

## Chapter 40

### *Fulbright Scholarship and 6 More Years in Iran*

The plane purred onward as Kurosh laid back in a daze reminiscing about his visit with Apostle Richards followed by his trip to Tehran for his Fulbright-funded research. Back in Salt Lake, Kurosh had prepared for his flight, first to Washington D.C. where he planned to meet the Fulbright people and thank them, then to New York where he planned to visit his former agent Jay and thank him one last time for everything. The flight was a bit tedious because in 1969 people fiendishly smoked on planes and Kurosh became very nauseated by tobacco smoke since he had quit smoking so violently. Even the so-called non-smoking seats were still in a blue-brown mist from toxic tobacco fumes. Finally they arrived in D.C. and Kurosh visited the Fulbright headquarters and a couple of other government offices. He mentioned that he was going to Iran to show the good side of America (as if there was such a thing) and improve relations. His statement got back to Mostofi who later chastised him for boasting. But after Kurosh became active in Tehran and started his weekly prime-time television show, an important government official in Tehran wrote a letter to Mostofi thanking him for sending Kurosh over there noting that he was the best thing for Iranian-American relations. That's really weird since Kurosh was an ex-patriot non-patriot and very bitter about his many bad experiences with the U.S. Later Ambassador and former CIA director Helms reiterated that Kurosh had been very helpful especially in working on the Fourth of July TV production. On one of Kurosh's trips back, Mostofi showed him a copy of the letter and thanked him for his good work but wondered when he would be coming back to finish his PhD. Kurosh didn't want to disappoint his faithful supporter; so he didn't admit that he was planning to stay in Tehran because there was no hope for him to ever have a life in the States. After his stop off in D.C., Kurosh visited shortly with his agent Jay Hoffman in New York then flew off to Paris where his old bandleader and friend Jef Gilson had pre-arranged a recording session with an unusual bass clarinetist. They spent a whole afternoon and evening late into the night recording some of the weirdest 'music' Kurosh had ever played. It was even stranger than free jazz and it wasn't anything that Kurosh would want anyone to ever hear. It was too goofy for human ears. But Kurosh was happy to see his old friend Jeff again after 6 years. In Paris, Kurosh visited the *Maison d'Iran* to meet Dr. Mehdi Bushehri, a positive pleasant gentleman who was important in the Iranian hierarchy. Dr. Bushehri was very cordial and hospitable promising that he would put in a good word for Kurosh in Tehran. Kurosh also visited Madame Nelly Caron at the *Centre de Études de Musique Orientale* and learned that his beloved master Daryush Safvat had become director of a new center in Tehran that was engaged in preserving and propagating traditional classical Iranian music. Kurosh decided that his mission would be to help Dr. Safvat build up his center and aid in the task of preserving true tradition in any way possible.

On the long flight to Tehran, again Kurosh choked on smoke and tried to imagine what he would find in Tehran after not having been there for over a decade. His mother's friend Homa Ashraf was to meet him at Tehran airport and take him to her empty apartment building where she said he could stay for a while until he found something else. Homa met Kurosh and, on the way to her apartment building, she discussed his staying there while in Iran. She said that she was keeping the building until the price doubled or tripled so she could make a profit on the sale. Kurosh said that he couldn't just stay there without paying anything. She countered that he would be watching it and keeping it safe for her which was better than paying rent. Their taxi drove into Tehran then turned up Pahlevi Avenue towards Shimran. Homa explained that her building was in northern Amirabad, a pleasant section of

town, except for the prison across from the apartment. The taxi turned left on Entesarie Avenue which veered off at an angle from Pahlevi Avenue. Soon they pulled up in front of number 51 where Homa opened the door and showed him the huge ground floor apartment, then the large second floor and finally the smaller top floor apartment. She suggested that Kurosh take the top apartment in case she found another renter for the other floors. It was a nice accommodation with a large living room, even big enough for rehearsals if needed. It had a clean bathroom, a shower and a kitchen with a fridge and stove. The heating was by a *bokhari* or kerosene stove and the kerosene, Homa explained, could be purchased at the nearby little corner shop downstairs along with groceries, soap and other necessities. Kurosh thanked Homa profusely and forced \$75 into her hesitant hand noting that he realized it was worth twice that much a month but, since she had refused to accept anything, would she please allow this paltry pittance to make him feel less guilty. She finally agreed not to force the money back into his hand as he closed her fingers around the bills and gave her an appreciative hug. How often had Kurosh's parents been beneficial throughout his life even if they had been somewhat unfamiliar with and unexcited about the parenting process during his early days due to their insane incessant social climbing. After Homa left, Kurosh went to the corner store and asked about busses.

### Officially Adopting Shi'a Islam

Kurosh soon became friends with the helpful grocer who eventually took him to the local mosque for prayers. The grocer had asked Kurosh if he believed that Mohammad was a prophet to which Kurosh responded in Farsi "*hatman* (of course)." He believed from reading the Koran and also from several statements by LDS leaders declaring that Mohammad was sent by God. Added to that was God's own statement in the Book of Mormon in Third Nephi that He had spoken to all nations and that they would write His words. Then when the grocer asked if Kurosh believed that there was no God but God, Kurosh confirmed that of course he did; the Old Testament and all the scriptures affirmed that fact. Then when the grocer asked if Kurosh believed in Ali, Hassan and Hossein, Kurosh confirmed that he did because, in his own religion, leaders and many others had been martyred by the wicked Americans. The grocer introduced Kurosh to the *mullah* at the mosque and Kurosh testified "*ashhadu ana laillaha-ilallah, ashadu ana Mohammad arrasullullah va allahhu akbar.*" The *mullah* kindly smiled and said "*pas qabul e, Mosalman id* (then its accepted, you are a Moslem)." Kurosh didn't see why he couldn't be a Moslem and still be a Mormon with his understanding of the reason for the two different perceptions about the role of Jesus. He knew that those variances of opinion would soon be resolved when Jesus returns, an event which both religions fervently believed would soon occur. He also knew that Islam was being protected against total apostasy by not having accepted Roman Christian concepts which had become almost pure paganism in so-called 'Christianity.' By having God, Mary and Jesus replace the ancient evil trinity of Nimrod, Semiramis and Tammuz, which had been transferred from Babylon to Greece and Rome, the Romans were able to corrupt the whole western world. Original monotheism indicated the true order of things, even if it was twisted by the Jews and Christians; so eventually Islam was sent to restore those basic truths. When Kurosh and the grocer returned to Amirabad after prayers, the grocer informed his assistant and a few customers that Kurosh had been accepted into Islam and eventually the word got around the quarter that Kurosh was *momen* (a believer; sort of sounded like 'Mormon') and a good (trying to be) Moslem. He was already living by very strict rules from his LDS principles.

From the corner store, Kurosh was advised that many big busses continually traveled down Pahlevi Avenue; so he decided to walk there and learn more about the neighborhood. He had been given the address of the *Markaz-e Hefz o Eshae-ye Musiqi-ye Irani* (Center for Preservation and

Propagation of Iranian Music) and figured that with the help of bus drivers and friendly Iranians on the street, he would easily find it. He quickly got used to the paper *toman* bills and *rial* coins when he had exchanged dollars at the airport and, after a couple of bus rides, he eventually found his way to Dr. Safvat's office at the National Television. He enjoyed being out with the people, but realized that soon he would have to find some kind of old cheap car to be able to have the necessary mobility. He eventually found an old, semi-reliable Ford Taunus which often needed mechanical assistance.

### **The Center for Preservation and Propagation of Iranian Music**

Kurosh entered the building which housed the Center and was greeted by the young man who was something like a concierge. Kurosh was offered a seat in the lobby and, of course, the ubiquitous tea, which he politely declined. Then he asked for Dr. Safvat and was told to wait a moment. Soon Kurosh's beloved guru Dr. Safvat appeared and Kurosh jumped to his feet and warmly grasped his teacher's hand. They chatted about Paris and what Kurosh had been doing since, the couple of failed marriages, his Fulbright, etc. Then Dr. Safvat explained why the Center had been founded under the auspices of the National Iranian Radio and Television because formerly the radio had become corrupted and was trashing traditional music in favor of syrupy fake pop slop. Dr. Safvat began leading Kurosh around the center showing him the various rooms for music lessons, the recording facilities and the collection of valuable tapes from old masters. He continued to explain the need for the Center. He noted that the Iranian Constitution of 1906 served as a mixed blessing for music. According to Safvat, the Constitution offered some release from religious constraints but then allowed for abuses. Official freedom of music opened Pandora's box and, according to Safvat, it seemed that every low class lout became a 'composer,' a 'singer' or 'instrumentalist.' The more these charlatans were applauded, the more cocky they became, and over the recent decades, authentic Persian music had been nearly totally destroyed by innovators and westernizers. The *mollahs* who had formerly been disparaged for causing music to go underground for so many centuries actually protected it from the later damage it was to suffer under Westernization and thus the spiritual leaders were truly doing God's work whether or not they realized their beneficial role in protecting music from corruption.

Dr. Safvat stopped his discourse to show a few valuable books and some rare tapes in the Center's collection. Then he continued explaining that, during the Pahlavi dynasty, the Ministry of Culture and Arts along with the radio took the control of music away from the authorized masters of the tradition so that people from lower echelons of society with no spiritual principles or moral scruples pushed their way into the limelight. According to Safvat, the *motreb* (cheap commercial) class of performers, formerly involved in prostitution, procuring, alcohol and drugs, suddenly became the purveyors of the musical tradition. The modal system was eventually altered or discarded in favor of cheap *tarane* (pop songs) fabricated by untrained amateurs who had the audacity to tamper with an art form perfected over thousands of years based on the holy music revealed to David by God. Safvat speculated in Farsi "had they written in classical or modern European systems instead of adulterating the Persian tradition, they might have done less harm." Under the Pahlavis, the National Music Conservatory or *Honarestan-e Musiqi-ye Melli*, was eventually established and the Ministry of Culture attempted to right some of its previous wrongs by publishing texts on traditional music (such as the books by tar master Ma'rufi and later vocal master Karimi). However, the fate of Iran's national music was in serious jeopardy and something radical had to be done to save it. A former failed effort by the corrupt national radio to engender a venue for traditional music under the title *Golha-ye Rang o Rang* (Multicolored Roses), had soon become just another venue for horrible pop slop and was assisting in the demise of true tradition replacing it with too many trashy

fraud ‘artists.’ After hearing a few Golha programs, Kurosh renamed the series in Farsi as *Goha-ye Rang o Rang* (Multicolored Excrements). So eventually, after the radio was absorbed by the more enlightened television, under sponsorship of the new National Iranian Radio and Television Organization (NIRT). In 1968, director Reza Qotbi established the Center to save what was left of Persian music. Mr. Qotbi had consulted several experts but was unable to find a suitable solution to the problem until Dr. Safvat suggested that a center be established where students could learn directly from qualified masters by means of the time-honored oral method. This, he felt, would be the only way that Iranian music could be accurately preserved.

Later, in articles Kurosh wrote in the Tehran Journal and various other publications, he quoted Dr. Safvat’s warning. “Iranian traditional music is in dire danger of disappearing entirely unless something drastic is done to protect the last vestiges of the old art. Thirty years ago a rich Iranian tradition was being propagated by a number of noted *ostads* (masters), but they died one by one, and with their departure traditional music became watered down almost to non-existence - a very thin thread that, if broken, would be lost forever. If we had started working 30 or 40 years ago in the days of such great masters as Mirzabdullah, Hossein Qoli, Darvish Khan, Hossein Khan, Ismael-Zadeh and Habib Somai, the problem would not have reached such prodigious proportions. Now that we have lost so much, we must work frantically, taking advantage of the few old masters left. For the last thirty years, everyone in Iran has been talking about the necessity of preserving and propagating traditional music, and many experiments have been made along this line.” Dr. Safvat continued “all these experiments have arrived at the following result: that traditional music is an abstract notion which can neither be preserved nor protected. In other words, traditional music does not exist except in the person of the traditional musician. It is the musician, therefore, who must be protected and encouraged. It is in this spirit that our Center was created in the beginning of the year 1968. At first, six young musicians were associated with the Center; but over the years their number grew to around twenty. They received enough monthly wages not to have any material worries and therefore, they could consecrate their time to music. A few rare traditional masters, who were fortunately still alive, were in constant contact with them and initiated them to the secrets of traditional music. In turn, these young musicians, who were strong technically but still on the path to perfection in the field of ethics and philosophy, taught over 150 students who signed up for classes. What was encouraging was that most of the students were children and adolescents. But all this would have been useless if the second aspect of the problem was neglected. In reality, a traditional musician is not a person who just learns a certain number of ancient melodies by heart. He must acquire a complete philosophy and ethic so that he is actually conceived from a system of philosophy and ethics. One can never become master of a traditional art without having perfectly absorbed and integrated this system.” Safvat continued “under the effect of Westernization, young musicians in the East have become estranged to their Eastern system and Eastern thought. That is why, in spite of the enormous efforts exerted, they have never attained the level of traditional master.”

Dr. Safvat led Kurosh downstairs towards the instrument workshop while continuing his discussion. “So, no organization with the goal of preserving and propagating an Eastern or any other inherited artistic tradition can achieve its aim if it does not first create the necessary ethical and philosophical atmosphere. We consider this atmosphere as necessary for the development and the promotion of a traditional art as water is for a fish. It is for this reason that our Center considers as its principal goal the formation of the musicians’ ethics and that is why the eventual twenty musicians and their one hundred and eighty students have been provided an appropriate ethnical as well as artistic setting. Good music nourishes men’s souls; while shallow pop music has just the opposite effect - not only is it damaging to the individual, but to society as a whole. Iranian traditional music and the musical systems of other Asian nations are directly

linked to the spiritual realm. Music of Eastern countries is a sublime force that can calm the turbulent soul and lift man to a higher plane. After a concert of authentic Eastern music, the audience feels uplifted and refreshed, a feeling which may stay with them for as long as a week. But after a concert of noisy rock music, people have been known to become so worked up and emotionally unbalanced that they become violent. Masters of Iranian music usually live long lives and even in their old age they are an image of joie de vivre and youth. In a later media interview, Safvat noted that Haj Agha, who later died at the age of 100, was active until the time of his death, and seemed to have found contentment in the knowledge that his music was, for many people, a source of solace and comfort. On the contrary, according to Safvat “rock music seems to go hand in hand with the drug cult, mental distress and various social ills. By contrast Eastern music has been said to cure or at least alleviate many physical ailments. Famous Iranian physicians such as Zakaria Razi were aware of the therapeutic value of music and made use of it to treat a large number of illnesses. And in the Bible the sound of David's harp helped relieve Saul's mental anguish and was described as having the power to ward off evil. When an artist must rely on drugs, alcohol or tobacco to continue his work, the results are not likely to have any spiritual value.”

### **Crafting Instruments and Aspects of the Center's Activities**

They entered the workshop and Kurosh was delighted to see a group of craftsmen diligently working on a *setar*, a *tar*, a *santur* and a *kamanche*. Dr. Safvat introduced Kurosh to the master craftsman Hassan Zadkheir who was working on a *santur*. Immediately Kurosh was convinced he wanted to learn the correct art of instrument making and plead with Dr. Safvat to let him work in the shop for a while until he could maybe become part of a performance study program. Dr. Safvat agreed and assigned Mr. Zadkheir to take care of Kurosh. Dr. Safvat had to return to his duties, so he advised Kurosh to start out on some small project in the shop then left him there. Kurosh took off his coat and was offered an apron by Mr. Zadkheir then assigned the task of filing down the small hourglass shaped *santur* bridges on which the 20 sets of four strings rest. First, about one inch high pieces were cut from a round piece of wood. Then Kurosh filed each one down in the middle to about a quarter of an inch resulting in an hourglass shape. Then each piece was placed in a form that Mr. Zadkheir had prepared which was two slabs of relatively thin wood with semi-circle holes filed out of both so they could clamp together on both sides of the piece. The form was clamped in a vice and Kurosh would carefully file down both sides of the top half fairly flat then he would file a groove in the top for the small metal bar on which the strings would rest. After making a few dozen of the bridges, he was given other simple tasks preparing pieces of wood for *santur* and *setar* making. One such task was filing down dozens of *setar* pegs and filing a few *setar* bridges.

From the first few days working in the shop, Kurosh realized that his initial effort to make a *santur* in the BYU woodshop in 1963 was silly. He thought that there had to be long reinforcement pieces under the bridges on the inside on both sides of the instrument. This incorrect concept made his first *santur* comparatively dead sounding because the internal wood braces reaching from end to end glued to the top and bottom kept the surface from resonating. Working under Zadkheir's supervision, he soon learned about the special patterns of three to five small round vertical hardwood pegs that were placed inside the instruments according to placement patterns developed by various master craftsmen or instrumentalists over the centuries. When Kurosh left Tehran, he brought back a few of these almost secret patterns for placing the pegs in a way which would enhance the sound while keeping the lid from warping or breaking under the pressure on the bridges by the tightened strings. Kurosh worked in the shop every day learning more and more and finally, out of frustration that he hadn't

really made an instrument yet, he crafted a simple yet playable mini *setar* with a gourd soundbox, similar to the one Dr. Safvat had given him in Paris years before. The afternoon he finished the instrument with paint, strings and all, he took off his apron, put on his suit coat and tie and walked upstairs to discover a group of notable dignitaries in a special meeting with Dr. Safvat. Among those at the gathering was *santur* player Faramarz Payvar who Kurosh had met in France. In Paris Payvar had come to visit Dr. Safvat who showed off the *santur* skills of Kurosh his new student prodigy. Payvar had married a French woman and was quite westernized which eventually became his musical downfall. When Kurosh entered the room, his mentor Dr. Safvat introduced him to everyone noting that Kurosh had become an apprentice craftsman in the instrument workshop. Then he asked Kurosh what he had in his hand then remarked to everyone “*bebinid, ta bikar nabashe, yek setar sakhte* (see, in order to keep busy, he made a *setar*.)” Dr. Safvat strummed a few phrases of music on the instrument remarking that it is not bad, then invited Kurosh to join them for their discussions on preserving traditional Persian music.

### **Fabulous French Ethnomusicologist comes to Tehran**

One day when Kurosh arrived at the Center, the doorman informed him “*doctor mikhad bebinandetun* (Doctor wants to see you.)” Kurosh timidly walked to the door of the director’s office and quietly knocked. The door soon swung open and Dr. Safvat declared “*bah bah, aye Kurosh Ali Khan; befarmoid tu* (great, Mr. Kurosh Ali Khan, please come in.)” Kurosh entered the office and was waived towards a chair. Dr. Safvat sat down, rested his elbows on the wooden table, folded his hands, temporarily resting his chin on his fingers. Then he leaned back and began “*yek musikolog az Paris inja amade va mikhad musiqi-ye iruni ro yad begire. Kami tar mizane o adam-e khub e. Apartaman ya jayi baresh, surak nadarid? Zan o bache dare.* (A musicologist has come here from Paris and wants to learn Iranian music. He plays a little tar and is a good person. Do you know of an apartment or someplace for him? He has a wife and kids.)” Kurosh’s eyes sparkled as he leaned forward and declared “*biyad sakhteman-e aparteman-e man* (let him come to my apartment building.)” Then Kurosh promised to check with his landlady to see if it would work out. He learned that the musicologist’s name was Jean During and in a few days he got permission from his landlady Homa to have the Durings rent the huge bottom floor apartment for only eight hundred *tooman* a month (a little over one hundred dollars) which was unheard of in Tehran during the rising housing crisis. Kurosh was paying seventy-five dollars which was less than six hundred *tooman*. Of course these rates were only for a temporary stay with the understanding that everyone would vacate the building as soon as it was sold when the price went up high enough for Homa to be able to make a good profit. The day that Kurosh got permission from Homa, she offered to bring the key that evening so Kurosh arranged to meet the Durings at the Center and show them where the apartment was in Amirabad. They loved the place and were soon happily established. The only problem was that Jean would practice his tar until late in the evening, often into the early morning hours. A couple of the friendly neighbors would politely mention it to Kurosh when they saw him on the street and Kurosh would apologize noting that During was a brilliant bizarre French aficionado of Persian music. The neighbors admitted that the sound of the tar in the early morning hours was pleasant and they actually liked hearing it. Kurosh and Jean became friends and Kurosh invited him to various events whenever he heard of them and Jean informed Kurosh of Persian music and other events that he knew of. Eventually, Homa visited the apartment and shyly mentioned that rent rates in Tehran were going up and that the rents that Kurosh and During were paying were at least half what everyone else was. Then she politely suggested that

Kurosh pay 600 *tomans* in Iranian money and that the Durings pay 900 a month. Although the Durings were poor and Kurosh was carefully budgeting his Fulbright funds to last as long as possible; after cringing a bit, the renters agreed. Then a few months later, Homa decided that the huge apartment the Durings were renting should really be 1,000 *tomans* a month. That was a serious strain on Jean's budget so he began seeking a more reasonable place. Finally when Homa decided that 1,200 was a more correct rent for the Durings apartment, Jean decided on another place in a little neighborhood to the east of Amirabad farther north from the center of town for only 800. Homa was disappointed but decided to begin seriously working towards selling the whole building.

### **Vocal Master Mahmud Karimi**

After a few weeks of instrument making experience including going through the complete process of making a *santur* which he kept as one of his instruments, it was time for Kurosh to work on his performing skills. The U of U Middle East Center had allowed him to write his doctoral dissertation on Iranian music with the understanding that he also expound in detail on the song text poetry since the Middle East Center was under the College of Humanities. This would include Persian history and a full explanation of the intricate Persian poetic structure and mystical meanings in the poetry to satisfy a degree in Persian language. Because of this requirement, Kurosh needed to learn as much as possible about the song texts used in the various *dastgah* (modal systems) in the vocal performance tradition. When Dr. Safvat understood the situation, he eventually turned Kurosh over to vocal master Mahmud Karimi who was a close affiliate of Safvat. Kurosh met Master Karimi and immediately the two became good friends. Karimi often drove Kurosh back to his apartment on Entesarieh in Amirabad where he parked his dark gray Peykan and the two talked at length about music and life. Master Karimi would often drop by the apartment to give Kurosh a ride to the Center or more often to his vocal class at the National Music Conservatory on Kakh Avenue towards downtown. During their many conversations in Farsi, Karimi explained more about the need for preserving the fast fading musical tradition. He said "about 30 years ago, Iranian traditional music was an exacting art, but when radio came along, things got out of hand. At first only the best performers were broadcast over the radio but gradually anyone and everyone with a bit of or even absolutely no talent was given a chance. Eventually Westernized, harmonized arrangements brought about the downfall of the highly developed ancient form. Traditionally, if the old masters weren't in the proper mood, they would refuse to perform. Now" he lamented "most musicians are glad to play anytime at the sight of a little cash. Artists have become lazy and play with a deplorable dearth of conviction. Unfortunately, the attitude that they need only perform at the lower limit of their capabilities in order to collect their monthly remuneration seems to have permeated all the music media. More and more Iranians are being deceived into delighting in light Westernized whims." Kurosh was saddened to hear about the possible loss of such a highly developed time-honored tradition. But he was determined to do all he could to assist in the preserving and continuing of Persian traditional music and other arts as well as the arts of neighboring countries that had formerly been part of the ancient benevolent Achaemenian Empire.

The first day that Kurosh attended the vocal class, he caught on quickly with his fluency in Farsi, his rudimentary knowledge of the poetry tradition and also his years of trying to imitate the vocal style from listening to the UNESCO recordings of tar master Borumand and former traditional, now show-off, vocalist Golpaigani which he played almost daily during his years in Paris. The vocalist students in the class were all males since the female students were in another section to avoid emotional

distractions. When it came Kurosh's turn to repeat the phrase they were working on, he sang with vigor and conviction nearly approximating Karimi's example. The rest of the students chuckled in surprised respect and one of them noted in Farsi "we are laughing because, you know, a tall American with a small nose was singing our music so perfectly." Even if they were actually laughing at his imperfect attempts at singing, Kurosh was happy to be accepted as part of the group. As he continued following the lessons, Master Karimi often reported favorably about his progress to Dr. Safvat who was pleased to hear that his former protégé from Paris was successfully continuing on the path of traditional Persian music.

### Celestial Singing of Parisa

One day, to Kurosh's pleasant surprise, Dr. Safvat's colleague from Paris, the director of the *Centre de Études de Musique Orientale*, Madame Nelly Caron, came to Tehran. Kurosh was stunned to see her sitting in the Center with a blissful smile on her sweet face waiting to see Sr. Safvat. When Dr. Safvat arrived, he invited Kurosh to join them in a chat about her proposed activities in Tehran. One thing she wanted to do was to visit classes at the Honarestan (conservatory) where Kurosh was studying with Karimi. Since Nelly couldn't speak Persian and Master Karimi and most other of the instructors couldn't speak French, Dr. Safvat asked Kurosh to be translator for Nelly. He was to show up at five PM but came a little late due to traffic and slow busses. He arrived at the Conservatory, ran up the steps to Karimi's classroom and timidly entered the room. He greeted Master Karimi and Nelly then took a seat next to her. He then timidly looked over the class which was full of attractive girls with their charming Iranian little-girl femininity and occasional giggles. Master Karimi introduced Kurosh as one of his students from the male class and, as Kurosh gazed about the room, various young beauties would momentarily timidly look his way with furtive and almost flirtive glances. He was just about stunned into a trance but he endeavored to act nonchalant. Nelly whispered to him in French "too bad you can't hear the ladies sing; they are wonderful, especially the one on the end." As Kurosh looked towards the end of the front row, the two young ladies Nelly mentioned shyly looked down and discretely giggled nervously.

When Master Karimi asked Kurosh in Farsi to tell him what Nelly said, he hesitantly translated "*goft, heif e ke un do nafar khanom o nemitunid beshnavid.*" Master Karimi immediately instructed the two beauties "*bazam begid. (sing it again.)*" He plucked a couple of short phrases in the mode Isfahan on his *setar* then nodded to the striking girl in the corner with eyes glowing like jewels and long black hair of heaven-crafted silk. She took a deep breath and it seemed that a celestial light permeated the classroom as her powerfully penetrating yet delightfully delicate sound raced through Kurosh, vibrating his bones and finally residing in his heart where it remained for the rest of his life. He would never be the same after that experience; he felt like he had been struck by a beneficent placid lightening from paradise. As she sang through Bayat-e Raje with its haunting sorrow-scented refrains, Kurosh was basking in a beauty from beyond until, at the end of the section, Master Karimi instructed her little friend "*baqish (the rest.)*" The sweet and shy little turquoise-eyed girl next to her took over with her own special charm, although not as intense as the first vocalist, as they traded passages until Master Karimi gently instructed the first vocalist "*oj o bogu (sing the Oj).*"

The gentle genius authoritatively divulged the high point of the mode with a long pleasantly piercing note that almost whisked Kurosh into unconscious bliss as she sang on through the intense micro-melodies. As she forcefully expounded the lines of sophisticated mystic poetry with long strong pleasantly piercing notes, it seemed as if the room was trembling and the walls would crumble until

she reached the last note then shyly looked down meditating on the words and thinking about how she could do better if that were even possible. Then Master Karimi smiled at his friend Kurosh as if to say “is that OK?” and Kurosh thankfully smiled back still floating in ecstatic trance. Kurosh knew that Persian traditional music was divinely inspired and had the power of heaven when properly performed; but this exceptional witness was a stunning testimony of God’s power through music. Naturally if the dark side could access music for evil, which seemed to be universally witnessable on a daily basis in all the media, then it stands to reason that celestial forces could occasionally access music to elevate mankind. But only when, as Dr. Safvat admonishes, the artist is humble and pure enough to transfer treasures from the divine source. Kurosh thought he was truly in love, not with the beautiful vocalists themselves, but with their art even though they personally had all the qualifications to be targets of pure adoration. His immediate and life-long fervent obsession over the first vocalist, who he later learned went under the name of Parisa, was unfortunately misperceived by most Iranians as a personal rather than a musical infatuation; although they all should have understood that concept because Persian poets incessantly wrote about esoteric and other-worldly infatuation.

Kurosh was blankly staring, sometimes at the two angelic beings who had just sent him into a state of dizzy, giddy spiritual intoxication, then at Master Karimi and finally at Nelly who woke him from his trance remarking “*magnifique, n’est pas?* (magnificent, isn’t it?)” He couldn’t even speak but only nodded, glaring at the girls in disbelief. The class continued with others repeating the various sections of Isfahan, parts with song texts and those without until the class was over. Kurosh tried not to embarrass his newfound idols by glaring directly at them too dumbfoundedly. He continually sneaked peeks out of the side of his eyes and they also sneaked a few at him, the tall weird ‘ethnomusicologist’ from afar who spoke fluent, sometimes poetic Persian, and who was so enamored with their traditional music. The class finally ended, all too soon for Kurosh, and the two exceptional young talents humbly shuffled arm in arm out the door. The room was silent but the angelic voices were still ringing in Kurosh’s ears and would continue ringing in his soul for decades to come. After class, Master Karimi drove Kurosh and Nelly to the favorite restaurant Yekta where members of the Center would share lunch and sometimes dinner. During dinner, which was always just rice and onions with flat bread flavored by a little sumac and black pepper for Kurosh, he learned more about the two extraordinary vocalists. They were both from the Caspian coast, from Shahsavari and Rasht. Parisa’s real name was Vajihe Va’ez, called Vaji by her friends and family, he later learned; and the other girl was Hurshid Biabani whom Kurosh immediately dubbed Cheshman-e Zomorrodin (Emerald-Eyes). This title was passed around among the leaders of the music milieu in Tehran, always with a smile or chuckle because of its unusual sound. Also Kurosh’s Persian name which he conjured up in Geneva, Kurosh Ali Khan, was repeated continually by everyone because it sounded goofy, actually humorous since the main saint of Shi’a Islam would not usually be placed together with Persia’s most illustrious original beneficent Achaemenian emperor then a Khan from the Mongol period thrown in at the end. So whenever possible, the guys would gossip about Kurosh Ali Khan being attracted to Cheshman-e Zomorrodin adding giggles and chuckles over the crazy names. Of course, they never mentioned that the attraction Kurosh felt for Parisa and Hurshid was only metaphysical like in the poetry; they always seemed to prefer a harmless potential scandal to joke about rather than to relate it all to *erfan* (mystic esoterism).

The next week, Kurosh was treated to one more encounter with the two unforgettable super song birds. He was sitting in the downstairs office chatting with Mr. Purturab, when the girls gently drifted into the room asking to use the phone. When they were done, Kurosh boldly walked up to them and commented “*shomaha kheili qashang mikhunid* (you sing very beautifully.)” They self-consciously

giggled and Hurshid, remembering the little demonstration Karimi asked Kurosh to do in class, in the most enchanting little girl manner chirped “*shoma ham qashang mikhunid* (you sing beautifully too).” Kurosh laughed as his eyes fixed on the sea-colored beauty of Hurshid’s eyes for a moment before she reverently pointed to Parisa declaring “*un kheili ali e* (she is really superb).” Then Parisa took over stating in Farsi “I saw you yesterday, you were sitting reading.” Kurosh in a daze of joy muttered “I saw you too” to which she questioned “was I sitting in a cab.” His esoteric answer was “no, I saw you in my mind and heard you in my heart.” The girls giggled in astonishment at a big dumb Yankee thinking so poetically; then Kurosh, giddy from having overdosed on enchantment, nervously said farewell and returned to his seat in the office.

### Artistic Infatuation and Desired Debuts

During dinner and for weeks after, Kurosh continually pressured Master Karimi to help set up concerts for these wonderful young artists so everyone in town could become aware of their unbelievable skills and honest purity. Master Karimi resisted the idea continually insisting that they were still too young and not yet ready for the later huge debut he was hoping for. The ministry of Culture and Arts (often not really culture and arts but pop slop and commercialism) was launching bad young pop ‘star’ cuties, sometimes from Karimi’s classes, and thus destroying their possibilities of becoming proponents of authentic traditional music. He was afraid that a concert before they were perfected and completely dedicated to the tradition could have a negative effect on their futures. He suggested one of the other top singers in the class, Faranaz, who later became a pop star under the name of Shahla Sarshar. He said that she was more of a public performer who was very good at the tradition but was also interested a singing for parties and didn’t mind receiving financial remuneration. Usually for an artist to blatantly accept any money for performing would cast them in the role of a *motreb* or commercial ‘performer’ which had more than just a slightly bad connotation in the Middle East. This was partly due to the Islamic view of ‘selling idle tales’ as mentioned in the Koran, and by extension selling musical performances, as improper behavior. Faranaz was Abrahamic authentic Jewish, spunky and fun; so she wasn’t really subject to the guidelines of Shi’a Islam and was eager to get out and perform. Kurosh liked her voice, but she sported short mini-skirts and was a bit too western, modern and secular in attitude for his goal of promoting only old traditional arts and artists who adhered to old Islamic values which corresponded to the traditional Mormon values that he fervently espoused. However much later in the 1990s, he did present her twice in major concerts in Salt Lake City where she sang beautifully, perfectly presenting traditional *dastgahs* in the traditional manner as she had learned them in Karimi’s class.

Then during dinner at Yekta, Kurosh made the disastrous error of expressing his admiration for the two lovely students, how skilled they were and how beautiful. Karimi detected a potential romance and, as an honorable protective father figure and teacher, panicked and scolded Kurosh for liking them too much. Karimi said that in Iran it is completely improper for a man to become even slightly fond of a woman, no matter how young and innocent she may be; and it was improper to comment too positively on her looks and other positive characteristics unless the man is ready to accept the young lady as an official fiancée. Being a fiancée would require the total agreement of the woman’s parents and other siblings, and the man would usually be a distant relative or someone very respectable in the community. That means someone with a large amount of wealth who easily could spare the at least \$100,000 that a potential husband would be obliged offer as *mehrie* for a lady of class, a requisite financial security for the bride that served as a type of divorce settlement in advance in case,

*estafrullah*, the marriage were to fall apart. Of course that would be very unlikely in an Islamic country because a distant cousin spouse would always be there in the family anyway; so why not just stay together. And also marriages were usually successful because the parents were fully involved in the choice of spouses and they were much more mature and wiser in choosing characteristics and qualifications over the silly things kids would prefer like looks and nice physique which soon fade away. In the case of a woman, physical form would be mostly an unknown if she dressed modestly according to Islamic values. Kurosh was stunned and embarrassed that he might have been too forward with the girls and apologized profusely. Karimi then shocked him again offering to arrange a possible marriage with Parisa if he was interested. He started to tremble nervously at the thought, how could a dirt-poor scholar just beginning to understand Persian music be with a drop-dead gorgeous angelic being with a full understanding of the complicated music system. He felt he would never be worthy of such a thing and couldn't afford it anyway. In order to calm the matter down, he mentioned that Hurshid would be better for him although she seemed to be at the end of her teens while Kurosh was in his thirties. But that was no problem in Iran; in fact an older more established wiser man was preferable. But Kurosh was very unestablished and far from being wise. He figured that, since Hurshid would not at all interested in him, he could escape any potential threat of an unlikely serious relationship by mentioning her. It was all to weird; hey he was only totally enchanted by their wonderful singing and also quite impressed by their feminine charm and beauty, but not to the point of romance and definitely not marriage. That was one skill that Kurosh had flunked three times and a couple more, if his steady marriage-like relationships in Europe were to be included.

### **Crafting Concerts at the Iran-America Society (IAS)**

The first few days when Kurosh had come to Tehran, he checked in with the USIS because of his Fulbright funding for his research and so he could be sure he was doing that right thing in working closely with the Center and promoting its artists. The officials at the USIS were very friendly, helpful and supportive. He was immediately sent to the Iran-America Society (Anjoman-e Iran o Emrika) in Abassabad, a northern Tehran suburb which was sort of across from Amirabad where Kurosh lived and not far from Safvat's Center. One of the USIS officials, Dick Arndt, who was also a musician and immediately took a liking to Kurosh, called the director of the Iran-America Society (IAS) Lois Roth advising her to somehow take advantage of Kurosh's musical skills. Lois was warm, charming and also took a liking to Kurosh with his simple childlike enthusiasm and clear-eyed innocence. She offered him a job as a consultant for their music programs with a mild but useful honorarium of \$70 a month which was eventually augmented to \$150. She noted that they were having an opening of some local painter's work and if he wanted to, he could start that week by playing piano during the reception. This was a perfect opportunity for Kurosh who had done many such piano jobs all over Europe and the US. He was an immediate success at the IAS and became encouraged to work on putting together a jazz combo to play at potential monthly jam sessions. Dick Arndt would be on bass, a classy trombonist named Graham Graves from the British Embassy would often join in and a few other musicians from the international expatriate community could be accessed. Kurosh was so happy that, again two kind and sensitive obviously Jewish friends were there to offer him a helping hand like often had happened throughout his life. The jam sessions became a main attraction for the Americans and Europeans in Tehran and even tourists passing through. In his capacity as music advisor and eventually music director at the Anjoman, Kurosh suggested to the delight of everyone that they include Persian classical music and other arts in their programming. This was a perfect opportunity to

demonstrate the appreciation that cultured Americans have for the arts of Iran. Of course those horrible slobby drunken scum from some slum in the worst parts of undesirable Texas towns who worked for Bell Helicopter or the other really slimy Yankee pigs who slithered about Tehran insulting, attempting to and sometimes succeeding in abusing women, slobbering drunk around the Intercontinental Hotel offending everyone and being totally obnoxious, were not helping the American image in Tehran one bit. Luckily, those creeps were not as noticeable at the excellent programs at the IAS, thanks to Kurosh and others there who had taste and class which offended and scared away the Texas trash. Too bad America wasn't really like the IAS rather than Bell Helicopter and other ugly Yankee big bad company bums who unfortunately represent the sleazy and often predominant side of modern Yankeedom.

### **Debut by the Emerald-Eyed Nightingale**

One of the Iranian cultural events that Kurosh brought to the IAS was a discussion-demonstration about Iranian traditional music offered by Dr. Safvat with Kurosh translating and commenting in English. Dr. Safvat skillfully and beautifully demonstrated the *santur* and *setar* mesmerizing the audience members and Kurosh charmed them with his classy discourse as a former U of U instructor. Since Kurosh had swiftly become the music director at the IAS, in his discussions with Master Karimi, he plead that the Anjoman was a very classy place and had an important dominance in the field of culture in those days when the Shah and all his entourage, including various government ministries, were puppeteered by the US. Kurosh argued that if the two girl prodigies from his class were to perform at such an honored location as the Iran-America Society, their positive reputations would be sealed among the whole Tehran arts community including the Ministry of Culture and the Television. Finally Karimi reluctantly agreed to accelerating the plan of a big premier for his prime students at a later date in order to show up the Ministry with their ugly pop garbage shows they continually put on at Rudaki Hall. So Kurosh went to Lois and kindly convinced her to try a concert of young Iranian artists from the Honarestan (Conservatory) which would be the beautiful emerald-eyed Hurshid with top young instrumentalists. Among the instrumentalists was young tar expert Daryush Talai who decades later was to become one of, if not the top, Iranian tar payer in the world. The ensemble was composed of a girl, Marta, on *santur*, another girl, Sheida, on *zarb* and a boy on *ghichak*, all exceptional students at the Conservatory. Kurosh picked these students under the advice of Mr. Purturab, Karimi and Safvat who had been training some of the instrumentalists at Tehran University. The date for the concert was set and advertisements sent out to all modes of media. The night of the event, classy embassy affiliates from the US and other countries along with some of the upper crust of Iranian society, including Ministry officials, slowly wandered into the IAS where traditional Persian music was softly playing through the speakers. Then when all the seats were filled and extra guests had found spots to stand, Lois charmingly welcomed everyone to the concert then turned the time over to Kurosh who briefly discussed the music and artists in English and then fluent Farsi. The musicians began playing their well-rehearsed introduction under the directorship of the exceptional young tar master Talai. Then Hurshid came in for the *avaz* (vocal section) soothing the audience with her lovely voice. The music continued as everyone was transported to a higher spiritual level until at the end they clapped long and loud as sweet little Hurshid shyly and self-consciously bowed then scampered off to the side while Lois thanked everyone and announced the upcoming events including Kurosh's jazz jam night. After the concert, Kurosh secretly delivered gifts to the artists so as not to categorize them as paid performers. The gifts were fancy little boxes wrapped with ribbons containing gold coins. The

artists carefully accepted the gifts and quickly slipped them into their purses or pockets to avoid a scandal.

### **Debut of Celestial Songstress Parisa**

The next day at the Center, Dr. Safvat and Master Karimi were discussing the success of the concert featuring the young artists and agreeing that it was good to promote Iranian traditional music in this respectful manner at a neutral venue that belonged to neither the Ministry nor the Television which was a place where pure traditional music without modernization, westernization or popularization could be presented. Kurosh joined the conversation then mentioned how wonderful it would be to present Parisa there. Karimi's face flushed and he became stern warning that he had a special plan for her official debut far in the future. Kurosh countered that Iran needed a traditional 'star' as an icon, someone who was selfless and humble, someone who was spiritually oriented and who would represent the tradition correctly and wouldn't go pop like everyone else. They saw he logic in Kurosh's argument; but Karimi had his special plan and wasn't going to alter it. Afterwards, Dr. Safvat whispered to Kurosh "*khoda dorostesh mikone* (God will fix it)." Kurosh was supposed to be the good Mormon with tons of faith and a direct communication with the Lord; but he suddenly realized that Mormons don't have total ownership of divine communication or revelation. If according to Mormon leaders' statements, Mohammad was guided by God, then for sure inner-circle saints like Dr. Safvat could be in touch with God as much as anyone else. So he smiled and resigned himself to letting the Lord take over the problem. But he didn't just sit and wait for something to happen; he came up with a plan that he felt the Lord revealed to him. Since Karimi continually reiterated that Parisa was property of the Ministry of Culture because she was studying with their scholarship, she wouldn't be able to just go out on her own and perform a concert somewhere, no matter how classy and plush the location. She would have to obtain permission from the Ministry which could involve months of red tape.

Kurosh decided he would talk the Ministry into the idea and, since he was a dumb *farangi* (foreigner) with no former history with any officials, good or bad, he could just go in there and ask them and they might agree. Of course he knew, from the red tape at BYU and the U of U, that by following a certain procedure, things work much better. So Kurosh visited his beloved boss Lois at the IAS and told her he had an idea for a fantastic sequel to the Hurshid traditional Iranian music concert. He told her how when Parisa sings the walls seem to shake and the heavens seem to open and that she is the best young vocalist in the country who will be the next top vocalist for the whole Middle East. He forecast that this debut would be her chance to start on a path to the top and that the IAS would be the organization in Tehran wise enough to identify her talents and launch her into orbit. He also described how this poor sweet girl was being misused as a pop singer to present stupid ugly badly written commercial songs by inept so-called 'composers' and that she needed a fair chance to show everyone what she really can do. He noted how his mom was the first woman from the west to be presented to the Court of St. James, how she and her friend Polly staged a demonstration fencing match for Mussolini's Brown Shirts when she was studying in Florence Italy before the war, then how she went on to start a ballet school in hicky Rexburg Idaho and how later she established the first womens' college polo team at USC and was one of the only young women to have her own car on the USC campus where she became Hellen of Troy, the highest honor bestowable at USC. Then in his best *ta'arofhe* proffered that now this sweet young virtuoso Iranian female artist was in need of assistance from those who are sensitive and able to help launch a worthy woman prodigy towards the top. So

what venue would be better for this worthy cause than the bastion of equality, the light on the hill in Abassabad, the perceived benevolent and beautiful IAS. Lois was impressed and enthused about the value of this worthy cause; so she quickly crafted a letter to the Minister of Culture inviting Parisa to perform at the IAS and had her program director Azar counter sign it. Kurosh made a couple of copies, one for Parisa in case Minister Pahlbod agreed to the project.

So with the precious letter in hand, Kurosh enlisted the assistance of his friend and pen pal with whom he had exchanged craft items for Iranian instruments during the 1960s, Ms. Montakhab Saba. She was the wife of highly honored Master Hassan Saba who notated much of the *radif* (the collection of) *dastgah* (modal systems) for *santur*, *setar* or *tar* and violin or *kamanche*. Mrs. Saba was a friend of Mr. Pahlbod's assistant at the Ministry, Mr. Hakobian, a cheerful, brilliant, polished and refined kind gentleman. Mrs. Saba set up the meeting and they went into the office where they were greeted warmly. Kurosh gave Mr. Hakobian copies of some of his former publications on Iranian music and a copy of the printed program he had prepared for Hurshid's concert. Of course, Mr. Hakobian may have been at the concert and was surely aware of the event since Hurshid was a Ministry student. After a brief meeting, Mr. Hakobian assured that he would request that Mr. Pahlbod give permission for Parisa to present a concert at the IAS. Then Kurosh and Mrs. Saba went to find Parisa who was rehearsing to perform some pop tune at Rudaki Hall that evening. Parisa was a bit cold to Kurosh, probably she had been warned by Karimi to stay away from him because gossip was flurrying through the arts community that he had a crush on her and she needed to keep a distance in order to maintain her reputation. Also Karimi didn't want Kurosh to be butting in on Ministry turf by trying to talk Parisa into performing at the IAS without the Ministry approval. But now he had the approval and just needed to convince Parisa. They found her and Kurosh delivered the *davat-name* (invitation). She looked it over then scowled at the last part where a *pardakht-e nachiz* (insignificant payment) of 3,500 *rials* was mentioned. It wasn't because the amount was too low or anything like that; it was because blatantly mentioning the word "payment" was insulting for a true traditional artist of class and quality who should refuse to perform for financial gain. Mrs. Saba as a respected member of the arts community put in a good word for the project; but Parisa was confused not knowing how to accept the offer with money attached. She wisely responded "I have to discuss this with my teacher, Master Karimi." Kurosh was afraid that Karimi would balk at the whole thing and refuse to allow her to accept the invitation. As Kurosh and Mrs. Saba left the hall, the quiet voice that usually spoke truthfully to Kurosh in times of need whispered a reiteration of Dr. Safvat's promise that everything would be fine.

A few days later, Kurosh went to the Ministry music section on the third floor to find out what the response was to the request. He was directed to Mr. Rohani who was stern but efficient. He got out the letter and, noting his approval on it, sent it across the hall to Mr. Ahmadzade. Kurosh then followed the letter across the hall to the office of Mr. Ahmadzade, a down-to-earth magnetic positive person who said he would arrange it all. Kurosh showed his mother's book with the photo of his parents with the Shah on the back cover; but he really didn't need any help with this project which the whole Ministry seemed to agree with. Mr. Ahmadzade promised that he would fix everything up and that Kurosh should come the next morning when he would call in the artists to confirm the project. Kurosh had been advised and had decided on the younger master instrumentalists at the Ministry rather than the older honored masters, since Parisa was probably still barely 20 and no one but Kurosh and Karimi knew that she would be the future top vocalist of Iran but still had a few years of perfecting left. The next morning Kurosh went to the Ministry and chatted warmly with Mr. Ahmadzade and tar expert Mr. Zarif who briefly stopped in to confirm his participation. Then Parisa entered the room in an

elegant long purple maxi-skirt and a classy white sweater with matching purple purse and boots. She was ravishing as usual with her little-girl giggle as she quickly sat down trying to hide behind her long silken locks. Then Mr. Ahmadzade nodded towards Kurosh questioning in Farsi “you know Mr. Kurosh Ali Khan, don’t you?” She giggled “yes” and glanced timidly towards Kurosh then hid again. Mr. Ahmadzade explained that a letter came from Minister Pahlbod requesting that she offer a performance at the Iran America Society also signed by Mr. Rohani.

Parisa was a bit startled and upset and started to stutter that her *ostad* (master) Mr. Karimi didn’t approve of her doing a full concert yet and had forbid her participation. Kurosh defended her by agreeing that Master Karimi was hesitant about her performing a full concert yet, but the IAS really wanted her. Kurosh apologized for the miscommunication stating that he thought that Mr. Karimi had stipulated that first the Ministry had to approve the idea before it could happen and thus the letter. Kurosh said that he hadn’t known that Karimi was completely against the whole idea. Mr. Ahmadzade smiled and with a kindly twinkle in his happy eyes and his good-natured laugh noted in Farsi “but the letter from Mrs. Roth, director of the Iran America Society stipulated that they were requesting a concert by Ms. Parisa and others, meaning Mr. Heydari, Zarif and Badiyi.” When Parisa began to hesitate again, Mr. Rohani said “go see Mr. Rohani, he’ll tell you that it’s official.” Kurosh tried to take Master Karimi’s side explaining that he was hesitant about the idea when Mr. Ahmadzade warmly and kindly stated “the *edare* (office) sent Parisa to Master Karimi for vocal instruction but Parisa still works for the Ministry. Parisa sort of wilted into a placid acceptance agreeing with a giggle. Kurosh then explained how when Parisa sang Isfahan in Karimi’s class her face lit up and Mr. Ahmadzade added a compliment “Ms. Parisa’s face is always bright (*hamishe roshan e*).” Kurosh then added “hearing her for the first time was like a religious experience and the walls seemed to crumble.” Then plans were made for rehearsals now that *santur* master Heydari had entered the room. After setting the schedule, the usual friendly chatter commenced with everyone kidding about planning a potential marriage between Parisa and Kurosh. They both flushed with embarrassment as Parisa sternly reminded “I have a fiancé.” Kurosh affirmed “she would never accept me anyway” to which she added “he has to ask me himself.” Kurosh was a bit shocked because that statement might be interpreted that he might actually be welcome to try; but it was obviously just a politeness. He never would ask because such a beautiful flower should remain in the garden of Persia undisturbed especially by the hand of an unworthy foreign beggar. Parisa, Kurosh and Heydari left Mr. Ahmadzade’s office and went to the artists’ office to discuss further. Soon *kamanche* expert Mr. Badiyi entered the room with a group of other artists. Parisa found a seat back in the corner on the other side of the *bokhari* (stove heater) where she timidly hid behind her hair or tried to duck behind the heater like a frightened kitten whenever Kurosh looked her way. Badiyi stood and motioned in the direction of Kurosh exclaiming in Farsi “this is Kurosh Ali Khan an American who has become a Moslem and he wants to get married here” then he glanced impishly towards Parisa and everyone chuckled as she and Kurosh both turned red. After a bit more kidding, Kurosh decided to leave so Parisa wouldn’t have to endure any more jesting about their potential and totally nonexistent ‘romance.’ He hurried up to the IAS to tell Lois and everyone that the project was now official and that the promotion and other preparations could be set in motion.

The next day at the Center, Karimi was complaining to Dr. Safvat that Kurosh Ali Khan had been meddling in the arts world and had gone ahead and arranged a concert for Parisa before she was really ready for a grand debut. Kurosh approached them as they were discussing the matter. Karimi was almost angry while he was explaining his original plan for a later bigger debut for Parisa. Kurosh timidly tried to scurry downstairs to the workshop when Dr. Safvat kindly invited him to join them.

Then Safvat suggested that they should go to their favorite restaurant Yekta for dinner and continue trying to resolve the problem. They peacefully ate as Dr. Safvat discussed other happy subjects then it came time to resolve the situation. He smiled that peaceful Sufi smile which lets everyone know that God is in charge and that everything will workout. He started out with his usual Sufi wisdom “*hala ke intor shode, pas hatman khoda khaste* (now that it has happened this way, surely God has willed it.)” Dr. Safvat had this wise answer for various problems and he was always right because God is always right in allowing whatever happens to happen. It will all be understood as turning out for the best at some later date. Master Karimi thought for a while then suddenly smiled and agreed that, with a little intensive work, Parisa could be ready for her debut and that the plush and respected Iran-America Society actually would be an excellent venue. It was a neutral territory where everyone could support the idea of a concert there by someone yet unknown as an emerging master of the true tradition. If she were to do the same thing at Rudaki Hall, many other supposed ‘singers,’ some of the so-called ‘composers’ or ‘instrumentalists’ would be angry that they had not been invited. The IAS, being unencumbered with traditional local politics and social climbing through personal affiliations, was off limits to control by the Ministry or the Television or anyone else, even the Shah. So everyone could go there and see the concert without taking any sides or having to glare meanly at adversaries. Dr. Safvat smiled knowingly thanking Karimi for seeing past the problem to the simple and beneficial solution. Karimi did mention that fact the Parisa was *delkhor* (disappointed) about the word ‘payment’ and Kurosh apologized noting that the American straight-forward bluntness was at play on that point. Kurosh said that he was very sorry that something he had said might have been accessory to having offended *un khodabanu-ye avaz* (that goddess of song). Then they came to the conclusion that, instead of dirty cash, the best way to offer remuneration to the artists was by gifts of gold coins in the form of *yek* (one) Pahlevi and *nim* (half) Pahlevi coins which would add up to the fees promised in the letter. Kurosh offered to find the best deal from his Jewish coin dealer friend and *sarraf* (money changer) on Lalezar Avenue where he had already become a steady customer changing dollars or *tomans* into other currencies for travel to neighboring countries as part of his research. It was there that he had changed a couple of hundred dollars into Russian Rubles for potential travel to Soviet Middle Eastern locations like Baku, Ashkabad, Dushambe and Tashkent and then was not able to afford the outrageous visa cost; good old Commies, everyone can be ‘comrades’ with little or no money except ‘rich’ Americans or Europeans. Kurosh forgot about those Rubles until one day he got a call at the IAS from the *sarraf* instructing him to bring those Rubles back because someone was going to Russia the next day and desperately needed them. Of course Kurosh doubled his money on the re-exchange.

Then next morning, finally with Karimi’s full support, Kurosh jumped into action working day and night trying to advertise the event to everyone he could think of and to prepare a scholastic and informative printed program which would impress everyone and thus bring much deserved credibility to his newly discovered treasure of vocalization. He was doing for Parisa what was rarely done for him during his struggle in the music world. He was helping a worthy and humble sincere artist get that first break that could result in lifetime success. He had written personal invitations in Persian calligraphy or in English calligraphy to Minister Pahlbod, Dr. Hakobian, Mr. Rohani, Mr. Ahmadzade, TV director Mr. Qotbi, Mrs. Qotbi, Kurosh’s friend from UCLA now at the television Dr. Hormoz Farhat, Dick Arndt, etc., etc. Kurosh was determined to fill the concert venue to prove that true traditional music, rather than the ghastly worthless pop that the Ministry usually promulgated, was valuable and worth serious attention. Master Karimi was fully involved working hard most of every day attending Parisa’s rehearsals and working privately with her at the Conservatory. At Kurosh’s request, Parisa would be singing Isfahan and also Mahur. A few instrumental interludes between the modes would add to the

event. The day of the concert approached and Kurosh had bought up several tickets himself to give to friends thus assuring that there would be a good audience. Master Karimi drove Kurosh to Lalezar Ave. where a friend of his was a jeweler. There they bought the gold coins to be offered as gifts for the artists: three one Pahlevi coins each for the instrumentalists and a two and a half Pahlevi, a one Pahlevi plus half and quarter Pahlevi coins for Parisa.

The evening of the concert, Master Karimi helped wrap the coins in little gold gift boxes the jeweler gave them. Kurosh had written little thank you notes in Farsi calligraphy with his filed-down wide ink pen. The note for Parisa stated that her singing had spiritual power and, if she retained her sweet spirituality, she would eventually soar to success. IAS program coordinator Mina and her assistant Feridun had set up three beautiful carpets borrowed from a nearby shop, hanging them on the stage and several on the floor. The musicians were on the left and Parisa was to stand on the right. The Ministry of Culture was kind enough to send their soundman who unfortunately Mina treated badly. She must have had some disappointments and disagreements with them in the past over her own efforts as a theater specialist. Kurosh went to the green room where the musicians were doing a final run-through of their program. Later Kurosh was on stage with Karimi, Parisa and the Ministry driver when Hurshid humbly approached Kurosh whispering “*mishe bilit begiram?* (can I have a ticket)” explaining that she didn’t have one. Kurosh knew that she was already in the theater and didn’t need one but he decided to have some fun so he chided “*bogu ba man i, bogu namzadam asti* (say you are with me, say you are my fiancée). She bashfully chirped “*ama dorost nist* (but it isn’t true).” Kurosh kindly smiled: *bashe, bigir* (OK, take one) as he gently placed a ticket in her tiny hand and then kindly touched a lock of her hair for a second before realizing that he was not in the States; so he quickly withdrew his hand. Immediately Master Karimi rushed up and grabbed Kurosh by the arm then whisked him off to the corner near the director’s office and began to scold in Farsi. “What are you doing, do you know what you are doing?” He stammered. “You pinched Hurshid on the cheek in front of all those people.” Kurosh hadn’t pinched her cheek but it might have appeared so; and “all those people” were just him, Karimi, Parisa and maybe the Ministry driver. Karimi harangued Kurosh for a few minutes on the horrors of getting fresh with a young lady in public declaring that the Ministry driver had rushed up to him with the news and that Kurosh could be in big trouble. He left Kurosh to ponder and pout; then he strode over to the stage to discipline the girls for getting too giddy and friendly with Kurosh who should never have gotten away with such a forward action. Kurosh avoided being near the girls for the rest of the evening and undertook the task of trying to prevent a potential shouting match between Mina and the Ministry sound technician.

Soon the theater began to fill with dignitaries and *santurist* Payvar approached Kurosh to chat remembering their meeting in Paris years ago. Then he asked “who did this program?” Kurosh started to explain how it came about when Payvar interrupted with “I mean the printed program.” Kurosh said “O, that; well, I put together some facts from my research of Iranian music.” Those facts were partly unknown in Iran, especially the graph tracing the influence of Persian music on other systems all the way to Medieval Europe. It must have been impressive to have been of interest Mr. Payvar. As the theater filled up with almost no more seats for Kurosh and a few others working on the event, Kurosh nodded greetings and thanks to various friends and acquaintances as they wandered into the room. Soon the musicians began thus silencing the cheerfully chatting audience filling the room with intense and powerful musical statements in *dastgah* Mahur, the modal system mostly in the major scale. Then Parisa came in with a powerful free-rhythm *daramad* or introduction emphasizing the tonic and expounding lines of wisdom through mystic poetry. The melodic phrases were tastefully shadowed by Heydari on *santur*. The vocal and instruments moved through the mode slowly moving higher in the

major scale to the second, the fifth and finally the tonic in the higher octave with occasional minor and seventh modulations. Kurosh felt that the walls must have shook from time to time as a result of the powerful and piercing perfection of Parisa's voice. Then when they ended with Isfahan, she seemed to lift the whole building off the ground with her intense vibrancy. Kurosh had predicted that her singing might appear to cause the walls to shake and, after the concert, various of his colleagues agreed that they felt some supernatural force. Many of the audience members clustered around shy and humble Parisa, among them dignitaries from the Ministry and TV as well as musicians including the Ministry's traditional vocalist Khatare Parvane who had been lurking in the audience to see the new rising star. Kurosh's hope of having a successful debut for the budding vocal star he had discovered in Karimi's class under the advice of Madame Caron had become a reality and Master Karimi was also very happy to witness the success.

### Other Concerts at IAS

The Persian traditional music concert concept continued as Heydari and other Ministry members pushed to have a performance by Khatare Parane presented at the IAS. Kurosh, not wanting to be unfair, lent a tiny bit of assistance to that event which was mainly organized by Heydari. But Khatare represented the opposition, her voice was way too operatic, too gruff and without the requisite spirituality and soul. She favored *tarane* ('cute' little fake tunes) rather than the traditional free-rhythm *avaz* sections of the *radif* which Parisa so skillfully rendered. Also there was a deep grudge by Kurosh, Karimi and affiliates of the Center over the fact that, when Safvat's colleague Nelly Caron in Paris requested a concert by Parisa, the Ministry betrayed everyone by sending Khatare because she was the senior of their vocal artists. That incident infuriated Kurosh to the point that he eventually became the most bitter enemy the Ministry ever had, later grinding them to dust in all the media as a music writer and as arts critic for most publications in the country. He also enlisted every other colleague writer in the battle for tradition against the Ministry and its unwelcome modernization thus becoming a formidable force in influencing a grass-roots movement away from westernization in the arts. Kurosh's ethnomusicologist friend Jean During was at Khatare's concert and, along with IAS program director Mina, was grumbling that Khatare was awful and Parisa was so much better and more authentic. During had started writing for the Journal de Tehran in French where he filed a review honestly criticizing Khatare's unacceptable and gruff westernized vocal styling.

After the concert, Kurosh hung around with Mina, her Rashti mom and a couple of relatives. Mina's gleeful green eyes danced as she, and her Rashti relatives taught Kurosh a few Rashti phrases. One was '*ti qorban beshum* (I am your sacrifice) which would be *qorbanat basham* in Tehran Farsi. Another was "*ti zaghe chumana khosh darum* (I like your green eyes)," a phrase which Kurosh flirtatiously flaunted at Mina whose vibrant sea-hue eyes and well-fashioned form had always attracted him. She was playfully teasing him as she taught him a little song as a warning about Rashti girls. It went like this:

*"khodaya dukhtarha-ye Rashti qashang e* (how beautiful are Rashti girls) *sefid o sorkh o sabz o rang be rang e* (white, red, green and multicolored)  
*dele dare be sine mesle sang e* (she has a heart in her chest like a stone.)"

Kurosh took Mina's hand and lovingly stared into her beautiful eyes, affirming in Farsi "I don't care how cold you Rashti girls are supposed to be, I'm still a bit enamored with you." Then he told them about Hurshid who had been featured in a concert there a few weeks ago and they said that they knew her family. Mina kidded Kurosh that even if Hurshid was beautiful and a skilled vocalist, she wasn't

there that night; but Mina was and available (of course not for anything more than warm conversation and maybe a tiny hug). Her mom and relatives emitted a naughty little shout and began to kid about arranging a fiancé party as Kurosh affirmed that he was faithful to the unattainable emerald-eyed Hurshid even though Mina was also quite desirable.

Kurosh was happy with his little job programming concerts at the IAS and he especially enjoyed organizing the monthly jazz jams where he would play either piano for the cool jazz sessions or clarinet for the trad jazz gigs. His starting monthly consultancy fee of \$70 was nice but he didn't depend on it. To get that paltry stipend, he was obliged to drag to the IAS during the day and visit the Assyrian accountant who could have given lessons to some very frugal Jews on stinginess. Kurosh had to spend up to an hour of *ta'arof* (polite conversation) before he could broach the subject of his monthly consultant's fee. Then he had to sign a paper and the Assyrian grudgingly counted out the money like he was sacrificing his children to Baal. Kurosh learned that members of the Assyrian minority in Tehran were very hard-hearted when it came to money; but by the same token they were the best people in town to find cheap rates on airlines. Kurosh would go down to Villa Avenue close to central Tehran replete with Assyrian travel agents where he could get unbelievable low fares on flights to everywhere including less than half price on tickets to Los Angeles. So he was able to occasionally return for a few days to visit his parents in Laguna then drive up to Salt Lake to check in at the U of U and report on his PhD research.

## *Chapter 41*

### *Unsuccessful Efforts as an Unwelcome Uncalled for LDS Stake Missionary*

Kurosh felt he should try to inform any Iranians who might be interested (which nearly none were and rightfully so) about a few aspects of Mormonism. From his work as a stake missionary to Islamic students at BYU, his many classes on world religions with Dr. Spencer Palmer and classes on Middle Eastern aspects of Mormonism with Professor Nibley, he realized that the stupid parroted mission plan used to trick Christians into agreeing to get baptized would be absolutely worthless in the Islamic world. And since Moslems who really lived Islamic law were much more pious than Mormons, the part of the gospel which would be of interest to Moslems was totally different than anything that was moaned out in the official memorized lesson plan which was in use in the 1960s. Kurosh had his own completely innovative method of explaining LDS concepts to Moslems and it worked very well. Mainly, he was not at all interested in baptizing anyone because he felt that devout Moslems would have to accept lesser principles of modesty and health. Their women would have to dress much more revealingly than specified by fundamental Islam and they would have to start eating pork which was wormy, filthy, deadly and actually condemned by a few former LDS leaders. Kurosh could never be part of encouraging people to sink to a lower level of morality and health. He did, however, feel that everyone could benefit from knowing about the journey of Lehi and his family when they were obliged to leave Jerusalem to find a promised land after an unbelievable harsh and long voyage over deserts and across the sea. He knew that many aspects of Mormonism would be very appealing to Moslems and just to be aware of so he was convinced that mainly those things should be emphasize. As far as forcing the concept of Jesus as the son of God, Kurosh knew that such a concept was way to outrageous for those who were living under an ancient Abrahamic religious law that forbade setting up anyone as an equal to God. Islam, as Judaism, is adamant that there is "no God but God" a concept which Jesus himself supported. The fact that there were hundreds of weird gods represented by various stupid idols in pre-Islamic Mecca and that pagan myths all over the non-monotheistic world ascribed fathers, mothers, sons and daughters to these fake pagan gods, made it necessary for Mohammad, just

like Moses had before him, to strictly prohibit any hint of the pagan pantheon in reference to Allah, the one and only true God.

So Kurosh would inform his friends and acquaintances about the many concepts that Islam shared with Mormonism without harping ad nauseam about Jesus being God and about his gruesome crucifixion. Jesus was the main prophet of Islam who worked miracles showing people how to live and it is he who is scheduled to return to straighten out a lost world at the very end. Accepting those feats and being willing to live a moral and spiritual life seemed to be good enough for people in any major world religion. Heavens knows the Christians could do well to actually literally follow the words and Jesus instead of just raving on about his godhood in a manner that seems more like just ‘blaspheming his name’ rather than following his example. So Kurosh did his own thing and brought visitors to Church from time to time. Brother Gledhill from the USIS, who was a helpful contact for Kurosh in his efforts at the IAS, was important in the tiny local branch of the Mormon Church. The branch president in the early 1970s was kind and friendly President Collins who, thanks to brother Gledhill’s positive recommendations, suggested that Kurosh be set apart as a stake missionary, the first official Mormon missionary in Iran or any Persian speaking land. When Kurosh mentioned that he had never been released as a missionary to Moslem students at BYU, they said that he should be set apart again to officially work in Iran. Again, when the mission in Tehran closed, Kurosh was never officially released, so he continued on for decades doing what he knew he had been born to do, which was informing Farsi speakers and other Moslems about Lehi, Moroni and Ether along with unknown revelations in the Book of Moses and the Book of Abraham. But he felt that this should be done without any expectation or pressure to ‘convert’ anyone but mostly to reconfirm their faith in Islam as another true path. He was convinced that Jesus himself preferred to be in charge of further instructing Middle Eastern descendants of Abraham after His eventual return to repair a world damaged by western paganism and secular materialism.

Those first years in Tehran and the years after President Redmond took over were pleasant for Kurosh as he worked to share some of the points of Mormon doctrine with his Iranian friends being careful not appear like he was attempting to convert them but instead supporting the positive points of Shi’a Islam while citing similarities in Mormon doctrine. Some members of the branch were fond of Kurosh and admired his fluency in Farsi and his ability to make friends among all levels of Iranian society. Kurosh didn’t really understand the problem of not being able to proselyte in Iran because his form of missionary work was more confirming Islam and encouraging people to live it more fully and to abandon some of their little addictions and to follow the useful advice of the Islamic clerics. Kurosh went to mosques, prayed with the people, attended the Sufi *khaneqa* where inner-circle mystics and spiritually advanced artists such as Kurosh’s beloved music guru Safvat congregated. The Khaneqa was where occasionally selected spiritually advanced individuals were invited to attend and where Kurosh was invited by his friend Mrs. Saba, wife of the late great musician and teacher. But when president Collins left he was replaced by president Miller (no relation at all, especially philosophically) who was very negative about Kurosh. President Miller, like several mean members of the branch, despised the ‘camel jockey’ Iranians and apparently resented Kurosh for knowing Farsi, accepting Iranian culture and for not being anti-Islamic and anti-Iranian. President Miller banned Kurosh from ever speaking in church and did all he could to make Kurosh’s church activity unpleasant. As much as the stupid little brat missionaries in Europe were a pain and a bane to Kurosh when he lived there, these few hardened and nasty Yankee Mormons were equally painful to have to endure. Kurosh kept his cheery positive attitude but many members of the branch resented everything about him and purposely snubbed anyone he brought to church. In fact the bad vibes were so intense

that the one Iranian convert quit going to church. When Kurosh tried to reactivate him he said “after I saw the way they treated you for caring about Iranians, I decided that they must be phonies and their whole gospel was a scam. I just don’t want anything more to do with them, ever.” Kurosh was being harshly persecuted for caring about Iranians and not being a typical arrogant Yankee snob slob.

He thought of the day he brought the LDS Book of Abraham to the Sorbonne and showed the round Egyptian facsimile no. 2 with all the Egyptian symbols to the Egyptology professor whose class at the Hautes Etudes ended just before Professor Benveniste’s Persian philology class. The Egyptologist frowned and quipped “*c’est un dieu, alors*” then asked in French what the book was. Upon hearing the word Mormon, similar to Joseph Smith’s experience with Egyptologist Dr. Anthon, the professor winced in disgust then declared that the explanation had nothing to do with the facsimile. Then Kurosh flipped a few pages back to the other facsimile no. 1, noting that it looked like it could represent the attempted sacrifice of Abraham and again the professor noted that the original meaning was something else. Then Kurosh proffered that just like the Latin alphabet is used for French but also Finnish, Turkish and other wide divergent languages so why couldn’t the same Egyptian symbols have been used by Israelites as mnemonic devices to indicate their own stories. The professor was not convinced although he did mutter “*peut-être, mais jen’ crois pas.*” Kurosh offered a cheerful and polite “*merci*” before taking his seat to wait for professor Benveniste’s class. All the negative experiences Kurosh had ever experienced during his efforts to share basic facts about Mormonism from Norway to Hunza from Bombay to Beirut didn’t come close to the grim treatment he endured from members of the LDS branch in Tehran.

In his travels, Kurosh had often witnessed the typical super-arrogant Yankee attitude adopted by many Mormons, but he wasn’t going to let a few hateful ugly Americans drive him out of the branch because he hadn’t been converted by the jerky missionary adolescents nor to the Yankee so-called ‘culture’ that had invaded the Church. He had been converted through personal miracles but then eventually realizing that the Church was a bit of a mess and needed to some day straighten out and make a clean break from Yankee materialism, greed and ego-worship. That was why he stuck with it through many miseries and mistreatments and, even though he had to cringe many a time at the ethnocentricity and egomania present in modern Mormonism; he wasn’t going to let anything less than actually being lynched to death chase him out of the Church. He fully knew from inspiration, reinforced by his patriarchal blessing, that his mission was to help in future efforts to bring the Church back from Yankeeism and worldliness to the basic spirituality and humility of its origin before it had been forced, soon after fleeing to Utah, to sell out to the evil US government and the prevalent egocentric Yankee ‘culture.’ Unfortunately, as one of the few LDS members who could see the problems, he just had to grit his teeth and bite his lip patiently waiting for some assured future reform. At one point, president Miller tried to convince Kurosh to leave Iran to which Kurosh prophetically and firmly replied “you will leave long before me.” And when, not long after that forecast, president Miller did leave, the new branch president was much more accepting of Kurosh and his efforts to reach the Iranians. To be fair, President Miller’s problem may have been the result of paranoia due to the agreement with the Iranian government that the Mormons could meet quietly if they promised not to try to aggressively push their message.

Kurosh was spreading information about Mormonism everywhere high and low and maybe could have eventually caused the Mormons to be reprimanded by the Iranian government. But since his message was very pro-Shi’a, non-confrontational and absolutely non-conversional, it would be difficult for any segment of Iranian society to disapprove of his efforts. An incident which really woke Kurosh to the anti-proselyting policy occurred when brother Gledhill called Kurosh at the IAS and

said he had received a large package APO for him from the U of U Middle East Center which Kurosh had left in Salt Lake to be send to him later. It had about 500 of his Farsi fliers about the Church along with some scholastic books he needed for research and also books he had published. When Kurosh went to pick it up, Gledhill turned very serious and warned “tell your friends back at the U not to send anymore of those fliers because we promised the Iranians that we would never do any type of missionary work.” Gledhill had asked the U.S. government translator to render the Farsi text in English, a copy of which he gave Kurosh. Brother Gledhill admitted that the historical and factual information was fairly harmless and a good way to present the Mormon story; but it still could be considered missionary work. Kurosh took the box and apologized promising to be very careful in distributing them to close acquaintances and not to anyone who might complain. He also offered that the Mormons in Tehran could disclaim him (many already had) as a crazy who they hadn’t authorized (which was true). From then on, Kurosh was humbled and viewed the LDS branch members who had been mean to him as having maybe been partially correct in their hesitancy and resentment. Maybe President Miller was more fearful of Kurosh’s wild efforts to inform Iranians about the Church rather than his being just outright vicious; although the whole attitude of most the Branch was almost persecutive because Kurosh affiliated with whom they perceived as ‘camel jockey creeps.’

### **A Potential Convert Appears**

One day when Kurosh was at Tehran University he noticed an attractive fun girl with beautiful waist-length black hair chatting with a friend. He was mesmerized by her aura and stood entranced for a few minutes before she greeted him and asked who he was. He went on in fluent Farsi how he was nobody, just a no good dumb Yankee spy who was trying to absorb the glories of Persia’s 2,500 year old valuable culture, etc. She seemed to take a liking to the tall goofy Yank and introduced herself as Jamile. Soon they were like old friends and Kurosh offered to drive her home in the rickety old used car he had purchased. As they drove towards downtown, Jamile, or Jami as her friends called her, mentioned that her family were from Astara which was a little town on the Caspian, half in Azerbaijan USSR and half in Iranian Azerbaijan. Kurosh felt that he should tell her about Mormonism and its similarities with Islam. She was intrigued with the information and asked if there was a Mormon church in Tehran. He said there was and invited her to join him the following Sunday for a visit. He dropped her off at her house and met her friendly family who forced him to stay and chat a while. The next Sunday, he stopped by to pick her up to go to church. There, some of the members were cordial to her even through others were not at all interested in and Iranians polluting their meetings. Jami, however, was more welcomed than any other Iranian that had visited the branch and she very much enjoyed learning about LDS beliefs from the talks and in the class. Mostly Kurosh had to translate for her; but she had a fair knowledge of English and made a few friends. Of course most of the members resented Kurosh for bringing a ‘camel jockey’ into their intimate little elite exclave clique of white masters where they continually happily insulted Iran and its people whenever and however they could, even if Kurosh often rabidly railed against their inappropriate arrogant attitude. Since most all of the few church members in Iran were military or government affiliates, they had the haughty attitude that they were there as golden gods to tame and try to improve the uncultured barbarians (a title they themselves truly deserved). Kurosh, after suffering many unfair miseries in the so-called ‘land of the free’ and living all over Europe with years of intensive intellectual development under the tutelage of world class scholars, had become fully convinced that Yankees were the world’s most uneducated and insensitive scum whose only attribute was wads of money which they had stolen from everyone else in

the world including their own helpless home-grown zombie slaves while purposely eschewing any real cultural awareness.

It was so obvious to Kurosh the Iranians were the real intellectuals were and who had real feelings and warmth for others. He felt the Yankees needed to learn from the Iranians not the other way around and he just hated how Yankees held themselves up as some kind of holy gurus whose duty was to educate what they surmised as the local seething mass of inferior sludge. Yankees were always harshly impatient and bitterly angry that the ‘camel jockeys’ weren’t Americanizing fast enough. Kurosh had to chuckle to himself when he considered the many alarming prophecies about the end of haughty America foretold by early Mormon leaders who were honored in name when church members bragged about Church history but disregarded as old fashioned and irrelevant because of their simple Godly philosophy and lifestyle. The early LDS prophets were especially disregarded in their forecasts of the total destruction of the “wicked nation” of modern America because it would “rise in pride above all other nations” then it would be “drenched in blood” to eventually be “cast down to hell” and “numbered among the past” when “every aspect of the wickedness that characterized their civilization would be done away with.” Some of the handful of Mormons in Tehran would respect the photos of the first four prophets of their church but would become upset if anyone ever dared to quote their prophecies or to praise their simple fundamental spirituality.

After several visits to the branch and deep discussions about the similarities shared by Mormonism and Islam, Shi’ism and even a bit of Zoroastrianism, Jamile decided to join the Mormon Church. Kurosh was not really an advocate of just anyone and everyone joining the Church, especially people from a higher culture having to sink into the tar pit and quicksand of Yankeeism to accept the Gospel (which originally emerged from simple Middle Eastern philosophy). But he thought that in the case of Jami who was not an active Moslem and not really interested in Islam, joining the Church would give her some good principles and at least she wouldn’t become addicted to alcohol and tobacco. Of course, Mormon women had very little decency in dress although their leaders had incessantly yet in vain emphasized modesty to which nearly all the women continually turn a deaf ear. When Kurosh had been subjected to the trashy slutty miniskirt fad from the 1960s on the BYU campus, at that time at least pants were still forbidden for women at the Y and jeans were only for the garbage man as they always should be. He strongly felt that the Luciferian jean and other fads promulgated by the homo-riddled fashion industry should be banned world-wide. In his wildest dreams, Kurosh never could have imagined how horrible, sloppy and stupid all Yankee women would be dressing and acting after the upcoming turn of the century. He could never believe how the evil multinational conspiring corporations would enforce their ugliness in apparel on the whole world, otherwise he would have been working to convert everyone to the fundamental moral principles of Islam. But eventually Moslem women would also eventually be infected by the satanic jean plague. Too bad no *mujtahed* or *ayatollah* ever issued a *fatva* against the Yankee disease of jeans with a potential of capital punishment for incessant addiction to it.

So after Kurosh indirectly convinced Jami that the gospel was true and vital, the Tehran branch leaders took over talking to her and they then tried to forbid Kurosh to associate with her any more. In fact bishop Miller made sure that Kurosh was not even allowed to attend her baptism, possibly because he was known around town as an ad hoc loose canon, an uncalled for ‘missionary.’ So possibly they didn’t want it to appear like Kurosh had actually converted someone which he didn’t because he never really wanted to. His kind supportive friend and fellow stake missionary brother Handcock was at the baptism and told Kurosh all about it. After the baptism, the story showed up in the LDS Ensign magazine with no mention at all of Kurosh as the person who found and converted Jami or had

initiated missionary work in Iran and instigated a mission there although he really was only sharing harmless information. He didn't care about any glory like the missionaries craved with their huge social farewells, exaggerated welcome home bashes and silly hero worship following them for years until reportedly 70% of them became inactive. His main goal was that he Elder Hartman Rector back at the Quorum of Seventies would see that Iran might be a place to find a few people who might be interested in the Church, although Shi'a Islam provided definitely higher and stricter living standards direly needed in the malignant mud puddle of universal evil during the contemporary last days. Again his hard work was usurped as the Ensign article purposefully avoided any mention of his participation and gave credit to people who had little to do with anything. But he didn't care but only felt a bit cheated. Of course that is what happens to anyone who really wishes to serve the Lord for the good and not the glory.

Soon after her baptism, Kurosh arranged for Jami to visit Salt Lake for the LDS General Conference where she met Elder Rector, visited BYU and met professors Nibley and Palmer. The complete and correct story of her conversion was submitted to Ensign editor Jay Todd by way of his accordionist wife Janet Todd who had been Kurosh's friend and musical colleague with whom he played several musical events in the 1960s when he was a BYU student. Still, Kurosh felt somewhat depressed that he was continually marginalized and treated like a mangy mad dog by President Miller and his cohorts. But having been bullied and beaten all through grade school and then shunned and resented in high school adding his miserable six months of starvation in Germany and roughing it in his car for a while in Stockholm and Paris, had toughened and hardened him so he could forcefully lock horns with the most belligerent egocentric Yankees and even the bellicose Russian Commies. About this time there were a couple of other baptisms, one Canadian girl and a German fellow which events Kurosh did attend because he was asked to use his rattley old Ford Taunus to drive the Canadian girl up to the Caspian for her baptism since they couldn't fit her in the other car with the branch officials. Elder Hartman Rector happened to be in Tehran at the time and had a good laugh about Kurosh's 'car' and praised his efforts in giving positive energy and information to the new converts during the time that they were learning about the Church. Eventually Kurosh sold the failing car to the German convert, Mr. Reidl who was also very helpful in getting a couple of trunks of Kurosh's cherished acquisitions such as instruments, carpets, crafts and books on a boat with his own items to arrive in San Pedro. It took a couple of years to finally meet up with Mr. Reidl in California and to get the trunks. Some of the Afghan rugs had been partly moth-eaten but that didn't discourage Kurosh who threw them out on the driveway of the his folks' Sea Island Drive home in Laguna Niguel where he saturated them with Bronner's soap and hosed them down several times. It seemed to work because the moths didn't return but some of the colors ended up slightly smushed together.

### **An LDS Mission is Established in Tehran**

Finally after President Miller left Iran as Kurosh had foretold, the new branch president, brother Redmond, was very kind and helpful to Kurosh who had finally realized that he had actually been out of line preaching all over the country against the LDS Church's gentleman's agreement that no member would do so. Meanwhile Elder Rector back at the LDS Church headquarters Seventies office at had become convinced that there was a possibility for a few converts in Iran among a small minority who were non-Moslems or not religious at all. Also Elder Rector might have been influenced by Kurosh's continual suggesting that older members or married couples should be encouraged to be part-time missionaries by living in countries where there were no official missions exist or even places

where they did exist. That way at least a few grown ups would be able to sensibly share the gospel instead of only adolescents struggling and stumbling around attempting to, and all too often failing to be missionaries. Eventually four missionaries appeared in Tehran and an official mission was established in July 1975 to be the only Latter-day Saint mission headquartered in the Middle East since 1950. In 1977, Iran granted the Church official legal recognition and was the first Middle Eastern country to do so. Finally the Church sent a mission president, Dean Farnsworth, a nice gentleman who had been important in the BYU English Department. Three years later, the area president, brother Attwooll, became mission president. President Attwooll, who had been very kind and open to Kurosh and his philosophy, assigned Kurosh to help the missionaries in every way possible especially in translating.

One of the first priorities was to translate some of the main texts of LDS scriptures into Farsi. Kurosh volunteered to do the job since he had been trained at the *Université de Geneve École d'Interprètes*, the *École Nationale des Langues Orientales Vivantes* as well as the Sorbonne and *College de France* in Paris then the University of Utah Middle East Center plus years of speaking at native fluency, reading, writing and researching in Farsi and related dialects. Although Kurosh's enthusiasm was appreciated, policy dictated that, even though they hardly knew a word of Farsi, the silly missionaries needed to be equally involved. So again Kurosh was limited and kept at bay and as a result the translation work bogged down to almost a dead halt. During the short lifespan of the Iran mission, some 18 missionaries attempted to learn rudimentary Farsi but were forbidden to preach. So they hung around teaching English and working with the Boy Scouts. While 18 different kiddy missionaries had come and gone in Iran only reaching a handful of people with a non-message, Kurosh had reached well over 20 million through his TV shows and travels all over the Middle East and some of those people were aware of his acceptance of Islam and local cultures because, as he informed them, his basic religion was similar to Islam. Such a message could be legally delivered to any *ayatollah*, *mujtahed*, *sheikh*, Sufi master or other Islamic leader, all who would be happy to hear it. During the time of the LDS in Tehran, only 15 people joined the Church who, other than the converts Kurosh discovered, were Asian, European and American expatriates. Small LDS church groups, mainly composed of Americans living in Iran existed in Tehran, Shiraz, Isfahan and Ahwaz. Neither of the two apostles, Thomas S. Monson and Howard W. Hunter, who visited Iran on separate occasions, ever offered an apostolic prayer officially dedicating the land for missionary work likely because, as Kurosh eventually came to explicitly understand, the whole Middle East was to be held in reserve for the Messiah to personally bring his message to them in a manner which will be much more effective, correct and convincing. And the people of the Middle East are all waiting for the imminent return of the Messiah or Jesus Christ (Isa Masih), so why bother them with information they may not accept when it will soon be shared with them by Jesus himself who is the main prophet of Islam on his return.

Back at the Church translation division, Brother Nydegger still hadn't accepted Kurosh as the one native fluent Farsi linguist and Persian scholar in the Church like Nibley who had been accepted by everyone as the main ancient Egyptian and Semitic language scholar. For some reason, maybe because Kurosh appeared so bizarre in his methods and concepts, he was never accepted by the Church in general as anything but an unwanted pest. No one seemed to acknowledge him as a Persian scholar or any type of scholar even near the end of his life and worse, the Church adopted the Yankee policy of despising any and all Islamic countries and cultures. Mormons never accepted Iran as anything but a rotten camel jockey-ridden nest of terrorist scum who needed to be nuked and are of absolutely of no worth to anyone especially to America who had adopted the thuggish pitiful policeman and the self-proclaimed lord and master of the world. It doesn't matter how many times Cyrus the Great or other

Persian prophet/kings were praised by God in the Bible or how many divinely directed deeds were done by the Persians or whether the Persians and Afghans are definite descendants of Joseph and Ephraim and whether Persia has been the main continual spiritual and cultural center and force for good in the world since 600 B.C. Nothing can ever bring any respect for the value of this peaceful land of philosophical and artistic treasures, the birthplace of human rights which document directly influenced the framers of the U.S. constitution which has finally suffered a cruel demise under a secular demonocracy. And seemingly nothing short of millions of sudden fervent converts to Mormonism in Iran could ever incite any interest among Mormons because it sadly seems that, only after a nation or race provides tithe-paying members is that nation or race recognized as worthwhile by the LDS Church. It doesn't matter that The Persians freed the Jews from Babylonian captivity and financed building of the temple in Jerusalem while continually scolding them for shirking their holy duty to accomplish God's command. It doesn't matter that the most spiritual beautiful poetry ever written which influenced the world's literature was written by Persians or that their music beneficially influenced most of the world or that they were responsible for innumerable advancements we all enjoy today and invented the battery. No, Persia and Iran are despised by Mormons who, in lock-step with their despot Yankee dictator masters, have come to be fervent followers the government and Zionist-generated media lies rather than believing the One True God and His scriptures concerning Persia.

When decades after Kurosh's efforts to inform Middle Easterners about the simple history of the Mormons Church, great efforts were being exerted to translate Arabic philosophical texts at BYU, even though the authors of the texts were mostly Persians writing in Arabic under Arab names, no one at BYU or the Church Offices cared one bit about Farsi or Iran or anywhere that spoke Persian or Dari. Obviously it is because they are mostly interested in people who they could teach Mormonism at and not in people from whom they could learn highly valuable spiritual concepts. This all too ethnocentric attitude has deprived Mormons from benefiting from the deep wisdom of the Persian spiritual poets and many other celestial aspects of a honorable 2,500 year old culture. It was only this one little few years in the 1970s when there was a mission in Tehran and when Hartman Rector supported the effort to reach out to Persian speakers that anything was done about translating anything into Farsi. And even then, it was a stumbling amateur attempt purposely excluding Kurosh even though he was the one authentic world class LDS Persian scholar the Church had (whether they wanted him around or not). And Kurosh always had an unwavering conviction that he had been pre-ordained, called and hopefully chosen as the official Persian language and culture expert in the Mormon Church even though he was never accepted as such in any tiny way. Of course they never wanted a stupid Persian language and culture expert in their tidy little Hebrew-philiac, Khazar-maniac, grudgingly Arab-accepting ignorance because 'all is well' in Zion and that doesn't include caring about the one truly honorable and divinely-guided nation in history because they are now defined by the Yankee lord masters of the world as worthless rag-head, camel jockey terrorist sand-niggers. Except it is the Sunni Wahabis not the Persian Shi'as who are the so-called Al-Qaida terrorist types conveniently conjured up by the U.S. to excuse their mass-murder of as many Moslems possible to steal their oil. Just ask any Mormon if they ever heard of the Parthians and nearly no-one will respond that the Persian Parthians were the equally powerful righteous God-fearing and God-worshiping rivals of Rome who militarily pummeled that white trash putrid pagan empire on many occasions.

So for the LDS Persian 'translation' efforts in the early 1970s, a text would be chosen by the team in Tehran for translation and the adolescent missionaries would struggle to figure it out as Kurosh sat in frustrated misery trying to remain cordial. Then finally he would blurt out the perfect Farsi rendition and the missionaries, occasionally along with brother Attwooll, would try to improve on it; but

couldn't. So once in a while, one of Kurosh's brilliant translations would make its way back to Salt Lake where it was ripped apart by amateur adolescent aspiring missionaries there then usually ended up at best like a wimpy news report, void of the Spirit and without the literary value of the original text or any persuasive power. But in spite of everyone's suspicion of Kurosh and his eagerness to reach peoples of the Middle East with basic information about Mormonism, Brother Nydegger had actually taken Kurosh's advice on one subject and accepted Dr. Abdul Malik, a kind and humble Seventh Day Adventist Arabic professor at the U of U Middle East Center as the translator for the Book of Mormon in Arabic. On a trip back to Salt Lake, Kurosh gave Dr. Abdul Malik the large blue version of the book that could be easily read and give him a special blessing to be inspired in his work. Then some time later, Kurosh heard that his old spiteful detractor from the U of U Middle East Center, Dr. Sami Hanna, had supposedly joined the Church and was retranslating the book. Kurosh wondered why it needed to be redone since he felt that Dr. Abdul Malik had done an excellent job and he also thought it strange that Hanna suddenly joined the Church at the time he did then wormed his way into getting a translation job. Kurosh had witnessed how one green card craving so-called Persian fraudulent 'translator' jeered the Church for being so stupid while he drank coffee, smoked cigarettes in the Church parking lot and then would go up and pretend to translate just by digging up words out of a dictionary and stringing them together in a nonsensical mishmash. All the time he would laugh about how dumb the translation office was because they never realized his scam. Of course, Kurosh went to the immigration judge and informed him of the scam and as a result the little creep phony Iranian student's visa was toast for a long time even if he was stealing tithing money by being paid substantial wages his charade. Of course they wouldn't have allowed Kurosh to translate one sentence even if he paid them because he was a supposed worthless white guy who couldn't know anything about Farsi. Well Kurosh did know a lot about farce-ee whether promulgated by green-card grabbing Iranians or haughty arrogant adolescent 'missionaries.'

One wonders if LDS Egyptologist genius Hugh Nibley would also have been banned from any translation project because he was also a despised honkey white guy. But since there was no mission to the ancient Pharaohs, at least not on this earth, Nibley wouldn't have been needed in that capacity. He probably is now hanging out with those Pharaohs on the other side laughing at the linguistic bungling in Salt Lake and Provo. It didn't help Kurosh one bit that when his beloved convert Jami immigrated to Utah, she began spreading lies about him to everywhere portraying him as a girl-chaser who didn't know much Persian so that she could hog the potential translating calling that Kurosh had been recommending her for because she wanted to exclude him from participating as a co-translator. Kurosh never wanted to be hired for money to work on any translating, so she shouldn't have been paranoid. That was a sad blight on the whole effort because Kurosh was an earnest well-trained scholar of Persian of various eras and dialects who would be able to discover and even craft perfect terms for all LDS gospel expressions especially when he was in contact with top expert colleagues in Tehran like the government's official pure Persian word coiner Dr. Kia, Persian linguist Dr. Faravashi, Avestan expert Dr. Moqaddam and other such top scholars. Finally Brother Nydegger asked Jamile if she could do the translating in Persian and, rather than honoring Kurosh as the stake missionary who had lead her into the Church while she knew Kurosh was an expert in the type of Persian which should be used for such a task, she betrayed him claiming that he was a slimy girl-chasing creep who didn't know Persian at all. She apparently thought Kurosh would replace her and get the job and the wages although Kurosh had no interest at all in money. So she permanently trashed his reputation at the Church Offices forever preventing him from doing anything in the Church in language or music. One would

think that an organization that worked by inspiration could have seen through such vicious paranoid-provoked self-preserving slander. Where's that revelation when you need it?

### A Second Convert

Meanwhile, Kurosh had met a fun Russian-Iranian girl at the IAS who was a musician and had become a fan of Kurosh's jazz events. She occasionally offered to drive him home to his Amirabad apartment after the concerts and became a type of non-physical girl friend. Her name was Margaret and Kurosh couldn't help but notice her absolutely perfect voluptuous figure. Her pock-marked face condition and Russian Orthodox religion likely caused Iranian men shun her; so she was happy to find Kurosh who didn't care about her face condition. His main squeeze in Paris, Ann, had a similar situation and it never bothered him. One night when they were parked in Margaret's black Peykan talking about music and life, she stunned him by wrapping her arms around him offering something like "*har vaqti ke mano mikhai, dastet deraz kon o var da* (whenever you want me just reach out and take me)." If he had been back in Europe during his years of sin, he would have firmly embraced her and kissed her madly, etc., etc. But as a reformed spiritually-oriented Mormon stake missionary and an aspiring Sufi, he knew a much better response. He lovingly hugged her, kissed her harmlessly on the forehead and answered in Farsi "I will give you something much better than a physical love. I will show you a love that will never cease; tomorrow I'm taking you to church. Her eyes stared in unbelief that someone would turn down mad passion with a very well-endowed desirable young woman in exchange for a date to church. She fumbled an agreement and the next morning they were sitting at the branch as members wondered where Kurosh kept finding girls to drag to meetings. As a Russian Orthodox since birth, Margaret had been shocked and emotionally moved that in Iran a guy could turn down hot passion and replace it with a platonic spiritual relationship. So she kept attending church and finally accepted baptism. Margaret became friends with Jami and the three would go to various cultural events around Tehran and became like a family. One time the girls spent a whole day working on a fantastic vegetarian dinner for Kurosh which they all thoroughly enjoyed.

But with the limited success in converting people, mostly non-Iranians and non-Moslems, to the Church, Kurosh finally realized that his endless enthusiasm was grossly misplaced, somewhat like Paul who was also spending his life living down his former sins. He realized that the agreement that the Church had made not to convert Moslems was correct and was actually God's will. So Kurosh, also trying to follow inspiration from God, needed to reorient his eagerness. He had fallen victim to a craze similar to how some Mormons felt compelled to convert the 'heathen' Jews (actual Khazar non-Abrahamic pagans) to Mormonism. They couldn't convert Jews anyway because, according to Brigham Young, no real Jew will ever join the Church until Jesus returns and they see his wounds. So, sure most of the Ashkenazi Khazar Luciferian imposters in Israel and all over the world would be fair game for conversion and some have become excellent church members. But none of the humble Sabras, Yemenite, Moroccan, Iraqi, Iranian or other fully authentic Abrahamic Jews would or could be interested at this time. As he contemplated the situation, Kurosh realized that Islam, especially Shi'a Islam, was perfect for Iran and exactly what God willed and had given as a guide for the Middle East. It is logical because Islam was some of the truths from Persian Zoroastrian roots plus the restoration of the fundamental Abrahamic religion and Law of Moses delivered by the Prophet Mohammad. Kurosh finally realized that his mission in Iran was actually to learn more about God and His other religious manifestations and to encourage Iranians to be better Shi'a Moslems. It seemed that Iranians were very well served by Islam when they take it seriously and live according to its fundamental principles.

However goofy, off-beat and outside the box Kurosh was, President Attwooll was fond of him and Sister Attwooll enjoyed reading Kurosh's mother's book *Bright Blue Beads*. President Attwooll asked Kurosh to do a translation of the Word of Wisdom which he eventually did with amazing skill and gusto. Kurosh was called to be Sunday school superintendent along with his assignment as stake missionary and he was invited to teach a class in Farsi about gospel principles and Church history. Kurosh relied exclusively on Nibley's *Lehi in the Desert and the World of the Jaredites* which had been a Melchizek Priesthood Quorum manual in 1957 when scholarship rather than pabulum was important in the Church. Nibley's information was culturally perfect for Farsi speakers. But Jami and Margaret who were the main members of the class complained to the branch leaders that they could care less about camels and wandering in the desert and all those Middle Eastern aspects of the Book of Mormon. They were too westernized to appreciate or have a drop of interest in the reality of ancient life as portrayed in the Book of Mormon, but instead were drawn to the modern version of the Church which was something Kurosh was fairly adverse to. So the class was finally cancelled. But in spite of all the persecution Kurosh had suffered from his fellow 'saints' in Tehran, before the Mormons were finally obliged to shut down the branch and leave, President Attwooll stated that if and when they ever do full missionary work to Moslems, it will be according to Kurosh's method of using Islam and the Koran as the basis for sharing common truths. Rather than opposing Islam or working around it, Spencer Palmer's concept of working through and with Islam to share truths is the only way to succeed and that would not mainly be for conversion only for sharing common truths. In the several years Kurosh had been an adopted and accepted native Iranian in Tehran, no religious Shi'a, Sufi, Zoroastrian or any Iranian had ever contradicted him much less persecuted him like the Mormons did.

### **The Mission Closes, Obviously Allah's Will**

So when the mission finally closed and the beautiful building where meetings had been held was given up and the missionaries and mission president had been evacuated in December of 1978, it was actually Allah's will. It was obvious that the Messiah is destined to be the one who will personally preside over converting the Jews and Moslems to His complete gospel and that only if they fully agree because the Messiah will never force or press anyone into believing anything. That doesn't exclude the dire need that pagan Christians have for more truth and enlightenment or even also Mormons who have a plethora of valuable truths tucked away in a trunk in the attic but don't always live by or care about the full gospel. The Messiah probably wouldn't want bumbling silly white juveniles messing up the vital work of reaching out to the descendants of Abraham anyway. After the mission closed, Kurosh realized how wrong he had been to think there was any need for an LDS mission in Iran, a country whose religious standards could protect its citizens from most of the evils of modern society such as sex addiction, homosexuality, blatant sassy immodesty, use of alcohol, eating filthy dead rotting wormy pigs, using sexual frustration rather than sensible parental guidance to set up marriages and, most of all, the stupid evil ancient Greek and Roman policy of worshiping the body and the ego rather than honoring God and forgetting the self. Of course the major error of trusting in the arm of flesh had been the American and European Gentiles' efforts to ravage and rule the world rather than trusting in God to give them each day their daily bread and no more than that unless God wills it. Joining the LDS Church as it has become with all its recent absorption of modern American evils, would have been a step down for any Moslem because they would have to start eating pukey poisonous pigs and wearing skanky bikinis and trashy sexy clothes (most Iranians had already been converted to that Yankee wickedness). They would have to adopt the detrimental dizziness of dating to find a spouse, become addicted to sports and other time-wasting

thrill-seeking body-worshipping ‘entertainment,’ become entrapped by destructive nerve-gnawing rock and pop ‘music,’ dress like crummy janitors, etc., etc. So why should innocent happy God-fearing Iranian villagers join the Mormon Church to become addicted to worthless worldly pursuits and abandon their rich heritage to become drab Yankee imitations? It seems that the Lord would prefer that Moslems retain the simple truths of their Abrahamic tradition untainted by the ills of contemporary society until He can offer them the full truth minus all the lies of American/European materialism and secularism. One thing they would gain as far as an improvement in lifestyle is foregoing time-wasting tea, nerve-wracking coffee and, of course, stinky deadly tobacco in case anyone was still using that poison.

Kurosh was frustrated by what he perceived as a negative, superior and arrogant attitude among many branch members in Tehran who thought that ‘dirty camel-jockey Iranians’ were subhuman and that superior Americans shouldn’t acknowledge them in any way because they weren’t the chosen white race and the even more superior Mormon-born god-destined already saved forever LDS Church members. They decried Islam as a totally vicious pagan fraud and would happily dispute at the drop of a hat how Mohammed was an evil false prophet contrary to what various LDS leaders have declared. Kurosh didn’t dare to or even bother to try to convince the over-arrogant members that if they thought they were the superior white race, what about their distant forefathers the Indo-European Indo-Iranian original chosen race of Cyrus who, with the Persians and Medes, was often mentioned positively in the Bible. Kurosh figured that of course those particular haughty members never paid any attention to the Doctrine and Covenants scripture in 18:20 “Contend against no church, save it be the church of the devil.” Most every Mormon knows or should know that pagan Christianity, mainly Catholicism, is defined as the “Church of the Devil” and Islam has been praised by various LDS leaders over the decades. In D&C 31:9, Mormons are admonished “revile not against those that revile” and in 98:23 of those who smite “revile not against them.” So if Mormons are forbidden to revile against those who revile against or smite them, how dare they revile against kind, warm, wise and humble Iranians who were helpful and hospitable? American anti-Islamism in Iran appeared to be the nasty vicious attitude adopted by all Yankees who supported the American hegemonic control of Iran and the whole world, a major mistake that caused the eventual Iranian revolution and decades of well-deserved anti-American bitter hatred. How could Mormons be part of that despicable attitude? They should have read their own scriptures like D&C 38:39 “beware of pride, lest ye become as the Nephites of old.” Well, it is already too late for a large portion of Mormondom to follow that advice. As for the arrogant hotshot prankster child ‘missionaries,’ they were correctly portrayed as obnoxious ‘great big elders’ by LDS founders. Again in the D&C Kurosh was aware of scriptures reprimanding the characteristics of those particular bratty boy juvenile missionaries. In Section 88:121 “Therefore, cease from all your light speeches, from all laughter, from all your lustful desires, from all your pride and light-mindedness ...” Again in D&C 88:69 “cast away your idle thoughts and your excess of laughter far from you.” Of course it doesn’t mention pranks, goofing off and super silliness coupled with beyond haughty arrogance and superiority complexes which Kurosh witnessed missionaries usually acquire after the glorious send-offs and hero-worship heaped on them by everyone. It is strange that, when even the prophet Joseph Smith was reprimanded in scripture, that too many missionaries think they are perfect and God’s gift to the world of non-Mormon pagan ‘Gentiles.’ Too many church members in Tehran supposed Iranians to be sub-humans even if they had inherited a 2,500 year old highly evolved spiritual culture with poets like Molavi (Rumi), Hafez, Sa’di, Feredosi, Rudaki, Ansari, etc., etc., etc., a culture millions of miles beyond the comprehension of most Marmans born in a born in Arem or similar hick towns.

Kurosh knew years before his Fulbright that he was going to the Middle East to learn not teach, at least not until he was many decades older. And then he became wise enough to understand that he had only

begun to learn. He realized that until Mormons are able to live the higher and stricter laws of Islam and Sufism, they have nothing to offer Persians whose religion requires modesty, chastity, inner spirituality, nutritional sensibility and many other things that most Mormons (and also some Persians) still need to attain and obtain. The main thing that Kurosh could do was to encourage Persians to adhere to Islam more obediently; that way they would be a step ahead of Mormons who will never seem to be able to maintain modesty in women's 'dress' (actually undress) and never observe the full Word of Wisdom especially when it comes to incessantly stuffing themselves with dead rotting filthy pigs then eventually dying from their atrocious culinary excesses. But although the often silly sissy adolescent missionaries and the mostly cocky conceited members were a major bulwark against informing the polite and intellectual Persians about a few aspects for Mormonism, Kurosh resigned himself to the realization that God let the Church purposely send out apparent asinine imbeciles as 'missionaries.' They were going all over the world to hopefully gather in only those golden contacts who are ready and inspired to accept a more advanced version of the true Gospel; mostly descendants of Joseph who are hidden among the Gentiles, the pagan so-called 'Christians' and even a few from less misguided faiths. But this would not include Islam which still observes the original correct Abrahamic beliefs with staunch vigor no 'Christian' or even Mormon can easily attain to.

So Kurosh decided long ago in Paris when he had originally been totally appalled by the stupid supercilious kiddy creeps masquerading as missionaries that the Paris mission president's assistant was correct in observing that the Church had to be true or the missionaries should have destroyed it long ago. So Kurosh had decided then that uncouth, uneducated and uncalled for little creeps seemed to be chosen to be sent on missions to scare away most of the intelligent or sensitive interested individuals. Thus only the select and very chosen descendants of Joseph would stumble into the Gospel in spite of the idiotic juveniles trying to 'teach' them. Kurosh was totally adamant, but never dared express it, that only sensitive, wise, highly educated and enlightened over 40 year old members should be allowed to represent the Gospel message. These would be spiritually and deeply inspired preferably scholars, people like Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, John Taylor, Wilfred Woodruff, Parley and Orson Pratt, Hugh Nibley and his disciples. Unfortunately neither the church school BYU nor the Church itself seems to encourage or even accept true dedicated scholars similar to Nibley except for a tiny handful. It seemed to Kurosh that if the Catholic religion is the Church of the Devil and the devil is very dedicated, brilliant and highly successful in his non-stop efforts to convert everyone to his grim philosophy, so why not take a tip from the Catholics. Why not Mormon Jesuits, scholars who are fluent in several languages, culturally adaptable and are convincing and wise? But it appears that BYU is not interested in training real scholars but has accepted its role as merely a marriage bureau, a title given in jest in the 60s to the University of Geneva's Interpreter's School. So for comfort, Kurosh relied on D&C 90:10 "And then cometh the day when the arm of the Lord shall be revealed in power in convincing the nations, the heathen nations, the house of Joseph, of the gospel of their salvation." Kurosh interpreted this verse to indicate that the descendants of Joseph were concealed among the heathen nations which are the pagan so-called 'Christian' nations because no religion has ever been more heathen than so-called Catholic-engendered 'Christianity' except the counterfeit secular atheistic Talmudic 'Jewish' (in name only) incorrectly-converted Mongol Khazar mass murders from Europe and Eastern Europe.

So Kurosh was actually relieved when the Mormons had to leave Iran. Their method is way too heavy-handed and thus offensive. It is completely unsuccessful in the Islamic world because they kept insisting on enforcing concepts, which in Islam could require the death penalty just for declaring them. Instead they should have been concentrating on Lei and his family sailing to Central America and leaving the wicked Jews to die in Jerusalem or be enslaved by Babylon. From Kurosh's experience, that was the type of

information that all Moslems loved to hear. That along with the Tenth Article of Faith's affirmation that, rather than the vicious murdering political scam of Israel, "Zion will be built upon the American continent," not that worthless dumb desert, the misnomered 'Israel' instead of 'New Khazaria' cruelly stolen from the real Jews (Palestinians). In Paris Kurosh dreamed up his idea of a Middle Eastern Mission with headquarters in Tehran where he maybe could called as the initial Mission president since he knew most of the languages, religions, cultures and loved the people much more than the white races he had been persecuted by. He even sketched out the potential Islamic Area Mission with its subdivisions. As part of this wild crazy unreal scheme, he had started out by translating and having translated his clear and acceptable pamphlet *A Prophet Who Left Jerusalem* in Farsi and Arabic in 1969, In Pashtu and Urdu in 1971 and finally in Turkish in 1973. That simple and sane discussion of Lehi and his family leaving Jerusalem and sailing to the New World with details about basic Mormon beliefs not emphasizing a couple of concepts offensive to Islam, was the perfect introduction to Mormonism which positively impressed everyone who read it in any of the languages it had been printed in. After Kurosh had seen how the Mormons had drifted away from the fundamental truths of the gospel to become as bad as their American prison wardens until they were no longer a separate or peculiar people but just carbon copies of the worst of the Yankee secular mania, he realized that first the Mormons need to be converted back to the traditional gospel of Joseph Smith. They need to completely abandon their silly worship of Luciferian sexually explicit homo-enforced freaky fashions, their junk food addiction, satanic rock noise infatuation, corporate kowtowing and worship of Wall Street. Kurosh had recognized that until Mormons themselves are converted to the real original Mormonism, they will have no success in the pushing their watered-down mamby pamby goody-goody (or is it really any more) goody two shoes appearing Americanized beyond acceptability Protestantish clique which was never supposed to be just another Christian sect. It started out as a completely fresh unusual yet accurate version of the simple path preached by Jesus which resembled a humble Sufi order rather than another dumb grandiose break-off of the papacy.

## *Chapter 42*

### *Kurosh Produces Jazz at the Anjoman LP, is Phased out to Become More Prominent*

On the brighter side of Kurosh's work in Iran, the successful jazz concerts and jam sessions that Kurosh was organizing at the IAS including various fine musicians around Tehran, such as US Embassy Cultural Attaché Dick Arndt on bass, finally gave rise to the concept of cutting an LP of the music that had been so successful under Kurosh's directorship. He mentioned the concept once to Dick and to ISA director Lois and they both were in favor of it. So a few rehearsals were set up with the musicians who had been involved in the cool jazz and trad jazz concerts. These included skilled expatriate jazz performers from various government offices or projects such as Peace Corps volunteer Phil Shutzman serving as percussionist in the Tehran Symphony, and British Council Senior Lecturer Graham Graves on trombone. The trad jazz ensemble was composed of Kurosh on clarinet, US Embassy Naval Attaché George Bird on cornet, Graham Graves on trombone, Peace Corps volunteer music instructor Judy Bevans on piano, Dick Arndt on bass and Phill Shutzman on drums. The cool jazz combo included some of the same players with the addition of Peace Corps volunteer and Tehran Symphony flutist Marilyn Swindler and Kurosh on piano. IAS piano favorite Elaine Birnbaum was included in the LP playing her famous version of Body and Soul. Other than Elaine's solo, all the music was organized by Kurosh and, although not as polished and professional as his former LPs 'Oriental Jazz with Press Keys' or 'Jazz at the U of U,' it was a nice documentary of the few expatriate musicians in Tehran with pleasant performances by enthusiastic artists. On one of Kurosh's trips

to the States, he drove to Wakefield Records in Phoenix who pressed 500 LPs which were then sent by APO to Tehran where they were ultimately sold to fans and friends at various IAS concerts and events.

But then unfortunately, one day Lois called Kurosh into her office and with tearful eyes explained that their budget was dwindling and that she couldn't keep Kurosh on as music director. Kurosh was saddened but in his usual cheerful manner promised to continue to help out with concerts and to play at the jam sessions and do whatever was needed even without the very helpful consultancy fee which had grown to a reasonable almost living wage of \$250 a month. That fee always seemed more difficult to wrench out of the clutches of the Assyrian accountant at the IAS than putting together all the programs. Lois came over to Kurosh and gave him a fond motherly hug thanking him for all his work and his willingness to continue as a volunteer. He had suggested a project of photos, taped music and a scholarly presentation he would create honoring former vocal master Qamar el Moluk and 1920s blues queen Bessie Smith who were somewhat contemporaries and similar in their powerful presentation of traditional vocal virtuosity. Meanwhile, Kurosh's pal Jean During suggested that he join a small cadre of intellectuals who wrote for the Tehran Journal. Jean was writing for the French *Journal de Tehran*. Kurosh went down to the Journal and was sent out to do an assignment, an interview which became his first story entitled Preserve the Old. It was about how modernization was threatening Tehran's old sector and the interview was with the founder of the Iranian Architectural Society. The piece perfectly fit Kurosh's philosophy of old is best and mod odd is trash. His excellent article was highly appreciated by the editor so Kurosh was invited to submit any review or preview of arts events that he wished.

### **Invasion by a Horrid Homo Who Hokes up the IAS**

About the time that Kurosh was removed from the IAS payroll, a freaky fagy mod-odd Yankee visual 'art' 'specialist' was hired on at a very substantial wage. He began changing everything at the IAS and even redesigned the whole interior to look like a super silly swishy homo hangout. Kurosh was more angered by the guy's bad taste and freaky 'avant garde' (or more correctly avant gag) tendencies than his obnoxious flaming faggyness. Of course that sicko problem and his obvious diabolical possession made Kurosh nauseated whenever he had to pretend to be nice to the creep. Kurosh lamented that all too often homos have no taste or class and can be possessed by really mean evil spirits. But he accepted sometimes they are just great as musicians when they are not pushing their flagrant fruitiness or trying to forcefully put the make on everyone. It may have been that the IAS had to support some US policy of hiring homos even if they happen to have no taste and are obnoxiously arrogant super-snots. Soon after the horrible homo took over as arts director (*estrafullah*) for the IAS, he put on a concert of screwball non-music noise, the stuff that has no sonar value, just ugly nerve-wracking clangs, squawks and scrapes. It was the kind of noise that is more disquieting than fingernails scraping down a blackboard. Here was a perfect opportunity for Kurosh to expose that whole mod freak syndrome and its homo supportership and more importantly to attempt to reorient the IAS to a more sensible and Islamically acceptable direction, like it was before. Kurosh sat through the first nauseating half of the 'concert' then he jumped in his car and rushed way downtown to the Etela'at building and dashed up the stairs to the Tehran Journal office to type up a poison pen pan of the ugly event. He gleefully hammered away on the keys giggling as he wrote, describing the IAS as having taken on the appearance of a ridiculous pop-art playpen promoting the ugliest possible distortions masquerading as art and a ear-splitting non-music noise ear pollution attack in the guise of a concert. He ended citing what appeared to be an explosion, a car backfiring, that happened across the street during the concert, saying "so in spite of the cranium-crushing cacophony that posed as

music, at least the audience got a bang out of it.” The Journal thought that the piece was great because it had guts and wasn’t the typical milk toast foot-(or other) kissing drivel that filled the pages of the papers every day seething with sycophantic praises of HIM (His Imperial Majesty) the Shah. Kurosh sometimes wondered if the Shah was HIM, should the Queen be HER (Her Imperial Royalty or something). Kurosh liked a couple of things about the Shah; but he hated the wanton Westernization that was eating away at Iran’s traditional arts, culture and morality due to the Shah’s being puppeteered by the Yankees. So it was finally time for some brave journalist to strike out against Westernization while being careful not to appear personally critical of HIM. Kurosh was the perfect person to start that trend in Tehran because he didn’t exactly hate the Shah personally and was always supportive of whoever was in power wherever, whether the commies when he visited Eastern Europe, deGaulle when he lived in Paris or whichever Skull and Bones Illuminati implant cleverly disguised dictator ruled America. Kurosh followed the LDS article of faith that instructs everyone to support any ruling entity no matter how horrible and let God make the improvements in politics when necessary. The anti-Western rampage in the press instigated by Kurosh influenced intellectual writers in all the English, French and Farsi media in Tehran to pursue the policy of total truth in arts reviews and to initiate a vendetta to vindicate true art in the face of direly detrimental western-worshipping sycophantry.

The next day when Kurosh slyly wandered into the IAS, everyone glared at him, some in admiration, but the majority mostly in horror or suspicion. He maintained his manner of cheer and warmth as he walked down the corridor when suddenly the secretary rushed up to him and grimly whispered “Ms. Roth wants to see you.” Kurosh had expected to be summoned into the director’s office, either to be offered his job back or to be threatened, even though he only wrote his pan piece because of his revulsion and resentment for mod-odd pop and slop art being forced on everyone everywhere in order to destroy celestially engendered, time-honored old traditional arts. He would have panned his best friend for supporting contemporary garbage. Kurosh wandered into Lois’s office with a loving smile on his face as she nervously waved him into a seat in front of her desk. She began explaining that she had been pressured into hiring the ‘arts specialist’ and had to cut Kurosh’s position, etc. Kurosh was surprised to learn that Lois presumed that he had written the article out of revenge for having been released. He thought that everyone knew by now that he was an adamant adversary of all and any crass contemporary western non-art junk and would fight it anywhere and everywhere possible with every fiber of his being. Having his petty little arts advisor position cut freed him to tell the truth about the mess at the IAS.

Then Lois offered Kurosh, not his job back, since he and the recently contracted hideous homo who was now in charge of all arts at the IAS could never be in the same together for more than a moment; but instead Kurosh was tendered a weird bribe. Lois promised “if you quit the Journal, I will get you a good job playing at the Intercontinental Hotel.” He would never consider the possibility of leaving the paper where finally he had a chance to express his immense contempt for the West and its trash that was impersonating authentic arts and culture. No job, no matter how important and how huge the potential income, would ever replace a chance to tell it like it is to a vast eager audience who were just waiting for someone to be completely honest and expose the bad side of westernization, something that Kurosh was a seasoned expert in expressing. Then Lois added “and Dick has connections at the National Television where you could present programs of your music; go see him after you leave here.” Kurosh told Lois that he wouldn’t leave the Journal but he would only criticize freaky mod events at the IAS that were really ghastly, which many thereafter were. He swore that any project

favoring Persian culture or favoring the positive side of American culture like jazz or other ethnic arts would be highly praised in his articles. Lois again reiterated the offer of the Intercontinental job if he left the Journal which he again politely declined.

He walked to his car and drove down to Dick's office where he was informed that, if he went to the NIRT building and met with Dr. Hormoz Farhat, that Dr. Farhat would be happy to review a potential pilot for a TV series of jazz performances. Dick then described the TV music director Ms. Shahrzad Afshar, or Sherry, as a charming brilliant beautiful little bird who had high-class taste in music and had agreed to see what Kurosh could do for jazz programming. Dick also noted that Lois was saddened by the negative review of the IAS concert and Kurosh affirmed that he planned to review events there or anywhere else completely honestly because, wasn't that the American way, one of the good things America wanted to teach the world? Wasn't freedom of expression about a subject as apparently harmless as music and other arts one of the positive facets of American culture? Dick agreed and Kurosh promised to be very fair and to seek out positive projects at the IAS to write about. They both agreed that in his journalistic efforts there was no need for Kurosh to address any perceived political problems which were allegedly non-existent in Iran. Kurosh did declare that the pop art mod-odd goofiness brought to the IAS by the so-called 'arts expert' was definitely negative and that it was a problem which Kurosh and his colleagues would continually mention in the paper and he would work to convince other journalists to join him in crusading against such decadence. He sternly stared into Dick's eyes and bore testimony that the weirdo who had taken over the arts at the IAS would destroy all the good things that Kurosh, in partnership with Dick, the Ministry of Culture, Karimi and Safvat, had accomplished there and would vaporize all the good resultant positive relationships that had been built with local arts dignitaries. Kurosh could tell that Dick somewhat agreed but wouldn't allow himself to admit it.

### **The IAS Returns to Rationality and Reality**

Eventually after months of sometimes harsh critiques from Kurosh and fellow anti-westernization colleagues at the Tehran Journal and the Kayhan International, the gagy faggy freak disappeared from the Tehran scene and traditional arts were again free to be honored and preserved. A new Iranian girl was hired as an IAS programmer as well as a nice American girl as an assistant to Lois. Kurosh exchanged subtle friendly flirtations with both of them and wrote complimentary remarks about them in the paper. He even did an interview with the Iranian girl which he packed with praise. The interview was so influential that the American girl confronted him the next day at the IAS, grabbed his arm and pulled him into her office angrily declaring "why did you say all those ass-kissing things about her in the paper?" Kurosh tried to smooth it over and to avoid joining in what he didn't realize was a catfight competition going on between the two. So the following day he did a little piece full of positive statements about the American girl. The day after, she again grabbed his arm and dragged him into her office, this time for a warm hug and a few substantial hot kisses. He was pleasantly surprised because he didn't expect or even want to be rewarded in a physically affectionate manner, although he enjoyed it. His main goal was to rebuild a good relationship with the IAS and to find positive things to put in the paper about the IAS now that the kooky queer was no longer around to ruin arts efforts there. But that didn't mean Kurosh was a Yankee patsy. He would always remember the evils of psychiatric torture and resultant mental and emotional disablement he and many other teens had suffered in the US and the continual efforts by the US to mass murder and rob every nation that wouldn't become their zombie puppets and wouldn't immediately hand over all their resources without a peep. As proof of his

real feelings about the vicious evil Yankee empire, one day at the IAS, he was helping prepare for a program he had volunteered to produce and the US flag accidentally fell over. When IAS desk man Ahmad shouted “Kurosh, *darafshet oftad!* (Kurosh, your flag fell!),” Kurosh stepped over to the Iranian flag, kissed the corner of it and pressed it against his forehead declaring “*na baba un darafsh-e man nist, in darafsham e, va nayoftad* (no man, that’s not my flag; this is my flag and it didn’t fall).” He continued working while an Iranian maintenance man picked up the US flag. Kurosh unfondly remembered his miserable years in the evil US like an escaped prisoner from Siberia would remember grim times as a slave there. Kurosh’s nightmarish memory of the being bullied all through school, tortured in a nut house and totally rejected in the US could never ever leave him likely not even after his death whenever that would be, the sooner the better he often concluded.

### **Dick Arndt Farewell Bash**

Kurosh heard the sad news that his friend and bassman Dick was leaving because his tour in Iran was up. The IAS jazz scene was to suffer somewhat and Dick’s friends would miss him. So a farewell party was set and Kurosh drove through a refreshing forest to the location for the party which was a mansion with a lovely garden and pleasant pool. Dick’s friends including various key figures in Tehran’s arts and politics were invited. Of course Lois was one of the instigators of the event and was definitely one of Dick’s fans. Once in a while big mouth Kurosh would embarrass them by calling them a great pair and when should everyone expect the engagement party and wedding bells. Among the illustrious guest list was Dr. Hormoz Farhat from NIRT, scholar Dr. Moqadam, Kurosh’s drummer and drummer for Tehran Symphony Phil Shutzman with Sheida, the *zarb* player from Hurshid’s concert (a date Kurosh had arranged for him), and many other friends and dignitaries. Of course Kurosh and his band, including Phil and Dick, were prevailed upon to perform although the piano had keys that stuck and were out of tune. Then Lois, who had been drinking too much to get up the courage to sing for everyone, grabbed Kurosh as a compulsory dance partner and snuggled up in his arms. The party eventually died out and everyone went home to meditate over the loss of a great guy who had done so much for the music scene among Tehran’s foreign guests. Years later Kurosh heard that Dick and Louis got married back in the States. They were nice people and Kurosh presumed that they must have been really happy together.

### **Panning Putridity in the Paper and Promoting Pure Persian Music**

At Tehran Journal, Kurosh fit in perfectly. He was among colleagues who mostly agreed with his brash and blatant criticism of all things western especially the rabid enforced Americanization of Iran and the resultant destruction of its traditional arts. In complete agreement with his agenda to reverse westernization were the Islamic scholars and supporters Peter Wilson and Terry Graham. Peter was a scholar of Islamic mysticism, Sufi orders and Islamic philosophy. His beat encompassed those subjects and some travel when it pertained to places of Islamic interest. Terry was a fun crazy guy who had come across the border from Turkey where, in the border town of Erzerum, he was urged to paint (even if he had little experience) a hideous huge ugly placard of the detestable dictator Attaturk. Kurosh had seen that ghastly ‘painting’ on one of his visa trips and thought it was pretty bad and Terry agreed. People thought it suspicious how Terry came across the border and arrived in Tehran spouting a string of *ta’arof* that no one could believe or emulate. He was dapper, smooth and intellectual as well as very friendly and sincerely caring. He was almost too perfect; so he was suspected of being a Yankee spy or something.

Once at a party Kurosh kidded him that instead of his adopted Persian name Shamseddin, since he was a US spy and a sham that he should be called Sham-eddin. Terry was a positive addition to the 'gang of spies' or the journalists who hung out at Roger Cooper's residence and was a mainstay at Sherry Cooper's monthly press parties. People noted with suspicion that Terry never lived very far from the USIS office in Tehran. His beat included various arts events, some Islamic subjects and culture in general. A harsh arts critic at the Journal, Janet Lazarian, was helpful to learn from, a mentor who never pulled punches in her cutting remarks about any story that she felt wasn't well written or factually complete. Her beat was theater, opera, dance and sometimes travel.

Then there was James Underwood, a fun and funny flaming fag but a very helpful and nice person, although at times quite obnoxious. He gave useful pointers on writing style and helpful insight on how to present ideas. He could be helpful in getting writers connected to important individuals to interview or to help obtain facts and gain accesses. His beat was gossip and social events. Various expatriate English speakers would do occasional pieces on various subjects; some wrote for a while then moved on or away. A Pakistani girl named Shirley, who eventually became Peter's girl friend, was one of the main sub-editors who corrected Kurosh's horrible spellings and bad grammar as a result of having lived in various European countries and having studied several languages. The main man at the Journal was Vahe Petrosian, a tough editor who had years of news experience in Chicago. He was a no-nonsense guy who could throw a carefully prepared long piece into the waste basket gruffly grumbling "re-write that trash!" Kurosh would fish out his cherished piece and try to make it more acceptable. Vahe would sometimes make suggestions, but often just threw a story back grumping that it needed to be written right, written better or more fully researched. He didn't care how insulting something was (of course nothing negative could ever be said about the 'beloved' Shah); if it was correct and well-written, he would gladly publish it even if the next day hundreds of irate calls clogged the phones. Once Vahe admitted to Kurosh that the boss, Etelaat Editor Mr. Massoudi, had received an irate call from the Minister of Culture Mr. Pahlbod raving against Kurosh for his insulting reviews of the Ministry's westernization agenda. Vahe sneered his very rare smile and noted that Massoudi had instructed Vahe to encourage Kurosh to more fervently continue his poison pen against the Ministry. There seemed to be a quiet yet lively rivalry between some relatives of the Shah, especially his pushy sister Shams who was wife of Minister Pahlbod, and the intelligent and much more fun members of the Queen's family like her cousin Reza Qotbi director of NIRTV. The rivalry could provide interesting entertainment but needed to be kept quiet and never hinted at in the press, of course.

One enjoyable assignment Vahe gave Kurosh was a three-day trip up to the Caspian to a mineral spa there where old men with arthritis and other ailments were being partially cured. Vahe sent Kurosh and a young American fresh wannabe journalist to do the assignment. He gave them a small travel budget which they immediately decided to split and save most of by just sleeping in separate sections of the car and eating bread and onions with some olive oil or whatever would cost nearly nothing. On the way north to Ramsar, Kurosh told the girl how he had been roughing it all over the world and she eagerly joined him in that lifestyle for those few days. She was quite pretty, well proportioned and charmingly feminine so Kurosh decided he should be her protector while treating her with the utmost respect. She was some kind of Christian with high morals, so they covenanted to never allowed more than a fond touch on the shoulder or something innocent to transpire. She had acquired a white chador with little colored spots on it which was a common design in Tehran. She correctly wore it even down to covering one eye and holding the edge in her teeth at the right side of her mouth while still speaking humbly and modestly the few words of Farsi she had learned. It was a wonderful experience for both to travel together like a family but never allowing any physical affection in public (or anywhere in their case), just like real Iranians.

They were *agha va khanom* to everyone they interviewed and they acted accordingly which meant no public show of any tiny bit of affection or admiration. After the assignment, she temporarily became one of the intimate members of the goofy Sufi gang of spies clan with Peter and Terry.

Once weeks later, the four good friends were cruising around Tehran in Kurosh's car goofing off like American High School kids. Peter was talking about some *mujtahed* (important spiritual leader) of a Sufi order. So Kurosh slyly noted "then should you be considered our *mujtahed* or maybe muttonhead, not of the order but of the odor." After a few laughs Kurosh added "so instead of the *qotb* (chief leader) of our Sufi order, Peter would be the cut-up not the *qotb*; but actually Terry would be that. Again disgusted chuckles. After having briefly noting the differences between Shi'a and Sunni Islam, Terry sang the first line of the tune "Sunny" using the word Sunni. Kurosh couldn't resist answering with the first line of "More" using the word *mohr* ( Shi'a prayer block) to counter Sunnism. Then Kurosh struck up a crazy song to the tune of Shadow of Your Smile. It went: "the *chador* of your smile when you're in Qom, I'd like a nice *sige* then bring you home." His friends laughed then he came up with a 1950s rhythm 'n' blues alternative which he bellowed out like an authentic black blues crooner. It went "I'm goin' down that dusty road to Qom, oh yea I'm goin' down that dusty road to Qom; gonna fin' a little *sige* an' bring 'er right on home." After giggles and cackles from his friends, he continued: "common baby let's cut a cool *sige*, yea come on baby let's cut a cool *sige*, cuz I jus' cain't go on livin' 'lone this way." Then he recruited everyone in the car to loudly sing along with *shaykh* rattle and roll." A car full of young Iranians who had pulled up beside them at a stop light were laughing at Kurosh's goofy singing. The light changed and they drove off as the Sufi gang calmed down. Kurosh apologized for being disrespectful to a tradition which Abraham had initiated by marrying Sarah's Egyptian assistant Hagar, reportedly the daughter of the Pharaoh. But Kurosh did eventually sing that stupid Qom Road Blues on TV in one of his programs where he had invited a few girls from the American school band to back up some old 50s blues tunes with Kurosh on grumbly Bary sax. He figured he might end up on the *mullahs'* black list for joking about *sige* unless they might have had a sense of humor and just thought it was good for a harmless laugh. But with a cute blond Yankee girl on alto sax and another on trombone along with a girl on drums and his side-kick Parvin on electric bass, Kurosh still wondered if that particular show would get him in trouble with his honored colleagues in the strict Islamic community. Kurosh was mostly as stern as a *mullah*; but he had a harmless impishness that occasionally came out in goofy ways. But mostly during his several years of Anti-American yellow journalism in Iran, Kurosh was the most ruthless critic of everything the materialistic Yankees worshipped except for New Orleans jazz and cool jazz (which was never widely accepted and had been wiped out by the slimy rock freak scum). He also honored the original founders of the U.S. Constitution along with concepts brought forth but eventually watered down by the original founders of the Mormon Church. Anything since the 1950s was total garbage to Kurosh who never stopped cursing colas, burgers, ever-present junk food, jeans, mini-skirts and other smuttiness, social climbing, atheism, secularism, greed and mass murder of innocent Moslems in order to steal oil, etc. etc.

At the Journal, Kurosh met a Pakistani writer named Ralph who introduced him to a Lebanese magazine called Sketch where Kurosh began submitting stories about Iranian music, concerts, artists and festivals. This along with a limited income from the Journal of \$10 each for around a half dozen articles a month or more totaling about \$100 month plus income from a few other publications that began to accept Kurosh's work helped keep him alive in Tehran. Kurosh was admired by his colleagues, editors and even opponents in the news business and his unwavering gutsy gusto was refreshing in a town where most everyone was kissing up to the government and the Shah. So one by one, most of the newspapers and magazines in Iran invited Kurosh to write articles and reviews on Iranian traditional music and other subjects of interest. The main Farsi language intellectual paper Ayandegan offered

\$10 each for any articles he did for them. For instance the Journal sent him to Rasht to interview the literary corps about the Shah's so-called White Revolution. Kurosh was sent to review the international fashion show but wasn't able to interview the Queen on that occasion. Then the next day he was sent to review the Pierre Balman show at Intercontinental Hotel.

Added to his growing assignments from various publications in Iran, was his eventual meeting with Joe Mazandi, publisher of Iran Tribune and a friend of Kurosh's father. As advised by his father in a letter from California, Kurosh found 3/6 Karim Khan Blvd., went in and enthusiastically greeted Joe noting he was Sherm's son. Joe was happy to meet him and was aware of his news work around Tehran so he asked him to write some magazine articles for Iran Tribune. Kurosh started out with a piece on Iranian traditional music and then did others including one on Persian painting of the Herat style of Behzad. Kurosh wrote an article a month for Iran Tribune earning about \$30 each. Then he was invited by editor Eve Johnson to write for the tourist magazine Around Iran where he did many travel pieces. With all the assignments in all the publications, Kurosh was able to earn about \$300 a month which in 1970s Tehran was almost a decent living. One day he received a call from Mr. Bernard who was assuming Joe Mazandi's post as UPI stringer in Iran. Mr. Bernard asked Kurosh to pick up him and his family at the Mehrabad Airport and drive them to the Hilton at the top of Pahlevi Ave. He was offered \$20 a day to be their driver until they got situated with their own transportation. Mr. Bernard, his nice wife and charming teenage daughter enjoyed having friendly and savvy Kurosh as their driver; except they were a bit perturbed by his bad habit of shaving, eating or brushing his hair while driving with his knees. Once Bernard asked "do you ever drive without doing 100 other things?" Kurosh realized that he was being a bit unsafe and thereafter tried to be more correct as a chauffeur. When Bernard was finally set up in the UPI office, Kurosh was allowed to stay in the Bernard's vacated plush room at the Hilton until their rent ran out.

### **Dreamy Days (and Daze) at Damavand Girls' College**

Kurosh also looked up another friend of his parents, Mostofa Vaziri who was important at Damavand Girls College and invited Kurosh to teach English there. When Kurosh heard the dreaded hated words 'teach English' he was nauseated and felt he wanted to vomit. He controlled himself and asked more about the position learning that it was all day a few days a week. He just hated the thought of being degraded to a prostitute whose only value was his big dumb body just because he happened to know the stupid idiot pigeon language he was born talking because the vicious dictator imperialist Yankee swine forced everyone to learn it even though his ancestors were French and Celtic speaking royalty from Charlemagne, Louis the Pious, king Thibaut of Navarre, a prince of Wales or so and high class German roots. Forcing English on him was part of the Yankee social engineering with its evil materialism, its Darwinism, its freaky Freudism, Satanic body-worshipping sports and pop star addiction from the bastard Greeks, its money worship from the imposter Khazar Ashkenazi non-Jews, etc. Why would he ever want to spread the disease of Yankeeism in any form among the good and kind innocent inhabitants of Persia, the country who adopted and promoted monotheism in face of the Luciferian mother goddess adoration that dominated the whole world before the Achaemenians but returned to control the world through Alexander the Creep and the Romans, still in power today thanks to the so-called 'Christian' and 'Jewish' (actually secular) pagans who rule it. No, no, no, he would never degrade his forty years of serious scholarship and research of many languages and cultures to be a dumb idiot English teacher and participate in destroying a valuable traditional society by aiding the evil agenda of Yankee imperialism. He sat in Mr. Vaziri's car as they drove up to the little college in a

nice section of northern Tehran. He felt like he was being driven up to Evin Prison as he thought over the years of studying with master teachers like Emile Benveniste in Paris, professors Moqadam and Minovi and dozens more. All he was worth was English? Ghetto-bred children of drug pushers could do better teaching English than a spacey dreamer artist scholar like Kurosh.

They arrived at the college and Mr. Vaziri invited Kurosh in the door where he met the directorship and then was invited into a class. As he gazed out over the sparkling faces of the mostly beautiful sweet and charming girls who stared at him with loving, even lusting, eyes, he realized that teaching there would be more like a visit to a dream world than the punishment he had expected. After visiting a few classes full of dozens of stunning beauties from classy intelligent families, he was again asked by sympathetic Mr. Vaziri if he wanted to work there for a short time. Kurosh decided that, in order to be able to be in almost daily proximity of such young, possibly marriageable (or so he might hope) beauties, a major sacrifice of principles might be necessary. Vaziri stated that Kurosh should start right away and teach a couple of his classes that afternoon. Kurosh decided that he would try to make it fun and informative like he had to when he was first sentenced to the degradation of an English teacher in Tehran back in 1957. He was introduced to the girls, many of whom gave him lustful loving looks of obvious desperate desire. Most of them imagined that Kurosh was like the wealthy sexy tall handsome (well, sort of) American men on TV or in Hollywood films they had seen. He was far from what they imagined; he was more of a crazy spaz, a severe wannabe white *mullah* or *ostad-e rohani* (spiritual master). Of course, as an artist, Kurosh was very romantic and loved to cherish and care for sweet and un-aggressive women (the handful still left in the world). He was very gentle and sensitive and would never push himself in any way on a woman; in fact all his life he usually declined aggressive affection from young ladies who were just interested in a physical encounter. So Kurosh practiced fun English dialogues with the cute charming girls allowing each one of them to create stories with their limited vocabulary. Many of the conversations gravitated to romance and some of the girls almost harassed Kurosh with veiled sexual innuendos. Although he appreciated the contrast with the cold shoulder he usually endured in Iran, he wasn't that comfortable being a sex object who could never become such in reality due to his religious principles. Then there was the fact that the families of all the girls at Damavand would, necessarily by cultural dictate, locate suitable and much worthier and more reliable young men than Kurosh for their daughters. Still, he was tempted and teased by the tantalizing treasures at Damavand and secretly wished he could madly hug and kiss a few of them because they also secretly, and occasionally obviously, wished for the same.

For weeks Kurosh taught at what he referred to as Huristan-e Damavand or 'Damavand Angel Land' and strongly felt that he really was in heaven. Once he was working on a translation with one of the more elegant, enticing and buxom beauties in an empty classroom when all of a sudden she wrapped herself around him and began madly kissing him like an insane person. He enjoyed every second of it but realized that such activity was beyond inappropriate and could not be carried to any conclusion, so he eventually freed himself from her grasp with the excuse "*inja na; ba'dan* (not here, later). The next day after school, he was driving home and a couple of blocks from the school and two of the more beautiful and desirable young beauties timidly waved him to stop. He pulled over and they shyly begged for a ride home noting that they lived in Abbasabad just a few blocks from his place. He opened the back door and they climbed in. Then one opened her scarf and he witnessed the same girl who had madly accosted him. She told her sister to cool it in the back seat while she jumped into the front seat and proceeded to attempt to madly make out with Kurosh as he tried to drive to her building. He took them home that day and for many days after as Adile and her sister became his after school constant companions. One day, Adile was at home ill, so her sister met Kurosh at the designated spot

down the street. She climbed into the seat next to Kurosh and molested him even more than her sister which was confusing to Kurosh although partly pleasant yet guilt-provoking. When Adile was back again, she asked him where exactly he lived and he told her. Then a few days later she admitted that she had walked to his place several times disguised in a chador and was hoping to come up and make mad passionate love with him. He warned that such a thing was not possible although the thought was somewhat wonderfully pleasurable and very good for the health. Kurosh then told her a story of his beloved master Dr. Safvat when he was teaching Persian music in Paris. One day Ms. Grimot brought a student to him who was exceptionally beautiful and desirable. The girl hinted that she wished to become more friendly and tried to start physical interaction. Dr. Safvat wasn't interested in any type of intimacy and protested to Ms. Grimot. He was told that he was making a mistake in refusing such an opportunity because feminine companionship would be beneficial for his health. He responded that, if he was healthy here but sick in the next world, what use would it be? He noted that the Quran advised to be married and chaste because Jesus advised if your eye offend you, cast it out. But he hadn't seen any one-eyed Christians walking around Paris who had followed that recommendation. Adile reluctantly acquiesced admitting that such activity would actually be wrong even if she craved it madly as did he somewhat.

All during their wildly passionate would-be but not really yet unrequited love affair, Kurosh was never allowed to phone her or recognize her in any way on the street or in a store or to demonstrate any affection or perceived preferential treatment at school. One afternoon, Kurosh was very lonely and called Adile to see if she wanted to drive up to Tajrish or somewhere pleasant and just hang out together like a real couple. When she answered the phone she coldly scolded him for calling even though her parents were not home at that time. Then she warned that she could never see him again because her family had found her a good husband from a wealthy related family and that Kurosh was not to ever think about her or even look at her again. She briskly hung up as Kurosh slumped to the floor in a stunned state not being able to understand how a woman could be so loving one minute then cold as ice the next as if nothing had ever happened. He had hoped that maybe she was a potential candidate for a wife; but who was he kidding, with no real job or reliable future, how could he really be anyone's husband. The next week, Damavand College invited Kurosh to bring some of his Armenian jazz band members and play for their graduation party. The band set up as his many admirers among the student body would come up and offer adoring greetings then take seats in the main multipurpose room where the audience had set up around the combo. Then when all the lovely ladies were in their seats, Kurosh ripped into some wild blues and crazy hot jazz as the girls went totally insane. Kurosh felt like a rock star but, as an aspirant Sufi, was somewhat uncomfortable with so much riotous applause. After the concert, the American boss lady lamented that those girls weren't ready for Ray Charles and hard blues because it made them too crazy.

As he drove home, Adile's sister suddenly appeared at the old rendezvous spot, frantically flagged Kurosh down and jumped into the car. She pressed her firm protruding chest against him and clenched him closely kissing him until he almost suffocated. Then she instructed him to drive to his place where they could really make passionate love undisturbed. When they pulled up in front of his apartment, she explained that her sister Adile was heartsick about having to break up with him but she had to trust the decision of her family. Kurosh agreed that it was actually best since he had no future or even present to offer anyone. The sister gazed into his eyes and begged him to take her upstairs and love her like in the movies. He kindly brushed the wisp of hair from in front of her eager eyes, kissed her long and lovingly on the lips then gently on the forehead explaining that it would be so wonderful to have her in his arms all day and all night; but it was *haram* (forbidden) unless they were married and marriage

would be impossible for many reasons. The main problem was the over one hundred thousand dollars *mehrie* (guarantee) he would have to conjure up for a beauty from a good family but couldn't with no steady income or possibilities of such. They clasped each other tight for several minutes as she sobbed softly then he gently broke loose and drove to the corner near her place and let her out affirming that he would always remember and care about the sisters and would wish for their happiness and success. That was the last time he ever saw or heard of them again. The next few days, he was thanked profusely by Damavand College for filling in for an absent instructor and that they promised to contact him if they ever again needed a substitute. Luckily that never happened because he didn't need to be sidetracked by that bevy of beauties when he really should be working on his ethnomusicological research and his agenda of trying to clean up the western pop sludge that had invaded the sacred domain of Iran's honorable traditional music. Also he didn't need to be plagued with potential guilt from occasionally hanging out with students which was against the rules of the school, Persian society and Mormon standards.

### **The Struggle to Save Tradition from the Devastation of Westernization**

Back to his life as a journalist, when Kurosh began attending Persian music concerts at the Ministry of Culture's Rudaki Hall, he was appalled at the disgusting manner in which the Ministry's music director Faramarz Payvar had been westernizing traditional Iranian music. Payvar was writing stupid and silly-sounding 'arrangements' with harmonies, disruptive fills, improper arpeggios and runs, totally inappropriate chords, etc. The harm that was being suffered from this occidentomania was causing the demise of Iranian music and Kurosh fought day and night to oppose it. In his various articles in several publications, Kurosh presented in a scholarly manner the problems in saving traditional music and quoted various experts in the field. In writing about Dr. Safvat's Center, Kurosh quoted his colleague Jean During who stated in an interview in *Journal de Tehran* "one can say without exaggeration that the fate of traditional music in Iran is linked to that of the Center." He also quoted his friend Nelly Caron who, along with Safvat, coauthored the most valuable text on the subject in a Western language. She praised the Center stating that it "fulfilled our last hopes for saving Iranian traditional music in an atmosphere where young artists can completely dedicate themselves to the study and performance of Iran's virtually vanishing musical heritage." Kurosh's former teacher Dr. Tran Van Khe who held the highest degree in arts and sciences from the Sorbonne and was a close colleague of Safvat at the *Centre d'études du musique orientale* in Paris stated "in recent decades, the contact between East and West has taken a terrible toll on Eastern music. Now it is time to forget our inferiority complex about our own traditions." Because of his feelings about Eastern music, Tran Van Khe was one of the staunchest supporters of the Center and its methods. Another colleague of Safvat, Caron and Tran Van Khe who taught Persian music at the *Centre d'études du musique orientale*, *zarb* player Jamshid Shimirani who said in an interview Kurosh did for *Tehran Journal* "we have to save our tradition before it completely disappears, Everywhere in the world there are both good and bad in music; but in Iran it appears as if only the bad is left. We need ten or twenty men like Safvat and Karimi instead of only a meager handful." He also indicated that the syrupy fakey phony *golha* radio series was 'just horrible' and bereft of any real feeling or musical value.

Kurosh continually praised Safvat's Center which, as of 1970, had become the national voice for Persia's traditional music. Meanwhile Kurosh slammed the policy of the Ministry of Culture during the 1970s which fostered laissez-fair Westernization. This policy included turning aspiring young traditionally trained artists into cheap pop performers who were occasionally seen at the Ministry's Rudaki Hall. Many

of Kurosh's reviews discussed the problems of the times and this exposé was encouraged by editors and publishers even under threats from the Minister of Culture. One Tehran Journal article by Kurosh entitled "Golden Horde Hits Rudaki" stated "the twenty-two piece musical mob was too much for even the most soft spoken music lover to ignore. The writing was what made the whole experience unpleasant: slap stick stops and staccatos, forced volume changes and over dramatic orchestration were among the myriad musical errors . . . If something isn't done soon to put true traditional music on its feet again, the supercilious semi-Western hybrid that is taking over will, like a weed, completely kill the remaining beneficial herbs in the field of true tradition." Another of his reviews noted "having 22 players cranking away in monody seems like a waste of talent unless volume is the ultimate goal. In the old days of sultans and Chinese emperors, when huge ensembles were in vogue, each player embellished the melody with his own personal style and ornamentation creating an interesting polyphony. This type of ensemble performance necessitates individualistic performers, not just skilled readers."

The message was similar in another concert review by Kurosh in Tehran Journal in an article entitled "Popular but Painful" which stated "Payvar's eight piece orchestra played from the usual over-arranged scores. The depth of decadence in the orchestrations has reached ridiculous proportions; Payvar now extracts pizzicato plucks from *ghichaks* and *kamanchehs* and requires chord strums from the *uds* and *tars*. The new trend is to have a music stand for the singer to avoid using cribs and next we might expect to see Payvar come on stage in black tails with a baton in his hand. In fact he could just invent machines to play the instruments since no feeling or knowledge of Iranian tradition is needed to execute the written scores; then Payvar could just plug in the machines as the audience wildly applauds, then wave his baton in time to the music . . . Khatare Parvaneh, in a beautiful silvery glittering purple dress looked stunning from the back row of the hall; but her sound was the same old gruff operatic shout. She has a great tailor, now all she needs is to return to vocal class and try to get back into the traditional *radif* by working on some *dastgahs*. Payvar's accompaniment of the vocalists was as bland and busy as ever, sheets of sound and myriads of notes weaving in a meaningless barrage of emotionlessness. The most disconcerting thing is that the audience has grown to accept and even enjoy this horrible hybrid which shows that even the elect have been deceived and if something isn't done soon, it will be curtains for Iranian traditional music. It is a shame that the Ministry of Culture, unwittingly and in good faith, is spending so much money to actually help bring about the demise and destruction of their national art instead of helping preserve it." In other articles, Kurosh quoted Ethnomusicologist Kurt Reinhard in his book on Turkish traditional music explains why such tactics of modernization are destructive to the tradition. "*Celle-ci, dans sa forme originale, ne supporte aucune harmonization . . . Pour la préparer à une fusion avec l'harmonie occidentale, il faut réduire l'ornementation mélodique, la priver de tous les sons qui deviennent de degrés principaux et simplifier sa structure rythmique.*" Interestingly, a few days after his suggestion that Khatare go back to class and work on the *radif*, when he visited Karimi's women's class at the Honarestan, he was surprised to see her sitting in the corner smiling at him. Then during a short break, she wrote out the text to "Tir-e Ghamat" (Darkness of your Sorrow) a traditional rhythmic piece that could be a medieval melody played in European courts for kings and knights. Khatare sang the melody for Parisa and soon she had learned it perfectly. Khatare shared a charming mile at Kurosh noting "*didid chetor khandegan ham digar ra komak mikonand* (see how vocalists help each other)." Kurosh realized that Khatare was a good sport helping a competitor although it was partly to show him she was a nice person. He acknowledged that fact and was happy to witness goodwill. Eventually Parisa added that song to her rendition of Mahur which she eventually taped and was released by CBS and the video also shared with the world.

## A Visit from Two Scary Guys in an Ominous Black Peykan

One morning Kurosh had peacefully gone to bed late after one of his simple meals of a boiled potato and a chopped onion with some Gilani olive oil and Bronner's amino vegetable salt. But suddenly at the crack of dawn, he was startled awake and alarmed by a solid pounding on the door downstairs shouting "Meesteer Meeler." He staggered to the window and timidly peered down to view an ominous black Peykan and two imposing gentlemen in the typical dark pinstriped suits pounding on the door. It was obviously the dreaded SAVAK or some other similar Iranian government agents. Kurosh politely called down to them "*alan miyam* (I'll be right there)" then jumped into a good suit and scampered down the stairs to open the door. He was ready for the handcuffs or whatever and a trip to the torture chambers of Evin Prison. But that would be silly when just across that street was Amirabad Prison which was almost as fearsome. So it probably wasn't to arrest him for disagreeing with some government policy (he definitely despised all the westernization and modernization and belligerently wrote against it nearly every day). The two gentlemen greeted him in Farsi as Dr. Miller and apologized for the early awakening; then they invited him to accompany them. Kurosh knew that he had to cheerfully cooperate and agree with everything they said to remain healthy; so he thanked them for being so kind as to visit such an unworthy one as himself and to offer him the kindness of their generous hospitality to visit their office. He sat in the car which roared off towards downtown as they chatted about harmless topics and world affairs. Kurosh made sure he praised His Majesty for the excellent *Sepah-e Danesh* (literary corps) and other aspects of the Shah's *Engelab-e Sefid* or White Revolution later renamed '*Engelab-e Shah o Mardom* (revolution of the Shah and People.' Little did everyone know that a real revolution was soon to come to town. As Kurosh sat wondering how many years he might be facing for criticizing the Ministry of Culture's modernization of music or other poison pen pieces he had submitted to Tehran Journal, they pulled up in front of an ominous tall building and the gentlemen politely motioned for Kurosh to join them in the building. Of course a bit of *ta'arof* ensued with Kurosh insisting they go first because they were more important; but they won because he was their guest or something and he was waved into the front door and upstairs to their office. They entered the office and Kurosh was invited to sit down in front of their main desk as they ordered tea which he kindly refused; then they offered him a tray of pistachios and dried fruit which he did partake of. Then after a short exchange of more politenesses, the reason for their visit came forth. Kurosh glanced at his fingernails trying to enjoy their presence for maybe the last time in case they were soon to be removed by those fun guys at Evin Prison, carefully tutored by the good old CIA .

He looked up and the two gentlemen praised Kurosh's vast knowledge of Persian music and then surprised him by asking if he could prepare a scholastic and interesting documentary on Persian music with various recorded examples which could be broadcast on radio stations in the US and Europe. As Kurosh felt a warm relief and joy at not having been arrested, they cheerfully continued explaining that their government agency had two thousand dollars that must be spent the next week on a valuable project before the end of the Persian year on March 21. They were obliged to undertake such a project in order for them to be able to have the same budget the following year. Kurosh assured them that he could do a fantastic job for them and could easily spend the two thousand dollars in a respectable manner. He noted that he had access to the archives at Dr. Safvat's Center and that his close colleague Terry Graham had a superb speaking voice and would be perfect for the project. They reached for a several page contract in Farsi that indicated Kurosh's willingness to complete the project in the allotted time and asked him if he would be so kind as to sign it, which he did without ever reading it. They wondered if he didn't think he should go over the details and he affirmed that after seeing the few

words which reiterated their request that he was confident that such honorable gentlemen could surely be trusted to adhere to the agreement as could he. The gentlemen smiled cordially and again invited him to have tea or anything before waving him out the door to the Peykan and a drive back to Amirabad, thankfully to the apartment not the prison. Kurosh shook their hands, bowed a few times and backed into the door of his apartment then climbed the stairs for a couple hours sleep before attacking the project with his usual insane vigor and virulence.

Kurosh drove over to Terry's place and found him just waking up. He asked if Terry could use a few of hundred dollars right away and, if so, would he narrate a documentary tape on Iranian music and another on Iranian instruments. Terry, still half asleep, agreed to the project then Kurosh informed him that they had to finish it in a couple of days to which he also muttered a concurrence. Then Kurosh rushed up to the Markaz where he told Dr. Safvat about the project and offered a substantial sum for the cooperation of the Center. Safvat tried to wave aside any funding explaining that they had a sufficient budget from the television. But Kurosh insisted, so Dr. Safvat said he would check with the TV directorship to see if they could accept funds that could be used to benefit their projects and programming at the Center. Dr. Safvat offered Kurosh access to any rare recordings of old masters and instructed his assistant to make copies of anything Kurosh needed that afternoon. Then Kurosh went to work collecting wonderful copies of recorded performances of old masters and the Center's young masters until he had everything he needed. Then he rushed home to work on the text for the narration. The next day he had everything written and the music all lined up so he took Terry up to Safvat's Center to record the narrations for both tapes. Then he dropped Terry off and rushed back to the Center to edit the music selections and edit Terry's narrations till closing time. The next day he returned to the Center and finished the project in time to rush down to the government agency and turn the tapes over to the two gentlemen who stared in disbelief that anyone could complete such an extensive project in two days. They immediately wrote the promised check, both gave him solid handshakes and even hugs as their eyes glistened with gratitude and respect. The word must have gotten around the Iranian government community because from then on, Kurosh found that the usual red tape for all his activities seemed to quickly vanish and even the Center experienced a boost in their progress possibly due to their affiliation with such a beneficial work. Kurosh never found out if and where copies of the tapes were broadcast throughout the world; but he finally released the documentary years later after the Revolution as a tape and finally a CD available through his eventual Eastern Arts Society.

### **Main Network Prime-Time TV Extravaganza "Kurosh Ali Khan va Dustan"**

Eventually Kurosh made an appointment to see Dr. Hormoz Farhad at NIRTV to discuss a potential jazz show. He took his kinescope of his santur performance of Gol-e Gandom with the excellent Press Keys Trio from the Oriental Jazz TV special taped and broadcast by KBYU in 1965. He had recently showed the performance to Dr. Safvat who included it on one of his documentary programs about Persian traditional music noting that, although Westernization of Iranian music was not good, this was not westernization but a blend of the best elements of the Iranian classical tradition with the best of jazz without sacrificing any aspect of either format or trying to mesh them by making any changes in either style. When Kurosh entered Dr. Farhat's office, he was greeted warmly and they reminisced about the visits Kurosh made to UCLA when Dr. Farhat was a student there in the 60s. Dr. Farhat said he would set up a team of an intellectual producer and an artistic director to craft a pilot show of jazz music to see if it could become a series. The next day Kurosh returned to NIRTV up on the hill in Shimran to meet the producer and director. The producer was Mr. Qahremanpur, a highly intelligent young gentleman with a

perfect command of English and great taste in music. The director was Kambiz Azordegan, an artistic young man who was eager to try some new concepts. He had been taping some of the ugly pop slop that was rampant in Tehran including the really bad pianists who never heard of Shearing, Brubeck or Bill Evans. They all thought that piano was just for bad European 'um pah' sludge that was so bad it couldn't even be used in a totally drunk-out flunky Oktoberfest band in a crummy bierstub in the far back alleys of München in September.

Kurosh suggested that they all look at his kinescope of the Oriental Jazz broadcast by KBYU of the Preston Keys show where Kurosh had done an excellent job on *santur* playing an arrangement of Iranian folk song Gol-e Gandom and on Turkish and cool jazz clarinet for a Turko-jazz blend for which he played a fairly skilled introductory *oud taksim*. Kurosh noted that in the KBYU video they combined artsy shots from two cameras to become close-ups of an instrument or a person blended together with long shots of the combo. Azordegan was an immediate convert to what for him was an innovative American concept and soon he became Iran's top TV director eagerly sought by all the famous (actually infamous garbage) performers. During the two hour planning session, they convinced Kurosh to give an opportunity to Dr. Farhat's skilled percussionist brother to play conga drum on a Latin jazz piece for the pilot tape. The three planned the pilot using the best parts of the KBYU Oriental Jazz kinescope and a couple of selections featuring Kurosh on piano with the fantastic Filipino band from the Inter-Continental Hotel, one being Night in Tunisia with Farhat's brother on congas. An official taping session was scheduled through Ms. Mahvedat and her assistant Mr. Abrishami at the scheduling office; then Kurosh left the TV and went back to his apartment on Entesarieh to relax a moment. That evening, he drove a few streets down from his place and met with the Filipinos at the Intercontinental to tell them they would be on TV and would be paid well. The actual financial arrangement hadn't been clarified but Kurosh knew it could be a lot more than any regular gig in town so he promised Roger and his band at least \$100 a person which was a good fee for 1970s Tehran. As always, he was invited to sit in on piano a couple of pieces so the pianist got a break and Kurosh could jam out on the tunes that were planned for the recording session. One was a very cool chart of the Preacher that Kurosh had written at the U of U and recorded on the Jazz at the U of U LP. He passed out the parts and they tore into the hard honkin' East Coast score with vigor impressing everyone present. Kurosh was convinced that the pilot would definitely impress Dr. Farhat and also Sherry; thus more such shows might be requested in the future.

The pilot show was taped in record time since Kurosh knew exactly how to quickly organize musicians and his excellent tasteful charts were easy to render and enjoyable to hear. Everyone sounded very professional even the little combo of young Armenian musicians who Kurosh had trained to play jazz for the IAS jams. After the session, Kurosh proudly and efficiently offered the checks he had written the previous night from his Saderat Bank account to the musicians. Since they had the studio for the rest of the evening, director Azordegan and producer Qahremanpur along with Kurosh as advisor, went into the Ampex room to work with the script girl and editor. Soon Kurosh was familiar with all the TV personnel especially the cute script girls (*monshi sahne*) who always kidded him about marrying them so they could get visas and green cards to study and stay in America. He continually warned everyone who wanted to go there that America was a horrible place where people get emotionally and socially assassinated if they are really religious, if they have too much talent and/or are intellectuals rather than zombie puppets of the mega corporate conspiracy. He warned that it was ten times worse than Russia because they take all your freedoms away and beat you to a social pulp while giving you stupid materialistic 'pleasures' in the form of dumb sports, addictive alcoholic drinks, deadly tobacco, illegal or legal drugs, junk foods, ugly outlandish clothes and then brainwash all the kids to be stupid through social engineering in evil government schools. He warned that the way the bad guys took over control of the US is by offering

everyone worthless junk then enslaving them their whole lives by outrageous monthly payments on loans and credit cards. A prisoner in the Commie Siberian Gulag at least wouldn't die owing thousands on stupid cards. His eyes bulged as he would emphatically declare "at least in commie Russia or China you know you are a slave to the system, in America they keep claiming that you are free; what a joke. Just stop buying their worthless trash and see how long before you are set up on some phony charges and permanently locked up in prison or a nut house." He knew because he had been wrongfully locked up in a nut house for doubting Yankee tyranny and was later set up on phony charges for being married to a 'camel jockey' during the hostage 'crisis' believing in fundamental religion rather than just going to church and smiling stupidly never uttering a peep about the wholesale corruption and immodesty all over America. No one in Iran ever wanted to believe Kurosh not even the anti-American Shah haters.

### **The Pilot Show Goes on the Air and Becomes a National Hit Series Lasting Years**

With Kurosh helping to edit out errors and less attractive camera shots relying on his refined taste, the pilot was soon ready and, the very next evening, it was aired at primetime on the main network. The show was a hit and, the day after, a barrage of calls inundated the phones of the producer, director and even Kurosh got some complimentary calls on his generally unknown apartment phone and as messages on the phone at the IAS, the Honarestan and the Markaz. Among the positive commentators were US Embassy big shots, USIS affiliates, of course Dr. Farhat who especially enjoyed seeing his skilled brother featured on one piece and, most importantly, Sherry as the TV music director who noted that her husband, Mr. Qotbi, liked the quality of the music and the nice film work. Immediately, the producer and director were signed up to do a whole season, almost a year, of the Kurosh Ali Khan o Dustan show which lasted for years and Kurosh immediately went to work planning and preparing a variety of amazing programs where he played many various instruments in different musical traditions.

But the day after the pilot was aired, Kurosh was instructed by Azordegan and Qahremanpur where to go to pick up the payment for the first show. They drove him to the accounting office and then to the bank where he cashed the check and when he came out of the bank, they were waiting with overly friendly smiles to explain that half the 10,000 *tomans* had to go to them for all their work on the program. He reluctantly and uncomfortably handed them a stack of 100 *toman* bills realizing that the remainder of about \$700 would barely pay the Hererra band their promised \$500 leaving only about \$200 to pay Farhat's brother and the Armenians, his jazz student pianist Hovik Davudian and his guitarist brother. The bass player, Heros Narenji, was paid through a supplementary fund for renting a few of the instruments from his instrument store. So in the end Kurosh ended up with nothing for himself, something he was used to since he began his full-time dedication to music in his childhood. He didn't resent being cheated out his pay for the show, but he did resent that he wouldn't be able to always give good wages to the other musicians because he believed that they should be honored for their skills.

The show grew in respect and in quality as Azordegan became more and more of a video virtuoso and Kurosh continually came up with new ideas and discovered new artists to bring on the air. One of the most memorable shows was one he recorded with young *santur* genius Azar Hashemi. Decades later after the Revolution, Azar was given an award from the Minister of Islamic Guidance for her excellent *santur* virtuosity. For that program, Kurosh played *oud* and *zarb*. They performed Segah which Kurosh knew by heart from his years studying with master Safvat in Paris. They also performed Shur which Kurosh had heard for years on a tape he made of master Safvat's *santur* performance in Paris and which was almost exactly the same as the version Azar knew. The manner in which Kurosh played the *oud* was contrary to the common clunky plunky Arab style that night club Arabs and Turks favored. He relied on Dr.

Safvat's *setar* lessons and styling thus elevating the *oud* to the level of a virtuoso Persian *dastgah* instrument. Of course some of the haughty anti-American semi-commie music students from Tehran University had nasty remarks about the show, mostly for their political views and because they felt they were the real *dastgah* experts and should be on TV instead of a dumb Yankee 'spy.' Strangely, Kurosh agreed with all the anti-American sentiment and even more so since he had suffered decades of misery in that Yankee hellhole. But when he suggested that some of the detractors come on his show and play their hearts out, they gruffly rejected the idea thinking that Kurosh was a crummy Yankee *farangi* and they didn't want anything to do with him. But Azar was not bothered by Kurosh being a Yank because, as one of the top young *santur* players in the country, she could care less what a few grumpy commie anti-Shah types thought.

Just because Kurosh followed the LDS policy of honoring all existing governments wherever they be found, that didn't mean that he thought the Shah was the best thing since sliced bread. Kurosh hated the Westernization and imperialistic American hegemony that was controlling Iran. But he had a sneaking suspicion that the Shah was scheming to eventually nationalize the oil just like his short-lived predecessor Mosadeq had hoped to do but was viciously curtailed by the Yankee CIA. Kurosh had a Mormon prophetic feeling that the Shah would some day stand up for his people against the American and British oil monopolies but soon after would be destroyed by the same CIA that forced him into office. The CIA controllers of the world can never allow any country to be nationalistic or patriotic because then they can't be controlled because they need to be enslaved under a pro-Yankee puppet regime. So every leader who tries to be nationalistic and wants to help his people will eventually end up on the death list. The US pretends to want 'freedom' and 'rights' for everyone; but they really only want freedom for their secret instigators to carry out their evil plots on behalf of the Khazar controlled corporations who have a choke hold on the US government and the world. Kurosh couldn't really fully hate the Shah because he was just another victim who was being temporarily used like just one of the many other US corporate patsy playthings until he finally faced off with the Illuminati global dictators and fatally lost.

### **The Bucks-Bilkers Busted as Kurosh Takes Control of His Hit TV Series**

After months of having a huge successful weekly prime-time one hour music show viewed by some 20 million, Kurosh couldn't accept being wrongfully used by having to turn over half the show's income to the director and producer who were already being paid good wages by the TV. He wasn't sure how to solve the problem without rocking the boat and loosing the show. So he finally conferred with his master and friend Dr. Safvat whose Sufi wisdom usually provided answers to every problem. One day during a private lunch at Yekta, Kurosh was slowly chopping some onions and cucumber into his plain rice as he told the sad tale to his beloved mentor. After hearing the situation, Dr. Safvat quelled Kurosh's disturbed distress by offering to talk to Dr. Farhat who was in charge of that division of the TV and also talk the main music director Sherry. Kurosh thanked him profusely and in a few days he was invited to a meeting where Safvat and Farhat asked him to again reiterate the way that half the money for each show had been inappropriately confiscated. It seemed that Kurosh had discovered a hidden scam by directors and producers of most major productions wherein artists were coerced into giving up substantial portions of their honoraria to those who had set up their shows and kept broadcasting them year after year. So although Kurosh had blown the whistle on a major criminal plot, he felt bad for having to rat out his friends and upset everything even if they did steal some \$15,000 from his budget. But everything was resolved quietly and Kurosh was able to keep his checks from then on so he could pay better wages to the virtuosi who he could invite to perform.

To show his gratitude, Kurosh told Safvat and Farhat at the meeting that he would spend a thousand dollars each to help two advanced instrumentalists at Tehran U to gain excellence on their instruments. He suggested that he would accompany Shahla Nikfal to Beirut so she could improve her *qanun* expertise and would send Linda Safaju to Afghanistan to absorb the original *qaichak* skills. Both those students had been very helpful in Kurosh's tapings of ethnic music programs of Turkish and Afghan folk and regional music. He did take Shahla and her mother to Beirut where Ustaz Abyad showed her a better way of plucking the instrument and Ustaz Sabsabi also worked with her. Unfortunately Ustaz Abyad was a bit too friendly and couldn't resist trying to get romantic; but Shahla's mother kept him at bay. So Shahla decided to work only with Ustaz Sabsabi and her technique soared. She bought two beautiful *qanuns* then returned to work a while at the Markaz but decided to become a housewife and temporarily gave up music until decades later. Then Linda showed some interest in Afghan music from the shows for Kurosh when Afghan *tabla* player Farid Zoland performed with them. But unfortunately, after taking the \$1,000, her family all moved to Australia and so that scholarship wasn't used as it was supposed to have been. Linda was a Bahai and partly proved the stereotype that they were not a religion but were devious pretenders set up by the British to destroy Islam, Persian culture and government then replace it with fraudulent mod-odd fad trends initiated in the West. The Bahais definitely seemed to be helping to do that and, after this incident, Kurosh was convinced that they can often really be devious and untrustworthy although a few are quite nice and sincere.

At least now Kurosh would never have to bribe anyone to do his show although the result was that Azordegan seemed less interested in the program after the whistle-blowing incident. Kurosh became his own producer and editing supervisor which streamlined everything but he didn't always get Azordegan as director; so now he had to help guide others to adopt the artistic filming methods on the kinescope he had brought from KBYU in Utah. He realized that directors were still skimming huge bucks off the big and really bad pop slop sludge 'artists' like disgusting faggy Feridun Farokhzad, fat slobby ego-tripping obnoxious Haide and the plethora of similar non-singer junk moaners with their dreadful diabolic worst-of-the-west non-music electro aural sewage. Farokhzad's sicko sister Farukh was supposed to be a famous poet but obviously couldn't write a meaningful metaphysical verse in a legitimate meter with a rhyme scheme even if it were under threat of SAVAK torture in Evin prison. She was some type of feminazi icon (or actually con). But at least she wasn't one of the problem pop grovelers at the TV; she was just another dangerous disease-carrier of meaningless modernity. Although Kurosh despised all the disgusting talent-bereft innovators, he was always polite and friendly to them even though he had to keep from puking whenever he came across them. It was his effort of honoring the LDS concept of considering everyone as a potential inheritor of the celestial kingdom no matter how sleazy they appear. Kurosh himself had been about as bad as one could get as an alcoholic chain smoking girl-grabbing sinner in Paris and he was not anywhere near perfect even as a wannabe 'good' Mormon and was far from ever being a Sufi saint or even a worthwhile beginner initiate.

### **Hamadani Mule-Skinner Cruely Casts Kurosh Out into the Street**

Even if all through his life, when a Khazar non-Jew would smash Kurosh to the ground, another one would pick him up and help him out; finally he met a bad Iranian Jew, a Hamadani Jew known in Iran as *pust khar kan* (mule-skinner). This heartless creep was even more horrible and cruel than that. Kurosh had already reminisced that whole miserable story earlier during this flight home; so he blocked out the grim details. He had been forced out of the apartment on Entesarieh when Homa finally sold it to greedy Sa'id who knew he could get more rent than Kurosh had been paying Homa. So after stringing dark blue curtains over the windows of the Variant so he could live in the car and slowly transferring all his belongings to a

little office in the Markaz, thanks to the kindness of Dr. Safvat, Kurosh was once again out on that street like his miserable days in Europe. Finding parking places was a hassle at first because anywhere in town was too replete with early morning activities like the garbage men who loved to harass Kurosh in hopes of getting tips to make them go away. Kurosh wouldn't be blackmailed that way, so he was constantly awakened and hassled. Once he parked too close to a police station and, due to the occasional attacks by anti-regime *kharabkaran* (terrorists), they were paranoid about any strangers hanging around the police station or in the nearby streets. The cops accosted Kurosh and invited him to the station where he had them call his former landlord Sa'id to verify that he had been thrown out in to the street. Of course the little creep Sa'id denied ever knowing Kurosh. Luckily, after having been shown the photo of his parents with the Shah and Queen on the dust jacket of his mom's book *Bright Blue Beads*, the cops let him go advising that he park somewhere far away from central Tehran. Kurosh took that good advice and began seeking classy neighborhoods in Shimran, around Tajrish, even on the upper outskirts of town and sometimes all the way to the Caspian shores where he would be awakened by the placid lapping of waves near the tires of the good old Variant.

Living in a car in overpopulated Tehran was no picnic especially with his responsibility of producing and editing his weekly TV shows, organizing the weekly jazz jams at IAS, attending Master Karimi's vocal classes at the Honarestan, working to positively publicize the Markaz and promote Dr. Safvat in the media, writing for Tehran Journal, occasionally for their competitor Kayhan International, Ayandegan in Farsi, also for Around Iran, Iran Air Homa, full page and long magazine articles for Marzha-ye No, in the Inter-Continental Hotel Caravan, monthly spreads in Sketch Magazine in Beirut, temporary daily assignments at annual events such as reports in the Shiraz Arts Festival Bulletin, Tehran Film Festival Bulletin, then occasional pieces in French for Journal de Tehran and in Farsi for Etela'at and Kayhan. So long peaceful visits to the Caspian coast were a rare treat. IAS director Lois, who felt a bit guilty at having formerly fired Kurosh to replace him with the freaky fag jerk, invited him to house-sit her apartment in Abbasabad near the IAS for a couple of weeks. Another friend who came forward to help the homeless scholar artist was UPI office manager Mr. Bernard who had Kurosh house-sit for him during his vacation and occasionally allowed him to crash upstairs in the UPI office. Brother Martinson from the LDS branch invited him to house-sit for three weeks, mission President Attwooll also invited him to house-sit three whole weeks and even let him stay in the mission home from time to time. He even stayed in his friend Terry Graham's cramped tiny one-room place a couple of times where he had to stumble around the many chin-high stacks of scholarly books, something like Professor Hugh Nibley's office at BYU in the 60s. Then occasionally being on the guest list as a journalist covering the International Film Festival or the summer Shiraz Arts Festival, might furnish Kurosh with an opportunity to be in an actual classy hotel room at the Inter-Continental or similar accommodations. But at the Shiraz Festival, Kurosh was often cast to the dogs by assigning him a wretched hot uncomfortable bed in the college dorm where the idiot kids partied all night in boisterous abandon. Sometimes Kurosh would park on the street near the Markaz where the garbage men would be sure to bang on the Variant to harass him at the crack of dawn.

One icy snowy night, Kurosh desperately sought refuge and daringly drove right up into the National Television main channel complex in Shimran. It was pretty late at night, but the guard recognized him as the TV personality and waved him through the gate. There he found a spot between two similar vehicles behind the tall buildings and hid under his worn Herati quilt and Turkish wool blanket, shivering until dawn with intense snow quietly pummeling the car roof and windows. Sometimes Kurosh would park in the plush neighborhood up at the top of Shimran near his friend Bob Janati's nice home. As a Middle East Studies graduate at the U of U, Bob had been an eager participant in Kurosh's music classes. There they became friends and, when Kurosh left on his Fulbright to Iran, he asked Bob to keep his class going.

Eventually Bob returned to Tehran and also became an assistant of Dr. Safvat at the Center. One hot summer night, Kurosh was sleeping with the hatch back of the Variant open to keep cool. A couple of friendly neighborhood fellows discovered him stretched out in the station wagon and struck up a conversation. A few more of the wealthy neighbors joined as they chatted and philosophized. Finally Kurosh offered in Farsi “if any of you guys come to the US, I’ll make sure that you don’t end up sleeping in a car.” He didn’t mean it to be a challenge to their not inviting him to stay at one of their homes since they had intimated invitations. But the thought must have embarrassed them a bit because they muttered “that’s an important statement” and soon after that, the late night block party around the Variant broke up and everyone went to their houses so Kurosh was finally able to get some sleep.

The most tedious place Kurosh stayed was at the Tehran Krishna *ashram* at the Shimran mansion of the local Iranian director who had adopted the title Atreya Rishi. The two months Kurosh was there, he was able to store his Indian instruments, the *sarod*, *dilruba* and *tabla* set, so he could perform for *kirtan* and special events, transcribe Krishna songs and instruct devotees in the performance and theory of Indian music. He had come into contact with the Krishnas when their young American *senyasi* or Yoga practitioner had been invited to work with the young master musicians at Dr. Safvat’s center as part of his program of self-improvement. Kurosh had even temporarily been asked to teach English, the worst curse one could place on him but which he did cheerfully in obedience to his spiritual and music master. At the Krishna *ashram*, Kurosh was given the typical initial entry title of *das* (servant) and was assigned chores like sweeping, gathering leaves, cleaning the bottom of the empty pool, etc. He was very pleased at the way director Atreya Rishi shaped up new Iranian devotees. With a military harshness, he commanded that they shave off their stupid girly long hair, burn their disgusting stupid mod-odd ‘clothes’ like the guys’ ghastly faded jeans and stupid tattered T-shirts that were supposed to be ‘cool’; yea sure. Girls, the few that dared join, were sternly disciplined exactly like Kurosh would have liked to see some of the slimy BYU hooker- looking coeds jolted into spirituality. The girls had to burn their jeans, mini skirts and junk clothes too, toss away their dumb make-up that had forced them to spend hours each day narcissizing in front of mirror. Then they had to dress fully modestly more like proper Shi’a Moslems (which they were supposed to be anyway) than the exaggerated Yankee slob wannabes that they had become. Kurosh wished so fervently that the day would come when all the fashion freak puppets of the Man on BYU campus would have a humongous bonfire near the Y and toss all their skuzzy jeans and other junk clothes on it chanting “death to the Man and his evil-designing corporate devils!” Maybe the whole world could one day burn every pukey pair of junky jeans in existence leaving no remnant of the detrimental diabolic plot to force grubby garbage garb on every living being. But burning every pair of jeans in existence on a ‘Burn Your Jeans Day’ would unfortunately be a dream too impossible to happen.

At the *ashram*, the only drawback was the requisite early awakening, about 4 a.m., when everyone had to read the Vedas then energetically jump around together chanting: “*hare Krishna, hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna, hare, hare.*” Other phrases would include “*hare Rama,*” praising Rama and “*Govinda jaye jaye*” citing one of Krishna’s avatars. Kurosh didn’t mind the paganiness of it all as much as the dreaded middle-of- the-night (for a jazz guy) rude awakenings. But he did honor Atreya Rishi’s efforts to clean up misguided youth and give them something valuable to follow rather than the social sludge of Yankee imperialism. He really appreciated the Krishnas taste in music, promoting traditional Indian and Iranian forms and eschewing ugly pop slop and wretched rock. But when Prabupad, the big Krishna leader from India, was scheduled to visit Tehran, Kurosh was not invited to meet him because Kurosh was not a true believer; he was conscious in his own way, but not at all a devotee. His friend Jamile was welcome to meet Prabupad whom she admired as a spiritual force in a lost world but wondered why he wore a gold necklace with a huge hunk of gold hanging from it. Kurosh said that maybe some devotee

gave it to him and he didn't want to hurt their feelings because his Krishna movement was basically spiritual and non-materialistic. Later Atreya Rishi immigrated to the States and became an important Krishna leader in California.

### **Fresh Female Friends Appear; One Proves "I love You This Week Only"**

Kurosh continued cranking out amazing and brilliant TV shows where he played all kinds of instruments in ensembles he created to perform music of various cultures and historical periods of jazz. He used some of his programming budget to hire his new converts Jami and Margaret to work on research and translating for another series of programming on the history of jazz requested by the secondary more intellectual Channel 7 which flourished under the programming guidance of Iraj Gorgin. To supplement his own already vast background in jazz history, Kurosh worked hard to find photos and information often relying on books and LPs in the USIS and IAS libraries and collections. The shows were accompanied by extensive scholarly articles in Farsi printed in the NIRT magazine called Tamasha. Jami and Margaret helped in researching and translating the articles written by Kurosh and finally other girls appeared on the scene to help out. Kurosh's main network TV shows were accompanied by an announcer who explained what the show was to be before the music started. The announcer sometimes interviewed Kurosh about each particular program. His first announcer had been, of course, a relative of director Azordegan. She was a nice pleasant girl and was thankfully paid from another TV budget. As Kurosh extended his realm of acquaintances among Tehran society, he came across other charming and sometimes extremely attractive maidens whom he would occasionally invite to be his announcers.

One day when he and colleague Terry Graham stopped by Tehran University before driving to some event they planned to review, Kurosh met a very interesting young lady. She was standing and chatting with a friend, then with Terry a ways down the hall. Kurosh noticed she had the ideal perfect long silken black hair past her waist with bangs hanging in her eyes and she was innocently girlish, giggly and charming. He thought she was intriguing and struck up a conversation with her. He soon learned that she had good insight about life and social problems. Her intelligence and her interest in music instigated an interest in her as a potential assistant on his TV shows; so he invited her to be part of his team. She said that he would have to drive her home in downtown in Tehran some day and meet her parents before she could feel right about associating with him because, like it or not, he was a guy. He never thought of himself as a guy in the dangerous sense, but he did look like one. So he planned to pick her up the next evening at the U and promised to be a guest for dinner with her family. Her name was Parvin Zamani and she noted that her father was a trucker and a poet who had published a book of poems. Kurosh wasn't surprised because of the universal word-crafting and poetry memorizing skills of most Iranians. After being approved by the family, Kurosh busily took notes for an article about Mr. Zamani's poetry and scheduled the days when Parvin could meet him at the IAS or the TV to work on programs. He even trained her to play Afghan *rebab*, *dutar* and other instruments so she could perform on TV in a few of his bands. They became the perfect platonic pair with absolutely no physical attraction but lots of harmless non-physical mutual fondness. Sometimes Parvin would drop by Kurosh's apartment before he was forced out. A couple of times they would share the typical afternoon nap on his mattress on the floor, separated and back to back without a drop of interest in any romance; instead she would gently gripe if he took all of the quilt. Parvin finally earned enough from working on the TV shows to leave Tehran and start a business in Europe.

About that same time, a striking sensual beauty who crossed Kurosh's path at NIRT was a certain Shahin Seraj who was known around the TV community. She became an eager co-worker on the shows

and, when Jami and Margaret eventually drifted off on other personal projects, Shahin was always there researching, translating and admiring Kurosh as a musical mentor. He brought her to the LDS branch meetings a few times hoping that she might find guidance for her apparently mixed up efforts to be an exaggerated copy of the worst of the west in an effort to abandon her Persian roots. She seemed uninterested in religion; but she did appreciate authentic traditional Persian classical and folk music and her fondness for all forms of jazz grew as Kurosh shared information about styles and eras with her. They sort of developed a crazy crush on each other. For her, he was the heroic American like in the films. He was drawn to her sweet girlish charm and enthusiasm. He wasn't drawn to her physically because she was flat and skinny like his several platonic heart-throbs or whatever among the flat figureless models at the Hotel Saint André in Paris. So he sort of loved her but didn't lust her, although she apparently did lust him as he eventually discovered.

One evening Kurosh was driving Shahin home from the TV station when she gazed into his eyes commanding "*berim parkvay* (let's take the freeway)." They drove on the parkway a few Ks, then she ordered "*boro kenar!* (pull over!)" After the car came to a halt at the roadside out of the way of traffic, she fumbled removing her earrings, her nylons and mounds of makeup, then she clasped him around the neck like a boa constrictor and started kissing his lips numb. He eventually squirmed out of her emphatic embrace and began comforting her in his kind sympathetic manner. He learned that she had just suffered a bitter break-up of a four-year solid romance which breakup had devastated her. After some supportive commiseration from him, she intensely gazed into his eyes, burst into a shower of tears and, clasping her delicate hands together, sobbed in Farsi "I love you, I need you, I worship you; you don't know how long I have waited for you." Kurosh was a bit suspicious that she had absorbed that dialogue from some 40s Hollywood romance film; but he pretended to believe her. She then threw herself into his arms, kissed him madly then began tenderly gnawing on his ear suddenly whispering "take me!" She began to frantically unbutton the bevy of bitty buttons on her blouse partly exposing her flat non-chest. He immediately grabbed the flaps of her blouse, which she thought he was planning to help her undo, and began re-buttoning the numerous buttons. In shocked amazement, stunned that any guy in Iran would turn down a chance to fondle or kiss a girl's chest (flat or not), she stared through him like a hurt puppy. Then she dramatically grabbed her cigarette pack from her purse and threw it out the window swearing "I quit smoking for you, I will do anything for you, I adore you!" He wondered if that was also a line from a grade B or worse Hollywood film and, even if it wasn't, it easily could be. He gently assured that he had true love for her as a person and for her soul which is a feeling much more lasting than lustful love. She pretended to understand but in reality was crushed that someone could turn down her offer of a steamy sensual physical encounter.

Kurosh really liked Shahin and didn't want any stupid physical involvement to overshadow his interest in her as an arts aficionado. He drove her home and, after a few more of her mad embraces, promised to see her the next day at the TV studio so they could work on his upcoming shows. When they did meet the next day, once he accidentally tenderly touched her hand and one of the script girls witnessed it. Shahin angrily whispered "*nakon hamchin, bem ehteram nemizari!* (don't do that, you don't respect me!)" He quietly countered "*akhe parkvay chi; mage un ehteram nabud?* (what about the Parkway, wasn't that respect?)" She retorted in Farsi "that's when you should have done something!" He gazed into space not understanding the whole backwards Iranian mentality about romance or whatever it was. Then surprisingly, Shahin started acting serious about their relationship and invited him to a big family dinner. Was it to show off her trophy TV 'star' friend or did she think they could be a permanent couple? Her Tabrizi Turkish family liked him, so on one trip to Ezerum, Turkey, he made a special effort to bring them

back one of those legendary huge Azerbaijani honey combs. But in a week, she turned cold and temporarily disappeared from his life. It was like she said “I love you this week, but only this week.”

After the typically agonizing romantic disaster with Shahin, Kurosh was ready gave up on Iranian girls as potential wives and just concentrated on his scholastic and artistic endeavors. One evening he had been in downtown Tehran watching the powerful muscle-men of the Zur Khane (House of Strength) with a couple of news colleagues for an article they had been assigned. Afterwards he was shuffling past Park-e Shahr (City Park) sadly pondering his many miserable failures with Iranian women and noticed two young girls in chadors walking towards him. As a partially good Moslem, he respectfully moved towards the street side of the sidewalk and bowed muttering “*sallam aleikum khanom* (greetings ma’m.)” Then suddenly, one of the lovely young ladies, threw open her *chador* and wrapped her delicate arms around him and began kissing him like a mad woman. He tried to run away but then just gave in and kissed back like the love-starved bachelor that he was. Her friend then took over hugging him, pressing her breasts protruding underneath her dress against his ribs firmly while wildly kissing him and declaring her fervent love for him like a bad old Hollywood black and white film. He sort of enjoyed it in spite of himself and was crushed when they both gleefully giggled and, rewrapping their *chadors* decorated with tiny colored flower patterns, dashed away shouting “Aye loov yoo!” He retorted “*man ham dustetun daram delbaranam; akhe bar gard!* (I love you too my darlings; hey come back!)” They mysteriously disappeared into the dark naughtily snickering as Kurosh realized that the universe was showing him he still had hope for female affection someday someday but hopefully not in this bizarre manner. He guessed that the two late teen beauties must have observed to many stupid Yankee films and thought that life in America was nothing but hugging and kissing. They probably presumed that since Kurosh was a tall mildly attractive American, he was fair game to try out some of what they had seen on film or on overdubbed Yankee TV shows. Kurosh had often been accused of being something like the star of Hawaii Five O, but he definitely wasn’t that kind of handsome, if at all, and too poor to have been on US TV.

Towards the end of his sojourn in Tehran he finally found the perfect announcer and interviewer for his show. She was Mashid Eshraqi, an intellectual charming shy beauty that he had met at the Tehran International Film Festival where she was a hostess. He couldn’t help notice her with her uncanny resemblance to Audrey Hepburn and her warm sophisticated charm. She was highly intellectual and well-informed for a twenty year old and had an intelligent soothing voice. He invited her to be on his last set of TV tapings and kept their relationship platonic but cozy. The only incident was once when he drove her home, they stopped near the house in a quiet area of Shimran and opened the hatchback of the Variant to lounge side by side in the afternoon summer breeze. She rolled on top of him and they peacefully shared several minutes of totally non-erotic beneficial bioelectrical placidity. When it was time for her to go, she softly and sensually kissed him pressing her lips against his as if they could remain there indefinitely. But since their relationship had been intellectual and spiritual, they both realized they were being silly and they untangled with a mutual giggle as he lamented “*ama to ke zanam nemishe, mage na? Pas faide nadare* (but you can’t marry me, right? So it’s no use.)” She radiated a forlorn look at her good friend and mentor then muttered “*are heif e* (yea too bad).” They shared one last longing loving embrace before she scampered away soon to be likely married off to a far more worthy authentic husband thus remaining just a fond memory on one of his music videos.

### **Kurosh Proves His Prowess as a TV Producer / Director**

One day at the studio, Kurosh was called into the office of the main network (*shabake*) director Abbas Arbabi. Kurosh was a bit nervous about the sudden invitation, but he was soon set at ease. He entered

the office and was pacified by a warm friendly radiance from a truly sincere kind humble gentleman. Abbas greeted him like a beloved relative and offered him various possible drinks and snacks all of which Kurosh politely refused explaining his restrictive diet. Then Abbas leaned back in his chair and noted "*midunid mah-e dige che e?* (you know what next month is?)" As Kurosh tried in vain to guess "Abbas added "*Aye Helms, safir-e Emrika ke mishenasi* (you know Mr. Helms the US ambassador)." Kurosh stuttered that he had seen him at a few events. Then Abbas explained that next month was the Fourth of July and that Ambassador Helms thought it would be nice if NIRT would broadcast a special on the Fourth and its historical relevance in world history. Kurosh agreed that it would be a good idea even if in his heart he was against the present US meddling in international affairs and he hated how he had been treated there. He noted that his grandfather Adams on his mother's side was a direct descendant of John Adams and John Quincy Adams and that his father's ancestors, John Alden and Priscilla, came over on the Mayflower. Of course the later finky coward president was that dirty rat Van Buren who, pandering to everyone to get re-elected, denied any assistance to the murdered, abused and tormented Mormon victims in Missouri and was also too chicken to oppose slavery. Yes Kurosh was avidly patriotic for the original idea of America and a few of the original leaders, although he did not favor the displacement of the rightful inhabitants of the land nor the horrors of the slave trade and the US support of Israel's mass murdering genocide of the rightful authentic Israelite natives, the Palestinians.

Abbas leaned forward and smiled explaining that NIRT would be doing a special on the Fourth of July and that, as the producer of the project, Kurosh was to be given full cooperation of all departments of the television that he might need plus a sufficient budget to create something brilliant and memorable. After a few seconds of stunned staring, Kurosh began to glow with excitement chattering about how and who he could bring together for the project. Abbas noted that Ambassador Helms had offered access to all and every film, photo, music and anything in the archives of the embassy, the USIS or IAS. Kurosh was familiar with the vast collection of Americana in those libraries from his productions of the jazz history series for Gorgin's channel and affirmed that he was sure he could do a good job and have the project completed in a couple of weeks. Abbas again reiterated that Kurosh would have full access to all NIRT's resources and to call him anytime if he needed help. Kurosh stood up and apologized that he would have to get started on the project right that moment and could Abbas tell Ms. Mahvedat and Mr. Abrishami in the scheduling office what was going on since they always were careful not to let producers and artists take advantage of TV resources like possibly wasting studio or editing time or requesting unnecessary technical assistance like copying films, photos and music on to TV tape possibly for some kind of personal gain. Abbas assured that he would phone all departments and let them know that for this project Kurosh would have complete *carte blanche*.

Kurosh left the TV station to hurry down to USIS and the IAS to check all the historical resources on the Fourth such as films, photos and books on American history as well as appropriate music, both patriotic and possibly reconstructed representations from the period. It was something he had already been doing for months for his jazz history series and would be easy. He informed all his assistants and affiliates like Jami, Margaret, Parvin and Shahin and his favorite director Azordegan about the project. It was wonderful to have a budget sufficient to be able to offer fair compensation to those outside of NIRT who he could invite to be part of the production. He didn't have to even think about who would be the perfect powerful TV voice for the project because he had experienced his friend Bob (Gholam Hossein) Janati in action back at the U of U announcing concerts and coordinating scholastic events. When Kurosh arrived at the IAS, everyone had been apprised of the project and Kurosh's role as the project administrator. Kurosh didn't get a big head over this sudden temporary augmentation of his importance in the community because his inherent self-devaluating disease would never allow him to think he was anything but a simple

servant of others no matter what anyone said or did. It was great to be rushing around involved with a major assignment that some of the very important people in town were fully supporting. During the following week, as he fiendishly worked to perfect a stunningly brilliant documentary, it was so great to have both Iranian TV and American governmental executives behind him when usually he would have to struggle and strain to get anything done. It was great to enter the scheduling office and have Ms. Mahvedat kindly smile at him asking what she could do to help rather than the usual necessary suspicious grumbling and stonewalling with phrases like *aslan nemishe* (that'll never happen) or *uno nemitunim* (we can't do that).

Kurosh and his assistants worked feverishly to craft a masterpiece rarely produced on NIRT. Finally all the film footage, photos and music were ready for the narration which had been written and translated by Kurosh into his mostly pure *sare* Persian style with input from his friends and help from the literary division of NIRT. His friend Bob Janati did a masterful job on the narration and finally the one-hour documentary was ready to be previewed by Abbas and a few other TV executives. A time was set and one by one the supervisors joined Abbas and Kurosh for the preview. As the documentary unfolded, everyone was amazed at how such a project could be accomplished so perfectly so far from America by just a goofy jazzman and a few of his oddball friends. Even Kurosh, the rabid Yankee-hating unpatriotic expatriate, had to hide a teardrop or two from the big shots as they congratulated him one by one and filed out of the room. Abbas gave Kurosh a warm hug and thanked him for his excellent work. Kurosh's potential tears were about what had eventually happened to the great American concept that had become a snake pit and sewage pond of selfish corporations grinding innocent citizens and countries to dust to unrighteously rob and lord over them. The next week the show was aired on the Fourth of July and Kurosh watched it at the home of his beloved mentor Dr. Safvat who also complimented him profusely for his excellent work. Kurosh drove off to find a spot to park and sleep in the car, hopefully in peace. As big a success as he was with his weekly Farsi jazz and ethnic music show on the main network viewed by some ten million, his jazz history series on the intellectual network and his English series on Persian music for foreigners living in Iran as well as his sometimes two page spread writings in some dozen publications in English, Farsi and other languages, somehow he wasn't able to come up with the \$1,000 a month or more to rent even a tiny flea-pit room somewhere in Tehran. It was because of the greed-instigated housing crisis where half the town was full of empty apartments gathering dust while semi-indigent Iranians, and foreigners like Kurosh, were clustered together in extended families like rats or on the street. No wonder the Shah realized that it was time to crack down on the greedy selfish creeps like Kurosh's former malicious heartless mule-skinner Jewish landlord. Whenever Kurosh would see a couple of cops accost an overpricing street vendor and harass him, fine him, sometimes even mildly whack him a couple of times with a baton, Kurosh would silently cheer for them. Any effort to crush *gerun-forushi* or overpricing in any country, had Kurosh's full support as a starving artist and scholar who had no desire for money only for self-improvement, true knowledge and traditional arts. Too bad a whole army of those hard-nosed cops along with some heavy cavalry and air support couldn't completely annihilate all the Yankee bastard corporations who crank out deadly crappy cola drinks and poison pops, alcohol, tobacco, lethal junk food, grubby sloppy jeans and whorable mini skirts, etc. etc.

Kurosh was always dirt poor because whenever obtained any money, he quickly turned it over to a friend or colleague who he felt deserved it more. As he drifted off to sleep he had to chuckle a few times that he, the most rabid anti-American in all Iran, one who would love to join or lead massive chants of *marg bar Emrika* (death to America!) through the streets of Tehran, had put together a highly praised documentary on the country he hated more than anything. But his documentary had actually been in praise of the original and more correct America before it became the world's most vicious hegemonous

imperialist exploiter ever to exist on the planet. He had depicted the America of his Adams ancestors not the one totally controlled by the terminal death grip of greedy corporations who could care less if their products kill, maim, sicken and pollute billions of victims. The next day when Kurosh went to the TV complex to resume his music projects, he was invited into Arbabi's office and was informed that everyone in both governments, especially the US Ambassador, was absolutely thrilled with the documentary and they were grateful for his hard work. He shyly fidgeted and muttered something about not having done anything and it was all thanks to the wonderful work of his friends and NIRT.

### ***Nazr at the Shrine in Shabdol Azim***

During one of the many warm chats in Karimi's Peykan in front of Kurosh's Amirabad apartment, master Karimi invited Kurosh to join him for a visit to the shrine in Shabdulazim south of Tehran in Ray. He and his wife and brothers and that Kurosh should join them to repent. Although Karimi was kidding about the repenting, Kurosh realized that he really always did need continual repenting. Kurosh had promised his drummer friend Phil that they would check out the few music scenes around town that night. Kurosh told Karimi he would like to join him then called the IAS to leave a message for Phil to postpone their appointment. They drove down, down, down south of Tehran to Ray and the *imamzade* of Shah Abdol Azim who was a descendant of Ali. He fled persecution by the Abbasid Caliph Al-Matawakil. They entered the mosque. It was similar to the shrine in Mashhad but smaller with arches, elaborate tiles and myriads of mirrors; one arch was 900 years old. As part of the *nazr* or prayer request in the name of an imam, the multitude of pilgrims lit candles outside the tomb entrance. Karimi, his family members and Kurosh removed their shoes before entering. Pilgrims respectfully touched the walls and doors, some even kissed them. Karimi led his group down the hall where they followed the crowd circumambulated the tomb. Karimi's brother instructed Kurosh how to do a *nazr* by making a request in the name of the imam. Kurosh thought a request "*be nam-e in imam*" adding "*va ham benam-e hazrat Isa Masih*" just to make sure. Then he asked that Parisa would be freed from the Ministry of Culture and join the purely traditional music ensemble at Safvat's Center to eventually rise to the top of Iran's musical scene. He also asked that Parisa discover Ostad Elahi's *khaneqa* and become an active participant in the sacred meetings. He repeated the request three times holding onto the silver lattice bars encasing the tomb. Then he stepped back to quietly meditate before continuing counter clockwise around the tomb. He stopped and moved back to gaze at the women and men crying at the walls, some noticeably ill and others with other sorrows to be solved. Kurosh gazed at Karimi then noticed a celestial tinkling from above, maybe a group of hanging crystals. Eventually Karimi's group left the room, retrieved their shoes then sat in the courtyard in soothing silence on the carpets. Karimi's brother was praying then an old lady asked for a *qeran*, the Persian equivalent of a penny. Kurosh gave her two *rials* and she expressed the hope that his *nazr* would come true. Later an old man needed a *rial* and Kurosh acquiesced to his request in hopes that it would also assist his *nazr* although he knew that any prayer or wish by anyone would only be answered according to God's will. Karimi's group climbed into the car and returned to Tehran.

### ***Invited as a Guest at Karimi's Private Wedding***

After master Karimi had tried an attempted, maybe just kidding, potential match-making with Hurshid and Parisa to try to get Kurosh to settle down with a Persian wife (as if he could with no real job, housing, future or the ridiculous massive bride price) and after Kurosh continually encouraged Karimi to get married himself since he was in a position to actually accomplish that, Karimi shared

exciting news. One day after class at the Honarestan, he calmly and shyly noted “*man zan migiram; arusi miyai?* (I’m getting married; you coming to the wedding?)” Kurosh stammered (*akhe, chera chizi nagofti baba?* (but, how come you never said anything daddy-o?)) Karimi muttered something like he didn’t want it to be a big gossip item about the arts community; he wanted to keep it personal and private. Kurosh asked who was coming and learned that it was mainly his family and a few close friends and colleagues like Safvat and his wife and, of course, his prize students Parisa and Hurshid. Upon hearing those two special names, Kurosh sat up straight and inquired “*pas ke mishe?* (so when is it?)” Karimi nonchalantly mumbled “*mah-e dige; migamet* (next month; I’ll tell ya)” Then he changed the subject and soon Kurosh was climbing the steps inside his apartment building stunned at this news and wondering how everyone could get married but him. Then he sneered and sarcastically chuckled being reminded that ‘no dough; no go.’ And also Moslems can’t legally marry non-Moslems and, even though he took the vow at a local Mosque by admitting that there is no God but God and Mohammad is His messenger, things he and his BYU mentors Palmer and Nibley along with thousands of other staunch LDS members also accepted, that maybe wouldn’t be enough to make him a legal Moslem for purpose of marriage. But now he could see a real Persian wedding and also be tantalized by the beauty and gentle sweetness of his two female arts idols. The next day at the Center, he quietly questioned Dr. Safvat about it wondering if he had heard anything special about Karimi’s life. Safvat smiled knowingly and whispered that he did but it wasn’t public information as yet according to Karimi’s wishes. So Kurosh went on about his daily responsibilities and didn’t think about it until one day after class Karimi quietly placed an invitation in his hand after having given the same type of envelopes to Parisa and Hurshid. Kurosh read the Farsi invitation but wasn’t sure where it was to be. Karimi said that he would later reveal the exact directions.

It was truly an honor to be invited to such an important event by the most skilled vocal instructor in the land. It was to be held at the bride’s home in a plush section of Shimran. When Kurosh arrived, outside the front door of the house, the groom’s brothers and relatives had carried a huge basket of red long-stemmed flowers and were waiting to go in. Near the entrance, a *manqal* (brass chafing tray) of hot coals with smoldering *esfand* (special herb seeds) blessed and perfumed the atmosphere. Inside the mansion, in one small room two *mullahs* (Islamic clerics), the main one in black robe and turban, the other in brown cloak and black over cape along with important male family members were arranging the legal papers; Kurosh was invited to stay there. Other male guests were sitting on the porch and women were chatting in a room on the right, some in white chadors. There were some large trays and plates of sweets, cookies and fruit. The room to the left was where the bride and her attendants sat; she with her back to the door looking into a fancy mirror with a lamp on each side. Kurosh noticed what resembled a decorative Tibetan or Hopi sand painting created from multi-colored *esfand* seeds. In front of the bride were small bowls of rice, colored candy beads to be ground over the bride’s head, cheese, four eggs And a large long bread with candies sprinkled on it spelling out something in Farsi. The *mullah*, along with several male dignitaries including Kurosh, sat at the door to the room where the bride was sitting. He chanted partly in Arabic and Persian religious-oriented phrases mentioning things the groom had offered. These consisted of the ring, mirror, watch, etc. and the value of each. He also noted “forbidden is promiscuity and adultery.” Then he asked the bride, who he identified as “*bakere-ye dushize-ye* (the virgin maiden)” so and so, and asked if he was “*vakil-e shoma* (your representative)” in the matter. The *mullah* asked three times and at the last request she says “yes” and all the women yell out in celebratory voice cracking squeals. Then the *mullah* returned to the room where the men were and cited the conditions of the marriage to the groom asking for his concurrence. The other *mullah* representing the groom answered in agreement. The first *mullah* pronounced a blessing on the

marriage and the assemblage chanted an Islamic refrain in agreement. A few witnesses signed the book then the groom stood up and was invited into the bride's room. The bride's mother kissed him then he slowly made his way through the crowd to where the bride is sitting in front of the mirror and sits next to her seeing her in the mirror, which traditionally would be for the first time. The women let out shouts of joy then Karimi placed the ring on her finger. She placed a ring on his finger then candy grains are thrown and the bride's father kissed Karimi on the cheek. Photos were taken as everyone sat around eating sweets and fruit. The bride remained in her home that night until the next day after the reception.

Persian weddings can be complex and are full of symbolism. The *sofre aqd* (wedding spread) consists of symbolic items. The seven herbs ward off evil. The seven pastries attract sweetness to the couple's lives. The mirror, which is a common Sufi symbol, represents eternity and when the bride removes her veil, she sees her husband in the mirror traditionally for the first time. This is because the families carefully and skillfully arrange marriages with distant cousins or other appropriate candidates after intense discussion with the potential bride and groom and, in most cases, with their full input and enthusiastic agreement. The candelabras come from the Zoroastrian tradition of fire representing light and celestialty. Blessed bread represents prosperity while eggs, almonds, walnuts and hazelnuts symbolize fertility. Pomegranates, grapes and apples are heavenly fruits representing divine creation. Rosewater fragrances the air and by extension the life of the couple and the crystallized sugar is for sweetness. The bride and groom each dip a finger in a cup of honey to feed to each other representing the sweetness they will bring to each other. The *manqal* or brass cauldron with burning coals sprinkled with incense protects from evil and a bowl of gold coins represents wealth and prosperity. The Koran in the center of the cloth reminds of the significance of God's word in their life and the prayer carpet is to remind them of the importance of prayers. The white canopy held over the bride's head by happily married female relatives two of whom hold the large cones of sugar symbolize sweetness and happiness. Usually at a Persian wedding the main *mullah* requests permission to act on behalf of the bride then asks her three times if she grants permission to announce her marriage to the groom. The first two times, the bride's mother might answer "she's gone to pick flowers" and next "she has gone to bring rose water." But on the third time, the answer would be "yes." Then the groom is asked only once if he agrees. Then the plethora of photos and congratulations follow.

The next day after the wedding was the reception at the large Kakh-e Javanan or Tehran Central Youth Palace. Kurosh dressed up in his best suit and drove to the reception. Kurosh went straight from his goofy gig at the historic Bagh-e Ferdos where he had been working with a bunch of weirdo actors rehearsing a play in Greek, Avestan, Latin and a made up language. Kurosh was there to translate instructions by the British director Peter Brook into Farsi for the actors and actresses. He was also hired to help find instruments, mainly the large ancestor of the bass drum called *dohol* to be used along with other makeshift percussion items for the Shiraz Arts Festival premier. For this undertaking, Kurosh was advised by friends that he go to Maidan-e Shush way far south in forbidding downtown Tehran. The preceding day, Kurosh took the 100 *toman* Brook's accountant offered for the purchase and found a taxi willing to go down there for a couple of *toman* and off the little orange taxi went, down, down, down and more down. Kurosh began to be slightly fearful of the rough neighborhoods; but he really didn't care if he got killed except that he would miss Master Karimi's wedding and the reception and a chance to hang around with Safvat, Parisa and Hurshid. The taxi arrived at Maidan-e Shush and Kurosh got out drinking in the rough but down-to-earth atmosphere. *Lat* (ill mannered ruffian) and *luti* (gallant tough guy) types were loitering around a small teahouse where Kurosh thought he might find a *tazie* or *zurkhane* affiliate who could sell him a large *dohol*.

Kurosh entered the teahouse which was packed with people except for one spot at a table of three big mean-looking athletic types. One of the men rose and invited “*befarmo dadash*” implying (“have a seat brother.”) Kurosh sat then, after the requisite string of *ta’arof* politenesses, he asked “*shma dohol suroq dari?* (you got access to a dohol?)” The answer was a firm positive “*bali, chera?* (sure, why?)” Kurosh retorted “*mikham bekham dige* (I like wanna buy.)” Then Kurosh noted “*Pas qeimat-e khub midi chun ma faqirim; azam dozdi nakon dige* (then gimme a good price ‘cuz I’m poor; don’t steal from me anyway.)” Kurosh had been careless in his use of the word *dozd* (thief), not meaning any harm but it sounded too insulting in Farsi. The big imposing tough guy rose to his feet along with his three muscular companions as he roared “*be ma tohin-e dozdi kardi?! Movazeb-e khodet bash rafiq!* (you cursed me as a thief?! Watch yourself buddy!)” Kurosh remained calm and cheerful quickly explaining that he meant since they were honorable good respectable Moslems, they would never cheat anyone. They slowly sat back down as Kurosh continued to note that he was not one of those ugly Americans who hung out at the Hilton drunk every day and night, chasing girls and squandering money like mad. Eventually he had regained their friendship with his simply childlike charm and the bug guy agreed to take him to his place which was a simple yet clean clay residence where he had a dozen large *dohols* up on shelves in a side room. He pulled one down and stated “*ino begir chun adam-e khub i; ye sadi kafi e* (take this one ‘cuz you’re a good guy; 100 ‘s enough). Kurosh handed him the brown 100 *toman* note he had folded in three parts and his new *luti* (good guy strongman) friend thanked him, shook his hand then Kurosh left to hunt down a cab going back north towards Shimran. That summer at Peter Brook’s performance of his famous or infamous play *Orghast* (or *ghastly*), Kurosh, his Tehran Symphony percussionist pal Phil Shutzman and *zarb* master Bahman Rajabi from Safvat’s Center furnished the crazy improvised weird percussion, mostly goofy sound effects. Before the performance, two very polite and polished Harvard type SAVAK security agents in dark gray pin-striped suits apologetically pleaded that they check inside Phil’s bass drum just to be safe because Her Majesty the Queen was going to be at the performance. As Kurosh and Phil quickly and obediently began to undo the lugs, one of the agents noticed “*Shoma hamun Kurosh Ali Khan-e television mage nistid?* (aren’t you that Kurosh Ali Khan on TV?)” Kurosh placed his right hand over his heart respectfully bowing declaring “*bande-ye nachiz tanha nokar-e shoma bishtar nistam* (this worthless slave is only your servant, no more.)” The agent said “*pas baz nakonid, ma qabuletun darim* (don’t open it then; we accept you.)” He turned to the other agent noting “*eshun pesar-e khanom-e Miller ke medal az dast-e Ali Hazrat yafte* (he is the son of Mrs. Miller who received a medal from His Majesty.)” The agents stood tall and saluted then bade farewell to continue seeking other potential security threats. After they were gone Kurosh mentioned to his fellow percussionists “I guess it is good that the SAVAK know everything so they can know who is completely innocent and harmless.” At the performance, Kurosh and his companions played a little on regular instruments but mostly banged out sound effects on big empty oil drums which had been revised as garbage containers for the festival. Anyway, it was a gig and paid fairly well for Iran even if they would be branded as part of “Brook’s Kooks.”

After the rehearsal with what Kurosh fondly referred to as Bruuk’s Kooks (pronouncing Brook the Iranian way so as to rhyme with kook), he dashed off to Karimi’s reception at the Youth Palace. Kurosh arrived in time to see Karimi and his bride descending the stairs accompanied by the standard wedding tune in the mode *Chahargah*. Kurosh gazed over the crowd to notice two angelic young ladies in white who he realized were Parisa and Hurshid. He noticed that they were chatting very cordially with Mrs. Safvat which made him very happy to see the two jewels of vocal excellence becoming close to the Safvats as all four conversed and laughed warmly. Kurosh witnessed his hopes for Parisa’s

eventual rise to the top of Tehran's traditional music scene although she never really sought fame or even cared about it. Her quiet shy personality and eventual Sufi saintliness required shunning any personal aggrandizement and any care for or awareness of self. The Safvats and the two songbirds filed into the garden. Karimi eventually made the rounds greeting the guests. Mr. Dehlavi from the Conservatory, then Kurosh gave Karimi a hug and tiny typical kiss on the cheek. Then Karimi danced with his bride initiating general dancing by the public. Karimi sat down and his brother who had helped arrange everything so perfectly came over to Kurosh and mentioned that the groom wanted to see him. Kurosh quickly went to Karimi's side declaring "*bali qorbon* (yes sir)." Karimi mentioned in Farsi "Safvat is over there, go see him." Kurosh had been too shy to go greet Safvat since the girls were sitting next to him; but he timidly made his way to where his beloved guru was sitting. After the traditional bowing with the right hand over the heart, Kurosh glanced over at Hurshid and stated to Dr. Safvat "*bilakhere ba Cheshman-e Zomorodin ashna shodid* (finally you have become acquainted with Emerald Eyes.)" The all laughed and Hurshid's eyes glowed as if reflecting the sun. Kurosh sat next to Dr. Masoudie who had been working on notating the book of Karimi's full vocal *radif*. Kurosh suggested he hurry and publish that book because everyone needed to have it. He asked permission to use some of the transcriptions he had done in the vocal class for his PhD dissertation in case the book wouldn't be published then. Little did Kurosh know that it would be many years after his return to the University of Utah before the Arab conspiracy that was to later take over the Middle East Center would ever allow him the PhD he had to earn several times over. It was only after the Graduate School Dean seriously threatened the Center that they finally released Kurosh and a few other PhD candidate victims from indentureship as eternal tuition-paying student prisoners.

Then Mrs. Safvat invited Kurosh, Parisa and Hurshid to the table of food items where the girls took a cucumber and a few cherries each while Kurosh took some peaches. Mrs. Safvat encouraged the shy girls to talk to Kurosh who was also too shy to start a conversation. Hurshid broke the ice with "*pas chetori aye Kurosh Ali Khan* (so how are you Kurosh Ali Khan?)" Kurosh fumbled a bit and responded "*khub* (good)." Then Mrs. Safvat stunned everyone with "*bayad yeki az ina ro begirid* (you should marry one of these.)" Kurosh cringed and shrunk turning red with embarrassment. Then Parisa kidded in Farsi "he wants to marry us both." Again Kurosh was cringing with his head down, then sadly bemoaned "*akhe emkan nadare* (but it's impossible)." Hurshid, pointing towards her dear friend Parisa politely offered "*uno begir* (take her.)" Still immensely embarrassed, Kurosh gazed at beautiful Parisa in her elegant long white gown, her handcrafted silver necklace, her dark intoxicating wine-hued eyes and her lovely long lustrous locks. Then he shared the wise truth of the matter in fluent Farsi "it is impossible because she is a national treasure, a rose that should not be removed from the rose garden." Also Kurosh was aware that in reality she had a potential fiancé who would be much better for her than a crazy starving musician ethnomusicologist or whatever.

Kurosh and the girls wandered back to the center to the party where some guests were attempting to dance the twist or some other outmoded western silliness. Dr. Safvat came back from his deep discussion with inner circle members of the traditional music community and led the way over the charming shaky little bridge to the tables full of food. Dr. Safvat started handing out plates to his group as Parisa gently queried Kurosh in Farsi "do you eat Iranian food like *chelo khoresh*? Kurosh cautiously responded "*khorek-e Iruni ra dust daram, ama* (I like Iranian food, but)" Parisa finished his sentence "*gusht nemikhori* (you don't eat meat.)" Kurosh explained "*are, vaqti ke man o aye Doktor ba ham dar Paris budim, sabzikhara shodim. Man edame dadam ama Doktor az dast dad* (when Mr. Doktor (Safvat) were in Paris together, we became vegetarians. I continued but Doktor gave it up.)" Kurosh noted "*intor javun mimunam* (this way I stay young.)" Parisa agreed in Farsi "when we asked

Dr. Safvat how old you were, we couldn't believe it." Then Kurosh asked Parisa how old she and Hurshid were and found out Parisa was 21 and her friend 20.

Then Dr. Safvat mentioned that when he first heard a tape of Parisa's singing, he was very impressed. He then said that she should come to the Center and work with the music group there. He noted how he and Mr. Porturab of the National Conservatory along with others interested in preserving traditional music were trying to start an Iranian music organization that spanned the whole country. Kurosh became enthusiastic about the possibility of Parisa with her genius and skills in pure tradition working with Safvat's Center where the perfect instrumentalists for her authentic efforts would enhance the work of both. Kurosh piped up in poetic Farsi "these two ladies were princesses and queens before they were clay." Dr. Safvat added "you mean in that world" to which Kurosh affirmed "yes, I knew them there. They were perfect angels." Then Dr. Safvat shared his wise understanding "now that they have become shining lights, they need to be careful not to be lead astray musically by modernizers and fame seekers." He went on to note, his eyes widening, that when he was in the Ministry of Culture, he saw things that were shocking. He warned "when you try to be good and do good work, you have plenty of enemies." Then Kurosh offered his prosaic description of the girls "*Parisa mah; Hurshid khorshid* (Parisa is the moon; Hurshid is the sun.)" The girls discussed the philosophical aspects of Kurosh's statement about who gets light from who, etc. They were giggling when Kurosh offered his silly little Farsi verse about Hurshid which was not in a correct meter. "*Cheshman-e zomorrod chetor konam vel; chetor ke birun konam dusti az del* (How can I abandon the eyes of emerald; how can I cast affection from my heart." Mrs. Safvat excused the lack of a correct meter but assured that the thought of the heart was most important.

Dr. Safvat asked if the girls wanted any desert and they politely replied that they didn't. Then he asked "what if Mr. Kurosh Ali Khan brings it, then will you?" Parisa said "in that case we might." Kurosh immediately rushed over to find two plates, two spoons; then he cut small slices of the whipped cream jello that seemed to be favored, artistically placed the slices on the plates and quickly returned. Dr. Safvat then wondered if Kurosh was having any desert to which he replied in Farsi "these two are so sweet that I don't need anything more." The group finished desert then recrossed the shaky bridge to the patio in the garden. The 'band' was playing some urban pop folk tunes and Mrs. Safvat entreated the girls to dance. They shyly declined then Mrs. Safvat brought Karimi who officially requested that they dance, a request that they couldn't decline. The girls drifted onto the floor in their flowing white gowns tenderly gliding, floating to and fro like flowers in the wind. As Kurosh gazed in a daze, Karimi broke his trance by asking him to join the dancers. He made a strong protest but was sternly coaxed into action by everyone. So he attempted to do his Persian and Afghan routine which seemed to be entertaining since he was a tall goofy guy, somewhat klutzy but with a bit of style and charm. Then the 'band' played some silly western tune and Kurosh returned to his chair to observe the girls try their luck with that then give up to return to the group.

Before they returned, Kurosh had asked Mrs. Safvat if it was taboo for a man to invite a lady to dance together. She indicated that at such an occasion it would be permissible. To be certain, he asked Dr. Safvat is it wasn't sort of sinful to dance with a girl and was assured that in this case it would be allowed. As he was attempting to conjure up the courage to ask Hurshid, Mrs. Safvat saved him the embarrassment by mentioning in Farsi "Mr. Kurosh Ali Khan would like to dance with you." Kurosh expected to be turned down but Hurshid slid her purse on Parisa's arm and turned to Kurosh waiting to be led onto the floor. As they walked out onto the cement, Kurosh was incredulous and stunned. Then as if by miracle, Hurshid melted into his arms like a high school date with her head against his chest and her tiny hand near his shoulder clutching his. He didn't know if this is how she usually danced

with a gentleman or maybe she somehow liked him a little. They clumsily clopped about until they finally got used to each other's steps. He whispered into her ear in Farsi "only for your hair I would have married you; please never cut it short." She giggled sweetly then smiled nodding her head back and forth indicating agreement and whispered '*chashm* (OK)." Then he asked her when she had moved from Rasht to Tehran and she said "when I was nine."

As they walked from the dance floor, she grasped his hand until they neared their group. They spotted *santur* master Heidari who was decked out in a flashy white suit and tie. The group went over to chat with Heidari who started his very uncool kidding about Kurosh being with his darlings which he wasn't; they were just very skilled artists whom he deeply admired. Then Heidari tried to pull Kurosh close to him to whisper in his ear but he held back and refused to be part of any possible semi-scandal appearance that Heidari was possibly speaking disrespectfully as he often did. Then Mr. Golzari turned to Hurshid and jovially chastised her for not being nicer to Kurosh; how much nicer could she have been? The girls drifted away from Heidari's group and so did Kurosh eventually approaching them and finally boldly addressing Parisa with "*biya beraqsim* (come on let's dance.)" She answered "*in mikhad bere* (she wants to go)" to which Kurosh replied "*na ro, zud e* (don't go, it's early.)" Hurshid asked "*aqa-ye Kurosh Ali Khan, mashin darid?* (Mr. Kurosh Ali Khan, do you have a car?) He answered that he did and his heart jumped as he offered "*beresandametun* (shall I drive you?)" Then he added "Farahabad?" Hurshid quipped "*mishnasid* (you know it?). He responded that he hadn't been there and then stated that he could find it with his map even if they had to driver around all night. She giggled gleefully at the idea then the matter was temporarily forgotten as Kurosh and Parisa went onto the dance floor. He felt like a star-struck schoolboy from the 1940s (which he had been) dancing with Audry Hepburn or Elizabeth Taylor. They kept the Aurthur Murray polite dance position as if he was back at Sacred Heart under the watchful yet loving eyes of the sisters. As they gently moved about the floor, Kurosh told her that she was the best lady vocalist in the whole Middle East because she was true to the sacred tradition and was spiritually advanced. He described Khatere's concert at the IAS and noted that everyone infinitely preferred Parisa's singing. When Parisa wondered what *dastgah* Khatare sang, he noted that one was a traditional Chahargah. When Parisa asked which pieces, he answered that they were things that she had learned from her mother. Kurosh said that the IAS wanted Parisa back for another concert.

The dance ended and they left the floor hand in hand finally reaching the lawn where Dr. Safvat and his wife were waiting. Somehow it worked out that the Safvats were to drive the girls home which was an immense relief for Kurosh who had been apprehensive that, if he drove them home, some scandal might erupt especially with that prankster Heidari around. The Safvats and the girls left and Kurosh wandered over to the fruit table to nibble on some treats as he mused and offered a prayer in his heart that somehow Dr. Safvat with his wonderful spiritual powers and kind wisdom would be able to convince Parisa to join the Center's music ensemble and possibly the secret sacred Monday night meetings. His prayers must have been heard because the next day when Kurosh was invited into Dr. Safvat's office to learn what had happened, he was overjoyed to learn that Parisa was very interested in being active as the female vocalist in the Center's ensemble and that her finance (Kurosh was not aware that she officially had one) had been a member of Ostad Elahi's *khaneqa*. So eventually Parisa became active there as one of the vocalists occasionally invited to sing sacred spiritual poetry accompanied by Dr. Safvat's celestial *setar* playing. Kurosh left his dear master's office floating in spiritual bliss at the good news. The next week when Karimi stopped by his apartment to drive to vocal class, Kurosh shared the great news about Parisa wanting to join the Center's ensemble. Karimi sighed and explained that it would be very difficult at this point because she had a debt to the Ministry of

Culture who had given her vocal training. She couldn't leave them and go work for the competition which was the radio and television. Kurosh fell into a depression for the next few days until he saw Dr. Safvat again. He shared his sorrow with his spiritual and music master wondering how the problem could be solved; it seemed that only the Shah, if even he, could resolve it. Dr. Safvat sat back and smiled his *dervish* smile and offered his standard wisdom "*khoda dorostesh mikone* (God will fix it). Kurosh new never to doubt his master's wisdom which had always been correct. He went back to his apartment to meditate and pray for guidance and an opportunity to somehow assist the situation.

### **Iran's Soon-to-be Top Vocalist is Freed from Indentureship**

In one of his long and cruelly honest articles for the Tehran Journal, as usual Kurosh bemoaned the destruction of traditional music in Iran. He wrote "one problem was that masters such as Safvat, Karimi, Borumand and others would spend years training a fine young talent who would then be corrupted by the Ministry and turned into a Westernized pop performer." When in the early 1970s, as Karimi lamented, his best student, Parisa, was being slowly destroyed by the Ministry's pop musicians, a full scale war was declared and all writers took the problem to all the print media. Parisa had received years of training at the Honarestan in exchange for an indentureship at the Ministry to be one of their pop singers. Due to the incessant crusade spearheaded by Kurosh eventually, high government officials became aware of the Center and its artists due to the many articles in the media and reports on radio and television. The result was finally several prime bookings for the Center's musicians at the final years of the Shiraz Arts festival and at other events, including tours outside Iran. But first Parisa had to initially be freed from the shackles of the Ministry of Culture who had enslaved her with the plan of turning her into a cheap westernized pop crooner. Finally out of the blue, when Kurosh was called into the office of Ms. Sarlak at Rudaki Hall and asked what was needed to end the war, Kurosh promised that freeing Parisa and sending her to Safvat's Center where she belonged then taming Payvar's wanton westernization mania would be the start of an era of peace in the media for the Ministry.

The next day when Kurosh entered Safvat's Center, he was pleasantly surprised by the familiar charming girlish giggle and soothing smile from Parisa who was humbly sitting, dressed elegantly awaiting an interview with Dr. Safvat. Basking in the miracle of the impossible, Kurosh politely and warmly greeted her and they spiritually gazed into each other's eyes frozen for a moment in the joy that the aspirations of both had been fulfilled because now Parisa could be launched into her rightful place as Iran's foremost lady vocalist working in conjunction with Iran's top young masters. The interview with Dr. Safvat was very successful and Master Karimi reported everything to Kurosh that evening on one of their drives together to his vocal class at the Conservatory. Of course Karimi administered one of his fatherly reprimands scolding Kurosh for meddling in the affairs of the Ministry of Culture and creating a major shift in their policy which now had become one of mutual cooperation between the Ministry and Television. This, Karimi admitted, was a wonderful change; but Kurosh as a meddling foreigner (which he wasn't anymore because he had become part of the society) shouldn't have jumped in creating temporary turmoil. Then Karimi wondered how Kurosh could do what no one else had been able to accomplish and how he was able to free Parisa from her indentureship which was to last for years to pay off her scholarship for her study at the Conservatory. Kurosh told Karimi that he had promised to be polite and fair in future reviews of all Ministry concerts and projects and to seek out all the good he could to rebuild their reputation in the media. He honored his promise by positively reviewing some of the excellent folkdance performances by Robert deWaren's Mahali Dance Ensemble

and praising Payvar whenever he very rarely organized a mostly traditional concert and then by writing positive reviews about other Ministry concerts when and if they deserved it.

### **CBS A and R Job Interview Opens the Door for the Center's National Triumph**

The culminating point in the rise of the Center and Parisa to their rightful place as the main representatives of the authentic national musical tradition came when CBS Records set up an office in Tehran. They were seeking an A and R (Artist and Repertoire) person and someone suggested Kurosh as a main candidate for the position. When he heard about it, he had hopes to be able in such a capacity to coordinate cassette releases by Parisa and the Center musicians by CBS Iran. He was invited to a meeting with the CBS representative so he prepared a plan to convince him of the value of the Center and their musicians. At the meeting he dressed to the max and put on the charm he learned from his dad and had seen associating with classy and successful people all over Europe. The CBS agent was very impressed with Kurosh and his vast knowledge of music from all over the world and his associations with some top artists from various traditions. He thanked Kurosh for coming to the interview and promised to inform him of the decision soon. A few days later, Kurosh was invited back to learn of the result of the interviews. He didn't really expect to get the position because he was too involved in Tehran's arts scene as a fully dedicated artist, a high-level scholar, a traditional arts promoter and a news person. But he never would have guessed what the reason would be that could negate Kurosh as a candidate. He entered the room and the CBS agent warmly greeted him then explained why he was not chosen. He explained that Kurosh was way over qualified and the thing that made him a bad choice for the job was that he was too knowledgeable and he was way too convincing of his ideas, even if those ideas were true and good. But CBS couldn't have someone as A & R person who already had his mind made up about what was great music and just pabulum. Kurosh was dumbfounded because he thought that a big company would want to have someone picking music who could tell the difference between what was great and what was rubbish. He thanked the gentleman and left in a confused daze; too qualified, too much expertise and too much good taste? How could that disqualify an applicant. But in any case, Kurosh didn't really want to be tied down working for one company instead of working in many capacities trying to save valuable traditions at every opportunity. He did learn who was chosen for the position, it was Marsel, the pop (incorrectly dubbed 'jazz') 'pianist' who had his own TV show and might have been considered a main competitor of Kurosh, although the music Marsel brought to the Television was nothing at all like what Kurosh was doing. When he informed Dr. Safvat about the CBS decision and, in his Sufi wisdom, Safvat promised that everything Kurosh wanted to do will happen according to God's will.

Strangely, a few days later Kurosh was at a gathering of arts personalities and Marsel was sitting at the other end of the dinner table. Kurosh got up and worked his way through some of the guests, greeting and sharing sugar-tongued *ta'arof* whenever possible. Finally he reached an empty seat next to Marsel who had been suspiciously eying Kurosh's leisurely approach. Kurosh sat down and finally struck up a conversation with Marsel. Kurosh had always been completely against using piano in any type of so-called Iranian music unless it was played totally Iranian, in other words using two fingers and striking the keys as if with *santur* mallets. Nor chords or arpeggios or anything from the western piano tradition; just straight traditional *dastgah* performance. So Kurosh had to strain every moral principle to treat Marsel as an honored colleague because Kurosh couldn't stand Marsel's piano playing and ugly westernized 'arrangements' of bad Persian pop. But that didn't prevent Kurosh from engaging in warm conversation and being complimentary about Marsel's good qualities unrelated to his pop promulgations. Soon the two were quite friendly and then Kurosh shared his experience applying for the CBS position which he

admitted he actually really wouldn't be happy having to expedite. He thanked Marsel for having won the job thus saving Kurosh from being restricted by a day job. Marsel was impressed with Kurosh's honesty and good nature. Then Kurosh revealed that his real purpose in applying for the CBS position was to help the best and most authentic traditional musicians in the country who deserved a chance to have their skills brought to the public. Kurosh then humbly pleaded with Marsel to just visit the Center and witness the beauty of Parisa's vocal genius and hear the virtuosity of young *tar* master Talai and others of the Center's artists. He warmly grasped Marsel's arm and admitted that he only wanted the CBS job to be able to release tapes of Parisa and the Center's musicians and would Marsel please, as a dedicated musician, help in this rightful cause. Kurosh promised that from his analysis of the music scene in Tehran, people were waiting for a brilliant discovery of a true artist and Parisa was the one. He promised that he would recruit all the media in the country to promote any potential CBS tape of her and the Center. Kurosh thanked Marsel in advance for working towards this admirable goal. Then he tried to affirm in Armenian "yes *kidem vor Asdvadz guzay. Ayo parigamis, jashmarid e; ais navakakhump shad lav e* (I know that God wills it. Yes my friend, it is true; this ensemble plays very well)." Finally, Marsel promised that he would look into the matter which he did and found Kurosh to be correct in his analysis of the certainty of the success of Parisa and the Center's musicians once a tape of their work was released.

Kurosh left the matter to Allah's grace and Safvat's promise of an eventual positive outcome. Eventually Marsel was seen on occasion at the Center in friendly affiliation with Safvat and the young artists and finally CBS released, not only one tape, but four important cassette tapes of traditional music by the Center. These were: Parisa and the Center's instrumentalists performing Nava, Tork and Mahur and also Sayyed Razavi Sarvestani singing Dashti and Homayun. Kurosh was ecstatic that authentic traditional Persian music was finally offered the public and he pushed their tapes with all his might in the media. In a very short time, Parisa and the Center's excellent young virtuosi almost immediately hit the top of the charts among Tehran's fans of purely authentic performing arts. The group was invited to perform at various respected venues including tours abroad including a Japanese recording deal. Kurosh was so thankful to Marsel for his role in the whole saga and realized that, even if his piano styling was a bit corny, he was a wonderful promoter of true art and should be admired for his part in saving Iranian traditional music. *Mersi Marsel!* This was just one more example of how joining forces with a perceived competitor as in the case of pianist Preston Keys and the Oriental Jazz innovation, can be tremendously successful. Kurosh realized that again following the path of Jesus who showed love and kindness to and truly cared about everyone can be the smoothest way to success although worldly success is not what Jesus promoted. Yet worldly success (whatever it may be worth for a short moment) can attend when humbly treading the path of celestial wisdom while working for a good cause.

Later after Parisa and the Center's ensemble became the most popular music effort in Tehran, thanks to their best-selling CBS tape releases, she was invited to do an interview on NIRT. Consequent to her amazing rise to the top, she was asked that now that she had become famous, even beyond famous, if she considered fame negative or positive. Her answer was typical of a humble saint on an inner-circle mystic path. She shyly offered "*man shohrat ra motlaqan be hesab-e khodam nemizaram* (I don't credit myself at all with fame.)" She continued "*va man faqat yek vasile-ye nachiz budam baraye shenasundan-e musiqi-ye Irani.* (And I was only an insignificant means for making Iranian music known.)" *Va in sabet mikone ke bar khalaf-e un chizi ke hame migoftand ke musiqi-ye Irani ghamanghiz e va mored-e esteqbal qarar migire, in mitune sabet bokone ke intor nabude* (And this (success) proves that, contrary what everyone was saying, that Iranian music is sad and not acceptable; this can prove that it was not that way)." She specified the type of music she presented: "*Markaz-e Hefz o Eshae, barnamehai ke ejra karde khob sad dar sad sonati bude bedune ke sai daresh bashe ke mardom-pasand bashe. Va in vaqan mored-e*

*esteqbal-e mardom qarar gerefte* (the programs that the Center for Preservation and Propagation has performed are, well, 100 percent traditional without any effort therein to be people-pleasing. And this [purely traditional music] has become what people have actually accepted).” Then addressing the subject of how she really felt about her fame she said “*qalban hich gune esas-e shadi nesbat besh nadaram; hata mitunam begam ke narahatam barinke kar-e asliy-e man tadris e* (in my heart I have no feeling of joy about it, in fact I can say I am unhappy about it because my real goal is to educate)” This deep perceptive wisdom which Dr. Safvat always promoted was further reiterate in her next statement. “*Vali agar yek kesi hadafesh in bashe ke be shohrat berese, pay-e karesh ru in bezare ke be shohrat berese, be mahbubiyat berese, be manafe dunyai berese, in sad dar sad asar-e manfii dare benazar-e man* (But if a person’s goal is to rise to fame, they base the purpose of their work on rising to fame, on being adored, on worldly profit, in my opinion this has a 100 percent negative result.)” When asked what she would think of a singer that might be able to work in her genre, she chuckled and responded “*agar khanade bashe ke dar sabq-e man kar mikone, khob, hamkar-e samimi-ye man khahad bud va che behtar ke dar in reshte honarmandan-e ziyatari bashand* (if there might be a singer who would be working in my genre, they would be a colleague; what could be better than having more artists in this field of pure traditional music.)” She didn’t care about staying famous and had no desire to ever continually perform crowd-pleasing tunes because that was not her mission and, if she performed just once a year, that would be sufficient. She affirmed that all masters from the past were known for their spiritual intentions, not their technique. She noted that the talents and skills of all the great past masters came from God. She fully understood, but didn’t mention in the interview, that when an artist perfects themselves spiritually and seeks only the divine, their technique soars to unbelievable heights, even without much physical effort. Parisa finally was at the top of Iran’s music world even though she had been a pure simple saint before having been elevated to top lady vocalist in the Middle East. That is the way a true divinely-inspired artist succeeds, first by abandoning all that is not divine, then unburdened with mundane cares becoming lighter and being able to ascend towards the divine without caring whether they are successful or not. As the mystic poet Hatef Isfahani stated of the divine instructor in a verse sung in Chaharpare of Abu Ata “*hame az to khosh bovad ay sanam, che jafa konid che vafa konid* (all are pleased by Thee, O Lord, whether you torment or whether you are faithful.)”

### Chapter 43

#### *Submerged in the Subcontinent and Afghanistan*

Now that Kurosh had been in Iran a while and his idol Parisa and the wonderful young masters of his beloved master’s Center were at the top where they belonged, his main mission was accomplished. Now he only had to continually praise and promote Parisa and the Center in all the media so that everyone everywhere would finally know them and be drawn to pure traditional music. In this regard, he took it upon himself to seek out all the main music academies or government music efforts in the countries surrounding Iran with the plan of delivering to the main representatives of those entities copies of the extensive book of transcriptions of the full *radif* called *Radif-e Musiqi-ye Iran* by Musa Marufi with informative introductory notes in Farsi and French by Mehdi Barkeshli. He had Dr. Safvat sign each copy that he planned to deliver to music centers and academies in Beirut, Istanbul, Kabul, Lahore and Delhi in order to familiarize those locations with Dr. Safvat and the wonderful work of his Center in preserving and propagating authentic traditional music. So since he had already delivered a copy to Ustaz George Farah at the National Conservatory of Music in Beirut (*Al Conservatoir al Musiqi al Watani*) and also delivered one in Istanbul, it was time to visit the Subcontinent and Afghanistan to continue his work to

connect the efforts of Dr. Safvat with other similar efforts in nearby lands. No Ruz was approaching and nothing significant seemed to be happening for Kurosh in Tehran except maybe a couple of parties here and there. He felt it might be a good time to visit the Subcontinent and Afghanistan, traveling by land from Kabul to Herat. That was his first visit to Herat, the second longer trip was on a rugged drive over the then severely rutted washboard dirt road rattling in the backseat of Jean Doring's VW. He had mentioned the idea to the LDS branch president who actually suggested he visit India where it was warm since Tehran was still snowy and cold.

Beirut had been an option for this visa and music research trip; but Kurosh felt he should follow the advice of the local church authority. He had to go to India eventually to get tablas and other instruments for the class back at the U of U and he also needed to expand his understanding of Indian and Afghan music. He had a ticket that said Tehran, Karachi, Bombay, Delhi, Kabul, Tehran; so now was as good a time to use it as any to use those flights then take a bus across Afghanistan saving the last flight coupon for a later trip. After chatting with the branch president and his counselor at church, he asked for a blessing to be sure he would be safe, successful and that might be able to share facts about church history with a few people. He felt elated after receiving the blessing and was ready for a new although somewhat worrisome experience. In preparation he asked his Tehran Journal editor Vahe for a letter introducing him so that he might have more access and occasional help in the places he would visit. Then he went to the Pakistani and the Indian embassy to get the necessary visas. The Afghan embassy suggested he get a visa in Delhi where it would be faster; so he postponed seeking that visa. Kurosh went down to his reliable Jewish moneychanger on Lalezar Avenue to get inexpensive Pakistani and Indian rupees as well as some Afghanis. He packed his suitcase lightly with a few clothes, and some minimal food items then found a ride to the airport with his kind vocal mentor Karimi. The plane roared off eventually landing in Karachi.

### **Warm Weather in Carefree Karachi**

Kurosh landed in Karachi to feel the refreshing warmth and relaxing verdant tropicity. The customs agents at the airport were quite relaxed and the only contraband seemed to be recorders and radios. But the taxi-*walas* and change-sharks at the airport were real crooks. They offered 8 maybe 10 rupees for a dollar when at the change shops in Kabul Kurosh could get over 12 or, at the worst, in Tehran he got 11. Of course the standard bank rate was something like 4, but no one in their right mind ever entered a bank to change money. The taxi sneaks tried to charge 10 chip to take travelers to town which was way too high since 5 was the correct rate. On the way into town, Kurosh noticed all kinds of green and foliage, palm trees, white, yellow or pink houses and see-through brickwork was common. Both Muslim and Hindu architecture was common as well as some modern buildings. Unfortunately, beggars were common in Karachi and some were quite poverty-stricken. It was typical to see people sleeping in the streets; but fortunately the warm weather lessened the potential discomfort. The people appeared friendly and many spoke English even though Kurosh preferred to practice his Urdu (what little he could actually use). Although Moslem, their inherent subcontinentality caused them to be a bit less punctual in prayers than Afghans and Iranians. Yet they were fully infused with the typical brotherly kindness of Islam and would grasp a fellow Moslem with both hands sharing a warm smile followed by a satisfied nod of the head from side to side and a caring "*acha*." The streets of Karachi in the 1970s were fairly clean bustling with all types of transportation. This included modern taxis, small three-wheeled taxis which cost from ten to twenty cents to go almost anywhere, even the beach, and horse drawn carriages which were quite expensive. Then there were ponderously plodding camels drawing four -wheeled wagons with car tires for wheels, small donkeys clamoring and clopping, either alone or in pairs, pulling small carts. But the crazy British left-hand driving was bothersome and sometimes dangerous when crossing streets for

Kurosh who never got used to it even after a year in Stockholm where left hand traffic was the rule.

The gentle women were attired in elegant sari-type dresses with light clear head scarves (*dupata*) draped across the throat and both ends flowing down the back past the waist. They often sported beautiful long long single, or sometimes double, braids. Or they would allow their black silken hair to cascade straight down past their waists sometimes in a pretty ponytail tied with a thin cloth. *Alhamdulillah* (praise God), the atrocious Western infidel evil of short-cropped men's hair on women hadn't yet taken hold in Pakistan and if it ever does, Kurosh thought, *estafrullah* (God forbid) and may they be vaporized by one of their own nukes for following Satan's wicked Western fashions. A few women wore Afghan-type pleated *chadri* with the elegantly embroidered mesh window at eye level. Other veil dresses had a fine see-through cloth over the face and other women wore just the loose silky trousers with knee-length dresses which were often highly embroidered accompanied by the inevitable *dupata* elegantly flowing down both sides of the back. Men were attired in white of dark pants and white shirts, either tucked into the trousers under the influence of the Brits, or just hanging out over the pants in the typical Eastern fashion. Many had real Pakistani shirts which were decorated by simple or intricate embroidery on the front, around the buttons and where the sleeves attach. Men's headdress could be a narrow white cap, either embroidered or vary thick like a Neru cap. Some northern men sport the Hunza or Pathan roll hat (*gharmi*) or a turban. Pakistani Khyber turbans are wound around a sometimes high golden or bronze brocaded somewhat mushroom-shaped cap that is round on top; then the turban end might be tucked up into a pleated fan sticking up a half foot or higher above the cap. Some of the more simple Pakistani turbans might be wound without a cap underneath.

Kurosh found that food in Karachi was somewhat less expensive than in Tehran or Beirut. A large papaya almost the size of a cantaloupe or melon was only ten cents. A dozen huge sweet tangerines could be purchased for only twenty cents. Oranges were equally reasonable but not as juicy as the tangerines. Below the United Hotel, the United Bread Shop actually sold whole-wheat bread, a pleasantly surprising phenomenon for Kurosh who had been gagged by worthless white bread in Iran, Lebanon and Turkey. The five cent loaves were quite tasty and they would gladly slice it for customers. Kurosh was hesitant but did partake of a few fried chickpeas and beans with sesame seeds and pepper. The Hotel United was reasonably priced at only a dollar seventy for simple rooms and three dollars for better rooms; very fancy rooms could be as high as five or ten dollars. In search of ethnic clothes items, Kurosh often visited Buri Bazaar which was the central shopping area. But most items seemed to be bad European junk copies of fine Afghan-style hand work. Bargaining didn't seem to be a common practice in the big stores and it was rare to get more than a couple of rupees off an item. Kurosh discovered that Id Gah clothes market near Allah Walla Market was better. There he found that a person could purchase a two and a quarter foot or so piece of cloth for from ninety cents to a dollar twenty-five, then take it to a tailor who, for fifty cents to a dollar, could make a woman's dress or a mens' long shirt for only between fifty cents and a dollar. So a full dress would only be a bit less or more than a dollar. A few people wore the pointed curled-up-toed shoes but Kurosh later found the authentic intricate beautiful gold brocaded version in Peshawar. In Karachi, Kurosh was clever enough to obtain very reasonably priced airline tickets using black-market rupees for future trips to and in Pakistan. One of the Subcontinent cities for which he bought a round-trip ticket from Tehran was the interesting ethnic village of Quetta he had briefly visited once.

On that trip, Kurosh was enchanted by the beautifully embroidered and brocaded long Baluchi folk dress worn by a Pak girl on the small plane. When they arrived at the airport, he and other travelers boarded same minibus with her and he somehow found out what part of town she was going to. Later after finding an inexpensive hotel, Kurosh went to that quarter and asked around about her. After advice from helpful neighbors, he finally found the house she had gone into and knocked on the gate. A friendly young

man came to greet him and Kurosh explained that he was infatuated with a very elaborate dress a young lady wore on the plane and wondered where he could maybe buy such a dress. The boy invited Kurosh in and chatted a while about Baluchi culture although the boy sort of boasted that his family were regular Paks not Baluchi. He did note that he had established a Baluchi dance company and was one of their lead dancers. Although he was somewhat swishy, thankfully he never intimated the slightest interest in any romance with Kurosh. After a half hour or so, the girl came down from the second floor in that same elegant dress and just walked around the room a while then scampered back upstairs refusing to speak to the big weird foreign guest; because it would have been *haram*. The boy noted, “she is my sister and those dresses are rare and cost many rupees.” Kurosh realized that he would not be able to buy one on that visit and unfortunately he never returned to Quetta to add Baluchi dresses to his vast collection of folkwear which became the basis of his own unforeseen Eastern ethnic dance company established decades later. He chatted more with the girl’s brother about dance and costuming then left to search out Baluchi music. At one tape seller’s tiny shop, he asked in Urdu then Pashtu for Baluchi music. The salesman was a big burly Pathan who must have disliked Baluchis because the mention of the word made him sneer, scowl then growl like an angry bear. So without any Baluchi clothing or music Kurosh left Quetta the next day to continue visiting other places on his itinerary.

### **Bothersome Bombay, the Bay that Should be Bombed**

Bombay seemed to be one big con scam to cheat and rob all foreign tourists and even local people whenever and however possible. Indians were naturally very nice people; it’s just the tourist-tempter, tourist-tormentor mindset that ruins it for foreign guests, especially dirt-poor ethnomusicologist scholars. A person couldn’t sit five minutes in a park or go anywhere without having to chase off a shine boy or two and other predators. And the little swindlers kept bugging Kurosh and wouldn’t acknowledge “beat it brat” in English, Hindi, Urdu, Tamil? (who knows that weird one anyway?) or whatever. The miserable few days Kurosh suffered there, convinced him that Bombay was a bay that should be bombed and thus its name. It seemed like one big nightmarish slum, worst than anywhere he had ever been or even imagined, even horrible New York City. But His arrival at the airport was wonderful. The officials were extremely kind and helpful. No customs person wanted to inspect his suitcase and all they asked about was how much cash he was bringing which almost made them laugh then worry about his welfare when they learned how little he came with. They didn’t care at all about traveler’s checks. When he mentioned he mainly came to Bombay because his guru was from there and had sent him to buy *tablas* and visit a couple of his best students, the officials brightened up. They got a taxi for him at the airline’s expense and the driver wouldn’t even accept a tip. In downtown Bombay, the hotels were ridiculously overpriced but Kurosh noticed a dumpy little boarding house on the fourth floor of an old building. It was called Chateau Windsor, a wildly exaggerated title. He took a tiny cell-like room for twenty rupees, about two dollars a day at the black market exchange rate. As for Indian money: a rupee was worth about 10 cents and 100 paisa = 1 rupee. 4 annas = 25 paisas; 8 annas = 50 paisas; 12 = 75 and so on. An ominous sign hung in the room declaring “no alcoholic beverages, no guests after 9 PM, no ladies ever allowed to visit men, no washing clothes, lights must be shut off when leaving the rooms, etc.” Kurosh was fine with all those rules; he especially concurred with the ‘no ladies’ policy because the poor wretched skanks that everyone on the streets were trying to vend probably had every disease known to man including the black plague or worse.

Food in Bombay had its good and bad points. The good thing was that, for once in his life, Kurosh was not the only vegetarian in town. But all the food seemed so filthy that he didn’t dare touch anything

without thick peelings. He knew that all the water everywhere was just sewage; so he couldn't dare drink anything but just relied on tangerines and oranges for liquid. Because it felt like a horrid hundred and twenty degrees miserable muggy sticky oven, he was often nearly choking of thirst. So the street vendors who were selling coconut water (*kopra ki pani*) provided the only actual liquid that he dared touch. For a rupee (about ten cents), the vendor could hack away the outer covering of a coconut with a huge knife, then he would cut around and tap a small hole in the top then hand it to the customer with a straw to sip down the refreshing treat. Kurosh became a steady customer, almost a friend, of the coconut vendors on Churchgate Street and down on the waterfront. Kurosh was really appalled at the filth everywhere in the early 1970s and he imagined if it wasn't cleaned up some day, the whole place would sink and stink into a massive cesspool, which it seemed it already was. Starving beggars were sleeping on the streets, under freeways, on the sullied waterfront wall, just everywhere. They would swarm over Kurosh like filthy flies, incessantly hissing and yelling for coins. He was hounded by hordes of changewalas trying to cheat him into an exchange scam. Then there were the pimps hunting victims for their likely kidnapped enforced "vedy clean college girls" if any sane person would touch one of the unfortunate sleazes. The streets were ridden and riddled with garbage and, inside every building, the walls and corners of the walls, especially staircases, were stained raunchy red from the horrible beetle nut gunk everyone disgustingly chewed and spat like Afghan *neswar* or Yankee chewing tobacco of a past century.

Down by the waterfront, the stench of sewage could choke a person if the thirst, heat and humidity hadn't. As Kurosh walked along the waterfront the first day in Bombay, he saw three dead pigeons and a huge ugly mean-eyed straggly gray rat pattering along beside him. Later one of the street vendor pimps warned him that those rats could run up a person's pants leg and bite them leading to possible death due to potential rabies and worse. These weren't the cute sweet little cuddly pink-eyed pet rats Kurosh loved in his youth; these guys were vicious with mean aggressive eyes. He passed a dead rat whose nose had been squashed and bloody and several packs of them were feverishly scavenging garbage on the beach front. On the way back to the hotel, Kurosh was hostilely harassed by horrid shinewalas hissing at him and screaming "wan shine *saib*?" He would occasionally shout back "no wan shine SOB!" but they didn't get the sarcasm of what 'sob' meant spelled in capital letters because he said it like *saib*. Back in his rotten room, in the wee hours, Kurosh woke up from a nightmare wherein he was being attacked by a huge terrifying rat screeching "wan change money *saib*!" Then a gigantic repulsive snake wrapped around him accosting "ssssssssss; shine *saib*!?"

In his hotel room, Kurosh was horrified at the two-inch long cockroach type creatures scampering to and fro on the bathroom floor joined by other hideous bugs. His room faced the street with its noise and nauseations while the other side of his room faced the inside open air square courtyard enclosed on all sides by dirty walls. What was that courtyard for? It was the garbage pit for the whole building and did it ever stink; rotting fruit peelings, rotting food of all kinds and every other type of rotting garbage imaginable. But not to worry, it was very ecologically engineered, by accident of course. When Kurosh first looked down, he was horrified by the specter of hundreds of raging, ravaging, rabid, raunchy rats accompanied by mangy skinny creepy cats and thousands of flies and cockroaches wildly scavenging over the whole area, munching and crunching down anything that wasn't made of metal or glass. All night long, Kurosh was serenaded by those mangy unpaid garbage collectors adding to all the disturbing street noise. After a few days, Kurosh moved to the Sea Green Hotel which was the same price and just as grubby but a little less noisy. If it wasn't for his *guruji* Pandit Taranath Rao suggesting he visit Bombay and purchase some excellent *tablas*, Kurosh would never have had the 'pleasure' of visiting the dump and would never have known what hell might be like. It made sense that this was the birthplace of the nauseating non-art Bollywood film industry that was the bane and pain of every true

ethnomusicologist and ethnochoreologist throughout the world. It seems that nowhere else in the world had ‘entertainment’ sunk to below the lowest level of the hell in Dante’s Inferno or Zoroastrian tradition. Nothing could be more slimy, skummy, fakey, phony, etc., etc., just every negative adjective and adverb in the dictionary than Bollywood. Gag! Since Bombay was a place totally ridden with garbage of all types, of course it would certainly also be replete with garbage in the form of so-called ‘music’ and ‘dance.’ Sure the rats were huge, menacing and innumerable; but not all animals in Bombay were unpleasant. Fun oxen and peaceful bulls were pulling two wheeled carts, the cross pole of which rested nicely between the humps of the oxen. The reins were a rope that was string through the ox’s nostrils. To start the animal moving, the driver would press his thumb on the ox’s hind end.

In spite of the myriad discomforts and sickening surroundings, Kurosh achieved his goal of finding some nice saris for gifts and for his future clothing collection. He was even more convinced than ever that a stunning sari the type with no bare midriff, along with the typical beautiful long black braided pigtail made a woman appear angelic and perfect. But the same woman with hideous jeans and sloppy T-shirt with hair cropped off like a dastardly dyke would immediately become the most repulsive thing ever to insult the eyes. He shopped around at Rohini in Tardes, Handloom House on Fort Street and other places where he found nice saris for from three to twenty dollars. He sent half a dozen beautiful saris to his ex-wife Yona in Belgium because he knew she and her mom would appreciate them and because this way he could do something for them with the meager funds he was living on. Unfortunately the saris and all the musical instruments he sent to Utah never got there and probably were pilfered the moment they left the post office. As for instruments, Kurosh finally located the shop of master *tabla* maker Mangesh who was highly recommended by guru Taranath as Bombay’s best drum maker. Kurosh ordered two sets of *tabla* for only ten dollars each and a *pakhawaj* for twelve, unbelievable prices compared to the \$100 or more for *tablas* in San Francisco. After the three days of waiting for his drums to be made, Kurosh took one of the *tabla* sets and the *pakhawaj*, all packed up in special wooden boxes made by the drum maker. Kurosh found his way to the main post office and stood in line for an hour. Outside there were gangs of swindlers offering to guide him to the right window or to sew a cloth covering on his wooden boxes for an outrageous twenty rupees *bakhshish*. Then he met a very helpful man who offered to assist him with the bothersome forms. He led Kurosh to his office and had his sweet little secretary type them all up. Kurosh tried to invite him to dinner, but he was politely refused. Finding a clean and safe place to eat would be nearly impossible anyway.

Although not legitimately authorized to be patriotic for the local culture, one day while standing in a long line to mail a package back to Utah, Kurosh became weary of hearing English spoken by everyone with their heavy Hindi accents. He finally climbed up on a low ledge near the counter and, raising his arms like President de Gaulle, angrily bellowed “*ap log ki pas koi dorost zaban nahin!*” Then he repeated the thought in English roaring out at the crowd of stunned Indians “don’t you people have a real language; why do you have to use stupid imperialist English all the time!” As he stepped back on the floor and slowly calmed down from his mini rage, a kindly old gentleman in a Nehru cap quietly approached him and explained. “Of cour, *saib*, we do have own language here, actully hundard of deefern dialek; dart is vay ve mus resor to English so ve can talk eech udder.” Kurosh meditated a moment on that thought realizing how many languages there were on the Subcontinent including the dreadful Dravidian types. He thanked the gentleman for his wisdom and hunched in humility realizing his misperception of the problem. But he still hated to see Brit-Yankee imperialism in the form of stupid English invading the whole world. He was willing to learn any language and was happy to escape the wretched recollections of past persecutions while living in an Anglo-imperialist dictatorship disguised as an alleged ‘democracy.’ But since English was a low form of an almost grammarless pigeon blab resulting from simplifying

Saxon, French and Norse all scrunched together, it was obviously an easy form of communication around the world even if Kurosh hated it because of his misery-marred memories of an appalling adolescence. In any case, nothing Kurosh sent from Bombay ever made it to its destination but all was stolen. Not even a letter got through.

Before leaving the blatant bilge of Bombay, one morning Kurosh tried to escape the filth by a trip towards Virar, stopping at Santa Cruz station and taking bus no. 231 to the favored Juhu Beach which was a refreshing relief for the tormented ethnomusicologist. Later that afternoon, Kurosh went to the radio station where he met the enlightened and friendly music producer who shared wisdom about Bombay and India. He talked about the early morning train rolling into Churchgate Station belching forth thousands of passengers who mechanically trod off to their meaningless jobs only to return home in the evening having accomplished nothing of any real value but just helping the ugly materialist system to continue. He told about an author who had traveled around wrenching melodies from stingy *ustads* noting that getting something from a teacher was more difficult than extracting milk from a tiger. Kurosh confirmed that fact having tried for two months to get a sitar lesson from Amyo Das at Kinnara school in Los Angeles. The music producer nodded lamenting that some *ustads* would not even teach their own children unless they were confident that they would be extremely serious. Kurosh added that there was some wisdom in that concept because the masters needed to know if a student was willing to spend the many years to correctly absorb the tradition rather than become a wretched pop star. He noted how in Iran, a properly trained vocal virtuoso, Golpaigani, learned most of the tradition then betrayed everyone and became a cheap crummy popslop-moaning crooner. And the myriads of unskilled, uncouth, worthless Beetle-type trash idiots with absolutely no IQ, no taste and no spirituality, only a stupid electric guitar a bad attitude, a greed for fame and a pocket full of barbiturates, had taken control of the world's music. And there is no chance of executing them all because they are way to many and the imbecile brainless creep skuzbag scum brat kids all worship these sewer rats. The producer and his staff nodded in agreement with Kurosh's assessment of the ugly pop non-music scene which had taken over the world. Then he added that the crappy garbage Bolywood phoney 'music' and 'dance' was almost as bad. To that everyone bemoaned "*han ji saib!* (yes right sir!)" Kurosh ended his crazy sermon with "too bad the stingy *ustads* couldn't prevent all those subhuman slimy rock creeps from getting guitars; where are Stalin, Mao, Genghis Khan, Aurangzeb or some tough mad *mullahs* when there is truly an urgent need for a powerful dictator to wipe the world clean of really dangerous 'human' and 'entertainment' trash."

That last evening in Bombay, Kurosh visited Ashok who was one of *guruji* Taranat Rao's best students. He lived in a nice building in Tardes near Taranath's place. Ashok's father was a good harmonium player but had been paralyzed for three years and could only use one hand. Even with one hand, he invited Kurosh to accompany him on *tabla*. Kurosh was never much of a *tabla* player, but he tried. Then he wisely turned drumming over to Ashok who really had the skills. Then during a break, Kurosh asked if there was a chance of Ashok's father being cured. They didn't know of any remedy and Ashok's father asked Kurosh if he know of any cure. He said the only thing he knew of was healing through prayer and blessing as practiced in his religion. The father said "then please kind sir, give me such a blessing." Kurosh was hesitant, not feeling worthy enough to really do any good. But he went over to where the old man was laying down and put his hands on his head and gave him a blessing promising that if he had the faith he could be helped. During the blessing, the old man would occasionally chime in expressing agreement with what Kurosh was saying. After the spiritual experience, Ashok generously offered Kurosh a few *tabla* patterns. One was: *tiri kit' t'k't'k' tirikit' tagitit' kit'taki tirikit' t'k't'k' tiri kit' dha s s s*. The next day, Kurosh packed up his belongings, went to the airport and took the plane to Delhi.

## Delightful Delhi

Delhi was a beautiful garden of flowers, grass, trees and fountains, a dreamy city. New Delhi was very clean and modern, but not ugly modern, while Old Delhi was almost as quaint and exciting as Kabul or any other really Eastern city. As the bus pulled away from the new nice airport we went by lovely homes and clean outskirts before reaching the main part of town. New Delhi was built around a beautiful circle called Canaught Circus pronounced 'canart' by Indians. In the middle of the circular street was a large park or garden with many paths leading to a big pond with myriads of refreshing fountains. At the airport they told Kurosh to stay at the Hotel Ranjit because it was cheaper and government owned. He didn't know but just hoped they were right and later agreed. He talked a cab into taking his 80 lb. huge tin box of *tablas* and other treasures and tying it on the roof; then they finally arrived at what seemed like a country club in Glendale or Beverly Hills. A well-dressed doorman greeted them and the driver wanted 2.50 since he had a big box on his roof. The meter said 1.25 so Kurosh offered him two rupees and asked if it was OK. He said eight *anas* more (50 *paisa* or half a rupee) so he gave him a third rupee and then just told him to keep it. Three rupees was really too much and he hated myself for letting the driver get away with it; but anyway it only came to about thirty cents on the black market. With the help of bellhops, Kurosh lugged the huge box and suitcase in and he asked for a room. He noticed that, in the official book, twenty-four rupees, about \$2.40 was the correct price for a room; but they immediately quoted forty. So Kurosh strutted over to the airport phone and arranged a room somewhere else for twenty-four.

As he was about to leave to seek better lodging, they suddenly remembered their posted rate and said they did have a room for twenty-four chips. First they stuffed him into room Number Two which wasn't bad. The room was fairly modern and had a sort of brick screen leaving large holes for air and a kind of porch. It had the first hard bed he had slept on in India compared to the soggy sloshy 'bed' at Chateau Windsor in Bombay. Of course the bathroom was a cement floor with a shower coming out of the wall where he had to stand on the clammy floor under it, no curtains or tile. But the toilet was decent and the sink had hot and cold water. One bad thing about bathroom was the dripping faucet under the shower. It tended to drive Kurosh mad at night with its drup, blurp, drup, blurp, etc. ad infinitum. But worse yet, in Room Two, all he could do at night was lie awake serenaded by the chatter and cackles of *taxiwalas* who would intermittently slosh water on their taxis then noisily polish the vehicles with all their might outside the window. So the next morning, Kurosh went to the front desk to gripe about the dripping and the drips, or more literally, the boisterous *taxiwalla* slob mob and, most of all, about the sneaky hidden 10% surcharge on his bill for service and tax which he thought was a dastardly devious ploy. They quickly offered to move him to a better room in the same price range. But he couldn't talk them into a weekly rate; so altogether it ended up costing around twenty-seven rupees a day. So they gave him what appeared to be about the best room in the hotel, so far as he could deduce, for only twenty-four chips. Of course there was much better lodging in the higher price brackets. His room was just in front of the cool pleasant fountain in the pool set back in the lawn garden. Room One Twenty-Three, was one of the nicest accommodations he had since he was a kid. Although they still hadn't fixed the leak, Kurosh would wake up to the pleasant shushing of the tall fountain that nearly reached the porch. He had a hard bed, a wall table for writing and other features he had long forgotten actually existed. There was no traffic noise because it was outside of New Delhi. There was a TV in the air conditioned lounge and chairs on the lawn to sit and relax.

Transportation in Delhi was either taxi starting out on the meter with 80 *paisa*; small rickshaws, otherwise a person could get a non-meter rickshaw (most had no meter) but then there would be no hope of not being gypped. Gypped was the word he came to know well in India; it stands to reason

since the Gypsies originated in India. It was necessary to put up such a high wall for self-defense against crooks that it prevented getting into the real culture. Old Delhi was better for blending in. The best means of transportation when available were the large four-seater motorcycle rickshaws or three-wheelers with two seats facing forward and two backward with a flat top covering the seats. For thirty *paisa* Kurosh, would hop a four-seater near the hotel and ride to Old Delhi. In Dehli, food items like tangerines, sweet limes, papayas were more expensive than in Bombay. In Delhi there were no fresh coconuts or coconut water. They had what seemed like long skinny cucumber type things which taste like cucumbers but more delicate. Also they had the world's weirdest melon type objects that had odd flower-form sections inside that are edible, but whether sweet or sour, Kurosh never found out because he was scared to try anything that might be somehow polluted with sewage water which was everywhere. The main drinkable clean mineral water was called Bisleri and, of all the polluted places, it was made in Bombay. Had he known, Kurosh wouldn't have nearly died of dehydration fiendishly glugging down coconut water several times a day to keep from becoming a dried fig. He made it a point to ask for the Bisleri 'silent' water not 'bubbly' so he wouldn't have to fight the fizz every glug. Kurosh wondered when he left good old Bombay, if a grimy gray rat or two might have sneaked into his suitcase. But luckily when he unpacked, he didn't see any, not even a two-inch long cockroach. If a rat did end up in Delhi by mistake, the poor thing would feel lost and out of place because there were no piles of garbage, no litter, no filth.

Delhi was a good place to buy sitars; so Kurosh visited a couple of shops in Old Delhi in Nay Sarak a bit beyond the end of the four-seater line. Bina was about the only place with a selection in a possible price range. He found that *sitars* were only about \$10 each; but shipping to the US was \$40 and completely untrustworthy. *Sarods* were about \$35 at Bina and Kurosh couldn't get far trying to bargain prices down. They had a *sarangi* for \$25; but both seemed too high for the quality. Bina's *tablas* were not at all the quality of those made by Mangesh in Bombay. On the way to Chandi Chok, Kurosh found another shop called 'Lahore' before the turn to go towards Chandi Chok. They had a *sarangi* for \$22, but their *sarods* were too expensive. Eventually, Kurosh ended up with a nice *sarod* and a *dilruba*, so he bought a big tin box to be able transport those purchases plus his *tablas* and other treasures to Kabul on the plane and by bus and land all the way to Tehran.

### **Kurosh Helps Cops Round up Creepy Cheating Changewala Crooks**

Change sharks were a real nuisance in India and Kurosh was always looking for a good rate. In Delhi their trick was this: They would claim "*Saib*, I geev tirteen rupee far dollar" then they would ask Kurosh to show his travelers checks. Then they would say "let me take two minute show boss (who was a creepy looking crook in an alley; they seemed to work in pairs). And anyone who was sucker enough to let their travelers checks out of their hands, even unsigned, should just start walking to the American Express to report them stolen because they definitely were. But Kurosh fell for an even trickier scheme. He wasn't really interested in changing money since he had gotten his rupees from his Jewish *saraf* (money changer) pal on Lalezar Ave. in Tehran who always gave him the best rate in existence. But a crummy sneak with an mean looking pock-marked face kept bugging him offering him the impossible sum of fifteen rupees for a dollar. Then the guy said he would be back at 2:15 with cash; so Kurosh stupidly fell for the scam and decided to see if it was for real. When Kurosh showed up, another thug dressed like a Sikh appeared informing Kurosh that he was a colleague of the first guy. He led Kurosh around a corner near the Punjab bank where he carefully but suspiciously counted out 1500 rupees in fifteen hundred note bills folded in half. After he counted them out a

second time, Kurosh was still clutching the \$100, reluctant to give it to him without first counting the rupees himself. Then when Kurosh showed him his last one-and-only \$100 bill, the little creep nervously declared “someone is coming;” then pressed the rupees in Kurosh’s palm, grabbed the 100 and scampered off. Kurosh ran after the thief because, if there wasn’t something really wrong, he shouldn’t be fleeing. Changing money illegally was not that major of a crime. Sure enough, as Kurosh chased after the bandit, he noticed the sneak only gave him a stack of 10 rupee notes with a couple of hundreds on top instead of fifteen 100 rupee notes. Kurosh didn’t run fast enough because he didn’t want to alert the bandit that he was being chased; so the rotten rogue got away.

A very nice Sikh fellow saw it all and helped Kurosh try to locate the robber in the theater where he apparently disappeared. They hunted, asked possible witnesses and waited around for two hours before finally reporting it to the police. Kurosh and the Sikh witness went to the police station and reported it to inspector Sundar Lal who was a great guy and one of the most honest and dedicated men in Delhi. Initially, inspector Lal chuckled that Kurosh ended up with four hundred rupees which was the actual official bank exchange rate, so it would be difficult to categorize it as theft. Kurosh laughed for a moment at how he had been cheated into being honest but didn’t like the way it all happened. He declared that since he felt he had been swindled out of the \$100, he was ready to spend as much time as possible to help round up all the change sharks he could find. Inspector Lal chuckled in his easy going manner and set up an appointment for the next day at ten in the morning in front of the American Express where the change cheats hung out. The inspector sent two of his policemen the first day. Cops in India didn’t carry guns just a long canes. Plain-clothes men carry nothing and have to wrestle with crooks occasionally to drag them manually to the Parliament Street station. Crime in those days in Delhi was usually small stuff; no organized crime or gruesome things like thrive in the US.

The first day on the beat, they didn’t find any illegal money changers right in front of the American Express. But while walking around the circle, they were able to pick up a couple of greaseballs who were trying to con Kurosh into changing money. The system was that Kurosh would just walk around looking like a big dumb Yankee tourist to bait the hook. Then when a *changewala* sidled up to him mumbling “wan change money *saib*,” Kurosh would wave to the policemen lurking a few yards behind him. Kurosh wished they could arrest the whole town because ninety percent acted like crooks and were definitely cheats of one kind or another. But Kurosh’s definition of a crook was anyone that makes money on other people, which puts everyone in that category except a small minority of sufis, gurus and the like. Although he felt that buying and selling for profit was dishonest and stealing, on occasion he also had to participate in materialism to survive. The next day they caught a devious tour guide who was a crook in his own right but wasn’t the full-fledged thief type they were after. Kurosh identified a few suspects as not being the two crooks who ripped him off, much to their relief. Kurosh enjoyed working for Inspector Lal who resembled Kurosh’s beloved Persian teacher Mehdi Hendessi at Langues O in Paris. One evening Kurosh and the cops wandered around in New Delhi a couple of hours and picked up a couple of *changewalas* and one hard core crook, a *changewala* who was peddling girls too. Kurosh knew that inspector Lal be happy to get him off the streets if the guy actually showed up in front of the BOAC the next day at 10:30 as planned. So that made four illegal change shops counting the two in the Red Fort plus a freelance street hood. Kurosh felt a bit bad having to turn them all in; but if they got busted, then guys like the hardcore robber that swindled him wouldn’t be able to victimize others. After a few days they finally caught up with Kala who was the first con man who wanted to run off with Kurosh’s traveler’s checks. Now if he knew the target thief, then maybe they might get the main bad guy. Anyway Kala was a known crook; so Kurosh busting him on Canought Circle for inspector Lal was a real boon and they hauled Kala off to the clink. But in

Delhi, they could only keep an arrestee for twenty-four hours then they would get out on bail to wait for trial. At the trial they decide on the bail and most crooks just got out again. I seems that they needed something like a tough ex-Chicago police chief to head up the Indian law enforcement for a few months then it might straighten out.

### Haggling and Hollering in Hindi

Kurosh was sick of being treated like a tourist and a scam victim; so he decided to get serious about gaining more capability in Hindi. He went shopping for an easy beginning book in Hindi, of course he would have to revive his former familiarity with the alphabet from his Paris studies. He decided to use only Hindi and actually got away with it because the many Arabic and Persian words made Hindi like an extension of knowledge he already possessed with the addition of some grammatical specialties which at times also resembled Persian. Plural instead of an in Persian, the imperative form of “to do” was *ko* instead of *kon* in Persian. Thus by using expressions and terms which were familiar to him from Persian and Arabic, although they might be used in unusual ways or pronounced differently, Kurosh could rattle off phrases that hopefully would prevent him from always being cheated as a tourist. He wandered into a trinket shop and began looking at jewelry. When the shop keeper muttered something in English, Kurosh noted “*ye chiz badsurat hai* (this thing is ugly).” Then picking up a fake silver bracelet with nice filagree designs stated “*magar ye bhat khubsurat hai* (but this is very beautiful). The shopkeeper quoted the price of fifteen rupees for the bracelet to which Kurosh responded “*lakin, saib, main bahat fakir adami hon; tabla aur sitar wala hon.* (but, sir, I am a very poor man; I am a *tabla* and *sitar* player) (he wished). Then picking up a huge clunky bracelet, he remarked *ye bhat bura hai, ap ki pas choti chiz nahin* (this is big, don’t you have something small?) The shopkeeper produced a simple little bracelet with a couple of fake jewels on it which Kurosh thought might be nice as a *soqati* (Persian traveler’s gift) for one of the girls in Karimi’s class in Tehran. The shop owner’s eyes danced and sparkled as he affirmed “*ye bhat khubsurat hai; ap ki liye, das chip* (this is really beautiful; for you 10 rupees.)” Throwing together words that he wasn’t sure were correctly positioned, Kurosh stammered “*bahana nahin; magar kushesh ko, ek kampaisha admi ki liye, panj rupee ko* (it isn’t an excuse, but for a person of little funds, try to make it five rupees.)” The shopkeeper chuckled and, slowly turning his head from side to side, politely reprimanded “*meri piari dost, ye chiz panj rupa ki liye koi makan kharidna sakta nahin* (my dear friend, this thing can’t be bought anywhere for five rupees.)” The kind old man gazed out into the busy alleyway for a moment then smiled offering “*achha meri beti; art rupa tik hai* (fine my son; eight rupees is fine.)” Kurosh dug into his pocket and produced a cherished ten rupee note as the shop keeper wrapped the bracelet in a piece of newspaper and handed it to Kurosh along with the two purple rupee notes in change.

Kurosh visited three bookshops then one in Dariba Kalan, a quaint little bazaar shopping area near the mosque in old Delhi. The shop was Punjab Pristak Bhandar and had beautiful children’s books in Hindi with lovely color pictures. He bought a couple of children’s books and also a book with small treatises on Indian languages including weird Dravidian languages. The store manager asked, “*ap ka maksud kia hai?* (what is your purpose?)” Kurosh said in English “so I won’t get cheated anymore.” It wasn’t a very deep or kind answer; but was how he felt after losing \$100 and having to fight over pennies several times a day with taxiwalas and everyone else. Also in the Dariba Kalan which was near the end of the four-seater line, Kurosh found several silver stores with many more types of bracelets and other things of interest. This was a chance to pick up a few things for friends at the Honarestan in Tehran who had begged him to buy trinkets for them. Wandering the dusty streets and

alleys of Bombay and Delhi all day for almost two weeks had bestowed Kurosh with a deep tan which was evident when people continually addressed him in Hindi rather than the English they used on him when he first arrived in Bombay. And when he would try even just a few words of Hindi, people would refrain from using English unless and until Kurosh was obliged to switch.

### Old Delhi, a Treasure of Times Past

Kurosh found Old Delhi to be refreshingly quaint and fairly traditional. Tiny shops clustered together side by side all along the streets created a busy yet quiet scene. The narrow streets and alleys were seldom marred by motor noise and the transportation consisted of bicycles, three-wheeled bicycles with a small cart in back for passengers, or bicycles, some horse drawn two-wheeled carriages, an occasional ox-cart and a rare motorcycle. The little shops in the market area were like high steps or porches raised above the street where the merchants set cross legged arranging wares awaiting customers. Some shops were no more than a yard wide but were deep and sometimes had a large upstairs warehouse from which an assistant would toss any samples that are not in stock on the main floor. People sat on the ledge to bargain with shopkeepers. Fruit and vegetable merchants set up out on the street with their wares piled in pyramid stacks. Some upstairs second-floor shops were available only by climbing a very narrow steep staircase. Bina music store was one such place. The sound of bells on three wheel rickshaw bikes and on regular bicycles, blended with an occasional clapping of horse carriages and the jingling of bells hung around the horse's neck, was the main soothing sound in the depth of the bazaars. Rarely an ugly honk of a car horn reminded Kurosh of the horrors of 'civilization' which he wished would all soon dissolve in a huge atomic holocaust so people could return to the simple and meaningful life of the past.

Outside the red fort, cows and people sat relaxing and laundry was strewn out in various places drying. Inside it was like a whole city; it really was still a fort although the architecture reflected a distant past. An army base and soldiers were housed inside as well as tourist trap shops along with old buildings, gardens and pavilions. Beautiful carved stone screen windows, engraved walls, artistic arches and architectural attractions were abundant. Old Delhi was a place for brass bands and often some band was parading down the street. One interesting thing was the fact that, although they used trumpets and other western instruments, the music was very Indian. The most surprising of all was how Indian *dhol* and even *tabla* beats could be rendered on bass and snare drum. Even the typical rising 'doomp' sound of the left hand on the *dhol* was achieved by hitting the bass drum head then quickly pressing it with the other hand. The inevitable tonic was also prevalent and somehow they were able to tune the snare drum to the tonic. Kurosh noticed that at least India had a fairly groovy Indian style national anthem as opposed to the horrible westernized weirdness that the Iranians and some other countries had gotten stuck with.

At the door of the Red Mosque in old Delhi, a man was offering to safeguard shoes; but Kurosh just took his off and carried them which he felt was safer and cheaper. A little girl with beautiful eyes quietly wandered over to the wall of the mosque complex over-looking the red fort and clutched a pillar. She gazed a moment at the park and fort then, although not even 8 years old, with the poise of a well-trained Indian dancer, she turned and wandered off across the wide courtyard of the mosque. Kurosh noted that, in the East, children are not children; they are actually grown ups in children's bodies. Although several beggar kids chanting "*baksheesh*" pestered those who sat near the wall, the Red Mosque was about the most peaceful place around. A cool breeze passed through as Kurosh sat at the wall opposite the domes watching a flock of doves alight and then hover off. Grain was strewn on

flat patches to invite the birds while dove sellers and other merchants sat on the steps outside the mosque where little chipmunks scurried about on the walls. The dome of the mosque was similar to mosques in other countries but had a special Indian character. One large central dome of white gray stone and two smaller ones on each side formed the roof of the arch door and main area of the complex. Two high minarets of red stone guarded the outer edges which blended into the walls and corners of the whole complex. A pool was in the center of the courtyard and the side room housed alleged relics of Mohammed. These included: 1300 year old Quran pages written on parchment by Ali and another section by Hassan. Also on display there was a hair of the prophet's beard which was red explaining why men dye their beards red after the Haj. Also on display was a footprint of the prophet which they say miraculously melted into marble. There was also one of the prophet's camel skin sandals. A person could believe or doubt the veracity of the relics however they wished.

Kurosh noticed that it was nearing prayer time, so he joined the congregation. The *wuzu* pond was surrounded by the faithful washing arms and feet. A group of believers sat in a line inside the mosque listening to a *mullah* quietly teach religious precepts. For prayer, all heads were covered with turbans, caps or cloth. Shoes were placed bottom to bottom behind the faithful who lined up in the prayer line. The lead *mullah* gave a sound and everyone including Kurosh raised their hands to ear level and then back. Then they bowed with hands on their knees and a sound signaled a return to upright position. Then again a sound signaled that it was time for the faithful to fall to the ground and press their heads against the floor. The upright sitting position, another time foreheads to the floor, sit then rise. Then prayers were mumbled or whispered often accompanied by a rocking motion from side to side, possibly a left over Hindu custom. Occasionally hands were placed in prayer position similar to a Christian or Hindu practice. After the prayer two or three times standing and sitting and face down, all heads turn right, then left and then hands are placed in open position like holding a book and then stroked over cheeks and downward as if stroking the beard.

In the corner far on the other side of the mosque complex, an old lady kissed a large Koran, placed it in a book rest then began rocking slightly from side to side as she recited verses. She wore a black Pakistani-type scarf veil similar to a *dupata* which was common among Muslim women throughout the Subcontinent. But full beautiful Afghan pleated *chadri* veils that go from head to foot with the artistically embroidered mesh screen window were also common. Veils were usually dark white or gray color and silken colorful loose pants were often worn under their veils. Women there wore saris; but many also pattered about in billowy pants and long beautiful dresses like in Karchi with the ever-present scarf (*dupata*) cascading over both shoulders. Some devout ladies were in veils, may Allah bless them. The men were clad in white shirts and white or other color pants; a few ties but no coats. Women had one bad quality, they had adopted the atrocious horror of gluing their lovely long dark illustrious locks up into horrid huge cow paddy blob buns. With the beautiful silken hair with which they were naturally endowed, how could they ever wish to degrade it into a hideous glob of gunk sticking up, out and all over. After the prayer the men broke up into two groups to hear the *mullah* discuss points of doctrine. The gray-bearded sheikh was soft-spoken and wore a white turban and a white thin cloth waistcoat. His turban tail fell over his right shoulder as he read with an inspiring smile and discussed points in a fatherly authoritative manner. He then held up the book covered in a cloth and the group recited after him for a few minutes. Then everyone placed hands in open book position then the cleric clasped everyone's hand and the group disbanded. People were also lying around the courtyard catching a nap. After prayers, for a small fee people could accept the offer of a chair to facilitate putting their shoes on.

### Misfortune from a Freaky Fortune Teller

Before leaving Delhi, Kurosh was accosted by a so-called fortune-teller in Chandi Chok. He pattered up beside Kurosh and trailed along exclaiming “You vedy good time now, verdy good estars, one telegram it have money, one lady love you.” Kurosh tried to brush him off but he seemed like a nice gentle fellow so Kurosh slowed down and let him feed the baloney. He said, “You verdy good man. I no say give it five chip ten chip, only you give it two, tree chip I tell.” Kurosh reprimanded “no forget it. I need all my rupees;” adding in Hindi “*nei Sahib, mera sab rupia zururi hai.*” Then just to see if the guy was real, he asked him what happened to him the day before, the day he was beat out of a hundred dollars. He said “Yesterday you loosing many ting and you again loosing many ting in future if you listen sweet talk.” He went on “You have one habit it bad, you having open heart, not can travel many place and keep dis habit ... there one lady she no can live without you dat place you live she is” He sort of had it right. The ‘yogi man’ trailed Kurosh around as he bargained to get four tangerines for a rupee and other cheap buys; then the fortune teller came with a piece of paper and wrote a bunch of designs on it which looked like four groups in a square or circular area. He said “Purt two chip on paper; it tell future.” Kurosh said “No I need money for shopping” The fortune teller affirmed “purt! And my master say prayer you in *ashram*. Purrt!” Kurosh hesitated; but the yogi insisted purt!! Purrt !!! Purrt down only two chip. Purrt!!!!” So to get rid of him, Kurosh did ‘purt’ two chip down. The yogi added sort of incoherent supplementary information then Kurosh went towards the four-seater stop. The yogi reappeared and said that there was something more to tell then reiterated “purt only two chip more in poor yogi man hand.” Kurosh insisted “no pal, I spent it all.” The yogi declared “I see in forehead you ten rupee note,” He was right but Kurosh wasn’t going to blow anymore on fortune telling. So instead Kurosh told the yogi his fortune. Kurosh told him he should seek Brahma’s guidance and he would find another line of work where he could have peace but still earn money without forcing people to ‘purt’ rupees in his hand. But the yogi wasn’t interested in his own future, only in Kurosh “purting” a chip or two more in his “poor yogi man hand, purt only one chip!” Kurosh stressed that he didn’t have any more but the yogi declared “don’t break a poor yogi man heart.” As Kurosh jumped into the four-seater and took off, he hoped he was rid of him.

But a few days later when he was walking towards the Red Fort, up popped the fortune-teller behind Kurosh with another guy. “*Saib, Saib*” he whined “ he come bring good luck.” Kurosh said “what was it?” He said, “I see you face, he much run catch you ... master pray for you; give me this give you” He took a little black pressed image and thrust it into Kurosh’s hand then ordered “purt in right pocket, bring much luck, it Kali, bring luck.” Kurosh was very hesitant; he knew Kali was an evil Goddess like the horrible mother goddess cursed by the ancient Israelites and despised by God. He explained “I give you chips before so now I must give to other people.” The yogi’s answer was “then give him” pointing to his sidekick. Then the yogi declared “I no say give five, give ten chip; jus give two chip and purt Kali in right pocket.” Kurosh adamantly affirmed “no, I don’t need it, no good!” The yogi anxiously demanded “purt!!! Purrt in pocket!!! Kurosh, who was not a pushover, stuffed the little black Kali in the yogi’s right pocket loudly retorting “you keep it, you get luck; you keep in right pocket!” The yogi insisted “no you take” and shoved it back into Kurosh’s hand declaring “you give only one chip, last time, no more meeting, no more see, jus one chip.” Kurosh was sick of the little pest so he gave one last purple rupee note in hopes he never would see the creep again.

## **The Cutting Curse of the Delhi Belly**

Kurosh foolishly forgot and left the cursed Kali in his pocket and soon had a big row with the four-seater driver over what amounted to about one cent. So that horrible Kali was definitely a curse that Kurosh should have never touched. But the real curse was to hit him the next day. He got back to the hotel and then realized he had been carrying the evil image and accompanying papers with weird scribbling. He put it all on the bathroom sill to keep it away from him. The next day it rained sheets of cool rain and he had to put on a coat instead of the long white shirt (*kurta*) and pajama-type cotton pants (*shalwar*). He witnessed beautiful parks, fountains and Indian architecture on the way to the Afghan embassy where he was promptly furnished a visa within four hours, which was really fast compared to two days in Tehran. But Kurosh made a mistake somewhere either by eating hands full of cashews or foolishly drinking some sugar cane juice or something. He had been very careful all during his time in India to drink no water that wasn't guaranteed bottled at some spring or was fresh from coconuts, or eat no food that wasn't protected by full thick skin like citrus fruit or bananas. So partly he made a foolish mistake in food selection the last days in Delhi, or the horrid Kali thing or both had clobbered him and he was attacked by the dreaded Delhi belly. The day of his flight to Kabul, he barely had the strength to get downtown to pick up his custom made Indian clothes. He had to keep returning to the hotel to use the bathroom time after time. He had packed up all his instrument treasures which consisted of two sets of *tablas*, a *sarod*, a *dilruba* and several saris and some men's clothes. It all went into the typical tin box used in the subcontinent and Afghanistan and weighed a little over 70 kilos which was too large for Kurosh to carry even when he felt really healthy.

Somehow, with the help of the hotel staff, Kurosh was able to struggle the huge tin box and his suitcase to the minibus where the driver and his assistant tied it on top. Kurosh staggered up to his room one more time to use the bathroom since his dysentery had become nearly unbearable. He sat for a moment on the bed in painful anguish wondering how he would be able to make it to the airport much less on the flight to Kabul. He said a prayer although he hated to bother the Lord with his personal problems; he didn't like being selfish. Then it dawned on him that the stupid little pagan Kali and the scribbled gibberish could have caused this cursed infirmity; so he found the evil items, tossed them into the toilet and flushed them away hoping to be free from further foul fate. He didn't even want anything to do that fortune-teller misfortune-maker anyway. Kurosh wobbled down the stairs to return his key and check out. He struggled to the minibus and sat in the back so he could be miserable alone. Then he decided that, since he might die or at least he felt like he could or maybe should, he would have to do something totally crazy and break LDS perceived policy. He decided he had to give himself a blessing since no other priesthood holders could be found probably for hundreds of miles around and they wouldn't be able to get to the minibus in time since it was scheduled to drive off soon. He checked to see that no one was looking at him; then he placed his hands on his own head and quietly whispered as powerful a blessing as he could muster in his weakened state. Then he rested his head against the window and seemed like he went into a dazed trance only slightly recognizing that the minibus was driving off. He regained consciousness when the minibus pulled up to the airport and his box and suitcase were unloaded and given to the Ariana ground crew.

## **Striking Stewardess and Crusin' to Kabul**

Kurosh struggled and stumble into the airport, slid his ticket onto the Ariana counter and obtained his boarding pass. A very kind Indian official rushed Kurosh's box and suitcase through customs

without them even having to be opened. Then another helpful man, Mr. Gopal, brought a doctor who gave Kurosh three pills for his problem in case it got worse. Kurosh then shuffled into the waiting area to a sofa where he stretched out glaring at the departure desk in a dizzy daze. He lost all track of time and reality when, as if in a dream, a strikingly beautiful creature, an angel in a elegant Indian white *kemiz*, *kurta* and flowing *dupata*, darted past as if blown by a celestial breeze. Kurosh wondered if he had finally died and was in an extraterrestrial waiting room before being shipped off to a lesser destination where sinners like himself end up. But all the mundane passengers passing by indicated that he was still in the Bombay airport. He couldn't figure out who and what that exquisite young lady with long silken locks and sparkling almond eyes was. Too exhausted and ill to care, Kurosh returned to his daze until finally his flight was called and a kind American lady (yes there are a few out there) helped him to his feet and out to the plane.

Once situated on the plane, Kurosh was beginning to feel a little better, maybe the crazy unorthodox idea of giving himself a blessing was working. He sat and gazed at the flight crew when the same beautiful girl in white who had whisked past in him at the airport approached kindly advising passengers to fasten their seatbelts. This time she was adorned in a beautiful traditional Afghan ensemble that consisted of a long intricately embroidered top, silken billowing trousers and an embroidered scarf with dangling fluffy tassels. She stood right in front of Kurosh and with a girlish voice and a sweet little accent requested that he make sure his seat belt was fastened. Their eyes locked in a temporary timelessness which seemed to infuse him with a refreshing revitalization and a reason to keep living. If there were such beauties in the Persian speaking world, maybe someday he might be blessed with the honor of marrying one such person. That thought, kept him going all the way to Kabul as he observed the delightful damsel darting about like a bewitching butterfly. Her intoxicating eyes like pools of wine reminded Kurosh of the words in a Logari song he had often played "*rokhsart golabi, cheshman sherabi, cheshman sherabi* (thy cheeks are fragrant, thine eyes like wine, thine eyes like wine.)"

### **Kabul so Cool**

When the plane landed at Kabul airport, Kurosh was still too weak to even get up. After the last passenger deplaned, one of the Aryana gentlemen asked if Kurosh was getting off and Kurosh muttered that he was quite ill. The Aryana fellow was very helpful and carried Kurosh's bag as Kurosh fumbled into the terminal. There he sat in a semi-daze waiting for a turn at the passport check. He asked an Ariana ground crew girl if she knew Mrs. Sharifi and her daughter Fauzia who was hopefully meeting him at the airport. He added that Fau was a former student of his and a friend at the University of Utah. The girl said that she did know Fauzia and had just seen her outside. Kurosh thanked her and felt a little better. He had written to Fau that he would be arriving on the 21st; so even though he was deathly ill, he had forced himself onto that flight in order not to miss Fau. Kurosh knew he would be able to pull through the Delhi belly with the help of Fau and his other former U of U student and friend Bill Barlak. Bill was one of Kurosh's most faithful students who took every class Kurosh taught at the U. So as he sat half conscious, Kurosh was treated to one last spellbinding view of the lovely stewardess who stopped to chat with the ground crew girl for a moment before drifting off. Kurosh asked the ground crew girl who that stewardess was and he thought she said "Nesrin." So much for potential impossible not even romance in a traditional society where the bride prices are more than a huge home.

Finally it was Kurosh's turn to have his passport stamped by a friendly official and then to stumble over to customs to declare his belongings. He offered to show them his suitcase; but the customs official said "don't open it, I believe you." But then they saw the monstrous tin box and wondered what was in it. Kurosh told them that they were musical instruments. The customs officials suggested that he just leave them there until he was ready to fly off but Kurosh explained that he would be taking the buss to Kandahar, Herat, Mashhad and Tehran. He added that he would probably be playing them while in Kabul and why didn't they just write everything in his passport so at the Iranian border, the Afghan customs could check that everything was there and that nothing sold illegally. Kurosh pulled out his U of U Impressions of Afghanistan LP and explained that he was taking several instruments back to the US to use in his classes. The customs man, likely preferring not to be writing dozens of items in a passport cheerfully exclaimed "you are university professor, so I believe you." So, struggling with his huge tin box and suitcase, shuffling and sliding as he snailed out the door and was thrilled to see good old Fau. He had been living through that horrible day of agony just hoping to get to Fau because he knew she wouldn't let him die of the Delhi Belly. He wanted to just run up to hug and kiss her, but never in Afghanistan. The two never had any mutual physical attraction, so it shouldn't have been misunderstood; but it certainly would not have been proper in Kabul. Then Kurosh noticed that Bill was there too, so he felt very relieved and thought maybe he might live yet. Fau introduced Kurosh to a friend who had driven them to the airport and everyone took over struggling with the luggage and getting it into the car for a ride into town. It was so great to be with friends who Kurosh had known for years. On the drive into town, Bill told about the new big house he was renting for only \$22 a month.

They arrived at Bill's mansion and Kurosh was stunned; it was more plush than his nice home on Silvan Ave. in Salt Lake. It had a large a walled garden and the classiest bathroom Kurosh had seen since leaving the States and that included many first-class hotels he had been in. Bill put Kurosh in a large corner room with several windows, a big expensive Afghan carpet, a table and chairs. The bed sheets were more like a fancy embroidered tablecloth; Kurosh was so happy to be away from plastic which seemed to be almost non-existent in Kabul then and the electronics which had not taken over yet. The young fellow working in the garden was clothed in an intricately silky embroidered long shirt, silky trousers and a silky turban. Finally Kurosh was in a country where the clothes had character opposite the boring monstrosity of drab Yankee wear or the horrible hideousity of drab Commie fatigue style. Bill had a cook and servant who he paid about \$19 a month; they sent out for fresh fruit for Kurosh because of his diet even though he was still too sick to even think of food yet. Bill's landlord dropped over to see the guest and he immediately hit it off with Kurosh. They talked for hours about history, culture and music. He explained that Shah Mahmud couldn't give Ferdosi the huge amount of gold that he had promised for composing the famous Shah Name (Book of Kings) because his ministers said it would be unfair to give so much to one person because the treasury belonged to all the people. After chatting, the landlord revealed that he would be leaving Kabul for Herat where he had been hired to be the school principal. But before leaving, he promised to do some improvements on the property like getting the well water pump set up with a motor so Bill's hired help wouldn't have to pump it by hand.

One of Fau's friends dropped over to meet the guest and felt sorry for Kurosh who was laying in bed in his suit. So the friend sent over a fancy embroidered *kemiz* (shirt) and *tumban* (pantaloon) which Fau brought over when she stopped by. Then she had her little servant girl bring over some rice and cooked vegetables for Kurosh. It was all like the old pioneer hospitality in late 1800s Utah and Idaho before the curse of money took over. The scarcity of money in Afghanistan was a beautiful blessing because

everyone helped and shared with each other. In those days, on the black market a person could get 90 Afghanis for a dollar. They had various color paper notes for 10, 20, 50, 100, 500 and 1000 Afghanis. Coins were 5, 2, 1 and ½ which was called *yak gran* and there were 100 *pul* in one Afghani as if anyone dealt in amounts so small. Wages were as low as a dime a day; so \$6 to \$8 a month was normal, \$20 to \$50 a month was good and above that was fantastic. The trade off was that prices were so low that life could be simple and somehow affordable. With \$100 a month, life could be very comfortable and with \$200 a month, a person would be almost wealthy. With more than that, a person could have three or four wives, if he could ever afford the bride prices. Kurosh knew which four wives he would pick, an Afghan, an Iranian, a Turk and maybe a Pak. He would have to make sure they all knew what *yes saib* meant and how to say it frequently. But with his crazy unsure wandering life, Kurosh couldn't drag one wife around with him even if she was a totally spaced-out hippy. That evening, one of Bill and Fau's friends came to visit Kurosh and stayed late. Kurosh was tired and drained from his sickness and kept falling asleep. The faithful friend sat on the corner of the bed until morning to make sure Kurosh was alright. Actually, Kurosh would have been happier just to be alone; but Afghan hospitality customs would not allow a person to enjoy solitude to recuperate. So Kurosh couldn't just say "*bekan!* (beat it!)" no matter how exhausted he had become from talking and being polite. Mainly Kurosh was very thankful and really lucky in Kabul to have such nice accommodations which in future trips would not always exist.

After hearing hundreds of hours of Dari, Kurosh thought he could get the fun accent and had learned many unusual vocabulary and grammar items. He was ready to try speaking some hardcore Dari; so he tried a bit out on the cook. He began "*bara chasht, mai ka nan-a khoshk khosh darum; maska wa burae ro ne mekhorum mugur shat khosh darum. Banjan-a rumi ro ech wakht nemekhorum mugur zardak, kachalu wa jawari kata morch pokhta bara mo bitar as, famidi?* (for dinner I like dry flat bread; I never eat butter or sugar, but I like honey. I never eat tomatoes but carrots, potatoes and corn for me are best cooked with red pepper, you understand?)" Then he added "*kho, chasht chan bijas? Az kol chez mo kinu, malta wa kila bishtar khosh darom* (So when is lunch? More than anything I like tangerines, oranges and bananas). Then chuckling, he continued "*sai ko, metani kalkino waz koni ba chi ka buy-a chars u koknar bsyar a; wa ru-ya jay namaz neswaro tuf na ko* (look, can you open the window because the smell of hash and opium is too much; and don't spit *neswar* on the prayer rug.)" The last sentence was in jest and everyone got a laugh out of it; so finally Kurosh was learning to communicate in Dari. Then he excused himself from the guests to go to the restroom blurting "*ejazas ka mo yak daqa borum; tez tashnab mirum wa desti pas meyom* (can I leave for a moment; I will quickly visit the restroom and will return soon). When he returned he sat up and took the *dilruba* he had purchased in Delhi and, after tuning it, offered a demonstration. He explained "*I ka khub chez a, bsyar dil chasp a, bezanum?* (this is a nice thing, really interesting, should I play it?)" The answer was "*dil-a shmas; konsart-a raegan mesha, manda nabashin, zinda bashin* (whatever you want; it will be a free concert, don't tire yourself, thanks). One of the guests razzed Kurosh that playing music was sinful kidding "*magar saz haram as* (but instruments are forbidden)." Another guest shouted him down with "*khamush; elash ko! shmo Tasankheil asti?* (shut up; forget it! Are you stupid?)" Kurosh noted "*mo mefahmum ka mo kharabshakhs om, az meskinkhana astom wa* (I realize that I am a corrupt person, I'm from the poorhouse and) they interrupted urging him to stop talking and play.

Kurosh demonstrated a bit on the instrument then dinner was served after which the Bill suggested Kurosh conduct one of his fun music jams like in his classes at the U of U. He hesitantly consented and got all his instruments gleaned from his trip to India and from Shur Bazaar in Kabul. He passed out the two *dilrubas*, the *sarangi*, *sarod*, two sets of *tabla*, a *rebab* and small *zerbaghali*. Everyone started trying to make some type of sound on the instruments emulating sick or dying cat or cow noises. Kurosh, even after years of training beginning eastern music ensembles at the U or U, was horrified and asked

everyone except Bill and Fau to stop screeching for a few minutes. He quickly retuned the sympathetic stings on the *tambur* he just found in Shur Bazaar explaining that they were going to play an easy melody from Kandahar. He called out “*tal-e moquli*” which is the typical 3+4 7/8 beat and began playing soon joined by Bill and Fau. After a few times through, he stopped then went from one guest to the next showing them how to hold and play the instruments. After decades of teaching eastern instruments in various settings, Kurosh had become a genius at making totally unmusical klutzes into musicians in a matter of moments. Of course they wouldn’t be invited on TV, at least not until they had played a little longer. Then one of the guys decided it was time for the *atan*, the typical national dance. Kurosh began the easy melody very slow with Bill and Fau solidly accompanying him. Soon the others joined in and were playing acceptably since everyone knew the tune. The dance started with the one boy who soon was joined by the cook and his assistant since everyone else was playing. The dance started with a hop on the right foot, left foot raised and right arm held high. The second beat, the left foot stamps as the right arm lowers in preparation for the clap which is done leaning over near the ground on the left in consort with stamp on the crossed-over right foot just below the clapping hands. Everyone follows the leader around in a circle as the music slowly accelerates to a final frenzy. More and more guests joined in the wild dance until only Kurosh and Bill were left playing. After the *atan*, of course someone called out “Logari,” the omnipresent famous stop dance. Anyone can do it because it consists of everyone using their own vocabulary of Afghan dance moves or something similar, moving energetically until suddenly the music stops and everyone has to freeze and not move a muscle until the music starts up again. Of course the musicians try to fool the dancers leaving them frozen in sometimes grotesque twisted stances before resuming. A couple of sessions of Logari dance and everyone seemed fairly tired. Eventually nearly everyone left and Kurosh could unwind and enjoy a comparatively restful sleep.

A few nights later when he was again visited by the kind young man who had often sat at the corner of his bed trying to be a comfort during his recuperation, Kurosh learned the true meaning of hospitality. When the young man was ready to walk home some blocks away, Kurosh offered to accompany him in the traditional hospitable manner. Then when they reached the young man’s house, he in turn insisted on walking Kurosh back home. This continued each one insisting to allow the other to walk home alone until by dawn they decided to part company half way between their abodes in order not to break the code of hospitality. This was so refreshing to Kurosh who was from a country where, for instance, in heartless New York City a person could be lying dead or near dead in the street and people would just curse him for being in their way until he rotted there. In Afghanistan, it seemed that everyone acted like a big loving extended family, every member truly caring and helping out whenever possible even though their material means were usually very limited. Kurosh was very happy and relaxed in Iran and Afghanistan far from the fast and furious mean and merciless money-grubbing US. As he quietly strolled back through the peaceful traditional streets, he was overjoyed to be in the part of the world where fathers and ex-husbands have rights to see and even keep their children when and if a divorce is ever cruelly forced on them which would be rare in Persian speaking lands. There the father is only required to offer three months support to a divorced wife and wives can’t just dump their husband so they can financially grind him to dust with the help of those vicious heartless Jew lawyers, and Jews are not worshiped as gods in Islamic lands like they are in America. Wives can’t fly away to some far away country with the children like happened to Kurosh because wives needed the husband’s written permission to leave the country especially with his children. At least some places in the world have a few fathers’ rights. Satan’s kingdom of America, that modern evil Roman Empire which and the wicked present-day Babylon, offers absolutely no rights to fathers but does everything to annihilate them to oblivion. The malevolent plot is to destroy all families and religions so the wicked government can be a diabolic

autocrat over their crushed and crippled incarcerated enslaved masses. Kurosh muttered to himself “God will surely sorely curse and deftly destroy that hateful greedy miserable mass-murdering nightmare that America has become.” And decades later, America’s sins slowly began to be punished. A few dumped and divorced crazed fathers, miserable to the point of insanity, were to continually appear in the media for vicious bloody acts against their divorcing wives and even against their children. The problem, other than and along with drug or alcohol abuse and accompanying mental derangement, is the result of absolutely no justice for fathers nor any way to remedy their dismal despair after being banned from seeing their children. It is what can happen when good men and some bad ones, are continually being trampled to dust by dissatisfied wives in the courts because the husbands are not millionaires or rich enough to satisfy product-addicted wives and thus become discarded fathers who had become America’s most cursed, persecuted, maligned and mistreated minority victims.

After Kurosh had fully recuperated from the Delhi Belly, he and Bill wandered through the bazaar. There was a mysterious atmosphere penetrating the old ancient alleyways with their antique architecture. They stopped at *rebab*-maker Juma Khan’s shop and watched him delicately inlaying mother of pearl pieces all over a beautiful *tut* (mulberry) wood *rebab*. The finished price would be ten thousand afs something over a hundred dollars, an impossible price for most Afghans. He settled for a small run-down looking old *rebab* for only 250 afs. At the drum maker’s shop, Kurosh bargained for an agreeable sounding *zerbaghali* getting the price down from a very reasonable 50 afs to 40. He felt a bit bad for trying to whittle down the price of a nice little green fifty-cent drum. As they wandered on in the bazaar, they heard music from an upstairs *samowar* (tea house). As they approached, some music lovers gazed down at them and noticing the drum motioned for them to come up. So they wound their way through an old warehouse up creaky stairs to the teahouse which was a tiny room with about 15 Afghans clustered around. The guests were seated and offered tea which Kurosh politely refused. Then they began playing a two stringed *dambura* and *zerbaghali*. From his years of study, Kurosh knew that *dambura* was mainly used by northern Turic Ozbaki musicians and he knew several tunes from there. Kurosh couldn’t resist joining in on his newly acquired drum, following the driving 4/4 beat adding an occasional roll from his Iranian drum skills. At one point, the other drummer stopped to sip tea so then Kurosh took over. He accompanied one then another string player who sang the tune Ay Jan which Kurosh heard many times on his UNESCO LP Afghan music. After jamming a couple of more tunes, Kurosh and Bill left with many handshakes and bows promising to return someday.

They went over to Fau’s place in a plush section of Kabul. They were warmly greeted by her very kind mother then suddenly Fau entered the room stunning Kurosh with her charming Afghan traditional dress and long silken black hair, finally grown out from that ugly American chop job she had in Utah. He kissed her on both cheeks, a daring act in Afghanistan, and even added a firm hug. It was nice that the old friends from Kurosh’s Afghan music class at the U of U were reunited. Fau and Bill had taken that class over and over becoming quite adept at playing all the tunes and also becoming two of Kurosh’s best pals at the U. Then all three went to a fancy restaurant for lunch, a place on the top of a hill that had formerly been a plush palace. It was such a lavish place but still it was difficult to spend more than one dollar each there; food prices were just great anywhere in Kabol. As they ate and chatted, Kurosh gazed out the window to see a sweet little girl cheerfully and gently pulling a camel along by a large long rope. The lead camel had half a dozen other camels tied to it and they all obediently slowly plodded along the alleyway with their loads of goods. No one else but the happy tiny little girl was attending them. Kurosh was stunned realizing that in real traditional societies, children grow up immediately taking on full responsibilities long before they have time to be pampered, spoiled and destroyed by those American groveling slave parents who turn their kids into horrible rotten little

demanding selfish brats that never grow up and remain little monsters until they end up in old folks homes to finally realize that it isn't all about them and their selfish excesses, or do they ever get it. There was so much to learn from the East; but the arrogant Western world only wants to exploit, enslave, rob and destroy traditional societies thus missing many vital lessons and valuable wisdom to be learned and incorporated.

Back at Fau's home, Kurosh had a chance to chat more deeply with her highly educated father. He offered his wisdom and his interpretation of history of the area. He discussed ancient Afghanistan and the city of Balkh, anciently known as Boghdi mentioned in the Avesta as a city of flying flags. Near there in Tokharistan was the birth place of Molavi (misnamed Rumi by Europeans but affirmed as Balkhi by Afghans). Tokhari Persian became present day Dari spoken in Afghanistan, Tajikistan, and various neighboring areas. Balkh was where the Arians established their first empire of Aryaveja and about 500 B.C. and the kings were called Boghdishah. According to Mr. Sharifi who relied on information from noted scholars, in those days the Aral Sea, Caspian Sea, Dasht-e Lut, Sistan depression and Persian Gulf were all connected with the Arabian Sea separating Afghanistan from Iran. The Dravidian race, which inhabited India before the Arians, came all the way up to southern Afghanistan and Sistan. Then he shared the story of a problem between Afghan ruler Mir Wais and Safavid general Gurgan Khan from Georgia over his request for the daughter of Mir Wais. Mir Wais held a huge banquet and invited Gurgan Khan who was assassinated and his head carried out by the Pashtuns who then wiped out the unsuspecting Iranian army and declared independence from Iran. Then by treachery they wiped out the leaders of the 20,000 man Iranain army occupying Kandahar demoralizing and defeating them. Next they went to Isfahan and besieged the city until the people were starving and weak. The Afghan leader Shah Ashraf commanded his soldiers not to unsheathe their swords because it would be mass murder to kill the Iranians in their extremely weakened condition. Ashraf went mad demonstrated by his thuggish act of turning a beautiful golden Persian palace into a stable. Since Persians were highly educated and skillful administrators, the ministers in Ashraf's court were Persians. Ashraf went onto attacked Turkey but eventually was driven out of Iran so he took over Herat. Mr. Sharifi explained that Herat area was the birthplace of many important saints and scholars of the Christi order of dervishes. The Chastise eventually moved to India where they were more free to meditate because they wouldn't have to gather firewood to keep warm. He noted that during the Kushan Empire which extended from near Delhi up to Uzbekistan, Peshawar was the winter capital while Paghman above Kabul was the winter capital. He discussed art and crafts reaffirming what Kurosh had learned from his visits to Isfahan that traditional miniature paintings of past centuries were done with a brush of only one hair. In Iran Kurosh had witnessed how the Isfahan miniaturists used a cat hair. Mr. Sharifi claimed that the Rajistan school of miniature painting was the oldest. From there the skill went to Herat then Iran. Plant juices were used for various colors and lapis powder was a source for dark blue; of course gold was also employed. He spoke of the glazed tile art noting that Samarkand was a city of tiles. His assessment was that blue tile started in China in a crude form then from there developed in Persia using lapis and gold for color and becoming common in Herat and Samarkand. As for music, Mr. Sharifi affirmed that classical Eastern music was kept alive by Maharajas and other political potentates; aristocracy not democracy kept the arts alive in the past. Of course it is obvious that arts of the intricacy and eternal value that were common in past centuries have been replaced by contemporary clamor for crude, rude and lewd.

The next day Kurosh found Radio Afghanistan where he met Mr. Zoland, the official to whom he delivered the book of Iranian modal systems inscribed by Dr. Safvat. Kurosh explained what Safvat's Center was doing and how successful they had been in salvaging authentic old traditional music. A

couple of years later, Kurosh recorded a full hour TV show with Mr. Zoland's son Farid who was a good *tabla* player. His dad was an Afghan pop crooner although a nice gentleman. That afternoon, Kurosh went to Fau's and for an intellectual chat with her brilliant dad. They served him a late afternoon snack with his first taste of *pakora* and *bolani* which were both vegetable filled treats, the first being small hot and spicy pockets and *bolani* being like a vegetable-filled flat bread. After eating, Kurosh went up on the roof to see the mountains and get some of that wonderful non-polluted Afghan fresh air. But after he situated himself and was gazing out over the city, the neighbor began yelling at him to get down. He even tried to enlist a passer by to explain to Kurosh in English to get down off the roof. Finally when Kurosh came down, the neighbor knocked on the door and apologize for being so aggressive about the matter but explained that there were several women, some young ones, in his family and couldn't allow anyone to be looking at them. Kurosh explained that he hadn't seen any women anywhere and wasn't interesting in looking at any. He noted that back in his *kafir* (pagan) sinful country that he had rightfully abandoned, women would strut around with nearly no clothes on just like fulltime blatant prostitutes and that the neighbor was lucky to live in a country that honors God and His laws. Kurosh noted that he had seen just about everything in the wicked US and that he had no need of gazing at a modest proper Moslem lady but would instead respect their privacy. If he ever did gaze, it would be in unbelief that somewhere in the world women dressed properly and believed in God. The neighbor gentleman hugged Kurosh and welcomed him to Kabul and to Islam praising Allah that such a God-fearing person could come from a non-believing infidel country. In the same spirit of honoring women in Afghanistan, Bill had warned Kurosh to never mention Fauzia's name or even hint at her existence to anyone or never to mention to anyone that he knew anyone female because everyone would tell everyone else about anyone that anyone might know and ruin their reputation without anyone having any real facts about anyone other than everyone's exaggerated imaginations. Kurosh had been in Islamic countries long enough to be familiar with the respect of silence about any female acquaintances.

That evening Kurosh went to the Spinzar (white field) hotel where he had been told he could hear the top *zerbaghali* player in the land, Malang Nejrabi, accompanying vocalist and *ghichak* player Baba Naim. Kurosh wandered into the nice hotel in central Kabul and was told that Malang was playing in the Afghan Room on the 5<sup>th</sup> floor. He arrived at the 5<sup>th</sup> floor and entered the traditionally decorated room and noticed that cheerful *zerbaghali* master's hands feverishly flying over the small single-headed clay drum as he would occasionally smile acting as if it took no effort at all. Kurosh took a seat and was mesmerized by Malang who had immediately become his drum idol. Malang could play intricate *tabla* patterns with ease and would rollick and rumble through rhythm patterns that seemed impossible to accomplish on such a simple small drum. Kurosh finally was able to speak a moment to Malang and the *ghichak* player vocalist thanking them for such fantastic music. Years later, Kurosh was able to arrange for Malang and other top instrumentalists to perform at the last Shiraz Arts Festivals in Iran where Malang and *dholak* master Gol Alam stunned everyone with their unbelievable wild drum duel where they exchanged short passages of highly intricate rhythm patterns. After the Spinzar Hotel, Kurosh went to Shahr-e Nau, the new fancy section of Kabul where he was told he could find the home famous Indian style vocalist Sharif Parwanta, a place renowned for late-night Indian and Indo-Afghan music jams. Kurosh was hesitant going to a jam where he would not be one of the virtuoso instrumentalists but instead might end up appearing like an armature hack especially if he ended up doing anything on *tabla*. He found the big luxurious house and knocked on the door but no answer. Then a small boy came up from outside, opened the door and invited Kurosh in. The large living room was plush with expensive vast carpets. Soon an attractive girl appeared explaining that she

was Ustad Parwanta's daughter. She was quite westernized and didn't follow the long string of proper politenesses. She asked a couple of questions then sat down. Then three more girls entered the room, one was another daughter of the master and the other two were mod-odd Indian girls with ugly cropped hair which Kurosh felt was a disgusting disloyalty to an honorable culture. In drab western clothes and butchered hair the poor girls looked like drowned rats or street urchins, about as attractive as old donkeys.

After a pleasant chat with the girls, a brother and a couple of regular musicians wandered in. An older man started tuning up his *tambur* to the harmonium adjusting F, C then G then the sympathetic strings from there on up to the highest *paran* or reference string. The youngest Parwanta boy came in with a set off *tabla* and soon the music was going. Eventually an expert *tabla* player entered and took over. Then someone brought down the large vocal *tampura* which the daughter played. They noted that another daughter was a *sitar* player. A second vocalist came in and took over the harmonium then later the *tampura*. Then they all started pestering Kurosh to play the *tabla* set he had drug to the session. One of the gentlemen took them out of the sack and set them up. Kurosh was really uncomfortable after hearing real masters of the Indian tradition. He struggled to get the *tabla* tuned up to C and the *banya* to G. The next *rag* started and for the gat Kurosh attempted to follow the real *tabla* player occasionally attempting a few broken *kaidas* he learned from his beloved guru Taranath Rao back in California. After a while, Kurosh felt less out of place and actually didn't disrupt the session too radically. A new vocalist joined the group and Kurosh sat out deciding to visit the restroom. On his way down the upstairs hall, he was assaulted by some raunchy rock trash oozing out of the Ustad's other daughter's room. Kurosh stopped for a minute to cuss her out for playing such worthless garbage when there was a wonderful session of real music going on downstairs. Like all too many creepy kids who had become victims of wanton westernization, she declared she liked rock more. Kurosh tried to calm his rage as he muttered "then yer gonna love it in hell." Eventually Kurosh packed up his *tablas* and after a string of *b'mana khudas* and respectful bows and handshakes was on his way back to Bill's.

The next day Kurosh went shopping with the son of the owner of the Khyber Pass Restaurant in San Francisco. Kurosh learned of incredible prices for flights to the US. His friend flew round trip San Francisco Kabul through Moscow for only \$200 using Aeroflot, the Russian airline. But was this only good for Afghans, that was the question that Kurosh never found the answer to but did take a reasonably priced Russian flight back to the States a couple of years later. In the bazaar, Kurosh found a beautiful elegant pleated white silk *chadri* (long veil shawl), but the price was a very high 550 afs. Kurosh used every trick he could think of to get a discount but failed since white *chadris* were very rare. He regretted that he never got a white one for years after. He did buy a couple of strings of prayer beads or *tasbih* even if he paid too much for them and he got a usable sword with a sheath. Kurosh was going crazy over the beautiful embroidered shirts and other elegant clothing items that were beautiful beyond anything in any other country in the world. He also loved the fantastic silky turbans or *lungi* and the colorful beaded or brocaded caps called *araqchin* they were wrapped around. He quickly learned how to wrap a turban as fast as anyone and was very comfortable in the billowy pants (*tumban*) and the intricately embroidered shirts or *kemiz*. He became addicted to the clothes and insisted in wearing Afghan clothes in Iran for a few months after he returned and even in Salt Lake City for a few weeks until everyone bullied and razed him to quit. Wrapping an Afghan turban starts by letting the end of the long thin cloth fall down the back to about the waist or farther then holding the cloth on the side of the cap and wrapping counter clockwise around and around shifting the angle a bit each time until a nice shape is formed. When the cloth runs out, the end is tucked in from the top between the

turban and cap probably on the right side. To keep it tight, it might be necessary to tuck in a bit more than just the end, pushing the extra down farther. Some let the end stick up a bit; the Paks and Indians take the sticking up turban tail to the extreme by having a few inches high, fanning it out and pleating maybe starching it. Then the men's ensemble is completed by a *vaskat* (sleeveless waist coat) and a white or colorful, usually embroidered shawl which is flipped around over the right shoulder across the chest then over the left shoulder hanging partially down the back. The shawl constantly slips down so it can be continually rewrapped with fervent gusto. In colder weather, a *chapan* or long coat with long sleeves that hang way beyond the ends of the fingers is hung on the shoulders with the sleeves dangling unused. But there are there in case of very very cold weather so the arms can actually be put into the sleeves that hang beyond the hand to be folded back to become like gloves. When the coat is worn, the shawl can go over it. In the high mountainous areas of Nuristan and Badakhshan as well as in the neighboring mountain areas of northern Kashmir, the inevitable roll hat called *gharmi* in Pakistan is very handy in case of snow storms when it can be rolled down to cover the ears and even face in a bad blizzard. In severe cold, the shawl would be worn over the cap. The roll hats are common through the Pashtun part of Afghanistan and can be seen nearly everywhere. But in warm weather, the fun gold brocaded shoes with curled up toes or *paizar*, best purchased in Peshawar on the Pakistani end of the Khyber Pass, can be seen beneath the womens' *chadris* and even on some sporty Pashtun men. When a harsh dust storm hits the dusty desert areas of the country, the turban tail can be drawn over the face and tucked in the top to keep from choking.

Similarly, the colorful beautiful pleated *chadri* the women wear is actually necessary protection from the harsh elements and guards the face from the choking dust. Long before Islam, women covered their faces to survive the onslaught of dust and sand which can suffocate and kill from the germs that end up in the street and then in the dust. Silly arrogant westerners, especially the ridiculous dykey fat feminatzi freaks that rage against women choosing to modestly cover their faces, need to be in the Takla Makan in East Turkistan or some similar deadly desert to be sand blasted or dust blasted to death by raging winds. Then those ugly hatemonger lesbo Yankee feminazi witches can keep raging against face coverings as they sink to their well-deserved deaths in graves of sand and dust. Those slovenly slobby witches in their unbecoming tight short shorts with rollover muffin top flab and trashy tank tops can also smolder bitterly with their ugly pork-stuffed skin burning in the above 100 degree desert sun before being finished off by choking on dust. Some day the whole country of America and all the egomaniac nearly naked nudy nuisance sleazebag sexhags can be burned to crisps by the future heaven-sent ultra blazing sun that will soon severely punish their whorable phony fashion-worshiping sickness. When they all lay scorched and shrivled on the searing pavement, their bitter loathing of Islam and all other sensible traditional lifestyles in the Third World will not have helped them one bit. Eventually Allah will reclaim the world that He created and most of the hot-shot bully Yankee know- it-all tyrants will thankfully disappear, never again to be heard from or ever remembered in any way. Kurosh could only feel good about life clinging to the knowledge that someday the evil non-culture of the west, mainly America, will finely permanently vanish receiving the promised dreadful reprisals for all the torments they have continually heaped on the humble innocent traditional societies of the world who they incessantly try to turn into enslaved replicas of their immeasurable iniquitous impiety. "The wicked will destroy the wicked" and "the sooner the better" Kurosh would often reflect.

In the bazaar area of Kabul, a mysterious and awe-inspiring atmosphere permeated everything; Kurosh felt like he was in a dream world of former eras. The lack of most of the obnoxious nuisances of the electromanic petrol-enslaved machine-age engendered a magical serenity-enciting calmness. As Kurosh was slowly wandering along an alley a young cheery-eyed Asiatic boy greeted him and a

conversation ensued. Kurosh told of his past in a materialistic Godless pagan country before he accepted (actually added) Islam. The boy had explained that he was *Azaragi* from one of the 1,000 (*hazar*) families of Genghis Khan's hordes who decided to stay in Afghanistan and were eventually driven to the barren central part. When Kurosh mentioned Islam, the boy asked "*char ya panj?* (four or five?)" Kurosh was not sure what that meant guessing he was talking about Sunni or Shi'a Islam so he answered "*char o nem* (four and a half). The boy broke out in wild high-pitched cackling laughter repeating *char o nem* then laughing again and again. Kurosh tried to get off the hook of favoring Shi'a Islam since tough Sunni Pashtuns were continually passing by. Kurosh loudly stated "*mai ka sufi astum* (I'm a Sufi)" which put him beyond the standard titles of Sunni or Shi'a. Later Kurosh learned from his colleague Peter Wilson that four or five meant the four rightfully guided Khalifs of Sunni Islam or the five Imams of Shi'a Islam.

As he wandered through Kabul, he was approached by a white girl who spoke English with an accent which Kurosh recognized as Swedish. He chatted in English and Swedish learning that she was on the run because the Afghan government gave her one day to leave the country. Kurosh asked why and was told the sad tale that she had applied for a residence permit and submitted her passport for the procedure. Unfortunately there was no Swedish embassy in Afghanistan then so they claimed that she was a spy because they imagined that no European would ever want to live in Kabul when they could have a luxurious life on the Continent. No one would believe that she actually wanted to live in Afghanistan and no one believed she could have actually become Moslem; so of course she had to be a spy. And why was she hanging around a grade school to perfect her Dari conversation skills. Kurosh was totally sympathetic having been decried or suspected as a Yankee spy in Iran. When the problem began, she was taken to the police station, questioned and had been under observation ever since. Her picture was even printed in the paper with the caption "dangerous spy." Actually she realized that one official wanted her to become more 'friendly' and as a good Moslem she was harshly adverse to the idea. Then she went to his supervisor and reported him which made him lose face in a major way. So the official had declared war on her and was trying to crush her. Since they both were shopping, she offered to take Kurosh to some good shops where she could get good prices. As they went from place to place, Kurosh was dumbfounded at her perfect command of Dari, as perfect as a native. For the first time Kurosh could almost feel jealous of some other 'white' person's linguistic excellence. At one shop, Kurosh saw a beautiful original old *ghichak*, not made from a tin can, for 4,000 afs. Then in the new section of Kabul (*shahr-a nau*), Kurosh found and purchased a *tambur* for 500 and another better one for 900. His Swedish shopping partner found two leather suitcases for her escape trip at only about \$5 each. At a shop where the Swede was a friend of the owner, Kurosh found a great old but sharp Afghan sword and sheath for 600 afs and some nice clothing items but couldn't afford the beautiful white *chadri* which was 550 which he hoped to buy on a future trip but never could find another one. Finally Kurosh's Swedish acquaintance said she had to hurry to her hotel and pack to be out of the country within a few hours. She didn't explain how or where and wouldn't shake hands in public which Kurosh completely understood as they bowed and parted.

### **Memories of an Escape from Peshawar with a Goofy Green-Eyed Girl**

Kurosh remembered another later time he had flown to Peshawar to experience a drive through the famed Khyber Pass. At the airport, the passport and customs officials were very friendly seeing that Kurosh was a scholar and interested in music. He checked into the International Hotel which had been referred to him by hippy tourists and Pak officials at the airport. The friendly manager gave Kurosh a

great room with a hard bed, nice sink, shower and toilet for only 16 chip when the listed price on the wall was much more. After a pleasant chat with the manager in English and some Urdu, Kurosh was given directions to the Afghan consulate where he would obtain a temporary tourist visa to travel through Afghanistan to Iran. While waiting outside the grated window with other travelers, hippies and Paks, Kurosh noticed a ragged-looking goofy green-eyed Yankee hippy type. Feeling sorry for the poor thing, Kurosh asked her if she had the necessary forms to fill out and she responded negatively with a whimpering “uh uh.” Then recognizing something familiar about Kurosh, she asked if they hadn’t met someplace before. He wondered “Tehran?” Then she sparked up and nodded “yes, the Iran-America Society, in the jazz group.” He acknowledged, right, weren’t you the drummer Phil Shutzman’s girl, Marjorie or something?” She blushed “uh huh.” Then she poured all her travel woes on Kurosh as he listened sympathetically with a little wry smile from having experienced many such fun problems all over the world. She explained how she had driven all the way from Kabul to get her car out of the country before it became contraband and to get her Afghan residence permit at the Peshawar Afghan consulate plus some inexpensive coconut oil for her hair.

Suddenly Kurosh thought of how much more comfortable it might be to enjoy a pleasant drive up the Khyber Pass in a car with a mellow female traveling companion rather than being sardined in with a motley gang of wild and crazy *neswar*-spitting gun toting yet mostly friendly Pashtuns. She was complaining that she was traveling alone, which could be frightening for a young almost, but not quite, attractive young lady. Kurosh decided it would be better to check out of his Hotel, abandon the 100 plus degree heat and help her get to Kabul safely; so he offered to help drive and maybe scare off potential Pashtun mashers. She said that there were a couple of those at the border station other way down. She was relieved at the possibility then declared that she was suffocating from the horrible heat and begged to just stand under the cold shower in his room for a few minutes. He agreed and promised to stay outside the door like a noble Khyber guard from the old Brit *raj*. Even if many of the goofed-up hippie tourist chicks in the 70s lacked strict moral structure, Kurosh was a Sufi or something and an austere Mormon stake missionary, so he would be the perfect fatherly protector and clever linguist assistant. He figured that the friendly and helpful manager at the hotel would allow her to use the shower for a few minutes while Kurosh guarded the door of the room. He had heard from a pair of tourist gals that in Qandahar, a group of heavily armed noble Afghans honored the *pashtunwali* rule of respecting women by standing guard in front of their room all night. Back at the hotel, no one was manning the desk, so he let her in the room and took some of his things out into the hall to pack. A few minutes later he was mostly packed and she came out of the room dressed and refreshed. Kurosh offered her half of his precious huge tangerines, myriads of seeds and all, while he finished packing most of his things but still needed to add a few purchases. So he locked the room and off they went to Kissa Khana Bazaar where Kurosh had priced a complete traditional Pashtun outfit. He ordered the white *kemiz* (long shirt) and *shalwar* (billowy pantaloons) from the helpful tailor. Then he went to another shop to bargain for a long wool embroidered cloak. Then at the shoe *dukan* he found some intricately embroidered gold curled-up-toed shoes for a final price of 25 rupees.

They returned to the hotel where Kurosh parked Marjorie in the air-conditioned restaurant and helped her order an omelet and flat bread with boiled water from the hotel well. He told her to relax an hour while he returned to the bazaar to pick up his clothes. At the shop, he got the shirt of only 9 chip (less than a dollar). He tried again to bargain for the light tan wool cloak at the shop next door and finally fought it down to 80 rupees even though he knew a real Pashtun with a loaded double barrel shotgun might have mumbled through a mouthful of *neswar*, spitting as he went, until it went down to maybe even 50 if he was in the same tribe or maybe a family member of the shop-keeper. Still, less

than \$8 for a fancy cloak was a good deal. Kurosh also picked up four 7-rupee bottles of coconut oil Marjorie needed for her hair for the coming months. He packed everything up and hopped a rickshaw back to the hotel where Kurosh paid for Marjorie's inexpensive lunch because she had run out of rupees and Kurosh needed to get rid of his last few because they were totally worthless anywhere else. Anyway she had filled up the tank with her last rupees the day before, so they were sort of even. After packing the rest of his purchases and checking out of the hotel, they were ready for the adventure of driving up the Khyber Pass, or were they.

Up they went to the border station near the Khyber Pass where silly Marjorie has promised a ride to one of the guards on her way down. They sat a minute and Kurosh chatted in English, Pashtu and Urdu, trying to smooth everything at this difficult border crossing. Kurosh was proud that he could answer the typical question "*chiri zi* (where ya going?)" with a confident accent-free "*Kabol ta zum* (I'm goin' to Kabul)." They went on to the gate and were asked for the 6 rupee toll for the car and one rupee each for the passengers. Then they were asked for their passports which were taken into the office. Soon an official came out and invited in to talk. A cheery yet serious gentleman at the desk, waving their passports warned that they didn't have the required exit visas. Kurosh incorrectly became perturbed and angrily argued in his messed-up Urdu "*eksit wisa kya hai, saib?* (what's an exit visa, sir?) *Eksit wisa koi molk main malum nahin; wujud nahih saib!* (You can't find exit visa in any country; it doesn't exist!)" Then in Pashtu he added "*dagha qanun lewanay aw deir zalim dai!* This rule is crazy and very cruel!)" The official, bobbing his head back and forth in sympathy, kindly and calmly soothed "I am so sorry my dear friends, it is our regulation. I know it is difficult, but this is an important and sometimes politically problematic tribal border area." Kurosh hung his head down muttering that he couldn't find a passport policeman in Peshawar to get the visa because they were gone from the office that day. Marjorie, starting to cry, said that she had only been in Pakistan a few hours, so why this? The official attempted a futile call to headquarters and was instructed to send the two back to Peshawar for their exit visas. They gave instructions to send an official with them to help them find the exit visa policeman. It seemed that even if Kurosh would ever allow himself to participate in the stupidity and wrongful act of trying to bribe his way through, this would not be a situation where that would do anything but get him jailed. And of course, he never had more than a pittance in cash of any kind, so that was not even a possibility.

Off they drove, the discouraged travelers and the friendly official, down that dusty road all the way back to Peshawar. Finally they arrived in Peshawar and found a government office where they stopped to inquire the location of the Foreign Registration Bureau. Suddenly, the stupid little cat that silly Marjorie had drug all the way from Tehran, scampered out of the car, so they had to spend useless precious time hunting and hunting for the little monster. Kurosh sighed to himself that Yankee chicks with their worthless cannibal predator pets needed to be fixed. Eastern ladies were not hung up on dumb dogs or cats, especially dogs which were rightfully *haram* in Islam. Finally when they were ready to give up and Kurosh had offered to continue searching while Marjorie and the official went to find the bureau, the little cat creep showed up. One of the employees of the government office where they stopped found it and carried the furry white trouble-maker to the car laughing. Thanks to the cat, they arrived at the Bureau at two minutes after 5 p.m. They rushed into the Bureau and were bluntly informed that the officer who had the stamp had just left and no one else there could do anything. Kurosh was adamant to get out of town that day rather than staying in a hot car all night because they had spent all their rupees and Kurosh was not going to be gypped by changing their handful of dollars in a thieving bank at the ridiculous rate. So he urged their guide to chase down the Bureau official who was leaving for home to find out where the guy with the stamp lived. He returned with the

information that he lived some 10 miles outside of Peshawar. The haggard pair didn't care but just wanted to get out of Pakistan if that were even possible. They didn't want to be driving up the treacherous pass in the dark of night. Little did they know that years later after the rotten Russian Commies started their mass murder of Afghans followed by the wretched Yankee aggressor imperialists continuing even more mass murder of Afghans and some innocent Paks as well, that the Khyber Pass would be the last place in the world anyone would want to be. They could have been counting their blessings but in the over 100 degree miserable heat, they couldn't feel that grateful yet.

They found the rutted dirt road into the countryside where no other cars dared to tread and only an occasional two-wheeled *gadi* drawn by a bedraggled horse bumped along or a couple of oxen plodded. At a suspicious fork in the 'road' they stopped and waited for a passer-by from whom the official could ask directions. They were directed to an unbelievably chokingly dusty path, so dusty they couldn't even see each other sitting close in the car. Continually coughing and incessantly wheezing, they pressed on against the clouds of dust and rabid ruts rattling the car and their ragged nerves. After what seemed like hours of torture (the CIA and SAVAK could have used this one on the dissidents in Evin Prison), they arrived at what was supposed to be a police station. After asking the location of the house they were searching for, Kurosh asked their accompanying official if anyone could stamp the passports. The big dumb crude and rough Pashtuns just laughed at them mostly in wonderment seeing a young blondish girl without the appropriate pleated *chadri* or even a modest scarf, but instead only a somewhat tight semi-revealing Yankee dress. Then suddenly panicky Marjorie in a terrified gesture pointed to one of her tires which was hissing. In a flurry of fear of maybe being cruelly murdered as unwelcome foreign *kafirs* (infidels), she fiendishly coached Kurosh on where the jack was under the mini-van. Kurosh heroically rushed through the ritual of tire changing and was part way done when he became overly agitated with the big dumb slob Pashtuns just laughing like high school bully brutes. Marjorie, not realizing that, according to the strict *pashtunwali* (Pashtun code), she might as well have been in a spaghetti bikini wiggling along the beach at Ipanema or topless on the Cote, shouted at Kurosh to shut them up. Well a half dozen big wrestler looking hairy honkin' hood types, all with loaded and cocked double-barrel 12 gage shotguns threateningly hanging on their muscular shoulders, would not accept any lip from a skinny gangly, probably *kafir* wannabe 'scholar/artist' goof. So Kurosh realized that when all else fails one must use their brain (no matter how burned out in a nut house it may have been). So he sadly lamented to the official in clear English "these people are not Muslims, they're infidels." Then he loudly attempted to restate it in Pashtu declaring "*duy khalak Muselman ne dai, kapir dai.*" Suddenly, the crowd of jeering jerks jumped into action; one was holding the spare tire while another quickly tightened the nuts and another was helpfully supervising. The others crowded around Kurosh offering *neswar* and cigarettes which he kindly refused, all warmly demonstrating their sincere and kind brotherly love for a fellow Muslim in distress. Soon the tire was on, the jack correctly put away and the new friends were hugging and kissing Kurosh and the accompanying official (never a woman as Marjorie cowered in the car) on both cheeks being careful that their cocked and ready shotguns didn't accidentally blow his head off.

As the van sputtered off into menacing dust clouds, the new friends waived like loving family members. After more choking and wheezing on dust, they approached an old gentleman tediously trudging along the side of the rutted 'road.' The accompanying official recognized him as the man with the official exit stamp. They stopped and invited the kindly gentleman to ride with them; but first the accompanying official and Kurosh jumped into the back seat respectfully leaving the seat of honor in front for the new guest. The forlorn travelers were delirious with joy as their fateful story was unveiled for the gentle old man while he chuckled, and with a broad smile. Then bobbing his head back and

forth, he assured in a fatherly manner “don’ worry my dear friends, aye vill fix eet for you.” Then he repeated in Urdu what Kurosh remembered as something like “*meri aziz doston, fekr na karo, main ap ke liye asi dorost karengi.*” From living in Tehran and hearing a lot of Farsi and even speaking a bit, Marjorie could understand a couple of common words like *dost*, *fekr* and *dorost*, enough to relieve her troubled mind. They arrived at the house and were invited in. The kind old man took the passports and holding them fondly declared “you are guest in our country, I must help you.” The travelers sat in his small garden for a few minutes before he reappeared with the passports stamped, signed and ready to go. They bowed several times thanking him for his kindness then returned to the van and began their long drive back to where they had been delayed. They dropped the accompanying official at his office with many thanks for his patience and continued on up the Khyber Pass. Kurosh paid the 6 rupee car and two rupee passengers tax as all the Pak officials came out to wish them a safe and successful trip hoping they would not be stuck somewhere for the night. Kurosh calculated all the expenses of traveling by car rather than miserable buss and figured that paying almost double the 450 af bus ticket was still worth not having to be squished between *neswaris* smoking and spitting everywhere during the whole trip and other discomforts. He did miss the constant stops and reminders for prayer; Marjorie would flip if he had insisted “*namaz, namaz*” five times a day. He mused with a wry smile “these *kafir* chicks just don’t get the value of real religion.”

They reached the final Pak border station just before dark where the officials tried to wave the travelers into a parking spot warning that they couldn’t get over the border. Kurosh authoritatively insisted that they had to so they said to talk to the authorities who were resting in the back of the office. Kurosh left Marjorie in the car and recognized one of the fellows who they had offered a ride to the pass before their exit problems. He opened the office and fixed up the car slip and other papers. Then Kurosh went to the next office where they asked for the car slip. Kurosh had given some of the papers to Marjorie but she couldn’t find them. They reopened the office but found nothing so Kurosh frantic but appearing calm, went out to the car where that spaz Marjorie found the car slip on the floor. Kurosh went back to the second office and they filled in the names of the two travelers and finally they were allowed to go on. They were stopped by a shotgun-toting bearded Pashtun tribesman and they were finally out of Pakistan and on the way to the Afghan border station. Kurosh went into the station and with his fluent Dari, good nature, respect for others and love for Islam was quickly signed through the passport check. They still had to wait to wade through the customs check. While they were waiting, a young hustler type official with the stupid faggy 1970s scraggly western hair style, sauntered over and started flirting with Marjorie. It was a guy who she had explained to Kurosh back in Peshawar had tried to plant a bag of hash in her car and blame her for smuggling. His former purpose was obviously to blackmail her into some illicit sex to avoid arrest. She caught his scam and immediately had thrown that hash bag far from the car where they may not have ever found it and yelled that he was trying to set her up. He cowered away from that attempt when his scoldingly colleagues glared at him. But he was the same creep and was still harassing Marjorie. Kurosh authoritatively lectured him in fluent Dari, defiantly waiving his pocket Koran as he rabidly railing like a *mullah* preaching a fire and brimstone *khotba* in a mosque after prayers. As Kurosh’s voice became more fervent and loud, some of the other official were smiling and sort of cheering him on with their nods and agreements of “*ha* (yea)” and “*sahih* (right).” Finally the little punk gave up and left. Meanwhile Marjorie was bickering in over what she thought was an outrageous 320 afs charge for compulsory insurance. Kurosh went over and shouted her down ordering her “just pay it so we can go! OK?” He sighed at what crabby naggy griper she could be even if she was the most ‘attractive’ chick on the border because she was the only one. Actually with the added character flaws, Kurosh

concluded that she was the most unattractive woman he had ever traveled with. And how could that guy even be interested; she was way skinny as a toothpick and flat as a board. How could the Paks or Afs have any interest in her at all. Probably because there was no one else around at the bottom of the Khyber Pass at least no one they could see uncovered.

The travelers finally cleared the Afghan border and drove on to the supposed lake that she had mentioned seeing on her way down. They missed one turn that should have gotten them there. Instead they came upon a soldier asleep on a low bed. Kurosh apologized and they sped out of there in case they had trespassed on some military territory. Finally they arrived at the dam, crossed it and parked near the lake where they made cucumber and tahini sandwiches from Marjorie's meager food stash. She got out her bedding which consisted of two quilts and two pillows which Kurosh spread out in separate adjoining areas. That nag Marjorie begged Kurosh to rub her neck and back a little to relieve all the stiffness from driving two days and from panicking overall the problems. They finally fell asleep on their separate quilts. In the morning, Kurosh contemplated the stark stars glistening in the clear sky, fell asleep for a while awaking a few times to view the black turn to blue then later turn yellowish. Marjorie eventually came over and gave him a sisterly 'thank you' kiss for helping them to escape Peshawar and he responded with a harmless hug. They shared a bleak breakfast without any of the wonderful fruit they didn't have time to buy in Peshawar. They drove right up to the lake where crazy Marjorie decided to skinny dip, a sight Kurosh avoided witnessing because it would have been more like seeing a War II death camp victim and which could have been a major catastrophe if any Pashtu tribesmen or Afghan soldiers saw her. Then they seriously worked to try to wash and scrub away all the dust which became mud before finally dripping from the van. Kurosh worked like mad to clean up the mess with naggy Maggy constantly griping "no man not there" or "hey what about that spot," etc. She epitomized Kurosh's image of the typical whiny crabby Yankee woman, the kind he had run away from the States to escape from. But, he surmised, the poor kid didn't know she was an ugly American; none of them dumb Yanks ever do, he thought. That's why the whole world hates them and rightfully so. No humility at all is what makes Americans unable to ever become real humans and finally join the world community rather than destroying and micro-managing country after country so they can puppeteer the whole world. Well there is someone more powerful than those egomaniacs, Kurosh mused; and He will soon blow most of them off the face of His globe which they have polluted beyond recognition. After working a couple of hours on the inside and outside of the van, they were ready to go into Jelalabad to purchase some fruit including two tasteless watermelons and some wrinkly plums. They stopped at a hotel where Marjorie could get an omelet. They then drove up the canyon to the cool air and Kabul. There Kurosh had various problems with his new female clinging-vine traveling companion. The first was introducing her to Bill who had locked himself in his room for 10 days to escape contact with any ugly Americans, something Kurosh could fully sympathize with. Bill met Marjorie who Kurosh had decided should be dubbed Panickella. After some problems over her lousy cat and working out living arrangements, they all ended up as guests in Bill's huge house, all with their separate comfy rooms. Finally it was time on that trip for Kurosh to travel back to Tehran which he wisely decided to do on his own without the 'pleasure' of the company of the green-eyed dragon lady Marjorie.

### **Rumbling and Rattling through Kanhadar to Herat in a Beat-up Bus**

Back to the former trip with the huge tin box of instruments, the next day Kurosh vainly attempted to travel to Herat by airplane, but when he went to the airport to catch the noon flight, he discovered

that the plane had improperly snuck out early. Kurosh hastened over to the dinky little Bakhtar Airlines office to learn that there wouldn't be another flight for a week. So he was sentenced to a miserable bus ride across the whole country. He had no idea how rough that trip would be for a semi-spoiled yet tribulation-toughened former white guy. He got to the spot where the bus was loading up with travelers, some short distance and some all across the whole country to Herat. Kurosh bought a ticket then timidly tugged his huge tin box towards the bus and motioned to the driver indicating that they had one more item to add to the pile of luggage that seemed about the same height as the colorfully painted bus. The driver yelled at the *klinar* boy "*o bacha, I ra bala ku!* (hey kid, put this up there!)" Aided by two other assistants struggling and straining, the boy got Kurosh's enormous tin box on top of the bus. After a few more tattered suitcases, the monstrous pile of luggage was covered with a weathered tarp which was tied down. Next was the drama of getting the passengers, especially some of the rough and gruff Pashtuns, to take their seats. It seemed that many travelers, especially the independent and tough Pashtuns would not go to the seats numbered on their tickets but were ready to start a war over their 'right' to choose some other seat even if it wasn't as good. Loud arguments, shouting matches and physical pushing struggles ensued for about an hour as the driver, his assistant, the bus company representatives and other passengers tried to appease the crazy wild Pashtuns who were not to be tamed by anyone. Later Kurosh learned of the much more comfortable minibus line Haji Hazar Gul when he could share the ride with a few polite wealthy businessmen but for a much higher rate.

Finally Kurosh who became tired of waiting used his status (as if any big white goof could ever have such) as a foreign 'guest' to sweet-talk a couple of the rougher Pashtuns. Of course since the more hard core types usually didn't speak much Dari or wouldn't out of pride, it was a challenge for Kurosh, linguist or not. He put on his best kind respectful politeness, bowing and appearing apologetic as possible as he approached the gruffians. In a stumbling effort at Pashtu he began "*tsengeyi saib, enshallah dair sha*" with a kindly loving smile. Clutching his heart humbly with both palms flat on his chest bowing in an attitude of respect as if addressing a minister or relative of the king. "*sta chauki chiri dai?* (where's your seat?)" The Pashtun gruffly motioned towards the back. Pointing towards the fellow's assigned seat, Kurosh admired "*dagha sta chauki wa deir sha chauki dai.* (this is your seat and it is a very good seat.)" As the gruffian winced a sneering grimace of surprise seeing a big pale dufus 'white' (although Pashtuns are the original Arians) guy attempting to speak their somewhat internationally insignificant Indo-Iranian dialect. Then Kurosh motioned to his window seat offering "*dagha zema chauki aw sha dzay dai* (here's my seat and it's a good place.)" Then Kurosh offered the ticket he was clutching and with a humble innocent smile stated "*zma chauki, sta chauki dai; pa shisha dai.* (my seat is your seat; it's at a window). Then reaffirming in Dari in case his limited grammar and feeble vocabulary was not up to par "*a saib, nazd-a kelkin a, fahmedi?* (yes sir, it is near a window, understand?)" Somehow Kurosh's childish charm and cheery personality had melted the ruffian who muttered something starting with "*sha, sha, zoy*" (OK, OK, son)" as he reluctantly wandered to his seat. Kurosh again brandished his ticket, but the Pashtun waived it away with an appreciative grin. Finally everyone slowly took their seats and the bus was ready to stagger away. As the driver ground in to first gear, everyone chanted in unison "*Allahu akbar* (God is great)" then all stroked their right hands in a circular motion down their chins over full or imaginary beards. The poor old bus, which definitely needed that prayer and probably many more, thumped and rattled along as if it was on its way to the junkyard. The passengers bumped and swayed as the poor old machine with its mountain of luggage on top stumbled onto the road towards Ghazni. The bus wasn't one of the better models like on the Qaderi bus line and for later trips from Herat to Kabul, Kurosh found that he could go non-stop

by minibus which was a somewhat more expensive. The bus was not completely full, so from time to time it would stop for passengers who wanted to go to the next village or even all the way to Kandahar or Herat. Then occasionally the bus had to stop at a road block and the driver send his assistant to scamper over to the tiny clay hut that served as a type of toll booth to pay a small commercial road tax. He would jump back into the bus shouting “*buro b'khair* (let's go) then “*yak namaz be khair* (a prayer for the good)” and everyone chanted “*Allahu akbar*” with the characteristic stroke of the beard or bare chin. This action was repeated every time the bus passed a cemetery, a sacred spot or a shrine.

They arrived at Qalat-i Ghilzai (Ghilzai fort), a one-street village at the foot of the ancient high-walled fort on a hill opposite the highway. A restaurant had been set-up to receive the guests and, although urged by the driver and some of the passengers with “*beya aqa; nan b'khor!* (come sir; eat!)” Kurosh politely refused standing by the highway eating tangerines he had brought along. He was scared to touch any food anywhere because of his almost vegan vegetarian diet knowing that animal products were the staple in Afghanistan. He had found that the whole-wheat flat bread didn't make him ill, indicating that the food there was not as deadly as in the Subcontinent. On the road to Ghazni, Kurosh witnessed many little green villages of clay huts and fort-like houses, some so old that they had been abandoned. Although built of dried clay, the buildings had glass windows; some houses had domed roofs or were square compounds. The *kuchi* (nomad) bands had their animals loaded down with their flat black tents that would be open on one or more sides. The *kuchi* women, even when old and wrinkled, insisted on wearing their colorful, embroidered or brocaded long tattered yet elegant dresses and, although sun-baked and weathered, had more charm, grace and inner beauty than most of the tough and hardened American women who had plagued Kurosh all his youth while he suffered in America which had long lost its roots of original freedom to become a big bad business oppressing its citizens and turning them into heartless mean machines. Herds of goats and camels could be seen moving purposely, sometimes partly following the road where the bus was stuttering along. When they reached Ghazni, again Kurosh was kindly invited to join them for dinner but he politely declined and just bought a small slab of the whole-wheat bread and three more kilos of tangerines at 10 afs a kilo from a small shop nearby. Since he didn't and definitely wouldn't drink tea made from the sewagey water oozing through ditches, his only source of liquid was from *kinu* (tangerines) and *malta* (oranges). The bus again trudged off again with a prayer past camels lumbering along or munching and occasionally men riding donkeys sometimes sideways with their legs dangling in rhythm to the trotting.

### Horrible Hassle over Hash

The next occurrence was a perfect example of how Kurosh, although cursed with being born in the country that was the world's horrible and obnoxious mass-murdering bully, had absolutely no resemblance to any of the typical American drugees who wandered across Afghanistan. As the bus started off from a stop, one of the rough and rugged Pashtuns sitting on a front seat with his legs curled under quickly twisted the tobacco out of the end of a cigarette and replaced it with a big blob of green hash. Then he lit it up and took a huge toke before blowing the smoke in a deadly threatening cloud that spread through the whole bus. In a rage, formerly peaceful and calm Kurosh jumped up whipped out his pocket Koran and waved it in the guy's face yelling in Dari “*u charsh a wa ba din-a Islam bsyar haram a!* (that's hash and in Islamic religion it is forbidden!)” To make sure he was understood he added “*charsh haram dai, deir haram dai, saib!* (hash is forbidden, very forbidden, sir!)” He was about to accuse the hash-head of being a *kafir* (infidel) but didn't because the guy had

his loaded double-barrel shotgun in the overhead rack above him and Pashtuns have no qualms about using such things to defend their good name. The smoker boldly stood up and, although shorter than 6 foot two Kurosh, defied him with his own accusation pointing to the tie Kurosh was wearing with a turban “*kravat ba lungi chera?* (why a tie with a turban?)” Then he glared at Kurosh’s unclipped finger nails and added *nakhun-a boland wa chatal dari!* (you got long dirty nails!). The bus driver ground to a halt at the roadside in case a fist-fight or a shooting was to occur. Kurosh countered that he needed fingernails to play *rebab* momentarily forgetting that playing an instrument could be considered forbidden according to fundamental Islam. The hash-head sneered and chuckled along with his neighbors remarking “*pas rebab haram nees?* (so *rebab* isn’t forbidden?)” Kurosh knew he was trumped and he defeatedly sat back in his seat as the driver exclaimed in Dari and Pashtu “OK no more smoking hash on the bus! It offends our foreign guest.” Kurosh was happy with the decision even if he felt deeply insulted by the word ‘foreign’ even if he was dressed crazy and his nails weren’t clipped to the skin like everyone else. And it seemed insane that a foreign traveler wouldn’t be the worst drudge hash-head on the bus like all the hash-route hippies who slithered across Afghanistan to Nepal trying to be ‘cool’ but failing miserably to even be human.

Soon after the incident the young *klinar* (driver’s assistant) shouted out *namaz, namaz!* announcing the late afternoon prayer. The bus rattled to a halt and everyone slowly shuffled out the door and took places next to the bus spreading their shawls out in preparation for prayers and prostrations. Kurosh proudly spread his embroidered turquoise shawl then horrified everyone by placing on the center top of his shawl a thin rectangular tan clay prayer block (*mohr*) on which Iranian Shi’as press their foreheads. The hash-head who was standing next to him to check out how good a Moslem Kurosh really was grabbed the *mohr* and waived it in Kurosh’s face belligerently bellowing “*I chi balas?* (what the hell is this?)” Kurosh grabbed it back from him and put it in his pocket muttering a feeble apology. Then the prayer began and everyone seemed to be checking out of the corner of their eyes to see if Kurosh grasped his right hand over his left in the proper Sunni manner. He had almost mistakenly stretched his arms and hands straight down at his sides according to the Shi’a practice. Then with hands at the ears, palms facing forward and thumbs at the bottom of the ear lobes everyone recited “*Allahu akbar.*” After a few prostrations wherein Kurosh was doing his best to follow everyone and mutter the lines they were saying rather than possibly revert to the Shi’a way he was used to and preferred. When the prayers were over and everyone had turned their heads to the right declaring “*sallam aleikum wa rahmatullah*” then to the left with the same pronouncement, the formerly belligerent hash-head grasped Kurosh’s right hand with both his hands and smiled “*sha, zoi, deir sha* (good, son, very good). As they walked towards the door of the bus, he held Kurosh’s hand and they shuffled along hand in hand like best friends. Of course men holding hands could brand a person as a homo in the States; but in Afghanistan the wildly fierce and crazy Pashtuns were the world’s toughest men and were far from being fruity. Kurosh realized that even if they had become buddies, the guy would never admit that hash was *haram*; but at least out of respect he wouldn’t puff the ghastly stuff in Kurosh’s face on the bus during the rest of the trip.

Back on the bus before the driver was ready to set off again, a few passengers had gathered around to see one Kandahari man’s fighting bird that he kept in a little homemade cage. Then everyone’s attention was drawn to an open gun case in the overhead rack where a vicious looking AK47 had become the object of admiration. Kurosh was stunned that in Afghanistan anyone whether, a kid or an old man, could pack a machine gun and no government goon could wrench it away from them and jail them for life. The US brags about their freedom but doesn’t even come close to offering the freedoms enjoyed in 1960s Afghanistan, a country Yankees deemed as a worthless backwards wasteland to

eventually be crushed and usurped. Kurosh glared at the weapon then sat down thinking that if either Russia or the US were to attack Afghanistan, they would just crash their own country trying to win which they never could nor could any political predators. It would be like Lydian king Croesus who believed the oracle's promise that, if he attacked Persia, a great country would be destroyed which of course meant his own. The owner of the AK was boasting "*Rusi a, ba Mazar b'griftom* (it's Russian, I got it in Mazar)." He quoted a ridiculously low price that would easily fetch a used 22 revolver in any 1970s pawn shop in the States. Finally the bus jolted off towards Kandahar.

The bus rattled on to a contemporary version of a *mehmansara*, a stopover place or hotel outside of Kandahar. Kurosh hoped that his huge silver tin box tied on top the bus with everyone else's boxes and luggage would be safe, so he checked into the place for a few af's then hailed a horse-cart to take him into town for a short shopping spree. As the horse clopped along the narrow street with bells jingling in rhythm, Kurosh was overcome with an eerie yet spiritually uplifting enlightenment as he felt he received a message from higher realms that this was the real world, the world that had been established by God for mankind from Adam until the evil present full dictatorship of Satan accompanied by all the ills of post-industrial machine-age misery. Kurosh took a deep breath and sunk into the joy of being back a thousand or so years to a pleasant past of simplicity and true freedom, freedom from all the evils of technology and the misery of monetary-mania. On the outskirts of town, Kurosh saw a dead dog lying in the road which indicated the Islamic and obviously Abrahamic distain for the dirty creatures so widely worshipped by Yankees and Europeans. As a vegetarian, Kurosh had no use for such predators who thrive on the rotting flesh of other animals. Then he remembered an Islamic story told him by an old Iranian scholar about Jesus when he and his apostles saw a similar dead dog. The apostles were noting how ugly the scene was when Jesus remarked something like "see how beautiful his teeth are." Finally the cart arrived at the *charsu* or bazaar and Kurosh handed the driver a ten af note and scanned the colorful shops on both sides of the street. The little shops all shared walls and had floors raised one or two feet off the ground. He found a few desired items like a sparkling *araqchin* (turban cap) and a long silky turban (*lungi*). It was getting late and Kurosh wanted to get back to his room soon so he bargained like a mad fiend. When the shopkeeper quoted 150, he quipped 50. Then the owner said 120 and Kurosh countered 60. Then it became 100 and 70 which ended up settling on 80. Kurosh paid and went to the next shop and continued gathering up a beaded cap, a gold embroidered cap, a white one, a couple of brocade dress fronts. He then accosted a horse cart and rode towards the city center. They trotted or galloped along the muddy dirt street with myriads of quaint little shops on both sides and absolutely no modern garbage like cars, plastic, electronics or ugly western clothes. He basked in the mysterious but fascinating feeling of being transported back one or two thousand years to an enchanting hidden but finally rediscovered ancient past common to Afghanistan, Iran and India. This was the real world without all the mechanical materialist monotony of the inhuman contemporary false illusion which has nearly completely engulfed the whole globe much to the detriment of all humanity. Kurosh bought a slab of flat bread which lasted him the rest of the trip then he returned to the inn for a night of sleep.

The next day the driver and the *klinar* had folded back half of the tarp covering the massive mountain of luggage on top of the bus and were adding a few suitcases of new passengers. The driver would push a suitcase up as far as he could shouting "*i ra bala ko!* (lift this up there)" and the assistant would reach down and drag the luggage to a spot where it could be wedged among the other items. When the luggage was all in place and the tarp folded back and tied down, it was time for the bus to head off like an ancient caravan. Just before he boarded, a sneaky acting roadside vendor sidled up to Kurosh and flashed him a large apparently two-kilo block of hash. Instead of lusting after it and

starting to bargain, Kurosh whipped out his tiny pocket Koran and scolded “*i haram as, bsyar haram as* (this is forbidden, very forbidden).” Then with a look of disgust and anger he turned and boarded the bus and waited for the imminent departure. The familiar “*yak namaz b’khair*” by the *klinar* signaled everyone should chime in as the poor old bus clattering into action. This part of the trip, Kurosh was plagued more than ever by the cursed *neswar* that wretched green gunk that was some type of horrid chewing tobacco that too many Afghans, mainly Pashtuns, keep under their tongues then spit in gooey grubby globs all over the floor of wherever they might be. The crazy thing is that they would spit huge slops of it out the bus window where it could fly back through the window behind them right in the face of some poor victim or even their own face. Even more insane, they would spit it out the window when the window was closed resulting in a long trail of green slime sludging down the glass. They didn’t even realize or care that the window was closed. Sure they were mostly wonderful honorable kind and helpful people; but this was one habit that could be banned without doing any harm to tradition. The *neswar* plague was very annoying when Pashtuns would babble their difficult language which already sounded like gargling pebbles under water. With a load of the green gunk under their tongues, Pashtu speakers would jabber nearly totally unintelligibly intermittently spitting the ghastly green goop while Dari speakers tried in vain to make any sense of it. The nasty habit was almost as disgusting as the slimy scummy colored gum sickeningly shifting in the gaping ghastly mouths of stupid little Yankee teeny twit imbecile idiot skaggs back in the States. At least the Pashtuns didn’t spit it at you like those dimwit dames who shower you with stinky spittle as they try to talk in their totally stupid whining wail while spraying their poison gum breath at you. Kurosh felt blessed that he was among the more human and sensible Pashtuns instead.

Outside of Kandahar, the poor old bus sputtered to a halt and it was hours before the driver and assistant somehow got it going again. The last portion of the long drive to Herat was very uncomfortable for Kurosh between the horrible *neswar* all over the bus and the lack of any drinkable liquid. He had been able to obtain a few tangerines and oranges at first but after Kandahar he wasn’t able to replenish his fruit supply. So at the last restaurant stop near Herat, Kurosh noticed a small grove of mulberry (*tut*) trees nearby. He went over and used his tree climbing skills learned at the Topanga Canyon school to access higher branches where he could sit and devour mulberries by the handfuls after blowing on each one to hopefully chase away any tiny bugs before moving to another area of the tree then to another tree. After almost an hour of feasting on the berries, he had ingested enough liquid to avoid potentially passing out although he had once gone without water or any type of fluid for about 6 days during his long fast in Paris in the 60s. The bus filled up with its passengers and they carefully made their way towards Herat with a fervent hope that the bus wouldn’t totally give up the ghost. Near Herat, refreshing green fields and pleasant peaceful villages greeted the travelers as the bus finally trudged into town.

### **Herat, Magnificent Mirror of a Precious Pristine Past**

Herat itself was a treasure trove of ancient culture and an escape from the miseries of modernization. Its philosophical and intellectual inhabitants carry on deep discussions but also industriously work from early morning to after dark following occupations handed down over the centuries. Carpet weavers, embroidery and brocade experts, clothing makers, metal workers, leather workers, *chadri* pleaters and other small businesses abound. Tiny donkeys laden with huge bulging loads, horse carts, men in turbans, *tumban* and *kemiz*, ladies in beautiful flowing pleated silken *chadris* (veil shawls) and children accomplishing various chores all move purposefully about the pleasant placid city in

an organized yet free manner. Heratis are either engaged in useful labor or are involved in worthwhile philosophical discussions about poetry or in playing or singing music in shops or *samowars* (tea houses). Influence of sophisticated Persian culture over the centuries seems to have polished Herat like a turquoise necklace strewn out over a fertile valley. Kurosh checked into the Behzad Hotel at 50 afs a night for a single room. The place was bearable but certain rooms, especially inside rooms with not windows, seemed to have a bed bug problem. Maybe it was just the fleas that sometimes find their way from animals to people. But that and the sanitation situation with lack of easy accessible pure water were the only drawbacks in Herat. Otherwise the simple geologically sane traditional lifestyle and prevalence of music and culture made it the most pleasant place Kurosh had ever visited. Tangerines and oranges were just a few afs a kilo; slabs of flatbread were about 3 afs each and horsecarts were 10 afs for most destinations.

One of the cultural aspects of Herat which Kurosh truly adored were the many charming and ecologically sensible horse carts. The cheerful clapping hoofs and hypnotic jingling bells along with the placid easy sway of the cart had convinced him from the first second he rode one that this was the transportation God intended for mankind before the selfish evil contemporary conspirators forced the gasoline engine on everyone. And that came with the cost of numerous foreign intrigues, assassinations, corporate engendered wars and the wholesale slaughter of millions of innocent families who happened to live in countries cursed by the presence of oil and the resultant invading imperialist corporate genocidal murdering thieves. Kurosh wished that horse carts could be brought back and cars, especially those huge ghastly ego-lift gas-guzzling monstrosity trucks and SUVs (actually SOBs) could all be dumped in the ocean. But that could cause further pollution and bother whales and porpoises who didn't deserve persecution by us inhuman humans. The whole auto industry and the greedy scum who force gas-guzzling on everyone should all be nuked, but that would also cause pollution. Steam trains and steam ships were much more sensible and never should have been compelled to adopt oil addiction so some Luciferian thugs, mostly Texas total trash, could become obscenely wealthy while destroying the environment and the planet as they mass-murder innocent peaceful Moslem families. Kurosh was totally convinced that on judgment day when Stalin, Mao, Attaturk and other diabolical dictators are politely questioned on how they felt about their actions, the evil oil barons will be counted more guilty than anyone who ever lived including Satan's four moppy-haired beloved disciples who destroyed the world's music with their silly stupidity then jump-started the whole horror of the aggressive violent hate-mongering rock plague.

Once when Kurosh was on a horse cart ride through Herat, a policeman halted the driver, jumped up in the cart and confiscated a harmless short stick with a two-inch soft little strip of leather wanabe whip then harshly slapped the driver on the head a couple of times, Kurosh was furious. He stood up like an insanely incensed Ayatollah screaming an angry *fatwa* and in fluent Dari cursed the policeman as a puppet of the *kafir* (infidel) West and the Commie USSR trying to destroy the honored traditions of Islam and ancient Aria. He lectured the cop so rabidly that the trembling officer returned the harmless whip to the horsecart driver and deeply apologized. It would be logical that, if 'wealthy' (not in this case) tourists preferred horse carts and were spending money in Herat riding them, that should be more important than some perceived pain a horse might have felt if a harmless tap of soft limp leather was even something anyone could feel. Kurosh then turned on the charm and offered a ten Afghani bill to the officer explaining in Dari "this is for the driver's fine if he has done something wrong." The officer, who turned out to be the Herat police chief, after trying in vain to return the money, explained that the governor wanted to implement a policy of kindness to animals since he had lived in the West and wanted to be modern. Kurosh countered that if they were going to try to replace

horse carts with those ugly smoke-belching obnoxious Godless Commie Russian cabs, that would be the ultimate unkindness to horses because they would be out of work and then just caused to die in misery since they would be of no more use. The cop hopped up on the cart and sat next to Kurosh in the back seat to further discuss the ‘problem’ and to hear what “*mualem saib*” (Mr. Professor) had to proffer on traditions, tourism, saving culture and maintaining Herat’s village charm as a sensible financial ploy. Kurosh swore that he and all the European tourists loved riding horse carts, chatting with the drivers and basking in the peaceful placidity of a non-mechanical society. People would come from thousands of miles just to escape the nightmare of modernization for a few days in placid Herat; so why ruin that charm by turning this little village into an ugly crass copy of the West or Commie Russia?

The chief noted that there were 600 horse carts in Herat and the policy was to eventually get rid of them all. He said his main problem with the drivers, other than ‘beating’ their horses with the harmless little ‘whips,’ was that they drive too fast. Kurosh questioned how fast can a horse go through the tiny alleys and cars would be much more dangerous. Then Kurosh began to castigate the constant sewage trickling through all the streets of Herat in the putrid *juis* (ditches) which in Zoroastrian times were likely more pure than melting mountain snow because of the former policy against polluting water, earth, air and fire. Kurosh didn’t quote Ivon Illych on ecology, but he did describe the horrid nightmare of Tehran traffic which had become a problem even in nearby Mashhad across the border. As they rode through the town, Kurosh asked the police chief if he knew of a spring of pure water near Herat. It had to be straight from a spring and not from a *karez* (similar to the Iranian *qanat*) which was a long underground waterway starting at the base of the mountains and going from village to village to supply water. The *karez* was a great idea for irrigation and other non-drinking or cooking uses; but was surely polluted and infected with disease by *qanat* rats another pollutants like nearly all running water in Afghanistan, unless it was found high in the mountains straight from a glacier or out of the rock. The police chief promised that the next day he would show Kurosh a spring on the outskirts of Herat. Then their conversation returned to the horse cart situation. The chief claimed “*I gadia saraqo chatal mekonan* (these horse carts dirty the street.” Kurosh retorted “*mugur taksia hawa ro chaltar mikonan wa mardom masmom meshan wa pasan memeran* (but taxis dirty the air more and people are poisoned and later they die.) The chief chuckled and advised “*kho, ba Wali Saib gap zan* (OK, then talk to the Governor). Kurosh affirmed that he definitely would go see the governor and complain about the wrong policy to get rid of horse carts. He passionately declared that instead they should ban all taxis especially those horrible Russian rattle-traps in Herat and make *gadis* the main form of transportation. The chief chuckled again and warned that such a policy would have to come from the Kabul government. Kurosh kept that in mind and eventually, when he found an Afghan fiancée and learned she was related to some government officials especially the Minister of Planning, he fervently pushed his idea of keeping at least one city, most likely Herat, as a monument of ancient traditions for everyone to visit and enjoy a fresh breath of Afghanistan’s past glories. The idea was eventually adopted by the pre-communist Kabul government, but the savage incursion of the vicious Soviets and later the uncalled for bloody invasion by the predatory greedy Yankee imperialists tradition-trashers halted any appeal for tourism. Kurosh enjoyed his visit to Herat and swore he would return often to enjoy the tranquility of traditional pre-machine age placidity. He bought up a few craft items to add to his huge tin box then prepared for the long grueling bus ride to Mashhad then Tehran.

## Crossing the Border into Iranian Khorasan

Finally Kurosh was on a more reliable better-made Iranian bus going to Mashhad. He was worried about the border crossing because he had been in India and Pakistan where disease was more prevalent and he had some potentially valuable items like Indian instruments and saris. When everyone filed off the bus to have their possessions checked by the Afghan officials, Kurosh asked an official “*kho saib u ro payan konum?*” offering to take his huge tin box off the top of the bus and was told “*a, saib* (yes sir).” Eventually a short gentle looking fellow came over to Kurosh and asked what he had. He pulled up the lid of his huge tin box and the official noticed the musical instruments and wondered about them. He asked to see the Indian *sarangi* as Kurosh winced worried that he would be in trouble for smuggling or something. Surprisingly, the official respectfully lifted the instrument and started playing expertly. Then he asked about the other things and commented favorably on everything informing Kurosh that he was a musician. Kurosh glared admiringly as the official noted that he played *dilruba*, *rebab* and other instruments. He noted that he had a very nice *dilruba*, more expensive than Kurosh’s 100 rupee version. He quickly signed Kurosh out and promised to show his instruments later. Kurosh put everything neatly back in the box and drug it back to where they were tying luggage on the top of the bus. He then went back to the customs office and learned his new friend was Mr. Sallami director of the Islam Kala customs.

Kurosh was cordially invited into the room and introduced to the director’s wife and mother which was really an honor since, out of respect, it was rare to see a woman in Afghanistan much less be introduced to one. Then after offering the pervasive tea which Kurosh politely refused, the director opened the armoire in the corner and gleefully lifted a large good quality *rebab* and handed it to Kurosh. Kurosh played a bit but was always struggling with the strange Kaboli tuning where the main playing strings were not tuned logically to the 4<sup>th</sup>, the tonic and the 5<sup>th</sup>. Then Kurosh handed the instrument to the director who belted out a typical tune displaying excellent technique. He played in the style of Ustad Umar. Then the director drew out his *dilruba* from the cabinet and bowed out another melody. Kurosh felt like he could stay all day and listen to the director play. Kurosh noted that the director should give up the customs job and play on the radio in Kabul. He chuckled then pulled out an interesting looking *sitar* noting that he had bought it in Lahore. He strummed out another solo with agile technique. His wife then indicated that Mr. Sallami was also pretty good on *tabla*. After a little more discussion of music and instruments, Kurosh realized that he should get his passport signed out across the road which he did. He then rushed out to the bus and hopped on just seconds before the last passenger who was a Dutch fellow. The bus headed out on the short road over flat desert to the Iranian border station in Taybad, an actual village much more prominent than the Afghan Islam Kala border complex.

Kurosh remembered the friendly health official he had met some time ago on his very first trip to Herat in Jean During’s Volkswagon. He went to the quarantine office where he was greeted by the polite health officer who looked at him with a suspicious yet friendly smile warning in Farsi that there was a problem. He shook Kurosh’s yellow vaccination card three times then handed it back scolding “*in kharab e, khub nist!* (this is rotten, it’s no good!)” Kurosh was stunned to hear that there was a mistake in his paperwork. The health official, Mr. Behruz Rahsepar, added that Kurosh’s vaccination card was outdated. Kurosh frantically blurted that the November 1970 date was still good. But Mr. Rahsepar responded that the last date was not correct and that he had better go into the office to discuss the problem. Kurosh kept his cool and thought a little prayer for help and retained his usual warm friendly attitude. He was asked if he could visit a hospital in Tehran in two weeks to be checked

out for cholera, but Kurosh claimed that he would be staying only a few days in Iran then needed to return to Afghanistan. That was partly true but the ‘few’ days would be more like a few dozen days maybe even months. Kurosh calmly and confidently explained that he never drank any water anywhere other than certified bottled spring water even in Switzerland or America. He added that he had never eaten anything that didn’t have a skin like bananas, oranges, tangerines, melons etc. and even then he was suspicious of everything in India and Pakistan. Then Rahsepar began to soften noting in Farsi “let’s talk a little more and see what to do with you.” Kurosh mentioned that he had accepted Islam then showed his LP records and the photo of his parents with the Shah and queen. He explained that he was in Iran on a special US government scholarship and had been working for the US as an arts advisor and organizer.

Mr. Rahsepar began to become very friendly and asked Kurosh how to say a few things in English to use on Pakistani, Indian and other travelers. The phrases were like “this certificate is false; you paid to get it.” Kurosh eagerly attacked the assignment and prepared polite yet firm statements to use on suspects writing them in clear English block letters and in the Persian alphabet trying to represent the English sounds as correctly as possible. He drilled Mr. Rahsepar a few times to get his pronunciation nearly perfect and also demonstrated how to cock his head sideways and squint his eyes to express doubt. He explained that in the Subcontinent, turning the head from side to side was an expression of positivity and noted that tossing the head upward as done in Iran and Turkey would not necessarily mean ‘no’ in countries east and south of Iran or in Europe. Kurosh also went over some of the glaring variances between Farsi and Dari, a number of which Mr. Rahsepar already knew. The Afghan bus driver burst in to warn Kurosh that the bus would be leaving soon. Mr. Rahsepar declared that Kurosh was temporarily quarantined and Kurosh acknowledged the warning and promised to hurry. He smiled and thought to himself that it was the first time he had been quarantined into teaching English which he always hated having to do. Finally Mr. Rahsepar released Kurosh with the promise that he would get his vaccination certificate fixed soon. Kurosh politely excused himself with promises to visit again soon and add more English and even other European phrases to the long list he had just written and taught.

Kurosh then scurried over to the customs office and was asked what he had. The friendly relaxed customs director was Mr. Hosseini who would become dear Kurosh’s friend after many future border crossings and long chats. Mr. Hosseini kindly looked into Kurosh’s soft childish eyes and a spiritual bond was immediately formed. He affirmed “*pas chizi nadarid* (so you don’t have anything.)” Before Kurosh could blurt out an answer, Mr. Hosseini declared “*midunam, hichi nadarid* (I know, you don’t have anything.)” Kurosh leaned back in his seat and added that he had a few inexpensive Indian and Afghan musical instruments. An assistant chimed in “*agha-ye Hosseini dutar mizane; mal-e Khaf e, ostad e.* (Mr. Hosseini plays *dutar*; he’s from Khaf, he’s a master.)” Kurosh’s eyes sparkled and grew as Mr. Hosseini’s head hung down in humility as he muttered that he played a little. Kurosh begged for a demonstration encouraged by a couple of his assistants but he shyly refused promising to play for Kurosh next time since the bus was ready to leave. But after dozens of border crossings, Kurosh never did have the chance to hear Mr. Hosseini’s *dutar* mastery. Mr. Hosseini was always totally trusting of Kurosh every time he crossed the border because he knew from one look that Kurosh was completely unattached from the world and uninterested in making money or any smuggling other than inexpensive musical instruments and craft treasures.

That also pertained to the time that Dr. John Baily asked Kurosh to drive him and a large trunk of precious books from Herat to Tehran. That time Mr. Hosseini just asked in Farsi “so just books, right?” And Kurosh affirmed “that’s all” as Baily nodded in agreement. Kurosh had met Baily in Tehran at a

party where Roger Cooper made it a point to introduce his new compatriot acquaintance John Baily from the UK. Kurosh learned that John was a hobby rock guitarist and was interested in Indian music. On Cooper's urging that Kurosh help John in his music interests; Kurosh started by writing an article about Baily in the Tehran Journal then offered to take him on Kurosh's next visa trip to Herat where Baily would discover a folk music tradition that was partly influenced by the Indian tradition while still maintaining its basic Persian characteristic. After that initial trip when Kurosh introduced Baily to some of his music friends like Abdal Ghafur, Said Ahmad and others, that Baily decided that Herati music would be a good subject to delve into and later became a worldclass authority on the subject. Kurosh also eventually became a scholar on Herati music emphasizing the *chaharbaiti* vocal and *dutar* tradition on which he wrote his first PhD dissertation in the late 1970s. Of course, since he had been awarded a Fulbright to study Iran, his committee rejected that dissertation and he wrote another one on Iranian music and classical song texts. Again one of the times Kurosh was nervous about several large rocks he foolishly bought which had some low-grade lapis lazuli in them, Mr. Hosseini just waived him through. Mr. Hosseini's intuition went well-beyond Kurosh's innocent efforts to preserve old Afghan crafts because later Kurosh realized those rocks were too low grade that decades later they ended up as just garden ornaments and even then didn't look like much.

The bus stopped in Taybad to pick up some travelers going to Meshed (pronounced Mashhad) and some to Tehran. Taybad was a nice little village where men dressed almost that same as in Herat: white *amame* (turban), *kemiz* (knee-length shirt), *tumban* (billowy trousers tight at the ankle) and maybe *vaskot* (vest). Instead of the lovely silken intricately pleated *chadri* (veil shawl) common in Afghanistan, women wore a chador. The large modern restaurant was a huge financial gyp like everything modern. Kurosh walked around a bit then returned to the bus waiting until all the passengers eventually filled in and it was time to drive off to Mashhad. The *ranande* (driver) nodded to the *shagerd* (assistant) who proclaimed "*befereest* (send)" and everyone recited "*salli ala Mohammad va ahl-e Mohammad* (praise to Mohammad and his family). Kurosh started to do the Afghan beard stroke movement at the end but noticed that it wasn't common in Iran so he refrained. Later on, when the bus came to a halt for prayer, Kurosh had been napping and was disoriented. When he lined up with everyone for prayer, he had to rummage through his pockets to find his trusty *mohr* (clay prayer-block) which was almost forbidden among the strict Sunnis in Afghanistan. Then when he almost grasp his left hand with his right in the Sunni manner, he noticed that everyone's hands were straight down at their sides and remembered that he was back home in Shi'a territory. The temporarily appointed amateur *moazzin* chanted the call to prayer as everyone stood with their hands at their ears, palms facing forward. After chanting "*allahu akbar* (God is greatest)" everyone quietly muttered the Fatiha then with hands on knees recited "*sobhana rabbi al azim* (praise my Lord the great)." After the appropriate recitations and prostrations, the travelers returned to their seats, a few shaking each other's hands as brothers in the faith. Several made the effort to shake Kurosh's hand and he felt the comforting comradery of mutual respect for the divine creator similar to that feeling of a Mormon temple session. After all, the true original religion of Abraham is what has been passed down through Judaism in a garbled version and correctly in Islam but was turned upside down and backward in so-called Christianity which became paganism but then revived correctly in Mormonism. Islam and Mormonism should and do have many shared truths and practices which are close to the original authentic Abrahamic religion as well as original simple unadulterated Christianity which quickly died out.

The bus drove off eventually approaching Mashhad as tall trees greeted the travelers then the golden dome of the blue tile Goharshad (joyful jewel) mosque named after the wife of Timurid emperor Shah Rukh who funded the construction of the exquisitely beautiful structure. In 1405, Gohar Shad moved

the capital of the Timurids to Herat from Samarkand, Uzbekistan. She was a generous patron of the arts and literature. This trip Kurosh did not choose to stop and visit the holy shrine in Mashhad or do any shopping because he was burdened his huge tin trunk full of instruments. After originally having officially accepted Shi'a Islam as an addition to his basic beliefs, Kurosh undertook a trip to Mashhad for a serious pilgrimage to the shrine. That time, for a cost equivalent to about \$5.50 he took the express train from Tehran to Mashhad thus discovering a different aspect of travel in Iran. When he found his place in a compartment on the train, he was at the window in the middle of a nice family. Soon after departing the train station in Mashhad, the gray-haired grandfather told the mother to offer Kurosh some cucumber and salt. She carefully and problematically peeled half a dozen cucumbers with a big clunky very dull chrome butter knife then cut them in long strips, a handful of which she handed to her shy little daughter to give to Kurosh. The little girl sat in a daze when he mother quipped "*bedish, akhe mehmun e dige* (give him, he's a guest already!)" Eventually Kurosh learned to love and honor this tradition of unselfishness which was quite opposite the dog-eat-dog materialist capitalism of his shameful predatory birth land. Kurosh ultimately became a master at peeling cucumbers, slicing them in strips then offering them on small wax paper sheets along with an official travel-size saltshaker. He did cheat however, he actually used a real cutting knife that was sharp enough to skillfully skin even the customary wrinkled mushy apples.

That time he had nearly no luggage, so he had the luxury of decent lodging. On the street near the shrine, a gentleman advised Kurosh to stay at the Ibne Sina Hotel which sounded too expensive. Kurosh's hesitation prompted the man to add that the cost was only 100 *rials* (less than \$1.50) for a single room and 180 (a little over \$2) for a double. That was a good bargain, so Kurosh took the advice and checked into the Ibne Sina. The single room was clean with a solid bed, clean hot and cold running water in a sink as well as a nice table and chair. Kurosh put his limited belongings in the room, wrapped his white turban around his Herati turban cap, and with his yellow *shah-maqsud* (agate) prayer beads in hand, went out to the circle across from the hotel where the shrine was. After mentioning to the desk man that he believed in Islam and was going for a *ziyarat* (religious visit), on his way out the door a cheerful short gentleman took Kurosh's arm and led him across the street saying in Farsi "I'll take you on a *ziyarat*." With his right hand over his heart, Kurosh respectfully bowed declaring "*besyar sepasgozaram Agha, mersi* (I am very appreciative sir, thank you)." They walked through the bazaar to the courtyard and made their way towards a set of silver doors which everyone was respectfully touching as they passed. After checking their shoes, they slowly shuffled across the tiles from room to room with mirrored walls and silver doors to the tomb of Imam Reza. He was the reprehensively murdered 8<sup>th</sup> *imam* of the Iranian Shi'as who was and given a burial beside the grave of Harun and it is believed that a *ziarat* or visit to his shrine with a humble request of assistance can be beneficial. The visitors respectfully faced the tomb and while continually facing the tomb everyone was slowly circumambulating it counterclockwise. A few hopeful visitors had tied small pieces of cloth of various colors around the bars of the elegant silver grating. Pilgrims would occasionally grasp the grate while muttering or thinking a prayer to heal a relative or to help with other problems. Some women raised their children up so that they could momentarily grasp the grates while some of the throng in the back would respectfully touch the walls. Kurosh slowly made his way forward to grasp the grates for a moment before backing away to the middle of the throng. His small wish was that he could be of some benefit to the future people he would meet or influence, hopefully positively, and share what tiny portion of vast divine love that he might eventually comprehend with whomever he could.

After Kurosh and his guide had circumambulated the tomb once, they slowly and respectfully backed away out the door into a hallway. They gradually moved through another mirrored room to the

outside courtyard where Kurosh suggested a prayer at the mosque. They borrowed some shoes at a small curb and made their way to the center of the courtyard to the pond for *wuzu* (religious washing). Kurosh removed his coat and hung it back over his shoulders with his arms free. He removed his socks and rolled up his long sleeves above the elbows and began the ritual washing: hands, arms, face, top of head and feet. The water seemed somewhat stagnant and rancid from the myriads of worshipers having washed there; but Kurosh knew he couldn't go to prayer without correctly performing the *wuzu* and there was no dust or sand available and no reason to resort to other than water when there was pond there. After the *wuzu* Kurosh and his guide went back towards the mosque, returned the borrowed shoes and located a spot for prayer. They unfolded their shawls, carefully set the *mohr* at the top where their foreheads could press against it during the *sojde* (prostrations). Then they stood respectfully with hands at their sides and hands to the ears reciting "*Allahu akbar*" and on through the various stages of the prayer. After the prayer, they collected their shoes, exited the silver doors respectfully touching them as they passed. Outside, a guard held on to a silver staff which some believers reverentially touched. As they left the complex, Kurosh offered his guide dinner but was kindly yet firmly rejected with the explanation that his only purpose was to lead Kurosh through his *ziarat* (visit) and accepting any token of appreciation would be completely improper. Then he darted away explaining that he had to return to the hotel where he was head cook.

Kurosh wandered through the shops around the mosque seeking any memorable *tasbihe* (prayer beads) for his music teacher in Beirut, but most were touristy cheap plastic. He bought a couple of sets which were either stone or maybe glass. As Kurosh meandered around, a young man noticed the well-wound turban on an apparently foreign visitor and struck up a conversation. Kurosh explained that he accepted Mohammad and Islam because his basic religion shared many common beliefs and some leaders of his religion realized the Mohammad was a true prophet for the children of Abraham and others who lived in the Middle East and that, since so-called Christianity had disintegrated to paganism, materialism, greed and every other type of sin, that Islam was a more correct alternative. He noted that at the religious university he attended, he took classes on Islam and the Koran (from Dr. Hugh Nibley) and the teacher cited many writings that confirmed their own scriptures. When the boy asked what religion it was, Kurosh said "Mormon" to which the boy explained "*pas, momen* (so, believer in God)." Kurosh acknowledged the similarity in sound and meaning and accepted *momen* as a good Persian title for Mormon. It was a lot better than the term 'morbid' teasingly tacked on Kurosh by a few of his obnoxious rabid anti-Mormon 'friends' back in Utah when they accused him of being 'convicted to Morbidism.' Kurosh began to list the similarities between the two beliefs then he gave the boy one of his Farsi brochures which politely discussed historical points and principles without pushing anything. The boy stated that he would not let himself be influenced by other religions and Kurosh quickly confirmed that he must remain a strong and pure-living Shi'a because God gave religions and holy books to various of his followers and the most correct of those paths are had among all the descendants of Abraham and mostly the descendants of Joseph which includes Persians and also a few Europeans like Kurosh. The boy mentioned that in Iran they had a problem with the Bahais who were not really a religion but like communism and imperialism by forcing their so-called 'education' which was just a materialistic brainwashing and their fake 'democracy' and 'freedom' which was a way to make people choose evil and worship worldliness. Kurosh agreed that Bahai founder Abdul Baha seemed to believe "*la illaha ila ana* (there is no god but me.)" They both chuckled then continued discussing how rampant sin had become common mostly because of westernization in Iran as a result of the imperialism of Britain and America who were ravenous to steal all the oil they could glut themselves on while purposely and viciously trampling all the traditional of Islamic nations.

But Kurosh was careful not to indicate H.I.M., yes him, His Imperial Majesty, so-called, in the whole diabolical plot to enslave Iran and maintain it as a product-purchasing puppet colony of America. Near the end of the bazaar, the two new friends parted company and Kurosh gave up on the high tourist prices for everything returning to the hotel for a comfortable night's sleep and his return train trip to Tehran now as a semi-*haji* who had done a *ziarat* at the shrine in Mashhad. Now he could be titled 'Mash' (for Mashhad) Ali, maybe to his Yankee friends 'Mash Miller' or to his friend from the corner store by his Amirabad apartment 'Mash Milani' (the title of Milani was awarded him by one *Mullah* after not being able to understand Miller. Milani would mean he was from a village in west Azerbaijan between Maku and the Turkish border town of Bazargan. Kurosh was light complexioned like some Turks and he definitely could be a *khar* (ass). So he didn't mind being thought of as a *tork-e khar* or Turkish donkey (silly stereotype for Turk) except he hated to be associated with the really ugly horrible ravaging blood-thirsty Khazar Turks who in 740 a.d. pretended to become Jews then eventually became the Ashkenazi counterfeits and thus the mass-murdering Mongoloid Israeli imposter invaders of the formerly happy Abrahamic Jewish-Arab land of Palestine.

The next day Kurosh purchased the customary wrinkly semi-mushy apples, a couple of dull butter knives to peel them, several cucumbers, a couple of kilos of oranges and a few slabs of flat bread to offer to the traveling companions in his train compartment. He hoped to give out most of the food in the Persian tradition of caring about others rather than one's self and maybe end up with a piece of cucumber and a bit of orange. He usually didn't care about food, so he easily adopted the generosity aspect of Persian and Afghan culture. As the train happily clicked along, Kurosh warmly befriended the sweet little family that shared the compartment eventually giving out nearly everything including the horrible dull butter knives and amassing several invitations to far downtown Tehran for dinner, lunch or a visit to the mosque. Outside of Mashhad, the train passed by a beautiful green area. Near the Caspian by the border of Turkmenistan, there were lush forests, streams, green plants and when they neared the Caspian, pleasant rain. Near the Turkmen border, people wore folkwear, large pantaloons, prominent wide black curly wool hats for men, colorful dresses for the women. Afghan-type clothing could also be seen between Mashhad and the Caspian. That was a later more relaxed and enjoyable visit to Mashhad; this time it was just a trip for hauling a heavy box of instruments and other minor treasures. So in the morning the bus loaded up with passengers, mostly Iranian but some Afghans. People obeyed the seat numbers on their tickets without semi-rioting as was a custom of Pashtuns in Afghanistan. The sharing of food, although not as easily accomplished as on the train, was common and everyone was like a big family. Occasionally at a signal or proper moment, everyone would chant the typical *salat* or good wish for Mohammad and his descendants. Finally the bus rolled into the station in Tehran and Kurosh had to recruit and bargain a *taksiran* to heft his obscenely huge Afghan tin box on the taxi roof and grind up the hill to Amirabad for less than 10 *toman*. Finally Kurosh chatted up a kind old man who admired Kurosh for having visited Mashhad even if at that time he hadn't been inside the shrine. He accepted 8 *toman* but after the two of them hassled the tin box on the roof and tied it securely, Kurosh realized that he was being unnecessarily chintzy and at the front door of his Amirabad apartment, he gave the driver a red 100 *rial* (ten *toman*) paper bill and a couple of 10 *rial* (one *toman*) coins. The driver tried to gently refuse but Kurosh won the dispute and the driver kept the money.

## Chapter 44

### A Prolific Pen with an Immense Influence

As the plane purred on, Kurosh drifted into a daze and, instead of counting sheep, he reflected on his many articles in all the media and magazines in Iran plus publications in Beirut and London and other locations including a few books. Writings under his birth name **Lloyd Miller** included: *Aspects of Middle Eastern Languages*, M.A. Thesis, University of Utah, 1969; "Afghanistan" *International Music Guide* 77, 37-41. ed. Derek Elley. London: Tantivy Press, 1977; "Asheqs Well Loved." *Shiraz Festival of Arts Bulletin*, 5 September, 1972; *The Center for Preservation and Propagation of Iranian Music*, Salt Lake City: Eastern Arts (commissioned by National Iranian Radio and Television), 1976; "Collision East and West" *Middle East Sketch*, November 1976, 36-40; "A Drop in the Ocean of Eternal Godliness" *Middle East Sketch*, February, 1974, 38-39; "Early Sino-Iranian Art Exchange" *Around Iran*, February 1975, 14-15; "Early Persia and Its Music" *Around Iran*, November, 1975, 22-24; "Early Persian Music" *Around Iran*, January 1976, 19-21; "The Fascination of Vietnamese Music" *Around Iran*, August 1975, 9-11; "The Festival of Traditional Arts at Tus" *Middle East Sketch*, September 1976, 16-20; Fourth Tehran International Film Festival" *Middle East Sketch*, February 10, 1976, 16-25; *Indo-Iranian Music and Its Influence on World Music* (PhD dissertation manuscript, University of Utah) 1973; "International Scholastic in Kabul Honors Ansari" *Middle East Sketch*, June 15, 1976, 16-7; "Iran" *International Music Guide* 77. 89-90, Derek Elley, ed. London: Tantivy Press, 1977; "Iran's Musicologist" *Around Iran*, February, 1974, 12-3; "A light Snack and a Few Currents for Dessert" *The Middle East*, November 1979, 78-80; "Man and Eternity" *Middle East Sketch*, March 1974, 36-7; *Music of the East*, Salt Lake City: University of Utah, 1969; "The Music of Iran" *Caravan*, Inter-Continental Hotels, Autumn, 1973, 33-5; "Musical Delight" *Shiraz Festival of Arts Bulletin*, 5 September, 1972; "Musical Programs a Cultural Renaissance" *Around Iran*, June 1975, 10-1; "Music's Role, Shaping the Mind and Soul" *Middle East Sketch*, 8 March, 1974, 64-5; "*Musiqi-ye Irani, Yek Miras-e Ghani-ye Farhangi*" *Marzha-ye No*, March, 1974, 4-7; "*Musiqi-ye Mazhabi, Palayeshgar-e Ravan*" *Ettela'at*, 22 Ordibehesht, 2535/1976; "*Musiqi-ye Sonati-ye Iran*" *Sixth Festival of Arts*, Shiraz, 1972; "The Ninth Shiraz Festival of Arts" *Around Iran*, September 1975, 8-9; *The Ostad*, Salt Lake: Eastern Mysticism, 1978; "Persian Musical Instruments" *Iran Air Homa*, February, 1973, 24-25; "Persian Musicians on Tour" *Around Iran*, January, 1974, 16 & 20; *Persian Traditional Music*, Tehran: Iran America Society, 1972; "Persian Traditional Music." *Iran Air Homa*, June, 1972, 4-6; "Preserving Iran's Music" *Around Iran*, June 1973, 10; "Pure Persian Music" *Festival of Arts Bulletin*, Shiraz, 30 August, 1976; "Recent Music Events in Iran" *Middle East Sketch*, 11 July, 1975, 32-33; "Rendezvous with Eastern Music" *Middle East Sketch*, 6 September, 1974, 32-35; "Rich Beauty of the Ages" *Middle East Sketch*, 20 September, 1974; *Roots and Branches of Jazz*. Salt Lake City: Eastern Arts, 1987; "Saving a Valuable Thread" *Middle East Sketch*, 14 September, 1973, 36-37; "Shiraz Arts Festival, for Intellectuals Not Crowds." *Tehran Journal*, 15 August, 1976; "Shiraz Festival of Art." *Around Iran*. September 1973, 6 & 15; "Shiraz Festival Music" *Around Iran*, August 1974, 12-3; "The Shiraz Persepolis Festival of Arts" *Caravan, Inter-Continental Hotels*, Autumn, 1973, 28-31; "The Second Tus Festival." *Around Iran*, August, 1976, 21-4; "Some Facts About Indian Music." *Festival of Arts Bulletin*, Shiraz, 30 August, 1976; "Some Thoughts on Our Heritage from Eastern Music." *Philadelphia Folk Festival*, 1969; "Sounds of the Past Live On." *Middle East Sketch*, 6 April, 1973, 42; "Spreading the Magic over the Airwaves." *Middle East Sketch*, 4 October, 1974, 40-1; *A Survey of Oriental Music & Indo-Iranian Music and Its Influence*, Salt Lake City: University of Utah, 1968; "Time for Musical Bridges" *Middle East Sketch*, 2 August, 1974, 44; "Traces of Babylon, Assyria, Egypt." *Middle East Sketch*, 21 September, 1973, 20-2; "Traditional Persian Music." *Iran Air Homa*,

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"*Didar az Sharq o Gharb*" *Ayandegan*, 20 Shahrivar, 1352/1972; "Jazbe-ye Musiqi-ye Iran bara-ye Yek Bigane" *Ayandegan*, 20 Khordad, 1351/1972; "Lakei bar Daman-e Musiqi-ye Sonnat" *Ayandegan*, 6 Tir, 1351/1972. "Musiqi dar Filmha-ye Jashnevar" *Ayandegan*, Ordibehesht, 1351/1972; "Musiqi-ye Asil-e Iran dar Khatar Ast" *Ayandegan*, 8 ,6,1351/1972; "Musiqi-ye Irani Rah Migoshayad" *Ayandegan*, 25 Mordad, 1351/1972; "Musiqi-ye Sonnat Khat-e Digari Darad" *Ayandegan*, 21 Khordad, 1351/1972; "Musiqi-ye Pop Faza ra Masmum Mikonad" *Ayandegan*, 25 Mordad, 1351/1972; *Musiqi-ye Sonnat dar Khatar-e Entetat*" *Ayandegan*, 8 Mordad, 1351/1972; "Tajikha Khishavand-e Irani Khod ra be Vojud Avarand." *Ayandegan*, 26 Rajab, 1351/1972.

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"Acting on the Side for Music" *Kayhan International*, 26 August, 1975; "The Afghans Steal the Show" *Kayhan International*, 21 August, 1974, 3; "The Dotar Master" *Kayhan International*, 5 June, 1974; "Foremost Vietnamese Music Expert to be at Shiraz Arts Festival" *Kayhan International*, 26 July, 1975; "Pran Nath, Music is Sacred" *Kayhan International*, 19 August, 1974; "A Memorable Musical Event" *Kayhan International*, 19 February, 1975; "Musical Etiquette" *Kayhan International*, 30 January, 1975; "NIRT Music Center Stirs Interest" *Kayhan International*, 18 August, 1974; "NIRT Musicians a Big Hit In Tunisia" *Kayhan International*, 5 August, 1974; "Payvar's Music Spoils It" *Kayhan International*, 5 August, 1974; "Percussion Group Big Hit" *Kayhan International*, 18 May, 1974; "Persian Music at Baalbek." *Kayhan International*, 15 March, 1975; "Return to Tradition" *Kayhan International*, 25 March, 1975; "The Speed and Melody of the Dotar" *Kayhan International*, 21 August, 1974, 3; "Sultan of the Oud Plays Masterfully" *Kayhan International*, 19 August, 1974; "A Treat from Parisa" *Kayhan International*, 11 December, 1974; "TV Spotlights Iran's Musical Heritage" *Kayhan International*, 3 March, 1975; "Value of Persian Music." *Kayhan International*, 8 March, 1975.

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### **Almost Back to the Belligerent Bullies and Sleazy Sex-Kitten Yankee Hell**

Kurosh drifted into a temporary daze waking one last time before landing in the U.S. to eventually face a traumatic series of disappointments, betrayals, prejudice, hatred and even emotionally and socially disastrous events that would curtail all his hopes and efforts to be able to contribute as a worldclass scholar and multi-instrumental genius (so they claimed) performer who would be condemned to complete failure in the university community where he would never be allowed that professorship he was promised by several university authorities at the U and the Y and had spent decades preparing for. But since this world was never anything he really valued, it was poetic justice for him to be rejected, discarded and banned by the country which had persecuted him since birth and even by members of the religion he continued to honor and support in his uncalled-for role as a reactionary reformer. So since he probably would be doomed to gloom in the after life as well, at least he would have become accustomed to dire disappointments when he eventually got there. When, if such a fantasy were to be reality, Saint Peter will look him in the eye and declare “you, yea you, you’re goin’ down buddy!” He would be able to cheerfully chime “I know, I’m ready; been there done that for decades.” But he would be relieved if suddenly someone else said, “hey he wasn’t so bad, I’ll take him; I’ll have him do a few millennia of hard labor for the good cause and maybe he can get his act cleaned up a bit.”

Kurosh drifted into his last semi-slumber remembering a few more fun times in his abandoned adopted homeland, Iran. The Tehran International Film Festival staying at the plush Intercontinental Hotel and where he was assigned to host and translate for Arab stars like Hossein Fahmi, Salwa Mohammad and Zobeida Sarwat and also film maker Khaled Sadiq famous for his prize-winning film *Bas ya Bahr* (The Cruel Sea, actually means “Enough Oh Sea”). Or assigned to review all the African films and other interesting and educational responsibilities. Likewise the various Shiraz Arts festivals, where he was assigned to host artists from India and the Arab World as a translator and side-kick. His traumatic rejection by the hard-hearted harsh mean staff at the Shiraz Festivals which resulted in him becoming infected with serious almost cholera dysentery from having to sleep out on the grass behind the hotel. He had preferred that to the dorms with horrors of Americanized Iranian teenage college ‘students’ yelling, screeching, giggling like hyenas, and obnoxiously blasting out the ugliest swill of bad Persian pop slop ever imaginable till way past midnight. Kurosh could never successfully accomplish a full days and evenings tasks of translating, hosting, writing articles for the Shiraz Festival Bulletin and various Tehran publications with no sleep. All other journalists, even third-string unimportant free-loader occasional writers were given real lodging in the *mehman sara* (guest house). But Kurosh was viciously thrown into the hellish torment of the stupid dorm where no one should ever be sentenced. Kurosh never could figure out why the Shiraz staff, or at least one hideous bitchy westernized chick in charge of press relations, hated him so viciously. Sure some Iranians hated Kurosh for his fluent Farsi, multilingual and multi-instrumental skills, and vastly successful TV series, but not to such a cruel extent. At least Kurosh let the whole country know about it in the papers by his caustic articles and his influence among his journalist colleagues.

But even the few unpleasant events during his total of 7 years in Tehran and surrounding lands was only a tap on the wrist compared to what the evil Yankees had in store for him, not because he was assumed to be a camel-jockey loving Koran-reading somewhat Islamic-oriented scumrat, but just by

eliminating, actually banning him from anything and everything in the scholastic and music world. Since the invasion of America by the filthy Brit rock conspiracy, the entertainment dictatorship had slowly banned all and every other type of music from existence in so-called 'free' and 'demoncratic' America. Only the total screeching thumping noises of the dregs of hell was allowed to be accessed and any traditional forms of jazz and ethnic music in general were on the entertainment mega monopoly's kill list, finally to be fully eradicated throughout the entire nation and also the whole world forever along with modest and classy clothing, healthy foods and fundamental authentic religion of any type. America was set to become a perfect micro- manifestation of all the horrors and whores of hell and nothing seemed to be able to halt that effort short of a gigantic, mammoth, massive obliteration from heaven itself. That was the only hope Kurosh would have to hold until his death, the wish that he would see the end of Yankee Babylon when Diety finally decides enough is enough. Of course his preferred wish would be to see the whole country decide on a total reversal of: all ugly noise misnomered 'music', all ghastly 'apparel,' all incessant sexual teasing by every female who was capable or thought they were and by every mode of media and the end of all wormy slime slop rotting corpses and other enforced poison that passes for 'food.' Could the whole country ever be capable of a complete about face? Kurosh doubted that any person or group of persons or group of nations or even concourses of angels could ever do a thing to halt the belligerent bullying by the Yankee world while it is swiftly sinking into the sludgy bottom of a dark dank dismal abyss. No so-called 'terrorist(s)' or even any big bad nuclear-armed nation could, even by launching all their missiles, do a thing to change anything in despicable Yankeedom. All those nukes would be merely a tiny splash compared to the volcanic and earth-shredding powers of the Creator and the promised fact that new destructive disastrous diseases will eat their way through the ranks of the wicked, less violent but quite effective and well-deserved. It has also been promised that the "wicked would destroy the wicked" which indicates another aspect of cleansing the earth of evil. So it appears that only divine power can ever halt the final decreed destruction of that once hopeful land of America; and that can seemingly only be accomplished by its quick and complete annihilation through some series of enormous heaven-sent catastrophic cataclysmic calamity. Like Rome, it will have to be annihilated to prevent its certain self-destruction through decadence and depravity. It is with this sad realization that Kurosh dozed off taking a seemingly last breath of true freedom one last time before being encompassed by the immense unflinching immoral arms of Big Brother, the shadow government driven by the evil designing men of the greedy Luciferian mega-monstrous vicious world-dominating caustic corporations that even the very devil himself has likely grown to disown.

# Sufi Saint & Swinger: photos for Section E, 6 More Years in Iran Chapter 40



Dr. Daryush Safvat



Daryush Safvat and Nelly Caron



Dr. Jean During in Herat



Kurosh with setar he made and Dr. Safvat

۱۵ صفحه  
سه شنبه ۲۰ مهر ۲۵۳۵-  
۱۳ آکتبر ۱۹۷۶- شماره ۹۹۸۸

**در تماشاخانه شیر**

با زندگی در اتومبیل

## آمریکائی مقیم ایران مشکل مسکن را حل کرد

گروه گزارش کیهان

او قصد دارد بزودی يك كاروان بخرد و زندگی مختصر خود را به داخل آن منتقل کند

آقای لویس میلر آمریکائی سرانجام توانست مشکل مسکن در تهران را حل کند. تعجب نکند ولی بدانید که این مسئله چندان راه پرپیچ و خمی را پدیدال نداشت. این جانب که چندی است در ایران سر میبرد و گفته خودش دکترای اپوشناسی دارد، با خرید يك اتومبیل استیشن واگن خودش شده است و گفته خودش نه اخیم مساجخانه را میبندد و نه گزایه سرسامآور میپردازد.

**Kurosh sleeping in car 3 years in Iran**

**Sufi Saint & Swinger: photos for Section E, 6 More Years in Iran Chapter 40**



**Parisa**



**Parisa & Ostad Karimi**



**Karimi, Hurshid & Parisa**



**1970s IAS Debut of Hurshid and *tarist* Daryush Talai Organized by Kurosh**



**1970s IAS Debut of Parisa Organized by Kurosh**



## Kurosh's 1970s LP *Jazz at the Anjoman*



## Kurosh's prime-time Tehran NIRTV show *Kurosh Ali Khan and friends*



## Kurosh on NIRT in the 1970s

## THE TRIALS OF A JAZZ SHOW IN IRAN

The new NIRT show on Friday nights at 6:30, called **Kurosh Ali Khan o Dastan**, has become a sudden focus of attention among jazz lovers, and even a cause of lively debate.

Some musicians involved with commercial forms of music became severely critical of certain weak points in the first few shows. But other inner circle classical music experts found many exciting moments in the creative production and masterful improvisations of some of the highly skilled artists.

One well-versed music critic from Tehran's formerly art-oriented English daily noted that never before in its history had jazz been given so much respect through top flight camera work, direction and lighting. The director, camera men and musicians all took the challenge of the freedom in this hitherto unknown art form in Iran to bring into play all their latent creative skills.

One completely unique thing about the show is the importance given, not only to every conceivable style of true jazz from the oldest New Orleans style to avant-garde semi-free form, but also to various traditions of eastern music. But the wonders of creativity do not end there; besides excellent renditions of Afghan, Turkish and Iranian music, usage of these traditions within suitable jazz frameworks in a way never before tried also lends excitement to the show.

The common TV viewer, however, cannot possibly fathom the hours of painful preparation, dizzying disappointments and constant haggles and red tape that go into each show. First, the music has to be written or planned, secondly, the show rehearsed and rerehearsed, then studio time must be arranged.

If during a recording day, which begins in the morning and ends sometimes near midnight, a musician doesn't walk out in dismay or is free from rehearsal, or if the guys and girls in the nodal or amplex rooms don't make a million haggles between cups of tea, an hour of actual useable recorded tape can be gathered. One day, Kuroshi Ali and his piano trio were able to record up to an hour and a quarter of excellent material, an unprecedented feat at NIRT. The pop orchestra

is lucky to get a half hour; after that by phoney "play back" the music is recorded first for the radio, then by the musician who only fake their playing during the video taping. But with all the inherent difficulties in any highly creative venture Kurosh Ali's show comes out with some unforgettable moments of genius never before presented by any form of mass media.

Other than Kuroshi, who himself plays some 70 instruments from all corners of the world, some of Tehran's top talents young artists are invited to participate when possible, thus offering them a chance they might not be afforded until they are old and gray or could work their way up in the entertainment world by hook or crook.

Kuroshi who America fought the bitter battle during his years of study in America where he says the music world is riddled with union disloyalty, hawks, takes and swindlers, is not given a chance to those who deserve it. He prefers to work with young enthusiastic artists and doesn't even like to be around the so called big stars. "I only want to work with sound people," he says "I don't care whether a person plays perfectly or not, I only use artists who are spiritually evolved, I would rather spend months training a person than have a person who is a mediocre player of a wretched phonics that aimlessly wanders the halls of the entertainment world."

Kurosh goes on to describe some of the memorable moments while struggling almost single handed to get together two special folk groups. "I decided that the Iranian viewers would really dig some authentic Turkish music so I used all the power of persuasion I could muster to convince four young musicians that they could learn several pieces in a style they had never heard in two weeks. I then convinced a talented Music Academy student, Linda, that her background playing the Persian *saz* would make learning Turkish *dehşet* a cinch. Then I assigned her to the task of rehearsing the group and making sure they came to practice. I talked Iran's most promising *guznari* artist, Shihab, into learning the Turkish pieces and gave her some hints of Turkish style. After that I only had to seek out one of the two girls, friends, Mahide, to play *oud* with us and then train

*Kurosh and his Afghan Group with Linda, Farid, Agar and Parvin.*

دکتر علی خود را در مورد جوسپه کورتوهای شرق ایران به گزافه است.

آهنگار سپتاهی چار دیکشن، چار جردن، رنو باور و آرن، پ گروز سزاهی مناسب از هر یک از این سپتاهای آرا و متداول و رایج سپت جردنی را این برهه‌ها معرفی می‌نمود که اگر کسی در جوسپه ایران، افغانستان، ترک و کورتوهای دیگر با جوسپه



ش تلي خات و دوستان

ساخت ۱۳۶۳

فرماندهی فرهنگ و ارشاد اسلامی  
وزارت فرهنگ و ارشاد اسلامی  
سازمان سینمایی

ساعت ۲۱  
**گروه جاز میلر**  
گروه نوید میلر، که بران اولین بار در تلویزیون ملی ایران برنامه اجرا کرد، شاید اولین گروه و نوازنده ایرانی است که در رشته موسیقی جاز آمیبل، یا



۱۳۶۳ شمسی

کوروش علی‌خان و دوستان

کوروش علی‌خان (پشت) در حال امضاء اسناد است. در کنار او دوستانش ایستاده‌اند. تصویر در مجله «کوشش» بهار ۱۳۶۳ شمسی.

