran and the child was stillborn, etc. Maboub said it was all lies. (Digression on how he never takes anything one person says for granted but tries to ask ten or a dozen people and if three or four of them agree then that is the true story.) Maboub's story is that this Mir Miran (they agree on the name) was a big government man living in Bagh-e Dowlatabad and was given the free labor of a gang of Zardoshti. He had also an overseer for this gang who was an abusive man. Eventually the Zardoshti masons could stand the torment of the latter no longer, forever complaining about how they were not working etc., and they decided to kill him and put him in the middle of the wall they were building. This they did: there were 50 of them and one of him, and one morning when he greeted them with his normal 'well how come you're not working?' they said, we're working, and one came up and began to hit him and the others joined in. They killed him and put him in the masonry. Night came and the Mir Miran--there's a doctor by that name whom both Pangar and Maboub say is a descendant--asked where his overseer was; they said he had come in the morning and then left in a great hurry. Inquiries all over showed no sign of the missing overseer. About two years later when the masonry was really dry, a stain appeared on the wall. so the wall was ripped apart to see why and they found this mass of bones and so on, and they figured that it had to be the missing overseer and that the only ones who could have killed him were the Zardoshti workers. The Mir Miran gathered his men around and ~~and~~ took a hand and dipped it in honey and then in a pile of opium seeds. Holding up the hand he then said that he was giving permission to kill as many Zardoshti as there were opium seeds on his hand (ie unlimited license to kill). Meanwhile the mother of Shah Abbas had a dream that there was trouble in Yazd and sent the Shah to see what was what. When the Shah arrived in Yazd the people said they had been given license to kill as many Zardoshti as they wanted; the Shah said no, first we'll kill Mir Miran which was done. Then to placate the aroused Muslims he said what we'll do is turn them out of their houses and make them move away from the government houses. And so the new Nasrabad was founded.

But says Shahriyar he has heard yet another version from a Muslim, a nicer story: the story he told me way back when. This is that the Govt people complained about the continuous wailing (?!--interesting indeed if so) and death ceremonies etc. that the Zoroastrians were forever carrying on. And so they told them just to move a bit away to Nasrabad.

When I go to India, I must visit the Atashkade Fanasvadi, i.e. Dadiset Atash Bahram, Fanasvadi Bombay. There is a story that at the time the Duke of Kent or someone came to visit Bombay the Muslims and Hindus both decided to stage demonstrations against the British, the center piece of which was to be to set this Atash Bahram on fire. There was fighting in the street outside. Then I should go to the



Dadiset Agiary in Fort which is the fire temple all the Iranis go to and where they refused him the navar ceremony (near the Idol Restaurant next to the Central Bank which used to be owned by Zardoshti. Then I should go to Mt St. Mary and ask the nuns about the stories of that place. Then I should go to Udvara. For each of those four places he gave me 10 toman to put in the box. I should also of course see Sanjan. Then I should go see Jacob his Jewish friend who owes him money for countless teas behind his brother's shop; Gushtasp Rustam Mobadi, Azad Cold Drink House Clare Road, Byculla, Bombay.

Fereydun Felfeli--the one who runs the hamman is called Fereydun Kherz (Fereydun the ape).

In Bombay the Parsis have created three or four colonies for Zoroastrians only where rent is very low. Also there are vocational schools in which the apprentice is paid to study. The Cama Aeturna is outside of Bombay--beyond it towards the mountains are the caves of the saadus. Shahriyar has been trying to be a Saadhu ever since he was at the Aeturna--why then did he get an Indian passport--which he himself labels as lies--well because tho he tried he hasn't made it yet. It takes one a long time to become a Saadhu, but he thinks he's now close. I can use his name at the Iranian Anjoman there: they paid for his going to the Cama on the grounds that he would learn about the religion and teach others back in Iran even if he could not become a dastur.

6 Feb. Sat. Morning Banu Luti and I and a car load of your favorite geriatrics set off for a ride to Elabad on a vain search for VaBiz for the Pir-e Vameru story. She was not there having gone to town for hamman. So then I had to take them to see the geriatrics at Hassanabad and that took all morning! In the afternoon just as I was getting ready to go to town to catch Behruz, Banu came with the message that VaBiz was at her Nasrabad house so off we went but she wasn't there and so I finished wasting the afternoon in Ardeshir P's house till it was figured out that she had gone to Kuche Biuke--maybe tomorrow morning.

In the evening I was invited to Shahriyar's for dinner, and Pangar showed up again on the trail of getting me to go to Pir-e Sabz. This worked into a long discussion. Beginning with a discussion of respect for different people being based on what they can do for you: Shahriyar had asked how many houses Muneri has and Pangar responded with a parable of the brother of the Caliph who did not laugh; The Caliph put out a reward of a year's pay for anyone who could report seeing his brother laugh; one day a man saw the brother laughing and reported it; they went to see why, and the brother reported that he had gone to the graveyard and seen the gravestones saying I was a professor, I an engineer, I a king, etc. and laughed because these were attributions of this world which have little meaning for the next world. He went on to point out that Shahriyar has ehteram (respect) because he has the key to the well and gives people water; I have ehteram because I have a car and can take people places; Banu Luti has ehteram because she makes people tea. Shahriyar took up the debate cudgel; so if Banu doesn't make you tea she has no ehteram--whereas he had previously been telling me that people really enjoyed having me around because of my car, and any other student who wanted to live here I should give his address but only if there was a car; for three years Shirin had wanted to go to Pir-e Banu and he had put her off till I provided an easy opportunity. Pangar responded by saying yes that's the way the world is; the right hand gives help to the left, and the left to the right. Shahriyar then prompted me to ask for him what a man must do in this world to get rewarded in the next. Pangar responded with the parable of the murderer who went to Musa to ask whether he would go to heaven or to hell; Prophet Musa said he did not know but would ask God; when he returned he brought a piece of burned straw and told the man that he should put it in some water and if it turned green he would be in Behesht; the man responded, look this is a burned straw, it's completely dry, it can never turn green; so as he thought looking at the straw the man thought to himself, 'I have killed 49 men, I may as well kill the 50th'; he saw a man coming on a horse and went and killed him and took what he had; when he returned the straw was green; he went to Musa and sarcastically said, look I killed a man and the straw turns green. am I in heaven???. Musa consulted with the Lord and



said that man was riding to see another man's wife; you saved the world from a wicked act. The meaning of that story, I suggested with general agreement was that whatever you may have done in the past, your ultimate fate can be determined by your actions now. Pangar then told that if he did bad to Shahriyar he would not be able to sleep etc. Which then has the same meaning, so I asked did this mean that the result of action was reward in terms of this world only? And got a vigorous denial; both this world and the next. What kind of reward in the next world? That we don't know; no one has gone and come back to report. Well what about Arda Viraf? Well he was a learned dastur and he had a dream and after he awakes he told what he had seen. How do we know that the dream was true--just as you distinguished between shahab-e anar and sharab-e hum the other night, between being mast and being just bi-xush, is there not a similar distinction in dreams? Yes, bi-xushi masti and bi-xushi xodai (elahi). So how do you tell the difference? Just as two friends know each other; when you and I meet each other at first we test each other in our conversation and after a while we come to know each other and so the reputation of a learned man works. Somehow the jump was made to the ruh (soul) and when I sleep and I dream of talking to my father in America where is my soul--it is there. I tried to maintain a materialist position but he would have none of it, and tried something about if we sit as we are crosslegged etc. sometimes our foot goes to sleep, why? Because there's no circulation of the blood. Well that indicates the leaving of the soul. Where did it go, from my leg to my upper body? (Shirin laughs at my question.) It did not work that argument, but he did maintain that just as when one dies so when one sleeps the soul can escape the body. Well then if the soul is connected with the circulation of the blood how come if I'm sleeping in Nasrabad, and my soul is in America chatting with my father, my body doesn't die? Because the blood keeps circulating/ and after one can draw blood, the eyes open, one gets up. The soul of a dead person hovers about back and forth between daxme and house (or graveyard) for three days until dawn of the 4th when he passes over the bridge of judgement. Well can you draw blood from a corpse after the 2nd day? No not even after the first hour. Shahriyar jumped in and asked if animals have souls? They had a disagreement? Pangar and Banu Luti were adamant they did. Shahriyar says they don't; only can have a soul if can distinguish right from wrong. Pangar says no, there's a difference between 'aql (thinking) and xush (memory); men have the former and not the latter, I'll forget tomorrow what I'm saying tonight; animals have the latter, and not the former, my donkey still shies at chains because of a beating I gave him 3 years ago. Somehow the subject of the dog being able to see the other world came up (Pangar had said that Z had asked if Z, Soroush, dog, and ? were clean; they were on account of the dog being able to warn of danger in the other world, etc.; Soroush being Gabriel and helping with the dead...) and I raised the issue of the sag did and if the dog was supposed to take the bread if the person was dead or alive--if dead--Pangar says he's seen it, starting with an explanation that in the days when there was no stethoscope to tell the heart beat if was suggested to use the dog, and when it was objected that the dog would not approach, it was suggested to put some bread which the dog would want on the chest of the dying man. Pangar tested it once by sleeping out in the kuche (closing his eyes) with a piece of bread on his chest; a dog came close but upon sensing his heartbeat withdrew. As to the powers of dogs, 20 katkhodas and dashtbans were gathered in the hahrbani once for the demonstration of a police dog; this dog could sense any person who was a thief and picked out one of the Katkhodas who admitted to stealing a lamb once 20 years ago. We all laughed and said how come he had only found one thief in a room full of katkhodas? I'm still sceptical of the chances of a dog approaching a dead body unless he's starved. Shahriyar tells of the dog kept in the fire temple in Bombay for noshveh, and the white cow for nirang--I should ask there. I assured him I would (Shirin laughed), saying that all that I knew was from the books of the Parsis--I knew about there, not here. Pangar put in that after all the religion was only practiced there, that we Iranis were maxlut (mixed) Muslims--Shahriyar objected but Pangar said no it was the truth. Pangar charges the Hindus with being bodparasts--Shahriyar objects saying it is no different than the fire of the fire temple and they have a prophet: Krishna--

Men darvishan kela risham / Ta nastunam rad noshvan.  
 I'm a darvish work out bread / Til I get something from you I want to eat.



7 February 1971. Eid-e Qorban--the day of the slaughter on the Haj, and of those Hajis at home and anyone else who makes a nazr. In the evening Hossein Barbari came by to have me record some English for him and said he had had an invitation to his dai's who had killed a goat in his house.

Katkhoda rounded up Vabiz for me early and brought her to Shahriyar's and I recorded the Pir-e Vameru story very quickly if somewhat brutally; which then gave me no excuse but to take Pangar, son Jehangir, pesar-amu Mehreban, hamsayeh (who works for the Steel Mill in Ispahahn, and another who works in Bafq for the mine) daughter and Banu Luti to Pir-e Sabz--41 miles from Yazd--a round trip of a total of 100 miles when all was counted! Shahriyar laughs and says well that's why he's katkhoda--you and I are just not capable of that kind of work. Like once Pangar came to him and said that they were going to try to catch Sh.'s brother in Bombay for the army but for X-tomans he could try to get him off. Shahriyar offered him 10 tomans but he turned this down and Shahriyar told him to get lost. Another time he came with a letter ostensibly from the Govt asking to know details of Sh.'s well operation--Katkhoda said Her an amount he could get the Govt to turn off the request; Shahriyar could read enough to see it came from the Katkhoda and not from the Govt and told him to get lost. Another time Katkhoda collected some money to get a son of Banu Luti out of the army--when he was called up he threatened to get even but of course it was an empty threat. Mehreluk when he was Katkhoda tells the story that he extorted money by taking ten boys to town and putting them up in a hotel one night on the pretence that they had been called up by the army; then he went to their fathers to get money to try to get them out; having gotten the money he went back to the hotel and told the boys to escape under cover of night but not to take taxis etc. and stay off the main roads, so the boys ran feeling guilty and scared of the cops. Eventually they found out it had been a hoax but then there was nothing they could do. To this 'corruption' Shahriyar assimilates the recent news story of the financial troubles of Rolls Royce! Old Kodaram was katkhoda for a year before Bahram Katkhoda. One day some lutis showed up (this was in the time of Reza Shah) Reza Shah apparently had these bandits quartered for 2-3 day periods on different villages to stop their lawlessness (?) and one came to the katkhoda Kodaram who sent him to one Muslim house--the man came and complained so Kodaram said well give some money and we'll send him to town to eat.

Shahriyar made the interesting comment that formerly Muslims would say that whatever a Zoroastrian said was liable to be true--reputation for honesty, but today they don't take a Zoroastrian at his word but ask around. Why because now with the law as protection a Zoroastrian will not be afraid of them--before if they trusted a Z with money and he did not pay up they could forceably take it but now if there's no written paper which will stand up in court, it's too bad.

Pangar last night in saying that Iranian Zoros were mixed with Muslim cited as one thing that Z were not allowed to eat meat unless a yasna had been said over it--Shahriyar poo pood this.

Shahriyar met Vabiz when he came from Bombay and he was reading the Arda Viraf and showed her the pictures. She said, don't show me I'll be scared. He said well you must prepare yourself and now it's a standing joke each time he sees her he asks have you prepared or are you still scared and she says I'm scared.

S<sup>o</sup>vishu--he went through this ritual bath on the roof of Dastur Rustam--naked over 7 stones he had to catch a dog. The bath is a matter of one hour. Shahriyar went through upon his return from Bombay because old Rustam said he wanted help as dahmbed--ie so he could enter the fire room. You only have to become s<sup>o</sup>vishu (shodan) once in your life to be clean to enter the fire room. Vs noshveh. Compares noshveh to Haj--nine days of ritual to renew moral self--become a new person.

Banu Luti says she saw a dream last night that she went to the Jewish pir and saw a white chadored Jewess who said if you go to India you'll bring back something xash. At the time her (now in Bombay) daughter was studying for her diploma exam Banu went there and vowed to cook surok there if the exam was passed which it was. At Pir-E Sabz there is a straight tall -40 year old sarv which was planted to honor the birth of Shah Bahram. her damad (daHu) and money is sent



Pare siah sham--is the green moss like growth on the walls of the Pir-e Sabz well. It is xeili xonak and good for fever and its arak(?) is given to children when they are teething. /Is it the avisham used in marriage which gives a good smell etc.?/

10 Feb. (Wed). Morning Shahriyar insisted I have tea with him first. Maboub et al. came early to wish mobarake (it being the first day of MEHR IZET), and some sweets offered. The last day is a communal xeirat and everyone goes out to the daxmes. In town Sorush Shahzadi says the sol of Mehrban's mother is almost here. He says there is a jashan and naujote as well. Shahriyar asked Shirin what Mehr Izet was for and she claimed not to know--it's just a jashne. The same unconcern was displayed later at Iraj's house where I was invited. The days involved are Mehr Izet, Sorush Izaet, Rashne, Farvardin, Vahram--the last being in charge of all creatures. Bad creatures however are under Ahriman, and thus for instance when he kills a scorpion Shahriyar feels he has done a xeirat because a scorpion is out to hurt men. Similarly he has read that similarly Zoroastrians should kill snakes. But Hindus and many Zoroastrians here believe snakes to be divine animals--e.g. Sheike Panha is often spoken of as being in the form of a snake. Muslims however kill snakes. He himself follows the notion that they are good: there was a snake in his house once and he told Shirin just to leave it alone, it was a sign of good luck. I asked what happens to the ash of the house afrigan: nothing, it is used to clean pots etc.--this fire is nothing special. The real fires are the big three--Meriosang...he couldn't recall. And it is the fire in the Dare Mehr which is called mehr-o-mahbat, the fire of love. The fires which are used in ceremonies--in sol, ganambar--are different: they are taken to a place in the fire temple and allowed to go out in the nearest of the big fire. What happens to the ash of that fire? ~~Wann~~ Well in India they use it to put a spot on the forehead, for good luck; but here they don't have the belief.

Re. dreaming. There are still two people in Nasrabad who had this sequence a few years back. A man asked a woman if he should contribute to a communal xeirat and she said no. That night he dreamt that she, the woman, came to him and spit on him. The next day they met again, and he said nothing, but she said to him: last night I dreamt a dog was after me all night, the way I advised you yesterday was wrong. Contribute. Last night Jehambaksh dreamt that he was at a well filled with dirt and a Muslim was throwing dirt on him--he was frightened. Sarvar in jest said it meant he would come into money.

I then went to Iraj's for Mehr Izet. We breakfasted on jeger xun (kalial mol) and jeger with potatoes (ground jeger). The latter dish again came for lunch with abgusht, ash, mast. It was a family affair more or less; Rustam was home from Teheran, Iraj, Ardeshir, Jamshid Lor, young Maboub and me. Women, Banu Luti, Hodayun (Rustam's wife and Shapour's sis), her younger brother, Iraj's mother, sis, et I used some of the time fruitfully working on the hot-cold foods. There was a setting sopreh outside for the souls. Evening to old Kodaram to figure out some of the water requirements for some of these foods.

11 Feb. The answer came from Teheran that I can leave the country. Picked up fish and my dry cleaning. I have till the 25th to get out of the country. In the morning, Shahriyar: his fraker, Rustam Dahmobe, collected money to rebuild the Nasrabad atashkade in Bombay going around from shop to shop of Nasrabadis. About the graveyards and daxmes and his land fight. A similar story as with his father and old Shahriyar Dahmobe is with Firuzeh Gol, the woman who did a lot of charity but was considered by some to be bad because her two children divorced. There is also some land involved which her children refuse to give to claimants. It is said that she is still in the daxme, and her legs etc. have grown large, etc. Her children came once and did all the ceremonies, but not have just let it go. Because of such stories, Shahriyar's mother--whose sol, 42, is tomorrow--wanted to go into a grave. One religiously is supposed to be finished after 30 years; but he keeps on--tho someone told him that if he barked after 30 years he would have to do another full 30 year cycle. But then there are also stories of Zoro



and take their body out of the grave, put it in a white shroud, and put it into the daxme. (Sarvar, Rustam Dahmbed's second wife, wanted to go into the grave). But then Mehreluk tells the story that he had a fight with Bahram Katkhoda and the latter owed him some money but refused to pay; he was sick at the time with heart trouble. Mehreluk threatened not to bless him when he died. HM responded angrily saying, ~~sk~~ you think I'm going to die? with abuse. He died. Mehreluk was persuaded to come and say the words that he blessed the soul, but in his heart he did not. Sometime after he went to the daxme (Dinyar was salar) and asked if the body were still there, since he had not blessed the soul. Dinyar said, well you should have come sooner, like on the second day, then I could have sent messages out that people should come and do the ceremonies, I would have gotten something, you would have gotten your money--does by the way this man have any money? no--well then you see you're really too late, you may as well just let it go. When you hear such stories Shahriyar says, your beliefs begins to waver a bit. Shahriyar's zan-e amu because of all these stories also wanted to go to the grave--but there is no further story on her. There is a recent story from Elabad that they took a body to the daxme but each morning they find it outside again, no matter how many times they carry it back in.

Tashakor wants to up the rent on the land in Shahriyar's care--from 4 manm to 12 manm because it is no-sazi land, i.e. land which falls within the city boundary--which goes to the Darvazah Quran and where hence there is no arslat-e arzi.



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12 February. Morning I was summoned to Bahram-e Felfeli's house to see the berium gorbani. They cut the goat's throat, hang it head down in the bread oven so the drippings go into a dik. The insides are cleaned out so it is only the meat. Turmeric and salt are put on it. Over the top of the bread oven is put several layers of gummy sacking; a lamp; nine pieces of shirini (representing says Pangar a variety of things: the 9 months a baby is in the womb--and the head down position is the position of coming out of the womb--9 holes in the body; 9 days that Zoroaster spent in Shah Gushtasp's prison; the 9 bindings on the staff of Zoroaster. Anyone who is sick or has pain should eat one of these (boniyat-e shafar). Also are placed avisham (thyme: organ, not thyme vulgaris) par sihvashan (پیر سیاوشان) /the name has something to do with Siavash of the Shahnameh, and is what is growing at Pir-e Sabz: capillaire is the Latin name /, and pomegranate (the best) or other fruit. It is cooked until soft. In the evening, it is taken to the Dar-e Mehr and a Yasht-e Gahambar is read in the name of the donor. Then it is cut up and given to everyone with small breads: two to those over age 14, and one to those under age 14. Lorki is also passed out. The shir-e berium (the drippings) are used as a cure: rub it on aches etc. Pangar says that gorbani is in memory of Abraham and is nothing specifically Zoroastrian. His son, Bahram, says that one Rustam-e Salamati came from Bombay and objected strongly to the practise of gorbani as being foreign to Zoroastrianism. But in his own view it is xirat rather than sacrifice in the sense of a nazr that 'if God you do x-y-z I will sacrifice a sheep to you'. I should go to Fort Agarbatti Mart, Bazar Gate, Bombay † (printer's?).

Firuseh, Bahram's wife, was reminiscing about Catherine Candle who was here for 3 months and a year and 2 months in Isphahan. She had studied children, asking them if they liked their mother or father better, if they xuziani would go to mother or father first with a problem; asked parents if the child has an accident what would you do first. The first thought--even for me--would be to think of chesme sur (evil eye), and to say "mashallah" that no evil should result. Take the dirt of a crossroad and pass seven times around the head of the child saying may the evil eyes burst. Take an egg and sit at the cross-road drawing circles and calling out for each one: chesme Rustam, chesme Ardeshir, etc. & and may the eyes of those jealous persons burst like this egg which put in a fire bursts--you do put the egg in the fire and it bursts. Then there is Chameru chachi. A woman ties a cloth over her head with only two holes for the eyes and covers her hands so that no one may recognize her. She takes a sack and goes to the fire temple and prays to God and says I'm going for this fellow x. She then goes into the kuches and knocks at every door but must not speak. People give nabot and grams for abgusht and say boniyat shafar, but at the same time they try to grab something out of the sack; should they succeed this is auspicious for them. But usually the woman beats them off with the stick. The woman returns to the Atakh Kadeh with the sack and prays and then goes to the house of the ill man and gives also some of the collection to the poor.

Then there is sang-e yasht. In Nasrabad, only Zemorod has one. It has Quran written on it. This is put in tea or sweet water and one says boniyat-e shafa, may the sickness leave this house, go away to the mountains etc. It is then put on the navel for about five minutes and then the water or tea is drunk. Bahram then got out a copy of Golha va Gahan-e Shafabeksh (گلها و گیاهان شفا بخش) translated and expanded by Mohandess Mehti Aghan (Amir Kabir Publishers, Teheran) and we looked up various plants (jushiandaz = ? herbs) such as avisham (organ) is good for a woman's period, fever, stomach ache, shivering, with black sulphur for whooping coughs; bid-e khecht for malaria and is generally found in malarial areas; babuna (بابونه) for digestion.

He then told of Charshambe suri--the jumping over the fire at the end of the year shouting sorxi to az man/ zarbi man az to (my yellow color to you, your red color to me) i.e. I want to be happy (red) in the new year, not pale (yellow). It is the last chahrshambe (Wednesday) of the year, but thinks that when the Arabs introduced it (along with Bibi Seshambe, Shah Pari, Mosghel Goshah) it was probably a year in which Chahrshambe was the last day of the year. It is evident that these