

A TRAVEL DIARY, JOURNEY OF DISCOVERY, AND PERSONAL MEMOIR

Van Living 1971 is the story of two young designers beginning a life together. Only months after meeting, Gay and Jack Reineck decided to outfit a VW van in London and set out on the dream of adventure. Living in the van for the next twelve months, and 25,000 miles, the couple drove through Europe, Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan, Pakistan, to India and back. Along the way they created an enduring love that would last for more than fifty years.



"This is a journey of two young people; hopeful, committed to one another, whose journey – in a van – is a metaphor for their life's journey, bursting with possibilities. I treasure this book."

Michael Carabetta, Creative Director Emeritus, Chronicle Books

"What a wonderful book! Intensely personal, yet somehow it feels universal. I felt like I was traveling with you, exploring new places . . . and at the same time learning how to live together as a couple."

Joan Abrahamson, President, The Jefferson Institute

"If you somehow missed the exhilarating freedom of the '70s, you can experience it today in this delightful book by designers Gay and Jack Reineck. By turns ironic, humorous and simply endearing, this is a kind of fly-on-the-wall experience reliving those carefree days. Part memoir, part social experiment, part adventure travel, Van Living 1971 has it all—including invaluable tips for folks wanting to set off on their own personal version of van living today."

Susan Abbott, Cultural Consultant, President, Abbott & Company



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VAN LIVING 1971

DESIGNING A LIFE

Gay Reineck Jack Reineck



VAN LIVING 1971

DESIGNING A LIFE

LONDON TO INDIA & BACK
12 MONTHS—25,000 MILES



"Travel brings power and love back into your life."
Rumi

VAN LIVING 1971

D E S I G N I N G A L I F E

Gay Reineck
Jack Reineck
www.rufusguides.com



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VAN LIVING 1971
D E S I G N I N G A L I F E

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VAN LIVING 1971

D E S I G N I N G A L I F E

PREFACE

Gay arrived in the United States from England, 1967

As I said goodbye to my mother at Heathrow Airport on June 8, 1967 I had little idea of the extent of what was happening to me—or what I was actually doing! I had been selected to become a graphic designer at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis. It took a long eight months for my green card to arrive, and during this time of waiting, I lived in a state of “limbo”—with only a small part of my mind present in England even while I was still there physically. I was twenty-four, working in a small design group in Archway, North London, and living in Lonsdale Square, which was cheap and scruffy then; today it's highly gentrified. I would drive home most weekends to visit my father in Surrey where I had grown up. One Saturday as I left my flat, I found a telegram on the mail table. It stated “Meet me at Brown's Hotel, Director, Walker Art Center, Minneapolis.” Many weeks before, I had answered a small, three-line ad in the Swiss magazine *Graphis*, asking for a design assistant to the design curator of a contemporary art center in the United States. It described the skills required but also said “girl preferred”—at the time, I did not think it strange to say this. I just thought “Well, I have those skills.” And for some reason I answered the ad and then forgot all about it. I met with Martin Friedman, the director, that weekend in the lobby of Brown's Hotel and showed him my portfolio. He was interviewing graphic designers for Peter Seitz, his German design curator, who wanted a European-trained designer. Somehow I knew I would get this job and that I had no choice but to go—intuitively I sensed I needed to leave England and my family in order to establish myself as an individual in my own right. I was asked to have slides made of my work to send to Peter Seitz for his approval. He approved, I had the job, and then the eight-month waiting period started for my green card.

Green card in hand, I chose June 8, 1967, to finally leave England. I seem to remember feeling completely numb. Years later I realized it was as if a wall had been created between my previous life in England and the new life to come. It was a “second birth.” All I had been told about America was that everything was “bigger” and “better.” I soon found out that this was not altogether true—bigger, yes, but not always “better!”

For three amazing years, I lived in Minneapolis, working as a graphic designer first at The Walker Art Center and later with an interdisciplinary design group,

InterDesign. During these years of living alone I strengthened my inner resources and came to accept the fact of being single in a society that, at that time, seemed to be all couples!

June 8, 1970, was the third anniversary of my arrival in America. Just four days later, my life was to change again dramatically. The design group I was working with in Minneapolis, InterDesign, sent me to the International Design Conference in Aspen, Colorado. In Denver I was to meet up with a friend of one of the InterDesign partners. At the last minute the friend had a death in the family and could not attend; so I was to go alone. Conferences scared me. Feeling somewhat out of place, not knowing what to do with myself, it was with some reluctance that I left my apartment in Minneapolis about 7:30 am on June 12.

June 12, 1970—Aspen, Colorado

A friend drove me to the Minneapolis airport in order to catch the plane to Denver where I was to take another smaller plane to Aspen. I had been warned these tiny planes were scary and very bumpy, and it might be a good idea to try to find someone with whom I could share the drive to Aspen.

In the Denver airport, I looked around the rental car counters and without much thought, but with uncharacteristic courage, I approached a couple at one counter and asked if by any chance they were driving to Aspen.

Amazingly they were, and they agreed to take me with them! They were a highway patrolman and his wife on their honeymoon! It was an extraordinary and beautiful drive, stopping for lunch on the way and arriving in Aspen in the afternoon where they left me at my hotel. I dropped off my bag and tried to figure out what to do next. I needed to register for the conference at the Hotel Jerome. It was an easy walk to the hotel and here I was given all kinds of papers for the week and told there was a cocktail party at 5 pm.

Being an introvert, I am definitely not a “cocktail party” person. So with nothing else to do, I slowly started to walk back to my hotel. Halfway back to my hotel, I stopped and just stood rooted to the ground; part of me was saying “Go back to your hotel,” but another part was saying, “You should go to the cocktail party and try to meet some people.” I took some steps in one direction and then the other. Then I was filled with an overpowering feeling that sent me striding back into the lobby of the Hotel Jerome! I did not look around—just strode into the lobby, saw a seat (dark blue velvet), and sat down and started to read the conference materials.

After a few minutes, I heard a voice saying, “Hello, I’m Jack.” This was Sunday, June 12; by Tuesday, June 14, we had decided to get married!

Jack, Los Angeles *The vertical grey line on the left indicates Jack is writing—all other writing is by Gay*

My life completely changed in 1963, when I was 20. Before that time, I lived a fairly normal childhood growing up in the Pacific Palisades suburb of Los Angeles. I was an average student (except for drawing), but I knew two things for sure: I was always looking for my life partner, and I was interested in architecture. My father used to say “There are lots of unemployed architects whenever the economy turns bad,” so I gave up on architecture. I spent three years at the new Cal State University Northridge with no real goal—other than to avoid being drafted into the army for the Vietnam War. In 1963 I enrolled in a three-dimensional design class taught by a young industrial designer, Peter Pearce. Not only did I find the projects fascinating, but I was really good at them. Peter introduced me to a whole world of design and ideas I had never heard of before: design as a lifestyle, design can change the world, Charles and Ray Eames (where Peter had worked), Buckminster Fuller, Eric Fromm (*The Art of Loving*), Lewis Mumford (*The City in History*), *A Short History of Technology* (Derry and Williams), *Doors of Perception* (Aldous Huxley). Suddenly, instead of just going home to play the guitar, I read everything I could find (design, sociology, history, and architecture) late into the night for months. After my transformation in that class, I felt I was on a new life path; who knew where it would lead me?

The next year, I enrolled in the five-year architecture program at Cal Poly in San Luis Obispo, California. Again I did extremely well, and at the end of the fourth year, I was asked if I’d like to spend a year abroad in Sweden. The experience in Sweden changed my life again and further widened my outlook.

Returning from Sweden and graduating in 1967, my first job was in a large architecture/planning firm in LA. That year there was a sense of freedom in the air (sex, drugs, and rock ‘n’ roll) and I moved to the bohemian Topanga Canyon, west of LA. I rented a small, secluded house, adopted a dog, and drove into LA each day to work as an architect/planner.

Unexpectedly, one day Peter Pearce phoned to ask if I would be interested in joining a design group helping to prepare the new California Institute of the Arts (CalArts) campus in Newhall, California, which was opening in two years. Peter was dean of the Design Department; I jumped at this opportunity and quit my job. The next year, CalArts was asked to make a presentation at the June 1970 Aspen Design Conference. My co-worker (another of Peter’s former students) Toby Cowan and I drove my VW beetle all night to arrive in Colorado in time for the conference opening on Sunday, June 12.

June 12, 1970—Aspen, Colorado

Tired and grubby, I just had time to clean up before going to the Hotel Jerome for the start of the conference. I gathered the conference materials and found a seat in the lobby. When I looked up, there was a beautiful young woman

sitting next to me. The conference was a blur, but I knew I had found my life partner; I proposed two days later on a trail overlooking Aspen. Gay said “Yes.” The first person we shared the good news with at Aspen was Peter Pearce. Both of us had partners back home, so we phoned them from Aspen to tell them the life-changing news. What a shock!

At the end of the week, Gay and I drove to Topanga Canyon for a short stay before Gay returned to Minneapolis (Toby had to fly home). A few weeks later, I flew to Minneapolis; we packed up all Gay’s belongings and drove to Topanga Canyon to begin our life together. On September 10, 1970, we were married at the Malibu Courthouse—Toby and his girlfriend, Elizabeth, were the only witnesses.



Wedding announcement 1970

INTRODUCTION

Why did we take this journey?

We lived together in Topanga Canyon with our dog, Rain, for almost a year, each of us commuting two hours a day to and from work. It took an hour to go anywhere—the laundromat, the dump, shopping. This was not the life we wanted to live, but we each had great jobs and a fabulous secluded home life. Jack was on a design team for the new CalArts building in Newhall; Gay worked at the office of Charles and Ray Eames in Venice, and later at Saul Bass & Associates in Hollywood—but all around us were broken marriages, busy, and unhappy, rushing people. As Gay drove down Pacific Coast Highway every morning to work in Venice, she would look at all the people on the beach and wonder why she felt imprisoned by her job, giving the best eight hours of her day to someone else, even though she enjoyed the work. We both felt we had reached a certain point in our professions where we could ask ourselves, “ok, so now what?”

We decided to get away from the United States in order to try to focus on the importance of our relationship and how we wanted to live. We hoped there was a way to create a life that combined working with living.

August 1971—London

We had saved enough money from our work that we hoped would last us at least a year or even longer. We ordered a VW Kombi delivery van to be picked up in London (the completely empty van shell cost \$2,400) and then proceeded to deal with all the design and planning details for starting a new life—in a vehicle, a van. Our plan was to take the van via ferry to Europe and see what happened. . .

We left the United States in early August 1971 and stayed with Gay’s sister Heather, and her son Adam, who was four, in Herne Hill, London, for several weeks.

The day we were to pick up and pay for the empty VW van in St. John’s Wood, North London, it wasn’t ready—it was one of those days when everything seemed to have gone wrong. Walking down a street in St. John’s Wood, we stopped and seriously asked ourselves, “Something is going on; this doesn’t feel right. Is this what we should be doing; are we crazy?” We did feel unsettled and unsure, but we decided we had to go ahead with trust. We had come this far and were committed to the challenge of starting this new life together.

Each day we drove to Borough Market where artist Ken Draper, Heather’s ex-husband, had a studio he allowed us to use. It had tools and everything we needed to build the inside of our van for living in.

This was our first real design project together. It wasn’t easy learning to share decision making, but we were committed to sharing everything equally—the diary writing, the thinking, the design tasks, the construction, the driving—even the shopping, cooking and washing up.

First we insulated the roof; built a bed with underneath storage for the guitar we had brought with us, cabinets for the kitchen, a place to store water next to a large gas cylinder connected to an elegant white propane cooktop; made window curtains; and covered the bed mattress. We also shopped for things we would need in the van: sleeping bags, pillows, kitchen utensils.

The only problem was, we would forget each day that shops closed really early (5 pm), and we’d be out of luck to do any food shopping to take back to Heather’s for dinner.



Outfitting the van, outside Ken Draper’s studio, Borough Market, London, 1971

We visited Gay’s father, William, in Banstead, Surrey (south of London), where Gay had grown up, quite often and went to pubs with him, which was always fun. We would sit in pub gardens and share a pint of lager—while William drank two pints!

With the last items finally completed, we left London on August 28, 1971, and set out to drive to Dover where we would spend the night in a campsite before catching a ferry early the next morning. We had been looking forward to our first night sleeping in the van, but it almost proved to be a disaster. In the middle of the night, we woke up to a strange smell and a hissing sound. We immediately opened the van door for fresh air, only to discover the new



Inside the finished van; bed in the foreground, with hand-made cabinets.

rubber hose leading from the gas cylinder to the stove was perforated in several places— gas was leaking into the van. If we had lit a match, everything would have exploded. As soon as we arrived in Europe, our first task was to find a new gas hose, but from then on we always turned off the gas when not cooking!

August 29–October 29—Europe

During these first two months we slowly became used to the enormous change of living in a van, together—twenty-four hours a day.

Both of us had been to Europe before—Jack had spent a year in Sweden, and I had friends in Finland, Denmark, Germany and Yugoslavia—so first we planned to travel in Europe and visit people. As designers, we also wanted to see architecture and explore design destinations such as Skansen in Sweden, Marimekko in Helsinki, and The Design Center in London.

These months are possibly less exotic than the journey that began after we left Istanbul and crossed the Bosphorus into Asia (see map pages 14–15).

If you want to jump right into that part, go to page 27.



Inside the van, August 1971

EUROPE:
HOLLAND–DENMARK–SWEDEN–
FINLAND–GERMANY



Steep canyons and narrow roads in Eastern Turkey



EUROPE: HOLLAND–DENMARK–SWEDEN–FINLAND–GERMANY

August 29, 1971

We left England very early in the morning, traveling by ferry from Dover to Zeebrugge, Belgium, and drove straight to the Monnickendam Campsite, Holland. Exhausted from all the last-minute packing, farewells, and finally departing, we rested here four days. We spent one day exploring Amsterdam and were quite amazed by the red-light district and plastic sex toys. Holland we loved. It is very clean and neat—perhaps a bit too much so. It was good to begin to feel ourselves relaxing; we had been so tense with all the preparations for our final departure. On to Germany via Bremerhaven, where we spent one night at Cuxhaven and then went on to Kiel, where we had some wonderful meals and talks with Bibi, who had been a friend of Gay's since she was sixteen, Bibi's husband, Michael; and their eleven-month old son Frank. We talked widely while eating smoked mackerel, cheesecake, artichokes and plaice and it was interesting to understand how cut off Bibi and Michael felt from ideas and people in 1971. They loved the *Last Whole Earth Catalog*, and we left them two books: *Ideas and Integrity* by Buckminster Fuller and *The Song of Sano Tarot* by Nancy Fullwood. We spent three nights in Kiel, which is quite a large town with a huge fjord; it was preparing for the 1972 Olympics. One whole day Michael chased around VW dealers with us; we bought an extra tire and fixed his Simca roof rack onto our van.

Whole Earth Catalog

Just before we left on our journey, we bought the *Last Whole Earth Catalog*.

On page 302 was the *Overland Guide to Nepal*, a complete one-page description "how to drive or take public transport to India and Nepal." Information about when to go, health, papers, maps, money, etc., made the guide indispensable.

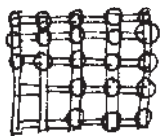


September 7

Left Kiel—sunny hot ferry ride from Puttgarden to Denmark. We picked up three hitchhikers and took them to Copenhagen, then we spent the night at Absalon (a camping site west of Copenhagen). Huge full moon. Called Eric (an old friend of Gay's from the London College of Printing). Life is good; we felt we began another phase today. It was quite difficult imposing on Bibi and Michael, though very enjoyable, so today was another day of relaxing more together.

September 8

Visited Tivoli today and enjoyed the beauty and cleanliness of the park—many old people and young children. Later we walked into the main shopping street of Copenhagen, which is a very simple mall—about half a mile long—with shops



Square wood mat with struts and flat smooth circles of birch glued to each cross-joint, very simple and beautiful.

devoted primarily to tourists, sex shops, and boutiques. We met Eric at J. Walter Thompson advertising agency, and while we waited for him, we looked around the office, both of us feeling very grateful to not be in the design/advertising rat race. It was strange to remember working and all the mess of paper and stuff it requires. We had dinner with Eric, his wife, Marlene, and their two-year-old, son, Christian. It was very good, and their little house was lovely. We talked a lot about why we were traveling and about marriage, relationships, and children. We sensed that there were tensions between Eric and Marlene and hope we didn't say too much. She was very nice, and we both felt sad for her to not be able to work or do anything at the moment. In Eric you could feel the power of his strong, well-bred upbringing and rather strict conventionality; he certainly expressed his feeling of being burdened by the responsibility of providing financially for a house and family.

September 9

In Copenhagen we went to the British embassy and changed Gay's name on her passport. Then to Handelsbank where the manager, Mr. Griff, helped us arrange to have money forwarded to us. We did some shopping, and as it was cold, we returned to the Absalon campsite, had a shower and a very peaceful evening.

September 10—Bromölla Campsite

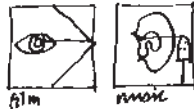
Very slow and lazy morning; for really the first time, we both felt like lying and doing nothing. It was raining. Left after lunch for the ferry to Malmö, Sweden. We did some shopping and changed money—then drove on to a most beautiful camping site by a huge lake amidst forests, arriving just as the sun set. We had a lovely potato latke dinner, with wine—after all it was our first anniversary.

September 11—Djurpark Campsite

It was still raining as we drove for miles through quite beautiful countryside and saw small red farm buildings. Granite. Volvos. Saabs. It was a very gentle, peaceful day, and I felt grateful that Jack and I can be so contented together. The difficulties and problems we had in London and planning this trip-adventure seem at last to be fading. Smoked salmon for dinner and Irish coffee. Discovered we were in Bremerhaven on September 2, the same as Victor and Harlanne Papanek, friends from Los Angeles. Victor, author of *Design For The Real World* (1971), specialized for many years in design for the handicapped, the Third World, the sick, the poor, and people in need. His book is an instructive guide on environmentally responsible design, suggesting strategies for developing products that respond to human needs.

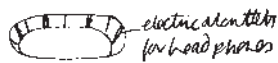
September 12—Svärta Campsite, Stockholm

A cool, brisk, peaceful, beautiful day. Stockholm seems a very interesting city in many ways. We walked a lot and went to the modern museum, which was very human scale and comfortable. We both loved "The Last Supper," a piece by a woman artist, composed of twelve exquisitely made life-size figures seated at a table. The heads were all sewn from wool fabric, and they wore velvet gowns. Their expressions were so strong and seemed to hold the essence of many kinds of people. The Kulturehuset in the center of Stockholm was very impressive; we had never seen a place like this before that was free. You might call it a cultural "fun house for all ages" including a café, several floors dedicated to effectively entertaining a child, and contemporary exhibits. The graphics and signage were unpretentious and appeared to be silk-screened directly onto Masonite squares, quite small and symbolic.



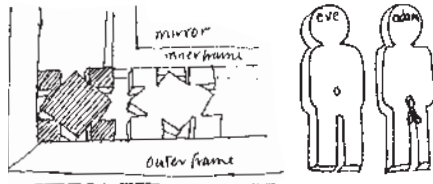
The air conditioning was exposed and a lighting strip determined the level—or visual level of the ceiling.

It was fantastic to see the children's area, a large circular seating arrangement in the floor with outlets for headphones. All the people seemed very international—alive and interesting.



September 13—Svärta Campsite

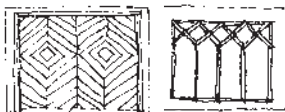
Brilliant sunshine after a freezing cold night. We had a lovely day walking around central Stockholm in the morning and buying some more delicious smoked salmon. At the Finnish Design Center, we saw a very simple wood frame mirror, some beautiful bark boxes and two figures.



It was a day of looking and observing—at very simple beautiful new and old things. In the afternoon, we went to Skansen, an amazing collection of old wooden buildings, gathered from all over Sweden and then rebuilt or copied; in a similar way to Sturbridge in the United States, with people working in the costumes of the time. Everything seemed very sensitively planned, and it was not crowded at this time of year.



Jack at Skansen open-air museum



Wooden doors with wooden dowels and tiny leaded windows

In a fantastic laborer's cottage, which seemed more inviting than an old Swedish manor house, there was a simple candleholder hanging from the ceiling.

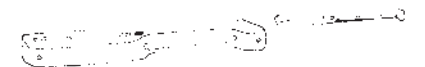


Preserved traditional Swedish wood shingle house in Skansen.

September 14

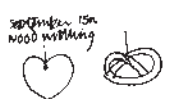
Still in Stockholm and another sunny morning. We had a discussion this morning about the past year and all we had accomplished, each of us working and what a great experience it was. And yet in spite of all we each learned, we felt that kind of life: first, did not leave us any time for ourselves and second took nearly all our energy. It is interesting and challenging each day to be able to think about how we are going to discover our next step in life together. Jack's beard is looking very good; we are enjoying reading very much. Jack is reading *A Passage to India* and I am reading *Walden*, which is very thought-provoking at this time.

We also saw a very simple pine knife holder in the PUB department store.



September 15

We drove a long way today from Uppsala (north of Stockholm) to almost Umeå. In Uppsala we spent a lovely evening with Stig and Annette and their friends Olaf and Kirsten; we had a long discussion afterward. (Jack had met Stig and Annette in Sweden when he was a student in Uppsala in 1967). We slept that night in



Kirsten's flat, and all night the trains, which were very close, felt like earthquakes. We would prefer to sleep in the van! We stopped in a "Hemslöjd" (Swedish handcraft shop) and bought two traditional round wooden trivets. This place by a lake, Ornskoldsvik, where we slept last night, is so, so peaceful and quiet, and the sun is out today even though it is cold.



September 17

After arriving by ferry in Vaasa, Finland, about 11 pm, we found a place to park the van, had a fairly good night, and then drove almost to Helsinki the next day. We stopped in Tampere at an indoor market, where we had a rather deep talk about being more clear with each other in the way we express our feelings and thoughts, and realizing how much one discovers living this closely—every minute of the day.

September 18

Arrived in Helsinki, hoping to meet up with Hilve, but she was at her parents' place! So after lunch we went to the design center where we saw interesting cardboard file boxes made of colored, corrugated board, then we went to a campsite on one of the Islands. *(Gay knew Hilve in England when Hilve was an au pair to a family friend—Gay and Hilve have remained friends.)*



September 19

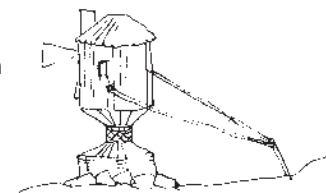
Lazy morning—sun—guitar—after lunch we walked around the central railway station area and found all the shops underground were open. Bought food. Called Victor Papanek's friend Yrjö Sotamaa and arranged to see him Tuesday. We went to Hilve's at 8:30 that night—she had rushed home from her parents' and had been waiting for us. We talked a while and had tea; she is still very lively and bright, and I think quite excited and unable to believe we were really there. We also picked up our mail.

September 20

We gorged ourselves reading mail after breakfast and then went off to Hilve's for a great bath and hair wash, after spending all afternoon writing letters. We had a lovely supper with Hilve in the evening and quite a good talk—I feel it was a happy talk and hope she felt the same. She seems very strong and courageous, and you long to be able to help her in some way to make her life easier. She is working in retail and studying very hard to be a lawyer. *(She eventually became a judge and worked in Vaasa for many years where she still lives).*

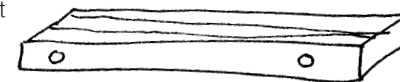
September 21

We have been seeing many typical old Finnish windmills, which have several variations. All seem to have four to six blades, and the top portion pivots around a central shaft to catch the wind.



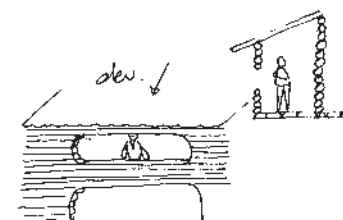
Today we had tea with Yrjö and his wife, Tintti. They have a lovely, large, old flat near the center of Helsinki. They showed us three interesting books. The first was a children's book about a people's park event, where the children eventually take over a town and free the park for everyone's enjoyment. A photo book of Helsinki showing the slow destruction of a beautiful city by "planning" between 1960 and 1970. The third and most interesting book was a *History of the World* in Swedish—a softbound book with simple, pen-and-ink sketches (cartoon/comic style) illustrating and explaining the accurate, global picture of world trade and conquest, etc. We shall attempt to find copies in Stockholm.

Yrjö and Tintti had a huge hatch door as a table, which we thought interesting. It is fascinating to be able to arrive in a city and find people you feel quite at home with. We also find it interesting that with most people one meets it takes time for the social barriers that exist, almost unconsciously, to fall away and allow more real communication to take place. There were none of these barriers with Yrjö and Tintti; we liked them both very much and hope to meet their friend, Zak, a Polish photographer, who went to Nepal recently.

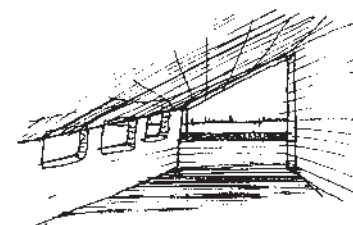


September 23

The sun is shining beautifully this morning, and we both feel quite refreshed and relaxed. We visited Hvitträsk yesterday, the home of architect Eliel Saarinen. A very nice woman gave us a private tour of the home and let us wander about as we pleased. Among many, many impressions of the lovely grouping of many different buildings were two semi-enclosed porches and balconies. One we have seen on many log country houses and farms and was incorporated in the home here of architect Herman Gesellius.



The other was a porch in the home of Saarinen, which had a view of the lake and overlooked the garden.



September 24–29

Actually it's now September 29 and we've just returned to the Kobenhaven Absalon campsite. The entire week we spent in Helsinki was so rich and full—we both feel changed after our visit to Finland. Helsinki seemed a very livable place. The countryside was very beautiful, and at this time of year, the trees were turning the most incredible fall colors. We stayed every night in a free campsite, which was peaceful and full of pheasants. But to people . . . through Yrjö and Tintti, we met Zolton and Sara. Zolton, a sculptor working at Arabia Ceramics (Arabia started in 1874), and Sara, his wife and a student of stage design working with a children's theater. We loved them both immediately, and, with them, we drove out to the countryside where Zak (Winifred Zakowski) lived, the Polish photographer who had recently been to India and Nepal in a VW van. We liked Zak very much, and he shared many ideas with us about India, encouraging us to drive to Nepal. This was an idea we had never imagined, but slowly it began to feel exciting and we thought, *"Well, maybe we could do this."* Zak's house was a small part of a group of old farm buildings that were once stables and a wash house. He had completely rebuilt the interior using wood from an old barn. He had built two fireplaces, just smooth-form concrete, and had huge mattress pads on the floor. It was simple and beautiful and had an amazingly peaceful atmosphere. As it grew dark, we watched a creeping mist come up over the fields. Zak now works freelance and did the photos for Björn Wekström's space jewelry, but apparently he is a sworn enemy of Victor Papanek. (Some people can have a very negative response to specific individuals, but it can just be their particular experience. We had not had a negative experience with Victor, so we just accepted Zak's feeling.)



Classic Arabia teapot, 1971

It is too far away now to remember much of our feelings after the evening at Zak's house, but both of us felt amazingly excited by it and encouraged to find more people living simply, away from the city. The next evening we had dinner again with Yrjö, Tintti, Zoltan and Sara—very good Finnish fish. Zoltan had lived in Colorado for ten years and is thinking of returning for a year soon. We shared good conversation, and we felt the same full happiness that comes from exploring thoughts with like minds. Yrjö and Tintti had been in Lafayette, Indiana, teaching at Purdue when Victor Papanek was there, and so we heard much news and talk about Victor and Harlanne. Zoltan and Sara are an interesting couple, and we felt very sad to be leaving Helsinki and wished we could have met them for coffee in the morning at Helsinki's beautiful open market. But we had arranged to be at Hilve's parent's house next day for lunch.

September 25, I think!

We picked up Hilve and her sister's eldest daughter and drove to Hilve's parents' home. We had lunch there in their little house, including the cooked

funny curd cheese that is so good and Lingonberry porridge. Her parents are real old-country working people. It was sad not to be able to communicate verbally, but it was another really interesting experience, and we all laughed a lot and communicated through laughter quite well. About 4 pm after a short walk with Hilve, we had our first real sauna. It was fantastic: Jack had to go first with Hilve's sister's son, and they talked Swedish (Jack had spent a year studying in Sweden, so he spoke and understood Swedish quite well). I was with Hilve and really felt wonderful afterward; the experience of relaxing all smooth, sweaty, and naked is excellent. After we left, we spent a strange night on the ferry to Mariehamn, north of Stockholm.

September 26—Svårta Campsite, Stockholm

It was bloody cold, but we enjoyed a whole day shopping and a strange evening feeling uncomfortable watching Gypsies trashing the campsite. Next night we found a much nicer campsite (Drottningholm) and left the following morning.

September 29—Absolon Campsite

Had a lovely drive today from mid-Sweden to Helsingborg where we walked around in wonderful sunshine. Bought a frying pan! In the evening, we reached Copenhagen, planning to go to Handelsbank to pick up the money we had arranged to be wired to us on September 9.

September 30—Absolon Campsite

A big day. Funny. We called the bank, and the money was not there; apparently it had arrived in Denmark and then was returned to the United States. This affected our whole day. We really got uptight and reacted to each other. After having the turn indicator light fixed at a VW dealer, we talked and eventually reached yet another realization and better understanding of what was happening to us. We feel such a strength and closeness together on a very deep and real level, and yet we can get so upset and react to such stupid little things and also worry about each other's reactions. We realized that on our own, before we met, we each felt very capable of taking in our stride anything that might happen to us individually and not be disturbed by it. But two people together is quite different—we find ourselves in difficult situations getting quite upset. So we tried very hard to understand what it is that actually happens when things get difficult. We hope that by facing difficult situations now, while we travel, when we are constantly together, twenty-four hours a day, we will be better prepared to deal with these situations in the future. We have to—there is no escape in a van. In so-called normal life, where couples are separated a good part of the day by different jobs, they can forget the problems they do not resolve. It is interesting whenever there is more than one person in any situation, the ability to keep a balanced, harmonious atmosphere becomes harder and harder. However, we feel positive and

confident that we can overcome these things and if we can't or don't do it now, the future will really be harder. So this morning it is sunny, balmy, and we're off to the bank and who knows what else.

October 6

Not sure what we've done during the last five days, but wait for our money to come and spend money! But it's been good to stop. Yesterday we saw the film "*Gimme Shelter*" about the Altamont Free Concert, near San Francisco. It had a powerful effect on us—bringing back the feeling of being in America. We had another lovely dinner in the evening with Eric and Marlena and a good talk about the United States and drugs—we also had tea with them on Sunday. They told us about a very good bookstore with many English books, and I am very excited about reading Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique*.



Gay waiting patiently for money transfer to finally arrive in Copenhagen.

October 8

Our money finally arrived again at Handelsbank in Copenhagen—back again from the United States. What a ridiculous business it all was, but through it, we both learned a lot and also met two very nice Californians from Venice, Dick and Miriam Green. This seems such a fantastic opportunity for talking, reading, thinking, and living, we can hardly keep up with the slowly unraveling thoughts and feelings as we adjust to this new life. We had another long talk yesterday, and I realized how conflicted I have been feeling about my new role as a “wife”—it was almost unconscious until yesterday. It parallels with reading *The Feminine Mystique*, but I also realize that conditioning exists in me as to what is the “female” role. All crap, because I firmly believe in a “human” role and the realization of one's potential and abilities—whether male or female. But through traveling and facing new, unknown, and unpredictable situations

together, Jack and I have had to think about how we interact together. I sense the conflict in me of Leo-versus-Cancer (my astrological sun and rising signs) being either too bold or too timid and retiring.

Whichever one I feel at the moment, I tend to mistrust—questioning if it is right, or should it be the other one. So it was helpful to talk about all this; it came up because of the hassles with money, banks, and how one handles situations like this—or similar ones—in the most productive way. We will leave tomorrow morning now, but about Dick and Miriam, the couple we met from Venice, we spent two evenings with them, sitting quietly talking and sharing traveling thoughts and past experiences of work and living. We loved them and found it very stimulating to talk like this and all share thoughts quite openly. In a situation similar to our own, they had each had different jobs, reached the top of their professions, looked around, and said to themselves, “So, now what—life must hold something more!” Like many people we met, they were traveling to observe, explore, and discover what was important to them, and how they really wanted to live.

October 14—Munich—Obermenzing-West Campsite

RAIN RAIN RAIN RAIN

We are in a peaceful, wooded campsite, wonderful evening. After a lovely dinner and playing the guitar, I now feel like writing a little by candlelight. Jack and I are discovering so much—living and sharing each day together. We get frayed, have calm talks and wonder about it all. We seem at times so involved in our effect on each other that we lose sight of the overall picture, of being together and the fantastic opportunity we have right now to experiment, to live and learn. I was reading about fear in Carlos Castaneda's *The Teachings of Don Juan*, it sounds so simple when written. Fear is really the main obstacle in life to learn to handle—and it is only through facing and overcoming fears—or working them out, letting them go, that growth can take place and one is on the road to becoming a “man of knowledge.” Jack and I have been discovering how not only is it fulfilling and clarifying, but also exciting to be able to talk freely enough about anything, to understand each other, our reactions, desires and past conditioning. If we have no fear of facing these things we have such a huge opportunity to experience and learn about areas of life we might otherwise never experience. Maybe this is all sounding too vague.

After the relief of finally leaving Copenhagen, we arrived in Kiel and saw Karin and Michael again. Although getting a louvered window and tire holder for our van went very easily, we found it hard being with them this time, and I'm not sure why. They were busy working on their new house, and I think this felt a little strange to us—seemingly so full of suburban claustrophobia and also the very separated roles of husband/wife they have accepted. Maybe this is inevitable; I'm just not sure. We had a good talk when we left them, and the relief brought out many things I can't remember now! But it also felt as though

this was all in the past and finally leaving Kiel was the beginning of making our way to India! We spent one night in Kassel and left at 7 am for Munich. Slowly it got sunnier, and sunnier, and we stopped for lunch in Nuremburg and had a super walk around the castle and old city walls, climbing a tower that had a fantastic view of the whole city. We arrived in Munich and went to a campsite called Langwieder See. Here we had a shower and bought more cooking gas for the stove and reorganized our storage for the new fuel. It rained all day. And after lunch we went to a bank, did a huge shop, then took hours in monstrous traffic to find Obermenzing West. It's where we are now and where I had stayed on my way to Greece, many years ago; it is a very nice campground. My hands are cold, as are my feet—soon to bed I think.

October 20

We are somewhere just past Graz, Austria, and I feel such a thoughtfulness and fullness from pondering and thinking about life. We have had some wonderful days and talks about living, choosing a lifestyle, consciously realizing our potential together, feeling changes within ourselves as we grow to understand more and more about each other living so closely together—it is amazing and at times overwhelming. I feel I am discovering a whole new part of myself that I have sensed before; but I never realized one could experience life as we are now. In Munich after two unbearable days of cold, on October 17, Jack's birthday, we had a wonderful sunny day and enjoyed visiting The Nymphenburg Palace (a Baroque palace in Munich, Bavaria, southern Germany) and the zoo. We did lots and lots of final shopping and got visas for Iran. Then it was on to Salzburg, where we spent an afternoon wandering. I loved the human scale of the city and lack of roar of traffic. The tiny shops and wrought-iron signs, also delicious tortes—we had Sacher Torte (The Original Sacher Torte has been the most famous cake in the world since 1832)! Today leaving Salzburg, we picked up a young Indian hitchhiker and spent all day talking to him.

We got a valuable picture of India through him and shared many thoughts. He had just experienced his first six months away from India, and I think was feeling as much a revelation of the world as I did when I first arrived in America in 1967—enough for tonight.

more to go than I did when I went to America. Then to Salzburg where we spent an afternoon wandering & loved the human scale of city & lack of roar of traffic. The tiny shops & wrought iron signs. Also delicious tortes. Today leaving Salzburg we picked up a young Indian hitchhiker & spent all day talking to him. We got a valuable picture of India through him & shared many thoughts. He had just had his first months away from India & I think was feeling as much a revelation of the world as I did when I went to America enough tonight.

Entry from the actual handwritten diary

YUGOSLAVIA–BULGARIA–TURKEY–IRAN

October 29—Istanbul

It is pouring with rain and quite cold, but it was even colder last night when we were in Bulgaria. Bulgaria was the most exciting and thought-provoking country to be in. The feeling of well-being between the people and their sense of openness, friendliness, and warmth was very strong. Everyone smiled, waved, and wanted to help us. Shopping was a fantastic experience, queuing for everything and buying bread, cheese, eggs and vegetables all very cheaply. There were almost no consumer goods—everyone buys the same stuff—with very few choices, (two kinds of white bread: one small, one large). The graphics are astonishing in their simplicity and strength—in front of factories, greenhouses, schools, and most buildings, there are gigantic posters of faces or tools, in one or two colors, and the dates 1923–1944. All the towns were beautifully kept—red or pink roses growing on manicured flowerbeds leading into the towns, no shit or dirt lying around as in Yugoslavia—we really loved it. The farming was on an immense scale—acres of corn, cotton, fruit trees, grapes and tobacco—all very impressive. And farm machinery—no human ploughs as in much of the other peasant farming areas we had seen. On the night of October 27 we were fortunate to find the Ribkata campsite northwest of Sofia—we were the only ones staying in this beautiful camping area, right on the Iskar River. We had actual flush toilets and hot running water, we were in heaven. The next day, we drove to Plovdiv where we talked our way into a Soviet-style industrial trade fair/exhibit called the Faire Internationale Plovdiv 1971. It was quite large—the exhibits had strong, simple graphics, with extraordinary displays of every kind of equipment, tools, plastics, and many models of machines.



Enormous political posters in the town center of Plovdiv, commemorating the 1923–1944 move toward socialism.

Before Bulgaria we were in Ljubljana, Yugoslavia, where we spent an extraordinary afternoon with Ludvik, which made us quite reflective about our life together. Gay had met Ludvik in Minneapolis where he had been a visiting professor at the University of Minnesota in the late 1960s. We had been invited to Ludvik's house for Saturday afternoon. Arriving about 3 pm, we were immediately almost forcibly fed gin, beer, wine, eggs, cheeses, bread, meats, and then fried mushrooms! This was obviously the custom and very generous hospitality—but we found it a little difficult and were both hot and drunk, quite soon. Then Ludvik decided to take us for a zoomy drive in his Alfa Romeo around the sights and hills of Ljubljana, including a winding drive up to Ljubljana Castle, which was scary to say the least. As we left Ludvik and his wife, we were given Yugoslavian champagne and returned home to collapse in our van (we named our van "Queen" as our British license plate began with QM), feeling overfed but grateful to be on our own and peaceful once again. It was warm that night. Next day we had a wonderful time airing and having the first real cleaning of "The Queen," and ourselves. We realize now that we have moved into cold weather rather quickly, and it is disturbing to think about all the miles ahead and inevitable cold and snow. We actually had snow falling in the



Washing day—the first cleanout of the van, including the bold Marimekko covered table top, Ljubljana, Yugoslavia.

center of Bulgaria. Both of us felt quiet today, and it was cold and difficult driving. But we have now had showers and washed our hair, and tomorrow we'll cross the Bosphorus and start for Ankara, Turkey. I could write so much. One's mind is filled with so many thoughts, feelings, ponderings, past, present and future all mingle—and you wonder at the immensity and diversity of life. Anniversary of the Republic in Turkey! Today, my God, so many army tanks – flags everywhere. People waved and looked very happy. I feel my mind is too full and not yet able to sort out all the impressions, but I think this is very much what we unconsciously wanted to experience. It will take us a long time to absorb this experience of traveling—if ever!

October 30—Turkey—British Petroleum Mocamp, Ankara

Quite a long drive today through beautiful mountains and villages. People seem extremely friendly and wave and hoot, but the roads are potholed, so driving is not easy. Leaving Istanbul and the torrential rain behind felt good—it was so miserable that we missed seeing the Aya Sofya, The Blue Mosque, the Topkapi Palace, and other buildings most tourists go to see.



Peaceful Turkish hillside compound

After taking a ferry across the Bosphorus, we feel we have truly left the West behind and are entering a very different world both physically and time wise—almost a medieval feeling. We both feel lighter and more peaceful. Arriving at this BP Mocamp tonight, there is a Ford Commer with ten Australians; we talked to the driver who seemed very nice. They are on their way to India and then flying back to Australia, a very nice group, not like some of the other groups we've seen. Turkey is loaded with old American cars 1949s–1959s, this really seems very strange, but the country is quite beautiful and today it was wonderfully warm.



Directional sign for the men's toilet in Turkey

November 1—British Petroleum Campsite, Near Trabzon, Turkey

We are camped near Trabzon at the BP Campsite, a few yards from the Black Sea. Today was a slow journey through many small villages along the sea; it was warm and cloudy, and everywhere the children waved to us until we got tired of waving back. The school children wear incredible



On the way to Trabzon, ancient silk-road city on the coast of the Black Sea.

uniforms—black with crisp, white collars. We had one stretch of difficult road climbing up over a mountain with very windy bends and no tarmac; it was a beautiful drive, though slow.



Last night in Samsun, where we first reached the Black Sea, we met the couple we had met in Munich—an Indian man, his wife from Montreal, and child of eighteen months, who are also on their way to India. They seemed a little worried about their daughter, who was not eating and did not seem to be enjoying on-the-road-living. At lunch we stopped by a campsite and talked with a guy from Yorkshire. There are rumors about the Indian border being closed—no one knows. Samsun was fantastic; we had to change money and then went from shop to shop looking for tire chains but had no luck in finding them. Fabulous tiny shops with sacks of beans, grain, cheese, oil,



automobile parts. Everywhere people stared into our van, all very friendly, girls or women over twelve or thirteen are very shy—never daring to look, with covered faces, sometimes wearing long, skirt pant things and sometimes pants under a normal long skirt.



November 12—Tehran, eight nights

We are sitting waiting in Tehran for our second roof rack to be fitted! We've been here a whole week now, and of course much has happened. Since I last wrote, we had an incredible drive over Turkish mountain passes into Iran. For awhile we were actually terrified, as at the top of one pass around 8,300 feet, it



Buying a roof rack in Tehran.



Steep hillside terraced Turkish farms



In Iran we called these "breast houses," which we often saw outside the towns in more desolate areas.

was getting dark and snowing heavily, and suddenly the snow began to settle. There was no traffic, no light, we were completely alone and then the road started to disappear; we were numb, silent, and holding our breath when, thank goodness, we started to descend, and finally the falling snow became more slushy. The next day leaving Erzurum, Turkey, where we stayed a cold night in a gas station with the Indian couple we had been following, was wonderfully sunny, and we got closer to the Iranian border. Crossing the border next day was strange. A curious collection of people at the border; some going east and some west, ugly and bad-tempered Americans. However Iran seemed very friendly, and it was a good road to Tehran. The first thing that hits you is the incredible driving: no rules at all, and yet somehow everyone manages—but it's very tough driving. We went to the embassy and called Anne Janeway, rested next day, and then visited Anne out in Karaj, 25 miles, (40 km) west of Teheran. (Anne, a friend of Gay's mother was working as a Peace Corps trainer outside Teheran). We had a marvelous day with Anne at the Peace Corps building, eating meals with all the staff and volunteers. We learned a lot about Iran, and next morning, with a map of India in front of us, we took some notes from Anne, who had spent a lot of time there. It was quite an exhausting day but so interesting, and we loved Anne very much. Then Jack had a stomach upset, so we had two days of complete rest, and this seems to have been beneficial to us both. We took a room at the campsite for two nights, and the total relaxation made us very reflective on life and what we were doing and had done. You feel very vulnerable when ill in a VW van!



Many towns in Iran had these huge decorative structures placed on the road leading into the town to mark the 2,500-Year celebration of the Persian Empire. It was officially known as the 2,500th year of Foundation of Imperial State of Iran; festivities took place in October 1971.

At the campsite in Tehran, we had some really good and enjoyable conversations with a young English guy, Mark, who at twenty-five and with his friend, is traveling in an older VW van around the world. He was from Henley, England, a civil engineer, and very, very nice. Then we had a good talk with the Indian man we had been following. One evening we talked with Namvar, a “hip” Iranian who owns the campsite. He came to “shoot” us, as he calls it, and was intriguing with the questions he asked us about ourselves. But very soon, he started telling us all about his life and marriage. We felt sad and helpless not knowing how we could help or advise him, for he was another person trapped in a difficult marriage. He was convinced and sure this was how he would stay, and it seemed even sadder that he did not want to change the situation.

AFGHANISTAN

November 19—Herat, Afghanistan, seven nights

Before we reached Afghanistan, we spent some days in Mashhad, Iran, which were quite fantastic. We met a young Iranian who took us to see “a factory” where his family and others were making Persian carpets—it was incredible—little kids of ten or younger working every day seated on wood boards suspended from the ceiling by ropes in front of enormous carpet weaving frames—their hands moving so fantastically fast. We went to the bazaar, had our van serviced at the VW dealer, and met the owner’s son, who was an actor and took us to the Museum of the Mosque. Mashhad is a center for Muslim pilgrims and thus a very wealthy, very clean, and well-laid-out city. I had to cover my head to be allowed inside the mosque. There was a campsite there, free, very new and clean. From Mashhad we drove to the border where it was quite a joke and completely crazy—we had no idea what to do first or how.

Road from Iran to Herat, Afghanistan

Numerous travelers in an amazing assortment of vehicles were crowded into the noisy chaos of the Iran/Afghan border, waiting for permission to either leave Iran and enter Afghanistan or go the other way. Americans sadly, were embarrassingly loud “All I want to do is get out of Iran (eye-ran), man,” is what we kept hearing that afternoon. Late in the day, permit in hand, we headed out onto the Afghan highway, hoping to reach Herat by nightfall. Just beyond the border we were stopped at a toll gate (common on the Afghan highway) connected to a large mud house for travelers. The guard was pleasant and told us firmly and clearly that it was too dangerous to



Waiting amid the chaos of the Iran/Afghan border crossing.

travel and that we should stay in the toll area for the night, which we did. Later that evening, one of the guards came into our van and showed us how to fold and tie a turban, which was fun and an interesting exchange, though we couldn’t remember how to do it! In the morning we asked if there was a toilet—yes, it’s around the back of the building. We found a small open-sided wood porch up a few steps – with a toilet sign. The smell and flies were overpowering, but at the top of the stairs was a plank with a hole in it. After using this “toilet,” we went down the stairs and were surprised to see a large pile of shit under the porch—now we knew for sure we were in a different world.

Herat is sandy, dusty, warm, a huge mixture of feelings, impressions, people. Afghanistan is a country so different one cannot even get a small insight into its culture and way of life; we feel we are back in the fourteenth or fifteenth century. Herat is full of travelers like ourselves—we have met some very nice people here: Psychologists David and Joan Willingham from Silver Lake in LA; two unusual English women (a mother and daughter) in a tiny Austin station wagon; and a German bicyclist. We sleep in a small, walled parking lot next to a small hotel—it is quiet, peaceful, very dusty, but with a hand pump for water. Walking into the town is full of smells, dust, and



Horse drawn police patrol in front of the Great Mosque of Herat.



Hand pumping water for washing day in the parking lot of the Niagra Hotel.

men. Very few women other than nomad (Kochi) women, those we do see are completely covered up—the face covered by tight crocheting, but their garment (burka or chador) is quite beautiful and tightly pleated at the back of the head, falling in tiny gathered pleats to the ground. The men often hold hands and walk together or squat in teahouses—there are beautiful small birds in tiny wood cages hanging up in all the small shops, some of the



Squatting men selling birds in cages on the street in Herat.

bird cages sit beside the squatting men on the street—children beg all the time.

There seem to be so many Americans and British here you wonder what will eventually happen to them all, where are they going, what will they do with their lives. We hear many fantastic stories about border crossings, India, roads, food, weather—the stories are helpful but often scary. We are convinced that in any foreign country one should *go more than halfway* when meeting people—we are the privileged ones to be able to travel at all.

Today, as the temperature was warming up, we painted the roof of our blue van white to keep us cooler! Two coats. One more coat tomorrow. Soon after arriving in Herat, we realized we actually did not have to get up the next day and drive. Until we reached Herat, we were still in a “work mode” and felt we needed to get up and get going each day and “do” something as if we were still going to work; so we drove—but in Herat we stopped for a whole week! Here in Herat, we had a long discussion about taking photos, which we had found ourselves reluctant to do. We had a Nikon camera with a 50-200mm zoom lens and several rolls of color slide film—taking pictures was expensive as we had to mail the exposed film back to Gay’s father in England for developing. Both of us felt uncomfortable taking photos of people—particularly Muslims, who do not allow images of humans or animals in their houses and we had been told did not allow photos to be taken of their faces, particularly the women. So we had to really force ourselves to get over our discomfort because we knew if we did not take any pictures now, we would really regret it later. So in Herat we tested our courage and took photos as inconspicuously as possible—it was most difficult taking photos of women who were at that time covered from head to toe.



In late afternoon, nomads cook dinner over smoky fires in front of the Great Mosque of Herat.

November 24

We left Herat today. We really explored the city and shops and loved it. Each night the campsite filled with assorted VW vans, old cars, and Land Rovers—we met and talked a lot with interesting people. Much talking to Connie (Scorpio) and Melanie (Aquarius), the mother and daughter traveling together from England. They had been caught in a sandstorm on the road from the Iran/Afghan border and had to clean out every crevice of their station wagon. Then there was the German guy who worked for Siemens and was traveling on his own, by bicycle, with a tiny tent! Unfortunately he had been attacked by bandits on the desert road from the border—he lost some stuff, broke his arm, but was ok. We actually bought some things in Herat; a beautiful silver chain, and old silver bag, wool socks and a carpet, which is actually a bag for carrying grain or something like that. We felt relaxed in Herat; however we reminded each other how much too serious we can be and not easy-going enough. One morning when we had planned to leave and didn’t, we talked and realized we were still concerned with time—but now nothing really mattered except peace and harmony between ourselves.



The first women in Herat we dared to follow and photograph.



Some of the amazing vehicles traveling overland in the hotel parking lot, Herat.



Connie and Melanie cleaning the sand out of their car after surviving a sandstorm.



At a jeweler's shop in Herat we bought two heavy silver anklets and a matching necklace.



Nearby the jeweler was a small carpet shop. Here we practiced bargaining and bought a small carpet bag used for storing grain.



Men and boys drinking tea in Herat.



One of many small vegetable shops in Herat, with a hanging birdcage similar to the ones we had seen for sale on the street.



Jack is buying us some vegetables, and learning to bargain which we had to do for everything.



Three men drinking tea outside a gas station, with a Russian jeep parked nearby—we saw many of these jeeps everywhere.



Nomadic children are weaving rope using spindles, in the shadows of their dark goat wool tent.