

The Migration. Notes from my [David Brooks'] personal diary

1964

Migration Route – Rah-i Munar. With the Osiwands. Time taken - 28 days.

Monday, 13th April

Yesterday the tribe “Made the hour”, today we are really off. The medicines [for Marianne’s clinic] were finally packed in two absurd looking tin trunks and after much screaming of “Shah, Shah, Shah” by the rather evil looking mongoloid Shushtari muleteer, the poor donkey on which the trunks were lashed scrambled pathetically to its feet. The twenty mules which were carrying all our stuff made a noisy group of thoroughly fed up looking animals as they collapsed in floods of donkey tears and hysterics at all to frequent intervals. The first day’s journey was short. One of the men we had with us was a Pel and the rest were Bardin with the result that we went up the wrong trail, as far as I was concerned as we were supposed to be travelling with the Bardin Tireh members. We forded the Ab-i Shur too early. However the camp site that day was set close to an attractive Imam Zadeh and old deserted flour mill. We passed two gardens on the near side of the Ab-i Shur but I did not find out who they belonged to. The following day we had to wait for the Bardin group with whom we were supposed to have been moving.

Tuesday, 14th April

We did not move today and I explored the site. The Imam Zadeh has the conical corrugated roof one can see at Susa and is supposed to be the Shrine of a saint who died in the south and was buried here. There is a tribal graveyard surrounding it. The approach to the shrine is marked by piles of stones and several stones can be seen in the trees. Above the Imam Zadeh which is set amongst some knarled looking plane trees are tall piles of stones. ~~And~~ [These] were described as being the Guardians of the Imam Zadeh and also to let people see where it is. [There were] masses of insects, particularly flies and dragon flies with that rather unpleasantly large beetle-like object that is audible as it zooms past.

This is Pel territory. Down at the river I saw some passing nomads who said they were gypsies. Apparently there is a group of gypsies permanently in the Bakhtiari hills. I met Jangi and saw his “Mal” travelling along the other side of the river. They look rather impressive all bunched together with the flocks slowly following behind.

Wednesday, 15th April

Weather is extremely hot and the earth is rather dried up. Stopped at a water hole for a rest but the flocks were watered quickly and pushed on. We¹ pushed on fast and went too far for the sheep and only Jangi came as far as we did, much to the disgust of Hajji, the old Gelleh tribesmen who is travelling with him, and advising on the choice of camp sites and so on. The rest of the Jangi's Mal have camped further away as the sheep can only cover a certain distance. Apparently Jangi will have to stay an extra day where we are to let his sheep recover. The heat is really terrible. We had a well about a mile from the camp site and we had to dig into the hillside to get at it. Jangi explained that the sheep can do about 4-6 farsakhs a day, about 14 kilometers, but progress depends entirely on the sort of country we have to travel over. It takes a whole day to pass a bad river, or to climb a mountain pass and so on. If we are passing along a valley then we travel further. If there is a lot of grazing then perhaps they only move a kilometer and stop again to let the sheep graze. Moreover the mules also have a maximum distance they can go. There was a deep water hole about half an hour's ride away so we decided to go swimming and have a wash. The tribesmen were good swimmers and larked around although not very interested in washing.

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and [they] thought on the whole that they could have done without it as later on [in] the migration they have ample swimming to indulge in. On the way to the pool we came across a graveyard without any Warriors tombs, i.e. no crudely carved stone lions.

The tribesmen knew the area well enough to tell us where the water hole was, where the springs were. They rarely camp right next to a spring and the women usually, or the servants if they have any, go and collect the water. The reason is that the best grazing is never round a well which is usually over grazed and of bad quality. The quality of grass varies very much apparently and it is quite an art in telling which grass makes the best grazing. There seems to be a difference in the best grass for sheep and that more suitable for mules. The lore involved in migrating successfully to the best advantage of the sheep must take a long time to learn, and as these migrations happen twice a year someone who constantly loses sheep and grazes on a poor grass must pay rather a heavy toll over the years.

Thursday, 16th April

¹ That is, Mary Gharagozlu's team.

Scorching hot day and very oppressive. The water supply is none too good and the well head is inundated with frogs. Had to shoot Mambo² today. None of the tribes would do it as apparently they will not kill a dog. I am not sure whether this is a Muslim prohibition or not, but Jangi said if they shot a dog they would not get to paradise. We cleared the area of tribesmen and then Jangi quietly offered to shoot the dog himself as long as no others could see him otherwise he would lose face. He himself is very attached to his own dogs and sees no point in allowing an animal to suffer uselessly. It was very good of him to offer but in fact we would not let him and I shot the dog. Not very nice. When we rode back over the hills, which were lightly covered in grass, we found the rest of Jangi's Mal had arrived. Dogs, sheep and goat bells, shouts and screams filled the air, and the camp fires made a very attractive sight in the dusk as the women made the evening meal. Not all of the group pitched their tents, making do with lean-toos. The sheep were brought close to the camp and a watch was set for them all night. During the night some wolves attacked the flocks and one animal was apparently carried. Much groaning and wailing the loss. The tents were pitched quite close to each other though Jangi's got pride of place. This is due to him having been here first and got first choice I think.

Friday, 17th April

There had been rain and a heavy wind during the night and when we woke up several more tents had been pitched and the tribes were not going to move. They said they had to go over rather a rough but not high pass and with rain and heavy wind they would not risk it. The area looks grassier after the rain. We³ decided to leave anyway against their judgement and we regretted it. At first the ride was pleasant over some very grassy slopes but the pass proved to be very bad going. Absolutely arid, no grass on it and terribly rocky. After the rain the downward slope was very difficult to negotiate because the very narrow path was slippery with mud washed down from the slope and a fearful wind has risen. We could do no more than pitch our camp not too far from the bottom of the slope. Stupid site as there was no water at all and very uncomfortable although very pretty with a few trees and bushes scattered around. Further up the valley were some sheep pens I think built about four feet high, circular with an open space for entry. I suppose they cover the entrance after the sheep are in with brushwood. Also the ruins of an old settlement, several broken down houses. I don't know whose tribal territory we are in at the moment.

² Mambo was Jangi's injured dog

³ That is, Mary Gharagozlu's team

There seems to have been a bad dust storm over Khuzistan because by lunch time we were enveloped in dust getting steadily worse and, to the tune of thunder and lightning, the tribal Mal arrived to everyone's surprise. They had had a very rough ride over the pass and tempers were a bit frayed ~~fraid~~.

No one pitched their tents in spite of the foulness of the weather. It is terribly, terribly hot and uncomfortable. We went over to Jomeh's tent site and drank some tea. The baby goats were tethered on a goat hair woven rope and the children were playing with them. The sheep went further up the valley with the men looking rather hopelessly for grass, and the women made *dough*⁴, cooked bread both for the following day and made the evening meal consisting mainly of rice and herbs with cheese and *dough*. Very picturesque in the firelight with the women shaking the goatskin on a crude tripod tied together with designed strips of goat hair. Towards evening the animals moved in on us and the newly born, which happens every day just now, are taken into the campsite itself. The sheep are next and the outer rim is formed by the mules who are tethered here. To begin with, on unloading them, they are set free to graze at will but as night falls they are brought to the camp in case of thieves. We are approaching Mowri territory and they are noted thieves so the Mal members are already very much on their guard.

Saturday, 18th April

Woken before dawn proper by the moving of the sheep. They start off first as they travel much slower of course. The weather has not improved one bit but as there is no grass here the group has no choice [but] to move on. Had sheep eye ball for breakfast. Ugh. The ride today was extremely spectacular. We rode in the middle of the flocks in fact and accompanied Jangi's family, slowly riding through the dust up a quite fantastic ravine called Tang. Most fascinating. From ahead came the sounds of the flocks being serenaded by a young ragged shepherd boy with his pipe. The loaded donkeys piled high with goods and people, some of the women clutching children with them, or baby goats being carried or tied by the legs, standing upright on the back of a loaded mule. The sounds of the people shooting comments to each other, laughing and shouting, mingled with the clanging of our stirrups against the boulders as we

⁴ Yoghurt drink, from which butter is made

wound our way slowly up and up, along a path winding its way between gigantic boulders and trees growing in the most improbable places at the most unlikely angles. We could not see the top of the ravine sides for the dust. What we did see looked fairly well wooded for some reason. The path was well marked and cleared of stones too awkward to manoeuvre. Up over the ravine we stopped and had some meat to eat before pushing down the mountain side to a small river. They [sheep] were urged into the water showing more than a little dislike for the idea but once in the water behaved with some decorum. The shepherd stayed downstream and would rush forward to catch an erring sheep and push them out at the allotted spot. The climb out of the water was none too nice. On the banks of the river were many trees and we stopped and had some lunch as we watched the whole group cross their sheep and mules. The camp site was some distance from the river and proved to be in a long grassy valley which showed many signs of having once maintained a settled population. There was a very large graveyard with several stone lions and the ruins of an old *qanat*⁵ close by. There was what looked like a large tepe there as well. The camp site was a bit more scattered and again no one pitched their tents. The sheep were taken off up the hill to graze and the routine of meal, *dough* and bread cooking began again.

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Although they do not pitch their tents they unload everything and stack it neatly precisely as if they would pitch the tent over it. They sleep amongst their bedrolls of course on the rugs and carpets. It takes about an hour to pitch camp, and sometimes even longer to load up. If the pack animals have not been caught the night before, and they only do this if they are frightened of theft, the first activity in the morning is catching the wretched mules which can take ages.

Sunday, 19th April

We are really getting into the swing of the migration now and this can be seen in the faster way they break camp. The going today was quieter than yesterday's gorge but in some ways was just as rough under foot. Up hill all the way. We have caught up with many tribal groups whom we passed on the way. We did not seem to be going any quicker than them and for no real reason except that the site we were going to had to be carefully chosen. Apparently if we did not get a good site we would have to continue up a valley that would have to be retraced and

⁵ Underground irrigation canal

the following day would be chaos. More of this later. I have some difficulty riding Jangi's mare which has no bit and a woven goat hair bridle. Hajji's advice prevailed after a long and violent argument as to where we ought to pitch camp. Since there were a lot of thieves around, the setting of the site was chosen so that the horizon on the three sides was visible and any figures in the night would be readily apparent. The steep-sided defile was heavily grassed with two enormous oak trees further up the hill. We camped on the one unguarded side of the defile! There were some stone walls built up as well on this site. Two of the families pitched their tents.

Today I met two members of the Orpanoi section of the Babadi. There are about 1000 homes and [they] are descended from an immigrant from Luristan 5 generations back. They are the sub-tribe group who can all read and write. Once a young fellow has learned to read and write proficiently he is assigned several families to teach. We came across another member of this tribe earlier on and he was acting as scribe to several chiefs as far as I could make out.

Jangi and I climbed to the top of the plug overlooking the defile we were camped in and we could see the whole valley up ahead. There were numerous encampments of tribes all of whom were Babadi. We were at the head of the Osiwands travelling directly behind the Babadi group. The area itself is permanently inhabited by the "Zandiqi" section the Beidarwand. Noted as thieves. Goult has no mention of this sub-tribe at all! At the head of the valley we saw an Imam Zadeh with the usual fluted conical white roof. I discussed a few tribal matters with Jangi who tends to be rather scornful of the nomadic way of life. "Look at those tents. They are fools. Their father's father's father's father spent his life hopping from one mountain top to the other and they are doing just the same as their sons will." He enjoyed the life in Lali and enjoyed the drama of the migration a good deal but life in the Yailaq for the Osiwands was not so good. They had no lands and were pushed around from site to site which made life uncomfortable and fights happened every few days. The Bakhtiari could only improve with the building of more towns he went on.

The top of the plug was heavily wooded with some undergrowth and signs of recent wild boar. We had rice and herbs with mast, bread, *dough* and tea for supper.

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Monday, 20th April

Today has been the best yet. We crossed the first of the big mountain passes. The Munar pass. We arose just before dawn, had a quick breakfast of tea, bread and *dough* and started to pack

up very quickly. Now I realise why we did not go further up the valley yesterday. We would have spent an extra hour coming back down and then on to the pass. We will be vying for positions anyway and two of the groups left long before the camp was struck and have gone off and over the pass as quickly as possible to try and ensure good grazing ground for the sheep. Unfortunately my horse ran off up the valley and myself and Nasir, Marianne's jelodar⁶ spent an hour and a half chasing the wretched animal. It fled right up the valley. Slowly we converged on it throwing stones to try and change the directions of its flight. Nasir eventually caught it by coming slowly, slowly up to it as it stood still for a short time, murmuring quiet little words to soothe it. On the way back down he had to try and pass the other Babadi groups all pushing their way to the Munar pass. Hundreds of tribesmen are on the move here. There is a tremendous feeling of drama today as Nasir and I pushed our way past the loaded mules. We came across many small oxen loaded fantastically high and getting very short shrift indeed when they collapsed under the weight, as they often did, when they would be attacked by boulders and hard whacks with stout canes across the rump, accompanied by a great deal of violent high pitched screaming. Most of the women were on foot, dressed in the usual thin cotton shift, many had bare feet. Underfoot the going was very rough and rocky and the path was very narrow in places so one's legs were always in danger of being badly crushed or scraped on the boulders round which we endlessly wound. This is the baby migration with baby donkeys scampering, kids tied on to the back of the donkeys or being carried by a young child strapped on to the loads themselves. Pups, badly treated on the whole are too young to walk and are tied on as well. Gnarled old women with lined faces and rheumatoid hands scrambled slowly and painfully up the slopes groaning with age, their streaked dead-looking hair hanging bedraggled under their dirty caps. Young women with cradles strapped to their backs and babies round their waists tiredly crawled along. Everyone shouting and yelling as they urged the animals on and on. It was very hot and dusty and the smells of the animals grew stronger. Tremendously interesting sight as eventually we came to the approaches of Munar. The path narrowed until we were going single file only. The sheep could be seen further up the mountain and by the time we got on to the pass itself most of the sheep had been left behind or had already crossed. There are all sorts of tribes here, mostly Babadi sub-sections and Duraki Taifehs. Hundreds of the tribesmen nose to tail lined the route all along the side of the mountain.

The path lies two thirds of the way up the mountain side which is about three kilometres long. On one side of the path, which in some places is only five or six feet wide, is the cliff

face, very sheer, on the other is a drop of several thousands of feet, sheer in places, more gradually sloping in others. The sides of the slopes are wooded quite sparsely. Along the edge of the trail which was very fierce underfoot were places of ill-luck; trees festooned with coloured rags, with twigs stuck into the branches or little piles of stones, all to the same purpose. To avert disaster. They could not be the usual places of good luck where people come to lay petitions. Obviously in this case the function was to stop animals or people falling over the cliff face, something which was imminently happening at several points. The pass was so narrow that riding was out of the question and the babies tied to the back of donkeys had to be carried.

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We clambered under long cool overhangs of rock along a path worn smooth after generations of crossing. It took about three quarters of an hour to cross the path itself. At one point I came across a young woman sitting at the side of the path, holding a baby breast feeding. She seemed to be imploring the passing tribesmen for a blessing or she was bestowing a blessing on them. Anyway she was kissed and her forehead touched by the women as they passed. The men just grinned at me when I asked for an explanation. The older women are dressed in black or very dull colours but the young girls are gaily in bright shifts and floral skirts with bright caps carefully embroidered with coloured beads. Their lace-like Maina or veil flowing out behind them. These young girls were often in charge of the pack animals and there was a big hold up at one stage when the group of young girls lost control of the animals. The adults got mad with them for being irresponsible which made the girls roar with merry laughter. Eventually after much screaming and urging we managed to continue and over at last on to the other side. This was heavily wooded with oak and not so fierce although it was still impossible to ride down into the succeeding valley. The tribes streamed over the top and down the slope into the valley. Many many colourful dresses and much merriment that they had got across alright. The packs for the donkeys are very attractive indeed being patterned like *gulims* in part and the corners woven like carpets. Deep velvet rusts are popular. At the foot of the slopes we watered the horses close to a ruined building and on up the valley searching for our camp site. However we were stopped by some Babadis and stayed for lunch. Each defile in the valley houses a different section. The Osiwands stay close to each other. No one erected their tents and used instead cane screens. The valley was crowded with camps all making lunch. Today has been an eight hour haul and everyone is very hungry.

We sat and had lunch on the carpets of the Babadi. They were very hospitable. First we had the ritual of tea of which masses of little glass-fuls were drunk. Tea is presented in order of seniority or [to the] more prestigious, with us getting first as we were guests. The hierarchy of power can be seen in order of seating and tea serving. They killed a sheep for us which is very rare on the migration. The bleating sheep was brought to us and its throat cut expertly by one of the people who are used for this job. They are skilled and only a few people can do it well. The blood was simply allowed to flow and was not used. The head was removed and the skin removed carefully cutting up the belly and working the skin off. The legs were then removed and the insides cleaned out. The liver and the kidneys were Kebabed first, followed by well salted ribs. These are the favourite parts and much sought after. A modicum of respect was kept but it tended to be first come first served for the liver amongst the top people present. Bread and *dough* were brought over from one of the neighbouring tents.

In the afternoon we rode up into the next valley to meet some Mowri leaders. It was quite an experience. They were incredibly ugly and evil looking men and we were forced to eat another perfectly foul and filthy meal. They all sat round puffing on stone pipes glowering at us. Many had the top of their foreheads shaved. They seemed to [be] very poor and dirty and Marianne treated some of the women. They had a dilapidated tent for cooking set away from the reception rugs. However they were hospitable and accompanied us on horseback for part of the way back. I would have liked to get some information from them but the situation was such that I remained quiet and just looked in absolute astonishment at them. It has been suggested that they are of Lurish stock which amongst the Bakhtiari is really an insult.

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The Osiwands who were with us found them amusing and cheerfully insulted them as we rode back calling them thieves and rabble rousers. The meal of boiled mutton was greasy and revolting though they had the usual long filthy tablecloth arrayed with masses of rice and plates of steamed meat. During the night Jangi went back to Munar to look for his dog which had disappeared on the crossing. His family are furious with his stupid behaviour and were fearful that he would be murdered or caught by a bear which abound here. However he returned safely shortly before dawn and cheerfully declared he had tried to see the lights of Lali which are visible from the top of Munar apparently. He did not find his dog. Hajji kept muttering about irresponsible men who ought to know better.

Tuesday, 21st April

Shimbar our next stopping point is not far away and we left at a less hectic pace. There was no frantic rush to load up animals, which is much more comfortable. As usual the sheep went off first with the shepherd halooing cheerfully. We came across some cultivation of vegetables, and some poppies. I had a bad bout of dysentery coming down a very rocky slope approaching the entrance to Shimbar. The entrance is quite lovely, huge trees of a sort I did not know, along a gorge with upper slopes crowded with grazing sheep and goats. There was a small graveyard with one carved stone lion. The gentle gorge was overgrown with wild trees, wild roses, wild grapes and thickish undergrowth. We stopped for a break at an exquisite site at the foot of two gigantic oak trees growing by the side of a rock well and pool. Water, lovely tasting, and plenty of white fish abound. The pool dries up in the summer but just now the water is deep and watercress everywhere. However some trouble has been brewing in Shimbar itself and Marianne went along to the camp site to stitch up the face of a young Turkish shepherd whose mouth was smashed by a Bakhtiari with a stone. Turkish shepherds have been allowed to come as far north as Shimbar to graze their sheep. I cannot understand why more fights hadn't broken out. The weather changed and became very windy with lots of dust. Hormuz and family came riding along with his many donkeys and sheep. The camp site was another hour's ride into the valley proper and across a river of no real proportions at all.

Shimbar is an enormous very fertile valley, very green with grass just now, although sheep have been grazing there for about a month already. There are Babadi tents further up the valley. I don't know why we chose the site we did. It may have been traditional though I doubt it. The valley is not crowded at all but there are signs of permanent habitation on the slopes of the opposite side. Some ruined houses are there, and on the valley floor over the other side we can see what looks like walled off patches of cultivation. Had some fish for supper and, after arranging the medicine chest for tomorrow's patients, retired early, exhausted.

Wednesday, 22nd April

Clinic activities kept us busy all morning. We had many patients including lots of women. The women were heavily tattooed or stained on the back of the hands, wrists, both inside and out, between the eyes, spots on the chin and occasionally cheeks, on the outside of the eyes, with designs on the forehead. The breasts are also dotted by these blue pigments. I don't know whether a different combination of designs, or designs and dots signifies any particular group but there is enough variety in the groups and similarity as well to make one think there might be. More information is needed as per usual. The women had some nasty looking skin

complaints as well as the usual pregnancy problems. Again I saw male patients with the top of their foreheads shaved.

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We were invited up the valley for lunch at Baba Ahmadi tents. At least I am pretty sure they belonged to this sub-tribe of a Taifeh of the Duraki. The guests were mixed Taifehs.

They had erected a special reception tent set on the brow of the hill overlooking the entire valley. Delightful. We had tea to begin with and then a really excellent lunch. Rice cooked in *dough* and covered in *ghee*⁷. A stew of mutton, dates, figs and herbs. The meal was served by the men. The women never appear and their cooking tent was set about 100 yards from the reception tent. We talked and talked endlessly and I spent some time looking over the valley. On the east side the steep slopes were heavily wooded with oak; the North by 2 enormous snow capped mountains; the West by a range of stratified rocky mountains again heavily wooded; South comprised a narrow winding valley very lush and thick with undergrowth. On the S-W side there was a well-built Imam Zadeh high on the slopes and scattered buildings made of stone and quite a settlement of them on the lower east slopes.

After the meal an unfortunate incident occurred when one of the other guests casually on purpose mentioned that not far away in the next valley the man who had murdered Jangi's father was living. Jangi changed at once. As a point of honour he must kill this man if he ever comes in contact with him and a great deal of activity along these lines has already taken place. It later turned out that the man had a gang of about 40 people, all heavily armed with a few women living well protected in a few tents. They were living off the passing tribes by stealing their animals. If Jangi had made any attempt to catch the man he would undoubtedly have been murdered. The murderer is a Babadi and has collected a group of murderers and malcontents around him. However his family were caught by the gendarmes three weeks previously and he was under a great deal of pressure to give himself up. His sheep had been taken, his tent, his wife and young son had been badly beaten by the gendarmes.

In the afternoon we went boar hunting without much success and in the evening made our way through the dark across the valley to the tent of a Babadi family for supper. We sat out in the open on rugs huddled round a blazing log fire and of course did not eat until very very late. The whole valley is dotted with tribal camps and they look eery in the moonlight. Everyone

⁷ Oil made from butter

was asleep, 4 or 5 tents surrounded by the sheep and goats and we woke them up with the barking of the dogs as they came rushing out to investigate. Reassuring shouts ensued that we were not thieves. The evening passed pleasantly enough.

Thursday, 23rd April

Busy morning in the clinic. What a side to their characters one sees in such a situation. Desperate to get something for nothing and whining pitifully. We had one tremendously brave boy whose leg had been nearly removed by a dog and he allowed Marianne to clean it and bandage without a word of complaint. We had lunch with Hormuz, Jangi's *Pesar Amoo*⁸. In the afternoon Jangi and I went to wash ourselves and I asked him about why we had to move on since there was plenty of grass. He gave several reasons such as it was warm and they had to get to the Yailaq quickly, and that the tribes were coming behind and they would have to push on to avoid trouble. They had had their time and they had to go.

I went over to Jangi's place for the evening and we entertained a son of the Prophet who appeared coming striding over the hill. Terrible ragged, [??] He produced a rounded shell-like stone in a cloth package and gave it to Jangi, who kissed it heartily and pressed it to his forehead twice and then handed it to Hajji who did likewise. He was then given some flour and in turn he tapped us all on the right shoulder with his stick and left to repeat the performance at the other tents. The stone was a holy one from an Imam Zadeh. Jangi of course complied with gusto for my benefit.

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After some Kebab for supper and a talk with Hajji who was the only person I ever saw praying, I went back to Marianne and found her stitching up another boy's face. She was at it for hours.

[From here on the text is transcribed from David's handwritten diary]

Thursday, 23rd April

The tents made a lovely picture as the sun set over the mountains. Mary and Haideri arrived and we drank more tea and Jangi prepared Kebab. Marry and I went [?] over the hill to our own tents and found Marianne in the midst of an operation – a young boy had split his forehead horribly.

⁸ Father's brother's son

Went back with vodka for the Kebab and I left for dinner and found Marianne still in the midst of stitching the boy. She had been at it all day long. She did a beautiful job, in spite of the fact that she didn't have all the aesthetic she needed. The spray stiffened the thread and she had a job getting it through [the skin].

Mary had had a bit of an adventure, the [?] had collected a band of 40 bandits and was living by raiding the tribes. He was following the usual Babadi road, which splits tomorrow before we reach Chelow. Went to bed exhausted but we don't need to get up so early tomorrow as we want to hold Jangi back, out of this man's way.

Friday, 24th April

Slept till 07.30, very late. The usual paddy getting ready to move, particularly with Takhti⁹ who travels, squealing in a little bag on a mule, in the midst of the packs. Had bread, dates, walnuts and *mast* [yoghurt] for breakfast.

Apparently Chelow isn't too far. It's going to be a scorcher of a day. We rode on over the slopes of [?], passing some beautiful wild poppies, making for the mountains. We followed a progressively bad rocky path, up and up into the mountains. Passed a herd of camels, belonging to the Minister of Agriculture, scenery was gorgeous. On the left, rocks and on the right, rising mountain. We slowly climbed up and up through the rocks - was very rough going lurching around on the horses. Bahman at one particularly spectacular part got kicked by Mary's horse. We were with the tribes the whole way. The women on much chattering to the passing men. The whistling and shouting of the shepherds, the smells and [?] of the loaded cows and mules. The banging of packs against rocks, the clanging of stirrups, the grunting of the goats and sheep. Very colourful – the continuing greetings to each other.

The sun was blazing hot in a cloudless sky. We finally reached the top after 2 hours, faced with a lovely view of the road we had come and a spectacular view of the broad green valley of Chellow. Not so lush and grown over with the variety of trees that Shimbar had, but more rolling and rocky. The mountain ranges on either side slid down gently into the valley, slopes covered heavily in magnificent though dry oak trees. We took 2 hours leisurely ride down and down, through the [?] down to the valley. The grass here though is not very good for sheep. Jangi put up his black tent to give us some shade from the heat. His tent was pitched close to ours. Marianne's resolution to take a day off was scotched. Today's site gives a singular lack of privacy, there are many tribesmen around. Chellow belongs to a section of the

⁹ Takhti is Marianne's puppy

Beidarwandi – cultivate some good unirrigated wheat. There is little grass and tomorrow we must pass on.

Late in the afternoon Mary, Jangi, Jomeh and I went back up the valley to an Imam Zadeh high on the hill side. The approach was marked by the usual piles of stones.

The people who look after the Imam Zadeh, are about 10 families of Beidarwandi. They are extremely poor people and live here permanently in stone hovels. They now have to live on corn bread only since their guns have been taken away.

Twenty thousand Turkish sheep have grazed Shimbar and Chelow and have almost finished the grass. There will be little in the autumn, though more grass will grow in the summer, Jangi said.

The Bakhtiari have really had bad luck with locusts, drought and now Turkish sheep. Also the dreadful dust storm [?] came as far as the first gorge, will mean no crops, between Lali and there.

The Imam Zadehs are revered more than anything by the Bakhtiari Jangi says – not really good Muslims!!

We had Kebab sitting outside it. Marianne said later that the people she treated that day were fearfully under-nourished looking. We were so delayed by the people at the Imam Zadeh that it was almost dark by the time we left.

My saddle and I fell off the horse!! I got a hell of a fright and a bad bang on the leg. We were winding our way between boulders and trees, going downhill when I started to rock from side to side and the saddle seemed loose. I found myself suddenly sitting on the horses neck, which promptly lowered and I pitched right forward with a thump. It was really quiet funny, though I have hurt my leg. Soon it was completely night – a beautiful moonlit night – moon is almost full now. The hour's ride was simply superb. We could see dozens of campfires flickering all over the hills and floor of the valley. The sounds of the herds and the nomads wafted over to us, and we heard a shepherd playing his flute, delightful.

We sat round the fire drinking tea and then had spaghetti – a change from rice and went reasonably early to bed. The tribes go to bed very early as they get up at 4.30 – 5.00.

Saturday, 25th April

Woke sleepily at 5.50 to find that the tribal group we were with was already up and very much on their way. The sheep were gone and the mules partially packed. We [?] the tent, had breakfast and left at 7.30. It was already fearfully hot.

We rode at a fairly steady pace as today's ride is to be a fairly long one. In fact we didn't stop till 2.00. Today has been stupendously exhilarating. The scenery is now unbelievably beautiful. Magnificent, magnificent mountains. We rode out and up the valley – up and up and up, through wooded slopes, over and between boulders – using a non-existing path. One of the women of our camp has an umbrella – which looks delightfully incongruous. Marianne is not too well. Has diarrhoea and a bad cold. In this heat!! Blazing sun as we ride up and on.

We had to walk the top part of the slopes and then we were faced with a breath-taking view. Mountains – snow-capped in the distance – and several ranges in between. We were at the top of a sheer, craggy drop of hundreds of feet. Magnificent! Overhead two beautiful eagles swooped and hovered. However, as there was no grass (there usually is?) we had to press on down to the (?), through more (?) mountains sides, through oak trees and thorns, boulders and stones. We had to go down and down and down into the valley on the left. Unbelievable mountains. Sheer, sloping, wooded.

This is Mowri territory and they have built very long “dry stone walls” – behind which they grow wheat. These walls stretched for miles. We found a waterfall and had lunch besides a (?) river. Our camp site was $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour further on. Some of the families refused to move and so we are further on than they.

There is still no grass but the sheep cannot continue. Tomorrow we will go to the foot of what is apparently a bad pass – (?) I didn't know.

In the afternoon we washed our clothes leisurely and then had excellent curry for dinner (?) the lovely (?). It is a beautiful night indeed. I went out for a cup of tea in the moonlight. The mountainous setting is really impressive in the moonlight.

Sunday, 26th April

Early rise again. 6.00. Going to be blazing hot again. Mary, Marianne and I left early and rode to an attractive waterfall. We stayed there much too long and the tribal group passed us and we didn't catch up at all. The day was exhausting – 7.5 hours riding and walking in blazing scorching sun. We took 2 hours to get up the mountain pass – the Hazar Chamal – A Thousand Hazards. It is also known as the pass of vultures and thieves. The reason became very obvious. It was a fearsome climb. I did about the first quarter on horseback and then we had to get off. I was stupid not to take more photos, but it was very difficult to get perspective. The path was almost non-existent, up and up, winding along precipices, sheer drops – jagged rocks, stones, boulders and trees. Parts of the path were so slippery that the horses and mules had to be led nose

and tail. Several slipped and fell, but we lost none. A mule and a cow came to grief and the [?] vultures swooped and fought the dogs for the carcasses. We climbed and climbed – ahead we could see Jangi at the top ushering his sheep across the top – this is where the thieves hang out. The tribes people shouting, pushing and pulling their animals over the slippery and dangerous paths. At last, feeling very hot and weary, after being held up, waiting as the group ahead of us coped with their animals, we reached the top. We mounted and rode over the [?] top and were faced with the most magnificent view yet. In the distance, the snow-capped Zardeh Kuh range; in front of us a sweeping wooded dry valley, on either side jagged mountain slopes, and in front in the distance, a green wooded plateau. Spectacularly beautiful we rode down the steep slopes feeling exhilarated. We could feel the height, although fearsomely hot, the air was cool.

There had been signs of a fair amount of cultivation on the other side. There were signs here of extensive Mowri and primitive settlement. On and on we rode with an unbelievable view stretching on either side and colours – particularly blue – were lovely.

We passed Jangi looking after his sheep. He was tired – had walked all the way in the heat!!

The mountains really are fabulous. Flowers, red and white bushes, lovely trees – we came across camels – Turkish speaking tribes again. We had tea at their tents. Their animals are sick. Like all the goats and sheep here. Some of sort of lung disease. We rode on through the valley and up, up again this time coming on to a rocky thorny plateau. Still no sign of grass. An hour more and we started to climb the hills to the chosen campsite. We are now in Bazuft area. In the distance we can see massive snow capped peaks – the Charri pass is somewhere there.

The animals are dead[?] and starving. Still no grass suitable for the horses. Marianne and I climbed one of the steep rocky hills. I was scared stiff but the view from the top was really worth it. Spend the rest of the evening at Jangi's tent and had our meal there. It got bitterly cold and we went to bed fairly early.

Monday, 27th April

Up at 5.30. Another cloudless and hot day. Many more [?], ears and the back of my hands are badly burned– first degree burns on my hands. Today we aren't moving far. I moved over to Jangi's to help him load and Marianne went off with Takhti. Took a while to load and Jangi wouldn't really let me help.

Between chasing the mules, catching them, loading the bags so as to have an equal weight on each side, tying them securely, shouting at everyone, kicking recalcitrant mules, we

had a fine time packing. Eventually everything was complete and we set off – 12 mules, two mares, 5 foals, 3 dogs and 5 people. Jangi insisted I ride his mare. We set off high over the hills. The mare slipped badly twice climbing out of a stream we had to cross. We rode for an hour and then caught up with the camp. Had an argument as to where the grass was. Helped unload and pitch the tent. Marianne was exhausted and not terribly well “down below”. She went to bed and stayed there the whole day, not even eating.

I went off hunting with Jomeh, over the lower slopes. We have reached the first of the settled areas. Rudimentary buildings, surrounded by fields of wheat. On the way back we stopped at Hormuz’s mother-in-law and had new hot bread and butter. The usual “Salam” and “Befarmoid’s” took place. That evening we sat with Jangi in his tent and ate there as well. Our tents were surrounded by the other camps. The usual sounds of bells, deep over on the large castrated goats[?], the lighter toned bells on sheep and other goats. Had rice again – damned bloody rice. Talked with Mary and Jangi about the way of life of the Bakhtiari. Their knowledge of the mountains etc. Wove through the dogs to get back to camp and bed. Chased the goats away from chewing the tent.

Tuesday, 28th April

Mary and group left early. We are in fact going to cross the Bazuft today. Last year the river was fearsome and many women, children and enormous number of animals were lost in the torrents. The normal procedure is for the tribes to move to the river, stay the night and cross very early in the morning when the waters are still low. Anxiety today as the snow this year has been so bad. We took about 1.5 to 2 hours. Jangi and Hormuz were last to leave and caught up with us, when Marianne was treating a gashed head. It was another hot day and we rode very slowly, joining a group we hadn’t seen before – Ahmad Mahmudi. We rode down a wooded gorge, [?] a torrent. Lovely country. The snow-capped mountains up high, jagged slopes and then rolling fields of wheat. The stream was being used for irrigation purposes – with at least one watermill that we found. The water is diverted into a separate channel and then dropped into the mill.

The group we travelled with were most curious. The girls were walking with the pups and dogs, beside the mules – the sheep were only just ahead. We speeded up, down the torrent and had fun crossing it – getting splashed.

Jangi and Hormuz caught up with us 20 minutes from the river which we still couldn’t see.

We came down into a large plain and excitement mounted. They must have known that the waters were not too bad, otherwise they wouldn't have contemplated crossing. We moved faster and faster – still couldn't see anything – soon we were galloping, the mules bouncing along – everyone was quiet – suddenly the river came in sight. It looked very broad to me – but not the rushing torrent that had been reported. The banks of the river were crowded with family groups. Mules and herds of sheep and goats and camels. There were groups already crossed. We went down a steep slope and milled amongst the crowds. Jangi and his family and mules plunged straight across – moving with the current about 20 to 30 yards further down. The packs got slightly damp. It was extremely [?], Marianne and I crossed – getting damp but without incident. Jomeh and the Mowri crook – the local merchant, escorted us – though there were no incidents. The camels crossed and recrossed, taking the goats in bags. Turks again. The loaded cows got damp of course. It was an exhilarating sight – all the people and herds. We rode off and joined the Osiwand's campsite. Mary and I went back to watch the crossing of the goats and sheep. They lost 5 sheep and 2 goats. Hajji was beside himself – looked like Moses – no hat or shoes or coat – dressed in short pants and shirt – beard and hair flapping in the breeze – shouting and screaming. Lots of people helped. The animals were put in and were whipped about 50 yards down the river to the other side. At least six people were in the water catching the stray animals swept out into the current. The sheep baa all the time. The drowned ones had their heads cut off at once. The bawling of the animals, the bleating of the sheep and goats, the shouting and screaming of the people – the rushing of the river – the sounds of the others in the distance. The men have to make many trips in the very cold water.

Made a makeshift lunch in Jangi's tent – for our personal use only. We went for a walk in the afternoon – warm [?] again. Marianne and I are on very bad terms again. We spent the evening after [doing] the medicines - in Jangi's tent and made an excellent meal of spaghetti and improvised sauce. Late at night I walked into Jangi's camp, helped myself to water and got out again without disturbing either the dogs or family. Jangi was furious!! Makmal was with us. I have broken his [?] – at Shimbar!!

Wednesday, 29th April

A great disappointment. We got up late, about 8.30, and found the tribe had moved. Jangi was still around but almost completely packed up. We had expected to stay here for 3-4 days, but again there is no grass. Jangi rode over to ask if I wanted to come with him, but I couldn't, although I very much wanted to.

Bazuft is a settled area – two main settlements, one at the river, which has been there longer than inhabitants can remember and another further up in a valley, which has been there about 30 years. About 25 families in each. The leader of the group is the very fat crook who helped me out of the river. Everyone owes him money – he is the only merchant – gets supplies from Shahr Kurd and Isfahan. We asked how many animals are lost – about 25 a day, for 40 days on a year like this. Mary wants to build a bridge. Further down the river there is evidence of an old bridge now in ruins.

We had lunch up in the valley. The house construction is very poor. Just stones build up – long and low with tree trunks for beams and lintels. [picture]. Mud brick in the wealthy man's house. The front of the house was like a veranda – with a fire place at either end. Their fields of wheat - with little irrigation ditches, were fenced off with stones and branches. The roofs of the houses were supported by thin tree trunks, above which was woven straw thin branches, earth and gravel. Stalls for horses and cow shed.

The lunch was excellent and after it Mary, Mahmud, Jomeh and Bahman set off for upper Bazuft, to visit the Mowri Kalantar.

We had a long hard 2 hours ride, along the Bazuft. Lovely country – passed Zardeh Kuh. Signs of extensive settlement. Lots of wheat but soil is easily eroded and not much water. Many of these houses very poorly build and some of them not occupied. Saw a cave that was inhabited at the moment. We arrived in the valley Dishmad[?] Villages further up towards Zhehel[?] – a five hours ride away. Two main settlements about 1 km separate – intermarry. Stopped at first one for tea. Women very [?] and house fairly well constructed. [?] host complained of dreadful snow – 3 or 4 months and 2.5 meters. Lack of water, sheep disease. Had let the Turks in, and also endemic measles and whooping cough – what sounded like a typhoid fever.

This household moved 200 yards away in the summer, where they had constructed a “house” under poplar trees that had been planted. They carved beam supports in the [?]. They had been here for almost 10 years.

The Kalantar's house was most impressive. Built 53 years ago and inhabited on and off by the builder's son about 10 years ago.

The present Kalantar is quite powerful. 3 wives, 9 sons and several daughters. Married a Zarraswand women. The Zarraswand were the favourite of the Khans and they married off a lot of their daughters to their Zarraswand. (The story of Bibi of Chehar Lang after and during First World War.)

The house was originally mudbrick, then they made a kiln and added rooms of brick. Now a large courtyard, enclosed by a stone [?] corridor. We were very well fed. The Kalantar of Chelow was there – a [?]) rat – slick and unpleasant. Mary gave him hell for letting the Turks in.

The son Mary liked was up in the mountains with the animals – summer quarters. They also move half way, where they have a rudimentary house. So although settled, they still move – vertical nomads. The women were very bejewelled – coins all along bottom of dress, heavy necklaces and head beads. Colourful – but fearfully curious. Mary was followed to the toilet. We went to bed fairly early.

Thursday, 30th April

Up early, distributed medicines and had breakfast. I smashed my front tooth on a bullet in the partridge we had for breakfast. Excellent *mast* and *dough*. The weather rainy, cloudy and colder. Road on the way back was [?] – [?] group of Mowris. About half an hour from the Mowri houses in the valley near Bazuft, it started to lash with rain. We galloped the whole way and got thoroughly soaked. We dried off and had stew and excellent bread for lunch and then left in the rain. It took us 2 fearfully wet and uncomfortable hours to get to the camp. Worried in case Jangi had moved up the Charri as it will be snowing there. Along the ravine of the Bazuft. Lovely country – very green and fresh in the rain. Reached camp, drenched unbelievably, and very uncomfortable.

Went to bed early after a mash of rice and potatoes and bread. Jangi is here. Delighted to have caught up with him.

Friday, 1st May

Very windy, but clear day. Zadeh Kuh covered in snow. Very cold. Was some slushy snow during the night. Did very little all day. We cleaned up the tent and then I wrote notes. Jangi and Hormuz came over for lunch and we talked about going over the Charri the next day. There is an epidemic of what looks very like Typhoid with one of the fevers. Marianne treated them with what she had left. After lunch we went down to the river and washed some clothes beside a flour mill. Spent a most [?] day. Towards the evening I began to feel rather unwell and sure enough, some sort of dysentery, and I was up all night – cramps. Agony getting out of the tent which was all pinned up, toilet in public!

Saturday, 2nd May

Agonies again. Today we went round the Charri pass. Lovely slow ride. The Charri is about 11,000 feet high, the view as we climbed the approaching slopes was [?]. The Bazuft, which is a beautiful green colour, - the gorgeous, wooded slopes and the snow-capped range of hills glistening in the broiling[?] sun. I began to feel the altitude. The pass itself was a long slow easy ride. It got very cold toward the top. There was a little snow this year on the approach side but once across and facing the Gandali summer area we had to cross quite a bit of snow.

Jangi had left terribly late and was hours behind. I was a bit forward at [? ?] . While going up Mary was discussing the possibility of a co-operative to set up and supply to caravanserai stores on the way, as the tribes lose the opportunity to graze their sheep longer, as they run out of supplies. [? ?] about a hundred pounds each and as they are limiting factor. We were also discussing question of settlement. From now on we shall see settlements all the way. The upper slopes of the Charri (Isfahan side) are the start of the Gandali area. A lot of tents, which looked relatively permanent are around. I waited at the top to take photos of a group close behind us. I had fun slithering around the snow. We camped way down in the valley – 5 hours ride. Part of Jangi’s group arrived but no sign of Jangi. [???

Eventually Jangi arrived at 6 pm with Hormuz. We spent the rest of the evening in his tent. The tent was well pitched. Stones on one side, loads at the back, goats tight on the other side in two rows, and the cane windshield in the front.

Marianne went over to Jomeh’s tent and I watched the *dough* making. As it was so cold, they shoot it over a flame. Had wild mushroom, wild spring onions and wild celery as part of our meal. I decided to travel the rest of the way with Jangi, otherwise I might not get the chance again. From the Charri on, Jomeh says that they will take anything up to 10 days. They travel in very short stretches. Jangi, is [?] and I will go with him until he is settled and has his sheep sheared. The night got really freezing cold.

Sunday, 3rd May

Today we are only travelling a short distance. We didn’t leave till after an early lunch. I went over to help Jangi load and tie up his wild mules. I left alone with him and Mary’s group caught up later. We moved only for an hour. On arrival the mules are unloaded and the colourful packs are stacked row on row on top of a prepared length of stones. The women go off for water, set up the tripod for *dough* and get food ready. The men pitch the tents, cut and dig up roots and wood and then attend to the sheep. Marianne and I had an excellent time at Jangi’s alone. Had a date sweet liquid and “seylang” – lovely with butter.

Spent a restful day – cut off my moustache and beard, after teasing from Mary and Marianne. At night we were all frozen, had an under-cooked meal and played games in the big tent. Mary is going off first and alone tomorrow, Haideri and the rest will follow as fast as they can, and I will come on alone with the tribe. We both froze to death during the night. It was fearfully cold, and the sheep woke us up about 3 am. I don't want to leave Marianne on her own for long. It's only till Friday, when Mary intends coming to meet Jangi at the river to find out where he will settle.

Monday, 4th May

Woke up at 6 – frozen solid! What a cold night. Saw the others off and went over to Jangi's. I saddled my horse successfully and we loaded the mules. He has 9 mules, a baby mule, and mare and 3 servants, his mother and young sister. His mother only speaks Luri. The packs and straps are beautifully coloured and designed. The straps are of goat hair and seem mostly to be white and black designed in squares, triangles and rectangles. Also woven into a pleated [plaited] rope - used for halters, tying the tripod together.

Pots and pans [picture], goat skins for water, stomach[?]for holding *dough* – all [?]the milk.

Anyway we set off and had a 2 hours' ride. I have got these cramps and dysentery again! We rode on quietly through Doab – beautiful valley that is mostly settled and partly cultivated. The houses are very primitive and open. Probably not settled all the time. The camp site was up on the higher slopes above a Gandali village. There was a big fight! The villagers obviously hated the idea of the nomads using grass. 'Pedar Sag' was surrounded by all. Blows were struck. Jangi's gun had its effect!! Much merriment about the fight when we settled – [?] and boulder.

The unloading is quickly done and the tents erected, if at all. Today our tents were erected. Had bread, butter and somlong[?] for dinner. Jangi and I both slept for a couple of hours and when we woke up it was time to get the sheep in. Before going to sleep, several women came over for a chat. They were quite free with me and very merry. Kept asking why I had gone without Marianne.

The setting of the camp site seems fairly arbitrary depending on the location, though Hormuz and Jangi always seem to be at either end of the site. We brought the sheep down, lit the lamp and about 10 pm had supper. First tea ritual. The *qand*¹⁰ is kept in a little velvet bag. The tea pot and glasses in a special packing case to keep things from breaking. The tea [kettle]

¹⁰ Cone sugar

is hung from a tripod to boil the water and then further brewed on the [?]. Glass after glass was drunk. Dinner was excellent – *dough*, bread, rice and milk pudding with sugar sprinkled in it.

Sat around listening to the wireless. Got the BBC!! I screamed with frustration – it was cricket and inevitably the weather had stopped play. Jangi and I kept watch till midnight. Very cold indeed, with the sky blue black and studded with an unbelievable number of stars. We talked about the tribes : -

The political divisions are as follows.

Il (Tribe?) – Duraki

Taifeh (Clan) - Osiwand

Tireh (Lineage) – Osiwand has 5: 1) Bardin 2) Pel 3) Khájeh 4) Gadush (?)
5)Shamswand or Shahrkhwand

Each Tireh is divided into smaller divisions called Oulad or Korboh. These appear to be several groups of tents, set close by each other, though I need more information on this.

Mal is one group of tents which almost always move together.

Khuneh – one tent only.

Hongmok – house (vague).

There is the following leadership division in descending order: -

Khan – over one or more Il

Kalantar – Taifeh

Katkhoda – Tireh

Rish Sefid – Oulad

Each tribe has a different structure at the moment. The Osiwands have one Kalantar only – Barat. It was Jangi's father, but as Barat, his father's brother was older [than Jangi] he was made Kalantar. Barat is also the Katkhoda of the Bardin Tireh. Jangi presumably is the acting Kalantar in the Yailaq, as Barat does not travel. Jangi will be with Mary, so possibly the position is not active just now, though I doubt it, for the Osiwands have no summer quarters of their own and get into many fights. This year may see a change!!

The Babadi have many Kalantars – or is it three. The Gandali have three more, but used to have just one.

What sort of tribal system tho' is it? Lineage? – Must get genealogical evidence for growth of subtribes – when did the 5 Tirehs of the Osiwands appear?

Went on to discuss marriage. The 5 Tirehs intermarry quite freely, as to [do] the Taifeh and Il according to Jangi. Must get more accurate information as to the marriage situation. Proximity and availability must play a part in wife choosing.

The husband pays wife's father in sheep. Women and[?] an [?]. Otherwise a money economy. Eventually went to bed, fully clothed, outside.

Thursday, 5th May

Woke at 5.30 with awful pains and dysentery again. Camp was slowly coming to life. Jangi's mother was busy making *dough*. Spent a leisurely hour drinking tea and having breakfast - egg omelette and *mast*. Bet Marianne will be jealous when she hears. The sheep set off and the camp was struck which took a couple of hours – catching the damn mules!

Flour, rice and household equipment is transported in goat hair bags – some of which are beautifully designed and coloured. [picture] Mostly geometrical patterns. Others are plain white with blue woven strips along the sides, others are black and ordinary.

Jangi's household has 9 mules, so quite a lot of packs. Felt coats, felt blankets, 2 [?], 2 carpets, blankets, mattresses, long bolster, bread board, pots, pans, tent poles, *dough* stand, several skins for water, *dough*, [?] the *dough* making bag is dark brown and has wooden supports for the joining of the bags – A single blue bead adorns the bag. [diagram]

Plenty of long woven strapping to tie the bags on. The mules are held by nose and ear – twisted. That's my job!!

Today's move was rather exciting. One or two of the smaller households who have few animals (poor) moved off when they were ready, but the 3 largest households and 2 others – Jangi, Hormuz and [Jomeh?] moved off together through the upper slopes of the Doab valley. About 20-25 people – riding horses, mules and walking – shouting at the 40 or so [? ?] and herding the very small kids. There was much merriment and laughter when I started to take photos. Particularly the rather shrill but friendly mother-in-law of Hormuz. The usual shouts of “Salam Aleikum Daoud – Halet Khush'eh?”¹¹. My atrocious Bakhtiari amuses them all. Hormuz, Jangi, his mother and myself rode on at the head. They seemed to be avoiding the villagers if possible to stop arguments.

Doab valley marks the end of the Gandali area, and there are many small, and a few larger villages up to Dashtak. There seems to be available water and a fair amount of cultivation is being practiced. Trees have also been planted. Looking back at the valley with the now heavily snowed Zardeh Kuh – makes a most attractive sight. The ride took 2.5 hours – can now see Ardal!! We are at Ali Kuh – on the other side of Dashtak – an attractive valley. Jangi had to turn back for a lost donkey and didn't appear till about 2 in the afternoon.

¹¹ Hello David, How are you?

Had another fight with a small group of Gandali. They were objecting to us passing their fields along the road. No blows were actually struck, but much shouting (gleefully) of “Pedar Sag”. It actually was rather amusing and everyone was delighted I was there and came over to say “Khub Bud!!” – with their attractive grins.

We camped in a little defile fairly high up, with a lovely view of the Osiwand valley with Ardal away in the distance. The villages in the valley are Osiwand according to Jangi. On arrival I was nearly dead, with fearful cramps and that awful feeling that my bowels were going to misbehave. I had to ignore the unloading of the mules and limp off as best I could. Of course absolutely no privacy at all. I was exhausted when I got back and tried to help set up camp which didn't improve matters in my stomach. The family are really extremely kind and friendly. I fell asleep and passed out – I still don't know around when. I woke [when] Jangi arrived in camp. Had lunch of rice mash with *dough* and greens, with some juice on top. Jangi complained I ate too little! Agonies again. The afternoon which was very warm indeed – had visitors – 2 women and we all talked. Very good humoured. Jangi and I went off to count and move the sheep. Sat contemplating the view with him. Asked him why he wasn't married – he said with a grin – he had no money and anyway one was much freer to move when alone. A woman was [?]. Slapped one around if one misbehaved! [? ? ?] laughing.

We wondered around the hill pushing the flock ahead and came about 2 very young shepherds huddled around a fire. They were incredibly raggedy and very unwashed – with incredible strong teeth and delightful grins. We persuaded him to play the flute for us which of course he wanted to do. Very curious indeed about me.

On coming back it was getting dark and very cold again. The mothers were making bread and stew for dinner (with a partridge Jangi shot today). He prepared lighting the lamp, getting the fire going and seeing that the shepherd brought the sheep down.

We sat listening to the radio and talking. I didn't want to question him anymore – and couldn't get much information about Khans out of him. We were fiddling with the wireless when suddenly we got Radio Abadan, announcing “the Marriage of Figaro”. For an hour I lay on the carpet, beside a roaring fire out in the cold, with several camp fires around, the noises of sheep, listening entranced to Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau singing the second act. Lovely – but Jangi hated it!! However he wouldn't let me switch it off.

Had stew and bread for supper and after the inevitable unprivate walk up the hill and prepared for bed. The old Shahr Kurdi shepherd tucked me in!!

Wednesday, 6th May

Woke up at dawn. Lovely sight [of] the sky and promptly fell asleep till 6.30, when the rain woke me. I struggled up from the depth of the sleeping bag to find all the tents either up or being put up. Completely overcast and windy, so we aren't moving today. There are eleven tents all together of various qualities and sizes, depending on the wealth of the households. Mother was making *dough*. Jangi was off hunting and I went "up the hill" again for half an hour. The pills aren't working – if only the pain would go. Part of it is shocking wind I am sure, but still this sort of dysentery.

Had a wash today!! Breakfast was bread, *mast* and some sort of dish of milk – like cheese – boiled cream. Jangi arrived back, had breakfast and went to sleep. It was raining. Fairly water proof, the tents. I got fairly exact information about the camp – 68 to 70 people but he was tired and I didn't press for information as to relatives.

About noon we went to Aziz's tent. Very nice family. Lunch – *dough* and rice and *ghee*! And pains again. Spoke about the Garmsir and Yailaq. This route isn't the most difficult though it is the longest. From the description Aziz gave it is obvious why they have to move. He said the Galleh moved before the Osiwand – [? ? ? ?]. Those [who are] 5 or 6 days behind must be having hell.

Aziz's tent is much the same. Their tea chest is iron studded and looks very old. They are very friendly – asked whether [we] have wheat, trees in England, whether we have many thieves, do we have conscription, do the gendarmes get decently paid, and do we have much privately owned land and what happens if someone else grazes one's land. The wife produced a half penny coin from King Edward VIII reign!!

Jomeh arrived with disappointing news from Mary. She wants me to join her, not at Ardal, which has no nomads, but at Dastenak, very near where Jangi will settle. It means leaving tomorrow when I could have 3 or 4 more days on the road depending on the weather. Delighted that Marianne had written a short note. Went hunting with Jangi and Jomeh, but had violent cramps and dysentery attack so lost them and returned alone, to find 4 females and several children were visiting.

One asked if I would buy his child, as we had none of our own. Asked why I was leaving and would I bring back sweets for exchange of butter!!

I am very disappointed at leaving and don't want to go. As I write this Jangi's mother is busy making bread, dusk is falling and the sheep and goats are being brought in. Most pleasant.

Thursday, 7th May

Left at 8 am with Jomeh, for what he called a very long ride. Ardal is apparently not suitable and is too out of the way. She has moved on to Dastanak the village where the Khan – YahYa's father built a large house. We rode on fast through the valley along the side of the Karun. Lots of villages. I wonder which route the nomads will take – will they avoid going through the villages. It was hot indeed. We went on and on until we came to the Tang we had to go through. Most spectacular indeed. In some ways scenically it was the most spectacular of the whole route. Tremendously high and road winding and winding. Ideal for photos, but of course we were absolutely alone. I was furious!

We stopped at a couple of tents up a [?] that was devoid of anything except boulders – for tea. Stayed for lunch – cold rice and *dough*, splendid *mast* and thick bread. They told us Marianne and Mary had passed through the day before. We took 2.5 hours to get through the ravine and into the beginning of the Osiwand land Yailaq proper. We rode on out into what proved to be a huge valley. Had a stop at Mahmud's father's tents. Stone walls about 2 foot high and the tents – 3 or 4 in all. Rather comfortable. Had Kebab and tea and felt fearfully ill again.

For the whole ride I had ferocious cramps and now the dysentery hit with [?] bang. We went on to the Hadji's [?] house for the night, and found Marianne and Mary there. Marianne looked very well indeed and very pretty with her tan. It was madenning not being able to speak alone with her! The rest of the night was dull – Mary translating only little. This household are relatives of Jangi's. His sister is married to [?], so is Mahmud's sister. These are far out relatives of Jomeh so I must get started on getting kinship data. Slept [?] the night after a not very nice meal