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Not a new lifestyle

For those who thirst for humanity

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DEDICATION

IT IS DEDICATED TO EVERYONE WHO IS
SEEKING TRUTH.

IT IS DEDICATED TO EVERYONE WHO WILL NOT
GIVE UP IT IF HE/SHE FINDS IT.

IT IS DEDICATED TO ALL SUNFLOWERS.
IT IS DEDICATED TO CHAMRAN.

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Introduction

This book is for those who are seeking truth and have not yet found it. It is for those who have freedom of thought and hate people depriving others of freedom, whether they are ordinary people on the streets of the city, or the great media that not only do not think freely but also do not let others think freely. And whenever truth was to be told to the public, if it was likely to shake the high palace governing public opinion, it was nipped in the bud.

The book is for those who are looking for something new to live by ... a new idea ...

Though it certainly is not so new since it has existed since the very early life of humans on the Earth, but it is new for you and me, governed by the media.

A new idea for a new lifestyle! The lifestyle seems painful at first glance, but if we look carefully, it is like a calm ocean which no light wind can disturb.

In the lifestyle, a person doesn't easily overlook the pains of his/her fellow creatures; he/she is ready to put his/her life at risk so that others will not lose their comfort.

The lifestyle caused this poem to be composed:

The children of humanity are each other's limbs

That share an origin in their creator

When one limb passes its days in pain

The other limbs can't rest easy

The lifestyle is followed by the comprehensive development of the human being; it doesn't let you become a caricature of yourself. You have seen a caricature, haven't you?!

In the lifestyle, you don't see injustice. Backing out, playing falsely, betraying and being unkind are meaningless ...

And of course maybe you think that this is all make-believe ...

No, friend! There are those who live this way, and even more so.

It was some years that people with this lifestyle appeared increasingly, a little farther, in Iran. But as if the great evils did not find any way to eliminate this kind of life except by attacking Iran militarily through their then puppet, Iraq, but they could not foresee the consequences.

Maybe you do not believe it, but it was the very war that exhibited the same lifestyle which they did not want that it exists.

Dr. Mostafa Chamran is one of those we spoke about. He is a prominent example of those who don't stop. He is a perfect example of exalted

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pains and universal concerns; he is a loud exclamation to lives accustomed to haze. Mostafa is the same living man who searches and finds people he must breathe into, whether they are in Iran, America, Egypt, Lebanon or anywhere else ...

Mostafa's life is a fact for those whose nose is offended by the unpleasant odor of marsh, a monotonous motionless life; now they seek a river where they see an example of life flowing.

If you look at his life, you will see that since he started toddling, he put something in the palm of everyone he reached. If you look, you will see that it is a long way, starting almost at the foot of a lamppost in Sarpulak to the university, then America, Egypt, and Lebanon, and finally returning to Iran. On this long path, Mostafa Chamran cut his life to pieces and put every piece in someone's hand. If at times he didn't find anyone, he cut a piece anyway and wrote it down as a souvenir.

Now we put some of the pieces next to each other to exhibit his life once again. But it is not possible to narrate the story of such a man in so few stories and writings ...

1

He was sitting and weeping bitterly, and everyone else was gathered around us. I had not known he would do so. “There’s nothing wrong with Mostafa,” I said. “I failed in math, and that is why he is sad.” It is unbelievable!

2

He was very good at math. At night, he gathered children together under a lamppost next to the Sarpulak square located at the back of the mosque. Here, he taught them math.

3

He was coming back with his mother. There was a poor person who had no warm clothes, trembling on the street corner. It was a cold winter, and he was empty-handed. In the morning, Mostafa became severely ill. The night before, he could not bring himself to sleep at home in a warm bed.

4

His father had a hosiery business. There was a part in the hosiery knitting machine which regularly broke down and caused work to stop. Abbas, Mostafa's brother, took it apart and re-modelled it. Mostafa also got interested in doing that and made one himself. They produced them in large quantities and started a small factory. Their father did not sell hosiery anymore, but instead he sold spare parts of hosiery knitting machines.

5

His headmaster thought and concluded that it was a pity that Mostafa studied in that school. He recalled and asked Mostafa to go to the Alborz School and talk to its headmaster in this regard. Alborz was a good high school, but it charged a fee. When Mostafa went there, the headmaster asked him a few questions and then gave him a sheet of paper to solve the problem. Mostafa had not yet fully written his answers when the doctor said, “Dear son, you have passed. It is not necessary to pay a fee either.”

6

He was the best student at the university. He studied electromechanics at the University of Tehran. He not only studied, but also did everything that he thought was right from sport and recreation to social and political activities.

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If you were to look through his notebooks, you would think that a calligraphy master had made a fair copy of them! They were well written and were tasteful.

8

It was the second year at the university and we had a professor who insisted that everyone must wear a tie. Mostafa never wore a tie. He did not wear a tie for exam sessions either. The professor subtracted 2 points from his score. He scored eighteen which made him top of his class!

9

"Lord, I should be the best in science so that enemies cannot use sarcastic language against me. I should prove to the hard-hearted persons, who pride themselves on science, that they will not match me scientifically. I should bring those black-hearted haughty arrogant persons to their knees, then I myself would be the most modest and humble person on earth."

10

It was a plan from a student. He had conducted an opinion poll of students about their best friend. The result was expected. He treated all students, even those who were not of Mostafa's opinion, in such a friendly manner that most of them had written Mostafa - even the seniors had written "Mostafa Chamran."

Our thermodynamics lesson was taught by a very strict professor. Many students failed in this lesson. Mostafa scored twenty two! Twenty two out of twenty!

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“**L**ord! Enable us so much so that we will not be proud of becoming drunk with victories. Lord! Enable me so much not to forget my inferiority and helplessness and to see nothing of myself in front of your greatness.”

13

He finished the MSc course in 1 year at Texas A&M University, and obtained a PhD from the University of California, Berkeley. Mostafa continued his successful path in the way of education.

"**L**ord, I don't know why I live. The world and all things in it do not satisfy me. I see people running around, working and toiling to get to the point where they have kept their eyes glued to it. O Great God! I hate things that others are after. Although I run around and work more than them and sacrifice good night's rest and day's joy for work, it does not please me. Only dutifully, I take steps to do things and take part in activities of life."

At night, Mostafa's room was a hang-out. The students at Berkeley University could not find anyone more good-tempered and literate than Mostafa. They came to his room to ask about problems that they did not understand, and Plasma Physics.

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A professor had not marked him and so he went to him for his score several times. He finally said, "You could score well but if you leave, we will lose an important workforce in the lab." Mostafa himself laughed and said "I had finished my assignment, but he kept my score with him so that I could stay there."

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He graduated from Berkeley with a PhD in Electronics and Plasma Physics.

I do not feel tired anymore. I have gotten used to sleeplessness. When facing grief and sorrow, I feel as if I am a mountain - I'm not upset by torment and pain. I sleep wherever that may be. I get up whenever it is needed. I eat whatever is available. The long times when I slumber on top of hills around "Berkeley", and the nights when I was walking like vagabonds on the hills and abandoned roads until dawn.

I urged him not to leave. He said, “What’s the use of living comfortably here while there is injustice in the world! He made his decision and left the United States. He left for Egypt.

20

I sacrifice myself for the sake of love. It is love for which I neglect the world and instead I found other aspects. For the sake of love, I view the world as beautiful and I worship beauty. For the sake of love, I believe in God. I worship Him and dedicate my life and existence to Him.

21

He was the top student in the military camp of Egypt too! It did make a difference for him as he had learned to be the best anywhere, whether it was in plasma physics or commando training!

22

He had rejected all tempting proposals including working in different universities and laboratories such as working as a professor. Another thing caused Mostafa to leave for Lebanon - four hundred and fifty orphans. After a short time, they all thought that Mostafa was their father. Mostafa became the headmaster of the industrial school of Jabal Amel in Lebanon.

It happened several times, going from a village to another that he saw a child sitting beside the road and crying. He would stop the car and go to embrace him. He would wipe his face with a handkerchief and kiss him. Then he would start to cry with him, ten minutes, fifteen minutes or maybe more. He would say to himself, “I do not know him, but it is enough for me to know that he is a Shia. I know this as he has shouldered injustice for one thousand three hundred and several years.”

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We got into the school with the doctor. His footsteps betrayed him! All of the kids ran out of classrooms, fell on him, sat on his neck and wrestled with him. The Doctor threw himself to the ground and said, “Do you see how strong these are?” I was amazed that he was a PhD in Plasma Physics, an instructor in Military Education and a founder of many movements in the United States and Lebanon. He was a director of an institute and yet he was playing with kids!

“O Great God! What has remained for me? What must I name after my name? Do my skin and bones indicate my name and personality? Do my ideas, wishes and imagination have character? What makes up “me”? What is it that others know me as?”

Once a month, schoolchildren got together to collect rubbish in the city. The doctor said, “The city is cleared and children lose their pride.”

Sometimes he walked from the school to his home. It took about an hour and a half! He tried hard to behave like the poor. In Lebanon, he was called “Abolfoghara” which means “the father of the poor.”

“**L**ord! Thank you for familiarising me with poverty to understand the suffering of the hungry and the stress of the needy. Lord, Thank you for familiarising me with pain to feel the pain of people who suffered!”

He had come to see the schoolchildren. He saw that the road was closed. When he noticed that the children had closed the road out of respect for him, he got upset and covered his head with both hands. He said, “We must apologize to them one by one.” He went to the cars one at a time and apologized.

30

On our way back, we went to a rural house. There was a skilled wrestler in the village. When he noticed that the doctor was there, he said, “I want to throw your professor to the ground.” He did not imagine at all that he would lose. He did not know that the doctor himself was a wrestler too, and we did not know either!

There were many who could not tolerate his presence. I heard one person saying, “I’m going to kill Chamran.” We informed the doctor, and he went to him directly and said “Do you want to kill me? So kill me, but why not try me before killing. Are not you a Muslim?” They talked to each other for three hours. Some time later I met him, and he had fallen in love with the doctor!

“O Great God, I feel that at this very stage you give me advice as a wise guide. You show me your holy verses and teach me a lesson! How much I had fears of something and you helped me. You made unthinkable impossible things become possible, and many times when I believed in something, you took it away from me.”

Most of them said, “Last night, the doctor visited me.” One of them said, “The doctor himself came and pulled the quilt over me so that I would not have a cold.” Another one said, “He put his hand on my forehead and asked if I had a fever?” Everyone claimed that the doctor had gone and talked to them, made their bed or consoled them. I wondered how many doctors there were and how they had enough time to visit all the kids.

“I’m the harrowing moan of broken-hearted orphans who awaken from extreme hunger at midnight, and any kind hand does not caress them. They are afraid of darkness and loneliness. There are no warm arms which give them shelter.”

I was the second one who caught him alone. He was walking alone without a weapon. I said, "I have been paid to kill you." He did not say anything. I asked, "Did you hear?" He said, "yes." It was as if he was right, "It's strange that I run after death, but it runs away from me!" I could not kill him, if everyone else were me as he was attracted to him.

Whenever he saw that someone was in a mood in the class, he said to them, “Wait until after the prayer for me, I want to see you.” After the prayer, they began to play and exercise! He said, “I do not like to find you weak.”

The background was totally black, and there was a small candle in the middle of it. It had the caption: “Maybe I cannot demolish this darkness, but I distinguish between darkness and light and truth and falsehood by the same little light. The light, however little, will increase in his/her heart if someone is after it!” I was influenced by the painting and the poem and would cry until the morning. It was before my marriage - I did not know that it was Mostafa’s work!

It had heard “The doctor has sent a gift for the bride.” I went rapidly to the front door and took the parcel. I opened it, and it was a beautiful candle! I went to my room and hung some pieces of gold from it so that they would think that Mostafa had sent them. Then I came back to the guests. Who knew that Mostafa sent me all of this!

A day as soon as I got home and caught a glimpse of Mostafa, I burst into laughter. I was asked, “Why are you laughing?” I laughed so much that I became tearful and said: “Mostafa, are you bald? I didn’t know!” We both laughed very much. It was two months after my marriage!

40

My mother was in the hospital for a week. Mostafa kissed her hand and shed tears. He wept very much, and she was surprised and embarrassed with so much affection from her son-in-law.

41

“I like to sit on top of a mountain at sunset, free from restrictions, and behold the sun going down below the horizon. I entrust all of my life to this divine beauty so that the magical beauty can play with my warp - weft by its artistic fingers. It can open my burning heart, and I can make the volcano of pain and sorrow active and freely shed tears. This is the essence of my life.”

42

Since I loved Mostafa very much, I stooped to put his slippers in front of his feet out of respect. He got very upset, and he did not let me do that. He stooped and kissed my hands.

43

After he had exiled himself for twenty three years, he then returned to his home, Iran. He was full of enthusiasm, and within just a few days, he was appointed as the Deputy Prime Minister!

44

When he was the Deputy Prime Minister, I just knew him. I stood in awe of him. One day I went to his home and I saw him wearing an apron and washing the dishes. I was with my little girl. After washing the dishes, he came in wearing his apron and played with my daughter.

45

For about a month, he was at the corps from morning to night. He planned to hit tanks at night and in the afternoon, he would lie down for an hour if there was no work.

I had not seen him for three days and I was sent on a mission. In the afternoon, I returned to the garrison. He had turned black in the face, and his body trembled. I wanted to take him to a doctor, but he did not let me. He said, “Nothing’s the matter dearest, I have not eaten anything for three days!”

The person who distributed tinned food said, “The doctor told us to keep the cans.” After this, the doctor himself came with lots of candles. We put a candle in each can and secured them, so they did not fall. We sent the cans down the Arvand River. The enemy thought that they were divers and fired there until the morning.

He had brought a person to the headquarters that did not equal us in his beliefs or deeds. Every time that an idea was put forward, he criticized it. When we asked the doctor why he had brought him, he said “His disagreements are useful for me as it makes me correct my behaviour.”

“Everyone who does me a bad turn makes me conscious.
Everyone who criticizes me teaches me the way of life.
Everyone who snubs me teaches me patience. Everyone
who does me a good turn teaches me kindness and loyalty.
So O Lord, grant them goodness because they elevated me
in this world and the next world.”

He liked Abdollahi very much. I did not know how to inform him of his martyrdom. I went to his room and after reporting the war news to him, I said, “Abdollahi was martyred, by the way!” He did not show any reaction. Later he told me, “If I become emotional during the war, all things will become tangled. I leave my grief for midnight when I pour out my heart to God only.”

“At midnight, I like to pray to God in the mysterious silence between the sky and the Earth. I whisper to the stars, and I listen to the unspeakable secrets of the sky. I climb into the depths of galaxies slowly, and I disappear in the infinite universe. I pass the boundaries of the universe and I annihilate and unify myself with God so that I would not feel anything but him.”

When someone shook hands with the doctor while staying one step back, everyone understood it was the first time that he had met the doctor. Then the doctor embraced him and kissed him several times. He became ashamed a lot and noticed that either someone did not go ahead or if somebody did go ahead, he would go to his arms directly.

A tortoise arrived with a pot full of clips (magazine) on time. I knew that the doctor did so. I did not know how he had made it understand how to come to me.

We wanted to drive him back to the rear because he had been shot and wounded so seriously that his face was white. However we urged him to lie on the back seat, but he did not listen. He sat in the front seat and hardly said hello to anyone and smiled. He said, “If I sleep on the back seat, all will think Chamran is dead. I do not want anyone to lose their morale because of me.”

He did not accept an air cooler in his room. Ahwaz was very hot, and Mostafa's leg was in a plaster cast. His skin had corroded as a result of the heat and blood. It was said that we had 150 air coolers or so around the headquarters and that we could put one in his room. He said, "If it is possible to put an air cooler in each trench, put the last one in my room. How I can turn on the air cooler in my room while kids are fighting under heat."

“It is pre-ordained that truth and falsehood fight with each other forever and that perfection is attained through fighting. People become mature and experienced during hardships and difficulties. Comfort, convenience and success always cause weakness, feebleness and backwardness. Permanent victory and richness create corruption and rebellion.”

He was standing under a tree. It was reported that the enemy was to attack at night. I came to ask what we must do. He stared at a branch, and I said, "The kids say that the enemy is on alert." He did not look back and said, "Dearest, come and see how beautiful it is." After this, he looked at the leaf, and he said, "You said, when are they going to attack?"

“I search myself so that I will find a point through which I can understand my existence. I do not find anything but a burning heart from which flames flare up. It sometimes illuminates my existence and sometimes I am buried under its ash. Yes, I do not find anything but a burning heart in myself. I evaluate everything with it. I look at the world through it. Through it all, colours change and the appearance of creatures changes too.”

The central command ordered, “Hit the bridge.” All the kids gathered, and some groups volunteered to hit it. The doctor did not let anyone go. He said, “The bridge is in direct view.” In the morning, it was reported that the bridge had gone. We went there, and it was the truth. It was reported that the doctor and his team were coming back along the river last night while they were laughing.

60

After I returned from the front line, I took leave and went home directly. I was worried because I had called home before the operations and found out that my daughter was sick. When I arrived home, I inquired after her. My wife said that she was well. She also said, “A lady came to the door and asked if she could take the child to a doctor. She bought the drugs herself.” She was the doctor’s wife, and she had become like him.

We were at the table, and the colonel said, “In honour of your coming, we have sacrificed a lamb.” The doctor got upset, and he did not eat either.

62

The doctor had just been appointed as the Minister of Defence. We had yoghurt for lunch. As soon as we had set the table, he arrived. We asked him to stay with us. He washed his hands and sat at our very table. Someone asked, “When is the Minister of Defence coming to inspect?”

“We often view ourselves as the pivot of the world and everything in it. We think that the whole universe rotates for the sake of us and that the sky, the Earth and the stars revolve for our pleasure. We think that the sky will weep for us and that the heart of stone will melt from our pain or that the stars will not rotate any more. We will then notice that in the microcosm, millions of humans like us have come and gone, but the flow of time has not altered at all. It is actually us who are proud and self-important.”

64

A person said to me, “Look, I have been trained in England, America, and Israel. I have fought a lot, and I have seen many commanders. Dr. Chamran is the first commander who is first in the line when fighting, but he is at the end of the line when eating.”

65

The prisoners of war appeared at mealtime with their pot and bowl and waited until we gave them food. The doctor had said, “First give it to them and then to us. We are warriors, and we are used to it. A warrior should be able to endure hunger for two or three days.”

66

“O God, people have shown me so much kindness and have done me favours so much that I’m really ashamed. I do not think highly of myself so much that I cannot return their favour. O God, give me opportunities and abilities so that I will be able to return it and befit all of this kindness and affection.” Voted as a Member of Parliament by the capital’s people, he did not become haughty. He always bore God in his mind.

67

We set off from Ahwaz in two convoys. The first car was hit before a T-junction. A Mortar shell also pierced our car roof and entered, but it did not explode. We all jumped out to hide. The doctor came last of all with a flower in his hand. He carried it in his arms like a baby and said, “I saw it beside the road, isn’t it beautiful?”

He had not slept for two days. He came and said, “I’m going to sleep at my desk. Awaken me in one hour - don’t forget.” we found that he was very tired. We thought it was better not to awaken him. He woke up one hour later by himself! He said, “I needed only one hour’s rest.”

“In the hard and stormy arena of events and in death and life’s battle between truth and falsehood, I wished to shoulder the gory flag of Hossein. I also wished to add a link to the long chain of martyrs of the right path by sacrificing myself so as to approximate humanity to perfection.”

70

It was very strange how the doctor had heard a nightingale fluttering in a radiator in the middle of the desert during the bombardment. It was even stranger that he was impatient. He reached for it through the railings of the radiator very slowly and took it out. He kept it until it was well. It sang very beautifully.

71

He was injured in his thigh and toe by shrapnel. He needed an operation, but all hospital beds were occupied. Finally there was an empty bed, but there was no anaesthetic! He was soothed by invocation and surprisingly, by the remembrance of God. He was repeating the names of God while he was operated upon without any anaesthetic.

72

He came every week or at most once in every ten days. From the beginning of the line, he went from one trench to another, embraced the kids and kissed them. We had got used to him. After one week, we missed him a lot.

A three-day truce was declared. The doctor and I went for a reconnaissance mission. We found an enemy trench in which all of them were asleep. Although I told the doctor to kill them immediately, he did not obey me. He said, “Only pick up their rifles and then we will go.”

74

He fell seriously ill and I said, “Doctor, why don’t you go to Tehran for treatment?” He replied, “Dearest, I will be well with the kids.”

All kids became like the doctor very gradually. This included the way that they dressed, held their weapons and spoke. Afterwards, when we scattered, the kids could be identified with the same attributes. For example, when they were walking on soil, they neither stooped nor quickly withdrew their heads.

He woke up his wife. It was the first time that he did so, three nights before his martyrdom.

“What’s wrong, Mostafa?”

“I want to speak. Get up.”

He had a tape recorder in his hand.

“Get up and record my words.”

“I feel sorry for the orphans in the south of Lebanon. I feel sorry for lonely women, and I feel sorry for people displaced by the bombardment from the Israelis.”

He said “I feel sorry” at the beginning of every sentence.

His spiritual state was very specific.

“Lord! I can’t tolerate any more. I can’t endure my life here. The world is no place for me anymore. Relieve me Let me go.”

“Lord, what a great gift you have granted me so that I wouldn’t fear death. I wouldn’t go down on my knees before the short-sighted and mean persons that threaten and covet me.” It is a strange time. Assassination and terror prevail everywhere. By the force of armies and shooting, people are surrendered to orders and thoughts - prostrating themselves before these forces like a chameleon. But I, for whom death is pleasant and attractive, will always smile at and welcome death. I do not have any hope and aspiration in the world and do not lose anything with death. I feel power and tranquillity against these mean people and they are surprised at how I may resist a storm of events so boldly. I welcome formidable waves of death and smile so tranquilly and confidently.

I thought he was asleep. He was lying on the bed. I kissed him all over - even his feet. As his eyes were closed he said, "I will be martyred tomorrow. I have asked God, and I know God will listen to me." He wanted to satisfy me, and he said, "If you aren't satisfied, I won't martyr." I don't know why, but I consented. I consented to be apart from the best husband in the world.

“The world is the big field of trial which aims at nothing but love. In the world, mankind is provided with everything - the means and facilities to work are abundant. The most supreme examples in industry and the finest symbols of creation. From pebbles to stars, from the criminal hard-hearted to broken hearts of orphans, from examples of oppression and crime to angels of truth and justice, everything is created colourfully in the world. The human is amused with the toys that are created. Everyone is engaged in something with their dignity, but there are people with sadness in their heart and passion in their head who don't consent to the toys.”

80

I'm fully responsible to resist hardships and disasters. I endure all discomfort when accepting pain that burns like a candle so that I will illuminate the way for others. I breathe a soul into the dead to water the thirsty for truth.

“Lord! Thank you for freeing me from emptiness, instabilities, joys and restrictions. Thank you for not leaving me at dangerous storms of events, drowning me in the tumult of life and in fighting against injustice and infidelity. Thank you for giving me a taste of pleasure of fighting and for making me understand the real meaning of life. I noticed that in life, happiness is not in joy, tranquillity and comfort. It is in war, pain, suffering, disaster, fighting against injustice and infidelity. Finally, it is in martyrdom.”

“**T**here are people in the world that seem to be alive. They breathe, walk, talk and live. However, they are indeed taken prisoner by the world, kept in bondage by life and smitten by the events. For staying alive, they belittle themselves so much so that they seem to be dead. In contrast, free people may have a short life, but they live well. They breathe at will and are not subjected to the will of others - others are subjected to them.”

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Epilogue

The history is full of the examples. It is full of the single stars through whom it is possible to find the way.

He is a scientist, a sportsman, an author, a poet, a photographer, and a painter; he is a commando, a vice-president and later on a minister. He is patient, kind, and affectionate, he is stable and solid against genie and human devils, he is generous and charitable, he is sweet and versatile, but he is none of them, it is better to say that Dr. Chamran is a lover! He really love the way where he go.

Mostafa's way is still open. His way requires pedestrians. If you like, we can enter the way with each other.

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