My Life and Travels with the Father of Fuzzy Logic

Lofti A. Zadeh
A Short Biography

Lofti A. Zadeh was born in Baku, Azerbaijan on February 4, 1921. He studied at Albert College in Tehran, Iran, and subsequently graduated from the University of Tehran with a B.S. degree in electrical engineering.

In 1944, he came to the United States to pursue graduate studies. He was accepted at MIT, and earned his S. M. degree in electrical engineering in 1946. Working at the Columbia University as an instructor in electrical engineering, Lofti Zadeh continued his studies and was awarded a Ph.D. in 1949. He remained at Columbia for ten more years and was promoted, through the ranks, from assistant professor (1950) to full professor (1957).

In 1959, Professor Zadeh left Columbia University to join the Electrical Engineering Department at the University of California, Berkeley. After moving to Berkeley, he focused his attentions on linear systems and automatic theory. This led to his collaborations with Claude Shannon on the linear system theory, The State Space Approach, which laid the foundations for the modern approach to systems analysis and control.

Lofti Zadeh authored his seminal paper on Fuzzy Sets in 1965. This landmark paper initiated a new direction that led to a body of literature on the subject with a rapidly growing number of applications, ranging from consumer products to commercial ventures, such as bioinformatics and decision support systems. In the years ahead, the impact of fuzzy set theory, or fuzzy logic, is likely to be felt in the realms of every basic science, but especially in mathematics, physics, and chemistry.

(continued on back inside jacket)
My Life and Travels with the Father of Fuzzy Logic

by F. A. Zadeh
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Dedication

This book is dedicated to my dear husband, Lotfi Zadeh, and to our children, Stella and Norman
Acknowledgments

My deepest gratitude and appreciation go to Professor Mo Jamshidi of the University of New Mexico, who initiated the idea for this book, and coined the moniker “Father of Fuzzy Logic” at the 1992 International Symposium on Robotics and Manufacturing (ISRAM ’92) held in Santa Fe, New Mexico. I would have never dared start this project were it not for his continuous interest, support, and guidance. There have been a number of friends following my travelogues with interest who have suggested at one time or another that I put my adventures with Lotfi into a book, but it was Mo who pushed me to write about my life and travels with him. I also wish to thank his wife, Jila, who is his invisible assistant the helpmate (how well I know the role of women who work behind the scenes, and in a small way, help their husbands become what they are today). And so, my thanks to Mo and to all the others who have supported me in my effort to create this book.

The author wishes to thank the reviewers for their invaluable comments and suggestions, among them Professors Peter Dorato, Mo Jamshidi, Eli Jury, George Klir, and John Whinnery. I thank them for all their time and effort.

I would also like to express my sincere appreciation to Virginia Henning of Desert Dreams Publishers of Albuquerque, New Mexico, for her editing and typesetting of the manuscript. The scanning of photographs for this book, prepared by the staff at NASA Center for Control Engineering (ACE), is also gratefully recognized.
Preface

My life with the “Father of Fuzzy Logic” has been exciting, and although frustrating at times, I would not exchange it for any other. Lotfi is a very modest man, who says with a smile when asked to pose for a picture, “Who needs these bald-headed characters.” He does not talk much and never blows his own horn (as the saying goes), but he knows what he is doing and where his purpose is leading him.

I learned over the years that since a coin has two sides, so a man is not only a scientist, but a human being with his own interests, hobbies and problems to cope with, and my husband is no exception. Thus, I have written this book to show the other side of the coin.

Throughout the years, I wrote reams of complaints (a therapy of sorts) railing against his unkept promises, injustices, etc., but to no avail. Lotfi is in general a man who works best under threat of deadlines which seems to stimulate him into action. In my case, he knew full well that though I may threaten drastic action, my threats would not materialize, with few exceptions.

Once, when he had accumulated 28 loudspeakers in our living/dining area, I actually walked out of the house and rented a room in a motel. I didn’t leave a number, but a family friend knew my whereabouts. When he called her, she naturally made it possible for him to contact me in my hideout. I never stayed away more than one night, because Lotfi would invariably call me. But rather than accept defeat, he would insist that I return so that we could “talk it over”, while he proved his point. On my part, I had to play hard to get so as to save face, but I would always return and wait. A few days later, a couple of speakers which obstructed the light were moved. Lotfi felt that the room had become too dark (but not because I had said so in the first place).
He has always been a “benevolent dictator” and whereas he was free to roam and do as he pleased, I was denied that right as a woman, and as a wife even more so. Thus, I learned over the years to keep my thoughts to myself and tried not to cause friction unnecessarily. Thus, reading between the lines, you can see that life was not all roses. Even though there was love and patience (mostly on my part), Lotfi always insisted on instant cooperation. When I did not agree, I was labeled “mean”.

My travel reports originated from the fact that we traveled and attended so many conventions together. I wanted to write about them in the form of a diary and then share my impressions and adventures with our friends who asked to know all about them.

In my reports, I advised my friends what to do or what not to do while traveling abroad. Thus, it has become a travelogue of sorts and the number of interested readers has grown to over a hundred.

I write with a sense of humor, and even Lotfi has told me that I express myself well. Over the years, I have accumulated about 30 reports covering our travels in Europe, Russia, Japan, and even Singapore. When at the end of the year, my friends didn’t get a report, they became concerned why they had been cut off.

Finally, it is time to put them all together in a book. Thanks to Professor Mo Jamshidi, this has been done. He not only coined Lotfi’s moniker, “The Father of Fuzzy Logic”, but came up with the idea of making a book from my collection of adventures about this unusual man, my husband.

I would also like it to be known that I won’t get a penny for my efforts. The proceeds from the sale of this book will be used entirely to establish a fund for deserving students at various universities in the USA and in Iran, under the direction of Mo Jamshidi, who is not only a dedicated scientist but also a great humanitarian.

So, here it is, *My Life and Travels with the Father of Fuzzy Logic*. I hope you will find this book worthwhile, interesting and amusing, as well as revealing about Lotfi’s private life.

_Say Zadeh_
Berkeley, CA, USA
March 21, 1998
Table of Contents

Preface ...................................................................................................................... v

Chapter 1

Our Respective Childhoods ................................................................. 1

Chapter 2

Reunion in New York After Five Years .............................................. 9

Chapter 3

Living with Lotfi and Special Memories ........................................ 15

Chapter 4

The Trek Westward-Ho ................................................................. 25

Chapter 5

Our New Home in Orinda ............................................................. 32

Chapter 6

URSI Congresses and a European Detour .................................... 40

Chapter 7

Europe - June 1962 ........................................................................ 51

Chapter 8

Around the World (Almost) in 43 Days ....................................... 58

Chapter 9

Invitations to the Soviet Union, 1965 .............................................. 71
Chapter 10
Yugoslav Hospitality in Dubrovnik, 1966 ...................................... 86

Chapter 11
5,000 Mathematicians ................................................................. 93

Chapter 12
The Works ....................................................................................... 101

Chapter 13
Flying Marathon of 1968 ............................................................. 117

Chapter 14
An Interlude in Israel, 1968 ............................................................ 125

Chapter 15
A Cuban Hijack, 1969 ................................................................. 131

Chapter 16
King of the Desert ........................................................................ 139

Chapter 17
A Visit to Iran After 26 Years ...................................................... 150

Chapter 18
Our Crazy Summer, 1972 ............................................................ 152

Chapter 19
Fuzzy Wuzzy Was a Bear ............................................................. 166

Chapter 20
Hungary, Summer of 1975 ............................................................ 177

Chapter 21
Ripped Off in Fun City ................................................................. 184
Table of Contents

Chapter 22
France and Spain, 1977 ..................................................... 188

Chapter 23
Lyon and Toulouse Conferences, 1980 ................................. 201

Chapter 24
A Short Trip to Austria and Switzerland ............................. 209

Chapter 25
Temptation and Surprises, Europe, 1988 ............................... 218

Chapter 26
Mr. Honda and the Honda Prize, 1989 ................................. 228

Chapter 27
Impressions of Travel, 1991-1992 ........................................ 238

Chapter 28
Father of Fuzzy Logic, 1992 ................................................ 243

Chapter 29
New Orleans and Houston, 1993 ........................................ 249

Chapter 30
A Quick Trip to France, 1994 .............................................. 255

Chapter 31
Lotfi's IEEE Medal of Honor, 1995 ...................................... 260

Chapter 32
Cinderella for a Day, The Okawa Award, 1996 ..................... 264

Chapter 33
Honors in Singapore and Poland, 1997 ............................... 270
Chapter 34
Fuzzy Afterword ................................................................. 283

Anecdotes
Fuzzy Stories ................................................................. 289

Recipes
Lotfi’s Favorites ............................................................. 297

Index .......................................................... 305
Our Respective Childhoods

As children, Lotfi and I met in Tehran in 1934. Since I was older by one year, I didn’t pay much attention to him, except that our families got to know each other in a city of 300,000. Tehran was not a very large city then, although it was the capital of Persia (now known as Iran). Today it has a population of over ten million, and I would probably have difficulty recognizing it, since even the suburbs have melted into one large whole. I still remember suburbs like Polé Roumi, Shemran, Darband, and street names like Lalezar, Naderi, and Khiabane Yousouf Abad. I understand they still exist, though perhaps hard to locate in the maze of a Megalopolis.

Lotfi’s father, Rahim Ali-Asker Zadeh, was born in Ardabil, Iran, of well-educated and progressive parents who allowed him freedom to travel and study on his own rather than follow in his father’s footsteps. As Rahim once told me, it was during the first World War that he bought a large quantity of matches for resale in Baku (capital of today’s Republic of Azerbaijan). After a few deals of a similar kind, he became reasonably affluent. By chance, he met a young girl with braids, Fanny, with whom he fell in love and finally married after some minor difficulties were overcome. Thus, Lotfi was born in Baku and went to a Russian school until the age of ten, when the Zadehs decided to return to Tehran. While in Baku, Rahim worked as a foreign correspondent for Iran (a daily newspaper at the time) and at the same time managed to get his de-
degree in Eastern Literature.

Rahim helped support his bride’s family, and saw to it that she finished her education as a Pediatrician. In Russia, all the upper classes, men and women alike, strove to have a profession. Schools were strict, demanding excellence and a broad education. Since there were four daughters in the family, and the husband had passed away, it was difficult for the mother to support the family. Thus, even after Lotfi was born, Fanny, continued to study while Rahim helped her family financially. As I said before, he was a very good and generous man.

When the Zadehs settled in Tehran, Fanny opened her own practice and became a well-known pediatrician. She also invented a special feeding formula for babies while working at the American Hospital.

Lotfi attended the American Missionary School where he learned his English and Persian. At home, however, I understand he spoke Russian. Thus, he knew three languages at a rather young age.

From an early age, Lotfi was not like other children. His mother says that on his fifth birthday, he simply ignored all his guests and sat in a corner reading a book. Being an only child, he was obstinate and persistent. Once he decided he wanted something, he kept at it until he got it. He was never deprived of anything, but was over indulged, and as a result, was somewhat spoiled. I heard that, in school, he was looked to in awe because he invented a gadget and was a whiz at mathematics.

My parents, Henry and Ray Sand, originally came from Dwinsk (Latvia). My father was an intellectual and a pacifist. At age 19, in order to avoid being drafted, he left the country and shipped out on a Japanese freighter from Vladivostok for the United States. While on the train to Vladivostok, he met my mother, who was two years his senior. It was war time and my mother assisted the wounded on the Trans-Siberian railroad. Father fell in love, proposed and promised to send her money for passage if she would agree to come. Mother accepted, and within a year they were married in Seattle, Washington, where the Shidzuoka Maru came into port. Father found a job as a bookkeeper at first and later was raised to a more responsible position. After four years in Seattle, father’s company sent him to Japan. I came into this world in Yokohama,
Japan. Many years later, I entered the USA on a yearly Japanese quota, that allowed 100 Caucasian immigrants but no Japanese. Since there were very few Caucasians in Japan at that time, there was no waiting period for me.

In 1923, we were in the famous earthquake where 150,000 lost their lives. We were among the few survivors and the Americans offered to take us back to America, but since father had an obligation, he refused to leave right away. Mother, being hysterical after the quake, decided to go with me to Harbin, Manchuria, where she had friends. Father joined us later, after attending to his business obligations. Thus, we stayed in the ‘Russian’ part of Harbin for six years. My sister, Anne, was born there, and we had two governesses to take care of us while our parents toured Europe to decide where to settle next. For their children’s education in a Western country they chose Berlin, Germany. I quickly became ‘eine Berlinerin’ within four years, until the advent of Hitler in 1933. Father didn’t like Hitler’s meteoric rise, and with good reason.

My father was a self-educated man who spoke 12 languages. Being a merchant in the import and export of goods, he chose to move our family to Iran, still an undeveloped market, and started learning Persian. In very abbreviated fashion, this is the story of my life before meeting Lotfi.

Shortly after arriving in Tehran, my sister became ill and a pediatrician by the name of Dr. Fanny Asker Zadeh was highly recommended, so we went to see her. Going to the doctor’s office through their spacious living room, which was covered in white sheets for hygienic reasons, mother espied a piano. Since we only recently arrived from Germany, mother asked permission (after her visit) for me to practice on their piano until we bought our own. Permission was granted because Dr. Fanny Zadeh hoped it would induce her son, Lotfi, to start practicing, sensing competition—a challenge he never took on. However, we became sort of friends as time went on.

Here I must relate an incident which made a lasting impression on me in more ways than one. Right near the piano was Lotfi’s “study”, a rather dark and peculiar room in which he kept a collection of about two thousand Russian books on shelves along the wall. In the middle of the room stood a large, dark desk and above the desk hung a large sign proclaiming in large letters: ALONE (mean-
ing that he was not to be disturbed in his private kingdom). He was then only 12 years old. I was thirteen at the time, and considered myself superior, but since I loved reading, I asked him if I could borrow some books. He did not refuse me, but played a nasty trick to discourage me from coming into “his studio.” His study was right off the living room, and after practice I thought I’d get me a book, since he was away. I entered his darkened room and got the shock of my life. On the desk with the large sign “ALONE,” I saw two red eyes staring at me out of a baby’s skull. He had borrowed the skull from his mother’s office, and managed to install a red bulb inside it (one of his early engineering skills). When I saw it, I shrieked and ran out of his room, never to enter again. One can understand why I tried to keep a certain distance henceforth from this eccentric boy, who was mechanically oriented.

Another little story circulated about him. On Fridays, when everyone was promenading on the fashionable “Naderi Avenue”, he would be followed by four of his friends. He would finally invite them to a table in a garden restaurant and order from the waiter in a grand manner: “Waiter, bring us one portion of ice cream and four spoons, please.” He did have a sense of humor and was a bit of a tease, so this must have been meant as a joke or else he was trying to get rid of his pesky friends?

Our parents frequented each other, and as we both grew older, Lotfi would occasionally bring some of his friends to our house for a cup of tea—to look at us (me and my sister).

In the summer months, we would move to Polé Roumi, where we would rent a cottage in a large garden. The roof leaked and the outside facilities had no roof at all. It was rather primitive, but we loved it and took our baths under the open sky. In the summer it hardly ever rained, and it was very hot in Tehran. The suburbs in the foothills were cooler by ten degrees and more pleasant, especially in the evenings.

I always thought Lotfi liked my sister, Anne, who was five years my junior, because he used to come to our house in the country and stay the whole day. Once, he actually asked me if I would teach him a few dance steps, which I did and then promptly forgot about it. Imagine my surprise when a couple of months later he showed up with a friend and invited us to tea in a restaurant in Tadjrish or
Darband (I can't remember which) near Polé Roumi in Shimran. (I was then sixteen or seventeen and this was so long ago.) He then invited me to the dance floor and I discovered that he had transformed himself into an excellent dancer. When I asked him how this had happened so quickly, he simply replied “practice, practice”.

During the four years that I lived in Tehran, we saw each other rarely or only during the summer months when there was no school. He came to our summer home bringing some friends with him to spend an afternoon at my parents’ hospitable home. He also bought himself a “jalopy”, into which he used to load lots of girls and tell everyone that if the car wouldn’t go, he would order them to push it for him. Of course, he was only joking because the car wasn’t all that old. Actually, it was a pretty racy British car, with an open top. Lotfi always dressed like a dandy and must have been a heartbreaker of sorts.

Having tremendous will power, Lotfi would cram for exams at certain times of the year and no one could tempt him from his studies in any way. He wouldn't even accept invitations to parties, although he liked them and loved dancing above all else. In 1938, before I left to go to America, my mother threw a big farewell party for all our young friends. A photographer was also invited to commemorate the event. He took pictures of us all; however, Lotfi was not in any of the photos. I concluded that either he was considered too young for our group and was not invited, or was cramming for exams, as usual.

After I had graduated from the Nourbaksh school for girls, run by American missionaries in Tehran, mother decided to take me to America for several reasons. I was 18 years old and rather pretty I am told. Persian youths started coming to our door asking for my hand in marriage. In Iran, it was a custom to marry girls at the tender age of 16. My parents, being European, wouldn't hear of it and decided to take me away for further education. Another reason may have been that I was headstrong and did not get along with my mother, who liked to order everyone around. She was a benevolent little tyrant with a heart of gold towards others, but not necessarily to those in her immediate family.

In the background of mother's plans, however, was the thought of marrying me off to a young man from Germany, five years my se-
nior, who had known me when I was barely a teenager in Berlin. He also wanted to seek his luck in the U.S. Being secretly in love with me, he wrote me letters asking me to come to New York, where he had a good job as a designer of fashionable shoes. Thus, when mother brought me to New York on the S.S. *Acquitania* (which was sunk during the war), the young man, now 23 years old, was waiting for us at the pier waving a box of chocolates. Somehow, he appeared very silly to me. I was by then so "grown-up" that mother's plans fell into the ocean right then and there.

Mother returned to Iran. I was accepted at the Pratt School of Art, where I went to night school. During the day, I attended Drake's Business School to prepare myself for real life in a big city where I would have to earn a living. War clouds were gathering by then, and I was never to return to my home in Tehran.

*Lotfi (third from the right) stands slim among his fellow students at the American College in Tehran (Alborz College, 1937).*
Rahim Ali Asker Zadeh (Lotfi's father) dreaming of his family. In background from top to bottom are: son Lotfi (age 5), his wife Fanny, grandchildren Norman and Stella, and Fay and Lotfi (1949).

The famous "ALONE" photo of Lotfi (Tehran, 1937). He placed a sign above his desk that bore the single word "ALONE" written in Russian. It was his way of declaring his determination to pursue ideas and objectives even when he was a minority of one.
Lotfi’s “jalopy” into which he used to load lots of girls. He told everyone that if the car wouldn’t go, he would order them to push it.

Lotfi “the dandy” (suburbs of Teheran, 1941).

Lotfi as a boy in Baku (age 7).

Lotfi as a young man (with hair) in Tehran (1937).
Lotfi continued his studies at the American Alborz College and later graduated from the University of Tehran in 1942. During the war, he also worked for the U.S. Army supplying them with much needed materials. Hearing a lot about the excellence of MIT in Cambridge, Massachusetts, even then a world-famous center for education and research in science and engineering, he decided to continue his studies and apply to MIT, where he was accepted in 1944.

At the time that Lotfi decided to leave Iran, he and his family were very well off. Lotfi had a car and a personal valet who took care of parking and various chores. Lotfi could have lived in high style in Tehran, but the prospect did not appeal to him. He was always driven by a strong interest in science and desired to become part of the academic world. This was what led him to apply for admission to MIT.

It was still war time when he flew from Tehran to Cairo. After spending three months in Cairo waiting for a neutral ship to take him to the United States, he finally managed to find a place on the Portuguese freighter, Nyassa, which was on its way to New York via Lisbon. Never having been abroad and never having tasted pineapple, he indulged in this lovely, succulent, fruit with abandon during his entire stay there. He told me later that he could not touch another pineapple for a couple of years. Apparently, pursuing and
persisting to the end was always one of Lotfi's characteristics. Fuzzy logic is another outgrowth of his passions and pursuits. He never lets go until he achieves his goal—it took him 25 years to be recognized and 30 to be fully accepted. In 1995, he received a Medal of Honor given by the IEEE, an organization of over 300,000 electrical and electronic engineers. The award ceremony was held in Washington, D.C., where he received recognition from both the United States and the media.

When Lotfi arrived in the U.S. in 1944, and before his academic year began at MIT, he decided to pay me a visit as a friend from the old country and visit the "great" city of New York. I had been living there since 1938, and was lonely and having a hard time adjusting to a megalopolis of seven million. Even then, New York was a cold and impersonal (yet fascinating) city, with different customs, different mores, and too many people.

A lot of water has flowed under the bridge, as the saying goes, and over the years memories have become hazy, but I do remember some incidents of a personal nature which are still fresh in my mind. When Lotfi came to see me, it was to get reacquainted after five years. When he rang the bell, and I opened the door, there he stood, a slender young man in a gray fedora with a slim package in his hand. But as he doffed his hat, I uttered an "OH" of surprise. I remembered Lotfi with a full head of black hair. At age 24, he was quite bald! Surprised at my reaction, he dropped his parcel, which broke in many pieces. It was a favorite record of mine. Breaking that record must have been a good omen, however, because our romance started at that point. It was, as they say in French, a coup de foudre, or in English, love at first sight.

We were drawn together for a number of reasons: we were both lonely and in a strange land; we had grown up together in Tehran with the same friends and similar interests; we spoke the same language; and, we had common background experiences, such as going on picnics and dancing together (he was an excellent dancer). Although I found him somewhat eccentric, I respected him.

In New York, I had only a few friends and not much else besides a miserable climate to cope with. After bringing me to New York in 1938, my mother had returned to Iran. Even though I spoke five languages, none of them helped me find a job when it became nec-
essary in 1939. I was not a citizen and still a minor, and it was war
time. I never returned to Tehran as initially planned by my parents;
instead, they came here in 1946 (after living in Iran for 14 years).

When Lotfi visited me in New York, doffed his hat, and dropped
his package, something happened between us which was felt but
left unspoken. A spark was ignited and he suggested that we go
boating in Central Park where he asked me many questions (being
always curious). He found out about my unhappiness and my gen-
eral state of mind. On another occasion, we went on a picnic by the
lake in Larchmont. It was rather cloudy and I took an umbrella along
(just in case). True to form, there was a cloudburst. I hurriedly opened
my umbrella and had to snuggle up against Lotfi so as to protect
him against the rain. At this point, the long repressed passion burst
(like the cloud) and the usually proper and restrained Lotfi, declared
himself and asked me to be his wife. There were some obstacles to
be cleared away and both sets of parents were 3000 miles away, with
no direct communication because of war time. We decided to be-
come engaged, and get married after Lotfi graduated from MIT in
1946. I actually suggested that we try to live on my salary of $25.00
a week, not knowing that he was well-to-do. Lotfi was touched by
my gesture, but said that it was not necessary.

In the meantime, however, he suggested that we meet once a
month at a halfway point. He would come from Boston and I would
come from New York. Two hours traveling time for him, and two
for me. Thus, I remember, we settled on Saybrook. Four hours of
traveling didn’t leave much time, except to see each other during
lunch in some restaurant. The year was 1945 and things were quite
different then.

Meanwhile, Lotfi’s parents decided to move to the United States
so as to be closer to their only son. They rented an apartment on
57th Street, and I moved in with them as their prospective daugh-
ter-in-law.

My profession was at the time that of a typist, and since Lotfi was
working on his thesis, he hit upon a brilliant idea. He would mail
me his sheets, and I would walk over to the Mayflower Hotel on
59th Street and Columbus Circle where there were typewriters avail-
able for rent by the hour. I would put my quarters into the machine
until I finished, and then mail the typed manuscripts back to Cam-
bridge, Massachusetts. Sometimes it rained or the weather was bad. Undaunted, I would walk to Columbus Circle, typing away at the hotel until I finished my task. Lotfi knew that he could depend on me through thick and thin, and I have been his “girl Friday” ever since.

For Lotfi, time was of no importance. When he was thinking of something, time had a tendency to stop, altogether. One could also call it absentmindedness, but for me, being on fuzzy (instead of precise) time was rather frustrating. He would promise to meet me at the 42nd Street Cafeteria (his favorite place for lunch), and usually show up at least 30 minutes late, every time, while I swore under my breath never to meet him for lunch again. Of course, when he finally appeared, smiling his sheepish smile, I couldn’t resist. When he apologized for being late, my anger dissolved in his smile.

To Lotfi, MIT was full of excitement and a fulfillment of his dreams. The courses were easy for him and he usually completed the exams in half the time. He was planning to stay at MIT to get his doctorate, but after his parents moved to the United States in 1945, he felt an obligation to be close to them, even though his mentor at MIT, Professor E.A. Guilleman, tried to persuade him to stay. Lotfi applied for a position at Columbia University as an instructor in Electrical Engineering with the intention of pursuing his graduate studies there.

In retrospect, Lotfi always felt that he was very fortunate in getting an offer from Columbia. Perhaps a letter which Professor Guilleman wrote to the Chair of Electrical Engineering at that time played an important role. In his letter Professor Guilleman said, “I regard Mr. Zadeh as one of the most brilliant students that it has recently been my pleasure to know. You will be fortunate indeed if he decides to join your staff. I say this with feeling for I had hoped to be able to get Mr. Zadeh to take part in research activities here at MIT and shall very definitely regret losing him.”

Lotfi picked a symbolic date for our wedding, namely, the first day of spring. It was March 21, 1946, which was also the Persian Norouz or New Year. He managed to find a house large enough for all of us to live together. The house was in Mamaroneck, 40 minutes from New York City, in Westchester County. It was an older, white
clapboard, two-storied house, with a porch along the entire front and a lawn that sloped toward the street. I distinctly remember because I had to do the mowing. Lotfi cleverly avoided this task by doing such a poor job that he was relieved of this duty henceforth—good strategy on his part!

As for the wedding, neither of us liked the ritual. It was performed simply by a Justice of the Peace. A dinner for about twenty friends followed. It was held at Zimmerman’s Hungarian Restaurant near Times Square, where good food and romantic, European melodies created a warm atmosphere. I did not mind a City Hall ceremony, but when Lotfi refused to buy me a wedding ring, with the excuse that he did not believe in “bourgeois customs”, I had to use my first ruse. I asked him innocently how he would feel if men started courting me because they did not see a wedding ring on my finger. After some reflection, he realized the danger. At a street kiosk on 42nd Street (near the Cafeteria), and right across Stern's large department store, he bought me a white-gold ring for $6.00. I am still wearing it after almost 50 years. It has worn rather thin, but it keeps men at a respectful distance, nonetheless. As for a corsage, an American custom, Lotfi would not hear of it on principle. His mother bought me one, so no traditions were broken, and harmony reigned on that important day.

Our honeymoon had its ups and downs, because Lotfi was not a “conventional type” and had not been married before. Also, being a man of creative thought, he was above simple basics, such as food and drink. I nicknamed him “King of the Desert” (camel for short) because he had no concept of thirst or hunger or when it was time to eat. This wouldn’t have been so bad, except that I had a very sensitive stomach and a good appetite at regular intervals. I remember that shortly after our marriage we went to Boston. He was so anxious to get there, that every time I asked him to stop off for a bite, he kept putting it off until I finally broke down and began to cry. He then realized that I was really upset and turned off the highway to feed his starving wife.

Lotfi used to be very absentminded. When he was thinking of something, he would put on two different shoes. Once, when he was in a hurry, he complained that he couldn’t find his other sock,
until I observed that he had both socks on one foot. He is much better these days—besides, I am here.

Lotfi with his parents in New York City (early 1950's).

Fay and Lotfi at graduation ceremonies, Columbia University (1949), where Lotfi received his doctorate.

Two generations of Zadehs (New York, 1949). Lotfi’s parents are seeing Fay and Lotfi off at the airport. They are flying to San Francisco, where Lotfi was to give a talk at Wescon.
On a personal level, Lotfi is one of the gentlest and kindest men I have known. Being a sort of genius, very private, somewhat enigmatic and eccentric, however, my life with him has not been all that easy. On many occasions, I have had to use my intuition, instinct, diplomacy and even guile to hold my own and survive against the odds. Had I not loved him so much (which I still do, because of our unspoken attraction, chemistry, etc.), I might have left him long ago. I did run away a couple of times because I felt pushed against the wall, so to speak, and my patience was at an end. One time, after a dispute (I can’t remember about what), I simply ran out of the house and hid in the bushes across the street until Lotfi found me. In a very displeased manner, he told me that I was very foolish and headstrong.

He was inflexible in many ways and couldn’t see my side. With him, it was almost as though “take it or leave it” was his motto. He simply wouldn’t bend and it was then up to me to do the bending. I refused to be a doormat or a slave whom he could order around and control. Although I, too, had character and principles, I was much more submissive. So in the end, I was perhaps the wiser—anything to keep peace and the marriage together.

We lived with his parents for a year and a half. They were lovely people. His mother was a pediatrician and his father was an edu-
cated and very kind man, but with Turkish pepper in his veins at times. When he came to the U.S.A., he became a merchant of rugs and an agent for the import of Iranian “Romanoff” caviar. He would often bring home “sample boxes”. By then, I knew the value of the “black gold” and enjoyed being able to discuss the samples. Rahim-djan, as we called him, was by nature a very generous man who would do almost anything one would ask of him, but he also had a short-fuse being of Turko-Persian origin (from Ardebil). Lotfi’s mother was very self-sacrificing and a “mother”, so much so, that our living together turned into a sort of competition to out-please and out-service Lotfi—all the while talking about women’s solidarity and how much she loved me. There was so much protestation of affection, that it set me on edge. Another element that bothered me was the Iranian tradition of living together as one family with obedience to the senior members of the "clan". Rahim was even making plans to bring over some relatives and act as the patriarch in his roost. This, however, I couldn’t tolerate. I was a free spirit and my upbringing had been European. I could never live a life of subservience, not only to my husband but to his parents as well. Lotfi did not mind, but rather welcomed the idea of the family waiting on him hand and foot, especially since he was at Columbia University the whole day and came home only in the evening. He apparently did not consider that I, too, had a family who might some day join us here.

When we first got married, Lotfi was earning $3,000 a year, however, he was well off when he came to the United States and we did not have to live on his income. Nevertheless, he had some concerns about raising a family.

Lotfi was never a “family man”, and cherished his freedom above all else. He was used to being waited on and attended to (so, a wife became a necessity, especially one who was his “girl Friday”). I also believe he felt that children might threaten his security and result in a lack of attention to his own needs. Of course, as every man knows in his heart of hearts, this was inevitable once the family grew. In general, Lotfi admitted that he was not a “family man” and insisted on taking precautions, which were not always fail-safe. Thus, when I discovered that I was pregnant, it came as a surprise to both of us. Although he insisted on an abortion, claim-
ing that we could not afford a baby just yet, I decided to go through with it. I told Lotfi that this was *Kismet* (destiny) and that I would not go against nature and fate.

Our first baby was a girl. We named her Stella to please Lotfi's father, since the name was very close to the Persian name “Setaré” (meaning star in all the European languages). She was a three-hour baby, and I insisted on nursing her against the advice of the nurses on the floor who were too lazy to bring her to me for feeding. I know that the baby was left crying for a long time before they complied. This was in the era of formula, rather than breast feeding, and we all know how fanatical American phases can be in pursuit of the latest and best (only to find out a decade later that it was not necessarily the best). The same applied to the Hula-hoop phase, the jogging phase, the milk and egg phase, the health and slim phase, etc. etc., without end.

With Stella's arrival, things changed. I would creep out of bed in the middle of the night several times to feed the baby, trying not to wake my “master”. Finally, things quieted down and Lotfi accepted the new family member, though he never approached or diapered the baby. I guess he thought he was too clumsy, or that Stella was too fragile to be handled (we'll give him the benefit of the doubt).

While I was still with child, my parents came to the U.S. They, too, “settled” with us for a while. When our daughter, Stella, was born, both grandmothers outdid themselves showering me with their attention, advice, and concern. I finally couldn’t hold back any longer and told them that I loved them but wouldn’t live together in one house on a permanent basis, explaining that this could only be a temporary situation. It ruffled some feathers, but my privacy and peace of mind was necessary to nurse the child with healthy, rather than nervous, milk. Thus, our parents moved to respective apartments in New York City and we moved later to a house near Columbia University, where Lotfi had only a block to walk to the office. We sold our roomy, old-fashioned, hospitable house in Mamaroneck without regret.

In 1948, after selling our house in Mamaroneck, we moved right next door to Columbia University at 120th and Amsterdam. The building was owned by the University. We met many interesting people, among them Charles and Frances Townes, whose daughter
and mine played in the communal sandbox and threw sand at each
other in fond friendship. (Later, Lotfi was instrumental in persuad-
ing Charles, the inventor of laser technology and a nobel laureate,
to leave MIT where he served as Provost and come to Berkeley as a
University Professor.)

During the summers, it would get hot and humid in the city.
We spent one summer in Stony Brook. Lotfi chose Stony Brook
because it was not too far from New York (where the heat was un-
bearable), and he could come to visit us on weekends. Thus, we got
away from the heat (which he bore much better than either I or Stella,
who was just a little over two years old). A couple of summers we
spent on Cape Cod. In this respect, Lotfi took good care of us.

Trying to keep abreast of my ignorance in many matters, and hav-
ing a great deal of curiosity, I read somewhere how one could deter-
mine with great probability the sex of a baby. Since I felt that one
child was not enough, I embarked on an experiment. Knowing how
important it was for Lotfi's father that there be a male heir, and want-
ing a boy myself, I decided to deceive Lotfi on one weekend when
the chances of begetting a boy were greater. Having had one child
already inadvertently, he insisted on double protection. I had to re-
assure him that I had taken all the necessary precautions to set his
mind at ease. Of course, I did none of this, and guess what? It worked.
I became pregnant again—against his remonstrations and usual fears.

Somehow, he was less worried about another girl in the family,
having gotten used to Stella who was very quiet and docile. The
prospect of a boy, however, was rather intimidating and threatening
to his male ego. All the parents were overjoyed that it was a boy,
even though he was scrawny and screaming at first. Before long, he
became as cute and adorable as Stella. At age three, she was full of
“motherly” protection and good intentions, helping me wash dishes
with great pride at being able to help with another baby in the fam-
ily. She felt grown up!!

To please the Iranian side of the family, we chose a name for our
son closely resembling the Persian Nariman, meaning “strong man”.
Thus, everyone was happy with the Western name “Norman”, ex-
cept that being of Nordic origin, he should have been blond and
blue-eyed. Instead, our Norman had black hair and dark eyes like many subsequent Normans we met in the United States (so, it didn't matter after all). Since Lotfi was an only child, we felt that our family was complete. We had one of each, but now we needed more room. City life was not the best for raising a family, so Lotfi went house hunting again in Westchester County, while I diapered Norman that summer in Cornwall-on-the-Hudson (near New York) with parents cooking and helping out.

It was a good summer, overall, but then Lotfi returned from his house hunting and announced that he found and bought a house in Pelham Manor, New York, I was presented with a fait accompli (Lotfi's second house). Both times he bought houses without letting me see them first. He said he knew what was good for us and I cried silently, or not so silently, trying to adjust to my new life.

It was a little better than the first house in Mamaroneck, but still I cried because I was never consulted or got a choice in the matter. Fortunately, we had wonderful neighbors, and the children were sent to the Presbyterian Sunday School recommended by them. Since, in Iran, we both grew up with their missionaries and went to their schools, we felt comfortable with the idea and respected their religion even though it wasn't ours. I was a dutiful mother, became active in the PTA and finally ended up coaching Siwanoy children in French Pronunciation with the result that the annual show was a great success. Even our son, Norman, had a ball, hawking Paris Le Monde, in French while selling baguettes, also in French. All the mothers were happy and I was quite popular for awhile, until the children, as they were growing older, decided against a second language. They found no use for French, preferring outdoor games and sports to intellectual pursuits in the fifth and sixth grades. By then, we were planning to move to California anyway. I did my stint as a Girl Scout and Boy Scout mother, so I felt that I had contributed my share. While taking my duties seriously as a mother, I also managed to paint single-handedly three-quarters of our house (I couldn't reach any higher). My neighbor confessed to me that her heart was in her throat watching me on the ladder, babies asleep, hoping I wouldn't fall off the second story. Lotfi was, in principle, against hiring a painter to do the job, but helped me on weekends to burn the old paint off our white clapboard house.
Later, I decided that the house needed painting inside, but that is where I got myself into trouble. While trying to finish the ceiling in the living room, before Lotfi came home from work to scold me, I suddenly felt a sharp pain in my abdomen. I knew immediately that something wasn't right. Feeling faint, I had to tell Lotfi that I had ruptured something. He became frantic and drove me to the hospital in New York. I had to be given three pints of blood before I started to feel normal again and recover from a burst ulcer. That was the end of my painting career, but I had learned a thing or two about painting. Fortunately, our parents took over during my convalescence, so I didn't have to worry about the children.

Although they liked each other, our families couldn't get along when they visited us on Sundays in Pelham Manor. We found a peaceful solution, however. We alternated one set of parents every Sunday. I made borscht for one set and an Iranian meal for the other. Thus, peace reigned supreme and everyone was happy. Rahim-djan was a good cook, so he took over sometimes and we had a delicious shashlik on skewers and a wonderful pilaw, while I rested on that Sunday.

During the winter time in Pelham Manor, when it snowed and Lotfi had to catch the morning train, I would clear the driveway, bundle up the kids, and drive my man to the train. Whenever we had snow, I would be the first one to make a snowman in front of our house, so the neighbors knew winter was formally announced by Fay Zadeh. We enjoyed those white winters, even shoveling snow in the morning was fun while I was young (now I am very happy to be in eternal sunshine). If I miss the snow, I can always find it within a three hour drive to the Sierras.

In those days, Lotfi had a tendency to live on a "temporary" plan. With the threat of the atom bomb, he gave us two years, which he renewed every two years for the next nine. This started in 1950, and our children grew up on a "temporary" basis. The only great upheaval took place when Lotfi accepted a position on the West Coast with the University of California at Berkeley as a full professor.

Lotfi was promoted to the rank of full professor at Columbia in 1957. He enjoyed his work, however, a serious conflict between the Department and Columbia's Electronics Research
Laboratory developed at that time. Professor John Whinnery, who was Chairman of the Department of Electrical Engineering at U.C. Berkeley, heard about the conflict and called Lotfi to inquire if he would be interested in coming to U.C. This telephone call and Lotfi’s subsequent acceptance of the offer from U.C. was the beginning of a new chapter in our lives.

In Pelham Manor, we had a lovely community where we made many lasting friends as our children were growing up, and we still keep in touch once a year. When Lotfi became a U.S. citizen in 1957, I planted a small maple tree with the kids on the front lawn, and we danced a symbolic Indian dance in celebration. I hear that the little tree with its red leaves is now a very big tree, but since I never returned, I take the word of our children who recently visited their "old" friends. We have all grown up since.

We often joke about an incident on the train while returning home during the holidays. Since Lotfi was bald and always serious, he looked a bit older than I. Opposite us sat a man full of the spirit of Christmas (and other spirits as well). He kept looking at me, and when we were getting off, he couldn’t restrain himself any longer. He commented out loud, "You sure have a good-looking daughter". Lotfi thanked him politely, and did not let on that I was not his daughter but his wife. I know that he is sensitive about his lack of hair, even though I assure him that I am drawn to bald men and that I love Yul Brynner. I think he is still sensitive about his lack of hair because he jokes. When asked to take a picture, he replies with a smile, "who needs these bald characters?" I prefer him to any other, just the same.

In 1958, Lotfi and I took our first true "vacation". It was Lotfi's first taste of Europe after getting his passport as a citizen of the U.S.A. It was almost equivalent to a honeymoon, since we were by ourselves without any children and without any commitments on his part. But, after seeing London for four days, then Belgium for another four, buying some furniture in Amsterdam, Holland, and finally visiting the eternal temptress, Paris, Lotfi couldn't stand it any longer. He managed to find a professional gathering which he at-
tended. As a workaholic in pursuit of science, he finally stopped feeling guilty and enjoyed what was left of our vacation. Although we spent only two weeks in Europe seeing four different countries in so little time, Lotfi (being a shrewd observer) formed a favorable opinion and learned more from the experience than it would take other travelers in a much longer space of time.

Before coming out West (which is where my official travelogues begin), we went to Canada near Montreal. It was a long trip by car, but everyone enjoyed the adventure. However, since I did not keep a diary and it was so long ago, we have only slides as a souvenir, which we took along the way. Lotfi has always been, and still is, an avid photographer, but to refresh our memory in looking at the slides would be like trying to find a “needle in the haystack”. I have tried to keep a filing system, but it is hopeless. With Lotfi taking so many pictures of everyone and everything, I have predicted (jokingly) that someday I will probably be buried under photographs and/or cameras. We have mountains of them dating back to 1946.

Lotfi also flew with his friend, Marc Marcovitz, by invitation, to the former Soviet Union, while we, the wives, trembled with fear and uncertainty about their safe return from behind the Iron Curtain. After his return, we started getting ready for our trek to California, where Lotfi accepted a position at U.C. Berkeley starting in the autumn of 1959. For details about our westward trek with kit and caboodle, you can read my first official travelogue of July 1959—it was memorable! The vastness of the continent, its breadth, width, and space, its different landscapes and diverse nationalities (their friendliness) all is recorded in our memory. I can strongly recommend the experience to anyone who wants to get a feel of our great country.
Living with Lotfi and Special Memories

(Above) Our home in Pelham Manor in winter and (below) in summer.

Fay and Lotfi at his parents' apartment in New York City, (early 1950s).

Lotfi teaching at Columbia University (1948).

Stella at three months of age (Mamaroneck, N.Y., 1947)
Lotfi working at his desk in his apartment in New York (early 1950's).

The whole family at a restaurant in New York City—a farewell of sorts—before the Zadehs left for California in 1959.
Since the pioneers have already preceded us by some two hundred years, no one but ourselves and close relatives and friends would pay much attention. For us, it was a first and very meaningful.

On July 11, 1959, our small family, consisting of Lotfi, myself, Stella and Norman (our children), left Pelham at noon (a rather late start) in a very overloaded car, after having toasted a last farewell with lemonade, given us by our dear friends to help in the sendoff. We also stopped in Dobbs Ferry at the Weichardts for another pick-me-up farewell. There, our overloaded car was lightened by some 150 pounds (American Express took care of that). Absentminded Lotfi left his "Kepi" behind, so our good friends chased us until they caught up with us to return the precious "Kepi". (Lotfi managed to leave his headgear behind about three times, but always remembered just in time, so we did not have to retrace our miles.)

At 3 p.m. we were finally off for good. Of course we did not cover too much ground this first day, nor the subsequent two days, but we were cheerful and lighthearted in spirit and that's what counts. We slept over near Utica.

July 12. Had a delicious breakfast at a small, friendly pizza restaurant (off the highway, places are more cozy and some are even good, but those on the highway make one think of an assembly line, im-
personal and tasteless). Stopped off at Professor Russell's ranchhouse near Utica—lovely place, 100 percent Colonial, with a glorious view of the hills. We had a picnic lunch at a cozy spot over-looking a lake, under a tree and beside some broken gravestones (one inscription read: 1868—5 years 7 month old—a sad reminder). People were swimming in the lake. There was a rustic air—birds were singing, crickets chirping and we took a nap lulled by all the pastoral sounds.

In Ithaca, we paid a visit to Professor DeClaris, who showed us around Cornell University. Of course all this visiting set us back somewhat. We had hoped to reach Niagara Falls that day (not to mention Lotfi's optimistic and rather unrealistic suggestion that we might get to Chicago that evening. He simply forgot to look up the distance between us and Chicago. We did get to Rochester though, if that is any consolation. Had dinner at Howard Johnson near Rochester (where I love their Eastern clam dinners.)

July 13. Started from Rochester at 9:20 and got to Niagara Falls at about 11:30 a.m. Saw the Falls but did not stay long as it was hot and very crowded. Going to and from Niagara we wasted about three hours. The city, or what we saw of it, was extremely ugly, a stench all around because of so much smoke coming from industrial sections, all clustered about the Falls. How industrialization can ruin natural beauty when used without consideration for it!!

The Canadian side did not seem industrialized and therefore much more beautiful. Had an afternoon break by taking a nap on the bank of a river, then cut across Ohio on roads 20, 90, and 5 until the Ohio Turnpike. Ohio landscape is lovely, pastoral, with a golden glow over all. Slept in a Tourist Home near the Turnpike on Route 5 (best rate we had so far and most reasonable.)

July 14. Started at 8:10 a.m. Weather is crisp and lovely, not a cloud in the sky—the morning glow gives the country a sparkling, clean look (in general weather has been with us so far). It is already noon and still the air is cool though the sun is hot.

We are now in the corn belt and driving on and on. We must reach Chicago today or bust. This is our "driving day". It is now 4:45 (actually 5:45, but time has receded by one hour) and we are still driv-
ing. This is the day! We have reached Chicago's outskirts—Hurrah—and are now on our way to Madison, Wisconsin.

But before this, we came to the end of the Indiana Turnpike and had to get off at Gary, Indiana (famous steel mill center). What met our eyes could only be described as the "Inferno of modern industry". We were glad when the ordeal of going through this smoke-filled city was over.

At 6 p.m., we got off the thruway and met a friendly highway patrolman who directed us to a very good Danish restaurant where we had the first delicious meal since leaving New York. 7:00 again on wheels till 8:30 p.m. Arrived in Beloit, Wisconsin. All motels were already filled, so we stayed at high-sounding Hotel Hilton (no relation to Hilton Hotels, God forbid!) Beloit is a nice, friendly city like so many other small cities in the U.S.

July 15. Started from Beloit at 8:45. Again a beautiful day. Wisconsin is a lovely state; rolling country with corn and wheat fields alternating. There is a feeling of plenty in the richness of green and yellow. Madison is a very pretty town and the University is most picturesque. It slopes down to the lake where sailboats skim over the water and students bathe. The cafeteria is all glass-enclosed, so one can watch proceedings through the panes. Today we decided to stop around 5:30 and look for motels. Found one in Lake Delton, then went to see an antique auto display, visited the Dells and slept well for a change.

July 16. From Lake Delton, Wisconsin, decided to go over to Tomah and from there cut across to La Crosse so as to follow along the Mississippi to Minneapolis, Minnesota. We wanted to get the feel of Mark Twain. Had a picnic lunch on the banks of the river. The scenery is lovely—wood and hills on one side and the river spilling over on the other—but quite hot and humid. We could not even take a nap, as mosquitoes were making a feast of us and we did not want to let them have it. At the same time, Stella went hunting for raspberries and came upon three snakes, one after the other. We decided it was time to clear out. Today we drove until 10 p.m. in order to reach Montevideo, Minnesota. We slept very well in an excellent air-conditioned motel.
July 17. Now we are proceeding towards South Dakota and it is getting drier and hotter as we travel along. We are spending less and less on food as prices are getting lower and lower, this is too good to last. In South Dakota, vegetation changed almost instantly. Whereas Minnesota was lush, here the hills were sparsely covered, corn grew sparse too and though grazing land was plenty, but much leaner looking by contrast. We came across lovely fields of blue flowers. The fields looked from afar like little windblown lakes until one came closer and discerned myriads of tiny blue flowers. Could they have been corn flowers or flax? I wonder. Now hills have ceased and before us stretch endless plains.

A storm gathered from nowhere and suddenly gusts of 50 mile winds came a-blowing. It looked quite forbidding for a while and we had to stop while it poured itself out. Did not take long, though, and we are on our way through the wide open spaces. Had to eat lunch in the car because the wind was too strong. All at once vegetation disappeared almost completely and before us stretched endlessly barren, rolling hills with not a tree in sight for miles around. It was desolate country—sun beating mercilessly down and no living soul around. Finally barrenness decreased and open prairie land stretched out before us with occasional cornfields and some farm houses. A garage and coffee shop appeared in the middle of nowhere—a most welcome sight—so we had some tea and doughnuts. People are all so friendly out here. Not small-minded business people, but big people with big hearts, as big as the open plains they inhabit. We are all alone on the road and now approaching Pierre. From the little coffee shop mentioned above, we placed a call to New York and talked to my father. It was real nice to hear his voice in the middle of the prairie (as if one were home).

South Dakota treated us to its best and its worst weather. Within one day we were battered by two storms and burnt relentlessly by the sun in between. The second storm broke quite suddenly and raged so furiously that we could not see anything in front of us or in back. The wind was so strong we thought the car would overturn or the luggage rack be blown away, so we pulled over to the side and waited for the storm to pass, but it took its sweet time and was the worst we had encountered so far. In Rapid City we went to see the sky view and dinosaur gardens. The city itself is picturesque, but
July 18. Went through Rushmore National Park—impressive sight—pine trees everywhere, the smell is breathtaking, so are the views. The sculptures viewed through a telescope are truly a monument to democracy and a piece of art besides.

Saw Sitting Bull's crystal cave—an interesting experience—as we had never been in a cave before. Had lunch in Custer's park amidst black-eyed Susans and birches, with a rippling brook nearby. What lovely scenery! We got so carried away, that we took a wrong turn on route 16 and had to backtrack 11 miles.

Now we are in Wyoming. This is really barren country (when it is barren). I wonder more and more at the desperate courage of those pioneers who conquered these immense wastes by crossing them almost on foot.

Stopped over in Buffalo, Wyoming and had a good dinner and a good night's sleep. A friendly town. In the morning Norman was practicing stone throwing and accidentally made a hit. He broke a modern lamppost shade and will have to pay for it out of his own pocket. It may cost all of 15 dollars.

July 19. Sunday—Now we are heading for Yellowstone. Crossed Powder River Pass at 9,666 feet and picked blue larkspur and other mountain flowers. The air is so crisp and cool, such wonderful mountain smells!

We are again in desolate country, almost a painted desert, only sagebrush is predominant. On the way to Cody, we had lunch at a table area under a big tee, also made use of the shining aluminum outhouse—the latest in outhouses.

Passed Big Horn, a little place not even mentioned on the map, but which boasts a library and a county hospital. Arrived in Cody, but did not stop there. We proceeded along the picturesque road to Yellowstone (route 14).

Yellowstone is really something to see. Never saw so many different sights in one day or in one park. Artists' point is an unforgettable sight of grotesque sulfur formations, a multicolored gorge and a spectacular waterfall. Stayed overnight at modern and luxurious Canyon Village (the largest motel area in the world).
July 20. Saw Towers Falls—very lovely—went to see Mammoth Springs and on the way met up with several of the inhabitants of Yellowstone. Fed some of them bread. Especially cute were two cubs and their mama who acted more like a dog than a bear. Saw a moose's antlers but not his body. Mammoth Springs is fantastic, especially Minerva Springs is impressive and beautiful. Later on passed Norris geysers—desolation and fumes everywhere—a forbidding sight. Stopped near a brook at a camp site for a picnic lunch, but were scared away by a well-meaning woman, who showed us a black bear some 100 feet away in the woods. Though the bear did not cross the road, our appetite was somewhat diminished and we took to the car.

Saw lovely Morning Glory Pool. Arrived at Old Faithful at 2 p.m. and had to wait till 2:40 (under Lotfi’s protest) to see the eruption. It was worth waiting for, though, and we took a film of it.

The bears held up traffic everywhere and there were enough of them around. Came to a point in the road that said “Craig Pass—Continental Divide elevation 8960”. Arrived in Teton National Park at a bad time when the sun blinded and obscured the grandeur of the mountains and lake. The mountains are as majestic as those in Switzerland—too bad we did not stay but several minutes. Lotfi was always so restless. How can anybody enjoy anything out of the window of a moving car. We stopped overnight in Jackson, a picturesque frontier town with hitching posts and a modern atmosphere.

July 21. On route 89 stopped at Star Valley Cheese Co. and bought some delicious Wyoming Swiss Cheese, then had a picnic lunch by a brook in a hot picnic area. At Logan we were surprised by a beautiful panorama very similar to that of Tehran, Iran. Were much impressed also by the cleanliness and industry of the Mormons. Whereas in Wyoming and Idaho the houses and farms were random and ramshackle, here they were more tidy and well tended with pretty flowers all around. The city reflected the pride and love of their citizens. Salt Lake City is also a very picturesquely situated town with some very interesting structures, but we liked Logan better. Slept over near Salt Lake City.
July 22. Started from Salt Lake City across the desert—a most unique sight—as if there were snow on the ground and perfectly flat. Had lunch in the car while driving in order to get to Reno before all motels got booked up. The desert here is not at all forbidding; not much worse than South Dakota's or Wyoming's badlands, only the area is larger. One can even see an occasional tree. The temperature now is 97° and will probably go as high as 103° or more, but the heat is not as oppressive as in Minnesota at 82°, and traveling by car through the desert might also be termed comfortable. The breeze is hot but dry.

2 p.m. It is getting real hot, even my sunglasses rims burn my face. This is Hell's Kitchen after all. Have covered some 525 miles from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m.

At last—the desert has been crossed and we are now in Reno. A real Honky-tonk gambling town. We lost $1.50 and gave up, but Stella put a nickel in the slot machine and won 70 cents. Lucky girl. Slept in Reno.

July 23. From Reno we proceeded direct on through Donner Pass, passed beautiful Donner Lake which is not even listed on the map. Why? The scenery in the fringe of the Sierras is somewhat like Switzerland and the inhabitants are trying to imitate their style in building.

As we started descending into the Sacramento Valley, scenery changed sharply. It became warmer, grass was dry and yellow, trees looked dusty, yet their branches were heavy with fruit. Suddenly we came upon the first palm trees and then we knew we were in Mediterranean climes—it is depressing to see all this dryness after the lush greenery of the Mid-West or the East, but I guess we will get used to that. This is the last leg of our trip.

Conclusion: Every American and non-American must make a trip across the U.S. once in his lifetime in order to appreciate it better.

Next installment—our impressions of Orinda...
Our New Home in Orinda

We arrived in Berkeley on the sunny afternoon of July 24th, and felt right at home. We still had to get to Orinda because this is where our home was to be. We realized that all our papers were packed away and we couldn't remember the name of the realtors who had the key to our new home—a nice "kettle of fish". We decided to call our friends, but they, too, did not remember the name. All they could remember was that the place was near a movie house in Orinda Village. Of course, Orinda is not Berkeley and so it did not take us long to find the right party, there being only one real estate agency at the time (the year was 1959). The agent drove ahead and we followed. It was about three miles from the village and the road led up a winding hill full of hairpin curves. The anticipation mounted with each new curve and I kept filming "the last mile". Finally, at the very top of a hill, there it was. A sprawled-out ranch house on the order of a Frank Lloyd Wright fantasy (it was actually built by one of his disciples)—all glass, concrete, and wood. Beautiful and awe-inspiring, so much so, that I was overwhelmed and had myself a little cry after the realtor left us with his good wishes. Just think of little me, all 5 feet 2 inches, having to water that three-quarter acres of land, wax the wooden surfaces and take care of several thousand square feet of house. This was only my first impression, however.

For three days Stella and Norman, who were hired immediately as lawn and shrub waterers, hustled about doing the watering by
moving hoses, until on the fourth day the gardener came and informed us that there was a complete sprinkler system. All that was needed was to turn a few knobs and use a few keys. After this, life became much easier for all the Zadehs and we began to enjoy our new home.

Neighbors came to say “Hello”, Stella and Norman found friends right across the street, I cleaned the house and found it a cinch with all the concrete floors and no rugs, and life began to take on a rosy aspect which in time blossomed into a glow. Now I wonder how I will ever be able to find a house that will suit me after this grand and unique mansion. Did I tell you that we pick our own plums, lemons, apricots, peaches, almonds (oranges will be ripe shortly), gardenias, roses, and many of the native California shrubs? There also happens to be a swimming pool two minutes walk from us, to which we automatically belong and where the children meet their friends and I get to know my neighbors. The house has everything, including a spice rack and a set of cookbooks that make my mouth water. I should mention that we leased this house for a year from a well-known psychiatrist who was away on a sabbatical leave. Since description is usually very abstract, I have included a few photos to give an idea of the place.

Shortly after we arrived at our new home, Lotfi invited some colleagues and visitors from New York for whom I prepared a dinner resuming my usual job as cook and hostess. Of course, we showed off our rented home and our Shangri-la and thus had even more company than usual. Lotfi loves inviting people and I love to cook. Since this is our first year away from familiar surroundings, friends, and relatives, every bit of news from New York was hungrily pounced upon and enthusiastically passed on from Lotfi down to Norman. We were also hoping to have part of the family down for the holidays, so as to make the transition a bit easier to take, somebody to fuss over and later show around the beautiful sights there are to see.

But man proposes and God disposes. A few slight changes of plans occurred at the last minute—my parents, getting their usual quota of colds, switched flights and went to Florida instead, to recuperate. We were left with “Turkey for four” and no one to invite. After the gifts were opened and the turkey had been savored, there was noth-
ing more to do and the Christmas day for once, seemed unnaturally long and much too peaceful and quiet.

After two days of long awaited rain, the sun shone again brightly and there was no smog to dampen the holiday spirit. Visibility was at infinity with a pleasant chill in the air, and we decided to finish the day off by going into Berkeley to see Some Like It Hot—a delightful movie, suited to any taste from conservative to daring, and a good takeoff on the underworld, jazz bands, and the eternal woman.

Although our family holiday plans fell through, we managed to entertain some people from Los Angeles and some from New York. As we had about 35 professors in the department, the social life was quite active and we have been invited to several parties during the holidays. There was no lack of cultural entertainment either. We had seen some excellent performers, a few of them on our campus, among them pianist Claudio Arrau and cellist Mstislav Rastropovich. In San Francisco, we saw the Takarazuka dancers and had a French evening with Ives Montand. Soon we were to hear David Oistrach, “Turandot” with Birgit Nilsson (a new meteor on the operatic horizon), also Boris Godounoff with Cesare Siepi singing the title role. We also saw some excellent films, among them the memorable Grande Illusion, Shoeshine and Nights of Cabiria (by Fellini). As you can see, we were interested in many things and the East Bay was certainly not far behind other large cities.

New Year’s was spent very pleasantly at the house of our new friends, nevertheless, we miss our old friends and relatives whom we have left behind once we came out West. Lotfi loves being among people, so whenever we get lonely, we take a ride into Berkeley, a fifteen minute drive from Orinda, go to a Beatnik Espresso Cafe and spend the time sipping tea and watching the interesting characters milling in the streets. While the East had a “White Christmas”, we had brilliant sunshine and Lotfi took a picture of me in a bathing suit holding lemons picked from our tree.

I took to California like a duck to water, but Lotfi was much slower adjusting. Every time he returned from a trip to New York, he commented on the dirt, taxis, etc. Only after his fourth trip to New York within a year, he said, “it’s good to be home”. I knew he had finally accepted his move out West. He used to complain about “our smog”, but after being a couple of times in Los Angeles, he no longer seemed
to notice our problem. He has been offered many advantageous positions elsewhere, but never accepted. Once he became accustomed to it, he came to love the Bay Area.

After our rental year was over, we found a small house on Las Piedras with a fantastic view of San Francisco Bay, San Pablo Dam Reservoir, Mt. Tamalpais on one side and Mt. Diablo on the other. We were in a "sun pocket". When the summer fogs billowed in waves all around us, it was an awesome sight. Sometimes in the mornings, we beheld a Japanese landscape with only the tips of hills showing through the morning fog which dispersed around 10 a.m. Sometimes during the summer, the fog lay thick all around Grizzly Peak and at night when Lotfi returned from the University, he used instruments, i.e. he counted 1.1 mile from the intersection so as not to miss the turnoff into Lomas Cantadas and past the Grizzly Stables where the fog suddenly cleared making night driving easy. This condition happened only a couple of months during the year and Lotfi soon got used to driving "on instruments", but I never did. Once, I almost drove off the cliff and was frightened out of my wits. Some friends from San Francisco were literally green when they arrived on a foggy night, and we had to escort them down the hill later. Other than that, it was a lovely place and always in full sunshine.

Still, though a beautiful place, the children and I felt somewhat isolated. Even though the school bus came all the way up the hill, without a car no one could get down to the village and the hairpin curves on this side were even more dangerous than where we were before. We bought the house on 16 Las Piedras. At the bottom of the hill there was also a community swimming pool (Orinda gets quite hot in the summer and almost frosty in the winter). We had to buy another car, one for Lotfi and one for us. The swimming and shopping were two miles down the hill, thus we were stuck without a car and the children were not at all happy.

Once, several Russian professors came for a visit. They knew that we had two cars and jokingly referred to us as the rich capitalists, but after we drove them from the airport, up our hill, they admitted that two cars were a necessity rather than a luxury.

Lotfi was a strict father and did not believe in having a TV set. He finally relented because we were so isolated. Lotfi's hobby at that time was Hi-Fi and cameras. He converted one of our washrooms
into a darkroom, including my little closet, and did some of his best 14” x 17” portraits (in black and white) of famous people, scientists, politicians, and artists. He calls himself an advanced amateur photographer and should have a one-man show, except that it takes time and effort both of which he has had so little of.

As for the loudspeakers, we brought with us three large Klipschhorns. These huge speakers were Lotfi’s prize possession. He acquired them, together with a great deal of studio equipment, from the estate of the inventor of FM, Major Armstrong, who was a professor at Columbia University. The place where Lotfi decided to put them together, because of their size, was by the front entrance to the house. It was a stupendous system and sounded grand, but only slim guests could enter the front door. The stout ones had to come by the kitchen entrance, through the open garage, to enter the living room. Lotfi was unconventional in many ways, but he didn’t seem to care if he was considered different or “eccentric”.

When Lotfi decided to buy us a TV set, he gave strict orders that nobody was to watch more than an hour a day. Of course, Norman did not obey his father. To punish his son and us as well, Lotfi pulled out one tube so that we could no longer watch any TV programs. Norman was then 11 years old (also a whiz at math and mechanically adept). Once, when I went shopping in the village, he came along and, with his saved pocket money, bought a new tube for our TV. When Lotfi would go to the University over the hill on some evenings, Norman would plug in the tube and we watched whatever program was on. As soon as we heard the car drive up to the garage, our tube would be hidden away until the next time. One day, however, we didn’t hear the car and suddenly there was Lotfi, pale with rage. He accused me of being an accomplice and promised that henceforth he would have nothing to do with the children’s upbringing. If the children became bums, it would be my fault. He actually kept his promise, but the children turned out to be good students and later became famous in their own fields, contrary to Lotfi’s prophesy. We did have happy times and fun nonetheless, even though harmony didn’t always reign supreme.

When we traveled, we used to leave the children with friends on our hill, except once when we went with the entire family to attend the URSI (an international radio scientific union) Congress in Boul-
der, Colorado. At other times, the children were placed in summer camps which they got to like. Staying on the hill with our friends, while we were away, bothered Norman a lot. He told me so, many years later. He said that he felt abandoned each time we went away. He turned out to be more sensitive than our daughter, Stella, who was quite independent and self-sufficient. As a matter of fact, after returning from our Sabbatical in Boston (Stella was 15 years old then), she asked to be left behind so that she could finish the school year there. Lotfi found her a place near her school with an elderly woman. Stella often did shopping for her and loved being “independent”.

While we were still living in Orinda, and Lotfi was in pursuit of famous men to photograph, he decided to take a portrait of Alexander Kerensky, who was at that time writing his book on “Russia and History’s Turning Point.” Kerensky was the short-lived prime minister of the Mensheviks during the time of the 1917 Revolution and before the communists (Bolsheviks) took over. He was a very interesting man of eighty-three.

Lotfi suggested that I call Kerensky at Stanford and speak to him in Russian. I asked whether he would agree to having his portrait taken by Professor Zadeh of U.C. Berkeley. At first, Kerensky was cold and hesitant, but as he told us later, the fact that Lotfi was “a colleague” and therefore not a risk, persuaded him to consent.

After meeting us, he became very friendly and even told us some of his experiences when he was in France. A taxi driver, who happened to be a Russian emigree, stopped his cab as soon as he recognized who his passenger was and said, “get out of the car, I shall not drive you Mr. Kerensky.” As you can see, there was not much love for the men who were responsible for the bloodshed that followed the revolution.

When we delivered his 14” x 17” portrait, Mr. Kerensky was so pleased with it that three years later he used it for the cover of his book (without telling us). One day, while my husband was passing a bookstore, he saw his portrait of Kerensky staring back at him. He walked in and bought the book to prove to others that it was his photo. He had kept the original negative and a copy of the 14” x 17” portrait, which he had taken three years earlier and presented to Kerensky. We then read in the obituary column of the New York
Times that he had passed away at the age of 86. We did not want any compensation for the use of our portrait, but it would have been nice if the book had mentioned the name of the photographer. Lotfi also took a photo of me with Kerensky in front of the Hoover Library. I have included it at the end of this chapter.

Lotfi was always an avid photographer, so much so that he converted our bathroom into his darkroom and used one of my closets to do his developing. Some of the best portraits Lotfi has taken of famous and interesting people date back to that period.

In 1969, when we bought our present home in Berkeley, we actually built a darkroom in the basement, painted it, and equipped it with a large tank for developing. When a drought period came, which lasted almost seven years, and water was rationed, Lotfi stopped making his 14” x 17”-size portraits. He now takes color snapshots and has them developed at commercial photo shops...too bad...we have a portrait of Truman and one of Nixon hanging on our wall. The first was taken at Columbia University with a telephoto lens. Truman liked it so well that he autographed it for us on a copy we had made for him. Nixon’s was taken in Oakland before he became president, while he was autographing his book, The Sixth Crisis.
The Zadeh's fantastic rented home in Orinda with Fay sitting on the steps to the garden (1959).


A blissful couple in their new home (1960).
For the first few years after our marriage, Lotfi was intent on making a name for himself. Being a workaholic and a Puritan by nature, he became a prolific writer of papers. I believe that while at Columbia, in addition to his Ph.D. thesis, he wrote some 26 papers in one year. He rarely took a vacation (being always pressed for time) but came home on weekends during the summer to be with his new family (for fear he would find himself once more a bachelor). Besides, he enjoyed seeing his little daughter and son.

Once, he even took the three of us to Vinal Haven in Maine for about a week, having been advised by our next-door neighbor about the isolation, peace, and beauty of the island. Indeed, Lotfi was able to write undisturbed (except for our presence) and fully concentrate his thoughts to finish an important paper. There were no telephones on the island, but there were lots of lovely centipedes and other bugs which almost drove him back to civilization. Still, this was one vacation we will long remember. It was never repeated.

After that, all the trips that Lotfi took combined scientific pursuits with some pleasure. Our first trip abroad was in 1958. Lotfi had never been to Europe, except for his brief stop in Portugal on his way to the United States. This trip was a marvelous opportunity for us to enjoy exploring it together. But first, I will tell you about our wonderful experience in Colorado with the URSI Congress (1957).
First URSI Congress (1957)—Boulder, Colorado

In 1957, Lotfi joined a worldwide organization, the URSI (an international radio scientific union), which was comprised of 600 members from all parts of the world. The scientists met in Boulder, Colorado, for ten days. Being the first such Congress, we shall always remember Boulder Colorado. It was a beautiful place in the mountains at 6,000 feet above sea level. It was a memorable event, not only because of its location, but because we met so many outstanding scientists and made lasting friendships with international visitors (whom we have met again and again at subsequent URSI conferences).

A group of Russian scientists were able to attend, and they too will never forget Colorado. It turned out that very few of them spoke English. As soon as they found out about us, we were requisitioned as interpreters. We shared their bus along with some French and Italian visitors. All had a wonderful time, being dined, wined, and transported by bus after the daily sessions. We were all housed in the dormitories, so that a family spirit developed, especially during mealtimes. Some of the Americans brought their families along (for us it wasn’t expensive). We have never again experienced such togetherness as that first time in Boulder. By the way, three months later, a wooden crate arrived at the Zadeh’s home from Moscow containing a genuine Samovar (a “thank you” for my help as an interpreter).

Every three years, the URSI was hosted (like the Olympic Games) by a different city. In 1960, it was held in London.

Second URSI Congress (1960) with a European Detour

Jets are a marvelous invention—my only objection is that they fly too fast and get there sometimes too soon. This applies to night flights only. Imagine, being awakened with a hot washcloth and a cheerful good morning at 4 a.m. (our time). Nonetheless, we managed to remain cheerful and active all that day. Copenhagen was lovely and we spent two hectic days (with swollen feet) looking for and buying furniture. We had no time to see anything else except for a visit to delightful Tivoli Gardens and partaking of the delicious Danish pastries. From Copenhagen, we flew to Frankfurt, a rather pedestrian and industrial city. (Lotfi’s hobby at this time was cameras.)
Lotfi planned to rent a Volkswagen but realized that the Leica factory was not near Munich but Frankfurt instead. Being Saturday, we had to kill two whole days somehow while we stayed near Frankfurt. Lotfi came up, as usual, with a good solution. We spent all day Sunday traveling up the Rhine, seeing the lovely castles and vineyards. In the evening, we detoured to Bad Ems, where we enjoyed the European resort atmosphere and rested up for our trip by car.

On Monday, a rainy and dreary morning, we were off to the Leitz factory. Rolling green hills, tidily bound stacks of wheat, and German cleanliness were everywhere in spite of the dreary-looking and old-fashioned homes. It was a pleasant sight to see. Another feature was the lack of advertisements—no ugly signs to mar the beauty of countryside.

We arrived in Wetzlar and spent the better part of the day discussing and picking out camera equipment. This was Lotfi’s "big day." From Wetzlar we went directly to the charming town of Heidelberg.

Unfortunately, Heidelberg was overrun by British tourists all wanting to see the famous flower display at the castle. Rooms were hard to get, but we found (in pouring rain) a nice gasthaus in a residential district. Once settled, we went into town for a late dinner at the Silberne Hirsch. Later that night, we sauntered through narrow streets and came upon an Inn where Hungarian music invitingly issued forth. We loved dancing, but it was too late for that.

The next stop on our way was Munich. It was quite impressive with its Rathaus, wide thoroughfares, monuments, and narrow alleys, but it was an industrial city and all industrial cities have their share of ugliness.

From Munich we proceeded towards Innsbruck via Garmisch-Parten-Kirchen. As soon as we approached the mountains, the panorama unfolded in all its glory and charm. Cottages became Tyrolean in aspect—cheerful, beige cottages with brown balconies, gingerbread roofs, and flowers, lots of flowers. Green, lush meadows, like velvet carpets, spread out on all sides. The houses were perched on them like nests, with snow-capped mountains setting the backdrop. Garmisch-Parten was a bit disappointing. It had lost some of its pristine beauty through modernization and Americanization—Coca-Cola signs, gasoline stations, etc. However, Mittenwald, a border town,
retained all its old flavor and charm.

Crossing the border into Austria there was no difference in scenery, but the houses looked shabbier and were less well-kept. After a steep descent, we came into the valley where Innsbruck lies along a turbulent river—quaint, old, and charming. That evening we enjoyed a spirited performance of the "Bettelstudent" at the Tyrolean Operahaus. We had tea on a terrace after the performance and went to bed under the influence of Austrian Gemütlichkeit.

The following morning, we continued on towards Italy via famous Brenner Pass. It was jammed for miles, but fortunately not on our side. At the border, we were struck by Italy's poverty, shabbiness, and decay. Farther inland, scenery became more lush and houses less offensive. Italian roads were a far cry from German roads and progress was much slower.

Evening overtook us in a small town named Trento, where we decided to stop overnight. Unfamiliarity with the language made things a little complicated. We managed to get a room with a bath, but the woman kept telling me something in Italian. Later, I found out that she tried to warn me about the noise on that floor and advised instead a room with a shower higher up. I kept repeating the words I had memorized, "con bagno, desidero bagno por la noche" and that was what we got—a lovely bath and a miserable night. These Italian motorcyclists are devils on wheels, especially when they happen to be under one's window. Nevertheless, we enjoyed our stay in Trento, an old Italian town and rather poor, but with a pleasant park and a fountain in the middle of the lake (all lit up). The main attraction of that town was a hotel/restaurant, Sardagna, perched on a cliff across the river. The access was by a breathtaking "funivia" held by nothing but steel ropes slung across the river and the chasm. Here we had a delicious chicken cacciatore, quite different from the usual version, and a magnificent view of Trento below, with mountains all around.

Because progress along Italian roads was generally slow, we had to omit Florence altogether. Instead, we took a picturesque side road along beautiful, sun-drenched Lago di Garda. It left us breathless with its view, its grottoes (through which the road wound along the lake), and its cypress sentinels. Giant-size oranges were sold by natives along the way and we bought some at a high price (five for
thirty cents), only to discover them dried out and tasteless inside.

Milan was the only large-size city we visited in Italy on this trip, and we were much impressed by it. Especially beautiful and awe-inspiring was the Dome. Lotfi was so awed by it, that all he could say was "tremendous, magnificent." Leonardo’s Last Supper was lovely, but time and the bombings had taken their toll—the effect was less than anticipated. La Scala was being repaired and had little to offer from the outside except its famous name.

We had an unusual and tasty sandwich at La Zucca and then had to kill three hours walking and waiting until the shops reopened after their siesta, from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. We bought one beautiful handbag advertised at 22,300 lire for 12,300 lire, and felt we had not let the Italians put it over on us this time.

Leaving Milan at 5 p.m. the same day, we arrived in Como at 6 p.m. In spite of its beauty, Como was so commercial and overcrowded that we left it the following morning with a flat aftertaste. After spending a night at a miserable, dirty Hotel Moderno (with false pretenses at being modern a l’Americaine), in which meals were included, we were forced to eat bad food (in keeping with the rest of the place). After dinner, to make up for our disappointment, we walked to the lake and spent two hours drinking tea at a Motta Cafe, listening to an Italian chanteuse and feeling very exclusive for our 600 Lire, while the citizens looked through peepholes.

The next day, while passing through beautiful Lugano, we realized that we had made a mistake by not sleeping over in Lugano, instead of Lake Como. We did not know that Lugano was only an hour’s ride away and we had been afraid of not finding accommodations after 7 p.m. In comparison with Lugano, Como was what Coney Island is to Miami Beach, only more aristocratic and much more continental. The hotels were beautiful and the people refined. We decided to spend our next European vacation partly in Lugano.

Next came a spectacular ascent on San Bernardino, over the Ostspitze, amidst icy waterfalls, and then into mountain territory above the timberline. Slowly descending into civilization along St. Gotthard’s Serpentinewerk, the houses immediately became more friendly and cleaner in aspect. On approaching Zurich, we stopped on the lake at the Bahnhof Hotel in Thalwill. Five miles out of Zurich, we had a pleasant meal on a terrace amid trees overlooking lovely
Zuricher Lake, and a delightful rest, free from all noises. We also went into Zurich the same evening and were very impressed with its beauty and its stores. It was Sunday, and abustle with people who sat like birds in a line at sidewalk cafes, sipping tea and watching passersby (in the true continental tradition). We, too, adopted this leisurely custom through most of our European trip.

From Zurich, we went to Interlaken on the advice of a Swiss professor and were very grateful for his good advice. The Swiss Alps are magnificent and must be seen at close range. At Grindlewald we rushed to get to the ski lift before it got too late. We wanted to take some pictures of the grandeur around us. Sitting suspended between heaven and earth, breathing in the incomparable air of the Alps, and looking at the majestic peaks of the Jungfrau, Wetterhorn, Eiger, Silberhorn, was an experience we shall long remember. That evening we had a tasty dinner and took a walk through the center of town. We also did a little dancing along with our usual evening tea in a cozy Konditorei.

That morning in Grindlewald was glorious, the peaks glistening in the golden sun. Everything was clean and crisp. The beauty simply takes your breath away, but we must leave. Our vacation time was drawing to a close and we must move on towards France so we can be in London by the 29th. Switzerland was by far our favorite country, with Austria a close second.

In Neuchatel, the flavor changed to French in spite of its still being Swiss. Houses were dilapidated and the people less friendly, but the countryside was still lovely.

In the evening, we reached Besançon, the city of our expectations because of Stendahl’s book, *Rouge et Noir*. What a disappointment. Dirty, old, unpleasant, with few trees—quite a shock after the lovely Swiss towns and cities where even a shack has flowers. To add insult to injury, we chose the only AAA-approved hotel in town, which proved to be the most expensive and the least rewarding of all.

On the whole, the French countryside was lovely and pastoral, but the villages were dilapidated and unfriendly. Their shutters remain closed. It was a little depressing compared to the cheerful, friendly villages of Switzerland.

We drove hard all day so as to be within 50 miles of Paris by nighttime. We stopped overnight in Fontainebleau at an ancient his-
torical hotel amidst ancestral ghosts and horses. The food was tasty and lodgings were clean and reasonable, but best of all, everything cost us 16 new francs as compared with 70 the previous night. What a difference! Chateau Fontainebleau was very grand and sprawled out. How I wished I had roller skates at the time.

Paris was lovely, as always, and the weather was so perfect that we did not waste any time getting up the Eiffel Tower to take pictures. The sight was breathtaking, with Paris stretching for miles below us and the Sacre Coeur glistening white in the distance.

In Paris, we surrendered our little Volkswagen, of which we had grown rather fond. From then on we used the usual city transportation—metro, bus, and foot.

Paris is like an expensive courtesan, beautiful and attainable only with lots and lots of money. The things in the windows knock your eyes out but leave your pockets full of holes, so I decided to be strong and resist temptation. In the evening, after dinner, we decided to take a stroll through Place Pigalle. This time we saw it in action for the first time. Prostitutes were standing in every side street in groups or singly, plying their trade. Sometimes a brassy one would accost a customer begging him to "come in for a minute" and then haggle over the price. Crowds walked up and down en masse and we held hands so Lotfi would not be subjected to an offer (which he, in his usual politeness, might find improper to refuse).

The following evening we spent with some French friends in Montmartre, jammed with people, accordion music, and lots of ambiance. It was a very charming place overlooking Paris, lit up by flood lights. On our way home through a better part of town, we met better-grade prostitutes in wait for better customers.

Alas, our last day in Paris had come. The sun was shining, the streets were quiet, and suddenly we heard strains of accordion music floating up to our windows. Two accordion players were making the rounds, collecting for Sunday's meal. Heads poked through windows, everyone smiled, and the players didn't go away empty-handed. It was lovely to hear the sweet strains of real French music on a sunny morning. On our last day, we managed to squeeze in a trip on a Bateau Mouche before boarding the plane for London.

London greeted us with a drizzle, the first since Germany. Although it was not our favorite, we were beginning to like London.
We better, since we have to stay here for the next three weeks. First, Lotfi attended an information theory symposium and next, the main event, the URSI Congress. The next URSI meeting will be in 1963 in Japan. Life seems rather interesting at this point.

London and the URSI simply swept us off our feet with all the organized activity, hospitality, sight-seeing, and scientific curriculum (which I successfully stayed away from). To begin with, the URSI committee for housing reserved us a room at Hotel Russell, an old white elephant, steeped in age, politeness, and respectability. We just couldn’t stand more than a night of this antiquity and moved to a smaller, cozier hotel in the West End, Hotel Grosvenor Court. This hotel had been completely remodeled except for an ancient elevator which had the peculiar habit of squeezing hands between the slats of the cage. Also, it would obey but the first call, disregarding any other, so that during morning rush hours only the passengers at the top or bottom got to ride. The rest had to walk down the four or five flights of stairs if they hoped to get to their destination on time.

Traffic was another exasperating factor during our stay—you looked to your right, the coast was clear, and you started happily across the street only to discover, in terror, that a whole army of cars and buses was practically upon you from the left.

The most frustrating system in Britain was the monetary system. After a week or so we could finally distinguish between the different coins and knew their relative values, but then when a whole group of us would get together at a restaurant on a Dutch-treat basis, and the bill was finally brought, the fun began. After about half an hour of figuring (always wrong), even the best of our scientists gave up and let the waiter do the arithmetic.

We saw a great deal of London, which I shall not describe, as many of you have been there at some time or another. Besides, I am sure your patience is wearing thin at this lengthy report. However, I will add a few notes in closing. Our favorite haunt on days free from receptions was Soho. It had an atmosphere all its own and we enjoyed strolling through its dimly lit streets, watching the girls in doorways, groups of weird characters standing about, music, noise, and peep shows. On Sundays, we loved to go to the Speaker’s Corner in Hyde Park and listen to the debates that went on. We man-
aged to see some excellent plays, and spent a day in Cambridge to absorb some of its atmosphere. After our three-weeks stay in London, we decided to put it on our list of favorite cities, after all. The English were most friendly and polite and we were lavishly entertained throughout our stay. Especially memorable was a banquet at Guild Hall, given for the 600 of us. Evening attire was mandatory. The British showed that they certainly know how to do it in style. Some women rented gowns and all the men wore tails!

The first URSI Congress, held in 1957 at Boulder, Colorado, was attended by many outstanding scientists from around the world. (Left to right) Prof. Zhabotinsky, Lotfi Zadeh, Prof. Fock (USSR), Fay Zadeh, Prof. Chodorov (Stanford Univ.) and his daughter.

(from left to right) Attendees Louis Weinberg, Nelson Blachman, and Lotfi Zadeh stand in front of the URSI flag at the first URSI Congress in Boulder, Colorado (1957).
At URSI, the Zadehs found many opportunities to make new friends and greet old ones. Lotfi (left) is talking with Richard Silverman (center) and Professor Faz Reza (right), one of Lotfi's former teachers from the University of Tehran, Iran. (Boulder, Colorado, 1957)

(right) Dutch, French, Russian, and American scientists at a discussion during the first URSI Congress (1957). Seated from right to left are Nelson Blachman (USA), Prof V. Siforov (USSR), two French scientists, Lotfi Zadeh (USA), Dr. Felix Stumpers (The Netherlands), and one unidentified gentleman.
(left) Lotfi absorbed in conversation with Prof Il'in (USSR) and Prof. Paul Gray (USA). Prof. Il'in sent the Zadehs a Samovar from the USSR as an expression of friendship and gratitude. (Boulder, Colorado, 1957)

At the URSI Congress in London, Fay and Lotfi attended a formal banquet in London’s famous Guild Hall (1960).
Europe - June 1962

Off to Europe for the third time in five years—it was almost becoming a habit (but what a lovely one). Lotfi was invited to give a series of lectures in France, and I simply tagged along at his suggestion.

A helicopter flight from Berkeley to San Francisco was a new experience. It was like a clumsy whirling bird slowly skimming over the area, just high enough to get a good view of every detail below. A mechanized toy city spreads out before my eyes—colorful toy cars parked in a symmetrical pattern, orange trucks lined up near a depot, and a tire cemetery looking like a huge pile of black doughnuts. What pretty toys to play with. Only I couldn’t reach them and if I could, they would turn into life-size monsters! By comparison to the helicopter, the United Airlines jet was powerful, noiseless, smooth, and pleasant, like the magic carpet of the Arabian nights.

New York greeted us this time with a smiling face—sunny, clear weather, yet not too hot—a pleasant surprise. In the evening, dinner with family and friends was conducted at a perpetual fortissimo, with everyone trying to out-shout each other. The following day was a repetition of the same, but with the other family. It was good to have two sets of parents. It provided an equal balance of joy, with us on the receiving end. Lunch at Rockefeller Plaza and a visit to the Guggenheim Museum was all we accomplished during our short stopover. The museum featured an exhibit by Paul Guston—a patch-
work of dull colors without rhyme or reason. How much farther can abstraction go? The seeming monotony of the patches was actually depressing. Wherever I looked, I saw huge canvasses with blotches of similar hue. Mother and I left the museum as soon as we could. Art seems to have reached a point where the pendulum must start swinging back soon.

Futuristic Idelewild transforms at night into a modern fairy tale of twinkling lights and colored fountains. We were flying to Paris on an Air-Indian Boeing 707. Our flight was a thing of grace and beauty with a touch of mystery, supplied by courteous Indian lovelies and handsome male attendants. Time was now completely topsyturvy. After an hour and a half of sleep, I no longer felt sleepy. How could I when it was already daylight in Europe.

We were met at Orly Airport by our friends and taken to a hotel with the impressive name "Paris-Londres". (Stay away from it!) Although it claims to have historical value, to me it seemed more like a brothel with an antique elevator, which could hold only two passengers at a time in a sort of embrace (because of lack of space). The place was in varying degrees of decay and my foot went through a board in the floor. The furniture seemed ancient, the bed was "hill and dale", the bathtub was constructed in a such a way that one could get into but not out of it without breaking a joint, and the prices were strictly for tourists. When we tried taking a nap, we rolled toward each other. I jumped out of bed and went in search of more suitable quarters. This I did against Lotfi’s protestations since he was embarrassed over our friends’ efforts to get us these accommodations. Lotfi, with his usual politeness and Spartan discipline, would have remained and suffered, but I had a great instinct for self-preservation. So while he tried to take a nap, I went looking for a more suitable hotel and found a lovely, small hotel with a modern bathtub at about the same price, just eight doors down the block towards the Madeleine. We even had two twin beds for greater comfort and a more respectable and friendly atmosphere. Lotfi finally consented to move to the new hotel so as not to have to pay for two rooms. We both could be quite stubborn at times, but I wasn’t going to ruin my five-day stay in Paris. Now we can start enjoying this eternally bewitching city. To prove that my judgment was good, the Hotel de L’Arcade has become Lotfi’s “headquar-
ters” whenever he is in Paris.

While Lotfi was hard at work, I was busy being entertained by friends, shopping, and seeing the sites. Most of the week was spent in social engagements and culminated with a banquet given by the Institute at which Lotfi was lecturing. We were finally acquainted with real French cuisine and hospitality, but the late hours were beginning to tell.

For a farewell gift, I received a large oil painting done by our professor friend (which I had greatly admired while at his home) plus an enormous bouquet of red roses. The gesture was elegant, but traveling with a painting and bouquet of roses (along with all our other suitcases and bags) was cumbersome. Americans are much more practical that way—they give less bulky gifts or tokens.

In Marseilles, we were met in style by a chauffeur in a black Peugeot 403. The car was at our disposal for as long as we wished to stay. We were promptly driven to Aix-en-Provence, 30 kilometers away. The countryside was beautiful, reminiscent of Italy—red-tiled roofs, lush greenery, and red poppies everywhere—very picturesque. In Aix, we got our best hotel so far and at the lowest price (two beds, beautiful modern bath, very elegant). A charming, restful town this Aix-en-Provence. The whole main avenue was bordered by trees and outside cafes, and everyone promenaded along that avenue. It was like a big meeting place. Of course it was a resort town, which made all the difference.

Marseilles, on the other hand, was teeming with humanity, colorful and sparkling in the sun. It had a lovely coastline and an impossible traffic situation (worse than Paris). If there were any traffic rules, they were not obeyed.

We walked down the main street to the port and watched a mendicant and his white mouse circus. Wedged in by people on all sides, we continued up and down the pier. Peanuts, licorice sticks, and candy were sold at little folding tables by shabby old peasants. Sea shells were laid out on the pavement for sale, boats were docked everywhere, and people, colorful people, were milling around.

For dinner we had the famous bouillabaisse in a famous restaurant. The only trouble was the lack of authenticity—the place was too sophisticated and the prices fabulous. A regular citizen would probably shun such a place. Besides, the food was as highly pep-
pered as it was billed. A good lesson—eat native dishes in more humble surroundings.

We visited a professor and his wife in Marseilles, who seemed to live in another age, in an older world. The house was ancient, the garden wild but charming. Progress seemed to touch them not at all and yet the professor was up-to-date on everything and was the director of the "Institut des Recherches". Our stay here was too short, 24 hours in all. We now bid adieu to our private chauffeur with many thanks to Cedarchache and the French for their generosity and hospitality.

When we arrived in Nice, we rented a Simca for our tour of Cote d’Azur. Lotfi was always in charge of planning and arrangements. The coastline here was spectacular. The water which looks blue-green from the air, was hazy from the ground. Hot and humid, one feels sticky all the time, like in New York during summer. The main street of Nice, Rue de la Victoire, was dirty and noisy, teeming with humanity. Better sections were surely somewhere else, near the plage, but we did not see them—so little time. As usual, Lotfi rushed me through at a whirlwind pace, still, it was fun. We gained an impression, however limited.

One evening was spent in a spectacular ride to Monaco, and a visit to the Casino in Monte Carlo climaxed the evening. Beginner's luck—I put one franc in a slot machine and drew two. I went to the next machine and drew four francs right away. Lotfi opened his eyes in surprise. Then I promptly lost three of my won francs and we had some cafe-au-lait with the rest of my winnings. My gambling spirit aroused, I could not leave the casino without trying my luck at the roulette, just once! I placed a whole five franc coin on red, trembling at the mere thought of my sagacity, and won right away, but being new to the game, I almost got tricked into betting my stake plus my gain on red once more. Just in time, I asked what happened to my bet, and when told that I had won, I insisted on cashing in my chips (despite a contemptible look). I took my winnings and went out to buy a spoon from Monaco as a souvenir of my one great gamble!

This morning we visited IBM in La Gaude, a tremendous structure surrounded by forests and mountains. I expressed my admiration of French imagination only to be told by Lotfi that La Gaude
was designed by an American (Brewer by name). We were taken on a tour of the building and had a cold lunch in their cafeteria, because this day the giant establishment lay helpless as an infant. The electricity was off everywhere because of a new strike and it was most profoundly felt at this super-modern IBM.

After the cold lunch, we drove down to the ocean and went for a swim at Juin-les-Pains on a beautiful, sandy beach. This was the first really leisurely two hours we spent, relaxing and bathing. The sea here was like a painted ocean, calm and serene, and the water was warm and pleasant. The sirens were all attired in bikinis, even the fifty-year-olds.

At 4:30, the sun went behind a cloud and we drove on to Cannes. Here the beach was a little less spectacular than at pebbly Nice, but more colorful with its beautiful promenade speckled with invitingly set up red, blue, and yellow chairs. A lady attendant with an eagle eye kept marching up and down collecting the few "sous" from its occupants—so, don't sit nonchalantly down in one unless you are prepared to pay a penny for your seat. The main street of Cannes was similar to Nice, with more cheap goods for the tourists and dives sprinkled here and there throughout the quai. At this time, the French Riviera was overrun by a horde of Lions (20,000 strong) and by American sailors from five warships anchored along the shore. Between the screaming yellow and violet uniforms of the Lions and the white of the sailors, it was somewhat difficult to spot the true inhabitants of the Cote d'Azur.

On the way to our hotel, we drove along the coast with lights blinking everywhere and the moon serenely floating on high, watching us from above. Another tip—never take a room on a main street no matter how cheap, 2.50 for both of us. Even this was too much to pay for a hard bed and a truck-loaded night. Tonight we would not sleep too well anyway, for tomorrow we bid good-bye to France.

This morning and the better part of the day was spent in the air and in airports changing planes. All this, because Lotfi made up his mind to see the Berlin Wall and let me revisit my past. His will prevailed, as usual, but since there was no direct connection we had to change planes in Geneva and then again in Frankfurt. In Geneva, we had a little trouble with the painting which I had carried in my hand all the way from Paris (the professor's gift). The French sus-
pected we were smuggling a masterpiece. What a disappointment for them when it was finally unveiled and what a lot of work for us to repack it. We still had time to make a 30 minute tour of Geneva, a rather beautiful town built on a lake (from what we could see in so short a time between planes).

We arrived in Berlin around 4 p.m. The first thing we did was take a taxi to the “Schandemauer” (the Wall). It was a depressing sight, especially by contrast to the Western side that was rebuilding on a grand scale. Still, there were few cars and fewer people (it seemed). We had an excellent room at Park Hotel on Meineke Strasse near the Kurfurstendamm. We ate at Haus Wien on the Kurfurstendamm, saw an excellent Wochenschau (newsreel), and a most respectable family-type striptease.

The next morning, Lotfi and I tried to reconstruct my childhood. We finally located my old school, though it took a while because it was under a new name. After finding the school, I could easily trace my way to Duisburger and Dusseldorfer streets where I used to live as a child. Lotfi was impressed by my memory—after all, this was some thirty years ago. I was somewhat moved to be back. We took photos of the neighborhood (almost 90 percent of Berlin had been bombed out and then completely rebuilt).

In the afternoon we flew to Hamburg—a very nice, bustling city where we stayed, alas, only 24 hours (that’s Lotfi’s way of seeing cities). From there we continued on to Copenhagen where we stayed 48 hours, and finally saw the lovely mermaid in the harbor (from Andersen’s stories). We had a delicious lunch at a highway inn (quite different from the mass-production fare found on our turnpikes). In the evening we dined in great style at Frascatti, relatively less expensive, but the most sumptuous fare we had had yet. Walking through Tivoli’s Fairyland, jammed with humanity (as it was a holiday), we saw many things, including the burning of an effigy monster and fireworks—a fitting climax for the end of our journey. London will be our last stop before returning to our beautiful California.

It has been windy and cold ever since Berlin, so that a coat was
needed at all times. Copenhagen stores closed at 2 p.m. on Saturdays and shopping was at a standstill until Monday—a tip to remember.

The umbrella which I carried throughout Europe proved useless. London decided to spite my umbrella, and the weather was lovely the two days we stayed there. Accommodations in London were hard to get, so it was wise to book ahead—another tip for tourists. In the evening, Lotfi went, as usual, to his beloved Soho district and I decided to sacrifice the pleasure for another one. I saw Peter Ustinov instead in a delightful show entitled Photo Finish.

Time flies in London and before we knew it, the last evening of our stay was upon us. We took our Chinese friends to a good Chinese restaurant, Ho-Ho, which we discovered the evening before. Thus, we had another good meal.

How was it that the British have such infinite capacity for ruining food? We stopped later for a little snack before bedtime and had violet-colored apple pie which tasted just like it looked. The following morning we had lukewarm toast, black chocolate, salmon-colored bacon, and almost-burned eggs. English food was a puzzlement!!

Flying home on Quantas proved once again the superiority of service and food on non-American airlines—a last tip for transcontinental would-be travelers. And with that, we bid adieu to all our friends until our next trip.
Before I begin my travelogues, let me say that all our travels were connected to either invitations or commitments by Lotfi to attend various conferences, congresses, summer schools, international meetings, etc. Lotfi never enjoyed taking a vacation by itself, but sometimes it was necessary to spend a few days between engagements. Since this happened during the summer, after the academic year ended, we used the free time to visit other countries, as a vacation of sorts. Lotfi never stayed long in one place, but was curious to see as much as he could in as short a time as he could. He also hoped to find some new camera equipment along the way.

August 8, 1963. This was the big trip, and I had been waiting for this for the past three years—no, more like a whole lifetime. I had always wanted to see my birthplace, Japan, and I had never really been in Russia, though part of my background has some Russian flavor. Now that all the rush of preparation was over, I felt like a bird uncaged—released from daily chores and worries. Sitting in the helicopter with skies overcast and peaceful, I was looking for the pile of little black doughnuts that impressed me so last year, but I couldn’t find them. There was continual change on the ground, yet an untidiness and bareness prevails over the Oakland area. Is it only the dryness of summer? Even poorer sections could be invit-
ingly green with a little love and watering. People are too much involved in the tedium of daily chores to care, it seems.

New York in August was its usual self—hot and humid—and it felt good to get away again, winging our way to Paris. After a short night flight, we landed at Orly airport and bumped into the latest American rage—a short and insignificant-looking James Baldwin (probably taking a holiday from American reporters and racial conflicts).

Paris seemed asleep and deserted. It was Sunday, 7:30 in the morning, and August, all of which explains the phenomenon. We, too, slept through most of the day to make up for the night, for only a yogi or fakir could enjoy a cramped sitting-sleep position.

Lotfi was to give a rigorous lecture series to International Tel & Tel engineers. It would last two weeks, after which we had two weeks free before attending the General Assembly of the International Scientific Radio Union in Tokyo. Thus, we had decided to kill time pleasantly by taking a trip through Czechoslovakia, Russia, India, Thailand, and Hong Kong.

Our stay in Paris over, we were now ready for the big adventure on a Czech plane into Prague. We were about to take a peep behind the iron curtain and see for ourselves what was truth and what was fiction. At the airport we were welcomed by two professors from the Institute of Information Theory and Automation, along with our "personal" guide, and taken to the most modern hotel in town, the "Yalta" (only three years old). The guide proudly told us that we were to have a room with a bath and then left us to fend for ourselves until the following morning. We roamed freely through the main streets of Prague undisturbed and unobserved. The streets were teeming with plainly-dressed people who seemed to be promenading continuously. There were lots of trolley cars and buses, and police dressed in navy blue with long white cuffs, looking as though they were ready to operate. The Czechs are a friendly, hard-working people who plod along without questioning, it seems. Long cues were forever forming near fruit stands. Ice cream and sausages were popular snacks sold at stands or in kiosks. Bookstores abound and overshadow all other stores. Displays in the windows were some-
what skimpy and without much imagination, but the pastry stores had most appetizing displays.

In the evening, Lotfi, in his usual big gesture, invited the two professors with their wives for dinner to our “ritzy” hotel. He was terribly embarrassed to find at the end of the meal, that his generous gesture had been paid for by our guests. It cost them a week’s salary since Yalta was the most exclusive hotel (though not by American standards).

The old city of Prague commanded an imposing view and spread out proudly before us in all its ancient glory. The weather here was sunny. Rainy Paris, with all its characteristics, was now far behind us. Today we saw the main points of interest—buildings over 1000 years old, a medieval town with an astronomical clock, the fortress Gradtcnchane with its magnificent St. Vitus cathedral, St. Nicholas in perfect Baroque, the singing fountain, Charles Bridge, and the beautiful Moldau. For a half a day’s tour we covered a lot of ground and returned filled with impressions of ancient grandeur and beauty. The new city was very pedestrian by comparison. Tonight we were again with our group of professors. A few were added, making nine in all. They took us to a beautiful restaurant on the rocky cliffs overlooking the Moldau, Brandovo, with orchestra and “Gemütlichkeit”. The food was uniformly good, tasty, and reasonable. Lotfi was finally able to reciprocate Czech hospitality. We had 450 kroner that could be used for food and sundries only, so we blew them with glee.

The following morning a whole delegation came to see us off—four of the professors with roses and gifts. It was Monday, a workday. They quite overwhelmed us by their show of respect and we shall long remember our visit to Prague.

And now we were flying an Aeroflot to Moscow with the roses drooping beside me and impressions waiting to be jotted down before they melt into a haze. Some big Russian personage was on our plane—his head was shaven, and his aspect forbidding. Big, bald, and pink, with medals on his chest, he made me think immediately of “Animal Farm” by George Orwell.

Moscow at last! I feel a constriction in my throat, but I don’t know
why. There was a rain just before and the birch forests (around the airport) mingle with fir trees and exude an aroma unique in that part of Russia. There was a positive feeling, a healthy briskness all around. On a wide road we drove towards the center, the road continually widening as we approached. We were much impressed by the progress of rapid building. Moscow was built on a large scale with unbelievably wide avenues. One gets a feeling of sunny spaciousness, breadth, and massiveness (just like the spirit of its people). It was well-planned, with schools built in back of the apartment buildings so that children need not cross the wide streets.

Official buildings and monuments were all very impressive even though not always in the best style or taste. The Kremlin was fantastic with its Hall of Arms, Tzar Bell, Tzar Cannon, and churches. It was colorful—yellow-orange, white, and brick-red, with golden cupolas sparkling in the sun. The University was imposing—a giant fortress of learning—spreading its breadth to encompass its youth. The Exhibit of Economic Achievement, to which Professor Il’in and his charming wife took us, seemed the loveliest of all—beautifully thought out, beautifully conceived (despite an excess of pompousness), with fountains, gardens, and restful benches everywhere, surrounded by lofty and graceful pavilions of different republics. Certainly as lovely as any World’s Fair on a small scale. But what beats all, was the fantastically clean marble and mosaic METRO with the longest and most elegant escalators. We gasped when we looked down. One station competed with the next and not one alike. It was something to see, learn from, and copy! I can just see the look on a Russian’s face if he beheld our subways. One more thing, the trains run every few minutes until 1 a.m. so there was practically no waiting.

We were staying in an old, cozy hotel right smack in the center of Moscow, The National (reminiscent of Tchechov’s era). Ours was a suite—old, spacious, and pompous, yet homey. It has a round table with a fringed tablecloth, a large bedroom (massive yet comfortable), and a bathroom with toilet paper (better than the French version, though that was not saying much). We dined well at different Intourist hotels (using coupons), with orchestras playing amidst imposing green Marble (Malachite) columns, or behind fountains. It was always the American-type jazz rather than national folk music.
The famous Moscow Puppet Theater is a must, and if one knows the language, it is even better!

Today at lunch time we had an unexpected surprise. Sitting at the table across from us was a group of people and Lotfi suddenly exclaimed, “Look, there is Bertha from New York.” An electrifying recognition, hugs, exclamations of incredulity. Bertha, whom we had not seen since we moved to California, was visiting her brother whom she had not seen in 17 years, and we were leaving tonight by the Red Arrow Pullman for Leningrad. What a pity!

At 11:45 p.m., Professor Il’in came to see us off at the station loaded with gifts and smiles. He overwhelmed us with his hospitality.

I had heard so much about Leningrad that my first impression was somewhat mixed. I guess my disappointment was due to finding the famous Nevskii Prospekt not at all as I had romantically imagined it—along the Neva, lined with trees. Instead, it was a busy, shabby, bustling, almost-treeless main thoroughfare. However, the Neva was beautiful and it was there that Leningrad falls into proper perspective as part of a lovely city. Here was the famous Winter Palace, housing the Hermitage and the Golden Treasures. It was absolutely spectacular and eclipses the Louvre by the grandeur and pomp of its halls. Peter the Great’s palace at Peterhof, to which we went by “rocket” (speedboat) was also more spectacular than Versailles and less impersonal. The greater part of the palace had been restored and was still in the process of restoration, since most of Leningrad and its environs were demolished in the Siege of Leningrad. We went to see the cemetery where 450,000 defenders of that siege were buried. It was a moving and awesome sight, especially after hearing a lecture accompanied by documentary pictures. It makes one think and shudder at how much humanity can bear and still hold out, and it makes one respect the Russian people.

We also saw an incomparable and moving Giselle at the Bolshoi, where music, scenery, mimicry, and ballet blended into a perfect masterpiece. People everywhere were most friendly. Once, after an early performance, we managed to get in to see the second half of another operetta by getting a permit from the director, free. The ushers fell all over themselves trying to get us seats and make us comfortable when they heard we were visitors. The Russian people,
on the whole, were by nature gregarious, warm, frank, and simple, but there was a grim line around their mouth and they know how to keep their silence. Still, someone had the boldness to question the Revolution, saying it had not changed anything. However, he was one of the angry young men, or perhaps a spy trying to ensnare us?

Propaganda books were available everywhere. The better literature goes like hot cakes and was always sold out. Records were in great demand, but the quality was not very good. Food appeared plentiful and for the Russians much more reasonable than for tourists who pay a flat rate. Of course, large cities open to tourists may not be representative of the rest of the country. Manufactured goods had a homemade look and a limited choice. However, one of our guides looked almost like a Paris model and was well informed. Was she a spy too?

Our trip to the Soviet Union was a detour. Lotfi, having lived there until the age of ten, and not having been in Leningrad before, wanted to see the famous city of Pushkin’s poems about Peter the Great, who had built the city on swamps with the loss of many lives.

A Tashkent Interlude

Continuing our flight, there was a stopover in Tashkent where we were told that the plane would be delayed. To keep us happy, we were served a breakfast of sorts—caviar, cold duck, rice, tomatoes, grapes, lemonade, tea—the works. It was now 4 a.m.

Then came the payoff—our Russian farewell souvenir. Lotfi was called out by a customs agent for a small technicality. Apparently his second money declaration exceeded his first since we were in a hurry and did not count carefully the first time. So, we were quietly (or not so quietly on Lotfi’s part) relieved of the excess cash, which we had honestly and foolishly declared. In one word, we were wined, dined, and then fleeced.

We immediately composed a protest letter to the authorities in Moscow and it was forwarded along with our $170. We haven’t heard from them yet. In the meantime, we were informed that bad weather over the Himalayas was responsible for the delay and that they would try again tomorrow—a fine kettle of fish! So now we have to spend a whole day in dusty, dry, and hot Tashkent. Because of over-
crowded hotels we were taken to a mud-hut hostelry with five people to a room (women and men separated of course). We received clean, patched, and threadbare linen, a towel, but no soap. To provide us with some entertainment, we were taken on a tour of the town, getting out occasionally to walk, but riding over unbelievably bumpy dirt roads at times. The town was a mixture of primitive mud dwellings peeping over mud walls and crude modern apartment houses, monuments, and fountains, with a thick layer of dust over all. We returned hot, dusty, and tired. With one end of the towel we wiped our feet after the communal wash, with the other our hands and face, but the spirit was all friendliness and joking after we resigned ourselves to the inevitable. Three times that day we were taken to the airport to be wined and dined (no more fleecing) and were served invariably the same menu with slight variations. How would you like to try a nice plate of rubbery duck with rice, macaroni, caviar, and peas for breakfast?

At night, the heat subsided and the weather was typical desert-style—wonderfully dry, cool, and balmy. Dressed in native garb, vendors of pickles, grapes, and melons squatted in the yard of our Caravansarai waiting for customers. A giant samovar bubbled nearby and people relaxed on crude benches, playing chess and sipping tea—an idyllic scene of peace and contentment . . . ? The women talked quietly for a while before going to bed. All of them were more or less resigned to the course they had chosen, leaving their beloved Russia, jobs, and children to live in Djakarta, Indonesia (where their men had been assigned to work, mostly on building projects). Russian women were hard workers, heroic, unspoiled, and undemanding.

September 6, 1963. At 4:20 a.m. it was dark and chilly. We were getting ready for our flight, with a little teasing and joking. Yesterday everyone went crazy buying Tashkent grapes, and now we still have about five pounds heaped on the table and don’t know what to do with them. We were having a grand time with a jolly German and a wonderful Russian professor—a perfect team. When we arrived at the airport, we were served . . . can you already guess? That’s right, grapes, caviar, duck, rice, macaroni, peas, cheese, bread, tea, and lemonade—the works!
We were flying over the Himalayas—a staggering spectacle of endless ice and snow peaks, row upon row—a tremendous sight. An announcement came over the loudspeaker: "Photographing any part of the range is strictly VERBOTEN". What were they afraid of, that we would steal their ice and snow?

Here was Delhi at last. We step from the airplane into a veritable steam bath. There was organized confusion and inefficiency everywhere. People clustered around like flies, getting nothing done. They'd say "yes, we'll find out." They'd say "a minute", and nothing happens. One gets a feeling that logical reasoning does not exist here. We had already missed Bangkok because of Tashkent. Now, we were trying to get a direct flight for Hong Kong. Impossible! Maybe BOAC in Delhi would have better information, so we went to the center of town.

The Delhi suburbs were full of sacred cows and modern housing. I had the impression that if India did not start eating its cows, the cows would eventually eat up India. I saw great beauty, great poverty, and great filth—a land of paradoxes. Absolutely unbelievable! Buildings, still new, were already decaying because of mildew. Men living here must accept their fate and climate or else go mad. Hence, the fatalism. The more I see, the more the people appear to be beasts of burden. Where was civilization? Surely not in these sad specimens of humanity. And yet, beautiful buildings get erected, nobility lives lustily alongside of human rejects. There were beautiful Indian women with beautiful limpid eyes, but the weather, oh, the weather! It was New York at its worst (Tashkent's dry heat was lovely by comparison).

At BOAC we were told that we could get a connection to Hong Kong early tomorrow morning from Calcutta, so we could go there. New Delhi was clean compared to Calcutta. I have never seen such sights. There was unbelievable filth in the streets and beside it were people, lying like corpses asleep on the pavement. Cows meandering through all this, and hordes of black birds searching hungrily for offals.

September 7, 1963. At 4:45 a.m. we stepped out of our hotel room into a heavy predawn. Seemingly out of nowhere, shadows detach
themselves from the walls and move noiselessly about—an eerie feeling, like seeing ghosts. A whole group of Indians converge to watch our departure. Driving through the yet silent streets, we noticed some lovely parks and beautiful buildings along wide avenues which we had not seen the previous night. This made for even greater contrast. In the morning light, the scenes of poverty appeared more revolting. At night one only guessed—in the morning one saw. What bothered me most was that humans were held lower than animals. While fat pigeons were being fed seeds, emaciated beggars lay close by sleeping the sleep of the exhausted. At another spot, people werebusily brushing their teeth, wearing rags that had lost all semblance of color through sweat and dirt. A coolie lay sleeping between the wheels of his breadwinner, a rickshaw. People were dousing themselves with muddy, stagnant water from a pond. Sights like these made one wonder at the hopelessness of it all.

By 6 a.m. the streets were alive with activity and the relentless sun was ready for another grueling day. Smoke rose from little charcoal fires and vendors squatted beside their wares; cows busily munched their breakfast, while dogs, chickens, and pigeons milled about under foot; the roads were jammed with vehicles of all kinds.

Arriving at the airport, we were again relieved of $20—as overweight luggage. They even made us weigh the camera case. Every European raised a cry, but it did no one any good. Every country has its quirks. The BOAC was a refreshing and civilized change, but I could not eat my breakfast thinking of the hungry Hindus. On the whole, the Indian interlude was like a nightmare.

We got into Hong Kong on the tail end of a typhoon, which had rerouted all previous flights. Hong Kong is a fabulous city. The ingenious, intelligent, and industrious Chinese have made it into a thriving modern metropolis. I had never seen a city so bulging with gold, ivory, brocades, and silks at fantastically low prices. I could buy half of Hong Kong without batting an eye, and was terribly frustrated by having less than a day to do it in. Our Hotel Peninsula on Kowloon had the most magnificent accommodations—breathtakingly elegant and spacious. Apparently the hotel had been renovated recently.
Tokyo was a bustling, modern city so big that it was lost in itself. Kyoto, however, has all the distinction, character, and charm which sets it apart as one of the lovely cities of Japan. Osaka was a very undistinguished, gray, industrial city of 5,000,000 inhabitants. (You see, I am condensing my descriptions. Besides, a day or two cannot give one anything but a very superficial impression, and most of ours were only birds-eye-views).

We were very much impressed with the Japanese people. They were efficient and intelligent right down to the taxi drivers (one must be to find a house without a number in the maze of streets). They were also well organized and clean, and everything ran like clockwork. It was almost frightening, and Tokyo was growing like a giant!

The Japanese women were a delight—always bowing, smiling, happy, and anxious to please. Their laughter, giggles, and happy chatter were contagious. They seemed to enjoy even the most menial chores and they have faces like porcelain dolls. Their men were alert, cheerful, and obliging. The children seemed well adjusted, apparently devoid of the Western ills—mischievous, yet not destructive. A quiet discipline prevails throughout. Dressed in uniforms of navy blue and white, they convey a feeling of unity and tidiness. I would very much like to see this custom adopted in our country. It wouldn’t deprive the youngsters of their “individualism”, which the schools are suppressing anyway.

We had a most cordial and overwhelming reception everywhere throughout our stay in Japan, both on an official as well as private basis. Some of the Japanese food, although beautiful to look at, was too much even for my broad-minded appetite, and as for Lotfi, well . . .

Opening night festivities for URSI’s 800 members was held at beautiful Shinzanso Gardens, a geisha dinner at Hannya-en with entertainment between courses. Official receptions alternated in quick succession, and kept us busy evenings. Lotfi was so fed up with Japanese food and Western sandwiches, that in desperation he turned to Russian food at the Volga Restaurant on our only free night. He got his fill of Borscht!

The ladies of URSI and our Japanese hosts were apparently tele-
vised twice unawares (with me as the star of the show, so they told me). It appears our Japanese ladies watched TV while we were busy “on the town”, and so we missed seeing ourselves. Maybe that was just as well.

Lotfi was asked to give a lecture at Osaka University, also one at Sendai and one in Tokyo. As compensation, we were taken to a famous Japanese Hotel in the hills near Kobe, where we had a sumptuous meal.

Our suite (living room, bedroom with mattresses on the floor) had western facilities, but we had requested a Nihongo-furo, Japanese bath, instead of the European one. No English was spoken here so that all arrangements were made by our hosts including orders for a “massage” for Lotfi, all inclusive. Since I spoke a few words in Japanese, I was able to get a Japanese bath by saying: “Nihongo furo, kudasai”. The little lady was aghast, but quickly responded: “tchootto matte kudasai” (wait a little, please), and disappeared to get the other cabin for us instead. Then came Lotfi’s great massage experience. He was secretly hoping for a beautiful Geisha, and was full of anticipation. Suddenly, in walked a sumo wrestler of huge proportions, who gave Lotfi a 45 minute body-breaking massage. Lotfi never asked for a massage again, so I think he did not enjoy the pummeling he got from the shiatsu treatment in Japan.

The hotel was a veritable Shangri-la. Not a living soul was to be seen, yet a clap of the hands brought forth an immediate response. Breakfast was served within 10 minutes, and a walk through the garden accompanied by the bowing and scraping of the entire staff.

The car from Kobe arrived to fetch us to Kyoto. After deliberate consultation with the chauffeur, Lotfi left a 2,000 Yen tip for everybody. Apparently it was very important neither to overtip nor to undertip for proper respect. (The emperor slept here too. No wonder we must be careful not to overtip.)

Kyoto, as I mentioned before, was a fascinating city—teeming with people and full of true Japanese flavor, Shrines, and modern buildings. The only thing that disturbed us was today’s youth. It gave one a feeling of rootlessness and aimlessness. Patchenko (a pinball-type diversion), baseball, American jazz, and girlie movies were popular—showing a bad trend toward superficiality.

Professor Kumagai and his lovely wife came personally from
Osaka to take us back to the Osaka Airport, via Nara so we could see the lovely temples on our way. We saw the Golden Temple, the colossal Buddha, fed some deer, and continued leisurely toward the airport. It was beautiful country, but rather hilly. All went well till we met up with a familiar problem—a traffic jam—delaying us by 40 minutes. This was where our chauffeur suddenly turned into a Kamikaze to preserve his honor and get us to the airport on time. Our Japanese friends retained their calm, although Mrs. Kumagai furtively stole glances at her watch making sure we didn’t notice her concern. Japan’s roads were not made for racing and we drove like mad. We made it seven minutes before takeoff, so everyone’s honor was saved. Our farewell delegation of Osaka’s professors was at hand, waiting anxiously. Joyous exclamations as well as deep bowing were exchanged. The Japanese are such courteous people!

Back in Tokyo, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, followed in quick succession filled with sightseeing and receptions. We were all beginning to feel the strain of continuous entertainment, yet doggedly stuck to our schedules. Kamakura (where I used to be stuck in the sand by my mother), with the beautiful coastline; the glorious Buddha whose temple was swept away by a tidal wave in the 15th century, yet whose serenity prevails; the unique Yabusame archery festival held once a year (September 16); a demonstration of Japan’s culinary art at Aji-no-moto factory; a visit to Tokyo’s beautiful National Museum; the Temple of Asakusa, a Japanese Tea Ceremony, dances, and a koto performance—all within four days and evenings—made for a rather exhausting schedule. Yet, the warmth, friendliness and cheerfulness of the Japanese ladies never lagged. When the final farewells were exchanged on September 19, there were many a handkerchief to be seen on both sides. We had all formed attachments to the lovely ladies of Japan and no one knew when one would meet again, if ever.

Flying back towards Honolulu, we started gaining time for a change. It was still September 19 the following morning. Hawaii was so beautiful that not even civilization can spoil its beauty, but rather enhances it. We had a slight brush with Customs, lasting about one hour, in which they went through our luggage with a fine-
toothed comb. Apparently everyone coming home via Hong Kong and Japan was a criminal unless proven innocent. In our case, it was one dress that I neglected to declare—I simply forgot. But they smelled blood and turned into hounds in hopes of turning up more loot. They finally gave up, but it spoiled our impression of Hawaii and our homecoming. However, Hawaii’s beauty and a delightful swim in its green, warm waters made us forget our unpleasant reception. It was no use describing the fantastic panoramas. I recommend a trip to this lovely island, especially for honeymooners!

Our trip around the world was now at an end. Please forgive this lengthy report. It would be almost impossible to condense 43 days of impressions into fewer pages. The concentration was already rather potent, yet not all was told . . . Aloha!
Invitations to the Soviet Union, 1965

The year 1965 was memorable because we took not one, but two trips to the Soviet Union by official invitation. I am combining them in this chapter. It is quite unusual for a single individual from the U.S. to be invited twice, except that one invitation was from the well-known Popov Society in Moscow, the other was from the Congress on Cybernetics held on board a ship in the Black Sea. The temptation was so great that Lotfi (who was born in Baku) couldn't resist accepting both (and we were young), though it meant greater stress and more expense out of our own pocket. The invitation by itself was quite an honor coming from the USSR. American capitalists were expected to pay for their own transportation as well as for the ship's fare, but $35.00 per day was "peanuts" compared to today's prices. And so we went, and remember them fondly to this day!

New York always welcomes us with heat, humidity, or both. In these two instances, the one in May and the other in September, New York stayed true to itself, returning the following day to a cool, gray 54°, and leaving in its wake countless colds and aching bones.

Leaving on Pan American at 11 p.m., we spent a brief and almost sleepless night. Suddenly, the black wings of our giant bird against
the starlit night seemed to pale and turn silver once more as we advanced to meet the dawn of a European day. Just as suddenly, there was motion everywhere, people chattering gaily, orange juice and hot mint towels were being passed around and Frankfurt was approaching. Funny, but one no longer feels sleepy, as though one has had a regular night.

In Frankfurt we had a stopover of two hours. The waiting room was full of people, some walking aimlessly up and down, some looking foreign and lost, others chatting and drinking at small tables—an atmosphere less efficient, but more human than the automated sterility of other places.

Now on to Vienna, which is indeed a beautiful city with lots of atmosphere, where wide avenues are lined with trees and benches, and there is a feeling of old royalty in the air.

A note for tourists—even in Vienna you can get taken for a ride. Our taxi driver managed to run up a fare of 45 schillings. (A direct route would have been only 18 schillings as I later found out.) It costs money to be a tourist.

At the airport on our way to Budapest where we were to meet with our group going to the Popov Society, inefficiency reigned supreme. In spite of earlier confirmation, only I was booked on the plane. I managed to get my husband on as well (after all, he was the important passenger). This settled, they forgot to give us boarding passes and to top it off, overlooked taking their 60 schilling tax fee, but all that was straightened out in time. We got on the plane together with our friends, the Olivers, who had been completely neglected in the process of making reservations.

Beautiful Budapest! The first impression was bad—it started with an interminable wait for passport clearance, money declaration, the usual bureaucratic waiting game (in iron curtain countries), coupled with monumental inefficiency. Once this was over, the hotel Gellert, marble-decked and regal, with spacious rooms and high ceilings, was quite impressive. The down and silk blankets on the bed sparkled in whitest, crispest linen, the wood cabinets and furniture were very elegant, and the tiled bathroom was neon-lighted. Too bad the fuse blew on our second day (while I
was taking a luxurious bath).

Hot springs were everywhere and spas were all over the place. People swam indoors in mineral pools or Wellenbaths that made waves every 15 minutes (most impressive). Some buildings were fantastic, and along the river the view was splendid but in the center of town there was a depressing quality not easily defined. Margarete’s Island Park was beautiful and well-planned with little motorcarts for transportation. Streetcars were everywhere. People, quite well-dressed in unobtrusive, dark raincoats, frequented one or two nightclubs in town, which were usually jam-packed with dancers on a tiny floor. The service was friendly and accommodating—a haven for welcome tourists. In Budapest, we discovered that through some bungle the plane to Moscow was already filled and that we were not on it. Now we had to see how we could get to Moscow in spite of it all. That was what I like about travel abroad. It was always unpredictable and exciting when it ended well. As usual, we got on the plane, but I understood how tourists could be frightened out of their wits when not used to European ways.

In Moscow, we were met by an official welcoming committee. The formalities of going through declarations and customs took about an hour, at the end of which we discovered that as official guests we could have just walked through. Our hotel, Ukraina, was a chaotic place and like Grand Central Station at all times. I remember that one could go up in the elevator but one couldn’t get off the floor without using the elevator back to the main floor. Was this for safety or as a precautionary measure for national security? On every floor there was a “dejournaya” watching the comings and goings of everyone. Was this imprisonment or what?

Our official hosts and guests were loaded into several small buses and taken to the Agricultural and Economic Exhibit where we waited again for everyone to collect. The weather was balmy, like a spring day. Only a few days before it was snowing. We were shown the Electronics Pavilion and the Sputnik exhibit. While walking back, Mrs. Oliver and I were accosted by a sleazy character asking us cautiously about the time. When I answered in fluent Russian, he hesitated, looked us over once more, and then sidled up to my friend asking in a confidential voice in broken English, where we came
from and whether we did not have some “chum gum”. Being told that we had none (it is forbidden in the Soviet Union), he seemed disappointed but undaunted. He tried to wheedle something American from us. I finally gave him a fountain pen hoping to get rid of him. He was delighted but not satisfied, and asked if I could not order for him an American raincoat for which he would gladly pay. His arrogance began to annoy us and even though we were prepared to spread goodwill among the masses, I turned and asked for our guide. Our chap shrank visibly and vanished as soon as he heard that the guide was a Russian. Later, in the hotel, a beautiful girl whispered “do you have dollars? Please do me a great favor and buy me two lovely woolen jerseys at one dollar each. I will pay you back in Rubles”. (The only trouble with these jerseys was that each cost $19.00 each. I did slip her a lipstick as compensation for her disappointment.) “Very illegal and dangerous,” said Lotfi later, frowning.

In the evening, we saw a wonderful performance of Gogol’s Dead Souls at its original theater. Coming out at 9:30 (performances start at 6:30 p.m.), we were surprised to be met by Professor Letov, who found us like the proverbial “needle in the haystack”. He came to take us to dinner. From that day on, it was everyday the same—a show first and then dinner at some friend’s house or at some famous restaurant like the Aragvi in Baku. During our five days in Moscow, we must have gotten two weeks of entertainment in. Through the courtesy of Asaf Messerer, director of the Bolshoi, our friends were able to obtain tickets to the famous Don Quixote ballet with Vasiliev and Bogomolova (Plisetskaya was not dancing that day). The theater was completely booked for members of the Indian Delegation and Soviet dignitaries. During intermission, Kosygin himself and Shastri passed us on the steps to the hall before the crowds flooded the exits. We were four Americans, the Olivers and ourselves, all dressed in classical black, looking like American diplomats. We bowed silently and respectfully to a reciprocal bow by Kosygin and Shastri. I wished I had said something in Russian, but my tongue failed me for once in my life. The ballet was fabulous and the performances brought a standing ovation.

We were dining at the Baku restaurant with some professors. There was exciting Oriental music and I went into a dance, with Lotfi’s permission. Right away two men got up and took turns dancing
with me in the customary Iranian fashion. I thought nothing of it, but our professors must have been shocked by the audacity of an American, and still remembered this event when we met on board ship again in September. Apparently, there was a lot of talk about it since only men usually dance at an Azerbaidjan restaurant.

I committed another faux pas while at Hotel Ukraina. I was talking to a guide when we were joined by a well-known memory specialist from Leningrad, Professor Creismer. As I invited my guide to lunch with me, claiming as an excuse my unused coupons, I extended the invitation to the Professor as well, forgetting European rules of conduct. He gallantly accepted, but as soon as he ordered champagne, I realized my error. The only thing my guide could do was to quietly exchange the champagne for wine. I learned my lesson—never invite a man if I planned to pay the bill myself.

There was a custom in Russia—whenever you went into a public building, museum, or restaurant, you were asked to leave your coat in the cloak room. This kept elderly people employed and on the payroll instead of in the bread line. I think there has been a wide misconception among us as to why certain cities are not open to tourists. The answer was really very simple. There were many small cities that have few or no hotels to accommodate tourists, and rather than generate complaints and criticisms (with which spoiled travelers are rather generous), they kept these cities out of bounds. However, if one has a car and a tent, then there seems little restriction as to where one can travel. In Moscow, I wandered at will, wherever my fancy took me, and finally had lunch at a “Russian cafeteria”—an interesting experience. The line moved at a slow pace, the tin trays were beaten up, still it was fun selecting from the limited food choices (no vegetables, no meats, but lots of buns and yogurt). For 34 Kopek, I had one pirosjok with meat, one glass Kefir (a weak yogurt), one bowl of watery pavida (a kind of apple sauce). One of the women in line admired my white and black striped jersey dress. When they heard I was from the U.S., everyone wanted to know how things were over there. When I sat down, I was joined by a pleasant, young woman in a well-knitted suit. People here shared tables because of lack of space. She turned out to be an architectural designer expecting to get her Ph.D. We had a most interesting talk
and she asked me at once, "is it true what the Voice of America broadcasts?" I said I thought so, never having heard a broadcast myself. She later escorted me to a bookstore and then to an instrument shop, where I bought a balalaika. Her lunch hour was up and we parted with a warm handshake and all the good will in the world.

As official guests, we were shown the homes of three professors in Moscow. Later in Baku, we visited two homes of our relatives. In both cases, the homes were old and the plumbing primitive, but furniture was of good quality with lots of china, crystal, and bric-a-brac. I did not find that things are as bad as they were supposed to be. For that matter, neither Londoners nor Parisians live the way we do and their plumbing often leaves a lot to be desired. Russians are good cooks, and food was very plentiful and tasty in all the homes we visited. I do hope they didn't have to deny themselves to make up for entertaining us.

Our last day in Moscow was one great rush to be in several places at the same time. At the end of the day, and after all the official farewell parties and send-offs, Lotfi still wanted to see a last Russian movie. Luckily, it was too late for that and we had to get ready for an early flight in the morning.

At 6:00 a.m., there was a delegation to see us off and all the wives came along, which deeply touched us. This time, the delegation saw us quickly through customs, official guests that we were, and now the Popov Conference of 1965 will be another lovely memory.

Lotfi's Homecoming

In September of 1965, we attended the Conference on S.S. Admiral Nachimov, where Lotfi presented his paper on Fuzzy Sets for the very first time. He gave the lecture in Russian to the delight of all present. Of course, his Russian was native and perfect. This was again an official invitation and was backed by the U.S. Treasury, so it was very official and quite legal. This invitation was to spend six days onboard a ship in the Black Sea with 1040 Russian scientists and 60 guests (21 of them were Americans, including six wives). It was the first venture of this kind for engineers in the field of Cybernetics and most successful in every respect.

We boarded the Admiral Nachimov in Odessa, a lovely, dreamy city with boulevards teeming with promenading youth and flowers, and
trees everywhere. There is even a boast that one can cross the entire city from end to end while staying in the shade of the trees. The harbor is beautiful, especially viewed from the window of our hotel, Odessa. Potemkin stairs of revolutionary fame are most impressive. People don’t seem to hurry. They acted indifferent, sometimes curious, and sometimes suspicious, when seeing us. When approached, they were friendly but often reserved.

A small incident of hostility happened when a young and foolish American tried to take a picture of a little, ugly, bedraggled boy sucking his thumb. I had to reassure the hostile onlookers that it was merely because the man found the child cute. He wanted to take a picture so he could show that Russian children also suck thumbs, just like in the U.S., and not because the child was neglected and dirty. However, it was not easy to convince the Russians, who are a very sensitive and proud people.

The Cybernetics Congress

After a festive Plenary session and an hour of cultural entertainment by Odessa artists at the Opera House where all of the academicians and the rest of the 1100 people were assembled, we boarded the Admiral Nachimov for an unforgettable, unclouded six days on the Black Sea. Our suite was luxurious and old fashioned—a living room, bedroom, and bathroom in an excellent location near the deck. Rumor had it that the ship was formerly the German Bremen acquired in reparation, and refurbished into a pleasure-cruise liner. We lacked in nothing except sleep. A wonderful time was had by all; friendships were cemented by heart-to-heart talks and discussions over cognac, coffee, caviar sandwiches and chocolates. Even politics were discussed.

Here is a brief résumé of our daily activities. Wakeup call was at 6:30 a.m., with a cheery “Rise and Shine, Comrades” accompanied by music, news, and didactics. At 7 a.m., breakfast was served in two shifts with the girls in the dining room working like soda jerks—trying to feed 1100 people between 7:00 and 8:15; at 8:30. Technical sessions began and lasted until noon. From 12:00 to 2:30, lunch and a rest period was taken during which the Russians undressed on deck and splashed like so many colts in the children’s pool. It was good to see them so joyful, healthy, and unceremonious. The days
were beautiful, warm or balmy, and the sea was like a mirror most of the time. From 2:30 to 5:00, again there were sessions and at 5 p.m. each day we docked at a different harbor and were taken by bus on a tour of the city. Those who preferred, went swimming instead. In this way, we visited Yalta, Sochi, and Batumi. Dinner was served at 9:30 because of the excursion. After dinner there was always dancing and our usual friendly gatherings in the coffee shop on deck. Since there were very few women, I was a great hit and my husband had a hard time getting a dance with me. We were never to bed before 1 a.m.

Yalta was a very nice resort town with dry, California-type weather, only hotter and built on hills. Sochi, however, was a rather impressive, overcrowded resort with gigantic sanatoriums and lush subtropical vegetation. Batumi was a dirty, oriental town, hot and humid. Outside of town, tea plantations and giant bamboo groves stretched for miles. Bamboo grows a few inches every day and attains a great height in one season. In Batumi, the Georgians arranged an official inspection of the Botanical gardens, tea plantations, a swim in the Black Sea (where all the beaches are pebbly like in Nice), and a festive Georgian dinner at a restaurant with interminable toasts and true Georgian hospitality.

A Brush with Fame

I forgot to mention that on the first day, I suddenly found myself surrounded by cameras and then interviewed. I was totally unprepared both in dress and in speech, but I managed a small message to the Soviet women which was to be published in a magazine, "Soviet Women". I hope the pictures won't be too bad.

On the last day before arrival in Odessa, Lofti gave a talk on his new pet subject "Fuzzy Sets" (in Russian). The entire length of the ship's deck was packed with people. After his talk, he was surrounded by groups of interested scientists. Tonight was our last dance and special dinner. The waitresses were solicitous, like mothers, if the plate was not licked clean. Actually, the food was very tasty, only breakfasts were a bit on the heavy side (tongue and mashed potato was not exactly our idea of breakfast). The dance floor deck was jammed with people and many stayed up until 3 a.m.

The next morning, official group pictures were taken. Everyone
who had a camera got the "bug," and I found myself being photographed from all sides, with and without permission. I felt like a movie star, but I couldn't take it for more than an hour. I won't envy celebrities from now on.

Afterwards, everyone exchanged little token souvenirs, even my stewardess brought me a card and an astronaut rocket. There were almost tearful handshakes and farewells. Suddenly, we broke up with everyone hurrying about their own business—strangers once more.

Hotel Odessa was in a state of upheaval. Everyone was rushing to make connections. There was complete chaos at Intourist and yet everyone somehow made his plane, train, or bus on time. Our guide conducted us to our plane before the others boarded. They came in with bags, bottles, chickens, breads, and grapes—asking politely if the seat was free. The plane was full. Why all the food? Very simple. At local shops there was always a long line at food counters and nothing was served on the plane except candy, mineral water, and an extra joke. Two civilians with straight faces passed around bags for storm emergency. I also asked for one, since I am susceptible, but later had a hearty laugh when I found out they were artists going from Odessa to Tbilisi, who had impersonated the crew. The storm never materialized.

In Tbilisi, the capital of Georgia and a very picturesque city, we were met by our recent acquaintances from the ship and were accorded Georgian hospitality to the fullest. Tbilisi is 1,500 years old, yet we were taken on a day's tour to see an even older city, Mskcheta, of 2,500 years vintage. The roads were incredible and our driver, who used to be a racer, showed us his skill, while we closed our eyes and prayed in silence. Here the people were more Eastern, temperamental, and not necessarily clean by our standards, but hospitality reigned supreme as always.

A Visit to Lotfi's Birthplace

Since Lotfi wanted to revisit his birthplace, Baku, and we had just one day to do it in, we took a night train to save time—four sleepers to a compartment, three men and I. Russian Pullmans are very good, but public facilities are the worst. Consequently, we did not even wash our faces, and Lotfi did not shave. At 8 a.m. as we arrived
there was a welcoming delegation of about 12 ready to embrace us. They surged into the narrow passageway of the train completely blocking traffic. Three bouquets of roses were pressed into my hands, somebody kissed me, somebody cried tears of happiness (one of our relatives as it turned out later). We were conducted to three waiting cars and triumphantly driven unkempt and unshaven to hotel Intourist where a special suite had been reserved for us. And so it went all day without a letup. It was a delightful madhouse, because besides the official welcoming committee, Lotfi’s childhood acquaintances and relatives converged en masse. An unspoken race for attention resulted immediately, and we tried as best we could to divide ourselves evenly.

After a hurried breakfast and washup, a hairset and change, an official reception awaited us at the Academy of Sciences. An official photographer kept running alongside or in front of us shooting pictures. About 40 people sat in a beautifully decorated hall at a long table. Lotfi was welcomed warmly and was presented with a lovely Azerbaidjan rug as well as some 60 pounds of books. Gulnara, my new friend from the ship, hovered around us like a nurse around her babies. We spent most of the day with the Azerbaidjanis and the afternoon with Lotfi’s relatives around a friendly table laden with food and an atmosphere of excitement and reminiscences.

In the evening, the officials again took over. Four cars drove up to our hotel and took us to a private showing, a film on “Petroleum racks” (a man-made city in the middle of the ocean), a short on Azerbaidjan’s progress and cultural achievement, and a short on Baku. In this way, we saw in one day what it would have taken us several days otherwise. At 9 p.m. we were again loaded into cars and driven to the Intourist where a festive dinner in our honor awaited us in a private dining room seating 16.

There were innumerable toasts and one slip of the lip, where the Tamada (toastmaster) offered a toast greeting me as the “servant” of her master. After uproarious laughter, I dispelled my embarrassment by commending him on the truth of his statement. A large number of courses were served and we had a hard time trying to do justice to all the specialties—one stomach just isn’t enough for Georgian and/or Azerbaidjani hospitality.

The next morning, we flew to Moscow. Here again the send-off
was more spectacular than the welcome. After Lotfi’s talk at the Academy of Sciences, which everybody attended (including relatives), gifts were delivered to our hotel and the cavalcade proceeded to the airport. With flowers in my arms and everyone carrying our packages, fruits, sweets, photographer clicking continually, airport officials smiling, people gawking, we made quite a group. I wished that all this publicity were already over. At the airport, we were introduced to the composer, Kara Karayev, and his wife. More pictures, more smiles—a special escort to the plane by the pilot himself—waving, kissing, farewells. We are finally off on a comfortable Aeroflot IL-18 headed to Moscow. The flowers were drooping sadly to remind me of the brevity of things and of life itself. We are again one of the crowd, but the happier for it. We couldn’t have taken more than one of these 24-hours of hospitality!

A few comments on Intourist and Russian people. I begin to appreciate the function of this organization as a center of information for anyone who wants to locate or contact travelers. Since the Intourist has all the data on the whereabouts of tourists, it is possible to “page” the party in question. In spite of the cumbersome red tape and bungling, the Intourist performs its function well and I can see its merits. On the whole, the Russians are wonderful people—sincere, warm, and disarmingly simple and candid. There is a comradely relationship everywhere—on planes, buses, and trains. They try to get along with each other, but they also can be rough and cruel. Russian mothers get preferential treatment and babies are cuddled, hugged, and made much ado about. Children are well brought up and seem happy. Life has greatly improved from what is was before and each year the difference is felt. Nevertheless, it will take the Russians many, many years to attain the same standard of living to which we are accustomed in the U.S.

From Moscow, Lotfi flew directly home. Being an absentminded professor he forgot to clear me through Customs, so I had a bit of running, talking and writing to do to avoid missing my plane to Vienna. I planned a little side trip of my own, which included Florence, Venice, and Rome and a visit with friends in Vienna. In brief, Venice is still a princess—a crumbling fairy tale of lacy architecture and native smells (not always pleasant in the summer). Flo-
perience is colorful, and robust, where even the stones breath culture and the spirit of Michelangelo and Dante pervade the air—a charmer of a city. And finally, we visited eternal Rome, full of the warmth of the Italian spirit and Italian sunshine, where every romantic can have a "Roman Holiday." Arrivederci Roma.

(left) On the "Admiral Nachimov", Fay stands with a handsome Russian scientist; (below) a group picture of the ship's passengers (Black Sea, 1965).
Two photos of Lotfi: (left) as a man revisiting his birth place (1965), and (right) as a child (age 6) in Baku.

Fay and Lotfi: The costumes are mementos of their 1965 trips to Russia.
Lotfi relaxing to Hungarian music (Budapest, 1965).

Prof. Shannon makes an exciting chess move at the Popov Society (Moscow, 1965). Looking on from left to right are Prof. Tsypkin, Lotfi, and Prof. Il'in.

A visit to the Baku Academy of Sciences, with the scientists from aboard ship, Professors Ibragimov and Gülarna. (1965).

Our cousin, Zozya, from Leningrad, who found us through the Intourist office.

Posing for a picture with Lotfi is Mayor Limberanski of Baku, during one of his rare visits to California (Orinda, 1966).
August 3, 1966. Another trip abroad, another adventure. The airline strike was at its height and "standbys" were jamming the terminals (some have been waiting since yesterday for connecting flights). We finally made it to the PanAm plane headed for London via Los Angeles and the North Pole. Now, sitting by a window and looking at the clear, sunny expanse below, I suddenly thought: "What does this trip hold in store for us? Pleasures? Excitement? Disappointment?" Who knows. In a world so full of turmoil, the unexpected was an everyday occurrence. So, here we go again, off into the blue unknown!

There was a new angle to this flight via the Pole, starting at 10 a.m. with 9½ hours flying time, we bypass night altogether, and arrive bright and early (at 6:35 a.m) the next day. So, I can not write ecstatically about the swift passage of a night that wasn’t there.

At 6:35 a.m. London has a green, clean, scrubbed, and dewy look, especially from the air. After a rain, puddles glisten cheerfully in the morning sun. Waiting three hours for our connection to Hamburg, (where Lotfi wanted to buy camera equipment), however, was less joyful.

At 11 a.m., Hamburg appears pleasant and provincial under an
overcast sky. Hotel Reichshof near the Bahnhof was friendly and impersonal like all big hotels everywhere. Rooms must have been at a premium, because when we ordered a bath, we found a made-up bed next to the tub and had to refrain from splashing on it. What’s more, the following morning we made the acquaintance of a lady who was the occupant of the “bathroom with bed” instead of bed with bathroom. Between shopping for cameras, we took time out for a lovely boat ride on the Alster amidst sunshine—a rare occurrence in this rainy and windy city—which reverted to its usual gray look the next morning.

August 6, 1966. To attend an international conference on “sensitivity analysis”, we woke up at 6 a.m. on a rainy morning after a sleepless night (down covers are too hot, especially in summer, and bugs in clean beds don’t help much either), and flew to Zagreb on a joint Alitalia-Lufthansa flight. The airline served a cold breakfast of rolls, roast beef, chicken, ham, jam, lettuce, tomato, and canned fruit. It brought to mind a breakfast we had in Russia in 1963, comprised of caviar, cold duck, chocolates, grapes, soda, and other appetite-killling combinations.

My impression of Zagreb Airport was as follows: modern, glass enclosed, well furnished, with lovely forests and fields all around. Customs was accommodating and almost all red tape had been eliminated. It was a very pleasant experience as compared to other block countries. A delightful surprise awaited us in Zagreb at the Esplandade Intercontinental Hotel—the best dinner we had in a long time, the best “continental” service, a wonderful orchestra, and the most reasonable prices (considering the excellent food). I can recommend to everyone the “Esplanade Taverna” downstairs for continental ambience with a Yugoslav touch. At the same hotel we also saw a most risque floor show. I, personally, found it repulsive, but then I don’t much care for that kind of entertainment. My aesthetic sense must be out of tune and out of date.

As we left the hotel and took to the streets, we noticed poorly dressed and somewhat gypsy-like peasants squatting or strolling with tied-up bundles under their arms. As in all southern parts of Europe, this marketplace was, of course, colorful and dirty. We took a sight-seeing tour by taxi, but our driver did not speak any of the
languages that I could speak. It turned into a “mute or sign language” tour. For one hour, we were exorbitantly taken (by local standards) to the tune of 6,000 Dinar (equivalent to $5). A price one has to pay in “mute” relationships.

Dubrovnik was hot, but what a coastline! The town itself was a unique city of Dalmatian rock, tan brick and marble, crumbling Roman architecture, and red-tiled roofs. Like a treeless Florence, it had a feeling of agelessness and of ages—warm browns and tans against a sea of blue. There were drawbridges at each gate, and as we walked through arch upon arch, we found ourselves in a walled city of stone—walls, pavement, everything. It gave me the impression of being in a prison, stifled and surrounded. There was an uncanny feeling of safety yet a hopelessness of escape—a fortress and a prison all in one. Beyond the ramparts, there was an immensity of space and freedom. How much cozier were the little homes clinging like nests to the cliffs and rocks of the coastline with the breadth of view spread out before them.

We were staying at a lovely, tiered villa—very modern—engulfed in lush greenery. Figs, grapevines, lemons, peaches, and flowers were everywhere. But the heat, oh, the heat! It drained one of the will to move, especially after a restless, hot night full of street noises from below.

Tonight we were having a welcoming dinner. With a busload of people, we were driven along a tortuous narrow road to the very top of the mountain. Amid lanterns and a bonfire, we had a glorious view of Dubrovnik, all lit up in the black of night like a coastline jewel. Lovely guitar music and songs, tasty specialties, lambs grilled on spits, graced this balmy and romantic night. What a delightful and memorable evening with our lovely, hospitable Yugoslav hosts.

In the villa of Captain S. Rathman, we were the “Magnificent Six and a Half”. We were a group of four Russian professors (Kogan, Rosanoer, Moiseef, Gamkrelidze), two American professors (Antosievicz and Zadeh) and yours truly (the half). If everyone could get along as well as we did, there would be no wars, ever. We were having a wonderful time together, we seven, like one big happy family. We would go swimming together, usually eat together, share impressions and exchange banter.

Richard Bellman was staying at another villa across town with
his "Harem" or retinue: a wife, a mother-in-law, and a secretary. He seemed to enjoy this luxury. Pretty ritzy, what?

In the heat of day from 12 to 4 p.m. everyone lies low or bathes. Stores were shut tight. Life began around 5 p.m. with the usual late dining hour. Because of the heat wave, our "boys" taught in shorts, and there were 200 steps to negotiate from our place down to the Institute, the Hotel Excelsior (the finest) and the beach. These 200 steps were often a damper when considering a swim in the crystal waters of the Adriatic.

We were wined and dined by our hosts, Professor Tomovic and his beautiful wife, and Professor Radanovic, with whom we had many interesting and open discussions. We also attended a memorable performance of "Othello", under the open sky in a fortress perfect for Shakespearean majesty. A starlit sky, good lighting and sound effects, torches, the boom of a cannon, a stark and bare stage, and the Yugoslav language, were all very effective. Although we had to race up the 220 steps in record time so as not to miss opening curtain (besides the embarrassment of walking across the stage during a performance), the 220 steps were well rewarded.

Now it was our turn to reciprocate, so we decided to use up some of the honorarium which Lotfi received for his lectures. However, there was a small string attached, namely, the money has to remain in the country of origin. But as everyone knows, money was the easiest commodity to get rid of. We decided to have a farewell dinner at the Hotel Imperial for some colleagues.

Since the Zadehs rarely travel without an adventure of some sort, here is another just for laughs.

In his usual way, Lotfi started out with seven guests and wound up with 12. A table was reserved by phone, but when we arrived at the exclusive hotel, no one knew anything about it. The dinner was costly for what was offered. The orchestra played continental music in the garden, but our table barely danced (with only one or two women it presented a problem). Finally, when the bill was handed to Lotfi, he started making some extensive calculations with a furrowed brow. At last he beckoned to me for money (his faithful valet), wanting all of it. Now, I have 95,000 dinars (about $76). (It was figured in thousands here and the thousands melt away as easily as tens). I tucked away 5,000 for myself (just in case), and handed over
the rest. Lotfi assiduously made two piles of the 5,000 dinar notes. He gave the waiter first one pile, then asked me for another 2,000 and put it on the other pile. He then absentmindedly and generously pressed that pile of bills into the waiter’s disbelieving palm. The man started bowing and backing away from the table muttering thanks (my, aren’t Americans generous?). I watched this ritual with baited breath, but dared not question Lotfi in front of our guests. When we got home, I only said sadly, “You were right. We blew all our extra money on this party and the food wasn’t even worth it.”

“Why all the money?” asked Lotfi. “It cost only 37,000.”

“Then why did you ask me for an additional 2,000 and give him all of the money?”

“I did no such thing,” retorted Lotfi and pulled out his wallet. Whereupon the truth of the matter dawned upon him. His disbelief turned into amazement. Needless to say, I refrained from further comment and tried to make light of it. I jokingly told our group of Lotfi’s generosity, but I don’t think he slept very soundly that night.

The following day, after an official reception at the Palace, which “our boys” attended without jackets or ties, to my provincial dismay (I kept on my gloves and parasol to offset their informality) (it being so hot), we returned to the scene of last night’s banquet. To our relief, the waiter immediately brought forth the wad of bills he had been holding for us. There were still honest people, thank God. (Naturally, he got an extra bonus for his honesty, to prove that honesty pays.)

Professor Radanovich took me on a tour of their beautiful Institute—the former residence of a wealthy man who built this villa expressly for the purpose of entertaining the Duke of Windsor. I then climbed the 200 stairs and almost collapsed from heat. After taking a nap, I decided to have a farewell dip in the Adriatic. So, down I went again to the Hotel Excelsior. It was well worth it—the crystal clear waters were so salty that one stays afloat with little effort. The setting sun dipped Dubrovnik into a pool of gold, giving us a farewell kiss.

This was our last night here and the Tomovics were giving an informal farewell party at the other end of town. Our “seven” decided to walk the 2 1/2 miles to our villa. Halfway there, we stopped
off at a pleasant restaurant for cold drinks and more chatting. Then we proceeded on our way through the gates, through the old town’s main avenue teeming with promenaders, out the drawbridge and finally up the steps towards home, our last night in beautiful Dubrovnik.

August 13, 1966. This morning we were up with the roosters (almost). It was 6:30 a.m. when we heard a crash. Sure enough, the already narrow street was jammed with buses, cars, and trucks, and there had been a collision right in front of our house. A cluster of people gathered, quietly, unhurriedly, and two policemen appeared leisurely, measuring with a tape measure. Apparently, a bus tried to overtake a truck on a two-way lane, and wham! Traffic stopped completely. There was not an inch of space to get by, but no matter—no one was in a hurry. People live here—they don’t race towards death.

At noon we were off via Belgrade to Moscow, but before then I must find a beauty parlor. This means another descent into town. Although it was stifling hot by 9 a.m. I am hurrying for the first time. We were leaving at 12:30 and Saturday was beauty day for conscientious women. At the parlor, five women were already under the dryers and four were waiting to be shampooed. At 11:10 I am through and hurry to the market place to unload some of my leftover dinars. In sweltering heat, I then climb the 200 steps.

Hospitable Radanovic and his friend came to take us to the airport (while the rest went boating). He stayed with us to the very end, with the plane for Belgrade being 50 minutes late. Ah, wonderful Yugoslavia! I hope tourism won’t tarnish their natural friendliness and hospitality.
Professors Moiseef and Gamkrelidze (USSR) and Professor Antosievic (USC, USA) with Fay (Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, 1966).

Yugoslavia became a pleasant habit: A group of scientists with Lotfi in Dubrovnik (September, 1968).
This time Lotfi was invited to attend the International Mathematics Congress, which was held in Moscow in 1966. Russia was almost becoming a habit, but a worldwide congress this size was not to be refused by anyone.

We stayed at the National again. Moscow was becoming more European, a little more fashionable and a little more beauty-conscious. Beauty parlors were working ceaselessly, whipping up hairdos that collapsed like a meringue in no time flat. There was a definite thaw everywhere and tourism was here to stay. Intourist was bogged down with too many tourists to process efficiently. The white marble Rossia Hotel that is designed to house 6,000 will be a knock-out, especially since its location will give its guests a spectacular view of incomparable St. Basil’s.

Despite the uncertainty of the Vietnam situation, the hospitality and loyalty of our friends did not flag an iota. The first sight we beheld upon landing in Moscow (around midnight) was our dear Professor Letov patiently awaiting us with a beautiful bouquet of flowers. He had to resort to Intourist to locate us since we did not inform him of our arrival. For the second time he found the “needle in the haystack”.

The plenary session of the International Mathematics Congress was held at the Palace of Congresses. An imposing and elegant struc-
tecture of white marble, glass, gold mosaic, and red velvet, it seated 5000. The Russians can build well when they want to. After the formal opening session, we were treated to a lovely ballet. The guards performed their duty with their usual zeal, letting in only those with official permits. As a result, one of the main recipients of medals (who arrived somewhat late and had no time to get his permit), remained outside while his name was being called within. Never be late for an opening, I say!

As last year in Baku, so this year as well, one of Lotfi’s many relatives came from Leningrad and managed to find us (thanks to the Intourist system). In Moscow, I helped interpreters to interpret and made myself agreeable in other ways. I had a lovely time all around.

For the twelve of us, Revas and Katia Gamrelidze threw one of their incomparable parties in their one room apartment. We even managed to dance. We were also at the homes of Professors Pontriagin, Letov, and Gavrilo, and then gave a farewell dinner of our own at the National.

We needed to leave on August 23, before the end of the Congress. I later heard that we missed the most spectacular event—the closing session, after which 4000 people were simultaneously dined and wined in true Russian tradition at the Palace of Congresses. I can just imagine!

Lotfi usually tries to combine several commitments with visiting friends for a day or two along the way (even when they are in different places), sometimes even going out of his way (once he is in Europe). In short, he likes to kill two birds with one stone, as the saying goes. On this trip, for instance, we stopped off in Vienna before continuing on to a conference in Trieste and to another URSI Congress in Munich. This is our usual hectic pace when Lotfi is in charge. When I travel by myself, I like to do it leisurely, to enjoy the surroundings and the people. I like to get the feeling of the country I am visiting.

Vienna was cold and rainy—in harmony with my mood. We spent a pleasant two days in the company of Dr. Hamzavi, admiring the Schonbrunn Palace and the Belvedere with its lovely Klimts, Sheeles, and other painters. Then we went on to sunny Venice, where we spent two relaxing days and I managed to poison myself by trusting
in the freshness of the Italian mussels marinara, which I ate at every occasion, one too many times. Italians may not be too honest, but they are certainly gallant. After buying myself a pair of sunglasses for 1,900 lire at a cigar store, the handsome Italian suddenly drew forth something that looked like a guarantee but turned out to be a check good for 500 lire. No fooling! That is one way to make people remember a face!

We traveled from Venice by train to Trieste, where I slept off my miserable condition. I enjoyed our stay in Grignano at the elegant Hotel Palace Adriatico, that overlooked the spectacular coastline. A mere stone’s throw from us stood the idyllic Miramare castle of the ill-fated Maximilian of the Hapsburgs, where we heard the sad love story in *Son-et-lumière* to long remember. The castle is lovely inside. Designed by Maximilian himself, with the help of an architect (of course), and furnished with love, it reflected the romance and devotion to his bride Charlotte—a beautiful woman whose ambition was the cause of the tragic ending (she remained mad for the rest of her 60 years). Somehow the story of this tragic couple, the castle, the gardens, and the serenity of the place contrasted with their turbulent lives and self-exile from “their” paradise. It left a far deeper sense of tragedy than the life of Marie Antoinette (also tragic). The Don Quixote quality of Maximilian’s self-delusion was rather poignant.

The town of Trieste was unimpressive and rather provincial. The University was starkly modern with imposing reliefs and commanding views. I did not see the interiors except for the reception hall where we were entertained. On our last day here, I took the bus early into Trieste to try and spend some of the money Lotfi had earned from his lectures. I succeeded without much difficulty and triumphantly brought back three pairs of shoes I bought on sale (with some bargaining). It made me feel for once that I had outwitted the Italians at their own game. Everywhere in Italy tourists were being had. Well, not this time!

I spent the afternoon swimming and sunning on the Grignano “Riviera” on wooden planks. I observed men parading their masculinity and women displaying their charms in bikinis. There were also some ugly specimens among them—fat, old, but undaunted.
Next we went to Munich to attend our 1966 URSI (an international radio scientific union), where we hoped to meet many friends from 1957. We flew over a mountain range. The crevassed, naked gray-brown mountain tops looked like elephant hides with torn cloud wisps brushing by them. The glaciers in the distance formed a forbidding, yet impressive, view from the air.

Munich is a fine city, full of vitality, culture, and beer! It bustles with elegance, not at all what one would expect from a German city, and quite different from drab Trieste. Our Hotel Splendid on Maximilian-Strasse is small and cozy, but the bathroom is a far cry from the elegance of the Palace Adriatico in Grignano. Our taxi driver turned out to be a drama student intensely interested in everything by Tennessee Williams, which he performed in German. Everything here is tidy and sparkling, especially the blue-green grass. Bavarian churches are all Baroque with quaint and charming steeples—not one of them alike. We took a bus tour to the Königsee and Berchtesgaden, but Hitler’s bunker was already closed to the public. It had been raining on our tour, but by the time we got to Konigsee, the weather had cleared to a glorious blue and our guide said, “There must be an angel among us.” Whereupon, since no one else claimed this distinction, I piped up “don’t you see my halo?” Everyone laughed. I don’t presume to be an angel, really, but what is it that makes the sun come out wherever we are. Is Lotti the angel? In all our five weeks throughout Europe, we had only one rainy day.

The Konigsee, a glacier lake, is justly called the King of Lakes—mirrorlike, blue, surrounded by jagged rocks rising perpendicular and mighty out of the depths of the lake. A feeling of peace and eternity pervaded the air hushing the boisterous. Only the echoing sounds of the bugle against granite walls broke the majestic silence, and that, only for a moment.

September 5. The opening of the URSI Plenary Session was held in the elegantly subdued gray-brown-blue Hercules Hall of the Rezidenz (a building that had been completely destroyed like so many others and then rebuilt from the ground up, painstakingly, and with love). Huge tapestries in blues and grays depicted the ten labors of Hercules. After the plenary session, we met many friends whom we had not seen for three years. I wondered what each one
thought as he looked at the other. The whole day was an official welcoming affair, with an afternoon tea at the Regina Hotel, an evening reception by the Burgomeister in the "Alte Rathaus", and dinner with our friends at the Ratskeller.

*September 6.* Today is sparklingly beautiful and I’m off on foot to see the town and take photographs. For four hours, countless cobbled streets heard the click of my wooden heels. Around the marketplace stood quaint houses with painted fronts. Flowers, fish stalls, and sausages hung in long chains. A colorful May pole graced the center and advertised all the trades. I also mounted the tower of the Peterskirche (300 steps) for a view of the city only to discover twenty minutes later that I could have seen the same sights at the Rathaus, with much less labor, by simply taking an elevator. Well, I did get my exercise and a feeling of conquest.

München has the best museums I have seen so far—with excellent lighting, enhancing every work of art. The Alte Pinakotheck, the National-Museum, the Deutsches Museum, Lenbach Haus, and many more were all outstanding in thoughtful planning, good taste, and excellence of presentation. I hunted for a Dirndl dress all afternoon, which I victoriously brought home. Tonight is the big BAYERN night and folk concert for URSI members to be held at the infamous Hofbrau (where Hitler held his first rally). I suddenly regretted buying the dress, but got so many compliments that I forgave the dress its origin. Somehow, when I saw all the besotted and big-bellied Münchener, I got a feeling that only beer flowed in their veins.

I found three palaces I thought worth seeing: The Schloss Nymphenburg, the Schloss Linderhof, and the Schloss Schleissheim. The Schloss Nymphenburg has charming pavilions—Pagodenburg, Grottenburg, Badenburg and Amalienburg (a perfection of baroque delicacy and taste). For contrast, the Schloss Linderhof was the ultimate in rococo monstrosity—the king must have been afflicted with the Midas touch complex. The heavy gold ornamentation, gold garlands, gold borders, golden embroidery, lapis lazuli, malachite, porcelain, the goblin-type paintings, and the heavy and ornate furniture commingled with the dust, the horror, the clutter of it all. I felt stifled in this golden rococo nightmare. Ludwig II was an eccentric. He built this palace and lived in it like a hermit. He had a wedding
carriage made for 14,000,000 DM, but he never married. Finally he drowned in a lake at the age of 41 (a possible suicide). A sad comment on his life-style that all his riches could not bring him the happiness he sought.

Schloss Schleissheim, where the grand farewell party was held, was quite spectacular in size. It had interesting tromp d’oeil cupolas, a ballroom decorated in heavy German baroque, a badly painted ceiling, and a grandiose staircase.

With our friends, the Marcuvitzes, we drove on a weekend into Salzburg. This picturesque old city left me a bit cold. The Burg is an imposing fortress city. The music festivals were over and without them some of the magnetism of the place was lost. However, we enjoyed a bus ride and visited the Hellbrunn Schloss with an intriguing Mascagni fresco, a trompe d’oeil Uffizi Gallery, but not much else. The best part of this hunting lodge was the trick water fountains of the Archduke, who must have been quite a joker. We all got wet thanks to his ingenuity.

Now it is time to pack and get ready for our last lap. We are now on our way to Madrid and then home to our good USA. Good-bye Munich, you have been hospitable to URSI. It is sad to bid farewell to this event. Another URSI is over until 1969. The present is constantly ticking away into the past.

Spain reminded us of Iran—dry, dusty, and rather primitive. The weather was hot and the sun glaring. Madrid is a teeming city, a city of pomp, with grandeur and squalor living side by side. I, somehow, can’t warm up to the Spaniards as I can to the Italians. Rooms were hard to get because there were four conventions in town. We finally got a room near the outskirts at a very modern hotel in the style of San Francisco’s Jack Tar. Modern buildings here seem built not to last (we live in a crumbling age). This one has all the modern comforts, but nothing functions—faucets grumble, air-conditioning is in name only, and the modern push-button system produces hoarse music. Our Hotel Colon was so noisy, because of trucks, that we decided to change. Besides, we wanted to be in the center of town. While walking in Avenida Jose Antonio, we came upon a pleasant little hotel. Hotel Mayorazgo was tucked into a side street. Here we had a delicious and inexpensive lunch at the “Cafeteria Mayorazgo”.
In the evening, we had dinner in “old Madrid” at Cueva de las Candelas. Supposedly, it was full of atmosphere, but we found little of that and less in the quality of the food for the prices charged (the usual tourist trap). Hotel Mayorazgo has an imposing name and a Spanish-type hall, but the rooms have a shoddy look. The bathrooms here were even worse than at the Hotel Colon and floors looked as though workers just got through and forgot to clean up the plaster.

Comforts are not a Spaniard’s main concern and their attitude is serene and philosophical. A shrug of the shoulders was the eloquent reply I received to my query if all bathrooms were in a similar state of neglect. Well, let’s be philosophical for a day, but I won’t take a bath here. We are getting tired of living out of suitcases and long for the comforts of home. After seeing the magnificent, ill-lighted Prado, the endless imposing halls of the Palacio Reale, the Armory, and a tour of the city, we were ready to go home. In fact, the Spanish are so full of philosophy, squabbles and disorganization, we almost missed our plane (had we counted on U.S. standards). As it was, the departure time was clearly stated as 19:45, giving us a full hour. However, something made us go through passport check right away. Good thing, we found that the plane was just about to leave. In Spain one counts on nothing but himself if he wants to get anywhere. So, until next year, we bid you hasta luego and happy holidays.

We were a large group for Prof. Gamkrelidze’s and Katia’s one-room apartment. After a fine dinner, we even managed to dance a little—it was a miracle.
Lotfi coming off the plane in Madrid, Spain.

Lotfi with Ed David and his wife and Pat Whinnery, wife of Prof. Whinnery from U.C. Berkeley, at the 1966 URSI Congress in Munich.
Six Countries in One Summer—The Works!

Our summer trips have become almost routine. We have covered the entire globe, and my reports will soon cease (so there is something for all of you to look forward to).

Since Lotfi is teaching during the academic year, the only time he can take long trips is during the summer. Many conferences are planned for the summer months since more people are able to attend, and thus have time to combine science with pleasure.

At the end of the term, and after serving as Chairman of the Department for over five years (1963-1968), Lotfi is expected to resume his duties as a professor rather than a shuffler of paper clips. Our University has a rotating chairmanship, usually a term of three to four years duration. However, Lotfi stayed longer, until a suitable and effective replacement could be found. Being a man of vision, he played a leading role in changing the name of the Department to Electrical and Computer Sciences. New ideas are not easily accepted, but after much struggle, he finally prevailed. Now most universities have followed his example. While in office, we entertained a lot of visitors and colleagues, so that during his chairmanship I had to
cook for as many as forty guests at a time, at least once a month. We were known as the most hospitable department on campus because Lotfi liked company and stimulating conversation. He justly felt that the purpose of these dinners was to bring people together and to make newcomers welcome. I became a good cook in addition to being his private, overtime secretary and hostess. I am quite good at shorthand. Lotfi liked the old-fashioned dictation method. He never used a dictaphone and still writes many letters by longhand himself. We are not thinking of modernizing ourselves as yet; we do not have a computer at home.

At the end of December, there was a glimmer of hope that our activities would slow down, since Lotfi would finally be relieved of his position as chairman. We are planning to move to Cambridge, Massachusetts, on our Sabbatical. I had been working part-time, but stopped in order to accompany Lotfi. However, this did not preclude our getting involved once we reached the Boston area, except that Lotfi and I were to become students once more. Our daughter, Stella, was in her third year at Radcliffe taking pre-med courses. Our son, Norman (17) was a sophomore at U.C. Berkeley. It is time for us "youngsters" to resume our student days.

This summer, on our way to attend conferences in Europe, I stopped off in Montreal to see EXPO '67 and the most vivid remembrance of this interlude was the nightmarish realization of what an overpopulation explosion really looks and feels like. It was graphically illustrated in the mass of sweating humanity at the Expo—herded like cattle, plodding doggedly and stupidly towards their pavilions or standing patiently in endless lines (ready to drop, but not giving in). In my three days at the Expo, I had not been able to see a single one of the much talked-about exhibits, and I am writing this side trip off as an almost total loss in spite of the inspired humanistic theme of EXPO '67. What good is a theme when you can't get in to see what it has to offer. Even the stairs to and from the transportation areas were jammed, so that one had to walk at a snail's pace. Many of the young guides did not seem well informed and there was a lack of proper signs giving information as to what was going on. When I finally entered the Czech Pavilion for the price of a $6.00 dinner, I discovered, to my dismay, that the famous show I
had paid to see was over. The entrance to the theater was from another side. The pavilion itself was, however, one of the most memorable artistic creations I have seen in a long time.

The one successful endeavor that made my trip to Montreal worth the effort, was that of meeting some old friends and attending the Bolshoi Opera’s Legend of the Invisible City of Kitej at the beautiful and imaginative Salle Wilfried Pelletier. Of course the performance was sold out, but I was lucky to get a cancellation for $15.00. The Russians had a fantastic staging technique, lyrical and exciting. It was a thing of beauty, in short, a memorable opera.

*August 28.* I arrived at the airport in grand style—as sole passenger of a limousine service (for $1.50 instead of regular taxi fare of $6.00) but then spent the whole day, until 5 p.m. trying to get on as a standby to New York. We circled for an extra 40 minutes trying to land at Kennedy Airport. The day was totally wasted, and I was in a philosophically pessimistic mood with all sorts of forebodings. I vowed that this would be my last trip to an Expo, that I would never again pressure Lotfi or insist on anything, and even thought of turning back altogether, but time and moods undergo constant change and so did I.

I spent two hours with my parents (who don’t seem to age) and my dear husband. Lotfi hadn’t eaten, waiting patiently for me until 9 p.m. He helped me regain my usually optimistic nature and gave me a sense of security (with him by my side).

We took a day flight on Qantas (who cater to their passengers and cuddle them like babies). Arriving in London in the evening was very pleasant because it gave us a chance to rest. The Skyway Airport Hotel, although modern and expensive, had a somewhat transient and shabby quality about it. There is absolutely nothing to do and nowhere to go this far out. While killing time and watching people in the lobby before retiring, a rather drunk man snuck up behind Lotfi and planted a kiss—smack on his crown. Lotfi jumped up in surprise, especially when he realized that it was not a woman. The man excused himself good-naturedly, saying that he simply “could not resist the temptation”. Lotfi chuckled in embarrassment. Even men are attracted to him, not to mention what his baldness does to women!
In Hamburg, at our centrally located Hotel Reichshof, we had an elegant, suite-type room with down beds (in all kinds of weather) for $12.50 a night. Since we weren’t broken up for lack of sleep, we got a lot done in one day. In the evening, we went by Metro to the Reeperbahn to eat at Zigeunerkeller. For dessert, Lotfi suggested we see a film, *Erotika vom Abgrund*. It turned out to be a dull, third-rate film about nymphomania, miserably acted by the principal character. I got a pleasant surprise, however, when I recognized one of our young ACT performers. If I am not mistaken, the artificially portrayed "nymphomaniac" was none other than the belly dancer from our own San Francisco nightclub, Baghdad. Small world this!

Today we are off to Stockholm on SAS via Copenhagen. A half a day is always wasted in travel. We finally arrived in Stockholm at night and my first impression was that of a functional, modern, neon-lighted city. Our Hotel Reisen was in the center of Old Town with a view to the river. The room was practically a hole in the wall—small, compact, and so narrow that one could barely fit a week’s wardrobe into the closet. Yet, there is a charm, personality, and feeling of cleanliness everywhere.

On every stopover during a flight one gets served some sort of meal on the plane. As a result, we got so stuffed (eating at all hours) that we had no dinner in town but took a walk along the waterfront, shivering in the night air. It is cool in Sweden. The brisk air was good, the beds were comfortable and we were so exhausted by our flights, the time changes, etc., that we overslept the following day (11 a.m.). A stroll into the city in daylight left a much better impression, that of a robust, healthy nation. The men were tall, aristocratic, slender, and strong. The women were strong-limbed, long-legged and slender, with the traits of good workhorses and child-bearers. No mamby-pamby softness or flab did I see (but also little femininity or delicacy as I understand it). Good health and vigor seemed to prevail. No wonder! Stockholm is a green city swept by sea breezes, surrounded by water, with a feeling of breadth and space (excluding the narrow alleys of Old Town).

We took a two-hour cruise in sparkling weather, and in the evening ate at the “Catalan”, an elegant, quiet, gourmet restaurant in Old Town. Standards are high here and so are the prices. In Stockholm,
one has a strong feeling of the dignity of man.

After dinner we met a young American at our hotel. We took her with us and had a pleasant chat at a discotheque in the Kungsgatan (main street) where all sorts of Swedish teenagers and other characters assembled. The books Swedes have in their windows! San Francisco pales by comparison. The new, modern atmosphere, the music, the dancing, made me feel somewhat out of step with the world. But then we sauntered through Old Town with its crooked, cobbled alleys lined by little friendly stores, and the balance was restored.

September 2. The Swedes were changing their traffic system. After we left, there was total bedlam in Stockholm. I respect the Swedes for their courage in wanting to change age-old customs when needed. We were sorry we weren’t there to see how a civilized nation copes with breaking an established way of life. We watched crews at work carting away signs by the truckload. Today we managed to visit the TV tower, Wasa Museum, Concerthalle, and the Franks of Teheran, with whom we spent an afternoon in reminiscing and gossip.

And now for contrast, on to hot, humid, helter-skelter Italy. Within a few hours we were transported from the clear, crisp, cool, clean aired Stockholm to a hot and humid Milan, with sweating humanity at the railroad station. Is it the simple capriciousness of nature that makes nations what they are? In the North, people are self-controlled, well-organized, dignified, and cool. In the South, they are warm, temperamental, slovenly, yet active; or as in India, resigned, fatalistic, disorganized, and apathetic. It seems as though nations tend to reflect their environment (or is this only my overactive imagination?)

Italy is more like a love affair—one recognizes its faults, yet cannot resist its charms. In Florence, for example, the Piazza De La Republica is rather shabby and full of unsavory characters plying their trade and waiting for their prey, and yet it is always jammed with humanity. There is less dignity here and dinner jackets only act as a disguise. There is a desperate need to survive in an overpopulated age. One has the feeling that one is constantly courted for what can be gotten out of him by bowing and scraping, but with hidden contempt. It is somewhat reminiscent of the corrupt Near Eastern cul-
ture in its struggle to survive.

The noise near the center of town was deafening. The motorcycles were especially a torture to sleepy ears. Our Hotel Cavour on Via del Proconsolo, although steeped in its "old glory" had nothing else to recommend it but history. At this time it seemed a meeting place for little old ladies bent on culture. Everything seemed a "put-on" and an "ersatz". Even the bread, butter, and coffee had a funny taste, and the fine livery of personnel did not hide their boredom with tourists. The whole show here seemed to be run for the benefit of the tourist's gullibility.

The heat and humidity added to our discomfort and disillusionment, but finally broke into a fortissimo of lightning and rain. Lotfi was quietly antagonistic and I decided to change his mood by changing hotels. It worked like a charm. Besides, at the Plaza Lucchiese, which is a much more dignified and less pretentious hotel, we ran into our Pelham neighbors of 9 years ago, John and Eileen Reddy. They looked grand, and Lotfi preened his feathers and returned to normal. We went on the morning tour together and had fun lunching in a trattoria near our hotel, which still smelled of mildew from the recent flood. The water line can still be seen on many an edifice, and some abandoned stores still have a huge pile of rubbish and silt to be carted away. Most establishments are in business again, and life goes on as usual.

A concentrated afternoon tour of the Uffizi confirmed once more the fact that though art is great, too much of it in one gulp can be wilting. In the evening we had another surprise visit—a two-hour train companion on my 1965 trip from Venice to Florence, Colonel Casumaro. He had come all the way from Bologna by train to pay me a tribute and to meet my husband. We had drinks with the Reddy’s at the hotel and then the silver-haired Colonel took us to a very nice trattoria behind the Piazza de la Signoria where we dined on delicious agnolotti and Bistecca Fiorentina to the strains of a mendicant’s ballad and discussed Italian economy and politics. Italian ways, though polite, are a bit ineffectual, with the result that a promised taxi for the Colonel was not really called until we became quite insistent. He probably missed his 11 o’clock train back to Bologna, however, he remained gallant to the end.

In typical Italian behavior, the driver who took us to the station,
wanted to impress us with his earnest desire to get us there on time. So to create the illusion of speed, he kept honking, swearing, complaining and explaining, as though in this way the traffic would move faster. Both he and we could see clearly ahead and knew full well that none of his agitation had any effect. But, being an actor at heart, he at least made the effort and acted out his role.

We are on our way to Rome in a luxurious nonstop train, a Rapido. It is a joy to ride in an elegant, spacious, fast moving, air-conditioned train, with lunch served individually at our seats by eager and hovering waiters. It is a joy traveling through Europe when it is done first class and RAPIDO!

In Rome we stayed at the Hotel Majestic, at the lower end of Via Veneto (almost the “other side of the tracks” as we later found out). Very noisy, of course, but earplugs helped. After we returned from our walk to Fontana di Trevi, where we watched (until 1:30 a.m., squeezed in behind ropes) an American movie being filmed. All that was shot during a three hour effort was a few minutes of film. Actors don’t have it so easy either.

The one sure way to meet Americans in Rome is to stay on via Veneto and wait. We stepped out of our hotel and bumped into Professor Pimentel and his lovely wife and daughter. Meeting old friends unexpectedly always makes Lotfi happy. He also likes Rome much better than Florence, and the weather was with us. At the Piazza Barberini we discovered (perhaps the one and only) American-style, self-service cafeteria where one can get a quick meal, cheap. In order to survive the transition from European to American ways without going bankrupt, the Italian management had wisely combined, on separate levels, all the different food establishments: a counter, a standing room snack bar, cafeteria, and on the roof, among flower pots and plants, a low-priced restaurant where we could eat for less than 2,000 lire. After that, we walked to Piazza d’Ispagna and sat with others around the fountain watching local color—the ways of natives and tourists. Before retiring for the night, we went back to Via Veneto for a leisurely sip while ogling passersby.

This is Lotfi’s first trip to both Florence and Rome, so we must see the fantastic Vatican and St. Peters, the grandiose and most impos-
ing monument to Christianity yet conceived. Describing it is futile. I recommend a personal trip. In the awesome Sistine Chapel, we bumped into the Pimentels again and made a dinner date for tonight. I finally managed to have my hair done and felt much better (instead of a wet poodle or a disheveled hippie). Lotfi said in amazement: “You look good Fay, is this all your hair?” No one believes in good, natural hair any more with all the wigs around.

The Pimentels are staying at the Eliseo, an elegant and quiet hotel off Via Veneto (the Via Veneto everyone was talking about and not where our hotel was). After a most pleasant evening and a decent meal at a trattoria, we decided to walk in the opposite direction for some unexplainable reason, as if drawn by invisible waves. At the top of the street, who do we bump into but our colleague, Eli Jury, who was just in the process of conjuring us up. His telepathy was successful and he was delighted at the results, so we all sauntered up towards Via Veneto where, among the “elite tourists”, Eli happily paid for the pleasure of his conjuring.

This morning we took a ten-hour train ride up to San Remo where the International Symposium on Information Theory by IEEE takes place (instead of Athens, as originally planned). Traveling first class, we had a very pleasant ride on the dusty train and a tasty lunch, counter style with a fixed price and a fixed menu (you don’t need to know Italian for that). You just sit down and you get served. They even let me walk back to my car (trusting my honest tourist face), since I had only large bills and they had no change.

San Remo is a cozy little town on the Italian Riviera, where the attraction centers around the Casino, the boardwalk, and the railroad station across the street. If one wants diversion, to see new faces, or hugging farewells, all one has to do is simply sit on a bench waiting for an approaching train. One can also sit by a sidewalk, sip Campari, and not miss a single tourist in leisurely San Remo.

The season was barely over and our 200 or so participants had managed to fill several large hotels. We were, therefore, directed a little further out to a big “white elephant”, the Astoria Hotel. Since I am too small for hotels of this size and opulence, and since it was away from the center of town, I bravely said “no”. Both Lotfi and
the management were astonished by my audacity. Lotfi is just too nice and compliant, so I have to be "mean and obstinate" at times, for his own good. Instead, I got him a lovely, secluded, modern, family-type hotel away from traffic, noise, and fame, and close to conference headquarters (the Royale Hotel) at a much more reasonable rate. We had a living-bedroom combination, bath, two balconies, and breakfast for $10.00 a day (hard to beat, I think). I am still waiting for a forthcoming raise from Lotfi for my services, but my real compensation was in the realization that he was very pleased with the new quarters.

There was a lovely Russian church a two-minute walk from the hotel and right across was a Russian-Italian-Pizzaria where we ate most of our meals. We could also intercept anyone coming or going to our "headquarters" (a good place for spying).

September 11. At 11 a.m. the plenary session opened at the Casino. It was brief and well done. They got through eight addresses in 40 minutes and after that all were treated to cocktails. Next we had a starvation lunch at a fancy place with a group of IEEE participants. It lasted for two and a half hours and cost 2,000 lire per person. Mine was a dish of eight crayfish, a small salad, and a roll (anyone who knows how large a crayfish is, can sympathize with me). No more fancy lunches for me. Tonight, I insisted on eating at our hotel like a human being—a complete dinner for the same price of 2,000 lire consisting of soup, bread, a large veal chop, roast potatoes, buttered string beans, a green salad, and a fruit bowl or cheese. I paid the price of staying home alone while Lotfi attended a cocktail party and went off with a group of people elsewhere.

The time simply vanishes between attending sessions and eating with different groups of people. During our five-day stay we managed only one afternoon of sunbathing (feeling like royalty, sitting around the pool at the Hotel Royale, with a capital "R"). We did quite a bit of dancing, and once we even managed to scandalize our crowd. Lotfi showed up with a gorgeous blonde from our hotel to dance with. His reputation is now truly established once and for all!

The farewell banquet was a grand affair with a floor show for our benefit. Everyone left feeling that the change from Athens to San Remo was not bad after all. As for us, a vacation on the Riviera would
surely be there again to enjoy.

The Conference over, we had a two-day stopover in Ankara. To get there from San Remo takes a whole day of planing and deplaning—first in Rome (hot and humid), then in Athens (hot and dry), and finally as dusk descends, there lies below us densely populated Istanbul, blinking peacefully with its myriads of lights. It is protected by the watchful eye of a searchlight scanning the skies across the Bosporus to see that all is well.

In Ankara we were met by the Dean of Engineering, and longtime friend, Mustafa Parlar. There was only a slight delay of some 30 minutes to locate our missing valise. The airport here is seemingly in the middle of nowhere, but a straight road of 25 km leading directly to the city. The University shows vision, imagination, and breadth of scope. It is still unfinished, but classes go on along with the constant hammering of stone carvers and chiselers who squat or sit with legs wide apart rhythmically sliding the chisel along the pavement stones while singing a plaintive Turkish chant. In a corner, three workers huddled together in the shade of a newly completed building over a frugal lunch. The sun was strong and trees were few on campus, but seven million pines were planted on the grounds surrounding the area. It will be quite a sight in a few year’s time. The city itself was attractive, especially when viewed from a height, but being built along modern lines with wide avenues, it had a certain lack of character, whereas the Old City retains a truly Near Eastern flavor. The Kemal Atta Turk Mausoleum is on a hill overlooking Ankara. Conceived on a grand scale, it is a most imposing structure—a shrine to the modern spirit of Turkey. Before our departure the Parlars threw a party for us and we had the chance to taste all the delicacies of Turkish cuisine, home style.

Istanbul is quite different from Ankara. Already on arrival the change in activity was apparent. The surprise of the city itself is staggering—the filth, the people, the flies, the mosques, the carts, the clustered dwellings—the whole city is one huge Bazaar. Vendors hawking their wares are everywhere, even if it is only a pitiful plateful of nuts. Bartering goes on even for taxi fares. The brass-knobbed bottles of shoe-shine stands gleam proudly in the sun while their proud owners exhibit sumptuous decorations or pictures of
movie stars in gilded frames.

In the hotel, every busboy mysteriously (and in hushed whispers) tries to sell exchange at black market rates. At night men promenade in the streets by the thousand—most are of small build, some bowl-legged, malformed, even crippled. There are very few women. The best male specimens are apparently reserved for the armed forces. Istanbul is a filthy, fascinating and fatalistic city. The Hilton here is such a contrast that it is being visited by everyone, like a landmark of American influence (which it is). However, everything is relative. Sitting on the balcony of our Park Hotel and looking down upon the clusters of human dwellings, the filth of the city and the beauty of the blue/black sea (is it the Bosphorus or the Marmara Sea?) beyond, one adjusts to dirt as a way of life and ignores it as best one can.

In Istanbul we visited, of course, the Mosque, and although the architecture and style are grandiose, its age was beginning to show badly. I simply could not be inspired thinking of the filth that went with it. Our taxi driver, while taking us back to the hotel, kept shutting off the ignition at each signal stop. Poor devil didn’t realize that his effort to economize on fuel was probably costing him more, but then what do they know about modern cars.

Turkey is still a disorganized country. At the airport there was a mad rush to get us through formalities in order not to miss the plane (although we had arrived in plenty of time), and then we had an interminable wait without any instructions or announcements. The plane left 30 minutes late. Nobody bothered to tell us.

What a contrast it was to land in tidy, civilized, and pleasant Athens. The roads here look as though they were polished, they literally have a patina. Everywhere there are broad avenues and beautiful buildings with marble fronts. It seems marble is a show of wealth. People are clean, pleasant, and self-respecting. Our hotel Amalia is small but elegant, with white marble corridors gleaming against blue velvet runners, dignified gray walls and polished brown doors for contrast. It gives one a feeling of quiet luxury. We are near Constitution Square where tourists and citizens take their leisure at colored tables and watch passersby (as is the general European custom). The Citadel and the Acropolis, of course, are the landmarks that set the character of Athens.

In the evening, we had dinner at the Dyonisus in the Plaka (Old
Town) with music and atmosphere. The Acropolis rose behind us out of the night like a Goddess, mysteriously lit, unapproachable, silent, and eternal. The old city with its clustered houses, steep steps, and dozens of outside restaurants (with and without orchestras) almost blocked passage up the street. The rest of the Old Town was asleep, deserted, its hard-working citizenry resting at last while tourists still reveled. Life is not easy here, but better organized, and it shows in the general attitude and attire of the people. So long as one keeps his nose out of politics and does not mention names like “Melina Mercouri”, or ask for forbidden songs, life is peaceful.

We spent the morning at the Acropolis, an inspiring remnant of the old grandeur of Hellenistic Greece. Its stark simplicity, dimensions and location make it unique in all antiquity. There is nothing to compare in loftiness! We just sat there, Lotfi and I, on a marble slab looking down upon the bustling city below. We looked through the grand columns of the departed, thinking “this too shall pass”, but what will it leave to posterity? In the evening, while walking through the park, we came upon a clearing literally covered with blue sailcloth chairs in rows, looking almost like an open theater. People sat there sipping and listening to an outdoor band. Those who couldn’t afford it stood and watched. Behind us, in all its majesty, stood the silhouette of the Acropolis against the rose-colored dusk of the setting sun. It slowly faded out to an ashen gray before the advent of night.

Today we flew to Bucharest to attend our last conference before returning to California. The day was warm and smoggy. We were quickly processed through to the Tarom plane (a Russian-made IL-18), and before long we were airborne and heading towards Romania via Bulgaria. In Bucharest, while waiting to be cleared through, we were loaded with small packages. Lotfi inadvertently dropped a package and good whiskey flowed freely onto the floor. We rescued the cigarettes, however, and thought it a minor loss.

We were met by some Romanian scientists—very polite, but a stiff and formal welcome with halting conversation and embarrassment. I tried to break ground for a less formal atmosphere, but no go.

The road leading from the airport is a mass of greenery, a park interspersed with benches. This road is patterned after the Champs
Elysees, with an Arch of Triumph at its end. Bucharest is spoken of proudly as the "Paris of the Balkans" (but then, many capitals lay claim to a similar comparison). It has wide avenues and quite modern, imaginative buildings.

The hotel Palace Athenée is in the center of town next to the Music Center. It is somberly elegant in the European (modern) style, probably one of the best in the city. At the hotel, the service is out of this world and the orchestra plays continental music nightly. Lotfi says that he has at last discovered the Europe that he was seeking everywhere (here of course, there is still no American influence which may account for it). Of communism one feels absolutely nothing behind the walls of the Palace Athenée. Two or three waiters hover over you, check your teapot, solicitously ask you if food is to your liking, while one or two teenage apprentices jump at the slightest sign of the "master". Their schooling is hard and probably their ears get boxed often behind the scenes, but what excellent waiters they make when their turn comes! Prices are ridiculously low when one considers the service and the type of hotel one is in, but the menu is basically stereotypical, tasteless, overdone, and disguised with lots of mayonnaise and "chi’chi".

We had the "red carpet" treatment, great hospitality, and genuine warmth (once the ice was broken): a cocktail party; an all-day outing to see some of the installations, churches and historical landmarks; a friendly and informal farewell banquet (in great style) at our hotel; visits to several homes; a dinner (with maid service at the home of kindly Professor Moisel and his delightful wife; a visit to the cozy apartment of the lovely young Petrescu couple (situated in a park) and a dinner in the woods to national music with national specialties. In general, the Romanians (being a Romance nation), show French taste in their way of life and Slavic warmth in their relationships. We did not know them before, but we know and appreciate them now!

Our final stop was Zurich, a charming, doll-like city—quaint and as tidy as a pin. Everything was controlled, and in place. The diamonds, watches, the masterfully prepared cookies and delicacies beckoning everywhere, tempting rich and poor alike. There is a feeling of respectability, orderliness, and human dignity (just like there was in Sweden). Our dear Friedel Strutt surprised us by coming to
the airport and brought us into town. In the evening, she and her
elegant daughter and son-in-law took us out to a historical restau-
rant on the Limmatquai for a delectable dinner. How nice it is to
have friends abroad to welcome us, tired tourists!

The famous scientist, Prof. Moisil (left), sitting on a bench in Bucarest,
Romania (1967).

Friends from Columbia University days
often visited the Zadehs in California,
like Nobel Prize laureat, Charles Townes,
and his wife Frances (Berkeley, 1970).
Parties, parties, parties . . .

Sitting at the back of this happy group is the Zadeh's blonde visitor from the San Remo meeting in 1967.

(left) A party for Prof. Tchitchinadze from Tbilisi, Georgia, USSR, who visited the Zadehs at home in Berkeley (1972).

(below) Prof. Minsky from Cambridge, Prof. McCarthy from Stanford, and other guests at the Zadeh's home in Berkeley.
Right from the start, the Zadehs began entertaining visitors in Orinda (1967).

Exhausted by still smiling, Fay relaxes after a party (November, 1970).
Flying Marathon of 1968

Edinburgh, Delft, Haifa, Dubrovnik, Pisa-Tirrenia, San Remo

My travelogues are growing shorter the more we cover the same territory. The reasons for this are threefold: one, I don’t wish to bore anyone by repetition; two, every time I return I find myself a little more behind and a little deeper in the quagmire of daily responsibilities (and a little more tired); and three, the novelty of my impressions is wearing off and with it the naive enthusiasm of yore. In short, the impact of the first kiss is fading.

We covered several conferences this summer, starting with the IFIP* in Edinburgh, the IEEE* Workshop in Delft, a summer seminar at Technion, the IFAC* in Dubrovnik, a NATO-sponsored pattern recognition in Pisa, and finally the SIAM* in San Remo—all in six short weeks. Although we jetted from one destination to another, those who travel know how time-consuming and fatiguing it is to

* For those not familiar with abbreviations of the different conferences mentioned in my travelogue: IFIP in Edinburgh = International Federation for Information Processing; IEEE in Delft = Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineering; IFAC in Dubrovnik = International Federation of Automatic Control; and, SIAM in San Remo = Society of Industrial and Applied Mathematics
wait at airports for connections. On final count there is little “stardust” and much strain in this type of travel. So, don’t marathon like the Zadehs. Do it leisurely and enjoy the money spent.

We started out on Saturday, August 3, 1968 in San Francisco. That was fine, except that PanAm scheduled a stopover in L.A. As we took-off, some little sea gull had the misfortune, or poor judgment, to take off likewise. As the air is no longer the domain of birds alone, she was promptly sucked into the jet engine. The result was that we had to dump 90,000 gallons of fuel over the ocean, return to San Francisco and take off six hours later in a different jet. We consequently missed our scheduled connection to Edinburgh.

Edinburgh is a lovely and tidy city, beautifully situated. Its castle, an invincible fortress, is perched high on a rock like a guarding eagle, eyeing its citizens below. The Scotts were proud of their city in spite of its weather, which was not always as glorious as it was for us. Apparently, Edinburgh had saved up all its sunshine for the occasion of the IFIP (International Federation for Information Processing), and the city and countryside sparkled in an exuberance of flowers and emerald meadows. But alas, there was not enough sunshine left over for the music festival that followed.

The opening address at Usher Hall was formal, dignified, short, and impressive. Lord Mountbatten and the Secretary of State were outstanding speakers and their speeches shone with personality and eloquence. Lord Mountbatten (a lord in more ways than one) emphasized the need to recognize the human element in an increasingly computerized world, to preserve its individuality and dignity.

The New City was charming and lively. On one side was Prince street, a promenade overlooking the royal gardens, while the other side was jammed with shoppers and enticing stores. On sunny days a layout of this sort is delightful and irresistible.

While the men worked, the women went sight-seeing and got acquainted with the history and lore of Scotland. The city is unusually clean and the countryside beautifully green. Sheep graze everywhere, especially in the Queen’s Park. Sheep perform three functions: they are natural lawn mowers, lend a pastoral feeling to the royal grounds, and fertilize the soil. Scotts are a practical people all around.
On the Royal Mile Tour, I saw the house where Brodie lived, a man who served as the inspiration for Robert Louis Stevenson’s famous novel, “Dr. Jeckel and Mr. Hyde”. There was also a juicy tidbit about some enterprising body snatchers who could have been the male counterparts to the ladies in *Arsenic and Old Lace*.

In the suburbs of Edinburgh, the village of Crammond was quaint and charming with its sole restaurant (seating around 24). It was always crammed to capacity, with reservations mandatory. But visiting it twice in a row (as is Lotfi’s way when he comes across a “find”) proved once more to be disappointing (remember my reference to a first kiss). Later we discovered several good places within a five minute walk and in the center of town (The George Hotel, Le Gourmet, etc.). On the whole, however, Scottish food is little more inspiring than British cuisine, but I wish to recommend *hegges*, a national dish, for the enterprising. The parting banquet served hegges with pomp, which overshadowed the memory of a cold mutton and ham main course.

Prices were usually high, but what burned us up was the price we had to pay for our room, $25.00 a day. The venerable Roxeburgh Hotel had lots of dignity and age, but the rooms were small and cramped. However, due to its central location and the fact that other visitors had to be housed 50 miles from Glasgow for lack of space (3,600 attended ITPP and another 8,000 Jehovah’s Witnesses flooded the limited accommodations), we had to grin and bear it for the five days we stayed in Edinburgh.

In London for only one and a half days on our way to Holland, we didn’t accomplish more than getting together with our old friends. We found a good restaurant near Marble Arch, where we usually found some hotel or other. Plato’s Greek Restaurant proved to be cozy, tasty and reasonably priced, since everything is constantly on the upward swing. At a snack bar on Oxford Street, I was surprised at the I-don’t-care attitude of exhausted young help who did not seem to have any of the “pride of profession” we had formerly seen by waiters. They sat slumped or moved listlessly and carelessly between tables. Gone is the old “jump and scrape” attitude, at least on Oxford Street.

Buildings in the Netherlands are monotonous and modern
with some impressive exceptions. After London’s cumbersome erector set-like labyrinth, the Amsterdam Airport was a great joy.

Our IEEE Workshop and living quarters were located at the “Hoornweijk” near the Hague. Except for nasty weather, it was a pleasant stay and informally cozy. It was comforting to see cows grazing in front of our picture windows, while cars whizzed by on the freeway. Next door plans were being laid for more and more automation. (While there are cows, we can still hope to preserve a balance of sorts.)

The Dutch people impressed us with their industriousness and thrift, but prices were on the high side. Amsterdam was so overrun by tourists that it was a perpetual problem to find accommodations. For example, while landing in Amsterdam on our way to the IEEE Conference, Lotfi tried to make a reservation for the following week. He had to call three different places before getting a confirmation. Also, while at the Conference, he called again to reconfirm our reservation, but when we arrived in Amsterdam, the hotel couldn’t put us up after all. They sent us to another hotel, which in turn sent us for one night to a hostelry. In both hotels, we had to climb three flights of steep stairs to attic rooms without baths. Considering the inconveniences, we had to pay high prices. Our Indian friends had an even more unpleasant experience. Two of them finally got a room for $20.00 a night, a skimp[y breakfast, and no hot water on Sunday. When one of them had to leave, the other, Laveen Canal, still had to pay the same price as for two (which made him real sore). Traveling became even more unpleasant for Laveen in Pisa when his previously ordered taxi arrived late. Consequently, he missed his plane and had to take a long train ride instead.

On our trips I would often help people in distress or “stick my neck out” as the saying goes. While making inquiries at a central VVV in Amsterdam, I overheard a very attractive young woman meekly accepting an hour-long ride by bus for a night’s lodging. This I could not take, so I offered her the name of our hotel (and if need be) even the use of our bathroom as a bedroom (hoping Lotfi could control his male instincts). As we walked into the Poland Hotel across the street to make the call, I told the desk clerk that
we really didn’t need the phone as much as we needed a single room for one night. To our amazement, he came up with one. The lady was naturally delighted, and so was Lotfi, who promptly invited her to join us for dinner. (I sometimes wonder, does it pay to rescue?)

The lovely lady turned out to be not only beautiful and married but an animal handler as well, working for TV ads. She suggested we join her at a private club. Lotfi’s gleam died only when he was asked to show his passport (just think of the implications that could arise at home). He was about to leave when I stepped in and cleared up the matter by asking a few questions. It turned out that the passport was a mere formality. Joy would have been complete, except that after 15 minutes of watching loving male or female couples dancing, Lotfi felt slightly nauseated. He said that girls did not bother him but that boys, especially the old blubbery ones, did. Since we could not dance together without raising eyebrows, we quietly slipped out, leaving the lovely platinum blonde sipping her drink and watching the dancers.

In Scheveningen, I went to visit my friend and painter Eva Sikorski, who had just arrived from Berkeley for a visit with her charming sister.

From the rainy Netherlands we were catapulted into the tropical climate of Tel Aviv’s airport. It took me our entire stay of four days in Haifa to recuperate from the climate shock. From the Tel Aviv airport to the lovely hotel Shulamit in Karmel we had the cheapest taxi ride in all of Europe, and yet the longest. The 100 mile ride from door to door cost us $8.00. This was a lucky break since there were no buses at that hour of night and the only taxi going to Haifa had waited for three hours to get a passenger. So, it offered us a special rate and we accepted to mutual satisfaction.

Haifa was quite lovely in the summer, very similar to Orinda but somewhat hotter. Sea breezes help a lot, and taking the bus down to the beach is no problem if one plans the timing right. Hotel Shulamit had tasty food and good rooms.

At the end of the Seminar, our whole group spent two days in Jerusalem in the Arab Sector. It was most revealing to watch the attitude of the Arabs and their general way of life. So long as they don’t change, Israel need have no major fears except those of nui-
sance raids, although Israeli trucks have to patrol the area night and day. One can only hope that in time relations will be more friendly and trusting.

Our next conference was in Dubrovnik, but as there was no direct connection and flight schedules were fewer, we had to spend two hot but otherwise pleasant days in Athens and environs. In Athens we discovered a good and inexpensive restaurant near Constitution Square called Delphi Tavern where for a good dinner for three we paid $3.20. Lotfi developed a warm spot for Greece in spite of cheating cabbies, but then we found out that even the "honest Dutch" cabbies know how to cheat on occasion, so why not in Greece.

On a half-day tour to ancient Corinth, we saw some of the Greek life outside a big city—sleepy and relaxed amid olive groves. We also stopped at the spectacularly narrow Isthmus of Corinth. It was very stark and impressive.

We arrived in Dubrovnik after the Conference had already started. There were fewer people attending because of the Czechoslovak situation, but two Russians were able to make it. Our air-conditioned hotel Argentina was most elegant and modern, and we did not mind paying $25.00 per day. Still, it was a bit high by Yugoslav standards and that of American professors as well. A delightful surprise awaited us. It turned out that instead of leaving a message on their way from Czechoslovakia and Romania, my parents, impatiently awaited our arrival in person. We had a most pleasant two day reunion at hotel Argentina. My only regret was our very brief stay.

Pisa’s Conference was the best of all, headed by an able, young Italian, Antonio Grasselli and his beautiful young wife, Augusta (both of whom had spent some time in Berkeley). They employed American efficiency and Italian joie de vivre and came up with a winner. Thus, it turned into an informal, vacation-like (yet highly productive) session. We were housed outside of Pisa at a seaside resort, Tirrenia, a sleepy, friendly village frequented by Pisanese families. Our hotel was the luxurious Grand Hotel Golf, with a swimming pool and tennis courts. They catered to American Army personnel from a nearby base as well as to rich Germans. There was a good lecture room, spacious facilities, and no major distractions. Every-
one remained within a local radius. There was also a vacation atmosphere in the Italian way — sessions were from 9:00 to 11:00 and resumed at 4:00 until 7:30 p.m. — leaving plenty of time to eat, roam, swim, rest and talk. I think our crammed schedule and all-day sessions are too tiring and should be modified or replaced by the above example (especially in summer).

On weekends we were taken to famous Tuscan places like San Giminiano, Volterra, and Lucca. Italian hospitality was prodigious. Thanks to Antonio and Augusta, we had a stimulating and memorable stay in Italy!

Our last stop was in San Remo, a lovely spot for conferences. Here Professor Balakrishnan had to work against many obstacles, which he overcame with the help of his Italian assistants. Only 120 participants (instead of an expected 200) showed up because of a cutback in American travel funding. Seven Russians were able to come and also one young Czechoslovak, who very much enlivened the international flavor of the meeting and aroused friendly curiosity. The Russians were at first apprehensive since they did not know how they’d be received. Everyone tactfully avoided asking embarrassing questions, and the Russians appreciating the gesture, warmed up perceptibly. Lotfi and I helped to thaw the reserve with some of the new faces. Towards the end, the Russians invited the Czech to their hotel for a round of drinks and all seemed well. The Czech told us how the text of his English paper was confiscated at the border because it might have contained objectionable material. He was unable to reassure the Russian guard that it was purely scientific. As a result he had to present his talk at SIAM in Russian with simultaneous translation by a helpful American.

An Italian bureaucratic technicality almost prevented the Russians from going on an excursion to Monte Carlo, since their visas allowed them only one entry. Returning from Monaco through the French border meant a re-entry and required a special permit. It took the SIAM committee several phone calls to Rome, a trip to Empiria, and a delay of one hour before our bus was finally ready to start. As the Russians boarded the bus there was a round of applause from all of us, but the poor Czech was left behind. There was simply too much red tape to cope with. For a farewell, the Casino of San Remo had a
lovely banquet on their Roof Garden with good food, an orchestra, and a show that lasted until almost 1:00 a.m. We flew to Milano and then home, where we resumed our normally hectic routine. The strain was beginning to show on me if not on Lotfi.
An Interlude in Israel, 1968

In April of 1968, an unexpected and unscheduled trip to Israel (that was so brief it really shouldn’t count) left such vivid impressions that it just has to be put down on paper.

We took a night flight via London with a seven-hour stopover there. This time I had a whole row to myself to stretch out on. London was cheerfully sunny, although it had snowed the day before. We had several hours to wile away between connections, so we rode into the Oxford street district. The parks are lovely and a much better idea than America’s fast growing concrete jungles. People here are very polite in an impersonal, bustling sort of way. London is a civilized city yet stubborn in its conservatism.

The nice little sweater shop in South Holton street no longer exists (I had to forget about reordering a sweater I bought there five years ago), but many boutiques and hairdressing salons have sprung up. We saw lots of cute girls in minis! The changes might be imperceptible at first, but like wrinkles they are ever increasing in number and magnitude. Busy Selfridges was the same as before with no apparent changes.

Our travel agent in Cambridge fouled up our main flight schedule and made Lotfi a little unhappy, but fortunately we discovered
that our Swiss wait-list was canceled even before our departure from Boston, and that our reservation on El-Al had not been confirmed. All planes were booked to capacity. We suddenly had to fend for ourselves and finally succeeded in getting two seats on an unscheduled flight from Frankfurt, a chartered El-Al pre-Easter flight. On board the aircraft, Jaffa oranges and kosher chocolates were served to German passengers who were swarming like locusts all over the plane taking pictures of the beautiful blue coastline and snow-capped mountains of Italy, Greece, and Crete. In their restless, childish enthusiasm, and friendly aggressiveness, they were somewhat offensive until we found out that this was an ethnic group for whom this plane had been chartered and that we were apparently the only outsiders. Still, I don’t care for Germans en masse.

Tel-Aviv Airport was rather unimpressive but friendly; one felt immediately the influence of the Levant. Things were disorganized in an unhurried way, and time seemed more eternal and less important, especially on a holiday when the airport was operated by a skeleton crew (we arrived on a Saturday). People drifted in and out, but collected into an expectant group before each plane arrival. Since we were early, we tried reaching Professor Bar-Hillel in Jerusalem and traced him to Tel-Aviv through the kindly services of the Israeli Information Bureau. He was most surprised (expecting us some three hours later) so we relaxed at the airport for an hour and a half until he arrived. We then waited together for another one and a half hours for the scheduled taxi to Jerusalem.

It was 6 p.m., cool and pleasant, and the air smelled wonderfully of oranges, gasoline and dust. Our one hour drive to Jerusalem was mysterious since it was already dark. The cavernous, pompous, King David Hotel did not inspire us a bit, but the following morning we awoke to a glorious view that was quite another matter. With the white-hot desert sun, the sun-baked hills, fortresses of yellow Jerusalem stone, minarets, and lush oasis-like gardens, childhood memories came flooding back. Images of Iran, of ageless and age-old cultures, the chant of the Muezzins, and the all-pervading dust of centuries flashed through my mind. It was wonderful and frightening at the same time. The relentless sun that dries human flesh to bone, parches the lips, drains the body of will and energy and leaves
one limp until the sun goes down...all this was part of life in Israel. Yet humans thrive in it and multiply.

Jerusalem is unique and full of contrasts. Here religions meet, clash, and finally resign themselves to living side by side. In Old Jerusalem the Arab, Christian, Armenian, and Greek quarters adjoin. It is like one big covered bazaar with narrow passageways and steps lined with little niches or holes in the wall staring darkly at the throngs milling and jostling each other for lack of space. The dirt is proverbial in the Arab Sector and the flies legion. Here carcasses of lamb hung wilting in the noonday heat. Vegetables, bags of beans, seeds, raisins, and nuts were sold by squatting vendors, while little boys with tea trays busily plied their trade over strewn and slippery cobbled stones. Toothless hags and fat veiled women crouched against the walls. Barefoot urchins were everywhere begging for "baghshish". Against this squalor, the Christian and Armenian Quarters appeared cleaner and wider, yet less mysterious and colorful.

In contrast to the recently conquered Arab Sector of Jerusalem, it was interesting to compare the Arabs long under Israeli control (such as at Acra). There were suntanned youngsters bursting with health, quite clean and self-respecting, and no begging for baghshish here, but rather an indifferent curiosity and cursing lapses in their ball games. One could almost take them for Israelis except for facial structure and darker skin tone.

We took a morning tour of the Old City with its bazaars, and reverently and timidly touched the Holy Stones of the Wailing Wall at Herod’s Palace, or was it Solomon’s in truth? We also visited the beautiful Mosque of Omar leaving our shoes by the entrance; inspected the holy rock inside the Mosque while walking on hushed Oriental carpets in stockinged feet; gazed at the Mount of Olives across a field, and walked along the Via Dolorosa to the Church of the Sepulcher. With so much religion and history, this city is a veritable pilgrimage for the devout. On Palm Sunday, we decided to add an afternoon’s tour of the New City (by bus this time to save our feet). It was most interesting but turned out to be another "walker". On the way up Mt. Zion we passed a sign that still proclaimed the enemy border, then looked up at the bullet-ridden spire of the Old Church-Mosque-Temple, wherein reposed the remains of King David. We filed through the Chamber of Destruction in
memory of the 6,000,000 victims of Nazi atrocities and passed the Fountain of Tears.

From there we were taken to an even more ancient past, but it was housed in a futuristic and symbolic monument. The Dead Sea Scrolls Museum was remarkable. So well preserved and legible are some of the scrolls that they look as though they were written only recently. From the site of the Museum we beheld the majestic Knesset, the Jerusalem University, and the National Museum. The general outline, the breadth and character of the Jerusalem hills, impressed on my memory a lasting image. At the end of this unique Sunday, my feet felt the weight of a thousand years, but I had no regrets!

On a hillock near the Museum, hundreds of khaki tents in tidy rows were spread out. The air was festive with little colored flags waving in the breeze in anticipation of coming events. 10,000 youths were to march in celebration of the 20 years since the founding of Israel, while Jordanian marauders were being chased deep into their own territory, or so proclaimed the local headlines.

When one is in this land, one does not feel the panic or concern as a reader does abroad. The struggle of life is immediate and accepted as matter of fact. It has been going on for some 30 years and is expected to go on indefinitely. It is accepted as a way of life. While we were visiting the home of Professor Bar Hillel, young people were dropping in and out, one of them carrying his rifle on his shoulder before going to his post. The spirit of the people is what counts. It is contagious and inspiring.

Life in the Kibbutz was to me a revelation, the true communism of idealists. Only five percent of the nation preferred this way of life. It is voluntary and not enforced by anyone. Israel had come into being out of desperation. Realistically, there is little hope, yet Israel lives by a firm belief in the impossible, and it achieves the impossible by performing miracles as it goes along.

Kibbutz Johanan was basically an agricultural community of approximately 350. Thanks to our dear friends, the Lermans, we were extended an invitation to participate at a Seder (Easter rites). With all the invited guests, the kibbutz swelled to around 800.

When we arrived with our friends, the harvest ceremony was about to begin. Parking was no problem in an open field, and we were quickly assigned a place. People converged towards a desig-
nated spot in a field of wheat. They were dressed simply, but had a clean, scrubbed, holiday look about them. Guests could be easily detected by their more elaborate attire. Bundles of stacked hay served as benches, and an elevated wooden platform was used as the stage. The procession came into view carrying streamers and flowers. There was an air of expectancy, and the smell of hay and freshly cut grass pervaded the air. With flowers in their hair and pride shining in their eyes, the children, in pairs, solemnly mounted the stage. The young men and women proudly carried sheaves of freshly cut wheat. For us, cliff dwellers, this was a moving sight. There was dancing and community singing. The youthful farmers then returned to their chores in preparation for the festivities, while we received a guided tour by our lovely hostess, who must be one of the founders of this Kibbutz (having been there for the past 23 years).

Here the children are taught to love the soil as soon as they are able to plant. They have their own fowl and livestock, which tends to develop pride in their products as well as a responsibility and love for animals. But the culminating glory, the “coming of age”, is for a boy to be given the use of a junior tractor to plow the field. We were taken to the cottage of our hosts, not large but modern, neat and comfortable, in good taste and lacking nothing. Their children, an adolescent son and a married one, were relaxing in their parents’ quarters. In this family, the spirit of purpose and unity was strong and vital and the children had no intention of leaving this way of life. Here chores were assigned without regard to rank, and as it turned out tonight, it was the head of the family who served us.

In the dining room, long tables were piled with food and benches were jammed with people. There was a section set aside for the family and all of us managed to fit in. Handsome posters were hung on the walls depicting graphic harvest scenes. They were painted by members of the Kibbutz. The ceremony was fairly brief, interspersed with songs and recitation by different members. A tasty, simple, but abundant meal was served. After dinner, the benches were removed, the tables dismantled and stacked to one side. Imperceptibly a large group of singers formed around a man with an accordion. Children collected on the floor, following every move, every melody as best they could. Outside, a full moon shone on high awakening romantic yearnings, while inside the songs gathered momentum.
until release could be found only in a spontaneous dance—the traditional Horra.

At the Kibbutz, a group of Japanese and Africans were spending a year learning the way of life and speaking and singing in Hebrew. We also met a lovely French Christian who had been here for three years. A new group from Japan was coming to replace the one that was due to return. To me this spelled “hope”.

In Haifa, we had a warm welcome at the home of Dean I. Cederbaum (who many of us knew from his visit to the United States). Many also remembered Professor Zakai, whom we met again at the home of Professor Katzenelson. In short, both Haifa and Jerusalem were most hospitable. As for Esther and Noah Lerman, they literally became our chauffeurs and nursemaids and took us everywhere time would allow. Neither the Hansin, nor the daily chores prevented them from giving us the grand tour. Esther’s unflagging enthusiasm deserves a special mention, she even succeeded in getting us all to the Sea of Galilee in the vain hope that we would be tempted to stay in Ein Gev over night to hear the famous Music Festival’s opening night. She and I were crazy enough to do it too, but fortunately we had two rational husbands who cooled our enthusiasm. Since we had to leave the following day for Tel-Aviv, their argument was valid enough for more formidable opposition than the “Esther-Fay” team. However, we had a wonderfully refreshing dip in the Sea of Galilee, a tasty fish dinner, and a lovely ride through Israel’s Countryside. My pilgrimage was done and I had now my holy halo.

Israel has a magnetic pull. I hope we shall have a chance to return some day, to feel the spirit of the land, see the rolling hills, perspire joyfully, and smell once more the intoxicating smells of the Jaffa Orange Groves. Shalom to all.
June 17. It was 9:45 a.m. and TWA Flight 145 was leaving New York for Havana? But, I must tell from the beginning.

Lotfi was already in Poland, and I was to meet him in Vienna. From there, we planned to fly together to Sarajevo, Yugoslavia. I was getting a little tired of our "marathons". I even canceled my reservation, but at the last minute relented (through a convoluted chain of developments and Lotfi’s call from New York asking me to bring him his belt). I revalidated my ticket, and was off again into the unknown—the excitement never lagged once one was aloft.

Above the feathery fog blanket that hugs San Francisco on summer mornings, the flight attendants started to prepare breakfast (the usual airline policy of keep them stuffed and keep them happy). At 10:45, we were plugged into a channel, strapped into a belt, jammed into a seat and fed. If this is the ultimate, the Brave New World has had it!

While chewing a ham omelet tasting of synthetic eggs, the captain calmly announced over the intercom, "We are now heading for Havana, Cuba". Did we hear right? Was this a joke? He sounded
so matter of fact.

Questions, disbelieving glances, and excited whispers were exchanged all around, but no panic. After all, we had heard this before. But it was always on the radio, remote, strictly a news item to be quickly forgotten. This was different, this was happening to “us”! We were simply being hijacked to Cuba. We tried to keep cool, but our built-in computers whirred away...what will happen now?

Is the man armed? Is he a psychopath? Could he become violent? Are we going to crash? A question comes to mind, “what is chance; what is destiny?” The Bridge of San Luis Rey by Thornton Wilder does some probing along these lines, so I shan’t add my two-bit philosophy. I only knew that from this event a chain reaction could develop, so far as those left behind were concerned. Only the Travel Service knew my flight number. Relatives in New York would be frantic. My son, Norman, would worry a bit, but that was about all. It may be just another news item and soon forgotten if all went well.

We landed on schedule, 6:15 p.m. Havana lay below us in a tropical haze—lush green fields, rows of palm trees, and copper-red squares of soil. The first man off the plane was the one responsible for our side-trip. He was handsome, tall, dark, dignified, and immaculately dressed, carrying a briefcase (containing the gun and the knife). He was surrounded and escorted by Cuban soldiers. We learned later that he was a Black Panther. By a curious coincidence I was just finishing The Soul on Ice by Eldridge Cleaver.

Presently, we were asked to follow and civilly herded into air-conditioned waiting rooms. After a passport check, nothing happened. No one was allowed out of the room, so we sat and waited. Cuban reporters took pictures of mothers with babies and oldsters. Some passengers tried to be friendly, talking in sign language, but mostly there was a general haughty chill. Cuban personnel were hospitable: sandwiches of stringy ham between two thick chunks of grayish bread were passed around with lemonade, coffee, printed matter, cigarettes, and even cigars—a lot of hospitality for unwelcome and unexpected guests.

At dusk, the sky turned blood red and black palm trees silhou-
etted the evening sky. A few lonely planes waited. We waited too. Outside it was hot and humid. A handful of laborers and soldiers squatted in repose against our glass panes. After three hours of idleness, we got the signal to leave. Relieved, the Cuban staff bade us farewell with warm smiles and handshakes. Once on the plane, we gave a sigh of relief and a burst of applause for our brave and tireless captain.

Forty-five minutes after takeoff we landed in Miami, in pouring rain. Imagine our consternation when we were told that we had to clear customs. What! This soured our mood, especially on an empty stomach. Even though the process was quick, efficient, and courteous, with 80 people going through the formalities, we had to wait an additional hour and a half. All the while, TV cameras were grinding away, personalities were being interviewed, and the communication system was feverishly transmitting information. Thus, when I placed my call to New York at 11:00 p.m., everyone had already either seen or heard the latest on the skyjack.

Dinner was served on the plane at midnight — and it was dinner! At 3:00 a.m. we finally landed in New York. The adventure was over, but it had been a long and full day. Why go abroad for adventure when one can have enough of it at home!

*June 18.* Full of pep, in spite of only four and a half hours of sleep, I was welcomed at Kennedy Airport by the entire Sand-Zadeh clan. This time the Mohammeds came to the mountain...even Stella came from Boston for a night to see me. I was the mountain, and I had to leave for London in an hour’s time. Stella looked beautiful and we had a delightful meeting full of mutual admiration. Stella kept marveling at my “eternal youthfulness” while I thought “beauty is in the eye of the beholder”.

To my surprise, TWA Flight #702 to London was half empty (after all, it is the tourist season). What a dull flight this was compared with yesterday’s. We arrived at 9:30 p.m. At an airport hotel in London I met two “Havana Veterans”, a father and daughter from Orinda (of all places). It is a small world! We reminisced about our mutual adventure and celebrated the daughter’s 20th birthday over a glass of ale and ice cream. Ugh, what a combination!
June 19. Dappled, sunny weather greeted us this morning in London. It is cheerful, but I'm off to Vienna where it is rainy and gray, as usual. Just outside the terminal, there is not a single taxi in sight for about a quarter of an hour, and in the lobby of the Stefansplatz Hotel chaos reigns supreme. The clerk is slowly going out of his mind when I present my voucher. He threw up his hands in final desperation. The city is overrun by a medical convention, and there are no rooms to be had, even with a reservation. Two people from Mexico are in a worse fix. Their reservation had been confirmed by Air France since May 28, but they found that they are not booked, and do not know where else to go. Outside it is pouring. Luckily I have a friend to call. She gets me a room at the Park Hotel in Schonbrunn a half hour from Vienna. That is better than nothing.

While waiting in Vienna for Lotfi, I saw a delightful play entitled "Divorce English Style". Too bad I had to see it alone. Lotfi arrived from Warsaw on schedule and walked in just as I thought it was time for him to show up. It was good to see him. So many things can happen when one travels abroad and there is no way to communicate most of the time. He looked a little tired and thin, but smiling and elegant, as always. I was not alone any more and he agreed that it is more fun to travel "in duet" than solo.

In Beograd (Belgrade or the White City), a visa was issued to us in a matter of minutes at no charge and with a minimum of formality. Belgrade is comprised of two parts: the older city and a very new and modern one. In the older sector, there are wide, tree-lined streets with inconspicuous and rather inelegant store windows, but since we spent less than a day in the city, we may not have seen the better parts of town. There was a very lovely park right next to our Metropole Hotel, which is supposed to be the finest in town. In restaurants there is a feeling of Oriental efficiency—bowing and scraping with little result and a lot of confusion. Still, it was fun!

Sarajevo, on the other hand, was very colorful, a Western city with Eastern flavor and eastern dirt. I walked out this morning at 9:30 a.m. and was literally engulfed by humanity. Where do they all come from? What a population explosion! I finally got out of the
maelstrom by crossing a bridge over the Milajka river and sat down on a bench. Here, leisurely strollers sauntered by, lovers walked hand in hand, children ran barefoot in swim trunks headed for the river most likely. Better-dressed people seemed to choose the side near the park, while trolley cars clattered along the opposite bank. Sarajevo was a very picturesque city, bedded in a hollow and surrounded by green hilltops. Here and there a minaret pierced the city landscape while the rounded domes of mosques gleam in the sunlight.

People are generally poor but of a happy mind, and less preoccupied with materialistic pursuits. There was a lot of living to enjoy, and while I contentedly sat by the river in the shade, I watched the passing parade.

On market day in the bazaar all the poor peasants streamed into town to vie with each other and sell their produce—butter melting, eggs breaking, and tomatoes rolling—with the normal sampling and bargaining going on. At the end of the day, the market was a shambles, piled knee-high with garbage, paper, and rotten vegetables. To me this is a colorful but sad sight because these are poor folk and their livelihood depends on their daily sales. What will they do with unsold eggs, warm cheeses, and rotting tomatoes?

I walked to the museum of Gavrilo Princip, who assassinated Archduke Ferdinand and thereby precipitated World War I. His footprints were imbedded in a slab of asphalt for posterity and tourists. I also went to see Ali Pasha’s Mosque and a museum or two. Somehow I got saddled with a young tour guide who took me by taxi to show me what I wanted to see. He also took me to visit the oldest Greek Orthodox church in Sarajevo, and tried to sell me rugs, silver, and copper. Finally, he led me back to the same restaurant. When I tried to pay for his time, he wouldn’t say how much. I’m sure I overpaid, but then one doesn’t often get a private guide who is young, tall, and handsome, and claims to be a champion swimmer, a boxer, an electrical engineer, and a polyglot.

The post office twice gave me wrong information and wrong postage. I hoped the language barrier was solely responsible for this.

In the afternoon, a very pretty Russian-speaking secretary was brought to help me shop. Naturally, since I prefer to shop alone, little was bought; but we chatted and became friendly. Gallant Lotfi
suggested a dinner and movie later on, which was accepted enthusiastically. But then a little unexpected “fly in the ointment” happened. As we were about to leave, another one of Lotfi’s admirers burst upon the scene like a battleship in full armor. She sailed in, delighted to catch us just in time. This perchance encounter was obviously planned in breathless anticipation. She even lost her husband on purpose, though we did not find that out until later. So, Lotfi found himself in his true element—that of a “pasha” with a harem of three. Every half hour we tried to contact the husband at home, but without success. Finally, at 10 p.m. we walked our Dulcinea under an umbrella to her apartment to find a grim-looking husband waiting (without a coat). It turned out that he got himself locked out and had to spend two hours in a nearby movie to keep warm. Luckily, we had decided to bring her home instead of taking her with us to a nightclub.

The following night, we all went to the elegant Hammam Bar Nightclub, which had an excellent orchestra, plenty of ambiance, and a provocative striptease artist who took off everything including the G-string. Yugoslav nightclubs are pretty sophisticated that way.

On Saturday, a friend drove us all the way to Herzeg-Nov. Imagine our surprise, when Dulcinea showed up with a cold and said she was coming along. She said she loved us so much that she wanted to give us everything; however, we could do very well without a cold since we still had 10 days abroad.

We passed beautiful places. Mostar and Pocetl were quaint, charming, and rugged. A youth dove for us off the Mostar bridge for 80 cents (10 dinars). Lotfi photographed him in flight, except that he dove like a sack (feet first) instead of like a bird. Even that was a fantastic plunge requiring guts. I shut my eyes in terror.

At last, exhausted, we arrived at our destination in Herzeg-Nov. What a picturesque place, Yugoslavia. What beauty and ruggedness! And the people are hospitable, proud, honest, joyous, and fun-loving, or at least so they seemed.

We were lodged at Hotel Igalo in Igalo, a very modern, barely finished hotel. It was mismanaged and disorganized with lukewarm water in the bath and lukewarm coffee in the morning. However, the countryside was glorious, and the Boka Kotorska stupendous.
After all, what is more important, hot coffee or the general serene attitudes?

At a picnic, whole pigs, lamb, and veal were roasted on wooden spits. People gorged themselves greedily, and with burps of satisfaction, relaxed, burst into song or banter, or lazily basked in the sun watching the quiet stillness of the water. An evening boat ride got off to a good start with a full moon, music, dancing, wine, and fried fish. Yugoslavs know how to enjoy life at every opportunity!

While in Kotor, a lovely historical town and center of culture in Montenegro, we took a side trip to St. Stefan, another unique gem of a place. Zvonko invited us to a sumptuous dinner, fabulous food, an excellent orchestra, and native dances. We rode towards Cetinje along 25 curves that would make your hair stand on end if seen in the daytime. Luckily it was night, and we were treated to a fantastic view of the whole Bay of Kotor before returning home at 2:00 a.m. We passed the resort of Budva, which has a sandy beach as compared with the ones we had seen so far. One evening we dined at Konavorski Dvore, a picturesque water-mill restaurant.

Scientifically and visually, the Yugoslav experience was most satisfying and very stimulating. I will always be happy to pay another visit to the friendly people of Yugoslavia and their beautiful country.

Stefan's Church in Vienna, 1969.

The "Pasha" surrounded by his "harem" (Berkeley, CA, early 1970s).
King of the Desert

1969 - URSI in Ottawa,
NATO Summer School in France,
Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paolo

After a brief rest at home, we are off again. This time it is Canada
and the Province. The object of this trip is work for Lotfi and pleasure
for me (as usual). I get more tired than Lotfi does. He seems inex-
haustible.

I have been asked sometimes why I refer to my husband as “The
King of the Desert”, or in plain English “camel” for short. To this I
reply that it was I who originally coined the phrase since I know
him so well. He is a tenacious masochist who seems to like being
uncomfortable or pays no heed to discomfort. He can go without
food, drink or sleep for long stretches at a time, and when he travels
he is so overloaded with suitcases, satchels, camera equipment, etc.,
that he could be compared to a beast of-burden. Since the term
“camel” is somewhat crude in its descriptiveness, to glamorize his
behavior patterns I refer to him as “King of the Desert”. It gives him
a dignity which even the term “dromedary” does not qualify.

Sunday I took Lotfi to the airport, and on Monday George Naniche
was kind enough to give me a lift to the terminal. At one point,
traffic was incredible, though George said it wasn’t as bad as usual. To see immense cars driven by single occupants, polluting the air and jamming up traffic, is a revolting sight! Our American love of independence is partly responsible for this mess. It is high time something were done about it. I hope BART, the new subway system, can provide the solution.

Our flight to Toronto via Chicago was an uncrowded, uneventful, clock-like process. No one can beat the American system in their assembly-line, conveyor-belt techniques, or their civilized courtesy! In Ottawa a threatening, black sky awaited our arrival. Shortly after the limousine started for the city the storm broke. The clouds burst in a torrent of water that I had rarely seen. By the time we drove up to the Chateau Louisier Hotel, the rain had ceased as suddenly as it had begun. I found a note in the hotel room telling me to go to the reception at the Parliament, only two blocks away; but, I had to take a taxi because it started pouring again.

The URSI reception was crowded and looked stuffy. Sadly, there were fewer and fewer familiar faces among the 600 or so participants. I somehow felt it was time to fade out after 12 years of attendance, but then I always abhorred official cocktail parties.

Ottawa is a pretty city, making a great effort to become a vital and charming metropolis. So far, it is a bit on the dull side in spite of some beautiful and impressive buildings. It has a lovely English-style Parliament that commands a view of the main thoroughfare and a Chateau which Walt Disney might have drawn upon when he planned Never-Never-Land with Tinker-bell. There is a charming mall, an impressive Center of the Arts, an imposing new Hotel de Ville, the Archives Building, and others. They are all modern, but stiff and prim. Is it true that buildings, like furniture, reflect their owners? The countryside is another matter. There are great expanses of water, broad open country, and forests everywhere. Canadians reflect their pioneer ancestors in their spirit of enterprise. It is a healthy nation, a growing nation, and a generous nation.

I must have a bewitched pair of pants. Every time I have worn them, something has happened regardless of the fact that I am no longer a teenager (past my first bloom, and maybe even my sec-
ond). At any rate, coming from the National Art Gallery, where I had seen Rembrandt's etchings and Warhol's Brillo "masterpiece", I was accosted by a hippie-intellectual in tennis shoes. He had a beard and his shirt was full of picturesque holes. There ensued a 20 minute "liberal" exchange of ideas, highly charged with self-analysis (Freudian and otherwise) including a hint of a proposal. After 20 minutes of intellectualizing, I finally eased myself out and let him pursue other contacts. Later, in the hall of our hotel I noticed a pair of black eyes looking me over. Just as the elevator door began to close, a tall, handsome black man in a light suit dashed after me and asked for the first floor. When I got out on the third floor, there he was. He kept close at my heels while I delivered a parcel at a friend's door (she must have been surprised to see me with a tall Negro). We then rode down in the same elevator. He made conversation in French and asked if he could see me at the hotel during his stay. Not wanting to seem rude, I hinted that "my husband and I" were attending an international conference and that probably we couldn't help seeing each other. This did not seem to impress him, and he gallantly walked me to my door. I must admit that for once I was flattered. I even bragged to Lotfi as I entered, but he was skeptical as always. In the evening, I saw this same stranger stalking me, but I made believe I didn't see him. Lotfi kept a wary eye for a change.

Stella came up to Ottawa for a couple of days. Her dark eyes and long hair give her a haughty siren look. We both wore pants the following day and, while on a tour of the Arts Center, we really were followed by one man till we started to worry. Stella kept shooting him dirty looks, so he kept circling me. After the tour, he followed us along a narrow passageway to the restaurant. The exit door was locked and there we were, the three of us and not another soul in sight. For a split moment I almost panicked; but the man meekly followed us back out into the street where we finally lost him. Stella insisted that it was my pants, but I'm not so sure. I'll watch what happens on our next stop in France. Perhaps I should write a story about my "magic pants".

We had dinner at Nates' Delicatessen with Silvers and Cederbaum, and I saw one play at the Art Center with Stella. The play was of the modern variety, set in a sterile, modern studio with plastic chairs like lonely mushrooms, permitting movement but no contact. Lotfi
was so impressed with *Love and Maple Syrup* that we went backstage to compliment the actors, while Stella (in a Harvard gesture) walked out after the intermission. She found the avant-garde style affected and pretentious, but the times they are a-changing...

URSI seemed never to have been because I had missed the opening and we had to leave before the closing. There was no real intermingling as there used to be. We had to be in Marseilles on August 24. URSI continued for another week.

Why are airports immense labyrinths? They are made up of interminable distances to be traversed on foot that seem to lead nowhere. Who planned these Kafkaesque nightmares with glass cubicles, long corridors, and futuristic sterility everywhere? Is this the portent of modern living?

In Montreal, we boarded Air France for a night flight to Paris. Immediately the atmosphere changed. There was absolute indifference mixed with disdain. Hostile hostesses snapped at foreign passengers at every opportunity. One had a feeling that, in case of a catastrophe, they would watch smilingly while you perished. At least the seats are more comfortable than on American airlines and the breakfast is a pleasant combination of brioche, jam, and fresh fruit. No one bothered to offer me an extra cup of coffee, in spite of its three ounce size. Well, so much for French airlines.

In Paris we had a long, tiring wait for a connection. We were later joined by others attending the Summer School until there was a whole group of us. In Marseilles, smiling Dr. Boulaye and a special bus awaited us. The one and a half hour ride to Hyeres seemed disproportionately long, but then we were now almost 22 hours en route. Every additional hour had an infinite stretching capacity. Lotfi was so tired, he slept all the way and almost fell out of his seat. Meanwhile, I tried to prop him up in his contortionist poses. He missed seeing a spectacular brush fire that covered an entire hill. It is very dry in Province during August.

At the Riviera Residence Hotel in Presqu’île de Giens, we were allotted a “deluxe” room with a private porch overlooking the dunes and the beach. It was lovely, seductive, and secluded. Unfortunately,
as in most motel-like structures, we can hear every sound our neighbors make.

Hyeres was a charming little city with a splendid view of the Cote d’Azur, if one takes the trouble to walk through the “Old” city and to the top of the hill. Most European cities have much character but little comfort, especially for pedestrians. The inhabitants are like goats and do not seem to mind impossible sidewalks, cobbled streets, and refuse everywhere. Most of the wash is still done in big troughs, simply by beating or kneading the wash as though making bread. I found it curious but would have preferred an electric washing machine. Of course, I am a spoiled American.

While in Province, I was taken to a lovely old abbey, the Abbey de Thoronet. It is an example of perfect classic beauty—serene, austere, and harmonious. It was not easy to find even by the French because there is no publicity about it and very few signs.

On Saturday, Aslanian invited us on an outing. We got as far as St. Tropez, a picturesque fishing village jammed with boats and people. It was very colorful and full of sophisticated freaks, artists mostly. An artificial and superficial “hunting ground” for playboys and nymphomaniacs (a personal impression), St. Tropez has narrow, winding alleys, full of little shops, and is jammed with cars and humanity. Everyone seemed to be in pursuit of pleasure, an example of the dolce vita, the jet set, damned through wealth. What color! What characters!

On the whole, Province would have been perfect were it not for the Mistral and other winds. We visited, briefly, the city of Toulon, a joyful combination of mountains and waterfront! The Mayor of Toulon welcomed us at the modern Hotel de Ville and took us on a tour of marble floors and sumptuous offices. He was an irresistibly charming man, an excellent speaker and a good diplomat. When the French have class it really shows.

Our parting banquet was conducted with great pomp. Each time a giant fish, Le Loop, was brought on a sizzling platter to Ohs and Ahs, the lights were dimmed so we could watch the flames and applaud the chef. But now it is time to disband, which is always a bit sad. Partir c’est de mourir un peu.
Oh, yes, I forgot. My pants worked their charm even in France. I was propositioned by a Spanish bull of a waiter! Now I shall have to write about my magical pants as I previously threatened.

The French are reserved, but once they open up they make loyal friends. Our impression of the French, therefore, has much improved as a result of our trip to the Midi.

On our way home we stayed overnight in Paris, which was lovely as always. The prices are shocking, however, especially on food. For a lunch consisting of nothing more than bread, soup, eggs, a slice of bacon for Lotfi, three bony but delicious pieces of rabbit, and a small bottle of mineral water for me, the bill came to $6.00! In the evening we discovered a self-service place where the food was palatable and much less expensive. However, a slice of melon still cost us 75 cents, against 35 cents at home. After dinner we attended the Leningrad Music Hall Festival at the famed Olympia on the Blvd. des Capucines. It was the shaggiest, most run-down theater I had seen yet, with an even worse acoustic system; but, the show was fun, so who cares about the shell. A leisurely tea on the Blvd. de la Madeleine was a good way to round off our one night in Paris.

Orly Airport was in a hopeless mess. Its help was overworked and grumbled because of the lack of space. We waited 40 minutes to be checked in and then couldn’t get a place or practically anything to eat in an understaffed little bar that tried to serve hundreds of people in transit.

Flying via the North Pole presented a stupendous sight of eternal snow, with only little dark tips of mountains showing. The glaring sun shone over all this vast whiteness making the white mounds glisten like icing on a cake. It was a forbidding and unforgettable sight. Later, flying over Nevada, the spectacular desolation of sand stretching as far as the eye could see bore an uncanny resemblance to the white stretches of Greenland...and just as forbidding.

Upon arriving in the United States, we were met with the usual American efficiency and processed with the least possible delay. It was good to be back home.
On September 19th we left for Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo. It is our third and last trip this summer, and I am bushed!

Our sixteen-hour flight was rather uneventful, with an excellent dinner served on Varig. I spent a broken-up night under two blankets because of excessive air-conditioning. There is a four-hour time difference, which is less exhausting than that of Europe.

At a stopover in Lima, Peru, we saw counters bulging with gold and silver objects (fairly expensive as is the case at airports in general). We abstained from buying, although it was not easy.

In Rio we had a warm welcome. Someone shouted from behind the grilled fence, frantically waving his arms to attract attention. It was Jean-Paul Jacob with three of his students from CPPE. It is always pleasant to be greeted by a friend, especially in a strange country.

Rio is full of contrasts. There is great natural beauty, great wealth, great poverty, and man-made ugliness. The poor live up on the hills, and the rich live by the water, but beaches are accessible to rich and poor alike. There are no "private" signs here. Inlaid mosaic sidewalks of op design are full of litter and filth. What upsets me most is that a great many probably have no roof over their heads. The weather being what it is, usually hot and humid, the homeless sleep on the beaches.

The Cariocas (or white men living in houses) are basically happy-go-lucky people with little drive and much penchant for leisure. Rio is a bustling metropolis where cars are driven as though by maniacs who won't stop for anyone. It is the survival of the fastest—and you better run. Purse snatching is routine, but murder is not in vogue. However, we did see a man who, for a mere rebuke, jumped out of his car, wild with fury, and like a madman, ran after the speeding driver. No doubt he would have shot the man had he had a gun with him.

The market day starts early. Today it happens to be located right across the Leme Palace Hotel where we are staying. It stretches for a long block along the Rua Gustavo Sampaio. The vegetables are succulent and freshly picked, and the stands are loaded with tidily stacked papayas, oranges, tomatoes, fish, and dried meats. Bananas are pygmy-sized, with many blemishes, but tasty. The prices are relatively low, but without knowing the language I am exceedingly
shy and apologetic. Also, it is hard for me to translate thousands of Cruseros into mere pennies (5000 Cruseros being the equivalent of $1.25.) I dare not bargain (which I think I’m supposed to do when shopping at a market), so I stay close to the hotel.

We spent Sunday, the whole day, sight-seeing with the Jacobs. The most glorious sight in the world must be the one we beheld from the Corcovado, the immense Christ statue blessing Rio with its outstretched arms. Another spectacular sight is from the sky-lift to the Sugar Loaf. Gliding high above lush green forests, foam-tipped ultramarine seas and white beaches, one wonders at the ingenuity and enterprise of the man who tamed this inaccessible rock for a tourist attraction.

In Rio, Lotfi loved the Gaucho restaurants with barbecue pits where you could taste different cuts of meat before making your choice. We also had dinner at a gourmet Brazilian restaurant with a French flavor, after which all those who had crab were sick during the night. Apparently, refrigeration is not considered important.

Rio has a lot of baroque architecture and some lovely churches. The rest is quite modern. The entire length of Copacabana beach is fronted by modern apartment houses and hotels, and there is an ultra modern museum of art. The climate is subtropical — hot and humid most of the time—the pace leisurely.

Sao Paolo, on the other hand, is the Chicago of Brazil, a city of impressive skyscrapers, and a vital, throbbing metropolis. It has an impossible traffic system, or I should say no system at all; just close your eyes and...

Sao Paolo is full of contrasts, reflecting the temperament of Brazilians. The most famous shopping street, Avenida Augusta, is not as august as it sounds, but certainly twice as lively. It is about a mile long, quite narrow and rather messy. You can find on it anything from expensive little boutiques, antique shops, and shoe stores, to corner stands and street vendors, all in one mad jumble. Beggars with leprous appendages try to make a living by exhibition. On the other hand, buildings like the Italian Terrace, the praca de la Republica, museums, and apartment houses are elegant, impressive, and ultra modern. Refrigeration, however, is poor and food poisoning is in the course of expectation. There were a number of sump-
life centers. In general, families are closely knit groups. They meet at tennis courts, swimming pools, and play areas, all located within these clubs.

Most museums open at 3:30 in the afternoon and close a few hours later. In general, life begins with the evening meal around 9 or 10 p.m. Most shows never start before midnight. At 2 a.m. night life is in full swing. Stores open anywhere from 9 to 10:30 a.m. Here too, the pace is leisurely, and the concept of time is hazy. If an appointment is made for 6 p.m., one never expects anyone to show up until an hour later (except for business appointments).

On Sunday mornings the whole hippie colony converges upon the Praca de la Republica and spreads its handicrafts on the pavement. Paintings are painted and sold right there and then, stamps are bartered and bought, children are under foot or busily coloring in a roped-off section, and the city band plays. The whole spectacle has a flavor of a mardi-gras or fair, right in the center of town. One can only move by inches through the densely packed crowds, sweating profusely all the while because of the high humidity and heat. Brazil is famous for gems and lovely agates, but it is also famous for scorpions, tarantulas, and snakes (which were luckily confined to Butantan).

We thoroughly enjoyed the warm hospitality of the Brazilianos, who picked up, delivered, cradled and coddled us like helpless babies. In a way, we were just that and vulnerable to exploitation without knowledge of the language and native customs. For example, the only sure way of mailing a letter with certainty of delivery is not through the hotel but by going directly to the post office. Tourists don’t know that. We got the tip from our protectors and so I walked a mile every day to make sure all our 50 post cards got to their destination.

New York’s weather was miserable. The humidity must have been at least 200%. At night, returning in the rain after a show, there was a feeling of tension in the air. Police cars prowled their beats as men with clubs stood in dimly lit doorways ready to strike. Not every street can be patrolled, and not every doorway can be watched. The city’s streets are gripped in fear and humiliation.

In the daytime, New York is strangled by traffic jams. Trying to
get from 43rd Street to 14th and Fifth Avenue, I took a taxi, which I had to abandon at 38th. After 15 minutes and a bill of $1.10, the driver wished me good luck. He understood. I then walked over to the subway which was a little better, but the express was delayed. Out on 14th, I thought of taking a crosstown bus, but realized I hadn’t the exact fare (presently required), without which I had to either go back to the subway for a token or walk. I hastened on foot feeling edgy and hot. I can’t stand humidity. It saps my vitality.

Broadway’s theaters are pricing themselves out of the cultural market. They serve more as a prestige symbol than as real entertainment. Who can afford to pay $8.50 for a seat to an ordinary play?

And so, I think I have had traveled enough for a while. It is good to be home again in my lovely San Francisco! Happy traveling to those who have an adventuresome spirit and happy holidays for those who are smart enough to stay home!

\[\text{Lotfi and Fay in St. Tropez, France.}\]
Fay and Lotfi dressing up for Xmas cards at home (1969 and 1971 respectively).
In March of 1971, Lotfi was invited for one week to a Mathematics and Computer Conference by the Department Chairman of Arya Mehr University, Mori Anvari, who later became Lotfi’s close friend and is now living in the USA. Dr. Anvari was the organizer of the Conference and was responsible for taking Lotfi for an Audience with the Shah on the Island of Kish.

Lotfi had met His Highness for the first time when he was still teaching at Columbia University. Lotfi was quite impressed by him, and, after a brief chat, the Shah invited him to visit Teheran. Thus, the audience on the Island of Kish.

That day, the Queen, Farah Diba was swimming in the Persian Gulf. Although Lotfi is an enthusiastic photographer, I believe he did not dare ask permission to take a picture (perhaps for fear of being arrested for his audacity). I know that the temptation must have been great, indeed. Besides, she was swimming too far away for anyone able to take a shot from the height of the Palace.

Lotfi fondly remembers this visit to Iran, particularly since not long thereafter, Khomeini came into power, and everyone knows the rest. Dr. Anvari, because of his friendship with the Shah, was forced to leave the country. The time of Khomeini’s reign forced many
fine Iranians to leave the country. Most of them settled in the U.S.A. Part of Los Angeles has been renamed “Tehrangeles.” Lotfi claims that there must be 500,000 Iranians in the city of Los Angeles alone. Although he has been invited a number of times to lecture, Lotfi does not plan to return to Iran. The present situation is too uncertain and rather unsafe. No-one knows what the next regime might be up to.

Since Lotfi had not been in Iran since 1944, over 25 years ago, there was a lot of excitement, a lot of warm hospitality from old friends, and an exhausting welcome. All this, and technical meetings, jammed into one week sounds like a tale out of 1001 Arabian Nights. Of course, the most memorable event was the visit to the Island of Kish! Actually, a friend reported to me that “Lotfi streaked in and out like a comet and was gone.” A fair description, I think.
Our Crazy Summer, 1972

Our itinerary only gets more crazy with each passing year. Here is a sample of our hectic schedule for the summer of 1972:

August 15 - 20
Attend seminar on "Systems Approach to Urban Problem Solving" in Yugoslavia.

August 20-29
Attend the General Assembly of the International Radio Scientific Union in Warsaw, Poland.

August 29 - September 3

September 3 - 9

September 10 - 15
Attend conference on "Man and Computer" in Bordeaux, France.

September 18 - 20
Visited with Professor Karl Åström, Lund Institute of Technology, in Sweden.

Returned September 21.

Here we go on another summer “marathon”—but it promises to be an interesting, if exhausting, one. This time its focus is Warsaw, Poland where we are attending URSI, the International Radio Scientific Union, which meets once every three years in different countries. But, since Lotfi likes to use his “vacation” well, he has added a summer school commitment in Yugoslavia, two conferences in England and one in France, plus a last-minute commitment to go for a day and a half to Sweden. That gives you a good idea of the pace at which we travel.

Besides, we need to catch up on what we missed last year. In 1971, our normal summer travel plans were upset because of my bout with an old stubborn and crusty ulcer which caused us to cancel our projected trip to Yugoslavia and other places. In October, I finally underwent a partial gastrectomy which made me as good as new again. It allowed me to once more enjoy tempting and tasty foods. I like to cook and I like to eat!

So, due to our cancelled 1971 plans, we are making up for lost time!

At 5:30 p.m. on Aug. 14, 1972, we boarded Pan Am flight #124 to London. San Francisco, sparkling below us like a jewel, is positively irresistible today. Even the “skyline” is magnificent, especially with our new Transamerica trilon giving it a shot in the arm. We, too, have our Empire State, our Eiffel Tower. It is a mark of distinction in a sea of high-risers (that we could well do without). Undoubtedly someone will be remembered for his audacity and imagination.

As I watched from on high, I was reassured that the population explosion is confined to congested urban areas. Outside the cities, the forests, deserts, and meadows stretch endlessly and serenely below us. I thought to myself, “there is still plenty of room for everyone if we can only learn to conserve our natural resources.”

Up and down the aisles pretty hostesses served juice or cocktails
and then a typical in-flight dinner—pretentious and fancy, with expensive ingredients all tasting like straw, but a little salt and pepper, and some goodwill, worked wonders. Pan Am offered not one but two different films shown simultaneously. We could take our pick of *Cabaret* or *The War between Men and Women*. Having already seen *Cabaret*, the next best thing was to get some sleep. Except for a "cat-nap", however, sleeping was practically impossible. Even though the plane was virtually empty (36 passengers), and everyone had an entire row to stretch out on, very few were able to sleep. Humans must have an invisible radar that makes sleeping in airplanes difficult, despite drawn blinds, pressurized cabins, and warm blankets. When day dawned, and despite the lack of adequate rest, we were ready to greet it no matter what.

Our breakfast was tempting to the eye but wanting—lukewarm French toast and sausages, can-flavored orange sections, and tepid coffee. But we still enjoyed it. We even took seconds.

The entire day of August 15 was spent “in transit” because we planned to be in Dubrovnik by 4 p.m., and that is no short flight! At the “Erector-set” London airport there was a delay of about one hour on our plane to Zagreb, and we were afraid that we would miss our connection to Dubrovnik.

In Zagreb, a very modern airport (minus air-conditioning), there was no hurry and little efficiency. Not only did we not miss our connection, but had to wait for a good hour. Apparently, other passengers were late, too, and there was only one flight to Dubrovnik.

The heat was stifling. All the Yugoslav personnel and those in transit were fanning themselves with anything at hand. I decided to keep "cool" by not wasting useless effort and energy.

Our plane, filled to capacity, was not only full of people but instruments as well. As I squeezed myself between a tuba and a trombone, I found out that the entire Zagreb Philharmonic was traveling with us to the Summer Festival.

We were met by Dr. Ristic at 6 p.m. and deposited at the charming Argentina Hotel, where we promptly and literally passed out in our air-conditioned room.

After a refreshing nap, we were ready for Yugoslav hospitality. Since dinner does not start until 9:30 p.m., we arrived just in time at
the Mimosa Restaurant where the Tomovic’s and Ristic’s had ordered us a sumptuous repast. After leaving the restaurant about midnight, we sauntered through sleepy Dubrovnik, reached our hotel, and passed out again until the next morning.

The heat in Dubrovnik left everyone limp. Even the joy of sitting on a terrace overlooking the blue waters and sipping tea, was diminished by the vaporous haze which hung over the fortress city. It was only interrupted by a cyclone and a deluge which lasted two whole days, “washing away” the rest of our stay.

During the summer months, the city’s pulse comes to a halt from about noon until 5 p.m. At 5 it re-awakens with added vigor. Although the shops close at 8 p.m., the milling continues until the early hours of the morning. At 1 a.m., there are still groups of people promenading up and down “main street”, while others sit at tables sipping their coffee or campari. Dubrovnik is beautiful and I would recommend it for those who enjoy leisure and hot weather. But I am afraid it is not for me.

Sunday, August 20, we flew to Warsaw with a stopover in Vienna. We almost missed our plane because of a traffic jam on the one-way, one-lane road which everyone must travel when leaving Dubrovnik. But our luck still held with us—we made it!

In cold and rainy Vienna we were surprised by three smiling, familiar and dear faces. Lotfi’s parents stayed an extra day so as to greet us on the Continent, and our loyal friend, Dr. Hamzavi, was in charge of our welcome. Without her, Vienna would not be Vienna. Even though it was rainy, cold, and overcast all day, we spent a most pleasant afternoon at the airport waiting for our connection to Warsaw.

At 8:30 we touched down in Warsaw—foreign speech, foreign ways, foreign faces. Suddenly a familiar one, Prof. Wegrowicz, welcomed these two wilted travelers and took charge of the luggage. It felt great to relax without further thought until we reached our hotel.

The Grand Hotel-ORBIS, is large, old, uncomfortable, and impersonal, except for the dining room, where a good orchestra made us forget any inconveniences. We danced almost nightly throughout our stay there. Of course, the contrast between Hotel Argentina and
our present accommodations was enormous, but then every city has it's "White Elephant".

On the whole, Warsaw impressed us. Almost entirely destroyed (80%) during WWII, the city has been only partly reconstructed. Its most dominant landmark is the imposing Palace of Culture and Science (Stalin's awesome gift). I used it as my orientation point.

The Old City, which was completely demolished by order of Hitler during the Warsaw Uprising, was rebuilt according to the old plan and stands there quaint and somewhat unreal—a memory from the past. Primarily a tourist attraction, it has character and charm and is now mostly inhabited by artists. In the Square, one can see a short film on the destruction of the city, a gruesome reminder.

The New City has good planning—trees, boulevards and parks abound. The streets are wide but manageable (not like Moscow). Buildings are modern and uninspired, but many of the cultural landmarks have been reconstructed. If it weren't for the rain, our stay would have been most enjoyable.

Between showers, we were bussed to the Wilanow Palace, where mud was taboo. We glided in official felt slippers over mirror-like, intricate parquet floors. In this specialized footwear, we also performed the function of unwitting floor polishers—an excellent idea.

Warsaw citizens are proud of their heritage and cooperate to keep their city clean and attractive. Transportation is reasonable, so is food. I had a tasty, hot lunch for 9 zloti (about 27¢ US) at a stand-up counter. It was great fun, once I got over the language-barrier. Besides, a smile can get one anywhere and the Poles are a very civilized nation.

Our group was taken to many interesting and historical places in and around Warsaw. Among them was Zelezowa Wola (Chopin's birthplace) for music by candlelight and dinner at the Inn in real rustic Polish style. It cost us $13.00 a head.

A bus ride to the Polish Flea Market made one well aware of the existing poverty. Here, old boots were being traded by the owners. We, too, have our flea markets. I get the feeling, however, that in our country it is more for fun.

In the open markets, I was impressed by the mountains of sunflowers, wild mushrooms, and garlands of garlic. They do not have the fruit and vegetables one finds in Yugoslav markets. However, it is unfair to compare block countries with the U.S. Comparisons
should be within the block countries themselves.

Apparently the State provides work for all. I have not seen any beggars in the streets, and among the educated classes, the standard of living is as high as in many parts of Europe. Our friends had a cozy, comfortable, well-furnished apartment with a splendid view of the Vistula river. They also have a car, but then they are financially in the upper bracket (he is a professor and she is in charge of educational television).

Tonight, before leaving for Cracow, we went to have dinner at Candelabra. Here, for the first time, we observed how the Polish people live and enjoy themselves. This was not a tourist restaurant. Upstairs a private party was having a wedding ceremonial dinner, while downstairs an orchestra played. For a minimum charge of 100 zl. per person one could get a table with dancing privileges. However, when we explained that we came for a quick bite, the management let us eat if we agreed to leave within one hour, as the table was reserved. This was just fine with us except that we couldn’t dance. So we watched everyone else happily jumping to jazz music. What was most interesting, however, was a large horseshoe table where everyone was dressed in his finest—children and old folks included. It turned out that a rich uncle from Canada was footing the bill for his close relatives and friends. The guests wore jewelry, high hairdos, makeup, and silver slippers, giving the appearance of any large affair in the U.S., complete with toasts and the orchestra playing a sort of “happy birthday theme” (only in Polish). After all the impersonal dining at tourist hotels, we had discovered our first authentic Polish atmosphere—and we enjoyed it!

The Pullman to Cracow was an experience. Tea was served by the conductor for 3.50 zl. a glass (12 cents) and the pullmanette for two had a built-in wash basin. It was cleaner and more pleasant than the Russian sleepers, where one is smothered in burgundy velvet, dusty drapes, upholstery and rugs (a nightmare for allergics.) However, the jolting, weaving, and knocking of the ride made sleeping impossible. The train pulled into Cracow at 4:30 a.m. and was required to wait on the tracks till 7 a.m. The final three hours were a blessing.

The idea for an overnight trip came to five of us when we found out that although we had prepaid the weekend trip, the ORBIS agents
over-booked their rooms. Since we didn’t want to miss seeing this ancient city, we had to rejoin the official tour in the morning. First, we went to the famous salt mines where all the sculptures are made of salt. The chandeliers are made of salt crystals. Huge caves, chapels, and an underground cathedral are carved out of salt rock. The 1½ hours walk was an eerie experience, during which we felt no fatigue, due to the salt air and low temperature. As a matter of fact, we were told that at about 290 meters below the surface there is a special sanitarium where exhausted miners and asthmatics are taken to sleep for 8 - 10 hours, after which time they are completely rehabilitated. Digging still goes on at a level 300 meters below the surface and the supply of salt is expected to last at least 2000 years.

Next, we visited the Old Vail Castle, where the rooms were hung from ceiling to floor with imported tapestries and Gobelins, or else covered with embossed leather which looked like copperplate wallpaper.

After gliding in felt slippers until exhausted (remember we started early and kept walking), we were taken back to an excellent meal at the Cracow Hotel, where I quietly left dinner between the main course and dessert, snoozed for about 20 minutes, and revived and refreshed, managed to slip back into the dining room for a hasty tea and a superb Napoleon pastry. We then boarded the bus once more for a visit to the city’s market place and its famous Cathedral. The stained windows in St. Mary’s Cathedral are of such beauty that even DeGaulle commented on them. There is also an icon of the Madonna which has the most beautiful, lifelike face I have seen on an icon. The wooden sculpted and painted baroque screen above the altar is folded up each night because it has a history of plunder. It was recovered during the second World War, and is now back in its old place. The blue and gold dome of the church together with the remarkable stained glass windows blend into a lovely memory.

Before boarding the busses for the railroad station, everyone happily rushed to freeze a bit of their impressions on film. My husband, as usual, lead the way. He seemed to be in several places at the same time, more interested in people than in architecture.

Dinner on the train was another interesting experience, where, lurching from side to side, a hungry crowd waited while one waiter took orders and served with bullet-like speed. He could not collect
the money, however, until another waiter came to supervise the addition of the checks, which slowed down matters almost to a standstill. Both those wanting to leave and those waiting their turn becoming frustrated. So much bureaucracy!

We finally pulled into Warsaw at about midnight. No taxis in sight! How happy we were to be met by our ORBIS bus, without which we would not have reached our hotels. Even so, it took a while to deliver all the passengers to their respective lodgings. We collapsed into bed somewhere around 1 a.m. Is this called the "joys of travel? I wonder!

Polish people, on the whole, seem brusque and unfriendly or overly saccharine, but then we are tourists. We meet only a very small and limited entourage (mainly in hotels). Therefore, judgement on this basis is unfair to the general population. After a week in Warsaw, we were quite ready to return to the hustle and bustle of Western culture and enjoy spending a day in London, although we found prices rather high there (at the Cumberland Hotel, Marble Arch, for example, we paid £13.5 for two with breakfast). The coffee shop in this American-type hotel was rather pedestrian and shabby, but food seems to be somewhat better in England (or else we are less critical).

From August 29 through September 1 we were in Oxford for the Congress of Cybernetics and Systems. After an hour's ride by train, we found ourselves in a different world, away from London's crowded streets and traffic. What an enchanting town! Old, yes, and not really beautiful, but with a beauty all its own. The concept of small University courtyards, enclosed and cozy, with arches opening onto other flower-bordered courtyards—one surprise after another—lovely English gardens behind forbidding facades and high walls. English Gothic and Roman architecture of uniform color add charm and dignity. This is England at its best! People are polite, if stodgy, and proud, yet friendly. I've been won over completely! I wish I knew more of its local history.

We stayed at Queens College Dorms and sat in the hallowed mess hall where portraits of venerable Greats looked down upon us. I am polishing the same benches as those Greats did during their student days here. What a place! Having coffee in the smoking room after
dinner is “rather” British and very pleasant, and the “grub” was unusually good.

The English hold on to their traditions, and the banquet at Randolph Hotel was conducted with a great deal of British pomp and circumstance. The Mayor and Mayoress were present as was a red-liveried announcer who was quite forbidding and awe-inspiring until he declared, with a straight face, “and now eat your grub.” The food was good and the after-dinner speeches even better. Let’s keep tradition! Long live Oxford!

The British countryside is lovely. It is graced with green, velvety, rolling hills edged by stone walls and trees, rivers wind through pastures, snakelike and silvery, while cows and sheep laze here and there, and cottages, although rather grey and drab, appear cozy, especially those with thatched roofs and flower boxes. We had a half-a-day free after the sessions and all of us went to Stratford-on-Avon. What a pity the English did not have sense enough to preserve its historical, poetical quaintness. Instead, they have wedged in at random sterile, warehouse-type structures and bottle-necked their narrow streets with busses and cars. Traffic should be rerouted outside the town’s center to preserve the style in which it originated. But who am I to give advice?

As a charming contrast, Warwick Castle has a little old street nestled at the foot of this proud fortress and suddenly one feels transported into the times of vassals and their warlords. It is a delightful, picturesque look into the past. We peeked into doll-like windows as we sauntered by. Polished furniture, bric-a-brac on window sills, flowers in vases, and old grandfather clocks ticking away time. Beyond, we glimpsed the inner English gardens bursting with flowers. At the bottom of this alley we came upon the most profuse flower garden by a lake where, in a tiny cottage, sat a pleasant woman in a wheelchair with a welcome for anyone who cared to sit on her garden bench. Looking up one could see the silhouette of mighty Warwick Castle against the darkening sky, an awesome reminder of times gone by. We were told that once there was a road that led to London right through this garden.

Returning that same evening to Oxford, we had dinner with friends at a rather expensive French restaurant. I still don’t un-
understand why we couldn't have enjoyed an authentic British pub instead.

We went back to London and Paddington Station where with clockwork precision the army of black British beetles rolled up, swallowed their waiting passengers, and, purring, rolled on. By contrast, Paris transportation was sadly lacking in organization. No one seemed to care about the dripping tourists waiting in line for an occasional taxi, usually with a policeman supervising (I guess to prevent an insurrection).

Sundays in London are rather quiet, so we took a bus to the Zoo for some diversion, but zoos depress me. They are prisons for trapped animals. No amount of rationalization can obscure this fact. Monkeys were, as usual, the main attraction. How closely we humans resemble them.

On September 3 we left for Bournemouth. Our next destination is NATO's Advanced Study Institute on Network Theory.

Here is another and different aspect of England. One of the best resort areas, Bournemouth, seems to be the star attraction of a number of towns in the Bournemouth Basin. There are many luxurious hotels on one side (away from the Casino) and many little guest houses for poorer folk in the center of town. Here, rich and poor alike converge for a summer holiday by the sea. As a result, the city is a thriving resort with many large stores. It is civilized and friendly, with lovely parks, band concerts, and shopping, side by side. There are lots of flowers, tidy boardwalks, benches, and an abundance of movie houses. Leisure and civilities prevail. A funiculaire (for 3 p., which is equivalent to $7.50 US) takes one down to the beach several hundred feet below. Our accommodations at Heathlands Hotel were quite luxurious, yet inexpensive by American standards. A large, quiet, combination bedroom-living room, TV, and good food three times daily was £10 per day (for two)—truly a bargain! There were several comfortable sitting rooms and in the evening. Lotfi managed to get a fair-sized crowd together until late at night, while I quietly sneaked out to the privacy of our room. Once we went with a group to see Nicholas and Alexandra and since it was sold out, we wound up next door to see Carry on Matron. What a funny British film! We rolled in the aisles and had stomach cramps.
It seems at every official function there is a Mayor. For here, too, our reception at the Casino was graced by the Mayor of Bournemouth, who turned out to be a sturdy, mannish woman in official robes with a heavy gold chain. She was pleasant enough in a British way though hardly eloquent or elegant. She looked more like a sensible grandmother and probably was exactly that in her off-hours. We had a pleasant official chat and a couple of days later I bumped into our “Mayor” at Marks and Spencer, where I could have easily mistaken her for a regular shopper had I not recognized her face. Next year, another mayor will be chosen and she will fade into every day life once more.

We discovered that the British have a taxi service from Bournemouth directly to London’s Heathrow Airport (a two hour ride) costing only £12.50 “door-to-door”. Doing a little arithmetic we realized that a lot of wear, tear, and changes could be avoided for an additional £3, thus bypassing taxis, trains and traffic. Using this brilliant logic we drove like lords through the lovely countryside and had a pleasant chat with the driver getting information on the local economy and life in general.

Our fourth lap was a brief stopover in Paris and then on to Bordeaux to attend a conference on “Man and Computer”, September 10th through the 15th. Here we were picked up by “welcome” buses, transported to a futuristic hotel, and without first assigning us rooms or taking off our coats, fed dinner. We were the “second shift” and I had a feeling we had been programmed, computer-style. It reminded me of Chaplin’s “Modern Times” (the French version). However, the programming got mixed up somehow and we were allotted a single room for two. I was about to collapse onto the one bed when I realized that Lotfi would have no place to sleep. When I requested a room for two, I found that this was easier said than done since they were completely booked. They finally found us better accommodations, but a big mix-up resulted which had to be untangled by the “superintendent.”

Our hotel “Aquitania” is really something out of science fiction. The color scheme was beige, gleaming antiseptic white, and orange foam furniture. It was luxurious, but not an inch of space had been wasted. There was even a complementary package of pin, needles,
and thread. It was well executed on the surface, though a bit rusty underneath the gleaming toilets and streamlined shelves—the plumbing leaked.

There was a Romanesque flavor of chivalry and a French “laissez-faire” attitude of things working out somehow. Philosophical-scientific discussions continuing far into the night with pomp, wine and tradition. Human concerns were always uppermost (computer or no) and time was more leisurely, and less programmed in spite of the futuristic “Le Lac”, or “Le Aquitania”, or “Novotel” in the middle of nowhere.

The French are known for their hospitality in this wine region. As happened two years ago, there was not a single evening without some official function. All 150 of us (in formal or casual attire) were sped away in busses to different Chateaus and stood obediently listening to French welcoming speeches, with English translations, English replies with French translations, until our legs became numb. However, food and wine compensated for our “noblesse oblige”.

During our week’s stay, I had eaten more bleeding flesh and drunk more wine than anywhere else. We were served ample portions of rare beefsteak, half-raw leg of lamb, and bloody venison. I don’t think Lotfi will venture to Bordeaux for a while. I kept wondering whatever happened to the famous quiche and other more civilized specialties of French cuisine.

One night we were taken to the famous Abbey where a ceremonious dinner was served in the open, warmed only by electric heaters. It lasted late into the night while we drank toasts through teeth chattering with limbs cold as ice. Ice-cream was served for dessert! When one is on an official tour, all sorts of experiences, warm and cold, add up to make it memorable.

The last banquet was held at Chateau Palmer where again wine and blood flowed freely, but after six consecutive days of feasting and socializing I am ready for either a cloister or a hospital bed. Instead, I chose to go to Vienna for a few days rest while Lotfi made a last 2 day hop to Lund, Sweden.

Would anybody volunteer for the next flight with Mr. Zadeh marathon style? There might be an opening!
In Bournemouth with the Mayor at the banquet (October, 1972).

Fay with Prof. Glushkov’s wife at the Bordeaux Congress. In this picture, Fay is wearing her “magic” pants.
Some participants at the Bordeaux Congress.
Fuzzy Wuzzy Was a Bear

1974 - Fuzzy Logic Lectures in Urbino, Italy, Summer School in Stockholm, and the IFIP Convention in Baden bei Wien at IIASA*

July 13, 1974. On a beautiful Berkeley morning, with sun shining, birds chirping, and giant, willow tree aphids crawling into our kitchen through the door slits, we are once again preparing to depart for Europe. However, in our household, nothing has ever been quite that peaceful. As a matter of fact, we are always working against a deadline, rushing hither and thither. So at 8:30 this morning there was a last-minute delivery of shelves for the hi-fi; at 9:00, Jeff Yang came by to help a bit and to get instructions; and, finally, at 10:30, Lydia Melson arrived to take us to the airport.

Our schedule this time, however, was to be somewhat less hectic (the only reason I agreed to come along on a five-week jaunt). Just think of it, only five countries this time, with a whole two weeks in one place! We will spend two weeks in Baden by Wien, one week in Stockholm and squeeze the rest into the remaining two weeks, some-

* International Institute Applied Systems Analysis
how. The *squeeze* part was our usual pace. Still, it is more hopeful.

Our flight on TWA was smooth and pleasant, but lunch was fair to poor. When we arrived in Chicago at 6 p.m., it was still 93 degrees and we had to walk 20 minutes (I am not exaggerating) to make our connecting flight to London. Who conceived of the monstrosity they call O'Hare? Whoever designed it must have had robots in mind instead of mere mortals. In olden times, Ivan the Terrible would have had their eyes gouged out for such poor planning. Although I am basically peace-loving, in this case I would say that the punishment was well deserved. But since we live in an enlightened, modern 20th century, we must endure our man-made "comforts".

After fighting our way across the vast stretches of O'Horror to the international sector, we had only two more hours to wait before boarding our BEA flight for London. Here another Frankenstein awaited us, a 747 which took only half an hour to load its passengers into its whalelike interior. The BOAC crew proved, however, much more courteous and efficient than TWA's. The food was better, still, in my humble opinion, anyone over 40 who goes transatlantic for pleasure by air is either a fool, a masochist, or both.

I always think of a dinosaur when I contemplate our technological "masterpieces". Think of it. We pay close to a thousand dollars for the privilege of waiting in long lines, stumbling over everyone's baggage, pushing and jockeying into position, and then walking along interminable stretches of airport corridors while perspiring under the weight of our "hand luggage", cameras, etc. We go through the indignity of luggage and person searched to squeeze through the doors of a plane and sit cramped up in a narrow seat. To sleep in this position is an even greater ordeal. I ask you, in all earnestness, what is so civilized or so pleasurable about this kind of travel? We are like so many cattle jammed into individual stalls. Oh, yes, I forgot to mention the long lines of people who wait to get into the bathrooms early in the morning.

We discovered a different mode of travel while in Europe. We are now completely sold on U-RAIL "first class" and strongly recommend it to anyone who wants to see more than just a bird's-eye-view in a seat-belted position. An ocean-liner for some might be an
added delight, but for us landlubbers, always short on time, it will have to be transatlantic by air and the rest by U-Rail.

After missing our connection in London because of the delay in Chicago, we finally landed in Vienna at 3 p.m. and walked straight into a “Turkish bath”. Apparently it had been raining off and on for three months and the sun was trying to make up time. Baden was only about an hour from Vienna. It is a most pleasant and rather quiet resort where sulfur, mineral, and mud baths are the main attraction, along with a Kurhaus, summer concerts, and theater. However, Lotfi had no time to enjoy any of the above since he was picked up at 8 a.m. and whisked away to Laxenburg where he worked all day and did not return until after 6:00. Our Josefsplatz hotel was rather expensive and we moved to a more cozy and pleasant Pabst Hotel in the Rennagasse. We did this especially after our hotel clerk charged us 100 shillings for a call which normally should cost no more than 15.

People here were rather pedestrian, heavily built, and dowdily dressed, but the “Grüss Gott” was very pleasant and so was their way of life, with the usual Konditorei and the Schlag-ober tradition. We found a very pleasant Ratskeller where the food was tasty, the prices were reasonable, and live music greeted us every evening. My main complaint about Austria was their public telephone booths. I hope none of you will have to tackle one of them (outside a post office or single-handed). Be prepared to lose a sizable sum in one shilling pieces. I won’t go into the mechanics of these automated money-swallowers. Just don’t say I didn’t warn you. Here a knowledge of German will only confuse rather than enlighten you and there is no way to get Information Service to help. At least I never found out how to get a human operator on the line.

Transportation in Vienna has a “Cinderella” hour, that should not be missed. Once, after a most pleasant evening in Vienna with Dr. Raiffa, we missed the last train to Baden. We did not know how to get to the bus and chose to take a taxi instead. It cost us and Professor George Dantzig, a friend from Stanford, some 320 Shillings. This was not too bad considering the distance plus a night tariff, but then not so good for our pockets.

While in Baden, we heard two rather charming operettas, the famous “Czardasfürstin” and “Eine Nacht in Venedig” by Johann
Strauss. On Sunday, Dinis Bjorner took us to the Wienerwald and also to Mayerling, where the legend is much more colorful than the Chateau. All in all, we thoroughly enjoyed our stay, in spite of our “working-holiday” and gray skies.

Then, on to the ancient city of Urbino! (What a pity we’ll be staying in Italy only two days, but that is how Lotfi plans his tight schedule.) International Wagonlits first class was a delightful experience after our crammed flying routine. We enjoyed a clean roomette, white sparkling sheets, and a gallant conductor—a good experience for both body and soul. Rocked gently by the skills of European engineers, we slept like babies. A lovely breakfast for two was served by a smiling conductor. We are already in Italy. I hear their musical singsong speech all around me. Our only problem is that we have to change cars one stop before Venice in order to stay with the train to Bologna rather than be rerouted. So we struggled with baggage through about five cars while the train rocked to and fro. In Bologna, on Sunday, everything was closed. We took an earlier train to Pesaro where a taxi awaited us with instructions to take us to Urbino. Some 33 kilometers later, the fortress city came into view in all its ancient glory.

The Institute was situated on a hill across from the city. Its dormitories were built on terraces like a beehive habitat. Here birds, peace, and a feeling of eternity engulfed us. “Educated” chickens proudly pecked on the lawns of the college. We dined in the hall with students in an informal atmosphere. Food was eatable except for the breakfast rolls which seemed to have been baked by some stone-age peasants. A local bus took me to the center of Urbino where a cultural shock awaited me. After a while one can get used to the obvious poverty, the crumbled glory of old magnificence (now dirty and neglected, but in process of restoration), and the nonchalance of the inhabitants. Women work while their men-folk spend their time in the piazza chatting, playing cards, and drinking. I have a revulsion to decay of any kind. I am glad I don’t have to live in the “city”. Even Spartan dorms are preferable to decaying grandeur.

Everything seems quite primitive in Urbino. Apparel was poorly and crudely made. I didn’t even try buying Italian shoes here, although I knew I wouldn’t get another chance. Even the Italian ice
did not taste right. I threw it promptly away. At another cafe, however, the gelata was delicious. In contrast to the city, the Institute was very modern and well-equipped.

When we first arrived at the Institute, we saw a bulletin board which featured Lotfi's forthcoming talk on Fuzzy Sets. Underneath, someone had scribbled the following lines, which I jotted down and kept. Good thing I did. The following morning the whole sheet was gone and no-one knew what had become of it. So here it is for posterity?

Fuzzy-wuzzy was a Bear
Fuzzy-wuzzy had no Hair
Fuzzy-wuzzy wasn't fuzzy, was he?
But..........
He...........

ADDORED LOGIC.
(He wasn't so fuzzy after all)

We left Urbino right after the two lectures were over. For tourists who are not history-oriented, two days is quite enough for this picturesque city, which is incidentally also Raphael's birthplace. Still, it is rather provincial and primitive and I keenly felt my lack of Italian. Our next stop was Milan, but it was so miserably hot and muggy that we decided to go on to Geneva. Here I must make special mention of the excellent, luxurious RAPIDO trains that are air-conditioned and clean, at least in first class. One can eat like a lord in the dining car for $4.50. However, when we travelled beyond Milan, where we had a changeover, our accommodations were filthy and hot, even in first class. I am sure it could not have been a RAPIDO. We sneezed and sneezed from all the swirling dust. To add to our discomfort, we discovered that there was no dining car, so we arrived tired and hungry in Geneva at midnight where our hotel Metropole turned out to be the noisiest ever. Even the usually tolerant Lotfi suggested we move, but that was easier said than done. He had eagerly and thoughtlessly prepaid for three nights. Naturally, the hotel refused to refund our money.

I personally did not care for Geneva, nor for its climate (hot and
muggy). The rue du Marche', the main shopping street, seemed full of junky stores at first glance. It was a rather cluttered and uninspiring street. The restaurants were very commercial, catering mainly to tourists. The lake is beautiful, of course, and so is the impressive United Nations quarters. Still, I don’t know whether I would want to live there or in Zurich for that matter. Both Swiss cities seemed very dull and rather dead, nothing like our exciting San Francisco.

Hot and tired, I returned from my acquaintance with Rue du Marche' for a much-needed nap. Before I could fall asleep, however, there was a knock on the door. A most unexpected surprise walked in making our stay in Geneva suddenly come alive. My closest school friend from my days of Tehran, Shamsie and her sister, had been discovered by Lotfi in a little camera shop around the corner. (Sometimes Lotfi's hobbies bring unexpected results.) We had not seen each other for 14 years! One thing led to another and we met one more alumni living in Geneva whom I had not seen since 1938. Thus, out of our class of 12, 3 alumni met halfway around the globe. It was quite a feat and a grand time was had by all, with Lotfi happily surrounded by a harem.

While in Geneva, having the excellent U-Rail pass privileges, we took a free tour around the lake by excursion boat. It was a lovely, hazy morning, and the lake had the quality of an opaque mirror. The trip to Montreux took four leisurely hours with the boat stopping at every port of call. Nyon seemed like a charming little village, while Lausanne, seen from the shore as a large city, did not have much to recommend it. Set against a backdrop of steep mountains, Montreux was more striking. Vevey did not look at all the way it did in Daisy Miller, which was filmed there. We got off in Territet to get the train for Roches de Nayes, but found that we missed the funiculaire, so took a quick bus ride to Chillon. If it were not for its sinister history, it would be a most charming place.

When we arrived at the top of the mountain, rain clouds blocked all view and it drizzled a bit, but it was peaceful and magnificent nonetheless. Sitting outside next to the grazing Alpen cows, we enjoyed a "cow bell concert" in the crisp, cool air. Eternity was at our fingertips.
At four o'clock we took the little train back to civilization. Geneva movies did not seem exciting, neither did anything else. There was a feeling of impersonality due to the many tourists. In a nameless place we had a spaghetti dinner and an ice cream before turning in. Lotfi and I were alone together and relaxing for a change. This was in itself a rare treat for me.

We spent another day lazing around before catching the train to Stockholm. We enjoyed a little shopping here and there; a good lunch (for a change) in a Pizzeria downstairs near the Grand Passage Department Store; no sight-seeing, but a stroll and a rest near the water in the leaden heat of Geneva's summer. This is the first time we had traveled by train via Bern, Basel, Hamburg and Copenhagen. It was a rather long trip with a changeover in Copenhagen, where there were no porters to be had, neither were there any to be seen in Hamburg or in Basel. So Lotfi had to do a lot of lugging. In general, a train ride can be most pleasant once seats are numbered and reserved, otherwise it can be an ordeal when very crowded (which is most of the summer months).

We had a most interesting ferry ride. The whole train was chained onto the deck, and the passengers went upstairs where food was served. All of us were fed during the 50 minute crossing time. I never imagined that the whole weight of a train would be borne by a ferry. While changing trains in Copenhagen, we bumped into the McCluskeys from Palo Alto, who were going to the same conference.

In Stockholm at 11 p.m. it was hard to get information and no one knew what was going on at conference headquarters. A room could be had for $60.00 a night. Imagine! So, while I patiently stood guard over our valises for 40 minutes, Lotfi scouted for a place to sleep. He finally located an unimpressive but clean Hotel Terminus a few hundred yards from where I stood. Moral: don't look far, try first for the nearest. The hotel turned out to be not only very clean and reasonable in price, but also less noisy than the one in Geneva, and yet it was smack in the center of the city and opposite from the railway station.

In Sweden everything was organized and the prices were high.
Though I didn’t understand a word and couldn’t even guess, still I felt reasonably comfortable in this programmed city. We had a special pass and could travel the length and breadth of Stockholm for a flat fee of 23 Kr. Massan, where the IFIP Convention was housed, was only 10 minutes by rail, with trains running every 15 minutes. It was very convenient. The exposition buildings were like huge steel warehouses, erector-style, painted a loud orange with blue trim. You couldn’t miss them! When 5,000 men congregated, perhaps this was the best cattle hangar for processing, housing, and feeding them en masse. The restaurant facilities were very inadequate, however.

Stockholm City Hall, where we had the official reception, was most impressive and quite spectacular so far as city halls go. A colonnade of arcs faced towards the water and on the lawn stood an immense smorgasbord table for 4,000. Unfortunately, a downpour forced guests to scurry under the arcs, and in the melee, I heard the crash of several laden trays on the stone slabs. It was a lovely affair!

The Milles Garden is justly famous, with spectacular sculptures placed on top of tall columns in a very picturesque location. Skansen, housed in a large and lovely park, was another excellent choice for a historical cross-section of Swedish homes of yore. At conferences of this magnitude there is always a great deal of entertainment provided by the city. Thus, we were taken by buses to Drottningholm Theater for a charming caviar-like performance of Puck’s Folly. The theater was original, dating back to 1780, with mechanized scenery that included a goddess descending to earth on a cloud and an ocean that really rippled. It was quite impressive for an 18th century production. Why “caviar-like” you ask? The cost of tickets and the brevity of the performance, that’s why!

We also had the honor of being dined and wined in the Blue Room of the City Hall, and were served drinks and entertainment in the Golden Room (where the famous Nobel Prizes are given). It was a breathtaking room, a golden mosaic extravaganza in elegant, simple lines with inlaid designs of human figures. It was stark, but magnificent—what a contrast to the usual baroque of Stockholm!

Towards the end of the meal, the lights were turned off. We heard trumpets and an impressive procession began of the entire kitchen staff. They proudly descended the staircase carrying giant ice-cream
cakes by candlelight. It was most effective, especially for us Americans. This was followed by dancing to an excellent Brazilian band. It was a truly wonderful and memorable evening.

Before our departure from hospitable Stockholm, we happened across a “Jesus March” that stretched in a never-ending line blocking traffic at the Sergels Torg for about 30 minutes. Young, long-haired people predominated, though there was a fair sprinkling of old. Some looked embarrassed, but all were chanting, holding posters, or making symbolic gestures. Strange to see this procession in so modern an environment. Police were gentle and there was no violence of any sort.

That evening, before going on to Copenhagen, Lotfi decided to take me to a famous Swedish porno movie for a treat. It turned out to be an American import, *The Inner World of Aggie*. Oh, well. I never saw a porno before and this wasn’t exactly what I had imagined—besides, I could have easily seen it at home.

From Stockholm to Copenhagen is an eight-hour trip by train. It was a very smooth and pleasant ride. Swedish and Danish first class had wide and roomy seating for eight with a table in the middle, quite different from the usual setup on trains. In Copenhagen, which impressed me as a rather old and not-getting-any-younger city (as compared to Stockholm), we spent one night before going on to Lyngby to attend our final conference.

Since we had reservations only in Lyngby, but not in Copenhagen, Lotfi left me (again guarding the valises) in search of a night’s lodging. He returned triumphant and told me to follow. The hotel was clean although it was a three flight walk-up, which I did not mind as much as the fact that we found ourselves in the red-light district for $21.00 a night (adding insult to injury). But, the Zadehs are game for trying anything once, besides, we were tired. My only suggestion was to register as a mistress rather than wife to keep in harmony with the surroundings. The following morning at breakfast when Lotfi saw all the “overnight” male guests, even he became a bit squeamish in spite of the “clean linen”. By contrast, our reservations at the Eremitage in Lyngby (which is only a 20 minute ride from Copenhagen and a fast commute) were luxurious and modern, with a lovely view costing only $25.00 per day.
Lyngby is a very modern shopping center, otherwise it is somewhat pedestrian. The closing banquet after the meeting was a delightful affair with a good dinner, good speeches, and dancing to canned music. Our good friends, Ilse and Georg Bruun, went out of their way to make our stay in Denmark interesting and pleasurable. There is nothing like a home-cooked meal after five weeks of eating in restaurants. Thank you Ilse and Georg!

We did find a rather nice and reasonably priced Chinese restaurant (Lotfi's great love) in the Vestergade in Copenhagen. Unfortunately, everything had a slightly Russian flavor, and when even the music sounded Russian, we concluded that there was more to my suspicions than met the eye. However, the combination was rather charming if not completely authentic. The only trouble with this place was that the price of the tea was equal to the price of a dinner. For the tea we were charged 7 Kr. per person, i.e. 28 Kr. or almost $4.00 for a pot of tea. How good it will be to get back to real Chinese cuisine with three free pots of tea in our good old Berkeley!
Fay with the Swedish Ambassador and his wife at the Summer School in Stockholm, Sweden.

The Traubs and Fay in Golden Hall (Stockholm, Sweden).

The “castle” in Urbino, Italy.
Hungary, Summer of 1975

This morning as we took off into a hazy San Francisco sky by helicopter (which no longer operates between Berkeley and the San Francisco Airport), Berkeley sparkled brightly in the June sun against a background of green hills. Treasure Island looked deserted and barren on this quiet Sunday morning. It was built on reclaimed land, devoid of trees, encased in cement, with ugly block buildings. Rows of parked cars, like little shining beetles, gleamed forlornly in the reflection of the sun.

It seems with airlines that the more polite the service, the less edible the food. We are flying TWA this time, who are notorious for their synthetic-looking and tired-tasting food. They did show us a Newcomb-Conners tennis match, however, so we couldn’t complain. En route to London, we had a stopover at O’Hare (O’Horror), and our plane went in for a face lift (paint job), although at first we thought we were going all the way to London with it. I guess we misunderstood.

The transatlantic flight was pleasant and uneventful, more comfortable than usual because we had a whole row of four seats to ourselves, what luxury! The dinner of stuffed breast of chicken was much better than the rubberized strips of beef smothered in sauce.
that TWA offered on our San Francisco to Chicago flight.

The night sped away and a beautiful, sunny morning dawned in London. After a delay of one hour, we boarded a small plane for Budapest in which we were squeezed into our seats like so many herring in a box. After a two and a half hour flight, we landed among puddles left by a recent rain. Again, the first impression of people and places here was drab, even though a welcoming crowd lined the railing and waved enthusiastically. Again, we waited through the formalities of visas and the usual long wait to get cleared. This probably was as a deterrent to Western tourists, who are impatient of this bureaucratic process. The only noticeable technological progress are some new typewriters set up for filling out forms. Although we already had our visas through Washington, we were charged an additional 15.20 Forints ($7.60 per person) before being released. We had to check this overcharge upon our return. Luckily, Dr. Vamos was on hand to take care of all arrivals and straighten out problems of language and misunderstandings.

Several attractive young secretaries conducted us to the different cars and after a long ride through the city’s “lesser” quarters we were finally delivered to a modern Hotel Olympia in the suburbs of Budapest. It sat high on a hill and boasted a swimming pool, but had no view. We had barely arrived and unpacked when we were taken on an official tour of the city, the Citadel, and Matjas Church. We noticed that modern building techniques and materials in Budapest were less impressive or lasting than historical landmarks of long ago. The new buildings had patched-up cracks, malfunctioning plumbing, bad switches, and curling floors. Perhaps it would have been better to stay with tried and true old building methods.

Budapest, because of its topography, the grandeur and beauty of its old buildings, and its bridges and parks, is a magnificent sight, especially viewed from a distance. The Heroes Square and the long tree-lined avenues were lovely though worn. There was more life, more lively crowds, more color in the display windows, and more variety of products (including imported perfumes), than in 1965, when we were there last. It still gave me the impression of poverty and past glory. Hungary did not have the obsession with tidiness or
cleanliness that was so evident in Germany and Switzerland. Everywhere, we encountered piles of bricks, boards, and weeds growing in profusion. This only added to the impression of decay rather than revitalization. As Americans, we were so spoiled by our modern architecture in perfect order that European modernism, especially in Eastern Block countries, didn’t impress us. We looked for history and past glory instead.

Toilet paper was still primitively rough (meant for vigorous unpampered bodies). Even cakes of soap in our ultra modern lodgings were a sign of progress and prosperity, as was the beautiful, gleaming, modern sink with hot and cold water at the touch of our fingertips. However, the toilet bowl and its flushing system were another matter. It smelled of urine and the modern knob for flushing was set in such a way that each time I pulled it I felt the whole panel would pull out with it. The room was narrow, in rustic Scandinavian style. It had unpainted wooden box beds that were clean and comfortable. Food at the restaurant was quite good and well served.

The opening sessions on Tuesday was a busy day. We must have brought some California sun with us, for today was beautiful, and there is nothing like a sunny day in Europe. The opening session at the Institute (a converted former cloister) was well conducted. The auditorium was impressive in white and gold, though somewhat narrow. Dr. Roska did an excellent job. He was one of the Mohicans of Hungarian aristocracy and out of favor for a while, even languishing for a time in jail. Now he was again in good graces and was shown off for his English and his love and knowledge of music.

Since I was an “honorary” private secretary to Lotfi and a volunteer of sorts, I was asked to type an urgent paper for him. Imagine my consternation when I discovered that the Institute didn’t have a single English-type machine. Even their old and battered IBM, raspy and groaning, had a “w” instead of a “?”. Typing as fast as I could, it took me a good hour to transcribe six pages, filling in the missing letters by hand. It was a most frustrating experience. Thus, I missed the panel discussion, which went well as usual, especially when Lotfi threw out a couple of his provoking ideas and woke up the session.
He always presented novel and controversial ideas that made for lively discussions. I also missed the official luncheon because of the rush job. Instead, Mrs. Varkonyi, my hostess and staff member at the Institute, surprised me by driving me to see their Pioneer Train Station, where we had a lovely lunch in the park while watching young pioneers perform the duties of station masters and train conductors. An idea like that could get a number of our bored youths off the streets and onto constructive competition.

After lunch, we drove back, stopped at a lookout point, and saw the panorama of Budapest in the distance. When we arrived at the hotel, I collapsed into deep slumber only to be awakened by Lotfi who gave me exactly 15 minutes to get ready for an official reception at the Academy of Sciences. Once that was over, around 10:30 p.m., we were finally able to have a quiet dinner for two.

A famous meeting place in Constitution Square was the Gerbeaud Cafe where very fancy pastry and the most miniature rolls were served. Vaci Utca was the main shopping street mall, where perfumes and folkart rubbed shoulders. The display windows had much more to offer here, but prices were high, and on closer inspection, the elegance of the fit seemed doubtful. Mrs. Varkonyi specialized in delightful surprises. We took a trolley to their closed-in market where meats, fish, flowers, fruit, berries, and paprika were displayed in profusion. Here, Mrs. Varkonyi extracted out of a bag a large, clear plastic bowl, and made me pick the fruits of my choice, whereupon the salesgirl proceeded to fill the bowl with fruits and berries chosen by Mrs. Varkonyi. It was a lovely gesture that cost enough Forints to embarrass me. The brimming bowl was wrapped in tissue paper and plastic, which was brought for that purpose from home. In a side street, an official car waited for us (another surprise, since I expected to use the trolley). I was driven in style to Hotel Olympia, a 20 minute ride out of town, where I took a much needed nap.

In the evening, six taxis waited to take us to professors' homes. We were a large group and had to be split into two residences. Tokay, nuts, and Pepsi were served, and because it was getting late, I was beginning to despair of getting any supper at all.

At about 9 p.m. we were asked to board the waiting taxis again and were sped kamikaze-style to the Budapest Catacombs. Here,
huge barrels served as dining booths and a good Gypsy ensemble added warmth to the already hot food. It was a fine Hungarian evening with lots of wine and music. At 12:30 a.m., we were safely delivered, after a 40 minute ride, to our hilly Olympia where we promptly collapsed into our bunk beds.

The following day was our opera night in Budapest. The only trouble was that Lotfi’s “misinformation theory” worked as well as before. Somehow we were driven to the wrong opera house and had barely time to grab a taxi to make it to the other end of town. Our opera was *Tosca*. The production was very “summer stock”, only Scarpia was very good and utterly evil. The Bulgarian soprano tried hard and occasionally made it, but Cavaradossi sang with such Vibrato that I could barely listen to his quaking. Nonetheless, he got such uniform clapping and enthusiastic applause that we guessed vibratos must be in great demand in Hungary. Perhaps we should send them our vibratos? Still, it was a pleasant evening. The main opera house was performing Mozart and I wonder which would have been better?” After the performance, a small group gathered at the famous Matjias Keller, which Lotfi immediately recognized as the place where we had been on our first trip to Hungary in 1965. The food was good, the music full of *schmalz*, and the atmosphere very Hungarian. Getting a taxi after 12 a.m., however, was a problem. After waiting a good 20 minutes, one taxi drove up but the others had to wait much longer. All of us were very tired when we reached our hotel.

Our excursion day to Lake Balaton was on Friday the 13th. In spite of the omen nothing happened to spoil the day. It was beautiful with only a threat of a storm that didn’t materialize. At the lake we had a swim in the quiet, muddy, but pleasant waters near Tihany. The grounds owned by the Institute were lovely and we idled in the hazy sun until threatening clouds drove us back to our bus. We had a delightful lunch and the best Goulash soup ever while listening to a Hungarian virtuoso band and a gypsy singer, who later brazenly passed the collection hat among her captive audience. Our guide was indignant and apologetic for the way in which this was done, but then gypsies have to earn their living.

After lunch, we visited a lovely baroque church in Tihany and had a drink on a terrace which overlooked limpid, hazy and lovely
lake Balaton, famous for its warm waters.

Our final farewell dinner party was at our hotel. The food was fancy and rather good, as was the music. As usual, there was a feeling of finality on the last night. Toasts are made, addresses exchanged; it is a bit sad. At our table was the formidable Dr. Pospelov from the Soviet Union. He surprised us by his excellent, extemporaneous thank you speech, which was poorly interpreted by one of his colleagues. He even tossed in a complaint by way of a compliment. He said, "The work was so rigorous and the hospitality so warm, that there was no possibility or time to enjoy at leisure the sights of your beautiful city or do any shopping and use up your Forints." Bravo Pospelov! This was a complaint which was heard only too often after many of the International Symposia, but was never expressed in public.

The following morning we were supposed to be awakened at 5 a.m. by the desk clerk, but nothing happened. Fifteen minutes before we were to be picked up, an embarrassed man knocked on the door with an apology. Oh, well, we must always rely on ourselves. We were picked up at 6 a.m. sharp and taken to the airport, where the student loyally waited until our plane took to the air. This was Hungarian hospitality! Good-bye beautiful Buda and Pest! I doubted we would be back in the foreseeable future.

![Image: At the official reception in the Budapest Townhall, Fay (with a large pocketbook) is standing with a group of dignitaries.](image-url)
Prof. Vamos and his wife, and Prof Pospelov (USSR) pose for a picture with Fay (center) at the reception (Budapest, Hungary).

Fay and Lotfi on a picnic at Lake Balaton (Hungary).

Hungarian music with Schmaltz (Matjas Keller in Budapest).
I had just come from Berkeley to New York City to liquidate the contents of my parents’ now-dusty apartment. Not wanting to advertise, I tried to do it locally and through friends. Responding to a query, a few had already come to look at the things but neither auction houses nor the few who came were interested enough to bother since the furniture had seen its better days long ago. They did like the Persian rugs and Chinese antiques, but those were not for sale.

While I was working one October afternoon with a helper sorting things, there was a ring at the door and a big man, briefcase in hand, handed me a soiled visiting card. It read: West Side Furniture Co. He was tall, portly, and ominous, with a black mustache, black fedora, polished boots, and a rust-brown suit. Behind him I stood a younger man, tall, lean and jerky.

“Mr. Goldstein sent us to see your furniture,” said the portly giant.

“Mr. Goldstein?” I replied hesitantly, looking up at the big man. “I know no such name. I’m expecting some people, but Goldstein doesn’t ring a bell.” And, suddenly suspicious I asked, “What is his first name?”
The man looked ill at ease. "Mr. Goldstein sent us," he repeated, evading my question.

I took the card. "Let me call the number and check."

By then the two men were well inside the apartment. One of them closed the door, and the next moment I saw the muzzle of a gun looking me straight in the face. The young man hissed into my ear, "This is a hold-up, lady. Move along, move along. Keep quiet and you won’t get hurt."

My helper and I backed slowly towards a back room. I thought "This is not happening to me. This couldn’t be real. It must be a TV show."

Luckily, my elderly companion did not scream and both of us kept cool. I asked the men to take what they wanted and leave us alone. But hold-ups wouldn’t be hold-ups if they were handled politely and civilly.

The men were tense, while we numbly followed orders. The younger one ripped a bed sheet. While tying our hands and feet, he kept up a constant harangue under his breath about having to make a living in this way. I almost felt sorry for him in spite of the fear and disgust at being manhandled in such an undignified way.

He started putting a gag in my mouth. "We won’t shout," I mumbled, "just get on with it."

"We can’t trust you women. You talk too much" he replied.

The doorbell rang.

"Let her open the door," ordered the man in the fedora.

The youth untied me and I rushed to the door. Another friend had come to help with the packing. She, too, was then grabbed and pushed towards the back room to be tied up and gagged. Having a heart condition, she became very upset and begged for a sedative which she carried in her purse. The man was polite enough to soothe her and offer her a glass of water before tying her up.

At this point, there was a buzz at the intercom (recently installed for greater protection). I was freed once more to answer the call with the gun pointed at me with orders to behave as though all was well.

The super asked, "Is everything all right up there? Two men went up to your apartment. Are they from a furniture company?"

"Yes"
"Then it is O.K."
"Yes, it is all right."

Had I said "No," I might have had a knife in my ribs. The men carried knives as well.

I was once more led to the back room, tied, and gagged. The two men were getting uneasy now; too many calls were interrupting them and they had to work fast.

Suddenly, the "boss" returned from the living room with a frown on his face. "We'll take a rug and you'll have to write a release note. Are you left or right-handed? Do you have jewelry?"

I could not reply with a gag in my mouth so, once more they pulled out the plug and my right hand was freed so I could sign a pass for a "large, $7,000—Oriental. I suspected that someone had seen the rug the day before and paid the men for delivery. The men then disappeared into the living room and a little later a voice was heard saying, "someone will come to you." Then all was still.

How long we sat there, I don't know. It seemed such a long time. Our hands and feet began to swell but we were afraid to move for fear of making a noise should the men still be in the apartment and come at us.

However, the most frightening thought was that someone would come to release us who might yet want to kill or rape us instead. Fear finally prompted us to action and one woman started hopping about. As she came closer, I was able to untie her and she, in turn, tore off my restraints.

In our excitement it took a great deal of fumbling to unlock the kitchen door. Once outside in the hall, we madly rushed to the lower floor, and we knocked on a door for help.

But New York was a city of fear and the people don't unlock doors. Our frantic whispers were finally heeded and the women let us in, incredulous that we were held up, though the torn sheets were still dragging behind us.

We tried calling 911 (N.Y. Police) but no one answered. The minutes kept ticking away while still one person was left upstairs to wait in fear and perhaps danger.

Calling the operator finally brought a response, but the police did not show up for nearly 40 minutes, although the precinct was only
four blocks away. Apparently, the police were so busy elsewhere that they did not get the call until some five minutes before they showed up. At least that was their story. We believed them since they looked honest and harassed.

When we finally ventured back into the burglarized apartment, we ascertained that a watch had been taken off one of the women, and about $30 off the other. A couple of antique silver bowls were taken as well, probably stuck into the rolled-up rug as a bonus.

But we were all alive, and the rest did not seem to matter so much! It was only money . . .
Friday morning, July 1, we left for Paris. Lotfi was scheduled to attend the Information Theory Conference, ENSET, in Cachan, and the First World Conference on Mathematics in the Service of Man in Barcelona.

The captain announced the flight schedule and pointed out places of interest. Gorgeous, and not so gorgeous, stewardesses hurried down the aisles with a menu in their hands, plying us with drinks, magazines, and food. We were given earphones for music, pillows for a nap, and a movie against boredom.

By the way, I have changed my mind about flying. Air travel in the U.S. is really great! As compared with the rest of the world, look at the comforts and courteous service of airlines in America (paying no mind to the plastic smiles and cheery “good mornings”, which are sometimes actually genuine): a bell captain relieves you of heavy valises at the curb; beautiful young maids direct you to the proper check-in counters; check-in clerks wish you a good trip; and your seat is reserved by the window, on the aisle, or off the aisle, as you prefer. Where do you get this kind of service in all of Europe, unless you board an American airline? On European airlines you scamper for any seat you can get.
In short, we lead the "life of Riley" while we are in the air. And yet how many gripe about lukewarm coffee, under-cooked "gourmet style" meals, crowded planes, tired backs, and long flight times. I believe this is the malady of affluence.

I admit that I, too, have complained a number of times for a number of reasons, and I apologize. Now, winging towards Europe, blissfully stretched out on two seats, with my feet up, a pillow under my arm, music in my ears, a cup of hot tea in one hand and a book in the other. I feel surely, if this is not sitting in the lap of the Gods, then what is? And so, I advertise (free of charge) for the excellence, smoothness, and comfort of American air travel!

The weather was clear, and visibility unlimited. Far below us, the Missouri wound like an endless ribbon along a patchwork of greens and ochres. The four-hour flight from San Francisco to Washington went almost too fast. Flying to Europe with a changeover was not a bad way to break up this long flight.

In Washington, D.C., I couldn't help but remark on what a well-planned airport Dulles was! Why hadn't other international airports considered diesel shuttle vans? There were no interminable corridors, or half a mile long walks. Instead, they had convenient door-to-gate service. Here was a good model for our future airports to follow—economical, logical, and space-saving. I suggest a gold medal be awarded to the brilliant mind that conceived the Washington airport and BOOS go to the designer of the O'Horror in Chicago. I didn't mind a two-hour layover at Dulles airport in air-conditioned comfort. One note of caution: do not rush to catch a connecting flight. Running is useless, since the only way to make a connection is to wait until the shuttle is ready to go. It moves slowly but very smoothly as though on air cushions.

As I waited, I watched a Concord Supersonic bird gracefully glide in. I'm not sure whether most airports could accommodate this exciting aircraft of the future, but Dulles seemed perfect for it.

Our plane to Paris was a narrow Boeing 707 (a far cry from the roomy 747), but the dinner of barbecued chicken was tasty and the night sped by with a two-to-three hour nap. After serving us orange juice and a continental breakfast, the captain announced the
approach to Paris and thanked us for flying with him. I felt that we should have thanked him for the safe and pleasant flight.

Our plane arrived at De Gaulle half an hour before Lotfi. I waited to greet him at the Air-France satellite. De Gaulle gave me the feeling of a space station. The weather in Paris at 7:33 a.m. was clear, sunny, and cool. Oh, no, it was the first hot day after a miserable cold spell that lasted until July. But Paris was bewitching, like a mistress, and eternally beautiful and alluring. What a city on a sunny day! Everything about it invited an aperitif or a hand-in-hand stroll in aesthetic contemplation and relaxation under the trees along the boulevards, ogling and being ogled. Since it is Saturday, the streets and stores are thronged with shoppers. I went to the Trois Quartiers and madly bought bras and ear plugs. That was the extent of my shopping spree since the price of everything else was sky-high.

Tonight we were to meet an old acquaintance whom I have not seen since I was 18. Thus, I will have to confront my youth and revive long forgotten memories of Tehran. How will she find me, I wondered, after so many years? Her husband (as a bachelor) once pinched me to express his preference. That finished his chance of courting me, but fast!

We were late by half an hour as there were no taxis to be had. When we arrived at the lovely, tree-lined street in the 16th arrondissement, an old lady with a dog was waiting on a bench to let us in. The French have a good system. Only a special combination of numbers opens the door. A quite ingenious idea, as long as you don’t forget the combination. As Lotfi emerged from the taxi, the little waddling dog burst into squeals of delight. Either dogs have a very long memory, or else Lotfi had been a frequent enough visitor to be remembered.

On the fifth floor we were met by a beautiful, well-coiffed woman and shown into a sumptuous, richly furnished apartment. Beautiful Niura lived in lonely splendor with an old Dachshund and a French maid. Her’s was a private world of gray velvet and pink geraniums. Her ex-husband supported this luxury and visited her once a year. He had paid $20,000 for remodeling her kitchen. For this consideration she kept “his” room in quiet splendor. It had showroom qualities: subdued and very elegant. From this grandeur, we descended to L’Assiette au Boeuf, a large restaurant full of French
ambiance, live music, and good food. It was somewhat noisy, and Niura did not seem to fit too well, but we enjoyed the evening and returned her safely to her elegant quarters after dinner.

Compared to this encounter, our next visit in the district was much noisier, warmer, and less formal (though it was the home of a vice-consul from the U.S.). An old friend from childhood, Maideh, had an apartment that was happily cluttered, but its modern, sunny cheerfulness was a refreshing experience. At Niura's we had been served a glass of bottled juice by the maid, whereas Maideh fussed graciously serving cheeses, fruits, pastries, strawberries, tea, and affection. Both my friends came from Tehran society, but they are poles apart otherwise.

Our third visit was with Lotfi's French friend, Françoise. She came to our hotel and Lotfi invited her out to dinner, but then she became quite ill and Lotfi had to put her in a taxi and send her home.

Jean Paul Jacob also surprised us with a visit, but he was just like Lotfi—in one minute and out the next. He was always rushing to an appointment. Thus, we were left alone for the evening.

We took a walk along Blvd. des Capucines where we had tea at Cafe de la Paix. Here we watched the not-so-handsome parade of “flaneurs” and then returned to our hotel.

Paris could be depressing. There were so many lonely and exhausted tourists, and so many hard-working people. Paris is not a very friendly place, and not very sincere either. Underneath the veneer, there was the constant struggle to survive, the hard life of the serving class, and disdain for tourists. When the weather is hot, and apparently it starts getting hot in July, everyone suffers. Tempers flare and beautiful Paris can be an ugly place.

In spite of technological progress, Paris has not properly geared itself to its climate. Comforts which are taken for granted in small American towns are either nonexistent or very expensive here.

It is July 4th, and we are at the opening sessions on Information Theory, held at ENSET in Cachan, a suburb of Paris.

Illustrious and not so illustrious scientists were being lodged in clean but Spartan student quarters after a long wait (the French have an unhurried attitude of indifference). Some participants were rather unhappy about their housing accommodations. There were
grumbles, but no complaints since very few wives were along and no small children were present. Cachan has a Metro, but no bus connection to the Institute, and on a hot day walking a mile, especially with hand-luggage, was not exactly a pleasure, but then participants were not expected to spend their time in Paris sight-seeing. There were no phones in the rooms, of course, but the few phones outside the dorms were also out-of-order, and because of a recent holdup, the post office facilities were closed. Towels and soap were supplied by us, but the balconies overlooking a lovely park made up for the lack of certain comforts.

Due to poor planning and timing, we had to make some travel changes that involved long waits in line at airline offices. After a 30 minute subway ride, we arrived hot and hungry to find that we had to walk to ENSET. When we finally got there and checked in, we missed our lunch, and since sessions were about to start, we had to forego lunch altogether. Being unfamiliar with the area and regulations in general, we remained hot, hungry, and thirsty until the official buffet hour at 7 p.m. By then, I had lost my cool and was ready to leave on the first plane, but lack of communication with the outside world made me a prisoner.

Gulping down two orange juices and two small canapes at the welcoming party made me ill and I quietly withdrew to my cell. A day of lectures on an empty stomach was a bit too much, and being the emotional person I am, I was ready to drown myself in the first available pool, but then there were no pools or Lotfi might have lost his “girl Friday”. He came back from the party around 10 p.m., and seeing my depressed state, persuaded me to join him for a little stroll in the park. While we sat on a bench, he held my hand. This was just what I needed.

It turned somewhat cooler and then we were able to sleep and even oversleep in our separate “bachelor’ quarters. Lotfi’s alarm did not go off as expected and we almost missed breakfast. I was grateful for the French habit of not taking time seriously.

Our first breakfast was quite a surprise. What seemed to us at first glance to be large bowls of hot cereal, turned out to be large bowls of coffee and hot chocolate. They looked to me like prison rations. Not finding any butter but only a loaf of bread and a can of jam, my comparison was excusable. However, walking into the din-
ing area, we found a big chunk of butter at every table and the baguettes were delicious! Lunch and dinner meals were plentiful and very tasty, conversation with students and scholars was stimulating, so I no longer felt like running away.

I even used the heat as an excuse not to go into tourist-infested, steamy Paris except to see the monstrous “Folie de Pompidou”, which had to be seen to be believed. There was a French joke about it that goes something like this: “La France n’a pas de petrole, mais nous avons une raffinerie”. It looks just like that or like some chemist’s nightmare. Why so little sense of the aesthetic from the poetic French and why a “shock for effect” presentation? It was interesting to ponder. Of course, the Eiffel Tower in its time was quite a scandal, but it is now an inseparable part of Paris. It stands astride like a colossus of Rhodes. I think Paris would be less without its tower (and what a commercial success it has been). Hordes of curious onlookers surround the Centre Pompidou to see it, although it seems to fit ill into the old historic center of Paris. I didn’t fall for its avant-garde style myself.

During our five-day stay at Cachan, it was hot and muggy, except for the last day when a storm finally cleared the air. On a tour of Versailles (our second visit after many years), the palace seemed less magnificent, and the Hall of Mirrors less awe-inspiring, but the reconstructed bed chambers with embroidered bedspreads and canopies were a sight well worth the trip, even on a hot day jammed in by tourists.

On Thursday, July 7, I slept through most of the day, between meals, only to wake up in time to hear Lotfi’s excellent presentation at 3 p.m., after which he chaired the rest of the sessions until dinner time. I also became platonically enamored of an 86-year-old scholar, Professor Campé de Feriet, who gave a talk in perfect English with extreme clarity and enthusiasm. He had a fantastic memory and the manners and old tradition of gallantry, Gallic style. Quite a man!

At the end of the conference there was a small farewell gathering, but people were already hurrying away and those left were feeling either saddened or relieved at parting. Professor Picard, the organizer, was going to take a holiday which he well deserved. Our next conference was to be in Barcelona. It suddenly became quiet and deserted. There were only a few of our group left at dinner
time and no one to keep us company on our last evening. As we were descending the stairs after supper, we heard strains of music in the lower mess-hall. Dance music always draws us irresistibly, so we stopped to watch the dancing couples. They were French teachers from abroad taking a refresher course during the summer. They were having their own farewell party. One of the hosts approached us and warmly invited us to join the group, although we were total strangers. He then proceeded to bring us Sangria, nuts, salami, and other munchies. Such warm hospitality was very unexpected, especially from the French.

It turned out to be a delightful evening full of wholesome atmosphere and innocent fun. Everyone danced, and whenever a broom was tapped, all dancers had to change partners. The most popular diversion was when a small white cloth was thrown over the center couple who then shyly kissed under the kerchief. It brought back lovely memories of youthful games and shy courting. We left at midnight but the party went on until 3 a.m.

After yesterday’s storm it was cold and damp. Everyone who hadn’t already departed was leaving this morning. Our taxi arrived only 20 minutes late (true to form), but we still had plenty of time at chaotic Orly-Sud to wait in a slow-moving check-in line. Boarding planes in Europe had the usual frantic quality of whoever gets there first. You cannot afford to sit down for fear of losing your place in line.

Upon landing in Barcelona, I felt immediately the change of climate. A cool, dry wind was more refreshing, but the dusty hot summer months could be quite merciless, nonetheless. A taxi from the airport was a flat rate, 325 pesos. Almost immediately, upon our arrival at the modern (not yet completely finished) EXPO Hotel, we were met by Professors Trillas and Alcena, who had been anxiously expecting us. They took us on a marvelous little tour. It was Saturday evening and the rush of arrivals for the First World Conference of Mathematics in the Service of Man had not yet begun. We were taken first to Tibi-Dabo, that overlooks all of Barcelona, and swims in a summer haze mixed with smog. Then we went to the Cathedral where a Sardana was about to begin. However, it was the Church of the Sagrada Familia by Gaudi that impressed me most. His ar-
chitecture was a complete breakaway from conservative traditions, an art nouveau. It was my guess, of course rather unfounded, that his houses, with bent balconies and mushroom-shaped roofs, must have been an inspiration to Walt Disney’s imagery. Gaudi’s sidewalk patterns, however, were impractical and less striking than those of Rio. Neither were easy to walk on, but Gaudi was the pride and joy of Barcelona, and Barcelona will continue to be famous in part because of Gaudi’s 1890’s modernism.

The old city is very medieval and interesting to walk through. On Saturdays and Sundays after 7 p.m. crowds flocked to the Cathedral and the Generalitat to participate in the Sardana. The squares fill with young and old holding hands and seriously executing intricate dance steps to seemingly undanceable but lovely melodies, performed by a special trumpet band. After filling ourselves with new sights and sounds, we were returned to our hotel and allowed to have our dinner at 10 p.m.

Our EXPO Hotel had one big advantage, it was fully air-conditioned. Otherwise, even though it was ultramodern, I did not get the feeling of efficiency. Rather, it seemed that Barcelona was trying too hard and too fast to implement modernization at any cost, without assimilating technological progress by common sense and practice. For example, we had the latest electrified gimmicks, but inadequate ventilation, especially in the bathrooms. Water often dripped through the sparkling white bathroom ceilings. There were electric shoe buffers on every floor, but the desk clerks and switchboard operators didn’t always know what they were doing.

There were actually three Barcelona: the old Barcelona with narrow streets built for shade and protection that were quite picaresque and full of history and blood; the newer section with streets that were wide and tree-lined, boulevard-like; and finally, the future Barcelona, built in ultramodern style. The people, a proud race, are very hospitable. They are Catalans—quite different from other Spaniards. Barcelona boasted three million inhabitants, not counting summer tourists who were like a flock of birds.

Our hotel had suddenly turned into Grand-Central Station with buses unloading guests by the truckload. Lotfi predicted great success for the new hotel, but I wondered whether it will hold together after its newness had worn off. At the time of our stay there, it was
impressive, impersonal, and already leaking.

While in Barcelona, Lotfi enjoyed the Sardana spectacle most of all. However, I almost lost him in the crowds. He was taking pictures as though there were no tomorrow. With friends, we savored food near the Ramblas at the popular Caracoles. The *gaspacho* was very tasty, the *paella* so-so, the atmosphere very pleasant, and the place clean. We also had a good meal at the Can Juanito, *Ramon y Cajal No. 3*. The *chippiron* there was excellent, but their famous *Hamon* was overly salty and sliced rather thick. I chewed and chewed but found it hard to swallow.

While in Spain, I was asked to buy a wallet, since Spain is famous for leather goods. Someone suggested that I try El Corte Inglais, where I was told I could buy anything. The minute I walked in, I wanted to get out. It was like a bustling bargain basement with goods piled high and people pulling from all directions. When merchandise is presented in this way, even good things look cheap and seedy. It was so crowded, that air-conditioning (whatever there was of it) had little effect. I walked out to the Ramblas Cataluna where I entered some exclusive Paris-like stores. Even there, I was not struck by elegance, although the leathers were of fine quality.

I never saw any really elegant women or even beautiful ones. Probably the rich had left for cooler spots. Women in the streets and on the Metro had a tired peasant look about them. The Barcelona Metro was rather dingy-looking with many escalators out of order and long walking stretches between connecting lines, but it was cleaner than New York's "disgrace". It was fast and cost only about 15 cents a ride.

I took some pictures of the Sagrada Familia and discovered that the towers were so narrow that two people could barely pass each other. A full scale model of the cathedral was on view in the crypt. It looked impressive, but when I saw it I wondered when, if ever, it might be completed. A roof could be built over the vast open space, but I thought it should remain as it was—an awesome comparison to the famous completed cathedrals of the world.

My favorite spot in Barcelona was the Spanish Pueblo. It was a picturesque, charming assemblage of various structures that housed various arts and crafts for sale. The entrance fee was 40 pesetas and
well worth the trip.

Our Spanish hosts invited about 12 of us to La Pergola, across from the Palace of Congresses. Poor Lotfi had been having bad luck in his choice of menu. Again, in this elegant, deserted restaurant, he picked a dish which turned out to have clams for flavor (which he abhors), while his hosts dined on delicious-looking, expensive lamb with fritos. Lotfi should stop being so polite and economical.

We took a tour of Costa Brava, which was a lovely trip by bus and boat, and included the best and most plentiful lunch since our arrival in Spain (and the best paella). We also took a pleasant dip in the ocean. The water was clear and cold, but the sharp drop off only a few feet from the edge made it a bit dangerous for nonswimmers. Lounge chairs were free for the taking, but no towels were available, and dressing facilities were somewhat primitive by American standards. The sand was coarse and less comfortable to the feet, but cleaner and easier to shake off. Beaches were crowded everywhere, and getting on the boat was a real scramble, since cues of people converged on all sides towards the narrow ramp leading to the deck. The boats did not dock, they merely approached the beach, lowered a plank, and passengers stepped onto the wet sand. The weather was lovely until evening when our bus picked us up from Fanals and sped us home towards Barcelona. It was a beautiful outing!

Lotfi prepared for his talk on “fuzzy.” Although he loved to collect people around him, he excused himself. In the morning when we went to have breakfast, there were 150 people waiting in line, and it moved so slowly that I wondered whether we would get through in time. Besides, I was indignant about having to stand for 40 minutes to get a roll and coffee. At the Hall of Congresses, nothing was open until 9:30 and Lotfi was to give his lecture at that time. Thus, he presented his talk on an empty stomach. Meanwhile, I returned to the hotel for a belated snack and took a bun for him, which he refused and pretended not to be hungry. Always the man!

There was a farewell cocktail party after which we gathered in the coffee shop for melted cheese sandwiches. Suddenly, Marie Sanchez walked in with her little son and a young nephew. They
had driven from Marseilles and rushed so as not to miss us. We went together to Montjuich Park thinking it was Gaudi’s Park Guell, or so it said on the map in black and white. However, it was a misprint (some misprint!).

We enjoyed ourselves just as much by taking an air-gondola up the mountain and had a magnificent view of Barcelona and its harbor. A drizzle set in and we had to return by taxi to the Ramblas, where the Sanchezes were renting a dingy, noisy room for 1100 pesetas. Ours was luxury compared to theirs, but theirs was in the center of town where they had to pay more for less. As I walked up the famous Ramblas promenade, I wondered what all the fuss was about a dirty, run-down, tree-lined street thronging with people, and cheap little shops. On chairs sat shabbily dressed young people and the old and decrepit. It may have been colorful, but to me it was a bit depressing, especially in contrast to the magnificent Champs Elysees or the Tuileries. Though quite picturesque, I would call the Ramblas a “poor man’s boulevard.”

Reaching the Plaza Cataluna I had to grab a taxi. It looked like it was really going to rain this time (and did throughout the night). Taxis here were very reasonable, especially for the dollar. Even with the new 20 percent surcharge plus a 15 percent tip, a ride from the Plaza to the Expo Hotel cost me only $1.20. Incredible! Unfortunately, inflation was catching up in Spain.

We discovered, alas, too late, a very simple, cheap and cheerful, genuine Spanish tavern or family restaurant just a block from our hotel. The Isidra was noisy, hospitable, and tasty. This is real Catalan! Our sangria was good, our stew delicious, and the price was right. A good time was had by all. Too bad we have to leave so soon.

Although a tour of museums was on the ladies’ program, there were just two of us, so the guide used her private car and walked us personally through muddy, narrow streets to the Picasso Museum. Although the facades looked somber and uninviting, once I opened a gate I found myself in an attractive courtyard with potted palms, wrought-iron staircases, and porticos. In short, the Palazzos of the rich. The museum was very impressive and lovers of Picasso flocked to it daily. The museum hoped to get Guernica from New York’s Modern Museum, but everyone else seemed to want it too. Why not have a reproduction made and give some artists work?
After the tour, I rushed over to Pueblo Espagnol for some precious Saffron. Not only did I find the shop closed and bolted but the banks were all closed as well. The sign read: “Open from 9-2”, and it was only 1 p.m. The Spaniards didn’t seem to take punctuality too seriously either. When I came to the closing session 30 minutes late, I found it had not yet begun. There were less than one third of the participants present, and while the six organizers sat at the panel, the large hall looked sadly empty. The end of the sessions was always a little sad, but this time it was almost despondent.

On the way back, Lotfi’s luggage wound up in New Zealand! However, I enjoyed excellent service from TWA. Travel is fine, but coming home to a place one loves is even better!
Sardana dance (Barcelona, 1977).
Lyon and Toulouse
Conferences, 1980

We were on our way to Europe with a stopover in Washington. The stopover usually breaks up the jet-lag and allows for better adjustment, once abroad. This time the processing was particularly smooth, although somewhat long.

Our reservations were at the Quality Inn. Next door was a Howard Johnson that had good food at reasonable prices. It was very American. I almost preferred it to the chi-chi of city restaurants with fancy menus. The area around Washington still breathed stability and respectability—the American backbone!

Our taxi driver to College Park turned out to be a recent émigré from Kiev, USSR, and happy to be in the U.S. Our cab driver to Dulles Airport was a staunch, pure-blooded American with a business degree and a fleet of five taxis. He rented his cabs out to students who wanted to make extra money, offering them a free day once a week as an incentive. It sounded like a good business strategy in a free enterprise system. He was very loyal and in love with his native Baltimore. I liked his attitude.

We had suddenly realized that our flight to New York was out of Dulles Airport, which was twice as far as Baltimore. Lotfi then
tried to get a connection to New York on other airlines but was unsuccessful. The night before, on arrival in Baltimore we missed the limousine and had to take a taxi which cost us $21.50 instead of $14. Unable to change our reservations to Baltimore airport we ordered a limo to Dulles at $12 a head. However, when it arrived, the black driver had orders to take us to Baltimore and since he had other passengers, he was unable to change his route. After arguing back and forth, losing time, and lodging a protest with the company that made the mistake, we ordered a taxi, which arrived before we finished our telephoned complaint. The pure-blooded efficiency expert charged us $32, plus a baggage fee, and an additional charge for carrying an extra passenger—me. Now why did he do that? Was it efficiency plus, or was it simply cheating the ignorant?

Using Dulles’ excellent, model Airport and Grumman’s sunny little plane, we flew to New York for our next connection to Paris, where the crush started. First there was the trauma of having to get on to a yellow bus to connect with the proper airline. That was a major problem, since everyone is converging from every side trying to get on without forming a cue, pushing and shoving until we were like sardines in a can. It is a most frustrating and undignified conveyer-belt system. Lotfi and I almost got separated because I refused to push my way through. A desperate tourist begged to be let on for fear of missing his plane, but the driver was implacable.

Then came the checking in at Air France where there were long lines and overworked personnel. One woman became frantic because she didn’t get her boarding pass and couldn’t remember who checked her in. Our valises were ticketed through to Lyon, so at least one hassle was eliminated, but after getting checked in, the attendant wouldn’t let us pass because Lotfi’s carry-on was too big. Lotfi fought back by opening his briefcase, so the man latched on to me for having two carry-ons. I then coolly stuffed my purse into one of the bags claiming it as my travel bag. He insisted weakly that I go back, but at that point Lotfi’s eyes looked daggers. When I followed him, the man simply looked the other way, seeing that he had lost the round. These hurdles surmounted, we finally settled in our 747 seats with efficient French service. At last, a delicious French dinner with French wine and a free Belmondo movie topped it off.
The night slowly melted into dawn and for the first time in many years I didn’t get a wink all night. After landing in Paris there was a five-hour wait for our connecting flight to Lyon. A long day’s night so to speak.

Lyon’s skies were overcast, but the weather was quite pleasant. We did not know whether anyone was meeting us and we didn’t know what hotel we were to stay at. As it turned out, someone forgot to book us altogether and with several conventions in town this proved to be a rather complicated matter. At the airport we were met by several questioning glances from unfamiliar faces. A hesitant “Professor Zadeh?”, smiles, and a sigh of relief welcomed us when we answered in the affirmative. We were the first to arrive, but one participant was lost for the entire weekend because of poor organization.

Built partly on hills and flanked by two rivers, Lyon was beautiful and most impressive. The Rhone and the Saone are spanned by many bridges, and with sunny colors and tiled roofs, the old and Renaissance Quarters resembled Florence. The city was kept clean and the streets were constantly swept and washed. The city had an underground system and efficient transportation by bus. Lyon was actually composed of three cities: Renaissance, contemporary, and modern. We were able to get a small but immaculate room at Hotel Roosevelt with a Continental breakfast. Their rolls and excellent croissants were better than those we had in Paris. While Lotfi attended the conference, I explored the city across the bridge (equipped with raincoat, umbrella and map). The old opera, the City Hall, les Terreaux fountain, and Palais St. Pierre that housed le musee des arts de Lyon and had a park-like inner court, were all very lovely. In the afternoon, I took the Metro to Croix-Rousse looking for the traboules, only to discover that I should have started from La Place de Terreaux walking upward. I went to see la maison Canut where silk was hand-woven at $50 a meter. I then took the Metro again to Part Dieu, the new shopping center. When I returned to our hotel, I realized that I could probably have walked straight across rather than use the subway. At 6:30 p.m., after a good nap, I was picked up and taken to the Hotel Des Congres to meet the “Fuzzy
Thinkers” and then attended a rather “disorganized” dinner at La Tassee, where some 20 of us had a bad dinner (boiled pork), and had to pay for others who had chosen a more elaborate menu (the bill being evenly divided). Thus, for 75 Fr. each (almost $20 U.S.) we had a most disappointing meal. Where were the great dining places for which Lyon was famous? At any rate, I swore to stay away from group dinners henceforth, if possible.

This morning I awoke to another lovely but rather cool day in Lyon. Beautiful! Lotfi insisted I come to the INSA for lunch. So I took bus #27 and then walked half a mile to find the right cafeteria. Here was my first good meal in Lyon, while Lotfi participated in another “disaster” with a group of 30. I had a lovely afternoon in the old quarter of the city. I took the funiculaire to Fourbiere, bought a napoleon, used up all my booklet of tickets, and admired the city.

We arrived in Toulouse after a rain and were met by the Giralts with a lovely rose wrapped in cellophane. We stayed smack in the center of the city at Hotel Capoul. The Angelakos were staying here too, so it was more pleasant and reassuring. The hotel, which is old, has creaky floors, and a long walk around the courtyard, was clean and quiet (except for the musical floors).

Helen took me to see St. Etienne and then to the Musee des Augustins. Both are very impressive, Moorish, red brick structures. Les Jacobins was magnificent, St. Sernin a little less so, but quite impressive. Upon Helen’s recommendation, I took Susanne Giralt to our restaurant at Hotel Capoul. She in turn persuaded me to try a specialty, Magret de Canard Paysanne (at $15 a portion). If I had known how gigantic and bloody the Toulouse ducks were, we could have managed on a salad and one duck breast between the two of us. As it was, neither of us could finish her portion, although it was “bloody” good. Our lunch, with wine and one sherbet, cost me (I gasp at the thought) 188 Fr. Voila! It was my one mad splurge in Toulouse (which is an interesting city, though it is rather difficult to get the feel of it in only 24 hours).

During intermittent rain-sun-rain, we had a long wait in Paris to take a taxi for Les Invalides. The service was very inadequate, to say the least, and no one knew where the cue formed or where the
“head” or “tail” was. A fight nearly ensued when Lotfi pointed out the order, mistakenly accusing a man who was simply taking his rightful turn. Recognizing his error, Lotfi naturally apologized immediately, but the situation remained tense.

Our little Hotel de l’Arcade had undergone a face lift. It was more modern, roomier, but had the same service. A feeling of permanence prevailed in spite of the changes. It was already 9:30 p.m. when we walked out for a bite, but then it started pouring and we had to wait quite a while for it to stop. Luckily, Lotfi did not insist on going to the Cafe de la Paix, or we would have been “soaked” both ways.

Since it was a weekend, we were able to catch up on sleep and relax while making phone calls. We were invited to Therese Bricheteau’s for dinner; the next evening we saw Sinaceurs or perhaps the Akouns; and on Monday, the Voges came in from their country home to take us out to dinner.

We had a lovely time with each and every one, enjoying delicious food and warm hospitality. Lotfi was able to go with me to see the Centre Pompidou. The ambiance around Beaubourg was very French and exciting—mendicants performed in the square, tourists milled around. We even had time to sip a cup of tea at the Deux Maggots and watch the street performers and freaks a la francaise. Paris is mysterious, beautiful and alluring, despite the chaotic traffic, high cost of living, cues, jams, and frustrations. I’ll come back anytime!

Now we are off to Aix-la-Chapelle or Aachen, Germany, for a stay of 24 hours (or less). The Dome was built by Charlemagne in 800 and I saw his personal “toilet-potty” in the Rathaus cellar restaurant. We had a lovely time thanks to the warm hospitality of Hans and Biggi Zimmermann. We even saw a little of the city, which was quite charming.

Our two days in London were sunny and pleasant, although most of Europe was rainy and very chilly. London itself had changed quite a bit. It was crawling with people, all kinds, all races, rich and poor. The subways, though efficient, were rather drafty and depressing, and people looked tired. Everyone was rushing to get somewhere.
The pubs were full. I suppose that liquor and dope helps to smooth out disenchantment, frustration, and hopelessness, and there was plenty of that to go around. I had noticed that it was in large, congested cities where the struggle for "a place in the sun" is most noticeable, as well as the strong contrasts between rich and poor."

Selfridge’s seemed shabby, although it was advertised as London’s busiest store, which it could very well be. On the plush side was world-famous Harrod’s, an institution in itself. Like the Last of the Mohicans, I could see the handwriting on the wall. Good old Soho had become almost completely Chinese.

I was amused to watch the inefficient, old-fashioned way of processing hordes for an English breakfast at the counter. It cost $1.85. Stacked, cold toast was passed around, dry cereal was served on "flat" plates, the sausage was under-cooked, the bacon was salty and almost inedible, and tea, the color of coffee, was served in cups that were immediately rinsed (in full view), and dried by hand with wet towels. The girl moved from sink to counter every time a spoon or cup was dried, a sheer waste of energy on a mass production line. In this breakfast, only the eggs looked real and tasted normal. So much for English breakfasts.

At Harrods, I fared hardly better, even though it was located in a plush district. The quiche, served "cafeteria-style", was cold and, in true English tradition, quite tasteless. It served me right for choosing French food in English surroundings. I should have known better, and opted for fish and chips instead.

Tonight, rather than going to the theater alone while Lotfi attended a meeting and dinner, I watched the Wimbledon Championships where McNamara and McNamee demolished McEnroy and Fleming.

London had one decided advantage. I could go by Metro all the way to the Heathrow Airport for $1.55, even though it takes an hour and a half. There should be similar connections in other large cities, particularly in the U.S. where distances are long and taxi fares are high.

From London, Lotfi and I flew together to Paris, but then he continued on to San Francisco. I remained in Paris in order to take my
two-day tour of the Loire Valley. In Paris, at a French Pizzeria near my hotel, they tried unsuccessfully to shortchange me. But I didn’t let them get away with it and got my money back, pronto!

This time I managed to see the opulent Paris Opera with the famous Marc Chagall ceiling, but I was more impressed by the colonnades, halls, mirrors, and marbles, in short, the old magnificence of times gone by.

Taking a walk along the Fauburg St. Honoré I was impressed, but not tempted, by all the famous boutiques vying with each other in styles and prices. Tonight I enjoyed eating a cottage cheese dinner in my little room.

I would like to make a few brief comments about the Castles of the Loire Valley Tour. It was a very good tour with excellent food and first class accommodations. I highly recommend it, even though at the Tours Hotel, amidst elegant surroundings and a first class dinner, a little cockroach was found on the chair by one of our group. So much for four-star hotels!

The castles were magnificent and the countryside most beautiful. Returning to Paris, I decided to take a little walk before bedtime along rue Tronchet. A fat man eyed me and mumbled an offer through his teeth. I’m expensive, so, no deal. Another young man followed me, but I clutched my purse and kept to the middle of the road. The moral: young or old, ladies should have an escort when walking at night, even in Paris.

While waiting at Porte Maillot for the airport connection to DeGaulle, a group of six Chinese gentlemen babbling excitedly boarded the bus. They had no French money to pay for their fare and wanted to pick up their valises at the airport Sofitel. Although their spokesman knew excellent English, he could speak no French. Apparently, they had just arrived from China and had a three-hour wait for their next flight. They were so anxious to see Paris that they decided to take the chance and see what they could in those three hours. Everything had been paid for them except this little detour. They were like little children let loose in a candy store and didn’t seem to understand that a fare was required. They wanted to ask that the plane be held for them until they picked up their lug-
gage from their hotel. What happened to them, I’ll never know, but judging from the passport lines, the check-in lines, and the X-ray lines, I was sure they missed their plane. Miracles rarely happen in the real world.

I had a good flight to New York, but a strenuous schedule because I was going on to San Francisco without a stopover. New York was miserably hot, as usual. My connection was on TWA, only two long blocks walking distance, but we weren’t allowed to take a cart beyond the gates of Air-France. The porter would not take my bags because it was too far, and the taxi would not take me because it was too near. The airport connection was somewhere, so I decided to walk, trying to look sprightly as the sweat poured down my face. Suddenly, a young black soldier offered to carry my valise saying he had been waiting since yesterday to ship to Germany and had nothing to do. We had a pleasant chat while he gallantly carried the heavy bag. In gratitude, I paid him generously. He bent down in front of the waiting crowds at TWA and kissed me on the cheek. I was moved and felt a warm glow. Nice things still happen in hot, unpredictable New York.

\[ Image: Dr. Campé de Feriet with Ron Yager of New York and Dr. Bernadette Bouchon of Paris (Lyon 1980). \]
We were off to Zurich on British Airways with a stopover in London. From Zurich, we would ascend the glorious heights of Oberlech in Austria, where IBM, like Gods on Mt. Olympus, hold their summer school during the rainy, hot European summer. For a pleasant change, I accompanied Lotfi instead of traveling alone, and it felt good!

Our 747 technological marvel had an unexpected technical problem and kept us on the ground for an additional one and a half hours. Lotfi gallantly exchanged my Apex economy with his Business Class for a much roomier and more comfortable seat. However, the food wasn't any tastier than in economy class, even though it had more pretensions and better service. For example, beautiful prawns (my favorite) tasted like defrosted rubber. The rest of the meal was hardly better. On my return trip on the same airline the food was just the opposite. Did Zurich have something to do with the cuisine?

Upon arrival in London, I lost Lotfi for over 40 minutes. There were two exits from the plane, and since I sat all the way up front and he sat in the back, I must have been waiting at one exit while he left from the other. When the plane was almost empty, I decided
to strike out on my own and promptly got lost in the notorious Heathrow labyrinth. Following the signs for "transients", I found myself in the "transfer" line to Arab countries. When I finally got to the right terminal, I found an angry and worried Lotfi waiting for me. He thought I was simply being "independent". So instead of being apologized to for the worry he had caused me, I did a lot of cajoling, explaining, and apologizing to convince him otherwise. Another fuzzy misunderstanding. Luckily, we had a three-hour wait for connections, or I might have missed my flight altogether.

From Zurich we took a train with reserved seating (which was arranged through IBM Paris), but no tickets could be found (another case of misinformation) and we had to buy our own. The ride from Zurich to Langen took two hours and when we got off we found the station deserted. It was 10:45 p.m. and pouring rain. A hotel bus drove us through rain and fog to the top of the mountain. How happy I was that we came by train instead of driving, as Lotfi had planned, by rented car. We would have lost our way and would be roaming around still.

Lech and Oberlech were two beautiful ski resorts, both sparkling clean and bursting with flower boxes. A mountain stream gurgling the length of Lech. Oberlech, nestled between pine-covered mountains with white snowcaps glistening in the distance, was closer to heaven and looked down on Lech. What a peaceful spot, particularly when it rained or snowed, and it rained almost every morning with the sun occasionally peeking through.

Our Burg Hotel was apparently the largest and fanciest among the few others on the hilltop, and the entire village was usually closed during the summer. IBM had rented the entire hotel for its Summer School, June 16 to August 16. Every week the subject matter changed. Ours was from July 29 to August 3, and Artificial Intelligence was very popular!

A gondola was within a few yards of the hotel and operated every 20 minutes, so that we could descend to the lively Lech village at our whim or remain in peaceful contemplation with nature.

Lotfi was so deeply involved, that he attended all the sessions and I saw him only at evening meals. However, one afternoon that
he had free we decided we would take the bus for an outing in Feldkirch. Mr. and Madame Moreau invited us to join them in their own car, which we did with pleasure. Feldkirch was a quaint and charming town that had arcades similar to that of Bern. It also boasted an old Burg where we had some refreshments and took pictures. I didn’t know much about its historical significance, but I had traveled a lot in Europe and found a great similarity between the small cities and villages. Most of them were charming, and each country had its trademark in architecture, churches, city halls, and squares.

Austrians were generally a friendly people, but I wondered how sincere they were, or how much their friendliness depended on tourists’ money and tips. Even the chauffeur, who gallantly paid me a compliment and even kissed my hand (an Austrian Küss die Hand custom), did so after getting a tip (behind Lotfi’s back, of course).

At last, the sun broke through. During the lunch break from 3 - 5, Lotfi joined me in a gondola ride down to the charming, picturesque ski village of Lech. People were strolling leisurely along Main street, window-shopping. A large crowd gathered around some vintage cars that their owners proudly displayed before driving off. We joined some new-found friends by the river, sipped coffee, and basked in the now precious sunshine (while in California we occasionally tried to hide from too much of it). Tonight, after the last session, was “banquet night” and there would be dancing in the discotheque. Tomorrow it would be good-bye again, for this was the end of the Artificial Intelligence course.

For a farewell, Oberlech sparkled as if happy to be rid of us or else trying to show off its gorgeous best. It was actually called “Sonniges Oberlech”. We had an excellent and leisurely lunch on the sunny terrace in the quiet of tall pines protected by mountains. It was idyllic! On IBM’s hospitality, we were picked up by an elegant taxi chauffeured by the same man who picked us up that first rainy night in Langen. We traveled the same 20 km back to the railroad station. In bright sunshine, the scenery was beautiful and we felt cheerful.

The driver apparently took a shine to me because he joked, kissed
my hand almost reverentially (quite meaningfully), and offered to accompany me on my solo tour after my husband left for the U.S. When I retorted that I was well past the age when I would have considered such an offer, he (being in his 60s) told me that I was beautiful and young enough, any time. Austrians certainly know the art of flattery. What if I had taken him up on his proposal? Would he have found an excuse as gallant as his offer? I never found out. I promptly rolled my valise down the platform without even turning around. No similar offers were tendered while I remained solo in Zurich ... too bad!

Lotfi and I bought a second class ticket for Innsbruck on the advice of the station master. However, seeing how crowded the train was, we promptly opted for first class and paid the difference to the conductor. Even in first, it was quite crowded and we barely found a seat where the two of us could sit together in one compartment.

We had made no reservations in Innsbruck, but getting in a 4 p.m. presented no problems. Through the hotel reservations office we found a second class hotel within walking distance of the Bahnhof. The Union Hotel, which had no TV and was very second class, was clean, had a bath, and was not too noisy. At 900 Shs., it suited us just fine for one night. First class hotels in a similar location ran 1,400 Shs. and up. In the old town, prices were lower but we would have had to find a taxi. For a one-night stay, this seemed impractical. Besides, we wanted to be near the station.

While Oberlech was sunny and cool, Innsbruck lay sweltering in anticipation of a storm. We got very warm walking even the short distance to the hotel. The city is picturesque, charming and quaint, but any city, no matter how lovely, once overrun by invading hordes of tourists, loses some of its beauty and flavor, thus the high season is to be avoided whenever possible. It rained all night, so we found a local Stubli near the hotel where for a mere 150 Shs. I had a large piece of meat smothered with expensive mushrooms, rösti potatoes, plus a good salad. Lotfi got a bit upset when they charged him an extra 30 Shs. for two slices of bread. His principles often got in the way of his enjoyment,
particularly abroad where customs are different from ours. They
do charge for bread, you know, in some countries.

A beautiful, sunny morning at last! Before leaving for Zurich, we
walked to our favorite place by the park and sat on the still wet
benches. In the fresh beauty of a sunny morning with only a few
tourists around, Innsbruck became once more a lovely, quaint, clean
city with mountains in the background. It looked very different
from yesterday.

A very old man with a white beard followed by a frail woman
with bandaged legs approached our bench. We moved over to give
them room. The man looked so much like G.B. Shaw, or a lepre-
chaun out of the past, that I started a conversation. It turned out
that he was well-known in the city for his iron grill work which he
demonstrates during the week aided by two apprentices. He pulled
out some old faded pictures from his mountain-climbing days. It
was sad to see what the pair had been and what they were now in
the approaching winter of their days. Though wobbly on his feet,
he was still stubbornly agile, while she was already resigned.

We had first class tickets for Zurich. With no time for lunch, I
bought bananas and something to drink on the train. As it turned
out, in the dining car there was over an hour’s wait, so we didn’t
bother. In general, people impressed me as greedy, grabbing, and
selfish, spreading their bags and satchels so as not to give room to
others once they occupied a compartment. This is First Class! We
couldn’t find seats in the non-smoking section and we didn’t have
assigned seats, so we were forced to sit in a smoking section with a
woman from Horgen and her two lovely children. For the next four
hours I entertained the kids or spoke to their pleasant mother in
German. Lotfi was astounded at my verbosity, but what could I do
when they didn’t give me a chance to read. Besides, the scenery
was grand and while Lotfi snoozed, we passed the time looking out
and talking.

In Zurich, Lotfi felt much more at ease, but we had difficulty get-
ting rooms near the station and had to settle for a ten minute walk.
The Seidenhof Hotel by Jelmoli turned out to be better than ex-
pected. Unpretentious, well-situated, and clean, it offered all-day restaurant service. Thus, my last evening with Lotfi (who left for the U.S. the following morning) was very pleasant, except for an incident that we overheard while having tea at Möevenpick’s. A very pleasant waitress was being bawled out by an “ugly” American, who, because of a language misunderstanding, did not get the proper service or food. He called the manager and said he never wanted to see the girl serve him again, using such crude expressions that the manager decided not to take him or his haughty wife seriously. The manager remained polite. In his place, I would have asked the customer to leave if he didn’t like the service and good riddance. Therefore, we couldn’t refrain from telling the manager what good food service we had had and that he should ignore the reprimand regarding the waitress. He agreed to do so and said it was all a misunderstanding. I wished our American tourists were a little more educated and better behaved. Luckily there were not too many boors abroad, and incidents like these do not happen often (I hope).

Lotfi left. I called friends and made plans through Kuoni for tours using Zurich as my headquarters. Tuesday was a whole day tour—Grindelwald, Brienz, Bern. It came highly recommended, but I picked the wrong day. It rained most of the time. However, I did enjoy seeing the lovely views through the bus window and walking under the Bern arcades without getting wet.

The following two days I took half-day tours that I found less fatiguing. I also took a tour of Germany’s Schwarzwald in order to see the famous Schaffhausen Falls, which I had originally seen when I was 11 years old. I sometimes like to revisit old memories, but found this tour a bit disappointing. The scenery in Germany was less spectacular. German Chalets are heavy and graceless compared to those of Austria or Switzerland. The Titisee was overrun by hordes of tourists. Crowded and dusty, it was a veritable Coney Island tourist trap for the “simple folk”. I consoled myself with a bottle of Malzbeer and almost missed my bus. I would have hated to stay overnight in this shabby place. I was also surprised to notice that the cottages in Germany were less well cared for, even their Geraniums seemed in need of care and watering.
At last we arrived at the Rhine-falls and the bad taste that the Schwarzwald had left was immediately forgotten in the splendor of the Falls. They were breathtaking in their intimate grandeur, though less spectacular than Niagara Falls, they were immediate, more personal, more human. Divided by two large rocks, like giant molars, through which the Rhine foamed and churned angrily at being interrupted in its flow, they were a breathtaking sight. Above and to the side was a castle silently and haughtily overlooking them. It was worth the trip!

Before returning to the U.S., I simply had to have a special dinner in a good restaurant to taste European cuisine. A guide had suggested bouillabaisse at the St. Gotthard hotel. I did not realize that she meant the Restaurant Bouillabaisse (very fancy and pretentious), as opposed to their second restaurant which was more of a bistro-type. In my ignorance, I invited her to join me. When I realized what I had gotten myself into, it was too late to back out.

The restaurant was very impressive and the prices likewise. The service was elegant, but the food was only so-so. What burned me up was that my companion, who ordered a dish with prawns and artichokes (which sounded quite interesting and tempting), got only two leaves off an artichoke with the entire dish. I thought, "What, only two leaves on the plate? Ridiculous!" Now I know what the words "hoodwinked" and "chi-chi" really mean. We had a very good wine, of course, and all the customers sat prim and proper and seemed to enjoy themselves. I was the only one who inquired about the rest of the artichoke and told them that in California we were used to having at least a half an artichoke on the plate to qualify for inclusion in a dish by that name. Nevertheless, we went through a full-course dinner. Let this be a lesson to me!

The last thing I did before leaving my lovely Zurich was to buy a Tageskarte and take as many rides from one end of town to the other as time would allow. This was a good way of seeing parts of the city that otherwise I would never get to see. I must have made eight round trips for 5 Sfr. plus several short distance ones. The loveliest of all was on streetcar #13 where at Albisgutli I could see all of Zurich and some of the lake. There was a panoramic path
past the tennis courts and little private gardens. It was a sunny day, and the smell of freshly mowed grass pervaded the air. Birds chirped, and peace was everywhere. There were lots of trees and benches along the path, elderly people strolled by in pairs or rested in the shade, and I forgot the hustle and bustle of the big city below. The only jarring sound I heard was from a rifle range, and that sound mixed with the ringing of church bells across the lake made me acutely aware of the reality of war and peace.

The outskirts of Zurich were peaceful, proper and fairly dull, but there are pockets of youthful unrest visible at coffeehouses. The older folk are quite upset about the new trends of disgruntled, aimless, and restless young people. The present sloppy fashions only seemed to accentuate this phenomenon and the question was where would it all lead? The old couldn't understand the young and the young didn't want to learn from the old. This was the age of electronics and uncertainty.

In the evenings, I watched TV and found it to be on a high cultural level. I found it quite instructive and interesting, but for the young it probably was quite passé since they had learned it all in school. They wanted something exciting and new, so they'd go instead to see American films full of violence and noise.

As a tourist, I ate mostly on the Bahnhofstrasse and in hotels, but towards the end I discovered where most working Zurichers ate, namely, in the underground passage to the Bahnhof. At the Silberkugel, I could have an inexpensive lunch where tips are forbidden by law. So, I was still learning the ropes. When I know Zurich better, I will avoid Bahnhofstrasse even though it is Zurich's life-line.

On my return trip home, the airport was quite empty and service friendly. The flight was comfortable and the bus connection between terminals was smooth this time. Heathrow Airport was something else again and the waiting room was a veritable Babel, and so overcrowded that people sat on the floor. The telephone system was also somewhat complicated, and the air-conditioning system was used when completely unnecessary. All in all, I thought Heathrow should be avoided whenever possible.
Coming into San Francisco on a Sunday should also be avoided (as the customs officer warned me). The planes were stacked up trying to land, the lines through customs were interminable, and it took me one and a half hours to get through while Lotfi waited patiently outside the gates. And yet, it felt wonderful to be back home!

_Fay and Lotfi relaxing in Oberlech, Austria (1982)._
Temptation and Surprises
Europe, 1988

A free ticket and a friend’s wish to visit Italy tempted me once more to enjoy Europe during the tourist season. I hoped I had learned my lesson once and for all, but then memory is always short and temptation overpowered reason.

Before boarding Pan Am for Berlin, we discovered that Lotfi had a boarding pass, while I had none. The plane was completely full, and they simply wouldn’t put me on the plane. Some computer foul-up no doubt, but what was I to do? I was speechless with frustration.

Here a stranger came to my rescue. He overheard our dilemma and unexpectedly offered me his boarding pass, requesting that his ticket be canceled altogether. He spoke perfect German and English and was just returning from New York. This started a commotion because of Swiss bureaucracy (even though the plane was Pan Am), and we were among the last to get on the shuttle bus.

Another unexpected surprise happened in Stuttgart. We thought we were flying direct to Berlin. Not so. Since Stuttgart was the first border check, everyone was requested to disembark with all belongings and go through a passport check and inspection before
reboarding the plane. Once we got through passport control, we did not know where to go next. There were no signs, no attendants, nothing! We almost missed our plane and were appalled at the indifference and lack of organization by Pan Am personnel, or, for that matter, by the Stuttgart reception and lack of directions.

The final shock came when we discovered in Berlin that our luggage was lost. I had a premonition that it would happen, because of the changes and transfers en route. Actually, this gave us not only food for conversation, but an excuse for appearing in the same outfit on all occasions. Thus, I shrugged the tragedy off with a smile, while a long line of tired and unhappy tourists complained at the claim counter. Before leaving Berlin two days later, however, our luggage was delivered. So I had no reason to provide myself with a new trousseau from our insurance coverage—oh, well.

Berlin was an impressive city with wide avenues, tree-shaded streets, and clean and well-kept buildings. It was very much alive. Then there was the Wall. Even that was colorful on the Western side, being full of graffiti along its entire length. I did not have a chance to get to the other side where, I am sure, it looked much more forbidding and drab.

Our hotel Seehof turned out to be quite well-known, posh, yet very cozy and cheerful. Our windows looked out onto the Lietzensee and we were on the top floor. Our dear friend Regina called from Braunschweig, which was a delightful surprise. At 8 in the evening, a group of us walked down Kantstrasse to a cozy Pula Grille for schnitzel and Yugoslav specialties. The next day a tremendous bouquet of flowers was delivered with a card from Regina (a queenly gesture from a queenly person).

Since we were only two days in Berlin (my former home from 1929 - 1933), I decided to take a one-hour tour by taxi for 35 DM. It was well worth it! We sped past the Tiergarten to the Reichstag (with personal commentary by the driver), thence to the colorful Mauer that looked over at no-man’s tent city. We passed by the site of a Michael Jackson concert where the left-over mess was being cleaned up (it must have been a great success judging by the litter). I feel I got much more for my money than on a bus tour with 48 sheep, lasting some three hours. I also managed to get to the famous Egyptian Museum where I saw the incomparable Nefertiti.
Walking to the International Congress Center where Lotfi was to give his talk on “fuzzy logic”, I approached an immense futuristic building in front of which towered a black monster with puffed-up cheeks. This sculpture could give even a grown-up the creeps—a portent of the future, perhaps? Inside it felt like a star-wars setting; it was quite intimidating. Everything was depressingly modern and clinically clean. Two humans, actually living humans, sat at an immense desk.

I finally reached Room 32 where a communications system was checked out to obtain the location of Lotfi’s talk (which, I must say, was excellent). After his talk, everyone assembled for a coffee break in a dimly lit room where coffee, tea, and cookies were served without a word, without a smile, in rather robot-like fashion while we had to stand around high tables. I was saddened to think of humans who had to work here—how depressing it must be.

Glad I wouldn’t be living long enough to have to adjust to the next century, I thought, “This is what we had done to ourselves in pursuit of technology, progress, and money.” No wonder I saw so many lost souls, punks with pink and purple hair loitering their time away. Was it some forlorn student tourists or disenchanted German youths trying to protest, or were they jobless because they oppose the way the world seemed to be going?

So little time together and Lotfi was on his way. He almost missed his plane because he did not remember to check his time of departure, but his girl-Friday saved the day. As I went down looking for him, I found him deep in conversation. Surprise and shock were written all over his face when he realized that he had only one and a half hours before flight time. Of course, he made it, but only by the skin of his teeth and I saved the day and lots of frustration for a man already under much stress. My plane to Zurich was in the afternoon and the day was beautiful! Still, I decided not to rush about, but enjoyed a pleasant chat with Burhan Turksen and help him to get rid of his stuffed up nose.

As a farewell, it started raining cats and dogs just before the plane took off, but Zurich welcomed me with a sunny smile. I liked Zurich. I only had to learn to balance my luggage cart on the escalator, but it takes dexterity and strength to keep an equilibrium without slip-
ping and falling on top of others. I felt triumphant until I discovered that there was an elevator for the elderly and handicapped that I could have used.

Oh, well, I was not that old yet! Taxis in Zurich were cheap and I was delivered in front of my hotel near Limmatquai in the center of town where I had a small but comfortable room with all the modern conveniences. On a tip from the desk clerk, I went to Vorderer Sternen half a block away and had a delicious dinner, but I perspired all night, only to realize that it was the Swiss featherbeds. I then swore never to sleep under them again, especially in the summertime. In the morning I was awakened by a call from Berkeley. It turned out that Alitalia was again on strike, and instead of proceeding to Palermo, Lotfi had returned to his dear Berkeley.

On the Limmatquai, I noticed many yuppies, hippies and beats. Everyone was sipping wine, beer, or coffee and watching the crowds go by. Were they all tourists? I wondered.

Another sparkling morning and I was off to Lauterbrunnen by train. I could see so much more when traveling by train and since I forwarded my luggage ahead of me, I felt light and unencumbered—pure joy! A three-hour ride in first class with a change at Interlaken Ost and I was in sunny Lauterbrunnen, a small village along the road to the Alps tucked in between two cliffs. It was a sleepy little place without taxi service, so that the hotel car had to pick me up after a call from the station clerk. My hotel was high-class, especially around dinner time, but very friendly and helpful. From my room, I looked at the famous Staubbachfälle—a cloud of water like a bridal veil cascading down a perpendicular cliff, birds twittering, flowers on balconies, peace and quiet—a lovely place! Between the cliffs in the distance snowy giants were hidden in the clouds and a little white church tolled the hours (except that at night it could wake the dead, and certainly us). However, I got used to bells in the night and early morning—this added to the overall charm.

To see the Alps, I traveled to Wengen. It was cozy and pleasant. I didn’t even bother to continue on to Jungfraujoch two hours higher up, because once I had seen one glacier, I had seen them all...stark, white, beautiful, cold, and forbidding. Instead, I sat
on a bench and looked at the clouds and the white breasts of the Jungfrau from a distance. There, I met a fine German lady, Frau Tonjes, with whom after two hours of German chatter a warm friendship developed and many wisdoms were exchanged. I also had a delightful visit from Stuttgart. My Bad Hofgastein friends came by car to spend a couple of days with me—yes, friendships can endure and blossom as time goes by!

My Russian friend Irene joined me for a jaunt through Italy. The land of her dreams, especially Florence with all its historical beauties. Irene was so full of anticipation that she wouldn’t lie down, but finally conked out at 7:30 p.m. We decided to use our nondescript and inexpensive hotel Seefeld as our base from which to take daily tours to different cities in Switzerland. Lucerne was first on our list, and only an hour’s ride from Zurich. On a sunny day there was nothing like Lucerne. We walked through the old town snapping pictures like Japanese tourists. After lunch we took a one-hour boat ride on the beautiful lake but extended our stay for three hours after a handsome boatman with twinkling eyes let us off at the Wagnerhouse promising to pick us up on his next trip. Here Wagner resided for six years with Cosima. The place was idyllic and the view fantastic out of every one of its many windows. If only Wagner were not such a nasty little fellow imagining himself to be God.

Bern, another lovely old city, let us down a bit by deciding to rain (while we left our rain-gear in Zurich). Thus, we spent most of the day walking unter den Lauben. Apparently, Bern had planned its architecture according to rain to allow for business under all weather conditions, very clever. Returning to Zurich, we found a veritable Lunapark being set up right near our hotel. Every three years there was a “Super Fair.” It was almost unbelievable how many amusement stands, ferris wheels, tables, and benches, could be squeezed in everywhere. The fair lasts three days, during which time all traffic around Bellevueplatz was rerouted; masses of people blocked the entire bridge. I could see only heads like herds of cattle constantly on the move. A festive feeling was everywhere, bands played, beer flowed, and people held hands while singing and eating. I had never seen our prim and proper Zurich let its hair down like
this. But the best spectacle started at night and as I stood near my hotel watching, over my head burst the most fantastic spectacle I’d seen. It was one clap of thunder after the other to strains of Wagner and the stars came tumbling down towards me. White, green, blue, red, bursting continually, stars upon stars twinkling bulbs lighting up the sky as the Walkure, or the Sorcerer’s Apprentice reached its climax. Indeed, it was more spectacular than the Statue of Liberty’s fireworks, which was quite awesome.

A day before our departure for Italy, we decided to take in some culture and went to the Kunstmuseum and in the afternoon took the train to see the Romerholz collection in Winterthur. Bus #3 took us as far as it would go and then we walked and walked and walked up a hill with not a soul in sight, only birds, trees, and lawns. We almost gave up when finally there it was, with marble inlaid floors, expensive carpets, and grand floral arrangements of 5' high delphiniums. It was a lovely place with a remarkable collection of art and a cozy cafe to rest my weary feet and enjoy some hot food. Our last evening in Zurich before proceeding to Italy, we opted for a light but hot dinner and ended up at the Spaghetti Factory on the Limmatquai where we had the first really tasty “O Salamio and Tennessee spaghetti dinner.”

We had heard many bad rumors about purse snatching, and had prepared ourselves, but as it turned out, we never felt threatened or were exposed to anything like that. American Express had a tendency to blow things up out of proportion.

Swiss scenery is justly famous, waterfalls cascading down perpendicular cliffs, breathtaking viaducts, endless tunnels, forests, mountains, mirror-like lakes, emerald valleys and constantly changing weather. Until Chiasso everything was immaculately Swiss, then the scenery changed and everything, though picturesque, became more rundown and neglected. The contrast between Italy and Switzerland was sharp and immediate. Even the train, although first class, had faded and patched velvet. On our train from Milano there was neither a restaurant nor vendors and so we remained hungry until we reached Florence.

Unforgettable Florence was hot and noisy and our taxi had to
leave us in an adjoining street because cars were no longer allowed into Via Calzaïoli, which was good. What was bad was that we did not know that there were red numbers and black numbers, so we went in the opposite direction lugging our heavy bags and sweating profusely only to find that our BLACK number 13 was right next to the Duomo. A great location on one of the busiest mercantile streets. Our room at Locanda Aldoni was large and airy. It had a whistling, makeshift shower but NO toilet. Still, it was a luxury for our exhausted and hot bodies to be able to shower in our room. The building had an elevator, an antique contraption that had to be operated manually and handled with care. Only two people could enter this luxury at one time, but for $21.00 per person per day, including breakfast which was served in our room, it was priceless. Everything was great at Locanda Aldoni, the family was friendly and we felt quite at home. We had our key to both doors. Only the elevator was a problem when someone forgot to close the doors properly three floors below or above and we had to fetch it. To be in the center of town we had to contend with lots of noise and dust, but it was worth it. Mornings at 6 a.m. came the street-sweeping trucks, then the motociclettas roared in, then the bells chimed while swallows screeched continually and so the day began. We simply couldn’t escape the pulse of Florence. Then the sun took over and at 1 p.m. Florence took its siesta until 4 p.m. Life began pulsating even faster after 4 and until 8 p.m., when the singing and dining began lasting until late into the night.

Irene’s dream was to be once in Florence and as soon as we walked out, one of the countless pigeons dispensed a blessing on her shoulder. Lucky it was not on her hair. We saw and savored every detail, every angle, every edifice and sculpture worth savoring. We were even going to visit David for a second time, but when we discovered the Borgello with its magnificent Giambolognas, Cellinis, and lacy ivories dating way, way back, it was so overwhelming, that our eyes could savor no more. Of course, we also window-shopped until our feet went on strike and I missed the sidewalk and fell not so gracefully losing both my shoes and getting a scolding from Irene for wearing such monsters on high heels. While in Florence, we discovered two very good self-service restaurants and thus not only had tasty and reasonable meals, but avoided the tourist traps most
of the time.

As in Zurich, we decided to use Florence as our base and take one-day tours to Sienna and Pisa, both unique and quite remarkable.

We went to Venice where the fun began. On the platform things started happening while masses of tourists waited for the train. A woman had just ripped open her shin and blood was gushing while she tried to wash her leg by a drinking fountain. We came just in time and with my first-aid kit we were able to stop the bleeding. Italian platforms have no indication where first or second class cars would stop. We were able to catch a porter and found our seats, realizing how lucky we were to have reserved seats, else we would have been standing in first class for three hours. I had never seen a more crowded first class "standing-room-only" wagon. Actually, people were sitting in reserved seats until the rightful passengers made them get up and remove their luggage as well. One elderly man had to stand up all the way to Venice and I could imagine what was happening in second class if first class was that crowded. An Italian woman almost sat on a man’s lap and he had to ask her to remove herself. Apparently he did not enjoy such luck because of a bad hip. In Mestre we had to change and since I hated pushing and shoving, I would still be in Mestre if Irene hadn’t literally dragged me behind her. We stood like sardines during the short trip to Santa Lucia sweating from the heat of the bodies around us and I suddenly made a daring decision to leave my luggage at the station and remain in my one and only dress for three days. Actually, it was a brilliant decision and saved me unnecessary frustration and energy, for it was unbearably hot, muggy, and crowded in Venice. Irene followed suit and thanked me later for my idea. The streets in Venice are narrow and even with our light carry-ons we could barely push our way through the throngs. I was fuming with exasperation and perspiration. After much searching and asking we located the hotel by the number only, since the name had been changed by the new owners. Not only had the name been changed to San Zulian, but so had the rates and the entire interior (except for the stairs which unfortunately had remained the same as before with no room for an elevator). The rooms were expensive but lovely
and with all the modern comforts. We even had a bar and a TV. In Venice things and hotels were more expensive than in Florence. We paid 98,000 Lire or about $65.00 for a charming pastel room with two separate beds as against 60,000 Lire or $40.00 in Florence. Yet we probably would go back sooner to our primitive but family-like Locanda Aldini.

Venice was a fascinating labyrinth of narrow streets, canals, and walk-through tunnels; a city full of secrets to be discovered and narrow streets to get lost in. In large hotels tourists were getting ripped off, stores and restaurants did likewise, but tourists were tourists and so business prospered. At first, the eye was overwhelmed by Venetian glass, beads, gold, and shoes, etc, but then (like too much chocolate) it affected not only the eye Since we had only one full day for seeing all of Venice, we had no time for temptation or indigestion. While Irene programmed and planned, I had only to follow—we made a good team! We took some magnificent photos from the bell tower when suddenly the bells started tolling with a deafening sound and everyone had to hold his ears for an endless five minutes, but it certainly added majesty to the magnificence below. Next, we went through the entire Palazzo Ducale, saw the dungeons and the terrible slots through which the fatal votes were cast sealing the doom of its prisoners. Casanova was one of them but he managed to escape. We saw the Ponte de Sospiri and felt sorry for German, French, English, and Italian groups being led by their tour guides.

To digress—speaking of tours and lost sheep, while in Florence on a bus from Piazzale Michelangelo, we observed a woman with a blissful smile and in white pants tightly holding on to a tiny purse and a white handkerchief. She seemed transported by observing the scenery on all sides and smiling, smiling. Something made us get up and approach her. Maybe it was her guardian angel asking us for help, because as it turned out the woman was an American from Minnesota who got detached from her tour. She was hoping to rejoin them. The tour was to continue tomorrow and would be much upset to lose one of their sheep and without any knowledge of Italian. They were outside of Florence and she kept repeating the name Monte Casini. Luckily, I knew there was only a Montecatini
within an hour’s ride (Monte Casini being much farther) where I spent several days three years ago. We directed her to Lazzy buslines and hoped she found her way back. She seemed oblivious of her danger though grateful for our help.

But to get back to Venice, we finished our morning by admiring the Byzantine splendor of St. Mark’s Dome and in the afternoon I visited a Salvador Dali exhibit which was much more erotic than anything I had seen before. I was particularly interested because I own at home one of his prints from the series on the Divine Comedy by Dante. Irene, meanwhile, did her last minute shopping and at 5 in the afternoon we sat down in big style drinking lemonade and coffee with the rest of the millionaires at the Piazza St. Marco while listening to a classical and then a popular band.

The canals did not smell and bags were more often stolen in the good USA than in Italy (except perhaps in Rome and Naples). We did have an experience of another sort. A conductor trying to collect more money for a ticket than was due. Luckily, the tourists were not taken and since the conductor did not insist but quietly made an exit, Irene then explained to naive and ignorant me, what was involved. If something similar happened to me, I would be wiser the next time it happened.

I loved Italy. Italians were warmer, more natural, more helpful and courteous in many ways. I would love to go back to Italy if it weren’t for the distance, the jet lag, and lugging luggage. It was a wonderful experience.
Mr. Honda and the Honda Prize, 1989

I accompanied Lotfi to Tokyo where he was to receive the Honda Prize for his development of "Fuzzy Logic and its Applications", his baby. Now twenty-five years old, his "baby" had gained international recognition, especially in Japan.

So far as I was concerned, this was a "noblesse oblige" trip. I had promised myself after my 1988 experiences that I had had enough travel for a while. But when I had been invited to share in the celebration, when two first-class tickets had been delivered, and reservations in the famous OKURA Hotel had been made, even if it meant jet lag, protocol, formalities, and buying a special wardrobe for the occasion, how could I refuse?

So, there I was sitting beside Lotfi on a beautiful California day feeling like a princess and purring like a cat, because for once I had persuaded him not to drive but to go by taxi to the San Francisco airport. Our recent earthquake might have had something to do with it, however, with the Bay Bridge still closed, all our luggage to struggle with, and the cost of airport parking (about $50), not to mention the inconvenience, I was relieved and still purring while Lotfi took a nap in the taxi. Ah, the practical minds of some women!
If anyone thinks that a Honda Prize trip is all pleasure, let me enlighten them. Lotfi’s schedule was filled with official functions. There were press interviews, talks, panel discussions, dinners, and two talks in addition to a dress rehearsal and the ceremony itself on November 17, 1989. This prize, given by the Honda Foundation for outstanding achievements in technology, was originated by Mr. Honda some ten years ago. Hence, Lotfi was the tenth recipient of this award.

First Class was very posh and quite comfortable. Other than costing a mint ($7,994 round trip for two), I can highly recommend it. The service was impeccable and the wine list impressive. I barely had time to put my seat belt on, when I was offered champagne or orange juice for a starter. For dinner, a white tablecloth, real china, and a carnation was laid out in style before each passenger. Vodka and caviar were next, to give you an idea of what’s to come. Lunch lasted over an hour. Sometimes the food looked better than it tasted. However, for dessert we were served a dream of raspberries in a chocolate tulip topped with whipped cream and filled with creme anglaise. It was worth the “first class” tag, and the smiling service never stopped. I recommend you go first-class if you can afford it (or if someone else pays for you).

We arrived at Narita Airport expecting several smiling faces, but no one was there to greet us. At immigration still no one appeared. Finally, I suggested that we take a taxi ourselves, but when we got to the grid separating the onlookers from the arrivals, someone waved to us. Lotfi was ahead of me with his usual heavy dolly, while I walked behind (as a dutiful wife) pushing the luggage cart. This may have surprised and pleased the Japanese who then happily hustled us into a waiting limousine.

Having gone five miles, Lotfi suddenly remembered that he had left a large package of gifts unclaimed, so with many apologies we returned to the airport. Meanwhile, Mr. Sasaki, Manager of the Honda Foundation, was beset by anxious phone calls from Tokyo about us. While the chauffeur drove, he explained the reason for his delay, but assured everyone that he had us safely in his care. As we approached the Okura Hotel, a delegation of several gentlemen
awaited us as a reception committee and we were led to a sumptuous two-room suite with two baths, four telephones, and two TVs. A large basket of fruit, compliments of the hotel, and a flower ikebana arrangement graced a corner table. The windows opened onto an imposing view of the American Embassy which was directly across the street with a view of the city beyond. The staff and the manager of the hotel watched our reaction to all this magnificence and were pleased with the effect it created. It almost took my breath away. Lotfi was then taken downstairs to dinner while I excused myself to take a bath instead. I felt the men should meet and talk business without my presence.

This hotel was justly called the “Pearl of the Orient” and prices were comparable. If an American breakfast costs around $20, and lunch at the hotel $40, how much would our suite be? Can you guess? I found out it was 96,000 Yen per day or about 800 U.S. dollars (a small fortune). It felt sinful, although we didn’t have to pay either bed or board. Despite the high prices, all five restaurants were full, especially the Japanese one. We were able to get a table only at the continental restaurant. In Japan, a 10 percent service charge and a 6 percent tax was added to the bill, so that additional tips were not expected. Of course, at the Okura Hotel only foreigners and Japanese businessmen could afford such luxuries. And yet, more and more hotels were springing up everywhere.

Kazuka Mizumoto came to visit me the following day. Although she lived near Tokyo, she had to travel one and a half hours by train. After lunch I wanted to walk Kazuka to the station, but it started pouring and the lines waiting for taxis were so long that she might have missed her train. So, she chose to run rather than wait her turn.

I naturally didn’t venture out. Downstairs, the hotel had a shopping arcade, a shoe-shine shop, and even a post office. It was a veritable small city, so I did window-shopping to my heart’s content without getting lost or wet.

In the evening, we were invited to a fancy dinner at the Edmont Hotel by Intelligent Technology, Inc. It was exquisitely prepared and artistically served. Unfortunately, we were not yet conditioned to such exotic fare and could not appreciate the raw delicacies of indescribable origins. I think we will stay with our familiar American-Japanese dishes. Lotfi loves rice, but apparently rice was con-
sidered too plebeian a dish to be served at this dinner. However, $60 a pound Kobe beef was plentiful!

On November 17, the day of the ceremony, it continued to rain but we were too busy anyway to go out. At noon, the manager of the Honda Foundation insisted on taking us to the French (and most expensive) restaurant for lunch. It was truly elegant, but so was the bill, I am sure. At 3:30 (before the ceremony), we were taken into a waiting room to meet the dignitaries of the “inner sanctum”. Mr. Honda and his wife and Mr. Shimoda and his wife came forward to greet us and made us sit between them, flanked by other dignitaries sitting along the wall.

As I had memorized a special greeting for Mr. Honda, so in my best Japanese possible, I said “Honda-San, Omane kita daite arigato gozaimasu.” I hoped he appreciated the effort and understood what I said, for I was told this was the highest expression of respect and thanks. He did not seem surprised, but bowed and smiled broadly with his jovial face. We were then served tea and had pleasant formal conversation. Mr. Honda had an interpreter while Mr. Shimoda (a former ambassador to France and the U.S.) conversed fluently in both languages. The atmosphere was warm yet naturally formal and restrained. Everybody else sat quietly and laughed when appropriate.

At 3:30 we were led out of the “inner sanctum” into the auditorium where everyone was already assembled and a Japanese orchestra in traditional garb waited to perform. An elegant backdrop in white with harp-like strings stretched across the entire stage with the HF Logo emblazoned in black. It was very effective. There were no flowers on stage.

As we slowly marched in, flash bulbs began popping all around us. We were seated front-center. Everyone had ear phones in five languages for simultaneous translation. After a short introduction by Mr. Shimoda, an eerie sound filled the room the likes of which I had never heard before. First moaning then shrill, I heard flutes, pipes, and a small drum. A soloist produced sounds from his throat which I did not think possible for a human being. It was the most “abstract” melody, if one could call it that, and yet, after a while, my ear attuned itself somewhat to its melancholy and shrillness.
To encapsulate what followed, let me say that the ceremony was formal and akin to a graduation with Lotfi as valedictorian. I got so carried away that I forgot to pull out my camera and take a picture of Lotfi while he was being presented with the gold medal. I only hoped that someone would send us one from Japan. The ceremony ended at 5 p.m. and we were allowed time to dress for the other major event of the day, the formal banquet at 6:30.

About 200 people were gathered on the banquet floor. Most of the Japanese ladies were in magnificent pastel kimonos, though some younger women chose western evening dress. All the men wore tails or tuxedos. It was an impressive gathering. We had to stand in the reception line together with the Hondas and the Shimodas to receive congratulations and shake hands (I don’t envy diplomats and ambassadors their professions.)

Tonight was a double celebration, for it was Mr. Honda’s birthday as well. He turned 83, looking young and fit. Always jovial and fun-loving, he was adored by everyone. Again, flash bulbs popped all around us with many of our Japanese friends taking our pictures as well. Lotfi looked dapper and elegant and I wore a black velvet gown with a gold and black brocade bolero.

When all the guests were seated, we were led to a dais seating some 30 diplomats and other dignitaries. The American Ambassador and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Armacost, sat across from me and next to Lotfi. The menu was in French and Japanese and stated that the dinner was in honor of Professor Zadeh. It did not mention Mr. Honda, who was not only celebrating his 83rd birthday but had been recently inducted into The Hall of Fame in Detroit.

Mr. Honda told us some funny stories of misinterpreting English while visiting the U.S. His interpreter translated, but with less gusto and fewer words. After that, Lotfi was called upon to speak and so was Mr. Armacost. The banquet ended at 9 p.m.

On Saturday while Lotfi gave a talk at the Laboratory for International Fuzzy Engineering, I was offered a limousine with an interpreter to see some sights. I found Tokyo most impressive with its many contrasts between the old and the new. I chose to see the Asakusa Temple and the little shops around it, very colorful and full of teeming life, just what I had hoped to see in Japan.
In the evening, I was taken to a celebration given by the Laboratory for International Fuzzy Engineering members where I met Lotfi. The buffet was varied and delicious, combining Occidental food with Japanese specialties. I chose the Japanese while Lotfi enjoyed the Occidental. A manager and I were the only women among all the men, but everyone had a good time in informal surroundings.

Sunday, November 19th, the last day before our departure, Lotfi finally consented to do some sight-seeing and loved what he saw. A limousine with white lace covers and a lovely guide picked us up at 9:30 a.m. We visited the Meiji Shrine. Later, we saw the punk-rock bands and dancers getting ready for an afternoon performance near the Japanese Champs Elysees.

We were very lucky. The weather was perfect and this particular Sunday was a celebration for 3-5-7 year old children, who were dressed in exquisite kimonos with Wisteria in their hair. The boys looked like little Samurai in their black kimonos with family crests. We took lots of pictures of the children and also of some giant chrysanthemums that grow off a single stalk. Crowds were strolling through the park, very festive, dressed in their best. The Meiji Shrine was very different from Asakusa. It was very beautiful but severe in aspect and color, which created a feeling of peace and serenity.

Our next stop was the “Dancers’ Paradise”. Every Sunday, traffic was rerouted from 1 p.m. on to allow hordes of rock bands and milling youths to dance off their energies in a peaceful way. The bands played for love since they didn’t charge for their music. It was a most interesting spectacle, which Lotfi photographed all along the road. We finally got hungry and walked down to our waiting car to find that our chauffeur had bought a gift for us. Imagine, a lovely traditional teapot from a chauffeur! We invited him to join us for a tempura lunch and presented him and the guide with gifts as well.

I forget to mention that Lotfi had wanted to visit Honda Showrooms. His wish was granted and he found himself squeezed into a Honda racer looking a bit uncomfortable while photographers buzzed about him.

For a farewell, we were taken to the famous Roppongi “Serina” restaurant for a magnificent Shabu-Shabu dinner. It was a real reunion with 12 or so students and visitors who had been to Berkeley
as long as 20 years ago, and we enjoyed reminiscing with them about their days in the U.S. At the end of this very warm and friendly reunion, Professor Sekine presented me with a magnificent bouquet of gladiolas.

On Monday morning, Lotfi had one more meeting to attend which had been arranged by Dr. Takagi and sponsored by COMPUTOPIA. At 2:00 p.m. we were taken through heavy traffic to the airport. I had been much impressed with the Japanese people. It seemed that everyone here was trying to please, trying to be perfect, and to be on time. There seems to be a national pride in doing things well. It was a tradition and not just for show. Our trip was over almost too soon. It had been a wonderful trip and would remain a wonderful memory.
Fay receiving flowers at a farewell party given by friends (Japan, 1989).

Lotfi giving a talk on fuzzy logic using humorous slides (Japan, 1989).

Lotfi receiving the Honda Prize at a formal ceremony (Tokyo, Japan, 1989).
Zadeh puppet explaining fuzzy logic, an honorable likeness (Japan, 1989).

Mr. Honda's 83rd birthday banquet: Mr. Honda (center), Mrs. Honda (seated) and Shimoda (right).

The afternoon reception before the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Honda are on the left with the Zadehs in the center and former Ambassador Shimoda and his wife on the right. (Tokyo, Japan, 1989).
Fay and Lotfi at the Honda Prize banquet (Tokyo, Japan, 1989).

While on a visit to the Meiji Shrine, the Zadehs took pictures of young children standing in front of huge chrysanthemum blooms (Japan, 1889).
Impressions of Travel
1991–1992

I have jotted down some impressions of several trips I took beyond the Alaska trip, which was an unforgettable experience. Sometimes I don’t believe how I could have done so much traveling in just one year. Although this trip lasted less than three days, it was delightful for me and very relaxing. It pays to combine business with pleasure.

From August 21st to 23rd, Lotfi was observer and consultant at a PG&E committee meeting while I had pure pleasure. We were wined and dined at the Silverado Country Club, one of the most exclusive clubs in Napa Valley. Since it is a very short drive, we left home at 4 p.m. and made it in less than an hour. Ten minutes before coming into the Silverado grounds, I turned around to see where Lotfi put my good dress. I discovered, to my dismay, that there were no dresses. Lotfi apparently relied on me to put them in the car and I relied on him. At first I was seized with panic, thinking that I’d have to take a taxi or bus to pick up the dresses. Then, I realized the futility of it and the precious time I’d be losing away from Lotfi and from our brief vacation.

As we were approaching the Country Club, a magnificent place with miles and miles of green lawns, tennis courts, golf courses, elegant bungalows, flower beds, and palm trees, I noticed that
people were dressed in simple sports apparel. I decided that I might get by unnoticed among the crowds without too much damage to my dignity.

While looking for our designated room, we passed a very well dressed, stiff "cocktail gathering" in the main building, but luckily it wasn’t ours. Ours turned out to be a small, private dining room for ten people and one unexpected guest, namely me. Since it was a technical dinner discussion, it was in very informal attire. So, once again, my guardian angel protected me from making a fool of myself by overdressing.

Dinner was plentiful, sophisticated, and well served. Our bungalow was a dream—an elegant, beautifully furnished living-dining room combination with pale-pink tulips on a low table, a gorgeous bedroom with a Hollywood bed and large TV set, a patio with sliding doors, immense closets, immaculately clean, seemingly new wall to wall carpets, and a perfect kitchen. Electric carts pick up and deliver guests from the two-mile distant main building. Lying on the patio chaise-lounge, I was overcome by a feeling of peace, with crickets chirping, butterflies flitting hither and thither in the drought-stricken dry foliage, and an occasional woodpecker pecking in search of nonexistent worms and bugs in the tinder-dry trees. And yet, life goes on and peace reigns supreme in all this California “golden” dryness.

The following day after “work”, we were taken to the Auberge du Soleil—very famous and expensive, but to my mind highly over-rated. The wild rice was still “wild” from being undercooked, but who am I to complain.

Another trip with Lotfi was to Vancouver from October 6-13, 1991. He had been invited as a Cecil H. and Ida Green Visiting Professor to give a series of lectures at the University of British Columbia. The event drew a lot of publicity, a lot of students and interested public. Some of our Iranian friends even called us from Vancouver when they heard that Lotfi would be giving lectures on “fuzzy logic”. As a matter of fact, the organizers underestimated the overflow that resulted. Some professors and others were unable to enter the lecture hall and were forced to return without hearing one of his lectures. The second hall was much larger, and even then, it was filled
to capacity, about 350 in all.

Our trip was a memorable experience for a number of reasons. We were housed in the Faculty Club where we had the best suite in the house with a balcony overlooking the sound. The room was so lovely that I guessed it was reserved for special visitors. Only later did I find out that the British Queen had the room when she visited British Columbia. Now I can say that not only did the Queen sleep here, but that perhaps I slept in her bed, like George Washington.

The weather was spectacular, with not a drop of rain all week long. As sunny as California, the hospitality was outstanding in every respect. To top it off, we were wined, dined, and chauffeured by our Iranian friends, and Lotfi’s lectures were the highlight on campus. While he lectured, I would walk down to the bus terminal and within a half hour I would be in the center of lovely Vancouver, which is one of my favorite cities. Among the many sights to see, Dr. Sun Yat-Sen’s Classical Chinese Garden is a must. It is a marvel of delicate grace and beauty.

An unexpected flight to Asheville, North Carolina on October 20, 1991 (the day of our great fire in Oakland) happened because a distant relative, whom I had never met, was visiting his daughter from (then Leningrad) Saint Petersburg. So if the mountain cannot come to Mohammed, Mohammed goes to the mountain. With present transportation facilities, I flew on my “Persian carpet” and was back in Berkeley on October 22, 1992, missing the great fire. Autumn in Asheville was in its full glory of reds, yellows, and purples.

The morning haze lent additional autumn charm as I sat on the fourth floor of a lovely hotel, the Radisson International. Out the window of this modern structure, I could see a typical 1893 wooden house in which Thomas Wolfe was born, and about which he wrote so vividly and well. In this relatively small city was the Federal Court House and on the other side of the park was the State Court. Why two court houses? Are they still at war with each other?

There was an attractive “boutique style” street, nicely paved and lined with wrought-iron posts. But where are the horses and the saloons of yore?

Within 25 minutes, I covered the main streets including a
Impressions of Travel, 1991-1992

Woolworth's where I saw some forlorn-looking people. It is certainly not a bustling town. There are no large department stores and I understood that the outlying shopping malls had sucked the life away from the center of Asheville. There was a somewhat lost and bedraggled look with peeling plaster and many empty stores. I guess the depression was hitting everywhere.

I was sorry not to have had more time to explore the beauties of the countryside. Even this short trip was well worth the effort, however, for I found, lovely, young, energetic, well educated people trying to make a new home and a career in this new and strange land, whom I can call "family".

From November 10 - 13, 1991 my brief escape to "nature" was on board the M.V. "Sea Lion" from San Francisco to the Delta and Sacramento, the Capital of California, which I had not visited before. We were to learn something about the flora and fauna of this area.

The excursion was very well organized and planned by the Oakland Museum. The only thing that was not planned was a dense morning fog, which put a fly in the ointment, so to speak. Nevertheless, Beverly, my niece, and I spent a delightful time on board ship. Our cabin was so small that one could barely turn around, but everything was planned with utmost economy (including water consumption). There was actually a convertible shower between the wash-basin/toilet space, but I didn't dare try it myself. Besides, we were away only two days. The food was very tasty (three meals a day) and the conversation at table was stimulating and engrossing. These were all knowledgeable passengers even though most were rather aged, some with canes, even crutches, and one blind man, who built his own house, came with a woman friend.

The first day we docked in Napa Valley we were taken by bus to the Schrammsburg champagne winery to hear a lecture and taste some of their famous champagne. On the second day we docked in Old Sacramento, and I walked to see their famous Railroad museum and then visited the Capitol and the Governor's Mansion with a tour guide. Thus, we got some history together with fresh air and nature, finding the entire trip most rewarding.

With the approach of the holiday season, things became rather hectic, as usual, and with Lotfi being a veritable Flying Dutchman.
We had to "catch up" when he was on terra firma.

On December 31, we celebrated New Year’s at a sumptuous wedding party with a live band imported from Los Angeles. Since it was a Jewish-Russian wedding, the food, music and dancing lasted well into the night. With 200 invited guests and a private wedding ceremony in a Scottish Rite building in Oakland, it was memorable indeed!
Two events in the lives of the Zadehs that meant more than the usual flying hither, thither, and yon happened in 1992. One was the trip to Boston in May, where Lotfi received the Gold Hamming Medal given by the IEEE, and the other was the ISRAM (International Symposium on Robotics and Manufacturing) '92 International Conference which was dedicated to Lotfi as the "Father of Fuzzy Logic", held in Santa Fe, November 11 - 13, 1992.

Spring in Boston was in "full bloom". The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and all was well with the world. Besides, it also happened to be Mother’s Day, May 10, 1992.

We stayed at a lovely hotel in the new part of Boston, where the ceremony was to take place. The affair was exceedingly formal with Lotfi having to wear a tux, black tie, and a cummerbund (looking smart and youthful at his venerable age of 71).

All the recipients' wives were given corsages to distinguish them from regular guests. The night before the ceremony, we managed to go down to Faneuil Place and have dinner at Durgan Park as we used to do many years ago. We also visited the Glass Museum at Harvard Square and photographed ourselves in front of the mag-
nificent dinosaur skeletons. While Lotfi hurried home the day after the ceremony, I took a tour of Boston to remind myself of times gone by at MIT.

Our next trip together was to Santa Fe on November 11, 1992 for ISRAM ‘92, organized by our friend Prof. Mo Jamshidi. He came up with the idea of dedicating the conference to Lotfi and named him the “The Father of Fuzzy Logic”. The name soon caught on.

As we flew on United from Oakland Airport, we could see below an expanse of desert. Right beyond that a range of mountain peaks that looked like a row of molars with its cavities filled, glaciers topped with powdered sugar, all white as far as the eye could see from a height of 33 miles. It was an impressive sight.

This time we were in First Class. “How come?”, you ask. Because Lotfi never flies in comfort unless ordered to do so by some large company. Having over 200,000 free flying miles, I decided to indulge myself in luxury, but since Lotfi usually buys economy-fare, I upgraded him with additional awards, so he could sit beside me. He didn’t much like it, but he had no choice as the “switch” was done by me while he was traveling elsewhere. So, now we are enjoying roomy seats, smiling service and an unusually filling and tasty breakfast. Apparently, United Air has improved, and Lotfi is learning to like it.

It is hard to believe that only three hours or 1400 miles away from sunny Berkeley we would be plunged into 27 degree winter weather. However, Denver was sunny and pleasant despite the cold temperatures. Its airport was better planned than San Francisco, O’Horror (O’Hare), Kennedy, or Los Angeles. Here we have a two hour wait for our connection to Albuquerque. Although we arrived on time at 3:57, no one met us (as was arranged). We finally decided to take a bus ride, except it left at 5:30, and we barely made it in time for the reception party.

We are staying at the impressive El Dorado Hotel (the sight of the conference), and our room is most luxurious. It has a combination living room, a Hollywood bed, a real log fireplace, a beautiful cabinet with a Magnavox Trinitron TV, and a bar. Can anyone top this? There were two separate bathrooms in one bedroom. This was re-
ally too much luxury, except that it is most convenient at times.

Since the reception was from 8-10 p.m., we were going to look for some soup to tide us over, but luckily didn’t have the time. Mo Jamshidi had thought of everything and instead of canapés, we got a full buffet dinner.

Among the ISRAM ’92 participants there were many Iranians, including the well-known Fazlollah Reza, who was Lotfi’s instructor and later friend at Tehran University many years ago. We had been up since 6 a.m., and with traveling so much, we were happy to get back to our “royal” suite by 10:30 p.m., but not before Lotfi had taken a large number of photos!

Thursday the sun was bright, but everything was iced over. Icicles were hanging from roof tops of this charming, Pueblo-style town. Santa Fe had its first snow of the season the day before our arrival, and I experienced once more what winters were like—beautiful but ugh! Stepping gingerly on icy pavements, I ventured forth with Mary Reza towards the Plaza, only two blocks away. However, at an elevation of 7,000 feet, the cold seemed colder and my ears pricked with pain, so we quickly ducked into a cozy Deli Cafe for a hot tea to revive us. Forty-five minutes later the cold was easier to bear and after shopping around, we finally bought some jewelry for presents at the sales price, knowing full well that we were basically paying the regular price. Still, psychologically, we felt we got a good deal. Prices here are higher than in San Francisco because Santa Fe’s chief industry is tourism.

After lunch, with some attendees from the Congress, I rushed to the Museum of Fine Art. On Friday Lotfi was to give his talk, after which a big surprise awaited him that he knew nothing about. This I found out at the museum, and therefore decided to postpone my visit until tomorrow.

As I walked out into the street, I saw at the corner a small city tour bus loading for the 2 o’clock tour. Thus, for $7 I got to see the whole town and an impressive Museum of the Indian Man. I actually lucked out twice, because the bus was fairly full and I was offered a seat next to the driver, provided I held his coat on my lap.

In the evening there was an official banquet for all 160 participants. Mo’s wife, Jila, had chosen a delicious menu. This was topped with stimulating talk and slides by the robotics expert, Dr.
Engelberger, comparing animal radar to that of modern technology. Robots are capable at times of outdoing birds and animals. It was a fine banquet and Lotfi took lots of photos.

On Friday, the 13th, Professor Reza gave a philosophical/mathematical discourse at 8:30 a.m. At 10 a.m., Jila and I strolled over icy patches in the brilliant sunshine to the Plaza where real Indians plied their trade all along the sidewalk while curious tourists searched for nonexistent bargains. Prices were not cheap but less than in stores.

We rushed back to the Museum of Fine Arts in time for an interesting lecture given by a petite, plump, white-haired docent in Indian garb. She was very good and we learned a lot about the 75th anniversary of the museum. Here in each alcove only one or two paintings were shown as representative of a painter’s style. Even Georgia O’Keefe had only one example in the show. A tremendous amount of religiosity with flagellation and other fanatical customs were evident, but the typical heavy carved wooden ceiling and some elegant sculptures made up for the crude bloody images and suffering which I so abhor. Jila, being an artist herself, has a greater tolerance and understanding than I of art.

After a quick lunch with the Etemads and the Rezas, and explaining to the waitress that the principal speaker had to give his talk at 1 p.m., we barely made it. Lotfi’s talk was, as usual, stimulating and well attended, after which he was surrounded by the curious, questioning, and admiring colleagues.

We then took a much needed break and a rest, because ahead was an important “private” banquet for about 36. It was composed of many “surprise” old friends who flew in specially for the occasion.

Lotfi was quite unprepared and much moved at what followed dinner. Our friend, Eli Jury, started a personal review and character sketch of Lotfi’s youth and work, followed by a faxed letter from old colleagues at Columbia University (1946-1959 when we left for Berkeley). Professor Reza came next. After him Galen Etemad and then Tom Kailath were asked to say “a few words” on the spur of the moment by Mo Jamshidi, who was responsible for the “big surprise”, and who worked for two whole years to put the ISRAM ’92 Conference together.

Lotfi was quite overcome and gave a resume of his own about his life and childhood, which was very interesting, even to me, since I
had never heard these details before. It was a memorable evening, and of course, many flash bulbs went off in the crowd to commemorate this once-in-a-lifetime event.

On Saturday, November 14, there was one last big party at Mo and Jila’s home in Albuquerque. Our dear friends, the Etemads, offered to take us on a tour of some of New Mexico’s highlights while driving us from Santa Fe to Albuquerque. It was a spectacular, if somewhat tiring day, full of sunshine and desert scenery, including some breathtaking views, the Los Alamos Atomic Museum, cave dwellings, and ruins of Indian pueblos.

Lovely Jaleh was our heroine, driving all the way and getting us to the hotel about half an hour before we were to appear at the party as guests of honor. Since Iranians are not usually punctual, we could afford to be a little late. In their beautiful house full of people, tables burst with Persian delicacies, a bartender dispensed drinks, and a maid wove her way through the throngs. The view of the city below was fantastic and our hosts and their family were warm and most hospitable. Thus, our last evening in New Mexico was another event which we will remember for a long time. We stayed that day at the “original” old Hilton before leaving for home. It will be a long time before this special event fades from our memory.

We flew into Oakland at 2 p.m. on Sunday. At 4:30 we attended a big party at the Faculty Club in honor of retirees and newcomers. At 6:15 we had a Japanese visitor with whom we went to a Chinese restaurant and after dinner Lotfi was driven by Dr. Takagi to the San Francisco Airport to catch a Red Eye to Washington. I am only recount-
ing this to show our present pace of life. How long can it continue, I wonder, and how much more can one squeeze into a day? Lotfi seems to manage, nonetheless, and so far thrives on it!

**FINAL PROGRAM**

**ISRAME'92**

**THE FOURTH INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM ON ROBOTICS AND MANUFACTURING**

**THE ELDORADO HOTEL**

Santa Fe, New Mexico, USA

November 11-13, 1992

ISRAME'92 is dedicated to: Professor Lotfi A. Zadeh ...

**Father of Fuzzy Logic**

Organized by CAD Laboratory for Intelligent and Robotic Systems, The University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, New Mexico, USA

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*Front cover of the ISRAME '92 International Congress program.*
On Monday, November 29, 1993, I joined Lotfi on one of his countless flights. Lotfi was in Hong Kong just two weeks ago lecturing at the Chinese University (after having just returned from a quick “hop” to Washington). Last week, November 14-15, he went to Santa Barbara. He then returned to the San Francisco Airport to take a red-eye to Washington. On November 21st, he flew to Singapore and returned Thanksgiving Day at 1 p.m. At 5 p.m. we had turkey dinner for six with the festivities lasting until 11 p.m., without a yawn or any sign of jet lag from Lotfi after his long flight. And now, three days later, we were flying together to New Orleans where Lotfi was to receive the Rufus Oldenburger Medal at ASME!

Although New Orleans was a lovely city to explore at leisure, we were rushing on to Houston for a day and thence to Los Angeles to attend a workshop. We returned to Berkeley the same day so that we would not miss the opera, Queen of Spades, on Saturday. And so it goes in a whirl! I just found out that on December 8th Lotfi would be off again to Singapore for three days, but I no longer fret since I know I can’t stop him.

On the plane, every seat was taken. I was in the middle and
couldn't budge without hitting my neighbors. Seats are getting narrower these days.

Our hotel in New Orleans was the enormous Hilton/Riverside near the Convention Center along the banks of the majestic Mississippi. It was certainly impressive, but it was a labyrinth, a giant mousetrap, in which I felt like a trapped mouse. Since there was "the tower" and the "Riverside Wing" across the streetcar tracks, connected by a bridge, plus a number of escalators and different entrances, Lotfi and I got lost several times before mastering the route. So walking was good exercise each way.

On the lower floor there was a charming eatery, Le Croissant, and the exclusive Kabby Seafood Restaurant. Lotfi didn't like seafood, so I grinned and suffered in silence. The hotel was already being decked out in holiday splendor and looked quite beautiful. They were also making room for a gambling casino with much noise and dust.

On November 30th, a sunny, cloudless day (somewhat unusual in these parts), I took a three-hour city tour and learned a lot about this charming city. In the evening there was a private banquet at the Mulati Restaurant where Lotfi was presented with a medal, a plaque and a check. He gave an excellent talk to about 60 people. It was informative, humorous and challenging, and although he overshot his allotted time by 15 minutes, everyone was enthusiastic and appreciated hearing the "Father of Fuzzy Logic."

The next day I planned to explore le Vieux Carre on foot, but I didn't know how to get there. I discovered that the streetcar under our hotel would get me there fast for only $1.25. At Station #3, I got off and stepped into the old world at Jackson Square, the Brewery, and the French Market. There is actually a lot of French history here (to which the tiles at street corners attest in French). A charming, though somewhat bedraggled, place, it was still full of life and color, with gracious, lacy iron-wrought balconies, mendicants plying their wares, and painters making drawings of tourists. A ragged band in weird attire enthusiastically played excellent jazz and passed the hat to people sunning themselves on benches, but collecting little. Clowns with painted faces strolled along hoping for handouts. It was a veritable circus, and the day had just begun!
At night, on Burbon street, people went to the Preservation Hall. Things were very lively there. The city park became a fairyland around holiday time with lights and fancy ornaments strung up among the beautiful Louisiana oaks, bearded with moss. However, because both evenings were “officially taken”, I didn’t get the chance to see or hear the famous musicians.

In the French Quarter, one could eat very expensively, but also find small inconspicuous eateries just as good and less hard on the pocket. Cafe du Monde by the waterfront was a landmark, with branches at Riverwalk, Esplanade, and Lakeside. The original Cafe now looked seedy but homey.

Tourists strolled in the bright sun looking for non-existent bargains. I found two. One was a Mardi Gras mask on a stick for half the price of the one I saw at our hotel. The other was a necklace of black beads from Alaska. I bought it at the French Market where business was so slow that the minute I expressed interest the man reduced the price and forgave the tax. In general, the French Quarter was the main tourist attraction. It had a charm all its own of days gone by, of old plantations, gracious damsels and proud gentlemen, who knew how to hold their liquor and mind their manners.

Then there was the City of the Dead, a unique sight where many corpses were buried on top of each other inside stone mausoleums. This was necessary because of flood levels during certain times of the year. The dead would float to the top if not properly “housed”. Even then some of the stone graves sank occasionally, but at least the dead didn’t float up. It must be spooky here on Halloween Night!

Since the land was swamp land, some areas are actually below lake level and have to be dammed up to prevent flooding. Rain water collected in the hollows and was pumped out and stored for later use. I was reminded of Holland and its dikes.

Along the waterfront, a new city had sprung up. Very modern and clustered together, the World Trade Center next to the Hilton, the cavernous Convention Hall two blocks away, and many well-known hotels vied with each other for tourists and waited for the Mardi Gras season and Jazz festivals to start. There was also the imposing blue-windowed aquarium and the docks for sternwheelers up the river plus Riverwalk Shopping Center. There was comfort and modernity in new New Orleans, but the flavor is in the old city!
Tonight’s ASME (American Society of Mechanical Engineers) Banquet was very formal. It was chaired by our friend, Paul Naghdi. Recipients of medals were led to the podium to receive their awards after a brief resume of their lives and work in different fields. The event was very well presented and felt like the year 2000 was here. Since Lotfi’s award was somewhat outside Mechanical Engineering, he was only flashed on the screen along with others without being led to the podium. Besides, he had received his medal the night before at a private ceremony.

On Thursday we left for Houston at 7:55 a.m. Ugh! to have to get up at 5:00 in the morning. When we arrived in Houston at 9 a.m., we were met by charming Dr. Panahi. As we walked out, a tall Iranian led us to (believe it or not) a silver-gray stretch limo. Sitting for the first time in super luxury, I realized that one did not have to be a celebrity or a “drug king” to qualify. Of course, such a welcome was to show the highest form of respect for Lotfi and Dr. Panahi, who tried to keep us entertained and while away the miles between the airport and the hotel (which seemed interminable). The land was flat, flat, flat and had ugly barrack-style, industrial erector-like shacks amidst scrubby brush. It was very monotonous.

Finally, and seemingly in the middle of nowhere, we pulled into a lot near a stark, modern, 13 story, octagonal, glass, Westchase Hilton Tower (another mousetrap in which to get lost). We were given a “penthouse suite” on the 12th floor. It felt very exclusive to be sure, not large but with a TV set in the bedroom and another in the living room. When I tried to draw the curtains to see the view, I almost got vertigo. The corner windows were one glass wall from top to bottom, and it made me feel like I was falling off the 12th floor to the parked cars below. The view was less than inspiring, so I kept the curtains closed altogether.

I was told that the Galleria Shopping Center was worth seeing, but being up since 5 a.m. I decided not to. For lunch a group of us was taken to the famous Cajun seafood Papandreux (Spenger style). When we returned, I passed out for two hours on the Hollywood bed while Lotfi attended sessions. The IFIS Meeting was organized by John Yen and attended by dignitaries from other countries: Professor Hans Zimmermann from Aachen, Professor Reza and family
from Ottawa, Steven Marsh from Motorola, etc. In the evening there was a banquet where six of us had to sit on the dais looking down at everyone. After dinner, Lotfi gave a keynote address. He was in great form and gave a humorous lecture that everyone thoroughly enjoyed. The man was unbelievable. We then had a drink at the bar where we wound up being about ten in all, including Michelle and John Yen. It was a lovely evening.

On Friday, we were up again at 6 a.m. to make the 9:55 to Los Angeles. It rained during the night and was still overcast. Throughout our trip, we had had very good weather. I can’t say that Houston charmed me, far from it, but then I have not had a chance to see the center of town, of which there must be one, I am sure. I don’t like ultra-modern cities anywhere, for there is nothing much to remember about them except their modernity and lack of warmth.

We arrived in Los Angeles at 11:25 on a sunny, beautiful day. Century City Tower was elegant, decked out in Christmas glory and very impressive, in general. We had no room because we were taking the 7:20 back to Oakland, so we went to the Redwood Room (where the workshop was held). Lotfi changed, grabbed a subway roll, and from 1 - 3:30 gave a seminar. Meanwhile, our son Norman, in an expensive blue suede jacket showed up with two gorgeous damsels, Monika and Vanessa (to impress his father, I believe, with his good taste). He took his Harem of three to dine at the hotel—very ritzy!

Our daughter, Stella, and her husband, David, also came for a brief chat (David’s office is actually in the Century City complex). Stella looked beautiful, as usual. But everyone was so busy and we had to catch our plane for home, sweet home.

In three days’ time, Lotfi was off to Singapore, again. This time it was because of a promise he had made to OMRON. And so, my life was back to normal. I must say that I enjoyed our brief vacation.
A happy group—Prof. George Klir and wife with Lotfi (IFAC Congress, 1996).
We arrived in Paris on June 16, at 9:15 a.m., one hour early. We then had to wait 20 minutes because the airport did not expect us until 10:15, and they were not ready to receive us an hour early.

De Gaulle Airport was very impressive and made me think of the movie *2001*. I marveled when I saw the futuristic moving stairways, and the glass tubes that we walked through (à la Bobour, but much better).

After luggage pick-up and some confusion on where to get a connection to Gare St. Lazare, we finally opted to take a taxi, along with many others already waiting in line. There was an impressive system of organized chaos. Taxis drove up one after another at an angle, the chauffeur jumped out, opened the rear trunk and started loading the first passenger in line, then shut the door and drove off with his booty. The loading took less than a minute and yet we had to wait about 20 minutes for our turn.

Gare St. Lazare was a disappointment after our luxurious flight here. There was nowhere to sit, and the ticket sellers were unfriendly and bored. We were one and a half hours early. What to do now?

In a dingy "brasserie", we sat down at a table before finding out that there was a Salle d’Ettente and one was not admitted without a
train ticket. Since we already had prepurchased tickets, we were admitted into a small room with wooden benches (on which bums would have happily slept if allowed in).

At 12:48, a somewhat shabby train, with torn and dingy head protectors, took us to Lisbon where we had to change trains for Saint Lo with only a seven minute changeover. Since the train was a shuttle type, it was waiting for us on the same track further down and it moved faster than the regular train. By now we were "a little tired" from the long journey and very happy to be welcomed by a young Frenchman asking if we were Professor Zadeh. He proceeded to load us into his car for our final destination at Chateau Cerisy-la-Salle.

The French countryside was lovely, green and bucolic. Cows grazed lazily, with goats and sheep visible on occasion. There must be lots of milk and lots of rain to make these green pastures. Unfortunately, agriculture has been rapidly declining here because it is no longer profitable. The farmers have mostly antiquated equipment to work with.

The houses are small and square, like little boxes, with windows and steep sloping roofs. I understand that during the war everything was razed to the ground and that these unimaginative, though cute, box-like homes were built after the war. Although the exteriors look somewhat glum and poor, I would like to think that the interiors are more up-to-date and comfortable.

The imposing Chateau sat in a park but seemed threadbare because of age and the effect of former occupation by German troops, who used some of the original woodwork for fuel to keep warm. The halls and rooms are cold and drafty downstairs, smelling sour with history and humidity. The entrance is hewn stone, and although the upstairs rooms have wooden floors, still I’d hate to be here during the damp, cold winters. In general, I’d hate to have to live in medieval, cold splendor. I am too spoiled with Californian comforts, where even a motel is more inviting, beds are better, and towels are changed daily.

In defense of the "venerable historical chateau", I must say that the grounds and trees are magnificent, especially when the sun shines and birds sing. Also, the toilets are updated and sparkling. They use
the old cord-pulling device very effectively, I must say. We are fed three times a day at long tables and benches in a mess hall. This reminded me of Oxford, except that the food was copious and tasty (even though the toasts are usually charred, similar to Oxford). Sitting here in the sunny garden surrounded by history, tranquillity and birdsong, I am jolted out of my reverie by an ugly, modern milk truck (instead of a horse-drawn wagon), and I realize once more that I am in the 20th century.

It rained all of last week, I am told, but today the sky was a pure blue, and the sun warmed my back. I looked up at the patched-up walls of the 17th century chateau and wondered who planned and built it. Times have been hard and so must be the upkeep of this place. It is presently used as a Cultural Center as well as an historical landmark. The idea to convert the Chateau into a Cultural Center came from the founding grandfather, Dr. Paul Desjardin. There were photographs on the walls of famous visitors such as, Andre Gide, Sartre, Maurois, Mauriac, etc. Lectures took place in the library with famous books in glassed-in cases containing probably first editions in rows upon rows. There was a charming painted wooden ceiling, while the equipment for lectures was modern and up-to-date.

The first lecture was excellent. It was given by Professor Ruth Barkan-Marcus of Yale. She was quite a woman and her lecture was exciting and well presented. I can’t say the same for the presentations that followed.

After lunch we had a “free” afternoon and I finally got my wish to see Mont St. Michel. A friend from the U.S. drove us in his rented Peugeot the rather long way, 80 kilometers. From a distance, the sight of this fortress rising perpendicular out of the flats of Normandy was like a mirage, but getting closer to its unique apparition was more spectacular than seeing the Pyramids for the first time. Both could be the 7 Wonders of the World.

Access to Mont St. Michel was somewhat deceiving. On one side were quicksands and the other was accessible only during ebb tide. Should one stray, he would find himself suddenly surrounded by water with no access to the mainland. It was astounding to visualize how anyone could bring all the masonry, rocks, and stones for this perpendicular fortress that rises out of the “sea” with stone steps,
a cathedral, and an entire “stone village”.

On the following day, we unexpectedly got another free afternoon. Professor Lorenz from Germany suggested we all go to Bayeux to see the famous tapestries, which were truly remarkable for their beauty and because they were embroidered by monks (not by women). We were lucky in that the weather throughout our stay was sunny and warm. Paris, on the other hand, was muggy and overcast and later hot and humid, but still lovely, as a beautiful mistress should be!

This time we are staying on the left bank and our hotel was on the rue des Ecoles, near the Sorbonne, within walking distance to Notre Dame, the Pantheon, Palais Luxembourg and the Louvre. It was a lovely hotel, a little on the expensive side, but we got an academic discount. Our room was right off the inner flower courtyard, with a marble bathroom and separate marble toilet, two queen beds, and an elegant breakfast. We also found a very good and reasonable restaurant, Saigon, within a block from us.

While sitting at our table, we heard a cry of surprise “you must be Zadeh”. A charming, petite Parisienne from Sorbonne joined us at our table. How come, here, and at this hour? She told us her friends meet here once a year, imagine the coincidence! Later, we had a nightcap together and Lotfi was happy except when it came to paying the bill. Neither a credit card nor my travel check for 100 Fr. was acceptable. But Lotfi, being the resourceful kind, went back to the hotel and simply borrowed 72 Fr.

Tuesday was Lotfi’s day on the town. Being practical and highly principled, he took me first by Metro to Cooks to cash all my French travel checks to avoid paying the 3 percent charge. We then bought 10 trips for 39 Fr. and then I had “the great Metro experience” with Lotfi, where every Metro map was consulted, every direction jotted down, time spent going up and down steps, taking wrong turns, retracing stairs, until we were both exhausted. I later found that we could have simply taken a bus directly to the Musee D’Orsay in no time flat.

The Gare d’Orsay has been completely transformed—a spectacular conversion and a mind-boggling effect! I forgot my Metro experience in the face of such beauty, spaciousness, and aesthetic gran-
deur! Here the socialist regime showed great taste as opposed to the monstrous new opera house at Place de la Bastille. They might have left the guillotine beside it (for a rightful beheading when it goes bankrupt).

Another monstrous colossus was the Institut du Monde Arabe, which had already been bankrupt, but was bailed out by the government. Why does one have to build for size rather than for quality and beauty? Besides, it costs that much more, especially when it goes bankrupt. The regime will not be remembered kindly, to say the least.

On the other hand, the Louvre Pyramide will make money even though it breaks up the Palace’s former harmony of space, and I must admit it was spectacular and original. The grand Cafeteria was also a great success, as it was on the premises and feeds thousands of visitors and tourists efficiently, fast, and reasonably.

In the evening of the 21st, we invited Dr. and Mrs. Voge to our Quartier and treated them to a good Vietnamese dinner at Restaurant Saigon. We spent a most enjoyable evening together. The following morning Lotfi left early for the USA while I went with Genevieve Voge to an exhibition of impressionists at the Palais Royale, the aforementioned Louvre through the Pyramide entrance. We walked via Notre Dame all the way to my hotel. The following day was hot and humid. I moved to a nearby, cheaper hotel and did all my sight-seeing on foot to get a better feel of the great city of Paris. I even visited Musee Picasso, the Pantheon, took photographs and dined on crepes in the Jardin du Luxembourg.
In June of 1995, Lotfi and I traveled to Washington, DC where he was to receive a special honor.

Although our flight took off late, we arrived on time at Dulles—in the rain. Apparently, the day before had been very hot and humid, and there was a “red alert” for smog, but by the time we arrived, the rain had cleared the air, somewhat.

The Sheraton-Washington on Connecticut Avenue where we stayed was an impressive, sprawling convention hotel, a historical period piece and the largest in town with 1400 rooms as compared with only 1200 at the Hilton. It was very impressive for those who are impressed by Old World elegance, built in typical red brick with white window and door trim and only ten stories high. Our porter misread the room number and took us on an interminable walk through corridors. I finally told him that I would ask for a room closer to the elevators. Trying to open the door he realized that our number was in another wing altogether, so we had to backtrack along the interminable hallway and then walk to the other wing of the hotel, which was smaller and much more elegant. It was the Embassy Wing and quite close to the elevator, also it was on the third floor. The right number was 3362 (not 3062). It was easy to get lost
in this dignified White Elephant, but once we got used to it, we knew our way around. It was rather late and we almost missed an impressive buffet reception by IEEE. Luckily, Lotfi invited an IEEE member to a restaurant and it was she who led us to the reception dinner instead. As usual, Lotfi didn’t have a program and knew nothing about the dinner. The food was excellent and there were a great number of people in the ballroom already. The hotel was lovely, the room quiet and comfortable, and although the hotel was away from the center of town, there was a Metro in the immediate vicinity and also a row of good restaurants nearby, quite inexpensive. For a hotel of this caliber, the prices were reasonable as well. It rained all night, gently and peacefully.

The next day was the all important event. Black tie, evening dress, and corsages were given out by IEEE hosts to the wives and carnations for the buttonholes of the honorees.

I managed to slip away by taxi at 1 p.m. to the Hillwood Museum where our friend Maideh had reserved a tour for me and it was truly fabulous! Set in a park on Linnean Avenue, it was the estate of Mrs. Marjorie Meriweather Post, cereal heiress to the Post Cereals and four husbands (one of them being a Hutton). The colonial home is a veritable treasure. Mrs. Post’s collection of Russian and French objects—servers, jewelry, plates, and furniture—was stupendous. With this museum she left a great legacy for others to enjoy and admire. I can still see it all in front of my eyes, but I had to leave the tour early in order to be in full dress for the 4:30 p.m. gathering with friends and relatives. At 6 p.m. we were led in groups to the grand ballroom where the medal recipients were seated on the stage (14 in all with Lotfi the 15th, getting the highest honor). The IEEE numbered 300,000.

After each name was read with a short introduction, the particular medal and the portrait of the recipient, much enlarged, was flashed on the screen. The honoree then stepped forward to receive his medal and gave a two-minute speech. Finally, came Lotfi’s turn. A number of slides from age five through his youth and marriage were flashed on the screen including Lotfi on a camel in Cairo on his way to the US in 1944, which brought laughter from the audience. In general, Lotfi had chosen the slides
well and his acceptance speech was excellent, I must say.

We then filed out of the auditorium and into the reception hall where a sumptuous buffet was served with Lotfi being assigned two tables for all his guests (16 in all). Hugs and exclamations of surprise followed since some of our friends had not seen us in 20 or more years. Lotfi, of course, was surrounded and never got a chance to eat, nor did I, while everyone took photos. Unfortunately, our Camcorder didn’t work, but then it was our fault, since it had been given to us by Sony as a gift in 1990 and had never been used. Buying new batteries didn’t help when one had no previous practice. Even our daughter Stella, who flew in from Los Angeles, wasn’t of much help this time. Both Lotfi and I looked much younger, he in his tux and I in my long black velvet gown with a brocade black and gold bolero top.

The following day, after being invited to an elegant lunch for six at the Occidental Grill of the famous Willard Hotel, Lotfi flew off to Germany, while I remained for a couple more days in Washington’s humid but pleasant weather.

Monday, June 26, was muggy and warm but it did not rain. Steve and Birdie Pieczenic picked me up at 12:30 and we had a very nice Lebanese lunch at the Taverna across the street. We had a wonderful time remembering days of yore in New York. Steven gave me a lift to the Smithsonian to see Whistler’s excellent short film and exhibit. I also visited some impressionists and modernists simply by going through a tunnel. What a beautiful museum and what a remarkable complex of museums with so much to see! I then had to tear myself away to take the new METRO to the hotel.

Tanya Dooher, a friend from Tehran, picked me up at noon the next day. She said she had plans for me. Indeed, she took me to places I wouldn’t have thought of. First we went to the Arlington Cemetery and drove all around with a special pass. Her husband, a diplomat, was buried here. The thousands of neat rows of white marble slabs stretching endlessly over green meadows was an awesome sight, more so than the Vietnam Wall, dark and troubling. We then went to the magnificent Air and Space Museum. At the mu-
seum we saw "To Fly". A remarkable film in Vista-Vision style. At times, my stomach felt queer. Luckily such shots were brief. The overall vision over vast America was that of peace and eternity, an excellently produced film lasting 30 minutes. Tanya drove me then though Georgetown and past the Cathedral to my hotel. It was a lovely afternoon thanks to my friend!

After the ceremony, Lotfi and Fay celebrated the occasion with their daughter, Stella, and an old friend, Alma Merson.

Lotfi with friend Tanya Dooher (from Tehran) at Medal of Honor ceremony (Washington, DC, 1995).

Lotfi in Egypt in 1944.
Cinderella for a Day
The Okawa Award, 1996

On November 11, 1996, we left San Francisco for Tokyo. First Class on a 747 jet is sheer joy, almost heaven: great service, great food, but above all, great comfort. One can lie almost horizontally in stretch-out chairs as though one were at home in bed. Well, almost. This is what I call travel with a capital "T". No swelling of feet and no exhaustion from cramped positions. Leaving at 2 p.m. from S.F. we arrived the following day at 5 p.m. at Narita Airport, with Lotfi by my side, even holding hands occasionally. What more could one ask for?

Lotfi is now world-famous, yet modest as always. He is fit and youthful at 75, with the official name of "Father of Fuzzy Logic", and he is forever flying to different conferences where he attracts large audiences. This time, however, and the reason I was joining him for a day and a half, was to witness his receipt of the distinguished Okawa Award and medal in Tokyo. After this he was scheduled to give talks in Osaka, Kurashiki, Kyoto, Kanazawa, and then fly to Seoul, Korea before returning home on the 20th. Meanwhile, I was to go back on the 14th. A day and a half was a record breaker for me. I felt like Cinderella, a princess for a day.

At Narita Airport processing was very fast and well organized. We were met by an English-speaking guide and a limo with a gloved chauffeur, and lace covers. The limo was waiting at the exit so we
would not get wet (it was raining).

Even in rain Tokyo looked spectacular, but so big! It took an hour and a half to get to the hotel through Tokyo traffic. Upon arrival at the ANA hotel we were met by a delegation of three to discuss tomorrow’s events. Our hotel was a bit like the Hyatt Regency—grand yet intimate and in excellent taste. I don’t usually like big hotels but this one seems special. We had a beautiful, small suite for $550 a night with a magnificent view of the city on the 34th floor (executive, private, and with a receptionist always present—real VIP style). Our suite had two bathrooms, two TV sets, several phones, and a bidet in the bathroom (French adaptation). In the living room were two beautiful floral arrangements, one from Dr. Ito and the second was a surprise from the Honda Foundation of 1989 memories. How did they find out that we were here?

The ANA hotel is the loveliest one I’ve been to (and I’ve been to many.) I liked it even better than the #1 Okura Hotel where we stayed for the Honda Prize ceremony in 1989. The night was comfortable, except for the beautiful down blankets which were too warm. I had nightmares about looking for the appropriate clothing in a jumble of garments lying around.

The morning of November 13, the day of the ceremony, was sunny and windy in expectation of a typhoon which did not materialize. From our 34th floor, we could see the Imperial Gardens. Tokyo looked happy, constantly humming with traffic. Our day was humming too. At 11 am, we were driven to have lunch at Tokyo Kaikan, an exclusive, private club on the top floor of the restaurant. Hiroshi Inose and Mariko as members, had invited also Y. Sekines and Kanekos, so we were eight in all.

What a lovely reunion! With four ladies on one end and four old friends on the other, talking shop, science, memories and gossip, we enjoyed an excellent French lunch. The whole day was spectacular—we were treated like nobility, driven by gloved chauffeurs in private, company-owned limos with white laced covers, coddled like babies, without a care in the world. Every thought was intercepted and carried out. I never witnessed such precision, organization and extreme politeness.

We had been instructed where to walk and how to bow before the
ceremony began. Our guide and instructor was wonderful and very precise. The ceremony was at our hotel, downstairs. It was a much more elaborate affair than the one I remember from 1989. At 3:15 our guide led us from our room to a photography session where a pyramid of young men stood who were to get awards. We were seated in front, very formal and stiff (daguerreotype style) with arms folded, just so, and corrected several times by a crew of four. Several photographers in quick succession loaded and changed plates before snapping a shot using the large camera for taking groups. We were then led into a parlor where some VIPs gathered, and served tea. Okawa-san himself joined us, a very charismatic man, who when I told him “Omane kita daite arigato gozaimas” held out his hand and thanked me. The ladies were given the largest orchid corsage I had seen, but it was pinned on so high that I could hardly see through and above it.

The ceremony began at about 5:30 and lasted some two and a half hours. The 50 researchers got their awards first, then came a talk by the poet/writer, Mr. Taichi Sakaiya, “The World and Japan in the 21st Century, Future of the Network Society”, in Japanese. We were given simultaneous English translation earphones. Mr. Sakiya got carried away and his talk was too long. There were three Okawa Publications prizes and two Okawa Prize winners, Lotfi was first and then Dr. Junichi Nishizawa. Both gave short speeches (after each got a heavy gold medal put around his neck.) Then came a procession of girls, each carrying a tremendous bouquet of flowers for the five wives of the recipients, a congratulatory speech, and finally a speech by President I. Okawa himself. He was so alive and entertaining that though I didn’t understand a word, I enjoyed listening to him. We were led into another room where we were again photographed with the medals hanging “just so”. (I hoped we would get a copy or two of the photographs.)

There was a big banquet for some 350 in a large hall, but we were whisked away to an exclusive Geisha House, Mura, by invitation of Okawa-san. Since women were usually excluded here, the interpreter and I were an exception on this occasion. For the first time, I witnessed geishas performing dances with fans, an “orchestra” and then one geisha to each guest pouring drinks and seeing he ate heartily and was pleased. There were so many courses brought in, in small
bowls, that I gave up before the end of the meal. Okawa-san it turned out, had a winery in Napa and helped us with wine and sake, after which everyone was very gay and geishas danced some more to more modern music.

While 14 others remained, we were driven to our hotel because Lotfi had to leave by train for Osaka the following morning. Suzy, our guide took wonderful care of us and after putting Lotfi on the train, she took me to a famous department store, Mitsukoshi, where she showed me around and where we finally had my favorite sushi for lunch before going to Narita for my return to S.F.

A special UA official conducted me to the first-class lounge, then came back for me carrying my luggage. When I arrived in San Francisco, a man with a red carnation met me and conducted me through customs to the taxi. I am sure this was all thanks to instructions direct from Tokyo to see that I got safely home. I am very grateful for Tokyo’s hospitality and concern. It was a memorable occasion and an unforgettable trip!

*Lotfi presenting his acceptance speech for the Okawa Award (Tokyo, Japan, 1996).*
Lotfi receiving the Okawa Award (Tokyo, Japan, 1996).

Mr. Okawa congratulating Lotfi on his award (Tokyo, Japan, 1996).

Lotfi (center) at the reception after the ceremony. Lotfi's interpreter is standing to his left. (Tokyo, Japan, 1996).
The Zadehs dined at a private Geisha house after the official party (Japan, 1996).

The Zadehs were treated to a Geisha performance after dinner (Japan, 1996).

Fay and Lotfi with Geisha (Japanese interpreter at left).
Lee Kuan Yew Distinguished Visitor of 1997 (Singapore)

For the past year, Singapore had been corresponding with Lotfi regarding a trip and lectures he was to give under the Lee Kuan Yew Distinguished Lecture Series. Even though he refuses trips of long duration, this was a great honor and I was invited (a carrot to the hare). Since that week was also our anniversary, Lotfi made the grand gesture and told me I was to come along. Naturally, I gladly accepted. Besides, I was told about beautiful Singapore and I had not been there before.

We barely made it to the plane because of heavy traffic. Lucky for us that First Class check-in had no lines. Very friendly service and excellent food made the trip most enjoyable until Hong Kong, where we found out that our “direct” flight to Singapore really meant a change of planes with a 40 minute wait and a transfer by bus. We had to take all our carry-ons with us and were suddenly in the real world of a jammed airport—long walkways, low ceilings, teeming with humanity waiting impatiently in long lines, children jumping around—a total bedlam. At least as First Class passengers we were first in line, but we had to board a shuttle bus (jammed, of course)
to connect with our plane. It was actually the same flight, but the
crew was different and the food tasteless. I, who never refuse a
meal, returned the plates untouched.

We had left San Francisco at 1:00 pm on the 18th and arrived in
Singapore on March 20 at 1:05 am. We were met by an official del-
egation, and conducted to a private, elegantly furnished office (real
VIP style), and assisted in filling out disembarkation forms, which
Lotfi had forgotten to fill out before landing. Dr. Sukumar wel-
comed us warmly for such an early hour. We sat in the office chat-
ting while passport formalities and luggage were taken care of by
the staff. A white Mercedes then took us to our hotel in the middle
of the night. The road from the airport was like a beautiful park—
no ugly structures, no messy shacks, no clutter, no dirt. I have
never seen a more elegant approach to a city center. Having a tropi-
cal climate, Singapore is engulfed in lush vegetation. Palms and
shrubbery line both side of the freeway, with modern, public hous-
ing units along the route. One forgets that one is on a highway, and
I understand that the shopping centers and schools are right behind
the dwellings. Singapore is a clean, well-planned city with balconies
and a uniform architectural style.

Our hotel Shangri-la more than lived up to its name. It is a fairy-
land, unlike any I have been to before. It is intimate, yet on a grand
scale, and so beautifully set up that one forgets it is a large hotel.
The suite has a dining room, living room, bedroom, two large televi-
sion sets, two separate bathrooms, and several telephones in strat-
getic and private locations. We were told that former President Bush
stayed on the top floor of the hotel and that the Australian minister
was expected next week. Our suite was elegantly furnished, and
the wall to wall carpets of pale blue and beige hue were spotless.
There was a bowl of fruit on the dining table with two bottles of
wine in silver canisters. Orchid arrangements were everywhere,
even in the bathrooms.

Although we arrived at two in the morning and went to bed at
three, we were up by 8:30 refreshed and ready for the day! At this
hotel, “continental breakfast” was something quite different. There
were cheeses, smoked salmon, smoked sturgeon, rolls, scrambled
eggs, French toast, croissants, Danish pastries, tropical fruits and
berries, yogurt, cold cereals, juice—you name it! I could go on and
on, but will only add that the service was perfect, a model of Asian hospitality.

I noticed an unusual feature in the elevators. The mat on the floor had today’s date embossed on it, reminding one of the date. It is so easy to forget time in a place like Shangri-la!

After a telephone interview, we were driven through the beautiful city boulevards to the University grounds where a large canvas banner proclaimed Prof. Zadeh as the Lee Kuan Yew Visitor and speaker for 1997. I regretted that I did not have a camera to commemorate the largest announcement for Lotfi I had seen so far. While I was taken into a large office and shown an excellent video about the University, Lotfi met with Vice-chancellor, Professor Lim Pin. He was a charming and warmly smiling man and we had lunch with him (no, a banquet-like meal including sea-cucumbers), together with five heads of departments. We formed an impressive group, with me the only female. After lunch, Lotfi was again interviewed for about an hour, and since we had had a long flight and very little sleep, we were driven back for a much needed nap, to get ready for the “big” days ahead. We then decided to have our own private dinner in our elegant dining room, consisting of bananas and oranges.

On March 21, at 7 am, Lotfi was on AM Singapore TV. I couldn’t get the channel because Lotfi had given me the wrong number. However, our efficient organizer had the TV interview taped for us.

The day was full of interviews, meetings, and Lotfi’s first public lecture was that afternoon. It was excellent, I must admit. Dinner was hosted by Professor Andrew Nee at the famous Latour French restaurant in our hotel, where the duck paté was out of this world, but my fish had to be exchanged because of an ammonia taste. The management apologized profusely.

The next five days were as charged as the first one. Each of us got a schedule—with whom to meet, what to discuss, who was hosting the dinner that evening. The organization was perfect in every detail. We were given Saturday and Sunday off to see the sights of Singapore, with our chauffeur as guide. The weather outside was hot and humid but so long as we did not leave our white,
air-conditioned Mercedes, we did not feel any discomfort. Little India, Chinatown, and Singapore’s excellent zoo (with orang-utangs performing like human beings and seemingly enjoying themselves) were all very interesting.

On Saturday, Lotfi’s research visitor, Lea Ding and her husband, drove us to a lovely Buddhist Temple. It was out of the way and we got lost a couple of times, but in the cool car we didn’t mind the detours. At last, we came upon the golden-domed, colorful temple on the hill. There were two other open-haired temples right below it, so we never got to the main one because of the heat (it was 90°). I was dripping with perspiration soon after we got out of the car. Nevertheless, the experience was well worth it. A few women were sitting at a table, cutting big chunks of dried soya beans (which looked like corn husks) and stuffing them into large bags. Otherwise, the place was quite deserted. Our friends brought us bowls of salt-free rice, and we had a real monk’s repast consisting of bowls of green vegetables, a tasty brown substance that looked like pieces of meat (vegetarian, of course), a bland soup, and cups of tea. There was no charge for the lunch, so we left a donation in the brightly colored red box left there for that purpose. The colorful temples were lovely and our “monk’s” lunch will not be soon forgotten—a once in a lifetime experience. As soon as we left, three tour busses rolled up. We knew then that we were not the only explorers and were fortunate to have been there before the “tourist invasion”.

Singapore is famous for its damp climate. My handkerchief was completely wet and I was beginning to feel miserable, since I cannot stand this type of weather. As a result, I never went outside to the swimming pool during our stay, while others enjoyed the pool and the sun.

Prices were rather high because everything had to be imported, and our “one bedroom suite” must have been in the range of one thousand dollars per night. Although it seemed to be primarily for the rich, public housing nearby was reasonable and there was even a McDonald’s to remind one of home. Saturday night our chauffeur drove us to the Orchard Plaza where we finally found a bustling food court where international dishes could be had for $3.50, as compared with the exorbitant prices of fancy restaurants. I chose a
tasty Korean dish while Lotfi ended up with chicken, french-fries, and cole slaw. While waiting for the chauffeur to pick us up, Lotfi espied an outdoor store and after some haggling (true to form) happily came out with a beautiful Italian pair of shoes for less than $50 (the original asking price was $79.) Thus, our private evening was a success in all respects. Complimentary tea and champagne at the hotel was our nightcap and the night was more restful than the one before.

Sunday evening we were invited for dinner at the home of a BISC visitor, who had spent six months in Berkeley a year ago. They have a privately owned condo with lovely, cool marble floors, a maid for their child, and fine leather furniture. Though the condo was not large, it was very impressive and had a balcony. The dinner was so tasty that I decided to start thinking “vegetarian”. We had a lovely evening with our Singaporion friends.

Monday was again a full “working day”, with a late dinner hosted by the Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of Defense at the famous Raffles Hotel in a private room. While Lotfi was at “work”, I had planned to escape on my own when, looking at the schedule, I realized that I was expected to lunch with the President of Natl. Tech. University. In the group of ten high-ranking officials, there was one charming woman official. I was seated next to the President and she was next to me (most reassuring). Lunch was again banquet style with many different courses, while Lotfi led the conversation and was in high form as usual. At five, Lotfi returned and we had a chance to rest before the formal dinner at the Raffles Hotel, where I was seated next to the Minister of Defense and Lotfi sat opposite, next to his attractive and very intelligent wife. At the table sat 16 Deans from both Universities and their wives. Live music was heard in the background, while four waiters deftly removed the silver plates and replaced them with the most exquisite dishes as the meal progressed. It was a memorable evening, one we shall long remember.

Tuesday, March 25, was breezier and cooler because it rained during the night. I had no official lunch to attend and so was free to explore. I decided to go to Sentoza on my own without a guide or
chauffeur, and with good advice from the concierge made the right choice. First by taxi to the cable car over the bay, then by monorail around the island, and back home by the Shangri-La free shuttle. Sentoza was lovely but it was a sort of Asian “Disneyland”, fun for the kids.

Our hotel had a shuttle service to the business district, very convenient and I used it often, even finding a Sushi place in the Tanglin Mall, but our USA sushis are better. At 7 pm another official dinner at the fancy Chang Palace restaurant hosted by the Chairman of the National Science & Technology Board took place in a closed private room with very expensive decor and like prices. We were seven in the room and very intimate, but I was getting a little tired of official banquets—too much of a good thing.

This morning we had rain and overcast skies—a refreshing change of weather. I somehow feel it is time to go home and I am not using the swimming pool. Is it a sign of old age or laziness? Today is Lotfi’s second public lecture at 6 pm and then there is another banquet hosted by Prof. Er Ming Hwa at the Raffles Country Club, and another surprise invitation for lunch at Chang Palace Restaurant by World Press Pub. This time the lunch was delicious and not banquet style, which was usually too fancy, specially for Lotfi who does not like seafood.

It was the last day of our stay and I wished to visit the orchids and a couple of temples, but when I saw 20 busses lined up at the botanical gardens, I decided to forego the orchids and avoid the crowds. Instead we happened upon a lovely wedding ceremony at an Indian Temple. The lovely bride was bedecked with heavy gold jewelry in 85° humid air and the groom looked resplendent. A white car with bows and flowers stood in the middle of the courtyard waiting to transport the newlyweds to their “heaven.” Bridesmaids in lovely saris attended the ceremony. Afterward, everyone sat down on the ground to partake of wine and cakes (I believe). We couldn’t wait, so we visited a Chinese Temple with lots of incense obscuring the inner temple and people praying at the altar. Everyone was buying oranges, packets of tea, and bunches of incense for offerings. This temple looked very old and dignified and somehow the odor of incense, and the praying women lent an aura of mystery very differ-
ent from the other temples we visited.

As we had a little time left, we drove to the Center Court Shopping Center, a beautiful four-storied mall, where we found a lovely bookstore and I bought a thin, vegetarian cookbook. What with pork, beef, and salmonella outbreaks, perhaps it is time to switch to vegetarianism. In the afternoon, just as I lay down to rest (it was a hot day), Lotfi showed up about 5:00 pm informing me that a couple waited downstairs to take us to Kaki center and Daimaru. Lotfi wanted to do some shopping, particularly for scarves and handkerchiefs, and nothing would do until he got what he wanted. It was muggy and hot with a few drops of rain. I was quietly sweating and wishing I were back at the hotel taking a nap. At least the Daimaru had air-conditioning. Shopping and wrapping the gifts took over an hour, and when we walked into the warmth of the night, lights were blinking and all the outdoor tables were jammed with diners. A smell of grilling satay sticks permeated the air and we now discovered the famous “satay night life” complete with music bands. But it was so crowded that we went to a food court where I finally got myself a Singapore dish while Lotfi took—guess what—Kentucky Fried Chicken with french-fries. I guess all those banquets had been too much for him. Next I had two unusual taste experiences, never to be repeated. One was a “green” guava juice, (they didn’t have the pink). It tasted like green tea but much worse. I couldn’t drink it. The other was a white fungus and bean dessert swimming in a sweetish white soup. Ugh! Never again!

As we walked into the street, suddenly an excited gentleman stopped us exclaiming, “Professor Zadeh, we are visiting from the Hague and we read in the paper about your talk, so we took a taxi and rushed, but got there about 20 minutes before the end. We are so happy to bump into you. Please visit us when you’re at the Hague again.”

When we arrived at the hotel, we started packing. Our next morning’s wakeup call was at 5:30 am. While I was trying to sleep, a former Chinese student called insisting on taking us to the airport and bothering Lotfi for the next 20 minutes with questions. Lotfi was very patient and gracious, although he was in the midst of packing. At about 11 pm there was another surprise, a ring at the door.
An attractive "lady of the night" wanted to know whether Lotfi was Mr. Nagano. Apparently orders are taken even in morally conservative and cleaned-up Singapore.

At 6:50 am, it was time to leave, and with parting hugs from the desk personnel (lovely young ladies), we were driven in style through sleepy Singapore to the airport. Here, like royalty, we were conducted to a private room, avoiding the crowds. Exempt from customs check-in, we chatted with Dr. Sukumar who came to bid us an official farewell. An attractive young official took our tickets and passports to get our boarding passes. We were then led directly through a separate entrance onto the plane.

Goodbye Singapore, you have been an unbelievable experience and goodbye our Shangri-La, we shall never forget you!

The Doctorate Honoris Causa Award in Poland
(October 25-28, 1997)

On Lufthansa, we flew Economy Class to Frankfurt, Germany, strapped in rows like herring in a can. Nonetheless, we were served efficiently and courteously, first juice and pretzels, then dinner. It was much tastier than what we received on United Airlines flights, even the shrimp appetizer had flavor! Two movies were shown, but I did not care to see them. So, between naps, time barely moved. In earlier reports I said that the night "sped away", this time it "crawled". The ten hours to Frankfurt seemed stretched out and I found myself counting the minutes. We had another three hours to go—they too shall pass.

In Frankfurt there was a four hour wait for our connection to Katowice, Poland, where we were expected to arrive at 6:15 pm the following day. Travel is no longer fun, or is it age that is to blame? My feet swelled to the size of bear's paws so that I could no longer recognize them. This has taught me a lesson. No more prolonged flights, nothing beyond a maximum of five hours.

The weather in Frankfort is a cool 50°, but OK. What a pedestrian airport, although the bathrooms are the cleanest and the best. Lotfi didn't think of taking along DMs, so we couldn't buy anything worthwhile, and four hours is a very long wait.

At Katowice, we were met by smiling Professor Czogala, a gor-
geous bouquet of white roses, and a chauffeur who drove us to Gliwice (about a 40 minute ride). We stayed in a Faculty Hotel Sezam—Spartan, but cozy—with clean corridors painted white with blue trim along the walls and doors. Our “suite” was two narrow rooms furnished with a small refrigerator, red upholstery, red drapes, white lace curtains, a TV, and art-deco furniture. Unusual garlands of philodendron hung across the room, giving it a homey feeling. Lotfi’s bed was a divan in the main room and mine was one that opened into a hard bed, both had flowered down quilts. There was no mirror except for a small one, just large enough to see your face in, in the tiny bathroom. The tub was too small to stretch out in, and the unusually high faucets over the tiny sink spilled water on the floor during use. The towels were rough as was the brown toilet paper, but it did the job.

There was fresh snow in the parking lot, and I could not resist throwing a small snowball at Lotfi—the first sign of winter. The staff apologized for the early snow, which was very unseasonal. Professor Czogala treated us to a tasty katchka (duck) dinner in a downstairs dining room that couldn’t hold more than 28 people at most, with only one person to wait on tables. Lucky for us there were only a few having dinner at that time.

Upstairs our beds were already made up and we collapsed into them. The rooms were overheated because of the sudden change in weather, and we had a somewhat sleepless night.

The ceremony, a very formal, very dignified affair, lasted from 10:00 am to 1 pm. The auditorium was full of dignitaries in Cardinal red or black wearing heavy silver chains on their chests and looking like solemn judges. This event has been conducted for centuries in a somewhat medieval manner, with a choir singing in Latin. Reporters and photographers were everywhere. We stood up several times, and at the end of the ceremony I was handed two tremendous flower bouquets and photographed. After the talks and presentations, we were led into a room with the longest table I had yet seen, where close to 100 champagne glasses were being filled along its entire length, awaiting a “toast” to be given by the Vice Rector of Science, R. Soanowski. After the official toast, we were led through the snow to a University mess hall full of students, and then into a large pri-
vate dining room reserved for about 60 faculty, where a full-course dinner was served. I suddenly felt nauseous and had to seek the bathrooms downstairs, where no toilet paper was visible anywhere (luckily, I had Kleenex). As I was walking out, I espied in the anteroom, on a modern roller band, the necessary toilet tissue. What a peculiar system. Unfamiliar visitors could find themselves in deep trouble.

Finally, at about 3:30 we walked through slush to our cozy, small hotel and conked out. At 6:30 we met Prof. Czagala for an informal supper. Both of us (having a case of jet lag) were somewhat uncomfortable, to say the least, and prepared ourselves for another restless night.

The next morning was cold and I had to wear my fur coat, fur cap, scarf, gloves, and boots. After having breakfast in the cozy dining room, Lotfi was whisked away for another talk and my guide came an hour later to walk me over to the Dean’s office for a farewell reception, again at the “long” table. I had to stand near Lotfi for more pictures, champagne, cookies, fruits—the works! Hospitality was prodigious and very warm. An original copper print was presented with a “thank you” speech as well as a lovely wedding-like bouquet for me. Suddenly, at the end of the long table a pretty face smiled at me and I recognized the young woman who had knocked on our door last night asking if we would take a small gift to her brother, also at U.C. Berkeley. She was a beautiful woman with a persuasive personality and somehow had managed to attend the reception without being invited. Our host was upset and embarrassed by her impudence. I later heard that during Lotfi’s talk there was a heckler who tried to disrupt the talk with illogical questions, but Lotfi was not ruffled and replied patiently and politely. These were the two minor events out of the ordinary.

The farewell over, we were to proceed to Warsaw for our last lap of the trip. Our host, Ernest Czagala, insisted we eat before we go. The car came for us at 2:30, since it was 450 km to Warsaw. Lotfi slept for the next couple of hours, while we chatted in subdued tones. Lotfi had certainly earned his sleep.

The countryside at that time of the year looked bare and forlorn,
with a few farm houses scarcely visible here and there, but the road was smooth and easy to travel on. On the way, we passed a few guesthouses, but waited for Lotfi to wake up. Towards dusk, we finally stopped to stretch our legs and have some tea. The place looked deserted, yet on the second floor there was an empty restaurant and across from it a type of coffee shop with colored paper napkins gaily dressing the tables. Suddenly, the place came alive when a group of youngsters strolled in to order cold drinks.

The bathrooms downstairs were leaking and in sad shape. Still, one had to pay one zloti for using the facilities. Dusk set in and suddenly it got quite dark. We were heading North with cooler weather expected. After three hours of driving, we reached the outskirts of Warsaw, an attractive place with wide avenues and an impossible parking problem (no parking and too many cars).

Our hotel, Europejski, was one of the oldest, most venerable hotels situated near the "Old Town", with Stalin’s grotesque structure dominating to the left, serving as a landmark. It was hated by the Poles, but it has been put to good use as a Science and Progress Pavilion. Poland is not a rich country, but is struggling to keep her "head above water" by advancements in science, etc. Hence, fuzzy logic and soft computing are of great interest to them.

The weather was quite miserable—cold, windy, with snow flurries. Not the kind of weather for walking or exploring. Nevertheless, when my guide came to fetch me, we drove by car to the Old Town and luckily found a public pay-parking space, so our walking distance and discomfort were diminished. Still, it was not pleasant. I was bundled up in my fur coat, fur hat, wool scarf, gloves, and boots, and must have presented a rather ridiculous picture to whoever saw me. (Thanks for our California weather and sunshine!) We thus walked through Old Town and down to the famous Vistula river, which I wanted to see again, rain or shine.

On our walk, we were accosted by a little gypsy urchin who stroked my fur coat looking up with sad eyes (knowing where money was to be expected). However, when my guide gave him a coin, he was displeased and asked for more, though he could have bought two rolls with what she gave him. For him that was not enough and it
reminded me of India and its begging children of long ago. Next came his mother holding a swaddling infant (or was it simply a bundle?) Gypsies are all over Europe begging for existence. One feels sorry for them but they shouldn’t be encouraged, and I had no zloti to give. Next we came upon an old, half-blind hag freezing quietly in an alcove and the guide explained that often when the older folks give their homes to their children in the hopes of being cared for later on, the children simply get rid of them instead. What a sad and unjust world this is, and winter was just beginning.

After getting chilled to the bone, we paid for our parking and returned to our hotel, where we thawed out by ordering tea and cake. My guide said she expected a tasty surprise at this famous hotel, but we were both disappointed by pretense rather than substance, and didn’t even finish our expensive “gateaus”. Another lesson: stay away from fancy hotels.

We then walked to the house where Chopin last lived, but went instead to see an exhibit of furniture and weaving covering periods from the 1930s through the 50s, including Polish art deco, which now looks modern, though quaint (the chairs being so small one could hardly sit in them). Apparently, during Gomolka’s “reign” he didn’t feel kitchens or bathrooms were necessary, and the apartments were very small.

We returned to the hotel before 2:00 pm because I was expecting an old friend, Nina Wylcrynsky, whom I had not seen since Budapest, 1975. A lot of water had flowed under the dam, but we didn’t lose touch. I was able to make contact after some difficulties and she came by trolley and bus to see me. In walked a woman with short-cropped white hair, but after a couple of minutes I recognized the black, almond-shaped, bright eyes of the old Nina from Berkeley and Hawaiian times. It was a warm reunion lasting a couple of hours. We also had a dish of Polish mushrooms downstairs, but Nina felt hers would be tastier (she is a good cook).

After she left, we had only time for a quick nap before dressing for a formal dinner. We were driven not to the inexpensive but tasty Basilitchek restaurant that was recommended to me by a good friend in the U.S., but found ourselves, instead, in the very fancy Embas-
sador Restaurant in a private dining room. We were ten in all and
the dinner was hosted by the Director of the Warsaw Technical Insti-
tute, Professor Roman Kulikowski. He had been in Berkeley for a
year, long ago as a student, and was now a bit more portly. He
looked very comfortable and hosted the "expensive" dinner in a
private room for us.

We were driven home at 10 pm, because next morning we had to
get up at 3:30 am to make our 6:30 flight to Frankfurt. Thus, another
adventure ended.
My travelogues have now come to an end because I feel that further reports would be an anti-climax of sorts. I no longer accompany Lotfi except on trips that I enjoy personally.

Lotfi has overcommitted himself because of “noblesse oblige”. Lotfi’s schedule is still mind-boggling. I sometimes wonder whether he is not a pilot at heart. Of course, these important participations serve as adrenaline to his system now that he is Emeritus and teaching one course at the request of his department at Berkeley.

Through his active presence, he brings many students to the University. As director of BISC (Berkeley Initiative in Soft Computing) which he originated in 1991, he brings in international visitors and the group is getting larger every year. At home he is more a visitor than a resident, but in this way I have a little more time for myself, besides I would find his schedule quite exhausting.

In 1996, we had our fiftieth anniversary, which we commemorated very quietly by having our children join us from Los Angeles for a very private dinner at the Berkeley Marina’s “Skates Restaurant”. It is now a lovely memory.

Lotfi likes company and we entertain quite a bit. In public, he
doesn’t let on that he is actually a private and very modest person. To me he is still a mysterious and impenetrable man, one who surrounds himself with people to cover up his private loneliness. I still don’t know his mind or his thoughts. I can only guess.

At home, during dinner he reads or watches news on TV, the Russian program directly from Moscow or Tennis tournaments. Our quiet dinners I refer to as “Songs Without Words” (by Mendelsohn). After dinner he rests and later dictates to me answers to his e-mail (which is voluminous, I wonder how he doesn’t lose his cool at times). New technological progress is sometimes more of a curse than a blessing, yet time marches on and we have to keep up with it. I usually type until midnight and sometimes even longer so that he could take the answers the following morning to his secretary to put officially through the computer.

Lotfi shows his appreciation and his affection for me through feeding me oranges and giving me admonitions such as, “Don’t drive at night,” “Don’t climb on anything,” and “Don’t be adventurous.” At the same time he does his own thing and consults me rarely. He doesn’t usually share his plans with me. When company comes, depending on the country, he will say: “speak to him in German, or in French,” as the case may be. I often feel like Nora in Ibsen’s “Doll House”, except for dancing. Even that I am asked to do on occasion, or sing my little Persian song to regale the visitors. At parties we always like to dance. Lotfi dances very well and we do ball-room dancing, which has given us the reputation of the “dancing Zadehs.” For about thirty years we used to organize New Year’s parties in our home. We would invite about 22 friends (our dance floor was in the hall and rather narrow) but everyone danced and had a good time until three in the morning.

All in all, Lotfi is a very fine man. However, he has hobbies which are increasingly hard to cope with. He has always been a collector of sorts, i.e., he would collect cameras through newspaper ads, at swaps, etc. I didn’t mind this so much as cameras don’t take up much space. We have cameras in closets, in some hidden places, and even under the bed.

Lotfi’s hobbies consist of collecting objects which he is unwilling to part with in case one fine day he may need such and such items.
We now have four bicycles waiting... six electric fans waiting... several vacuum cleaners waiting.*

Over the years the situation has become worse. For example, Lotfi has collected 28 loudspeakers, all of which we had in our large living room. Lotfi had them set up in such a way that they somehow blended with the furniture arrangement. When he started stacking his loudspeakers up toward the ceiling, obstructing the light, I left the house with the ultimatum that unless the top two came down, I would not return.

He did call me the following day at the motel where I was staying and offered to discuss the matter. This was a face-saving device for both of us, and I returned. Nothing happened for a couple of days, while I kept quiet—then down came the two loudspeakers with Lotfi’s excuse that they obstructed the light. I had quietly won the first round, but this was only a harbinger of what was to come.

After so many years of collecting things and accumulating journals and papers (which he brings each time from his different conferences), we are simply running out of space. Space being finite (when one has four walls and a roof), he promised to tidy up and bring order to his organized chaos, but did not get around to actually doing it. I have become desperate and threatened to leave until promises are kept rather than “promised”. If I leave, there will be a little more space, but for how long? You can imagine how soon my space will be filled and then what? We even built a small shed in the back yard a couple of years ago. It is now filled to a point where it is hard to walk in.

Traveling as much as Lotfi does, and bringing with him piles of literature, and other items, every time he returns, he will fill my space in no time. Yet while I am with him, I still continue to reorganize and to find space. Oh, I can’t blame him for bringing home the literature, etc. I only feel sorry for the students who will have to sort out the archives in the future. As for myself, I feel as if I were the

* A colleague of Lotfi’s, upon reading my manuscript, suggested that Lotfi’s passion for “collecting” may not be his fault entirely, but hereditary in nature. Be that as it may, it does not make my lot easier, but since I realize that I need him as much as he needs me, I will try coping with his hobbies so long as he puts up with mine (however, mine take up very little space).
inhabitant of Dante's Divine Comedy, forever trying to bring order into the accumulating chaos (which is without hope).

I marvel how every time Lotfi gives one of his key lectures he offers new ideas. Although he speaks very often, he does not bore anyone with repetition. He continues to draw full classrooms or auditoria, and to draw crowds of interested listeners. This means that the collection of literature will only increase.

Let me say that if it were not for his obsessive collecting habits, I might feel that after these fifty years of being together we have reached some sort of understanding and balance in our relationship. I am still his "girl Friday" and I know that he needs and loves me, perhaps more now than he ever did, but I wonder how much longer I will be able to cope with his proliferating habits or his "fame"?

So far as our children are concerned, they ceased to be children long ago and are now nearing middle age, which is hard for us to believe. Both have chosen Los Angeles as their home. San Francisco seemed too small or provincial for their tastes.

Stella, our oldest, is a graduate (cum laude) of Harvard. She has been happily married for almost ten years, but continues her own successful business as a talent agent for TV producers. Her husband, David Gersh, is a well-known attorney in Los Angeles. Stella has been a journalist and was associated with CBS under Walter Cronkheit. Now she is her own boss and is quite a striking lady!

Our son, Norman, graduated with honors in Operations Research from U.C. Berkeley. He accepted a position at IBM in Yorktown Heights, N.Y., wrote a few serious papers, but couldn't stand the controlled environment and left. After several months, he published his book entitled Winning Poker Systems. Between stints as a Visiting Professor, he supplemented his income by playing poker, backgammon, and betting on sports.

In 1983, he began a new career by running financial competitions, most notably, the U.S. Investing Championships and Money Manager Verified Ratings. Later, around 1991, he became a money manager himself. In 1996, he turned his attention to a new occupation, starting a magazine called Perfect 10. This, "all natural" magazine, features 15 of the world's most beautiful models in each issue and
has been described by some as a serious contender to *Playboy* magazine. It is presently appearing in French as well.

Norman is surrounded by a bevy of girls, but has no intentions to marry (not being sure whether they want him for himself or for his money). He is an eligible bachelor of 47, looking great! (Of course, this is a mother’s opinion and slightly biased.)

*The Zadeh Family together on Fay and Lotfi’s 50th wedding anniversary, March 21, 1996: Stella, Lotfi, Norman, and Fay.*
Fay’s examples of Lotfi’s absentmindedness:

Late one night, after thoughtfully winding the clock for a long time and while still winding it, Lotfi told me, “Fay, will you please wind the clock tonight.”

Hurrying to get dressed for a party, Lotfi forgot to remove his shirt before pulling on a fresh one. Fortunately, he realized the error in time to correct it.

Upon returning home in the evening from a party, Lotfi left me at the back door while he went to open the front door which was locked. After waiting for him some 15 minutes to return, I lost my patience and went around the house to the front door and let myself in with my own key to discover my husband in animated conversation with his parents, having completely forgotten where he had left his wife.

When Lotfi came home after a day’s work, I noticed that one sock was all wrinkled and rolled down. Asking the cause of such untidiness, I was told gruffly that I had probably misplaced his garter (men usually wore them then). Imagine my surprise and
amusement upon going to bed and finding that my absentminded husband had tied two garters to one sock.

One morning while tidying up in the bedroom, I discovered a curious phenomenon—two brown shoes, one right and one left, but of different kinds. Nowhere could I find the missing shoes. Finally, the truth dawned on me when I realized that my professor was lecturing that day in a pair of mismatched shoes. I had a hearty laugh at that. In the evening when Lotfi returned home he had an impish look on his face and told me the “news” himself. He amplified the story by saying that while he was putting on his rubbers that morning, he noticed a peculiar feeling of unevenness. When he removed his rubbers at Columbia, the reasons for it were revealed. I wondered what his students thought at this “new look” in men’s apparel.

We have seen two good shows recently. One was the celebrated “Don Juan in Hell” with Charles Laughton, Charles Boyer, Cedrick Hardwick, and Agnes Moorhead. My hubby was so carried away by it that he dozed off for some fifteen minutes in blissful forgetfulness while I sat glued to my seat. A lady to our left eyed him suspiciously while he and I had a hearty giggle over his “nap”.

The other show which we enjoyed was entitled “Male Animal” and dealt with a professor and his family in a mid-west university. It was funny and somewhat familiar.

In 1957, Lotfi attended an URSI Congress in Boulder, Colorado. A couple of French scientists were sitting on a bench, chatting. Lotfi asked permission to join them on the bench. Of course, it would be impolite to deny a place on the public bench and Frenchmen know etiquette . . . so they nodded and then continued chatting, ignoring Lotfi as though he did not exist. Imagine their surprise and embarrassment after Lotfi’s talk the following day, when they realized who he was. One should have seen the transformation in their behavior and attitude. Lotfi still chuckles when he remembers their rudeness and French haughtiness.
Some of Lotfi’s Aphorisms

“When I look around, what I see is that most of my contemporaries reside underground.”

“There is a theorem of mine that I am very proud of. The theorem asserts that eventually all restaurants will be Chinese. The corollary of this theorem is that eventually all Department Chairs and Deans will also be Chinese, because the same kind of talent that is needed to run a successful restaurant is also needed to head an academic unit.”

“Sometimes, someone who I have not seen for a while remarks that I haven’t changed much in appearance. My response is that once one reaches bottom one cannot sink any lower.”

“I agree entirely with everything that you did not say.”

(Very useful when you are engaged in a debate.)

“If you feel offended by what you are told, respond by saying, ‘I will take it as a compliment.’”

(Helps to reduce your blood pressure.)

“It is amazing how much mileage some people can get out of gas.”

(Makes you feel better.)

“To survive in this place you have to kill yourself.”

(Lotfi’s sign that he posted above his door when he was Department Chair.)

“Life cannot be a succession of successes.”

(Don’t expect to spend your life on a bed of roses.)

“Don’t do today what can wait until tomorrow.”

(Don’t follow this advice.)
Memories of Students and Colleagues

I was fortunate enough to have Professor Zadeh as an instructor for a graduate Network Theory course at Columbia University in 1956. I remember how much he loved special terms and definitions. My friend in the class, Ugo Gagliardi, was a hero for Professor Zadeh because he knew Latin and always came up with just the term Zadeh was looking for. I remember how slowly and carefully Professor Zadeh presented the material in class. He made everything seem trivial, until the first exam.

Peter Dorato

Around 1970 I met Lotfi for the first time—young, innocent, and as completely unknown as I was. When I reached his office, there was a note for me, “Sorry, forgot my birthday. Please meet me at (some Bay-Shore restaurant). Meeting him at his birthday party, I was even more impressed by him than by the amount of shrimp I was able to swallow.

He has always been that way, open to new ideas and people, helpful in the extreme, and a human in the best sense of the word.

Thank you Lotfi, and thank you Fay for maintaining him so well.

Bernd Reusch

One evening at the 1975 Joint OR Societies Meeting in Kyoto, Lotfi, my wife Milena, our daughter Jane, and I went to a small Japanese restaurant near our hotel for dinner. We ordered some Japanese dishes while Lotfi ordered an ordinary spaghetti dish. When the dishes were served, Jane looked very unhappy about the exotic dish on her plate. She did not say anything, but looked at Lotfi’s spaghetti with envy. Lotfi, quickly recognizing her situation, offered to trade dishes. She accepted his offer with an obvious sign of relief. She was eleven at that time. Now, more than two decades later, she still vividly remembers Lotfi’s kindness.
In his keynote lecture at the Second IEEE International Conference on Fuzzy Systems in San Francisco in 1933, Lotfi addressed the large, predominantly engineering audience with “Dear creationists, psychics, and inventors of perpetual-motion machines.” The audience was obviously quite confused. Only a little later did he explain that his strange address was based on the following quote from a review of Fuzzy Logic (by Daniel McNeill and Paul Frieberger, Simon & Schuster, New York, 1993, which was published in the Wall Street Journal, February 16, 1993, p. A12): “Mainstream U.S. scientists, however, have generally treated the claims of fuzzy advocates with the same disdain they usually reserve for creationists, psychics, and inventors of perpetual-motion machines.”

At the 1981 Annual Meeting of the Society of General Systems Research, I was expected, as President of the Society that year, to give a talk at the conference banquet. My talk dealt with a specific issue of systems methodology. I was introduced, in overly superlative terms, as a champion of systems methodology. Before starting my talk, however, I encountered some technical problems with the microphone and the overhead projector. It was not obvious how to correct the problems and I became a little frustrated. At that time, I heard Lotfi’s voice coming from the audience, “Use systems methodology.”

George Klir

I started fuzzy research in 1973. The next year, Professor Zadeh came to Hungary to give a lecture. I was extremely happy, especially since I was assigned to accompany him during his stay as a “Chavalier d’Honneur”. He was very kind and helpful and he encouraged me to continue my research. Finally, he presented me a wine red tie with colorful patterns (at the time, it was unusual for Hungarians with rather conservative taste).

I sported this famous “fuzzy tie” later at many fuzzy conferences and also occasionally when I lectured to my students. At the end of the semester it was customary to ask the anonymous opinion of the
students about the quality of our teaching. One student wrote the following: “I really liked your lectures and found the topic interesting. Only, when you wore that strange-colored tie I simply had to stare at it all the time and was unable to concentrate on anything you said.”

László T. Kóczy

The first time I met Lotfi, I was 24 years old and a graduate student at the Department of Applied Science at Livermore, which was the school Edward Teller started through the University of California at Davis. One of Lotfi’s Ph.D students, Rolland Johnson, was my advisor. Rolland had graduated from Berkeley in 1969 and worked on something called semantic nets, but he had invited Lotfi to give a talk. After the talk, at the reception, I had the honor of being introduced to Lotfi. He, in his gracious style, took my hand, bowed, kissed my hand, and said “My dear you will go very far.” It probably doesn’t sound like much, but he left such a tremendous impression on me. He was very important, you know, a famous man, yet he bowed and took his hat off in a sweeping gesture and kissed my hand. I have to say it left an enormous impression.

Most recently I saw one of the funniest things that I have seen Lotfi do (although Lotfi does a lot of funny things). He collects car antennas (or maybe they are off trucks). He got the antennas from garage sales (maybe you have seen them), and starting using them at his lectures at Berkeley. In a seminar that I saw him give (it was a seminal life spanning reflection talk), he stood up there using this huge antenna. It must have been 7 1/2 feet long and allowed him to stand aside so that he could point to the projection material on the screen without his body being in the way, which was great for the audience. But what he didn’t realize was that when he turned around and faced the audience and started to talk to them, he still had that thing in his hand. The people on the first and second row were quite panicked. It was extremely funny because I don’t think he realized.
Well, maybe he did.

Back in 1987, when I took my courses at Berkeley, I had the pleasure of taking one of Lotfi’s classes. My advisor was his student, and Lotfi was like my grandfather advisor. So I got to see him progressively become, I don’t want to say, stranger and stranger, but . . . just do unusual things.

For example, he wore one of those waist pouches, you know those things they zip up and wear around the waist. The first time I saw him in class he was wearing one with two calculator pouches. He also had four or five airline bags that he had bought at garage sales and would fill them with different things: Kleenex, decaf Lipton tea, towlettes to cleanse his hands, and hot water.

As time went by, he progressively acquired more and more of these waist pouches. So finally, by the end of the term, he was wearing two waist pouches and I think he had three calculator pouches and he also wore a beeper around his neck. He had his camera in one pouch, his cell phone in another, and his Lipton’s tea, towlettes, and God knows what else in those other pouches (maybe an umbrella). So I watched him “grow” more and more of these pouches.

One day I had to take an oral exam from Lotfi. I went into his old office, the one that was in Evans (I think he was there for a very long time). He had piled everything up to the ceiling, so that there was only a tiny little path that I had to navigate through to find a seat. There’s this spot in his office which was just a clearing with two chairs, one for the person taking the oral exam and one for himself. So he set me down in this chair and offered me these really old, stale candies. I don’t think he ever realized that those candies were not very fresh. It was a standing joke that everybody use to talk about. If you ever go into Lotfi’s office and he offered you a candy, don’t take one.

So here I was taking this oral exam and he was asking me technical questions and I was sweating bullets. There came a knock at the door and it was a visitor from Iran. Lotfi says, “Here, let me find a seat for you.” Only God knows where he pulled out a chair. There must have been a chair hidden amongst the books. I couldn’t imagine how we could of squeezed one more person into his office, but we managed. Then maybe 10 minutes later came another knock at
the door and somebody from Japan showed up, and Lotfi found a stool for him. This happened four more times. There were four more people that came to the door and every time Lotfi somehow would get a chair or move some bookshelves (they were on wheels), and get another chair. The last person that came, he pulled out a tripod chair that looked like it came from Mexico. It was a very tiny tripod chair like those used for sitting on a football field. It was hysterical, the funniest thing I had ever seen in my life!

_Cindy Mason_

In July, 1990, I was chairing the ISRAM '90 (International Symposium on Robotics and Manufacturing) in Vancouver, Canada. Lotfi had a very tight schedule and almost cancelled the trip to Vancouver. He had to rush to Japan the next day after his speech in Vancouver. Lotfi was one of the keynote speakers and I was to introduce him as the chair of his session. As a way of introducing him, I mentioned that “Lotfi Zadeh’ nationality is somewhat “fuzzy”: He was born in Baku, Azerbaijan, so he can be called an Azari, at the age of 10 he went to Tehran, Iran, with his parents, so he is Iranian on his father’s side, his mother being Russian, he can also be considered Russian. After graduating in Electrical Engineering from the University of Tehran, he went on to USA, graduated from MIT and Columbia and became a U.S. citizen, so he is American. Now, since the advent of the fuzzy chip in Japan, the Japanese are claiming him.

Lotfi Zadeh spends every Sunday that he is home at garage sales. Good size antennas from old cars become pointers in his lectures. Some of the antennas are so long that he can stay in the middle of the room and point to the transparencies on the projector. He says that “If I lie on my death bed and someone says that there is a good garage sale, I’ll try to get up.”

_Mo Jamshidi_
Lotfi is very traditional so far as foods are concerned and prefers simple tried-and-true dishes, mainly dating back to his childhood tastebuds. Since I am just the opposite and like to experiment with new flavors, I have to invite guests using them as guinea pigs for my presentations. Even so, I have to avoid seafood which he simply won’t eat, thus limiting my repertory. I am not a “gourmet” cook but invariably the foods I serve seem to elicit requests for recipes. I even thought at some time to publish a small cookbook of “Fay’s” favorites, but there are too many books on the market already to even bother with printing up.

Lotfi’s all-time favorite soup is Borscht, the way I make it. He says he could eat it every day, but I know this is an exaggeration to be taken with “a grain of salt” as the saying goes. Since food for the brain will not feed a body, I have decided to include a list of his preferred foods.

I must add that when he goes to Japan where everyone tries to regale him with the most delectable seafoods, he comes home a few pounds thinner and the first thing he asks upon his return is some good homemade soup for sustenance. However, he likes spicy Chinese food in contrast to Japan’s “sashimi” specialties (which I love.)
For breakfast, the usual meal consists of Feta on bread slices, decaf (no sugar, but milk is OK), and grapefruit or melon. Occasionally, he will accept some hot cereal as an addition to his regular fare. On Saturdays, however, he gets his special favorite, OLADOUSHKI, the recipe for which you will find below. These are cottage cheese pancakes, which are a favorite with everyone who has breakfast at our house.

And so, to begin:

**OLADOUSHKI (cottage cheese pancakes)**
Lotfi's Special Breakfast Treat on Saturdays

2 heaping tbsp. (or 1/4 cup) small curd cottage cheese
1 heaping tbsp. (or 1-1/2 Tbsp.) sour cream
1 large egg
1-1/2 tbsp. sugar
1/3 cup flour
1/8 tsp. salt
2 tbsp. Crisco for frying

Mix briefly together cottage cheese, sour cream and egg. Mix together flour, sugar, salt and add to cottage cheese. Stir briefly to make a sort of dough. Let stand 5 minutes and drop with tablespoon onto hot oil. Fry a couple of minutes till brown at the edges then turn and fry another minute or two. Serve with a dollop of sour cream, or jam or both. (Lotfi uses only Equal on the pancakes.) There will be ten pancakes as a rule - enough for one or two portions.

**FAY'S RUSSIAN (Hot) BORSCHT**

Make stock with:
1 to 1-1/2 lbs. short ribs of beef plus knuckle bones added for flavor
6-8 cups water to just cover the meat
1 heaping tbsp. each, salt and sugar
6-8 whole black peppercorns
1 stalk celery plus 3 sprigs of parsley – simmer for 1-1/2 hours.
To keep stock clear: discard bones, pour soup through sieve, wash pot and return stock and meat to pot.

Add to stock:
2 cleaned carrots (sliced)
4-5 fresh tomatoes (cut up)
3 large beets (or one bunch) cleaned and shoe stringed
2 six oz. cans tomato sauce
2 tsbps. vinegar (or juice of half a lemon)

Cook on medium flame (slow boil) for 30-40 min. then add 1 medium head cabbage (cored and cut up) continue slow boil for another 30 minutes. Adjust seasonings (if necessary) to taste sweet-sour. Serve with a dollop of sour cream on each plate and fresh dill on top. Borscht tastes better on the second and third days.

One can boil small potatoes and add one to each plate together with the soup meat, thus making it into a one meal dish.

I now boil the beets separately in a small amount of water with 1 tsp. salt, 1 tbsp. sugar and 1 tsp. lemon juice for half an hour or so. I then remove the skin which slides off easily, shoestring the beets adding the liquid to the borscht towards the end of the cooking time. This improves the flavor and color.

The 2 tsbps. vinegar are added together with the cabbage. Though this is a lengthy process, the result is usually most gratifying. Besides, a large pot of borscht lasts three to four days.

BENGAL LAMB CURRY (a la Fay)
adapted from a New York Times recipe

1 cup minced onion
4 tsbps. butter or margarine
21/2 - 3 lbs. lean lamb shoulder cut in one" cubes (or upper leg of lamb portion)
3 tsbps. chopped or slivered crystallized ginger
1 tbsp. fresh ginger, shoestringed (optional, but preferred)
11/2 tsbps. curry powder
2 tsps. salt
\[
\frac{1}{2} \text{ tsp. sugar} \\
1 \text{ tsp. crushed dried mint leaves} \\
\frac{1}{8} \text{ tsp. pepper} \\
2 \text{ cups milk} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup freshly grated coconut and } \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup coconut milk,} \\
(\text{optional— I don’t use).} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup lime juice} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup heavy cream (or } 3/4 \text{ cup is O.K.)}
\]

1. Saute onion in half the butter for five minutes. Meanwhile, remove bone and excess fat from pieces of lamb. Add remaining butter and the meat cubes to onion in skillet and cook till lamb is brown on all sides.

2. Blend in the ginger, curry powder, salt, sugar, mint and pepper. Slowly stir in the milk; then cover and cook over low heat for one hour. (Milk will curdle somewhat, don’t let it bother you).

3. Add the lime juice (and coconut plus coconut milk if used) cover and cook about 20-30 minutes longer, until lamb is tender. Just before serving add heavy cream. Heat through and serve over white fluffy rice. Yield 8 servings.

**IRANIAN BOGHOLA PILAW**  
(Rice, Lima Beans, Dill)

\[
3 \text{ cups Mahatma Long Grain Rice (or } 2-1/2 \text{ cups Basmati Rice)} \\
1 \text{ package frozen baby lima beans} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup dried dill} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup Mazola or vegetable oil} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup water} \\
salt (2 tbsp or more)
\]

Wash rice in cold water (3 or 4 times) till water is clear. Cover with water (1" above rice) add 1 tbsp. salt and let soak 2-3 hours.

Set a large pot with water to boil. Add lima beans to briskly boiling water and 1 tbsp. salt. Boll for 1 minute and then add the rice
and salt water. Boil for about 4-5 minutes till rice is “al dente”, drain into colander, add some cold water through, then add dill and shake to distribute evenly.

Heat oil and water In large, heavy bottomed pot, pour off half into cup leaving the other half in the pot. Add the rice, lima beans and dill to pot, cover with towel wrapped around cover until steam begins to rise through cover (about 15-20 min.) Pour the rest of the oil-water over and around the rice (In this way all does not sink to bottom) cover and steam for another 15-20 minutes till it is fluffy and separate.

If it still looks a bit wet, take off the lid and bake In 325° oven for another 10-15 minutes.

This is a very tasty dish and the rice looks very green because of the dill.

To get a browned bottom crust, turn on high for a few minutes and use the same method for loosening it as indicated in the other pilaws.

Lotfi’s other favorite is plain hamburger, well done or . . .

**LOULE KEBAB (chopped meat on skewers)**

1 lb. chopped chuck
1 small onion, grated
1 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. black pepper
1/2 tsp. cumin
1 tbsp. vinegar

Mix well all ingredients and let rest for an hour. Make longish, sausage-like patties and fry or grill for 10 minutes. Serve with hot rice (Chelow).

Or make a meat sauce to serve over rice:

1 lb. chopped chuck
1 large onion chopped
1 tbsp. oil or butter
1-6 oz. can tomato sauce
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. sugar
1/2 tsp. black pepper
1/2 tsp. cumin

Fry onion in hot skillet with butter or oil until transparent, add meat stirring so no large lumps remain and meat loses its pink color, add seasonings and tomato sauce, mix and simmer covered for 30 to 40 minutes. Serve with hot rice.

EGGPLANT CAVIAR A LA FAY
appetizer on black or white bread

1 fairly large eggplant
1 small onion, minced
2-3 tsbs. Wesson or other oil
1 small can tomato paste
2 tsps. sugar and salt (each) or according to taste.
With sugar a little more rather than less.

Bake the eggplant in its skin in a 350° oven for one hour or over, turning once in the pan, until very soft to the touch. When ready, remove skin and chop up vary fine. Meanwhile, fry onion in the oil until transparent and turning slightly golden but not brown. Combine eggplant with the onion, add tomato paste and spices, mix well. Voila! Put into the refrigerator to set for a while.

DOLMA
or stuffed kale or chard

1/2 lb. chopped chuck (or pork)
1/4 lb. chopped lamb
1 cup cooked rice
1 peeled, chopped tomato (no onions)
1 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. black pepper
2 tbsp. white sugar
1 can tomato sauce plus 1 cup water
juice of 1 to 1-1/2 lemons (according to taste)

Cut stems off chard and blanch to soften leaves. Put large tablespoon of mixture on each leaf and roll up, tucking ends in. Add liquids and simmer covered for about 30 minutes. Serve with yogurt or sour cream.

RUSSIAN KISSEL' DESSERT

1 Qt. berries any kind but cranberries preferred
4 cups water
3/4 cups sugar
2 tbsp. cornstarch
whipping cream

Bring berries in 4 cups water to a boil, add sugar and simmer 10 minutes. Strain through sieve, return on the fire, add 3 tbsp. cornstarch mixed with cold water. Add to simmering juice keep stirring until liquid loses its chalky look and becomes clear once more (about 5 minutes). Pour into bowl or small glasses and cool overnight. Serve with whipped cream.
Index

Alborz College, 6, 9
American missionaries, 5
American Missionary School, 2
Antosievicz, Professor, 88, 92
Anvari, Mori, 150
Armacost, Ambassador, 232
Armstrong, Major, 36
artificial intelligence, 210, 211
Asheville, North Carolina, 240-241
ASME, 252
Åström, Karl, 153
Austria, 42-43, 209, 211
BADen Bei Wien, 166
Innsbruck, 212
Lech, 210
Oberlech, 210, 211, 217
Vienna, 72, 94, 134, 168
Bar-Hillel, Professor, 126, 128
Barkan-Marcus, Ruth, 257
Belgium, 21
Bellman, Richard, 88
Berlin Wall, 55, 219
BISC, 283
Björner, Dinis, 169
Blachman, Nelson, 49
Black Sea, 71, 76
Boghola Pilaw, 302
Bolshoi Ballet, 74
Borscht, 300
Bouchon, Bernadette, Dr., 208
Boulaye, Dr., 142
Boulder, Colorado, 36-37, 41, 48
Brazil
Rio de Janeiro, 145, 146
Sao Paolo, 146-147
Bremen, 77
Bricheteau, Therese, 205
Bruun, Ilse and Georg, 175
Cairo, Egypt, 9, 261, 263
California, 19, 32-38
Berkeley, 32, 166, 175, 177, 221, 249, 282
Mammoth Springs, 30
Orinda, 32, 32-39
San Bernardino, 44
San Francisco Bay, 35
cameras, 35
Campé de Feriet, Professor, 193, 199, 208
Canada
Montreal, 22, 142
Ottawa, 140
Toronto, 140
Vancouver, 239
Columbia University, 16, 17, 20, 23, 36, 290, 292
COMPUTOPIA, 234
Cornell University, 26
CPPE, 145
Creismer, Professor, 75
Cuba, Havana, 131
Cuban hijack, 131-133
Cybernetics Congress, 77
Czechoslovakia, Prague, 59-60
Czogala, Ernest, 278, 279, 280
Dantzeg, George, 168
David, Ed, 100
DeClaris, Professor, 26
Denmark, Copenhagen, 41, 104, 172, 174

305
Desjardin, Paul, 257
Dolma, 304
Donner Pass, 31
Doohoer, Tanya, 262, 263
Dorato, Peter, 292
Drake's Business School, 6
Eggplant Caviar, 304
Engelberger, J.F. Dr., 246
England,
  Bournemouth, 153, 161
    mayor, 162, 164
  London, 21, 47, 57, 119, 124,
    133, 161, 168, 178, 205, 209
    Guild Hall, 48, 50
  Oxford, 153, 159, 160
Etemad, Galen, 246, 247
Etemad, Jaleh, 248
EXPO '67, Montreal, 102-104
Farah Diba, Queen, 150
Father of Fuzzy Logic, 243, 247,
  250, 264
France
  Bordeaux, 152, 162, 165
  Cachan, 191-193, 199
  Gare St. Lazare, 255
  Lyon, 201, 203
  Marseilles, 53, 142
  Mont St. Michel, 257
  Paris, 21, 46, 52, 59, 144, 188,
    190, 193
  Province, 143
  St. Tropez, 143, 148
  Toulouse, 201, 204
  Versailles, 199
fuzzy logic, 10, 166, 220, 228, 235,
  236, 239, 243
fuzzy sets, 78
Fuzzy Wuzzy, 166, 170
Gagliardi, Ugo, 292
Gamkrelidze, Professor, 88, 92, 94,
  99
Gavrilov, Professor, 94
geishas, 68, 269
Germany, 42, 205, 209, 214
  Berlin, 55, 218
  Hamburg, 56, 86
  Munich, 96
  Stuttgart, 218
Gersh, David, 286
Giralt, Susanne, 204
Glushkov, Professor, 164
Gray, Paul, 50
Greece, 111-112
Guillem, E.A., 12
Hamzavi, Dr., 94, 155
Hawaii, Honolulu, 69
Hi-Fi equipment, 35, 285
Hitler, 3, 96, 156
  Nazi atrocities, 128
Honda Prize, 228, 235
Honda, Mr. 231, 236
Hong Kong, 66, 250
Hoover Library, 38, 39
Hungary, 177-183
  Academy of Sciences, 180
  Budapest, 71, 84, 178
  Lake Balaton, 181, 183
  Tihany, 181
Hwa, Er Ming, 272
IBM, 54
Idelewild, 52
IEEE, 117, 261
  Medal of Honor, 10, 260
IFAC, 117
IFIP, 117, 119, 166, 173
IIASA, 166
Il'in, Professor, 50, 61, 84
Illinois, Chicago, 26
India,
  Calcutta, 65
  Delhi, 65
  Himalayas, 65
Indiana, 27
International Mathematics Congress, 93
Iran, 5, 10, 150-151
   Ardabil, 1
   Island of Kish, 150-151
   Polé Roumi, 4
   Naderi Avenue, 4
   Tehran, 1, 4-6, 11, 171, 190, 262
Iron Curtain, 22
Israel, 125, 126-130
   Jerusalem, 121, 126-130
   Kibbutz, 128, 129
   Tel Aviv, 121, 126
ISRAM '92, 246
Italy, 43-44, 105-108
   Florence, 224
   Milan, 170
   Nice, 54
   Pisa, 117, 122, 124
   San Remo, 108, 117, 123
   Trieste, 94, 95
   Urbino, 166, 169, 175, 176
Ito, Dr., 265
Jacob, Jean-Paul, 145, 146
jalopy, 5, 8
Jamshidi, Jila, 245, 247
Jamshidi, Mo, 247, 296
Japan, 58
   1923 earthquake, 3
   Kobe, 68
   Kyoto, 68, 292
   Osaka, 67
   Tokyo, 67, 69, 228-233, 264
Johnson, Rolland, 294
Jury, Eli, 108, 246
Kailath, Tom, 246
Karaev, Kara, 81
Katzenelson, Professor, 130
Kepi, 25
Kerensky, Alexander, 37
Khomeini, 150
King of the Desert, 13, 139
Kissel Dessert, 305
Klir, George, 254, 293
Kóczy, László T., 294
Kogan, Professor, 88
Kulikowski, Roman, 282
Kumagai, Professor, 68
Lamb Curry, 301
Latvia, Dwinsk, 2
Lerman, Noah and Esther, 130
Letov, Professor, 74, 93
Limberanski, Mayor, 85
Lorenz, Professor, 258
Los Angeles, 34
   "Tehrangeles", 151
Louisiana, New Orleans, 249-250
Loule Kebab, 303
Maideh, 190, 191, 261
Manchuria, Harbin, 3
Marcovitz, Marc, 22
Marsh, Steve, 253
Mason, Cindy, 296
Massachusetts
   Boston, 11, 13, 243
   Cape Cod, 18
   MIT, 9, 12, 17
McCarthy, Professor, 115
Melson, Lydia, 168
Merson, Alma, 263
Messerer, Asaf, 74
Minsky, Professor, 115
Mizumoto, Kazuka, 230
Moiseef, Professor, 88, 92
Moisel, Professor, 113, 114
Monaco, 54
Monte Carlo, 54
Moreau, Mr. and Madame, 211
Naghdli, Paul, 252
Naniche, George 139
NATO, 152
Nee, Andrew, 272
Nefertiti, 219
Netherlands, 21
Amsterdam, 120-121
Delft, 117
Nevada, Reno, 31
New York
New York City, 12, 23, 51, 59, 71, 133, 147, 184-187, 208
Lotfi's arrival, 10
Utica, 25
Niagara Falls, 26
Nishizawa, Junichi, 266
Niura, 190-191
Nixon, Richard, 38
Norouz (Persian New Year), 12
North Pole, 86
Nourbaksh (school for girls), 5
Nyassa, Portuguese freighter, 9
Ohio, 26
Okawa Award, 264, 268
Okawa, President, 266, 268
Oladoushki, 300
Oivers, The, 72-73
OMRON, 154
Osaka University, 68
Panahi, Dr., 252
Parlar, Mustafa, 110
Pelham Manor, 20, 23, 25, 106
Perfect 10, 286
Persia, 1
Peru, Lima, 145
Picard, Professor, 193
Piezenic, Steve and Birdie, 262
Pimentel, Professor
Pin, Lim, 272
Poland, 277
Cracow, 157
Katowice, 277
Warsaw, 152, 155, 159
Pontriagin, Professor, 94
Popov Society, 71, 84
Portugal, Lisbon, 9
Pospelov, Dr., 182, 183
Potemkin, 77
Pratt School of Art, 6
Radanovich, Professor, 89, 90, 91
Raiff, Dr., 168
Reddy, John and Eileen, 106
Reusch, Bernd, 292
Reza, Fazrullah and Mary, 49, 245, 246, 252
Ristic, Dr., 154
Rosanoer, Professor, 88
Roska, Dr., 179
Rumania, Bucharest, 112
Rushmore National Park, 29
Russell, Professor, 26
Russia
Azerbaijan, 80
Baku, 1, 8, 71, 76, 79, 83, 94
Academy of Sciences, 80, 84
Leningrad, 62
Moscow, 60-62, 71, 73, 76, 80, 93
Tashkent, 63
Yalta, 78
S.S. Acquaintania, 6
S.S. Admiral Nachimov, 76, 82
Sakaiya, Taichi, 266
Sanchez, Marie, 197-198
Sand, Anne, 3, 4
Sand, Henry and Ray, 3
Santa Fe, New Mexico, 243, 244, 247
Scotland, Edinburgh, 117-119
Sekine, Professor, 234
Shannon, Prof. 84, 85
Shimoda, Mr. 231
SIAM, 117, 123
Sierra Mountains, 20
Siforov, V. 49, 85
Silverman, Richard, 49
Singapore, 270
Soanowski, R., 279
South Dakota, 28
Soviet Union, 22
Spain
   Barcelona, 188, 194-197, 200
   Costa Brava, 197
   Madrid, 98-99, 100
Sputnik, 73
Strutt, Friedel, 113
Stumpers, Felix, 49
Sukumar, Dr., 271, 277
Sweden, 104-105
   Lund, 163
   Stockholm, 166, 172, 174, 176
Switzerland, 44
   Bern, 222
   Chillon, 171, 175
   Geneva, 55, 170
   Lauterbrunnen, 221
   Lucerne, 222
   Zurich, 44, 113, 209-210, 212, 213,
   214, 215-216, 220, 222
Sylcrynsky, Nina, 281
Takagi, Dr., 234
Tchitchinadze, Professor, 115
Teller, Edward, 294
Texas, Houston, 252
Tomovich, Professor, 89, 90
Townes, Charles and Frances, 17, 114
Trans-Siberian railroad, 2
Trillas, Professor,
Truman, Henry, 38
Tsypkin, Yakov, 84
Turkey
   Ankara, 110
   Istanbul, 110-111
Turksen, Burhan, 220
TWA Flight 145, 131

U.C. Berkeley, 20, 22,
department chairman, 101
Norman Zadeh, 102
Ukraine, Odessa, 76,77
United Nations, 170
URSI Congress 36, 40-50, 67 94, 96-
98, 100, 140, 153, 290
Utah, Salt Lake City, 30
Vamos, Dr., 178, 183
Varkonyik, Mrs., 180
Venice, 81, 94-95, 225-226
Vietnam Wall, 262
Vietnam, 93
Voge, Dr., 259
Voice of America, 76
Warwick Castle, 160
Washington, D.C., 189, 260, 263
Weichardts, The, 25
Westchester County, 19
Whinnery, John and Pat, 21, 100
Winning Poker Systems, 286
Wisconsin, 27
Wyoming, 30
Yager, Ron, 208
Yang, Jeff, 168
Yellowstone, 29
Yen, John and Michelle, 252, 253
Yugoslavia, 152
   Beograd, 134
   Dubrovnik, 86, 88-91, 117, 122,
   154-155
   Herzeg-Nov, 136
   Kotor in Montenegro, 173
   Sarajevo, 134-135
Zadeh, Fanny, 2,3
Zadeh, Fay
   childhood 1-6, 56, 58
   Cuban hijack, 131-133
   girl Friday, 12, 16, 192
   "magic pants", 141, 144, 164
   parents, 17, 24, 184
parties, 115-116
“ripped off”, 184-187
wedding, 12, 13
Zadeh, Lofé
absentmindedness, 289
aphorisms, 291
ALONE sign, 3, 7
childhood, 1-6, 79, 83
“dandy”, 8
family man, 16
Gold Hamming Medal, 243
graduation from Columbia
   University, 14
Honda Prize, 228, 235
IEEE Medal of Honor, 10, 260
“King of the Desert”, 139-140
Lee Kuan Yew Distinguished
   Visitor, 270
loudspeakers, 36, 285
MIT, 9, 12, 17
Okawa Award, 264, 268
“pasha”, 136, 138
Rufus Oldenburger Medal, 249
U.C. Berkeley, 20-21, 101
University of Tehran, 9
U.S. citizen, 21
vacations, 21, 40
with hair, 8
Zadeh, Norman, 18-19, 25, 32-33,
   36, 102, 253, 286, 287
Zadeh, Rahim Ali-Asker, 1, 7
Zadeh, Stella, 17, 23, 25, 27, 32-33,
   141, 142, 253, 262, 263, 286, 287
Zagreb, 87, 154
Zakai, Professor, 130
Zimmerman’s Hungarian Restau-
   rant, 13
Zimmermann, Hans and Biggi,
   205, 252
Zozya, 85