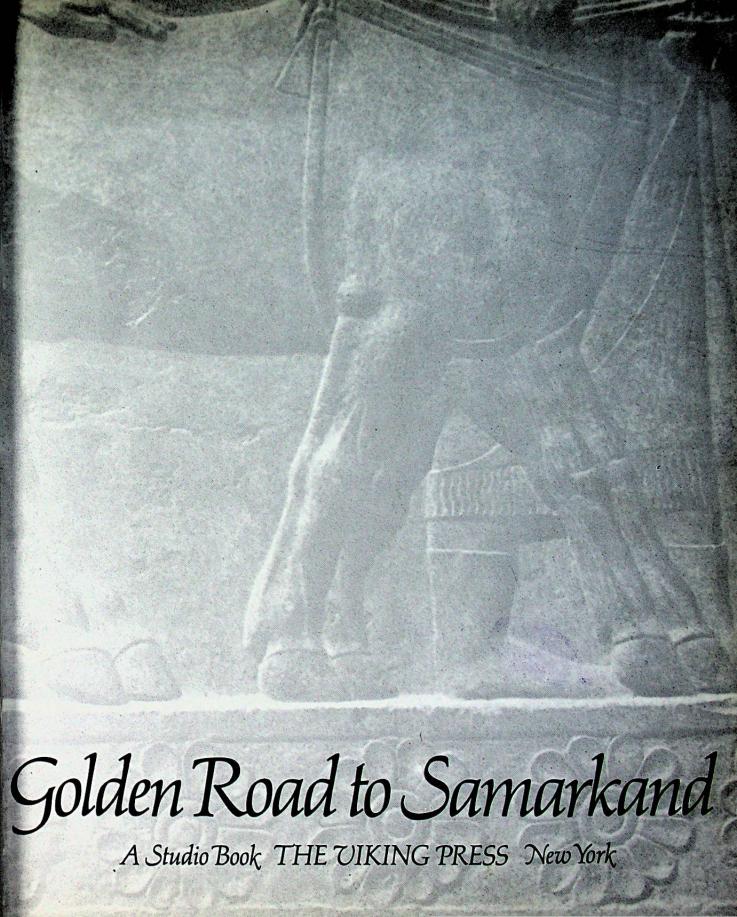
The Golden Road to Samarkand

esi The Wilfrid Blunt



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To the memory of GEORGE TREDERIC WATTS, O.M., R.A. and MARY SETON WATTS in deep gratitude

Emperors and kings, dukes and marquises, counts, knights, and townsfolk, and all people who wish to know the various races of men and the peculiarities of the various regions of the world, take this book and have it read to you....'

The opening words of the Prologue to Marco Polo's Description of the World - lifted, in fact, verbatim by Rustichello of Pisa, Marco Polo's amanuensis, from one of his own romances.

Acknowledgments

I have, as always, to acknowledge with gratitude the help of many friends. That distinguished orientalist, Mr Basil Gray, read my typescript with great care and made many helpful suggestions; but he is in no way responsible for any errors that remain. The staffs of the Museum of the History of Science and the Bodleian at Oxford, of the British Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the London Library, gave me much assistance. I would also take the opportunity to thank the following for help and advice: Professor Sir Harold Bailey, Sir Fitzroy Maclean, Bt, Dr E. W. Maddison, Mr Andrew Gow, Mr Antony Hutt, Mr Derek Hill, Mr John Semple, Mr John Stuart, Mr Christopher Sinclair-Stevenson (for suggesting a book with this title), Mrs Arthur Harrison and Miss Sandra Raphael; Mr Yorke Crompton, Mrs Ellen Crampton and Miss Margaret Thomas of Messrs George Rainbird; and my invaluable typist Miss Charmian Young.

Special mention must be made of the truly royal treatment that I received at the hands of Professor Hamid Suleyman, Director of the Alisher Navoi Institute in Tashkent, who, together with his wife and assembled staff, greeted me on the steps of his delightful museum with an enormous bunch of red roses, continued to shower me with valuable gifts of books and medals, and finally arranged certain facilities for me in Samarkand (directors of Western European Museums please copy); I only regret that communication with Professor Suleyman, through a mildly French-speaking Uzbek interpretress, was somewhat restricted.

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W.J.W.B.

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Foreword

There are few things more irritating to an author than to find himself accused, by a reviewer or a reader, of failing to write the kind of book he had no intention of writing; it is therefore perhaps expedient for me – indeed, since the advent of the Trade Descriptions Act perhaps even necessary for me – to explain to what extent the title and sub-title of this book describe its contents.

A book is none the worse for having a golden title; but *The Golden Road to Samarkand* is not simply about Samarkand and the ways thither, whether from north, south, east or west. Nor does it attempt to be a history of Central Asia, a subject of unbelievable complexity which, in my opinion, cannot be written for general consumption. Open almost any such history – Skrine and Ross's classic *The Heart of Asia*, for example – and sooner or later (probably sooner) you will be confronted by something such as the following:

About the year A.H. 870 (1465) a number of these Uzbegs, discontented with their Khān, Abū-l-Khayr, migrated into Moghūlistan, with the Sultans Girāy and Jānībeg, of the line of Jūji. Isan Bughā, the then Khān of Moghūlistan, or Jatah, received them hospitably, and allotted them some territories on the River Chū, to the west of his own domains. These emigrants were subsequently known as the Uzbeg-Kazāks, or simply Kazāks....

This, in any quantity, is indigestible pabulum for all but the specialist. Yet there must be many people who would like to be given some account of this romantic part of the world, provided that it comes to them in palatable form. But the attempt to prepare such a meal has shown me how difficult it is, and I fear that in places the meat may turn out to be tough.

What I have done is as follows. I have chosen a number of men associated with that rather ill-defined territory that we call Central Asia – conquerors, travellers, merchants, patrons, priests, pilgrims and archaeologists – and written essays about them in which I have sometimes also dealt with parts of their careers not strictly relevant; but more than once I have felt obliged, reluctantly, to leave my hero to continue alone on his journey when he strays too far or for too long outside the heart of the Continent. Or if you prefer it, the book may be considered as a series of tableaux, selected to suit a personal taste yet in the hope that they