

# Compilation 10

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## Account 9- Arghavan

*Mehdi Navid*

January 2nd, 2019

Arghavan is my colleague. As she says, from the moment she opened her eyes and wanted to know the world, she found herself working in a publishing house. In the early 90s she went to university and studied philosophy. Before enrolling at university, she was waiting for the neighbor's boy to return from the war and to get married.

The boy was reported missing in action. Arghavan waited for a couple of years for some news. There was none. She got herself together and enrolled at university. There she met a boy who approached her occasionally with the excuse of borrowing notes. Apparently they used to secretly go behind the faculty's building and exchange their notes, and in that brief time there were short yet pleasant conversations between them. The boy also accompanied her several times on the bus, though not being able to talk to her. Every time Arghavan got off the bus in the station near her house, she just waved at him and the boy responded with a secret wink. On one of these occasions, the boy plucked up the courage to get off the bus with Arghavan and to walk her home. Her soul was filled with fear and joy. With a specific distance and as if far away, they began walking in the alleys. They didn't exchange any words and just walked in silence. A couple of people in the neighborhood noticed them and stopped the boy. Arghavan quickened her steps and held tight on her chador. The boy was beaten severely.

A couple of months later, the boy gave a letter to Arghavan on the university campus and walked away nervously and clumsily. In the letter he had written that he intended to leave Iran to continue his studies abroad. This letter became the boy's goodbye and a lump in Arghavan's throat.

After graduating from university, she started working in a publishing house. She worked so well that after a couple of years she became the

manager of one of the sections there. She saved up and rented a flat, and despite her parents' objections, moved out of their home. As she says, since she spends day and night either at the publishing house or at home, she has run out of marriage luck and no longer has any interest in getting married.

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## Account 2- Adel

*Mehdi Navid*

November 11th, 2017

Curly black hair. Black eyes. Kind of swarthy. About the same height as me, but skinnier. He had three interests: Gregory Corso's poetry, Gilles Deleuze's philosophy and weed. Those days he used to pass his life with them. He worked at a bank and had a rental not fancy apartment. We talked when we were smoking weed and it was most about his translation of Corso and the things he wrote about Iranian literature in newspapers. I was supposed to find him a publisher for his translations. They never got published.

Adel married a university student who had come from the province to Tehran. He distanced himself from everyone, even from the newspapers. I heard he left Tehran and is working at a private bank in Shiraz. This phone number belongs to one of his bachelor day's apartments in Tehran.

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