Tribeswomen of Iran

Weaving Memories among Qashqa'i Nomads

Julia Huang

Julia Huang has lived among Qashqa'i nomadic pastoralists in southwestern Iran for extended periods of her childhood and adolescence between 1991 and 2004. She is the author of a chapter in *Nomadic Societies in the Middle East and North Africa* (2006; edited by Dawn Chatty) and the co-author of an article on Iran in *Comparative Studies of South Asia, Africa and the Middle East* (2006). As a Fulbright Scholar in Turkey, she conducts anthropological research on social entrepreneurs, and she is the regional coordinator for Central Asia and the Caucasus for AIESEC, an international NGO. Inducted in Phi Beta Kappa and proficient in Turkish, Persian, and French, she graduated *magna cum laude* from Yale University with a degree in anthropology.

International Library of Iranian Studies

See www.ibtauris.com/ILIS for a full list of titles

1. *Converting Persia: Religion and Power in the Safavid Empire*
Rula Abisaab
978 1 86064 970 7

2. *Iran and the World in the Safavid Age*
Willem Floor and Edmund Herzig (eds)
978 1 85043 930 1

3. *Religion and Politics in Modern Iran: A Reader*
Lloyd Ridgeon
978 1 84511 073 4

4. *The Qajar Pact: Bargaining, Protest and the State in Nineteenth-Century Persia*
Vanessa Martin
978 1 85043 763 5

5. *The Fire, the Star and the Cross: Minority Religions in Medieval and Early Modern Iran*
Aptin Khanbaghi
978 1 84511 056 7

6. *Allopathy Goes Native: Traditional Versus Modern Medicine in Iran*
Agnes Loeffler
978 1 85043 942 4

7. *Iranian Cinema: A Political History*
Hamid Reza Sadr
978 1 84511 146 5

8. *Sasanian Persia: The Rise and Fall of an Empire*
Touraj Daryaee
978 1 85043 898 4

9. *In the Shadow of the King: Zill al-Sultan and Isfahan under the Qajars*
Heidi A. Walcher
978 1 85043 434 4

10. *Decline and Fall of the Sasanian Empire: The Sasanian-Parthian Confederacy and the Arab Conquest of Iran*
Parvaneh Pourshariati
978 1 84511 645 3

11. *The Forgotten Schools: The Baha'is and Modern Education in Iran, 1899–1934*
Soli Shahvar
978 1 84511 683 5

12. *Khatami's Iran: The Islamic Republic and the Turbulent Path to Reform*
Ghoncheh Tazmini
978 1 84511 594 4

13. *Revolutionary Ideology and Islamic Militancy: The Iranian Revolution and Interpretations of the Quran*
Najibullah Lafraie
978 1 84511 063 5

14. *Becoming Visible in Iran: Women in Contemporary Iranian Society*
Mehri Honarbin-Holliday
978 1 84511 878 5

15. *Tribeswomen of Iran: Weaving Memories among Qashqa'i Nomads*
Julia Huang
978 1 84511 832 7

16. *Islam and Dissent in Post-revolutionary Iran: Abdolkarim Soroush, Religious Politics and Democratic Reform*
Behrooz Ghamari-Tabrizi
978 1 84511 879 2

17. *Persia in Crisis: Safavid Decline and the Fall of Isfahan*
Rudi Matthee
978 1 84511 745 0

18. *Blogistan: The Internet and Politics in Iran*
A. Srebeny and G. Khiabany
978 1 84511 606 4

19. *Christian Encounters with Iran: Engaging Muslim Thinkers after the Revolution*
Sasan Tavassoli
978 1 84511 761 0

TRIBESWOMEN OF IRAN

Weaving Memories among Qashqa'i Nomads

Julia Huang

TAURIS ACADEMIC STUDIES
an imprint of
I.B.Tauris Publishers
LONDON • NEW YORK

Published in 2009 by Tauris Academic Studies,
an imprint of I.B.Tauris & Co Ltd
6 Salem Road, London W2 4BU
175 Fifth Avenue, New York NY 10010
www.ibtauris.com

Distributed in the United States and Canada exclusively by Palgrave Macmillan
175 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010

International Library of Iranian Studies 15

ISBN: 978 1 84511 832 7

A full CIP record for this book is available from the British Library
A full CIP record for this book is available from the Library of Congress

Printed and bound in India by Thomson Press Pvt. Ltd
camera-ready copy edited and supplied by the author

All writing is memory.

Memory is the diary that we all carry about with us.

Oscar Wilde

CONTENTS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Black-and-White Illustrations

Color Plates

between pages 110 and 111

Figures

FOREWORD

As the daughters of Falak Qermezi, we remember Julia when she first visited our family and our tribe. Julia was five years old, and her hair was golden. She spoke a language that we did not understand but we did perceive her behavior and her emotions. Julia was a child whose only form of communication with us initially was through her engaging demeanor.

From the start, Julia was eager to learn our Qashqa'i customs. She enjoyed living in our goat-hair tents, playing with lambs and kids, and making necklaces from fragrant seeds. One day she found a newborn lamb, carried it into our tent where she embraced it all day, and released it only when its anxious mother returned to the camp after grazing in the nearby mountains.

Fariba remembers when she climbed a mountain with Julia to collect leaves from a special shrub that the Qashqa'i use for dyeing the sheep's wool they weave into carpets. It was summer, the weather was hot, and Julia's skin suffered from the intense sunshine. Julia always wanted to participate in our daily tasks, such as carpet weaving, milk processing, and water carrying. One day we visited the bathhouse that the government had built especially for us, the nomads. When we finished bathing, Julia spotted a large lizard climbing up a rock. She was so excited that she jumped up and down and shouted. We did not understand her words but we saw that she was happy, and we were pleased for her too. Perhaps, we thought, Julia had never seen a lizard before. Fariba says that Julia is an integral part of the memories she holds of her own youth in Hanalishah [the nomads' summer pastures].

Farideh recalls the day when an itinerant Persian peddler visited her camp. The peddler hoisted Julia into one metal pan of his scales, lifted Farideh's son, Ahmad, into the other pan, and then compared their weights. Farideh remembers how delighted Julia was to participate in such a novel activity. Another day, when Farideh dressed Julia in Qashqa'i clothes with many flowing skirts, she was amused to see that Julia suddenly began

to walk and sit just as Qashqa'i women do. In winter pastures one year, Farideh's husband, Filamarz, constructed a special wooden club for Julia and decorated it with metal studs [a weapon against enemies, thieves, and predators]. He was sorry that the handle was not as long as it should be but he needed to shape the weapon for Julia's suitcase if she was to take it home to the United States.

Zohreh tells the story about her son, Shapur, who captured a young hawk and showed Julia how to carry it without damaging its wings. That day Julia learned her first Turkish word [translated as "excellent"], and afterwards she used it for any object or event that enticed her interest.

Samarrokh and Zolaikha say that they love Julia as if she were their own daughter. They want the readers of this book to know how often they think about her, especially when they engage in activities that she enjoys, such as eating half-cooked, boiled rice before it is steamed. When they want to recall their memories of Julia, they look at photographs showing her living among them.

Falak's daughters and other Qermezi women and girls will be forever proud of their long-term friendship with Julia. They say she is welcome to visit them anytime, and they hope she will bring her own daughters to meet them one day.

Samarrokh Qermezi
Zolaikha Qermezi
Zohreh Qermezi
Farideh Qermezi
Fariba Qermezi

PREFACE

I wrote the first draft of this manuscript in 2000 when I was fourteen years old and had just completed the eighth grade. I have continued to revise it since then. I base this work on my residence with Qashqa'i nomadic pastoralists in Iran over a period of fourteen years (1991–2004).

The system of transliteration employed in this book is a modified version of the format recommended by the *International Journal of Middle Eastern Studies*. I exclude all diacritical marks except for the ain (') and hamza (') when they appear in the middle of a word (for example, Qashqa'i). I spell some common Qashqa'i Turkish, Persian, and Arabic words in anglicized form (for example, gelim, bazaar, and hijab). I minimize the inclusion of foreign words; when I do insert them, they are usually in parentheses after the English translation. I italicize each foreign word on its first appearance in the text but not thereafter. The English word may be plural but I use the singular form in the transliteration. The glossary contains extended definitions of some terms. Use of the metric system in the text corresponds with the usage in Iran.

The appendix contains two maps, a diagram of tribal organization, and two genealogical charts. A list identifies people mentioned in the text. All proper names (except two), places, and events found in this work are actual ones. The names Mina and Hamza are pseudonyms. References to the published literature and other sources are located in the introduction, notes, and bibliography.

Lois Beck took the photographs included in this volume, and I use them with her permission. I found it difficult to choose a limited number of images out of the thousands available to me. I followed certain standards in making my selection. First, the people depicted here approved of my use of these photographs. (For the five images of people migrating or celebrating at weddings, I did not obtain the explicit permission of each person.)

Second, each illustration helps to explain the text and clarifies facts and circumstances relating to Qashqa'i society and culture and the people's livelihoods, lifestyles, material culture, and physical environment. I use images of weaving and woven goods because of the book's connecting theme. Third, I include each of the main figures in the book. I regret not including photographs of everyone with whom I developed close ties. The images contained here represent only a small part of Qermezi life and my time spent with the tribe. I published a few of my photographs in a book chapter (Huang 2006). Lois Beck's works (for example, 1986, 1991) contain additional illustrations of the Qermezi and other Qashqa'i.

Some individuals asked Lois Beck and me not to photograph them wearing the outer clothing that the Islamic Republic of Iran mandates by law for women and girls. They said they did not want anyone to portray them in the attire that the state forced them to wear. Some other individuals permitted us to photograph them in the government's garb but asked us not to publish the images. Yet other individuals said we could photograph them under any circumstances as long as some images showed them dressed in their chosen Qashqa'i attire. These requests seemed reasonable, especially given the difficult circumstances under which these women lived, and we readily agreed to all of them.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

My deep appreciation goes to the Qermezi people for their hospitality, acceptance, and affection. Borzu, Falak, Dariush, Bizhan, Mohammad Karim, Fariba, Farzaneh, Maryam, and Bulgais were gracious, generous hosts to me in their winter and summer pastures. For their friendship, I am especially indebted to the five women and girls on whom this volume focuses – Falak, Fariba, Nahid, Ma'asumeh, and Dorna. The last name of ten of these individuals is Qermezi, which is also the name of their tribe. The last name of Farzaneh and Bulgais is Qarehqanli, derived from the name of their own tribe.

I am grateful to the many people who assisted me with this manuscript. I offer special thanks to Matthew Augustine, Carol Bier, Eleanor Des Prez, Abigail Dumes, Willem Floor, Shahla Haeri, William Honeychurch, Katherine Hunter, Irakli Kobalia, Shireen Mahdavi, Ann Mandelstamm, Mary Martin, Shadi Peterman, Milton Schlesinger, Sondra Schlesinger, Suzanne Fisher Staples, and Richard Watson for their exceptional efforts in reading and commenting on drafts of the manuscript. Shahla Haeri and Shireen Mahdavi deserve my special regard; they read an early draft of several chapters and later read and commented on the complete, revised manuscript. I include an early draft of several sections of this book's introduction in my chapter in *Nomadic Societies in the Middle East and North Africa* (2006), for which Dawn Chatty and Kate Prudden offered helpful advice for the content and wording.

Naheed Dareshuri, an expert weaver who grew up in Qashqa'i society, helped me with many aspects of Qashqa'i weaving, including the use of Qashqa'i Turkish terms. Her comments always demonstrated that weaving and its products are essential threads in the vibrant social fabric.

Fatemeh Keshavarz and Shireen Mahdavi aided with the transliteration and definition of Persian terms. Don Stilo clarified several linguistic matters.

Farzaneh Milani located lines of poetry from Tahereh Qurrat al-Ain for me to use as an epigraph. Geoff Childs and Nicholas Efremov-Kendall assisted in the presentation of the maps, genealogies, and designs. For the book, I adapted some designs used in Qashqa'i carpets and gelims from James Opie's *Tribal Rugs* (1992). Azar Nafisi, Orhan Pamuk, Salman Rushdie, Marjane Satrapi, and others offered helpful advice to an "unknown" author about publishers. Iradj Bagherzade demonstrated an interest in the manuscript from an early stage. Rasna Dhillon and Carolann Martin assisted in the book's production.

The faculty, staff, students, and parents of Forsyth School and John Burroughs School, both in Saint Louis, Missouri, provided gifts for me to deliver to the Qermezi children, particularly those attending the nomads' primary school. Ann Mandelstamm was especially generous. Josh Harris, Erin Lingle, and Sawyer Williams allowed me to include here the letters they wrote to the nomad children in Iran, and Amin Qermezi permitted me to translate and include his letter to my schoolmates in the United States.

I have cherished the hospitality of my hosts in Tehran over the years, especially in 2001 when I traveled to Iran alone. Molki Solat Ghashghai, Kaveh Bayat, Nazli Solat Ghashghai, Farhad Bayat, and Furud Bayat opened their home to me and made my brief stays in Iran's capital city relaxing and pleasant. When I exited Tehran's airport alongside Azerbaijan's new ambassador to Iran (only the two of us – among hundreds of passengers – not needing to collect any checked baggage), I surprised my hosts, who were waiting for me at four o'clock in the morning among the dense crowds of greeters. People standing near them commented that I must be the ambassador's daughter; no one there could imagine that a young, non-Iranian girl would travel alone to Iran.

I acknowledge the many Qashqa'i I have met in Iran, Europe, and the United States who no longer live among the Qashqa'i in the mountains of southwestern Iran. They taught me about Qashqa'i society and culture in ways that I might not have understood while immersed in the daily lives of the nomads. Political factors have prevented many of them from returning to Iran or living among the Qashqa'i there. I especially appreciate Homa Ghashghai, who embodies the qualities of character and leadership that the Qashqa'i admire and respect. Despite half a lifetime spent in involuntary exile, she never loses sight of her tribal and ethnic identity or the importance of her affiliation with the Qashqa'i confederacy.

Experiences in other countries have helped to widen and deepen my perspectives on Qashqa'i nomads in Iran. Travel and research grants from Yale University facilitated my work in Turkey, the Caucasus, and Central

Asia in 2006 and 2007. Michael Frachetti introduced me to Kazakhstan in 2006 and broadened my understanding of high-altitude mobile pastoralists in past and present times.

The organization AIESEC has enhanced my explorations abroad and my understanding of diverse cultures. (AIESEC, a student-run, nongovernmental organization in one hundred countries, is dedicated to the development of youth leadership and cultural understanding. For my anthropological account of the institution, see Huang 2008.) I am especially grateful to the AIESEC members around the world who have been a meaningful part of my life and who have helped to shape the person I am today. John Allen, a longtime AIESEC supporter, deserves my special regard for challenging me to see the world in different ways.

I thank my father, Henry Huang, for always supporting me in a wide array of interests and for encouraging my ambitions to change the world. I express gratitude to my mother, Lois Beck, for introducing me to anthropology as well as to the wonderful Qashqa'i people, who are the reason why I care about the world. She supported me in the production of this book and provided me with tribal histories, genealogies, and other information. My early and ongoing interest in Iran has enriched my life and inspired me to choose meaningful educational and professional trajectories.

INTRODUCTION

Children in anthropology at the turn of this century are what "women" were until the past mid-century: largely unspoken-of, silent wards of men. Hardly anybody wrote about their own experiences, their own "culture." . . . Once women started to take themselves seriously as anthropologists, they emerged as actors in their own rights, as culture-makers. For children we cannot envision such a happy ending: ***children don't do fieldwork; . . . they don't write books*** (emphasis added).

— Erika Friedl, 2002

I first traveled to Iran when I was five years old. My mother, Lois Beck, is an anthropologist who has studied nomadic pastoralists in the Zagros Mountains of southwestern Iran since 1969. In 1991 she took me with her on a visit only months before I entered kindergarten. I have traveled with her to Iran nearly every year since, most recently in 2004 when I was eighteen. Our hosts, nomadic pastoralists of the Qashqa'i tribal confederacy, migrate semiannually between lowland winter pastures near the Persian Gulf and highland summer pastures southwest of the city of Isfahan.

In this book, I chronicle the lives of four generations of women and girls who are members of the Qermezi tribe, one of many tribes of the Qashqa'i confederacy. Focusing on five individuals who are part of a large extended family, I describe their ways of life and their interactions with the social and physical environment. I explain how this small nomadic community relates to the wider Iranian society and how the people fit within the Islamic Republic of Iran, which formed in 1979 after the revolution that overthrew the monarch, Mohammad Reza Shah.

The subtitle, *Weaving Memories among Qashqa'i Nomads*, invokes the women's most cherished activity (after childrearing) and stands as a metaphor for my efforts, as an outsider adapting to Qashqa'i life, to understand and weave together the various strands of their lives. Weaving – a process involving both raw and prepared materials, the weaver and her knowledge and skills, the social environment, and the fate of the finished product – is the connecting theme in each chapter and for the volume as a whole.

I lived in this tribal community during ten visits over a span of fourteen years (1991–2004). I am familiar with the people, their society and culture, and the territories in which they migrate. Fortunate to reside with the nomads in each of the four seasons, I observed the conditions they experienced at different times and in various places. My perspective in this volume is that of a young visitor in an extended family consisting of two hundred individuals and spanning four generations. This book, based on frequent visits to the winter and summer pastures of the Qermezi tribe (a group of three thousand people), reflects my personal observations and interactions and draws on my daily participation in the work and leisure activities of women, children, and men. I also rely on information from these people about their lives and those of other individuals before I met them. Every day, as people talked about the past and how it related to the present and the future (not that they necessarily expressed their ideas in this order or in precisely these terms), I benefited from these wide-ranging conversations and from people's responses to my questions.

In this introduction, I provide information about my residence in Iran and about the Qashqa'i people, the country of Iran, and the religion of Islam.

THE BOOK'S FIVE COMPONENTS

Stories of five nomadic women and girls and their attempts to adapt to a changing world while still retaining basic tribal values and a distinctive ethnic identity

In each of the five chapters, I focus on a girl or woman with whom I shared a close relationship. I explain how people moved through successive life stages from infancy to old age, the ways their society and culture influenced them, and the impact on them of wider events and circumstances. By describing people's interactions with their families, other relatives, tribal compatriots, and outsiders, I show how individuals negotiated compromises between customary tribal values and external influences. The lives of Dorna, Ma'asumeh, Nahid, Fariba, and Falak represent Qashqa'i society and culture and illustrate possible trajectories for other girls and women. Each of the five is also

vividly distinct in attitude and personality. I begin with a toddler; proceed with a preadolescent girl, a teenager, and a young adult; and conclude with an elderly woman. I show how these girls and women (and by inference many others like them) confronted the pressures of a government that wanted all citizens to be simultaneously Islamic, modern, and integrated in the larger Iranian society. I portray the strengths they drew from their distinctive tribal and ethnic identities, and I discuss their efforts to resist the influences of an Islamizing, centralizing government.

Documentation of a vanishing way of life

Nomads throughout the world increasingly encounter many pressures that threaten their livelihoods, lifestyles, and patterns of mobility. These difficulties include rapid modernization and globalization, policies of nation-states to integrate and assimilate their growing numbers of citizens, political repression, intrusion of agriculture into pastureland, and environmental degradation. In telling the story of a small community's efforts to face and adapt to outside forces, I document the details of life in one of the world's few surviving nomadic societies.

Descriptions of life at the local level in Iran

In describing life at the local level in Iran, I depict a society and culture largely beyond the scope and reach of foreign travelers and the Western media. Such accounts are now rare because of thirty years of restrictions against foreign scholars and because Iranian scholars tend to focus on other topics (such as national elections). Since the revolution in 1978–79, the Islamic Republic has permitted only a few American and European anthropologists to conduct research in the country. Often from a distance, other foreign scholars as well as Iranian scholars living abroad generalize about broad political events in Iran and their national consequences, but they are rarely able to provide details about how these situations affect people in their local communities, especially outside of the capital city of Tehran.

Observations of a young American (from the age of five through eighteen) learning about a society and culture that is different from her own

Many of the specific events I describe occurred in Qashqa'i summer pastures in 1998 and 1999 when I was twelve and thirteen, but my experiences during many earlier and later visits also inform and augment my writing. In each of the five chapters, I employ multiple voices and perspectives

derived from members of this family and tribe to portray the events and circumstances I describe.

A trained cultural anthropologist begins research in another society already knowing substantial information about it, while a young child enters such a society without prior knowledge or preconceived notions and is not encumbered by obligations to gather data and test theories. In this volume I illustrate the process by which I learned to adjust to life in a nomadic, tribal society, and I explain why I decided to write about the nomads' lives.

Realistic images of Iran, the Middle East, and the Muslim world, regions that journalists and others often depict sensationally and inaccurately

Westerners often lack accurate information about how Iranians, other Middle Easterners, and Muslims live in their urban neighborhoods, small towns, villages, and nomadic camps, and they rely on negative and stereotyped images of Iran, the Middle East, and the Muslim world.

The Qashqa'i, as speakers of Turkish and one of Iran's many ethnic and national minorities, do not represent all other Iranians, but they do share traits with the wider society. For example, the Qashqa'i, along with many Iranians, expressed exhilaration about the mounting protests against Mohammad Reza Shah in 1978–79 but were uncertain about who or what would replace him. When Iran's Muslim clergy seized control in 1979 and took steps to form an Islamic state, the Qashqa'i wondered how and to what extent would the new government apply Shi'i doctrine and practice to their lives. The Qashqa'i suffered appalling personal losses during the Iraq-Iran war (1980–88). They confronted hostile *hezbollahi*s (partisans of the party of God) and defied the state's prohibitions against supposedly un-Islamic behavior. They grappled with rampant inflation and the scarcity of jobs. They sought higher education to gain new occupations. And they hoped to bring about reform in the state and society by voting for a moderate presidential candidate. In their day-to-day lives, members of this small Qashqa'i group encountered many of the same difficulties that other Iranians faced, and they devised similar coping strategies. Thus, this detailed account of their community resonates widely.

By describing one distinctive sector of Iranian society, I also portray some traits of the country, geographical region, and dominant religion. I demonstrate, for example, how Qashqa'i nomads regarded the politicized issue of women's state-mandated modest dress (often misnamed as "veiling") and how they considered Qashqa'i attire in terms of their own religious and ethical values. Their indigenous clothing is modest enough, they said,

but the government compelled them to wear its stipulated apparel under certain circumstances. I explain why the Islamic Republic allowed Qashqa'i and some other nomadic and tribal women freedoms of dress unavailable to urban women.

In the early twenty-first century, people all over the world confront shocking images of conflict and turmoil in the Middle East and the Muslim world. At such a time, it is important to shed a less politicized and more human light on the inhabitants of the region.

Sensationalized journalism depicts Iran in particular as a country of fanatical Muslims who oppress women and despise Western lifestyles and values (such as "freedom" and "democracy"). The media situate Iran between two recent targets of United States military action (Afghanistan and Iraq), stigmatize the country as a member of George W. Bush's "Axis of Evil" (as Bush proclaimed in 2002), and explain why the West is threatened by Iran's nuclear program.[1] Journalists vilify Iran as too dangerous for any outsider – and certainly for a young girl – to visit, especially repeatedly. Such images are false with respect to the vast majority of Iranian citizens who live each day in the kinds of ways I describe for this small, nomadic, tribal community.

JOURNEY TO THE NOMADS

People often ask how my mother and I found the sites where the nomads camped. A tribesman, usually Dariush Qermezi or Bizhan Qermezi (who are the sons of the Qermezi tribal headman), met us at the airport, either in Shiraz (for winter pastures) or Isfahan (for summer pastures). From Shiraz or Isfahan, the cities closest to the nomads' territories, we drove for hours toward the mountains.

Like other Qashqa'i nomadic pastoralists, the Qermezi have seasonal territories, one for the autumn and winter and the other for the spring and summer. Twice a year the nomads migrate between these winter and summer pastures – a distance of six hundred kilometers (see figures 1–2 in the appendix).

Dashtak, the nomads' winter pastures, is situated on the slopes of a range of mountains. In a plain below lies the town of Kazerun where a few Qermezi families stay in the autumn and winter in order to have access to its schools. Another range of mountains and foothills isolates the nomads in Dashtak from the town.

Hanalishah, the nomads' summer pastures, is an hour's drive from Semirom, the nearest town. The camps at Hanalishah are located on the

upper slopes of high-altitude valleys situated between mountain peaks. Most of the Qermezi families who spend autumn and winter in Dashtak and Kazerun travel to Hanalishah for the spring and summer.

Foreigners who wanted to travel to Iran needed a visa, a full-page stamp in their passports. Americans especially found that such authorization was difficult to acquire. Iran lacks an embassy in the United States, just as the United States lacks one in Iran – the result of the hostage crisis that began in 1979 just after the revolution. At that time, young Iranian radicals seized the American embassy (which they dubbed "the nest of spies") in Tehran and held American diplomats and other embassy personnel captive for 444 days. The resulting political impasse required my mother and me to rely on Iranian officials at the Permanent Mission of the Islamic Republic of Iran to the United Nations in New York City and those at the Interests Section of the Islamic Republic of Iran at the Pakistan embassy in Washington, D. C.

ORGANIZATION OF QASHQA'I SOCIETY

The term "Qashqa'i" refers to members of the tribal confederacy and their history, beliefs, customs, and language (Qashqa'i Turkish).[2] By asserting their Turkish identity, the Qashqa'i contrast themselves from other peoples in the region. At the same time they differentiate themselves within the confederacy by way of sections and subsections, which indicate specifically their tribe, subtribe, lineage, and extended family. The Qashqa'i confederacy consists of five large tribes (Amaleh, Darrehshuri, Kashkuli Bozorg, Farsi Madan, and Shesh Boluki) and many smaller ones (such as Kashkuli Kuchek and Qarachai), each containing its own divisions and subdivisions. The Qermezi group on which I focus is one of forty-four subtribes of the Darrehshuri tribe. For convenience I refer to it as a "tribe" rather than a "subtribe." The name of the group, Qermezi, means "The Red Ones" (see figure 3 in the appendix).

The Qermezi tribe consisted of 420 households (statistics for 2004), each a nuclear or extended family averaging seven individuals. The tribe contained three thousand people and five named lineages. My mother and I resided primarily with members of the Aqa Mohammadli lineage (descendants of the apical ancestor, Aqa Mohammad), but we often saw people in the four other Qermezi lineages (Imamverdili, Qairkhbaili, Qasemli, and Kachili).[3] Members of these five lineages frequently interact with one another, and marriages among them reinforce bonds. People trace descent from their fathers. A woman joins the household of her husband's family when she marries.

1. Gholam Hosain's goat-hair tent and campsite, summer pastures, Hanalishah, 1991. Mahmud assists the women while they milk the sheep and goats.

The Qashqa'i tribal confederacy contained a million people (unofficial estimate for 2008) whose livelihoods and types of locations distinguish them from one another. The confederacy's four main economic sectors include people living as nomadic pastoralists, people still living as nomads and raising sheep and goats but also engaging in compatible livelihoods, people residing in villages and towns and cities supported by a wide range of occupations, and people pursuing activities outside of Iran. I explain each of these sectors as they pertain to the Qermezi tribe.

Most Qermezi are nomadic pastoralists who raise sheep and goats, the first sector. They consume and sell animal products including milk derivatives, meat, wool, and weavings. Some also cultivate grain crops for their own consumption and for fodder for their livestock when natural pasture is inadequate. This group pursues the practices its ancestors have followed for generations.

The Qermezi adapt their livelihoods and lifestyles when changes in Iran pressure or motivate them to do so. Such recent transformations include the revolution in 1978–79, the new Islamic government, expanding modernization and its global attributes, and the greater integration of the nation's people. Still, almost all Qermezi continue customary economic pursuits and strive to retain the social and cultural practices of their ancestors.

People still living as nomads and raising sheep and goats but also pursuing compatible livelihoods constitute the second economic sector among the Qashqa'i. In the Qermezi tribe, some families cultivate apple orchards in summer pastures to produce fruit for urban markets. In the group's winter pastures, the new government helped some nomads to build a village, and the residents expect to plant citrus orchards and market the fruit. The state intended by this action to settle the nomads, part of an ongoing and largely political effort to reduce opposition to its rule and to gain greater control over its citizens. The nomads who purchased plots in the new village express other intentions; they plan to continue to migrate and to occupy the houses only as seasonal residences just before and during the harvest. Previous governments, particularly Reza Shah's (r. 1926–41), also tried to settle Iran's nomads, including the Qashqa'i.

As part of the third economic sector, some Qermezi pursue occupations as salaried state employees and as paid workers in the private sphere. Almost all of them also continue their economic interests in pastoralism and agriculture, usually by cooperating with their still-migratory kin. Employees of the state include teachers, school inspectors, government bureaucrats, health workers, engineers, employees of the oil and natural-gas industry, factory workers, cooperative-store managers, military personnel (including revolutionary guards), and even a parliamentary deputy. The men and women employed in these ways note the advantages of steady incomes and financial benefits from the government's programs for healthcare and retirement. Those in the private sphere try to support themselves as wage laborers (in agriculture, construction, and large and small industry), haulers of goods, hired drivers, shopkeepers, cooks, sellers of weavings, and smugglers. These individuals lack steady or reliable incomes and some state services.

In growing numbers, Qermezi boys and girls are completing high school, attending university, and hoping to find specialized professional jobs afterwards. Many succeed in this pursuit although not all are content with their new lifestyles. Living apart from their family, kin, and tribal groups, they say they miss the mountains and the details of the life they had known since childhood. Women especially note that they feel lonely and alienated in their new settings in towns and cities.

The Qashqa'i in the third sector often still consider themselves to be "nomads" (*ashayer*) regardless of their current educational and economic endeavors and their new places of residence. Being a "nomad" entails more than just physical mobility; the word also carries cultural connotations, some of which overlap with the term "Qashqa'i." Both labels offer people

a way to identify themselves and their distinctive society and culture and to differentiate themselves as a group from the wider Iranian society where ethnic Persians dominate.

The fourth and final sector, the few Qashqa'i living outside of Iran, consists mostly of salaried employees (some in the higher professions and most in the private sphere), wage laborers, university students, and exiled leaders. With one recent exception, the Qermezi lack representation within this diaspora community.

Mas'ud Qermezi had tried for a decade to study aeronautical engineering abroad because Iran lacked the requisite programs in higher education. He complained that he was trapped in a mundane teaching job in Tehran, beneath his professional achievements. He lacked the political clout and the rigid ideological stance necessary for him to obtain the government's permission to leave the country. The state had invested in his university education and wanted to ensure that someone with his specialized training would not emigrate. Relenting, the government finally allowed Mas'ud to travel to Russia in 2004 to study for a doctoral degree. In leaving he committed himself (and his wife and young son) to a four-year sojourn in Moscow, where he had to learn Russian, the language of textbooks and lectures.

Most Qashqa'i in this fourth sector – the diaspora – try to locate jobs and educational opportunities in their host countries, and those classified as refugees receive state welfare services until they can support themselves. They adhere resolutely to an increasingly sentimental identity as Qashqa'i, study their history and culture, and speak Turkish with their children in whom they instill information about their heritage. They decorate their homes with vibrant Qashqa'i weavings and other items of symbolic importance (such as miniature models of their former black goat-hair tents) and form close ties with other Qashqa'i abroad. (A funeral in the Netherlands in 2008 drew sixty Qashqa'i from many European countries.) Some Qashqa'i periodically travel to Iran to renew social and cultural links. Others unable to return, some because of political reasons, are deeply nostalgic about being Qashqa'i.

Many Qashqa'i living abroad also consider themselves to be "nomads," especially when the difficult conditions they face there force them to change jobs, relocate their residences, move to other cities and towns, and find new countries to host them. By claiming the label, they also acknowledge their cultural identity, stress their dissimilarity from the majority population in their new countries (as well as from other Muslim immigrants there), and reduce their feelings of alienation. Their identities in Iran as Qashqa'i, nomads, and tribespeople had fortified them in their efforts to resist the oppressive policies of a succession of central governments. As labels

of identity, the terms serve in similar ways abroad, especially in Europe where the majority population often disapproves of immigrants, especially Muslims from a country such as Iran.

HISTORY

Historians are not aware of any written documents or oral traditions that comprehensively explain the origin of the Qashqa'i confederacy. They do not know precisely the people's previous locations, the dates of their migrations to southwestern Iran, or the time when they first formed an alliance of tribal groups. They do understand that the people of the confederacy, from at least the mid-eighteenth century, had diverse geographical, tribal, linguistic, and cultural backgrounds, even if they cannot specify such backgrounds and origins by exact places and dates.[4]

Some Qashqa'i probably descend from the eleventh-century migrations of Turkic tribal peoples out of Turkestan in Central Asia, while others may come from the Mongol and Turkic tribes associated with Genghis Khan (1162–1227). When Genghis Khan led a mass migration from Mongolia to Central Asia in the thirteenth century, some groups branched off and traveled southwest toward the territory of modern-day Turkmenistan and then beyond to Iran. Other groups settled in the Caucasus Mountains west of the Caspian Sea, with some of them proceeding south into Iran. Still others journeyed to the lands of today's countries of Turkey and Iraq, with some later moving east into Iran. Some of these various tribal groups probably contributed to the formation of the Qashqa'i confederacy. Their languages, customs, tribal organizations, bestowal of the title of *khan* upon leaders, and nomadic pastoralism with sheep, goats, and camels demonstrate similar traits. Other parts of the Qashqa'i confederacy derive from Turkic, Kurdish, Lur, and other tribes that were mobile in the wider region before, during, and after the eleventh century. Older residents of south and southwestern Iran, including Arabs, Baluch, Persians, and gypsies, also affiliated with the confederacy. Tribal khans consolidated many of these people, and by the mid-eighteenth century a ruling dynasty emerged among them to form a unique sociopolitical entity, the Qashqa'i confederacy. Confederacy leaders in the early twenty-first century, in exile abroad or restricted in their political activities in Iran, trace direct, documented descent from the leaders of the eighteenth century.

This rich, complex history of the Qashqa'i is still evident in the early twenty-first century in the people's physical features and their tribal and group names, linguistic traits, oral traditions, customs, and material and

related technologies (including weaving and its techniques and designs). Even after the passage of centuries, here and there among the Qashqa'i are the faces and physiques of people who look as though they could have just stepped out of a Kazakh or Kirghiz *yurt* (felt tent) in today's Central Asia.

MINORITIES IN IRAN AND ISSUES OF IDENTITY

Issues of cultural and national-minority identity became increasingly significant for the Qashqa'i after the 1978–79 revolution. As tribally organized Turks, the Qashqa'i are one of Iran's many linguistic, ethnic, tribal, and national-minority groups.[5]

Iran's population of seventy-plus million (2008) consists of diverse peoples including Persians, Turks, Kurds, Baluch, Arabs, and Lurs. Persians are those whose first language is Persian and who identify with a broadly defined notion of Persian culture. The rest speak other first languages and identify primarily with other cultures. Iran's official language is Persian, which government agencies, schools, and the media disseminate, and hence many non-Persians in Iran encounter the Persian language and culture. Many Persians and non-Iranians (including some scholars and journalists) who do not know about the extent of linguistic and cultural diversity in Iran equate Persian culture and Iranian culture. They identify the nation-state of Iran with the Persian culture. Many of those who are not Persians reject this notion and stress the primacy for themselves of their own languages and cultures. Two seemingly contradictory but simultaneous trends in the country are the increasing Persianization of Iran's non-Persian peoples and the growing awareness among non-Persians of their own linguistic and cultural heritage, which they attempt to maintain and enhance. Both processes have been prevalent among the Qashqa'i before and after the 1978–79 revolution.

Iran's national minorities demonstrate a politicized sense of identity and a desire for some degree of regional autonomy, such as having their own locally elected officials, local police, schools taught in their own languages, and newspapers and media broadcasts. Other than a minority of the Kurds, few of these groups seek their own independent, ethnic-based state. They have formed part of Iran historically, expect a share of wealth from the country's rich reserves of oil and natural gas, and count on Iran's military and intelligence services to protect them from hostile neighbors, other outside powers, and internal enemies. The Iranian government, neighboring countries, and Western states (particularly the United States) encourage internal divisions within these minority communities to prevent them from coalescing further and moving toward autonomy or independence.

The Qashqa'i are Shi'i Muslims, unlike many of Iran's other tribally organized ethnic and national minorities who are Sunni Muslims. As such, the Qashqa'i appear to have escaped some problems experienced by Iran's religious minorities: Sunni Muslims and members of other faiths (Christians of different sects, Bahais, Zoroastrians, and Jews).[6] The religious faith of the Qashqa'i centers on their love of God and their respect for ethical conduct. Partly because their seasonal territories are distant from religious centers, the Qashqa'i have not been as familiar historically as are many other Iranian Muslims with Islamic law (*shari'a*) and customs, including attending mosques, performing daily prayers, fasting during the month of Ramadan, making the pilgrimage to Mecca, and reading the Qur'an. Since the Islamic Republic's formation in 1979, Iran's ruling clergy and its supporters have attempted to propagate their version of Islamic beliefs and practices among the Qashqa'i. For schoolchildren especially, mandatory modest dress, compulsory prayers and fasting during schooldays, and required instruction in Islam, the Qur'an, and Arabic have influenced their attitudes and practices.

MIGRATORY AND RESIDENTIAL PRACTICES

Qashqa'i nomads reside in two vast territories within the long southern stretch of the Zagros Mountains: *qeshlaq* (or *garmsir* in Persian) at low altitudes in the south and west during autumn and winter, and *yailaq* (or *sarhad* in Persian) at higher altitudes farther north and east during spring and summer (see figure 2 in the appendix). They do not cross international borders, unlike some other nomads in Iran. Each ecological zone holds pastures suitable for livestock at different seasons. The nomads reap the benefits of all seasons and avoid severe conditions by traveling twice a year the long distance from one area to the other in search of better pasture, water, and weather. Their winter pastures during summer are hot, humid, insect-ridden, and devoid of much vegetation. Their summer pastures during winter have harsh winds and deep snow. Each semiannual migration lasts from one to three months and covers from two hundred to six hundred kilometers. Not restricted by fixed schedules during the migration, the nomads can spend days or weeks at a time at intermediate campsites if the situation there benefits the livestock (see plates 6, 7–9).[7]

Until the 1980s, most Qashqa'i nomads lived year-round in handwoven, black, goat-hair tents. They often camped in the same spots they had chosen in the past, marked by fire pits, livestock pens, and the rock platforms on which the nomads stack their baggage inside the tents (see plates 1, 3).

2. Samarrokh by her loom and goat-hair tent, summer pastures, Hanalishah, 1992. She uses a metal frame to stabilize the loom and tighten the warp strands.

After 1980, in winter and/or summer pastures, many nomads built small one-room stone huts or houses, which are more durable and protective than tents. The structures in winter and summer pastures vary in size, shape, and materials because of different climates and locally available resources. For example, in the marshes of winter pastures, the nomads harvest reeds they use to roof their winter huts and to construct the screens they place around their shelters to block the wind (for the roofs, see plate 5). The new dwellings protect people and possessions from detrimental weather and also serve as territorial markers by discouraging others from seizing the land while the nomads travel and reside elsewhere. Potential trespassers include cultivators living in nearby villages, neighboring tribal groups, and government agencies.

Stone huts and houses sometimes replace goat-hair tents for part of the year, but people still pitch their tents during the migrations, in moderate weather, and for ceremonies such as weddings and funerals. Tents are comfortable and convenient, but the nomads are also nostalgic about their traditional lifestyle. Black tents symbolize the Qashqa'i and nomadic identities of the people.

Many nomads erect their goat-hair tents when they first arrive in winter pastures, dismantle them and move into huts or houses when the winter

rains begin, and then set up tents again to enjoy the oncoming spring weather. They also pitch their tents (sometimes in smaller versions than before) alongside their huts and houses and use the extra space for cooking, storage, and weaving. Many nomads, especially the women, appreciate having both stone and fabric structures available for guests, diverse tasks, and privacy.

When living in tents, huts, and houses, the nomads often retain customary practices. Some houses have small porches, and the nomads build rock and concrete platforms or lay gravel in front to keep the area clean and to provide a space for work. People spend time outside on these porches and patios, just as they do when they occupy tents. The tidy piles of possessions stacked along the interior back walls of houses reflect the setup of tents. The home's cooking areas, as before, are small shelters made of goat-hair fabric, reed mats, thatch, or canvas, which sit next to or lean against the main dwellings. Near their tents and houses, the nomads pile firewood and assemble livestock pens and water troughs (see plate 6). They usually construct their huts and houses exactly where they had once pitched their tents, and the new dwellings face the same direction – usually northeast to catch the warmth of the rising sun and to block the afternoon's searing glare.

Hardier than sheep and better able to navigate the stony mountain slopes, goats survive by browsing on dry, often prickly plants growing between rocks. Sheep require friendlier sustenance such as grass and other soft-leafed vegetation. To provide adequate nutrition for their livestock, the pastoralists hope for sufficient natural pasturage. If grazing is poor, they need to cultivate and to buy fodder crops as supplemental feed.

Camels, mules, and donkeys carry the nomads' possessions on the migrations, including folded tent panels, tent poles, large copper pots, woven bags packed with goods, and newborn lambs and kids. Some men and women ride horses or mules. The nomads store their goods (which they attempt to keep to a minimum) in specially designed woven bags and containers so they can easily locate the items and safely pack them for the difficult treks. Lacking places for permanent, secure storage, they try to be well organized. For example, they protect their delicate tea glasses and porcelain saucers in small wooden boxes with velvet-lined compartments so the items do not break when transported by pack animals (see plates 7–9).

Until the 1980s, almost all Qashqa'i nomads traveled by foot on the full migration with their sheep, goats, and camels and all their other possessions. Since then, fewer of them do so, partly because of children's rigid schedules for attending schools. Instead, more people now hire trucks to transport

their household goods from one seasonal territory to the other. The journey usually takes only a day if the heavily laden vehicles do not break down en route, which occurs more frequently than not. Those still migrating the customary way by foot are the herd owners, the hired shepherds with their families, and the livestock. Occasionally, but only in the autumn because of sparse grazing and water, some nomads may transport their sheep and goats by truck. The high cost prevents most from doing so. Unlike the large migratory groups prevalent until the 1980s, many small mobile groups now contain only several men and older boys to tend the flocks, and several women and older girls to prepare meals and collect water, food, and fuel during the travel. In the 1990s, some men resumed camel herding to profit from a rising demand for camel meat in Iran's cities. This decision, one of many such examples, demonstrates how the nomads respond to changing economic conditions.

QASHQA'I CLOTHING

The Qashqa'i identify themselves and are identified by others by their dress. Their clothing represents and symbolizes their society and culture as well as their place in Iran as a whole. In choosing their attire, people demonstrate an interest in wearing convenient, customary styles, and they also reflect the changes in their own and the wider society.

The details of the clothing traditionally worn by the tribespeople are specific to the Qashqa'i, but the general styles are similar to the attire of other peoples, often tribal, living elsewhere in Iran, the Caucasus Mountains, and Central Asia.

Women wear multiple, brightly colored skirts gathered at the waist and a tunic with slits up the two sides. Sometimes they add a short velvet jacket trimmed with sequins and beads. Their headpieces include a close-fitting cap, a translucent scarf, and a silk band encircling the head and trailing down the back (see plates 1–2, 7–10).

As their everyday outer garb, men used to wear a robe held closed with a cummerbund. Since the 1970s, most men wear loose pants and long-sleeved buttoned shirts. For trips to town and social and ceremonial occasions, they dress more formally in suit pants and jackets often bought from secondhand shops in urban bazaars. The ceremonial attire that men choose for weddings, hunting, and military camps includes a sleeveless robe made of diaphanous beige fabric and secured by a braided cord with loops for the shoulders and decorative tassels hanging in the back. The distinctive hat made of khaki or gray felt and characterized by two upstanding flaps above the ears is unique

3. Goltamam opening a saddlebag in her goat-hair tent, summer pastures, in the mountains above Atakola village, 1971.

to Qashqa'i men and marks them as different from all other tribal, ethnic, and national-minority groups in Iran and the wider region (see plate 4).

Children wear smaller versions of their parents' clothing and, increasingly, the styles they observe in the nearest towns. Some girls don long, single-layer skirts (often over trousers), loose blouses, and simple headscarves, while most boys wear long pants, knit shirts, and jackets. For ceremonies, boys and especially girls often put on customary Qashqa'i dress.

ISLAM AND THE STATE

The Iranian revolution and the Islamic Republic caused more changes for city and town dwellers than for most nomads. The Qashqa'i and many other tribal groups live high in the mountains or far in the deserts and border regions, away from urban areas, and are semi-autonomous political and social entities. As a result, they experience national changes less directly than most other Iranians. Still, when the Qashqa'i do participate in the wider Iranian society, such as when they attend schools or secure employment in cities and towns, the state's influences become more apparent in their lives.[8]

In 1979, political activists including the Muslim clergy dethroned the monarch, Mohammad Reza Shah (r. 1941–79), and forced him to leave the country. Several months later, the clergy and its supporters instituted the Islamic Republic of Iran. The country's new politico-religious leaders introduced many regulations, such as requiring all females older than nine to wear concealing clothing and to cover their hair. They forbade unmarried men and women to interact under some circumstances, unless they were close kin. Vigilante groups and the government's mobile morals squads punished people who violated state codes. The new authorities announced that they did not impose these and other rules to subordinate females, especially because males also fell under new limitations, such as having to wear modest attire and to behave circumspectly. They stated that they intended to integrate both men and women in a new kind of Islamic state and society in which citizens conformed to religiously sanctioned values.

As citizens of Iran, Qashqa'i nomads and villagers are familiar (to varying degrees) with the new restrictions. Yet by residing in remote locales they can continue with many customary practices without much interference. The traditional head-coverings of Qashqa'i women reveal their hair, and many women (especially older ones) refuse to alter this attire, which they say is already modest enough. Younger women criticize a government that compels them to wear overcoats (*manto*) and hoods (*maqna'e*) or head-to-toe veil-wraps (*chador*) if they want to attend school or work in towns and

4. Qermezi women dancing at a wedding, summer pastures, Nurabad, 1992.

cities.[9] They still don Qashqa'i dress at home, within their own groups, and for communal festivities. There, exercising more freedom than most urban females, Qashqa'i women interact with men and participate together in music, dance, song, poetry, and sport (see plates 2, 10).

Some urban Persians, particularly middle-class women, complain about the government's double standard. They say that the state enforces strict regulations in cities and towns but allows the country's ethnic minorities, wherever they live, freer rein in how they choose to dress and act. Foreign tourists and other international audiences regard these minorities – especially the Qashqa'i – as appealingly picturesque and exotic, which partly explains the state's looser requirements for them. Also, some government officials view the Qashqa'i and similar ethnic groups as the survivors or remnants of an "authentic" Muslim society that had thrived before other Muslims in Iran became modernized, westernized, and secularized. They regard the intrusive and destructive processes of westernization and secularization as their enemies, not the "indigenous" forms of Muslim society. For example, officials say that teenage girls in Tehran – alluring in their miniskirts and bare midriffs, dancing to popular Western music, and freely associating with boys – need to correct their dress and conduct, not those Muslims who retain and abide by their premodern practices.[10]

In most countries in which Islam is the official and/or dominant religion, modest Islamic dress (*hijab*) for women is optional, and some choose to adopt it while others do not. The kind of attire considered "modest" varies from place to place and according to women's socioeconomic status, level of education, occupation, place of residence, and ethnicity. Only a few countries, including Iran and Saudi Arabia, mandate modest Islamic apparel for all females over the age of nine when they enter public spaces. Even in these countries, many women who choose to observe modest attire, regardless of any government regulations, note that women should follow personal choice and resist state pressure. They and others say that Islamic law forbids compulsion in religious expression and that God comprehends the true intentions of all people. Thus a woman who wears modest garments only because the government forces or coerces her does not base her action on religious belief and therefore does not please God.[11]

MY ATTIRE

When visiting Iran, I varied my clothing and appearance according to circumstances. In cities, on highways, and in airports I wore a headscarf and a knee-length coat. Away from Iran's public domains and among the nomads, I did not always cover my hair or put on a coat.

In summer pastures at Hanalishah, I rarely donned a scarf or coat unless a government official was visiting the nomads. I wore large, long shirts and long-legged loose pants. Standing on a patch of gravel in a corner of our tent, I bathed and shampooed by using a pitcher of cold water, a gritty bar of soap, and a washcloth that smelled like the goats occupying the pens nearby. I fashioned my wet hair in braids or a ponytail. Wearing my hair loose seemed inappropriate because societal rules do not ordinarily allow women and girls such liberties.

On the outskirts of the town of Kazerun near the mountains, the small houses feature tall-walled, enclosed courtyards and private shower rooms. I did not wear a headscarf inside my hosts' home there because of the family setting. Dariush's wife, Farzaneh, did not don a scarf at home unless guests arrived or her male in-laws were present. When relatives and friends visited my hosts, they observed me bareheaded. When I walked to another family's home, I wore a coat and scarf in the nearby lanes to conform to town customs. If the house belonged to a friend, I casually slipped off the jacket and scarf or let the scarf fall on its own accord when I entered the enclosed courtyard, to follow the example of other young females. Women often gestured to me to remove my scarf if I wished, and then I often did so. If these families were

entertaining guests with whom I was not acquainted, I retained the scarf out of courtesy for my hosts. Yet the guests often told their preadolescent and adolescent girls that they could remove their coats and scarves. On occasion I was covered when, ironically, other girls my age or older were not.

Winter pastures at Dashtak posed other issues. I was not inclined to wear a headscarf while I stayed with the nomads there, just as I usually did not at Hanalishah. Still, the weather was sometimes cold and rainy, and a head-covering was welcome. Many Qermezi girls begin wearing a scarf long before the required age of nine imposed by the state, and so I was usually the only one without it. The way I dressed seemed not to concern the nomads, who had watched me grow up through the years and accepted my forms of expression. The only person ever to suggest any kind of covering for me was a socially conservative man who heard a raucous soccer game in the secluded lane in front of a Kazerun house and asked my mother if I was wearing a scarf. I was.

For the nomads, I represented a society and culture that allowed personal freedom and individual choice. They held similar values but state regulations often obliged them as Iran's citizens to live according to the rules. It seemed appropriate for me to abide by the customs to which these people adhered as well as to follow the government's laws under which they fell. We differed because I was able to visit Iran and to leave, without the long-term consequences that girls and their families must consider. How girls comported themselves and how others perceived them were serious matters for their families, who hoped to arrange the best possible marriages for them. When I saw that men had begun to restrict the interactions and mobility of their daughters, I knew that people were planning their future. Any suspicions, even trivial or ill-founded, potentially damaged these girls' prospects. People subjected boys to similar kinds of scrutiny for the same reasons. Yet they focused on the boys' character rather than their attire, and they emphasized the boys' abilities to succeed in school, work diligently, support a family, live according to tribal codes of conduct, and honor their elders.

MY DAILY ROUTINE (BUT HARDLY ROUTINE)

When people hear my accounts of living in Iran, they wonder how it is possible for the nomads to go without the comforts and conveniences that many Americans enjoy and take for granted. Life there was not difficult for me; I entered this society early enough that I did not already depend on a panoply of modern devices.

In summer pastures at Hanalishah, my mother and I ordinarily resided with the family of the tribal headman, Borzu Qermezi, who served as the

5. Julia holding a baby partridge in Borzu's goat-hair tent, summer pastures, Hanalishah, 1991. She sits by the family's pile of baggage covered with a gelim.

leader until his death in 1995. I was fortunate to know him during my early visits, and his death has been painful for his family and tribe and for my mother and me.

My mother's and my stay in winter pastures at Dashtak was similar to my description below for Hanalishah, and I earlier outlined our circumstances in Kazerun.

Our camp at Hanalishah from 1991 through 1997 consisted of two households. The first held Borzu (until his death in 1995), his wife Falak, and their two sons (Dariush and Bizhan) and one daughter (Fariba). The other household contained Borzu and Falak's married son, Mohammad Karim, and his wife and eight children. One or two hired shepherds and their families also periodically lived in the camp. Bizhan married Maryam in 1992, and Dariush married Farzaneh in 1993; both brides joined Borzu and Falak's household.

In 1998 (when Bizhan declared his independence) and thereafter, our camp at Hanalishah included three households, one for each of Borzu and Falak's three married sons. One or two hired shepherds and their families often resided there as well. The first household, where I stayed, included Borzu's wife, Falak; her unmarried daughter, Fariba; her middle son, Dariush; and Dariush's wife, Farzaneh, and son, Salar. The second household held Falak's youngest son, Bizhan; Bizhan's wife, Maryam; and their children, Houman and the twins, Kaihan and Shirin. The third household consisted of Falak's eldest son, Mohammad Karim; his wife, Bulgais; and seven of their eight children: Koroush, Samangol, Atifeh, Nahid, Soroush, Arash, and Kianoush. Their eldest daughter, Farahnaz, lived with her husband and two children elsewhere. Many of the events in this book took place in 1998 and 1999 and reflect these particular circumstances.

Our hosts pitched a canvas tent where my mother and I slept and stored our luggage. They provided meals for us except when other families invited us to visit, a near-daily occurrence.

My mother and I brought few personal possessions. Our luggage included sleeping bags, notebooks, medical supplies, and clothing for warm and cold weather, which we washed alongside the mountain springs nearby. The rest of our luggage contained gifts for our hosts and others with whom we shared close ties.[12]

Through everyday activities, I came to know many men, women, and children, especially those about whom I write in this volume. I developed the closest relationships with the people living in my hosts' camp, and I interacted most often with them. I now describe how I spent time among the nomads and how our lives intersected.

In the morning, when the sun first peeked over the mountains to the east and began to warm the small canvas tent, I woke, washed, and dressed. My mother rose earlier, at dawn, along with others in the camp, and they were already pursuing the day's activities. I folded my blankets and packed away

my sleeping bag and stuffed animal (a different one each year, to distribute the privilege among many) to protect them from the sand and dust that blew into the shelter.

By the time I emerged from the tent, the shepherds and flocks were already far away on the mountain slopes. Sometimes, especially the first few days of each visit, I woke for a moment as they passed by the tent before dawn. After several days, I no longer noticed the tinkling of bells, shuffling of hooves, and venting of snorts. (Yet their absence disconcerted me when I returned to Tehran. There, the city noises were a rude awakening, even the pre-dawn call to prayer that I otherwise enjoyed hearing.) The forlorn bleating of the ewes and nanny goats as they called to the lambs and kids they were leaving behind in the reed pens did not wake me. Even when goats stopped to rub the base of their horns (the itchy place where the horns erupt from the skull) against the tent's supporting ropes and shook the small structure, I slept through it all. Intruding chickens and dogs did not rouse me. Hens, seeking spots to lay their eggs undisturbed, worked themselves under the tent walls and then with confused, irritated squawking resisted my mother's efforts to shoo them out. One dog in particular, fleeing from the stones cast by the camp's children, often sought refuge in a corner of our tent.

Depending on previously made plans, which often changed and were not predictable, the day generally unfolded in one of three different ways: my mother and I visited another camp for the day (which included lunch and sometimes dinner), we stayed in our home camp, or we departed on a trip away from Hanalishah. When I was young, we always engaged in these activities together, but as I matured and grew better acquainted with people, I exercised more independence.

The first situation, when we traveled to another camp at or near Hanalishah, was the most common. Sometimes, if our host for the day owned or could borrow a vehicle, he drove to Falak's camp to collect us. Occasionally we walked if the distance was not too far. Other times Dariush or Bizhan took us to the other camp in the family's aged Land Rover, and he might stay with us until we were ready to return home. This way, as a guest, he could benefit from a special meal as well as discuss recent news and imminent decisions with his relatives and tribesmates. If Dariush or Bizhan needed to complete work or run errands, he left us there; he or someone else came later to drive us home, or we walked when we were ready to leave. I especially enjoyed returning home on foot with the youngsters from the camp we visited; they were happy to escape their chores. Out of sight of censorious adults, we had adventures along the way.

While my mother conversed with our hosts and other visitors and took notes, the children and young adults engaged me in their activities, which varied because each family and camp contained people of different ages. I spent time with toddlers such as Dorna (chapter 1), preadolescent boys and girls such as Ma'asumeh (chapter 2), teenagers such as Nahid (chapter 3), young adults such as Fariba (chapter 4), middle-aged people, and elders such as Falak (chapter 5). I interacted frequently with girls and women but was also friendly with boys and men, especially because relationships within family groups were informal. Males, females, and older and younger generations regularly engaged in work and leisure activities together or in close proximity to one another, and any degree of formality because of gender and age seemed reduced when I participated alongside them.

One summer I gave a game of Twister to a special family with three young children. In this game each player responds to a caller who announces one by one which hand and which foot the player should place on which of four different colored circles on a large plastic sheet spread on the ground (as in, "Right hand, red!"). Many circles in each of the colors are on the sheet, and the players move their hands and feet, one by one and from circle to circle, as the game progresses. Players unable to maintain their specified "twisted" positions fall and are disqualified; the last person to remain in her or his place wins. The novice participants quickly grasped the game. Soon girls and boys along with women and men were enthusiastically inventing their own rules (such as holding high in the air the one hand not yet called) and entertaining the many spectators eager for their own turns.

Except during meals, I did not usually remain inside the dwelling of our hosts. I departed almost immediately with the children – both girls and boys – who lived there. We explored the different surroundings that characterized each camp and locale and chased one another through the orchards, climbed mountain slopes, hiked to mountain springs, and played soccer and other games. I also accompanied these children while they performed their many daily chores. Sometimes my presence freed them from work, especially if I did not visit often or did not see them elsewhere, and their parents valued the time we spent together. Parents and older children who disliked the anti-America slogans spread in Iran through schools and the media were pleased to have a friendly face, rather than an abstract condemnation, placed on "America."

Residents of these territories usually knew everyone else's movements and activities, in part because of the exposed terrain and the one vehicular road running through it. Boys and sometimes girls from other camps dropped by with studied casualness to join our activities. Their mothers might instruct

them beforehand not to impose for lunch or dinner, and the youngsters often disappeared when they saw that meals were ready, only to reappear an hour later. Our hosts expressed chagrin when they saw that the children were gone; they did not mind sharing food with them. Sometimes I was able to stop by a camp on the way to another so that I could ask one or several friends to accompany me for the day. Girls were less likely than boys to visit other camps spontaneously, and my invitation freed these girls from the restraints under which they sometimes fell. The girls came escorted and did not transgress any rules; the camps we visited held their close and welcoming kin. To justify trips to other camps, girls (and women) also contrived errands, such as delivering an herbal remedy or returning a weaving they had borrowed to study its designs. Hosts were always pleased when their female kin stopped by; social visits were luxuries that usually occurred only after people completed the day's many tasks.

If we lacked plans to visit another camp, my mother and I usually stayed home. Often I walked down the hill to see Nahid (chapter 3), and from there she, her older sister Atifeh, and I participated in the same activities I enjoyed when I visited other camps. One difference was that Nahid (two years older than I was) and Atifeh (three years older) could speak enough English to participate in rudimentary conversations. Until I came to Iran, they did not know any English and had never heard a native speaker of the language. Years passed before we moved beyond the textbook English with which they were growing familiar in English classes in school, beginning in the seventh grade.

As I later learned in my visits to schools, English-language teachers were not proficient, let alone conversant, in the language, and these and other schoolchildren never heard English spoken correctly. When Ma'asumeh (chapter 2) invited me to visit her English class in middle school, her teacher refused to utter a word of English to me or to ask any questions, probably because she did not want to be shamed in front of her pupils. If I posed a simple question, she might have been unable to respond.[13]

Nahid, Atifeh, and some other children could potentially access the English-language broadcasts of the British Broadcasting Company and the Voice of America through battery-powered radios. I never observed any of them take the opportunity; this English often seemed too advanced in vocabulary and grammar. More pertinently, Iran-made batteries are short-lived and expensive, and adult men controlled the radios, sometimes by locking them in suitcases.

Nahid and Atifeh appreciated my company because they could practice their English, and I enjoyed theirs because I sometimes missed speaking and

hearing the sound of the language. Indebted to my hosts for their generous hospitality, I was grateful to offer a linguistic proficiency that these girls cherished. English was mandatory for them because they hoped to attend university, and they might gain advantage over some other students in the competitive, national, qualifying examinations. Along with many others, they in turn helped me with my Turkish and Persian. These two girls, whom I have known since I was five and they were seven and eight, are my foremost friends.

I also enjoyed activities with Fariba (chapter 4), Farzaneh, Maryam, and the camp's young children when I was home for the day. I participated in the women's and children's tasks, some of which they performed daily (such as weaving, collecting water, and cooking), others periodically (such as processing pastoral and agricultural commodities), and still others seasonally (such as collecting wild plants to use as food, medicine, and dyeing agents). When their many chores allowed them the opportunity, we played games and took walks.

People from other camps at and near Hanalishah frequently visited Falak's family and my mother and me, and we engaged in similar activities – work and leisure – with them too. Guests from other Qermezi territories arrived every day, including those delivering wedding invitations, announcing deaths, scheduling funeral and memorial services, and carrying other crucial news. (The Qashqa'i held funerals on the day of a death or the next day and planned memorial services for the third day, the seventh day, the fortieth day, and the one-year anniversary, all of which many people attended.) Sometimes these visitors brought their children to meet me. Through these kinds of interactions, people maintained and enhanced their links among the three thousand Qermezi, and I increased my understanding of the wider tribe. Qashqa'i visitors from other tribes provided me with additional kinds of knowledge, and they often eagerly explained how their practices differed from those in the Qermezi tribe.

The third scenario, less frequent than the others, entailed journeys away from Hanalishah. Sometimes we conducted errands in the small town of Semirom, and twice we took baths there at the homes of Dariush's Persian acquaintances. On several other occasions we traveled there hoping for baths but discovered too late that the town's power supply was cut and the settlement lacked electricity to run its water pump. Once someone stole the pump, and Semirom went without water for days until the mayor installed a replacement. In 1991 the government built a rudimentary bathhouse at Hanalishah for the nomads there. As soon as the nomads migrated to winter pastures, the valley's Persian and Lur cultivators destroyed the water heater

and stole the pipes, out of spite, angry about the competition they faced over the land. No one ever repaired the facility.

Sometimes we took longer trips to the Darrehshuri village of Mehr-e Gerd (Round Sun) to attend Borzu's grave and to visit Jehangir Khan Darrehshuri, the tribal leader under whose authority the Qermezi tribe used to fall. While resident in winter pastures at Dashtak we traveled with many Qermezi families to Lake Famur south of Kazerun. On the marshy banks of this sweet-water lake teeming with fish and wild fowl, we found isolated spots for picnics. Adults roasted kebabs and took long walks while the children and I explored the terrain and played games. In chapter 2, I describe a stone-throwing game played only by groups of men and older boys, but women and girls enjoyed watching and shouting praise peppered with critical witticisms. Such large gatherings were their – and my – favorite events, and people tried to arrange them when I visited.

The longest journeys included traveling to other parts of Qashqa'i territory to visit other Qermezi groups in their own summer and winter pastures and to attend their weddings. On one dawn-to-midnight trip, we drove to the wedding of some distant Darrehshuri relatives, ate lunch in a village at the home of a Qermezi man who had just returned that morning from a pilgrimage to Mecca, traveled to the Qermezi village of Atakola for a short visit, and then went to the wedding of another Qermezi group. Only a few Qermezi had gone to Mecca; this man had done so on behalf of his father – to whom the religious merit applied – because of a vow he had made. We participated in the ceremony of his return, which included drinking small cups of water he had carried from Zamzam Well in the holy city.

My mother attended funeral and memorial services throughout tribal territory and in the villages and towns where some Qermezi lived, but I often did not accompany her. These events required us to sit for hours in crowded tents or stiflingly hot rooms and were too intense for me to handle when I was young, especially when I became the center of attention at solemn rites that should focus instead on the family and kin group of the deceased. Yet the boisterous children of the other mourners ran tirelessly about, yelling with excitement during these occasions. When I grew older and more acquainted with people, I accompanied my mother more often. I was no longer the distracting novelty that I used to be, or at least I hoped that I was not. Still, I did enjoy staying behind with my Qermezi friends while my mother was away, and together we engaged in activities that she still knows little about.

Long journeys away from Hanalishah also included trips to Isfahan to renew our visas. We were always able to complete the task in one day and return to the camp that night.

Dariush's nontribal Persian guests who resided in distant towns and cities often invited my mother and me to visit their homes, but we declined because our time among the Qashqa'i was limited. We explained, with difficulty, our reluctance to travel elsewhere, especially when the issue soon became our apparent ingratitude in the face of repeated offers of hospitality. The people's seemingly polite words, particularly the exaggerated forms called *ta'arof* in Persian, masked a compulsory component. On occasion, Dariush's guests became so disgruntled when we declined their invitations that it seemed as if we were the ones most grossly at fault. They did not understand that we lacked time for visiting distant Persians with whom we were not well acquainted. Our attempts to keep a relatively low profile in Iran would be wasted if we spent our time journeying to this or that town for no purpose other than to satisfy these outside demands.

Regardless of the day's plans, I always slept in Falak's camp and ate breakfast at her home. At the end of the day we sat on the porch and talked, watched the moon in its changing forms as it appeared to traverse the cloudless sky, and were dazzled by multitudes of stars visible at this pollution-free high altitude. Around ten or eleven o'clock, I reluctantly returned to our canvas tent to prepare for sleep. My mother and I were usually the first to settle down. Others in the camp preferred to stay awake to talk, especially with visitors, some of whom would stay all night. We too would remain up if not for everyone's pre-dawn awakening, when people wanted to begin the day's chores before the heat became severe. To catch up on sleep and to cope with the climate, they often napped in the early afternoon. Except when I was five, I was never able to sleep during the day and thus needed more rest at night.

Despite the day's warmth, the nights quickly turned chilly, and sometimes the temperature dropped to near freezing. My sleeping bag was a welcome refuge. When my mother checked the tent's dark interior with a flashlight because of mysterious noises and intruding wildlife, she often saw only my chilly red nose peeking from the tightened hood of my sleeping bag. Once relaxed, I welcomed the night's music until I was not aware of it any longer. Warning of dangers and trespassers (human or not), the camp's dogs barked relentlessly as they raced back and forth, often noisily tripping over our tent's supporting ropes. The wolves howled in chorus in the far distance. The sheep and goats bleated for their young. A donkey dragged its chain and uprooted metal stake across the rocky terrain ("trot, trot, clank . . . trot, trot, clank") as it escaped the camp to visit other donkeys in the next valley.

COMPOSING THE TEXT

My perspective in the following five chapters is that of a young visitor in a large extended family. I focus, in reverse order, on an elderly woman, Falak Qermezi; her youngest daughter, Fariba; her eldest son's daughter, Nahid; her fourth daughter's daughter, Ma'asumeh; and her eldest daughter's daughter's daughter, Dorna. Falak is the mother of eleven children (three of whom died young), the grandmother of thirty-four, and the great-grandmother of six – a total of forty-eight living descendants (see figures 4–5 in the appendix).[14]

I often avoid using terms such as "aunt," "cousin," and "grandmother" because the Qashqa'i clearly differentiate kin on the maternal and the paternal sides of the family (as do Iranians in general). They distinguish, for example, between "mother's sister" and "father's sister" by using separate Turkish terms. This way people signify the different roles and obligations of the two individuals. They lack a generalized term equivalent to "aunt."

My mother translated for me during my first two visits, but she says that I quickly read people's body language and other nonverbal cues. When we visited a Qermezi family new to me, for example, I saw "mother's brother" behavior before she had time to figure out the relationships among the people gathered in the tent. The tie between a person and her or his mother's brother was a special one characterized by affection.

Soon I understood ordinary conversations, especially when people simplified the language for my benefit. By spending time with children, whose activities are usually easy to understand, I was able to learn basic Turkish without much difficulty. Neither they nor I worried about complex ideas or complicated phrases. The government requires all schoolchildren to learn Persian, and the Qermezi youngsters were still undergoing the process of acquiring another language and seemed to comprehend my linguistic needs (see plate 5).

At the age of thirteen, I began to study written Persian on my own, through books as well as courses on the Internet. While a senior in high school, I enrolled in two semesters of second-year Persian at Washington University in Saint Louis. As a college student at Yale University (2004–08), I studied Turkish, Persian, and Arabic and traveled in countries where these languages are spoken.

I depended on my mother for background information during all our visits. She knows genealogical ties, tribal history, and an array of other information from her years of research. Usually tolerant when I interrupted her conversations in order to acquire some clarification, she often suggested that I keep a mental list of questions until we retired to our tent at night

when she had time to elaborate. There, we shared the day's experiences. As the years passed, my activities became substantially different from hers, and we developed varying perspectives.

During every visit (except in 1991 when I was five years old), I kept a daily journal to record my activities and perceptions. While I wrote *Tribeswomen of Iran*, I often consulted these notebooks. I was sometimes irritated to see that my daily entries did not always depict what would have been amazing times for a young child. One memorable entry, in its entirety, is the following: "Got up. Ate a carrot. Went to bed." The next visit, instead of a chronological record of each day's activities, I decided to write chapters for a "chapter book" (similar to many I was reading at the time), each one focusing on an event or circumstance. The chapter, "Never Had a Scratch," for example, explains why the Qashqa'i refrain from physical contact with their watchdogs, even though the dogs are vital camp members. It tells the story of a particularly pathetic canine that would roll on his back and squirm in a desperate but futile attempt to entice someone to scratch his belly. During the subsequent visit, I resumed writing daily, descriptive entries, and every year thereafter my daily narratives became lengthier and more detailed, to the point that once I ran out of blank pages and needed to write between the lines in small script.

My mother also kept notes and a daily journal but I have never read any of those accounts. I wanted to preserve my own impressions as I had remembered and written them. I still have not read her book, *Nomad: A Year in the Life of a Qashqa'i Tribesman in Iran*, which chronicles four consecutive seasons for the Qermezi in 1970–71, twenty years before my first visit to the tribe.[15]

Since I began to write this book, I drew some information and insight from several Qermezi people with whom I had contact via the Internet. (One person was Mas'ud, who lived in Moscow for four years.) I learned about events that had transpired after my most recent departure. The circumstances I describe here have changed in many ways by 2008, but I have resisted the impulse to update the account. I am currently writing an article that explains these changes.

The writings of other authors have helped me to organize my thoughts for this book.[16] Of earliest impact on me were books for children and young adults that describe non-Western peoples or give accounts of Westerners living in non-Western societies. Later, when viewing Iranian films and reading books and other publications on Iran, I learned about its diverse societies and cultures in ways that supplemented my own observations there. I also sought information on the wider Middle East and the Muslim world. As I

grew more interested in writing, I looked for works written not only for a specialist audience but also for a broader readership, and I hoped to emulate them.

I drew on memories of my experiences in Iran for writing assignments in elementary and secondary school. In these works I sometimes compared my initial and later impressions of life among the nomads. I include an example here, which I wrote for an English class in 1998 when I was twelve.[17]

Little Blue Tugboat

"Are we there?" I inquire as I step out of the Land Rover and into a field of tall grass. My notion of *there* is vague. No one had ever thoroughly explained to me where, actually, *there* is. I soon forget my question when I see a tall stocky man, using a cane to support himself, hobbling toward us with pained yet confident steps. His face, creased with age and experience, is friendly, and he displays his well-worn teeth to us in a wide grin. My mother and he shake hands and exchange some words of greeting in a language I have heard only several times before. Then the man reaches down to shake my hand, and by the slight intonation of his voice I realize that he has asked me a question. Wide-eyed with wonder, I shake his hand, allow his hug, and brush a wandering pigtail out of my face. The friendly man then beckons us to accompany him up the hill to a large black tent that I had not even noticed when we arrived. I finger the reassuring small lump in my shirt pocket, a little blue plastic tugboat that my mother had given me for entertainment on the plane ride to Isfahan. After glancing at the tent, I look more closely at my surroundings. Tall hills and mountain peaks surround the camp on all sides. Downhill from the tent is a circular fenced-in area containing two long troughs. The enclosure's floor has a lumpy, dirt-like material that contrasts in color and texture with the pale, dusty terrain outside the fence. Sheep and goat dung, I discover soon enough. My attention then focuses on the tent itself. Large and box-shaped with the longest side open, it is the most prominent structure in the vicinity. Its fabric seems to be woven from a coarse, black material. Goat hair, my mother tells me later. Tall wooden poles and thick ropes made of black fibers and adorned with tassels hold the tent upright. Inside the tent, a wonderfully ornate, multicolored blanket depicting geometrical shapes and stylized animals seems

to be draped over a tall pile of goods. I am distracted from my observations when several young women in vibrant, contrastingly colored skirts, tunics, and headscarves walk toward me. They all want to hug me at once, which presses the little blue tugboat into my ribs.

Sitting in the darkness of the cramped closet, I clutch the little blue tugboat. I am suddenly filled with longing to be back in Iran with Borzu, the man who first greeted us, and my other friends there. I realize that I will never see him again (he died three years ago), and a tear etches a wet line down the side of my face. I catch the drop with the tugboat, which I press against my cheek. I slip the tugboat into my pocket when I notice the envelope of photographs beside me in the closet. The images depict me cuddling newborn lambs upside down, holding a young hawk, sneaking balls of *kashk* (dried sour milk) from a drying rack, and pretending I am weaving on a loom. One other picture catches my eye. It shows two small girls remarkably similar yet different. One, the taller of the two, wears brightly flowered stretchy pants, a red turtleneck shirt, and hiking books with bright red laces. She has light-brown ponytails positioned high on her head, and she holds a blue plastic tugboat. The other girl is noticeably smaller, although the two are approximately the same age. She wears a torn, dusty-grey skirt that was once royal blue and a synthetic-fabric, long-sleeved shirt too small for her. Her hair appears as though she cut it herself, for it is short and ragged, and perhaps she has not combed it for days. She holds a red plastic tugboat, identical to the taller girl's one except for the color. Seemingly deep in play, both girls squat by a small mountain spring.

"Mommy, can you ask her if she wants to play?" After a word from my mother, a small girl with ragged hair shyly inches toward me and the little red tugboat resting in my outstretched hand. I offer her the toy and dig my own blue version from my pocket as I rub the place where it had pressed against my leg. *Come*, she says in her language as she begins to trot down the hill. I follow her with interest as I push up my sleeves for some serious playing. We near the animal pen but decide against using the water troughs there because too many restless sheep stand packed together in the enclosure. The confused-looking animals follow me with their

> wide-open eyes as the small girl and I face downhill toward the mountain spring. Moments later, she and I are up to our elbows in water and content in our play. I am curious about her, but I lack enough knowledge of her language for a conversation.
>
> I smile at the memory that the picture invokes in me and wish I could be a carefree girl in Iran again. I finish looking at the rest of the photographs in the envelope and return them to their former hiding place. I lie back, thinking of bygone times and vibrant memories, and start to drift off to sleep, the little blue tugboat pressing against my leg.

Finally, my recent travels to other parts of the Middle East, the Caucasus, and Central Asia have widened and deepened my understanding of nomadic, tribal society in Iran and of Turkic societies in other places. These experiences include cultural anthropological research in rural and urban Kazakhstan (2006) and Turkey (2005, 2007, 2008), archaeological research on Bronze Age mobile pastoralists in Kazakhstan (2006), and active participation in AIESEC (an international nongovernmental organization) in Turkey (2005, 2007, 2008), Morocco (2005), the United Arab Emirates (2006), Egypt (including the Sinai Peninsula, 2006), Kazakhstan (2006), Azerbaijan (2007, 2008), Georgia (2007, 2008), Tajikistan (2007), and Armenia (2008).

1

DORNA
Learning about Society and Culture

So many lives intersected, fleetingly crisscrossed, brushed by the mad weft-warp of our itinerary.

— Joanne Harris

Dorna, born in 1997, has a younger sister, Shema. Her mother is Mahnaz, and her father is Ali Morad. Ma'asumeh (chapter 2) is the daughter of Dorna's mother's mother's sister. Nahid (chapter 3) is the daughter of Dorna's mother's mother's brother. Fariba (chapter 4) is Dorna's mother's mother's sister. And Falak (chapter 5) is Dorna's great-grandmother, her mother's mother's mother.

Facing Dorna, I tossed a ball from behind my back by flipping it over my head. The ball bounced off her round tummy covered by a threadbare faded-blue sweatshirt. The two-year-old squealed in delight as she stretched to reach for the ball. I realized that Dorna was encountering for the first time an object whose sole purpose was play.

Dorna and I sat alone together on lush knotted carpets inside the small canvas tent of her mother Mahnaz. Others in the camp gathered up the hill in the larger goat-hair tent, one of the few still used at Hanalishah as an everyday family dwelling. Some other Qermezi families here in summer pastures had recently built small, more protective stone houses and resided only periodically in their goat-hair shelters. Every family at Hanalishah had occupied black goat-hair tents when I first visited in 1991, and no one had yet constructed stone houses.

Plastic flaps extended from the solid center of the neon-green ball. The toy was the size of a large orange but when Dorna pressed the flaps against

the core the sphere grew smaller. I gave the object to her after I watched her playing with a ball of yarn she took from her mother's loom. She lacked toys other than improvised ones but was content to play with any objects at hand. Still, Mahnaz had to search the tent after she sat down at the loom to weave if she discovered that yarn balls in the colors she needed were missing.

Dorna stood and held the ball behind her back, her short arms straining to grasp it. The flexible plastic flaps made it easier for her to do so. Dorna tossed the toy but it bumped against the back of her head instead of flying toward me.

As the two-year-old turned around to look for the ball, she tugged at the sun-bleached pink cloth haphazardly positioned on her head, two of its corners tied under her chin. The makeshift scarf, perhaps a scrap of cloth in which her mother used to wrap small possessions, helped to keep her head warm at this often-chilly altitude. Mothers of infants, toddlers, and even older girls and boys almost always covered their children's heads, a practice predating the Islamic Republic and unrelated to the code of modest dress that the current government mandated. As Dorna brushed her short, spiky, brown hair out of her eyes and pulled at her clothes, she unintentionally skewed the scarf even further. Her long pants kept slipping down over her feet and tripping her no matter how many times her mother yanked the elastic waistband over her shirt to her chest.

Dorna spotted the ball where it had landed behind her. She kicked it toward me so that I could throw it to her again, and I tried a better method, one she could imitate more easily. I balanced the toy on the palm of my hand and hit it toward her with the fist of the other. She tried to catch the ball but it rolled into the gravel patch at the tent's entrance. Without such toys in her earlier childhood, Dorna lacked the coordination exhibited by children who grew up with such objects. She discovered other means of entertaining herself and developed in other ways. While she was not yet able to judge the flight of a ball, she could peel and slice an apple with a sharp knife without nicking herself. Many children in the United States do not master this skill until they are years older than she was.

Snatching up the pesky ball, Dorna cupped it in one hand and smacked it with the fist of the other. The toy landed on top of the neatly stacked baggage lining the back of the tent, practically the full extent of her mother's possessions.

Dorna looked at me with her eyes wide and her mouth open in mock fright. She ran to the baggage but the top was too high for her to reach. She raised the *gelim* (a handwoven, geometrically patterned flat weave used as a

6. Dorna (as a baby) and her mother Mahnaz in a goat-hair tent, summer pastures, Hanalishah, 1997. A jajim covers the pile of baggage, not the usual gelim.

protective, decorative cover) and hid behind it, pressed between the baggage and the gelim (see plate 1).

"The ball disappeared," she whispered in Qashqa'i Turkish through the thick fabric.

When I tickled the lump that was Dorna, she wiggled and shrieked with laughter. I lifted her out and hoisted her up so that she could search along the top of the baggage for the missing ball. She laughed, excited by this unexpected move; this place was forbidden for play.

As a symbol of the home and family, the pile of baggage (*uk*, *aiy*) – including the platform of rocks (*yurd dasheh*) on which it rested – was sacrosanct territory. Parents did not allow children to sit on the baggage or to walk along the top.

The only other such prohibition applied to the main fire pit, the hearth (*ojoq*), another symbol of the home and family. No one should throw discarded or unclean items into a fire, for fear of polluting that vital essence, and no one should step into a cold hearth.

As a five-year-old racing across the wide entrance of Borzu's black goat-hair tent, I once ran through the unlit hearth without stopping, despite the cloud of ashes I had raised. My mother worried about this breech of custom, but the nomads witnessing my dash reassured her that I was blameless and that no ill consequences would result. My age and innocent intent meant that no one needed to utter any protective prayers (such as "Flee away, evil!").

The novelty of our play exhilarated Dorna. She rarely received so much undivided attention from anyone, including her often-busy parents. Locating the errant ball, she pointed to it, and I carried her there. She grabbed it and tossed it to the ground. On impact the plastic flaps smacked against one another. I set Dorna down beside the ball, at which she glared menacingly. Its unnatural color and erratic tendencies gave it an aura of mystery.

After a moment of contemplating the ball, Dorna gingerly poked at it to see if it would come alive once more and fly away. In similar fashion she enticed the wild game birds to escape from their cages behind the black goat-hair tent. When the ball did not respond, she prodded it again. I flicked the toy toward her; she reacted by scampering back and forth.

I formed my hands in the shape of a frog and made the animal move toward her, its mouth appearing to open and close. She gaped at it, more curious than afraid. While watching her attempt to imitate the gesture of my hands, I demonstrated again and then tried to fashion her small hands into the shape of a frog. She soon lost interest and refocused on the ball.

Dorna had readily accepted me. During her short life she had known only close kin, and she had never met a foreigner before. Yet here we were, inter-

7. Dorna and Julia in Mahnaz's kitchen shelter, summer pastures, Hanalishah, 1999. Dorna reaches for the partridge her uncle holds (not visible here).

acting comfortably and happily, despite the social, cultural, and linguistic barriers separating us.

When Dorna lobbed the ball to me, I placed it on my foot and flipped it upwards. She repeated this motion. When I tossed the sphere to her from the back of my hand, she ran toward me trying to catch it but misjudged the distance, and the toy landed in the lowered hood of her sweatshirt. Dorna did not see where it fell but knew it rested somewhere behind her, and she spun around searching for it.

"Where's the ball?" I asked her in Turkish while I watched in amusement.

Dorna raised her shoulders and held up her palms. "Where?" she repeated.

When I pulled the hood up over her head, she felt the ball coming to rest at the base of her neck. As she jumped up and down to shake the object loose, it tumbled out of the hood and into her hands.

Losing interest in the toy, at least for the moment, Dorna took my hand to lead me outside for new sources of amusement.

Dorna's camp was small and isolated. Dorna interacted with no other children except for her sister, who was still too young to play most of the games that interested her. Mahnaz usually secured Shema tightly to her chest or back with a long cloth wrapped around her torso. Mahnaz, her husband Ali Morad, and their two daughters lived in the small canvas tent. The only occupants of the large goat-hair tent just up the hill were Ali Morad's brother, Mahmud; their sister Soraya; and their mother Rokhsar. Rokhsar's other daughter and four other sons were married and resided elsewhere, each caring for an independent family and household. The once-busy camp now contained only Mahnaz's small family, Rokhsar, Mahmud, and Soraya (see plate 3).

As Rokhsar's youngest son, Mahmud was responsible for staying in his childhood home to support his mother and sister. (His father Gholam Hosain had died in 1994.) When Mahmud married – and he planned soon to become engaged to a girl in his mother's Qord (Wolf) tribe – his wife would come to live with him, they would care for his mother, and he would be the head of the household.

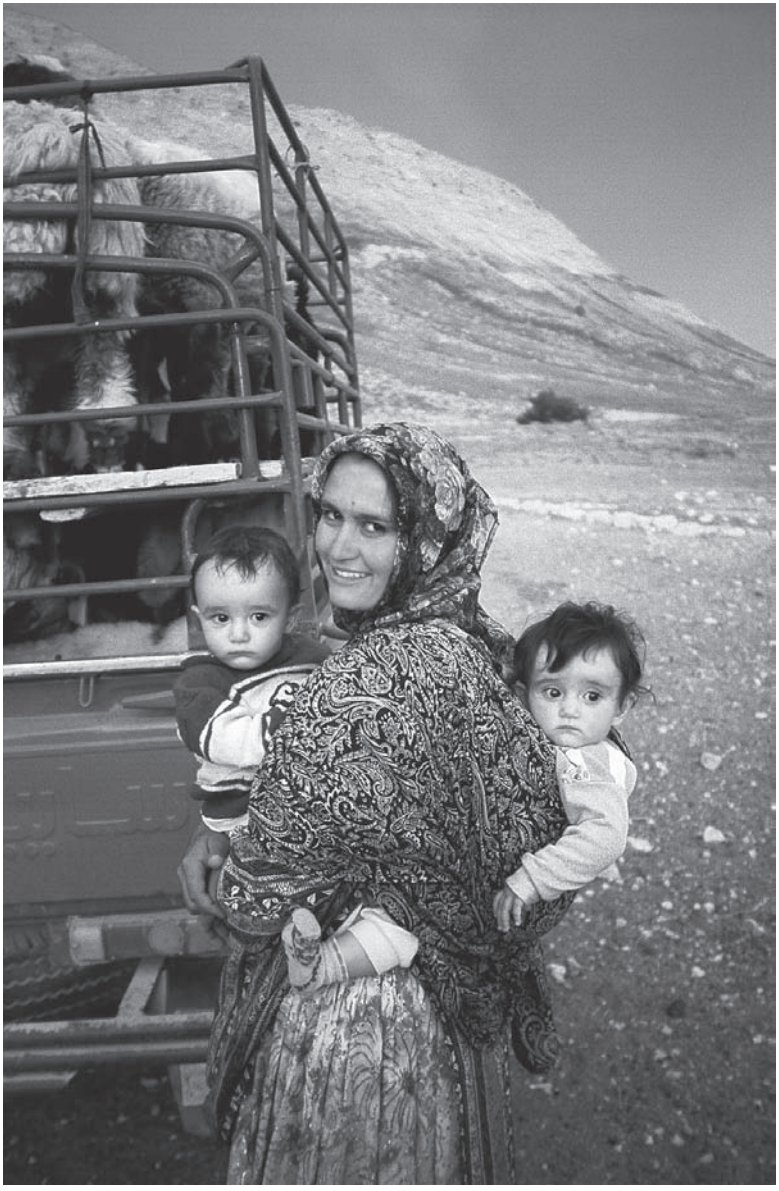
The Qashqa'i way of dividing a family's property is as follows. Each son from the first to the last received an equivalent share of the parental wealth at a time when he needed it. When the first son married, he and his bride lived with his natal family for a year or more while she wove goat-hair panels for a new tent and hoped to conceive a child. Soon they accumulated

sufficient goods to form an independent household. Their property included the bride's dowry, her wedding gifts, and any items she wove while living with her husband's parents. When the extended family considered the day of the week and the time to be auspicious (a Sunday morning was optimal), the son received a portion of his parents' sheep, goats, pack animals, household goods, and land, the quantity depending on the extent of the possessions and the number of his brothers.

If Gholam Hosain and Rokhsar, for example, owned 240 sheep and goats and 18 camels, horses, mules, and donkeys, the first of their six sons to become independent would receive a sixth of them: 40 sheep and goats and 3 pack animals, the kind depending on the needs of his small family. Later the second son would receive a fifth of the family's remaining animals, which had probably increased in number in the interval between the oldest son separating and the second oldest doing so. The last son, in this case Mahmud, acquired the last portion, but in the meantime the livestock had expanded, thus often giving a slight advantage to the youngest boy. Sometimes, before any sons matured, the father reserved his own share, which the youngest son inherited when the father died, further increasing this son's estate. The mother might insist that her unmarried daughters also gain a portion so that each could assemble a respectable dowry.

This system helped to prevent disputes about property and stipulated which son was responsible for staying at home to care for his parents and unmarried siblings. It also provided a continuity of females in the camp to work for the household. When a couple's children were young, the girls were always home to help with chores. When this generation grew older and began to marry, the sons' brides assumed the work of the daughters at the same time that the daughters left home to marry into other families. Parents hoped for an even ratio of female and male children. If a family bore only girls, they married and departed, one by one, and the parents were alone, without sons and brides to care for them. If a family produced only boys, also an unfortunate circumstance, no girls eased the mother's tasks until the sons married. If a woman gave birth only to girls, people considered her responsible for her plight. If many boys were born (regardless of the number of girls), people praised a man for producing fine descendants.

Boys and girls in a family often competed for food and attention, and girls grew up learning to be independent and to care for themselves. Dorna was perhaps fortunate to lack direct competition, unlike her two-year-old cousin, Shirin, whose twin brother Kaihan aggressively pursued his own interests,



8. Maryam and her twins (Kaihan and Shirin, ten months old) beside a pickup truck loaded with sheep for the market, summer pastures, Hanalishah, 1997.

often at Shirin's expense. Even at her young age Shirin had learned how to protect herself.

When my friend and age-mate, Nahid, and I returned from an afternoon walk to a nearby orchard, I offered Shirin a walnut I had picked from a tree along the way. The two-year-old immediately sought a spot in the shade behind her tent to avoid being disturbed. Grunting in concentration and effort, Shirin meticulously peeled off the tough, bitter, green skin and then cracked open the hard shell with a stone. She calculated her blows so precisely that she did not damage the nut inside, and then she carefully extracted and ate the white meat while puckering her lips from the astringent taste of remnants of the skin covering the edible portion. The process lasted an hour but not even her mischievous twin, often determined to take Shirin's resources for himself, detected her at work. Later, Kaihan saw her fingers stained green from the walnut casing (the only clue he had missed a treat) and howled angrily.

One morning when no one was looking (except for me), Shirin helped herself to several handfuls of mixed nuts and dried fruit from a traveling Persian peddler.

One of these itinerants appeared every week or so, his arrival heralded – long before any of us saw him – by the "arr-arr-arr" of the camp's donkeys anticipating a companion. The peddler would secure his donkey with a rope and metal stake by the nearest tent or house and begin to unload the bulging saddlebags. Women and children quickly gathered to inspect his goods. The camp's men usually ignored him. They found a wider range of commodities in town than the peddler could possibly transport, and the bazaar's prices were usually cheaper. Lacking much (if any) cash, the women traded their own products for those the peddler brought. They rid themselves of items that they could not exchange in town, such as clumps of inferior-quality, oddly colored sheep's wool and the ground sugar left over after they had chopped sugar cones into small morsels to hold in their teeth while drinking hot tea. In return, the women received fabric, sewing notions, mordants, and the dyes they could not produce in quantity from the natural resources of their territories. Mordants helped the fibers of their yarn to absorb dyes and fix the colors. The peddler was skilled in these matters and assisted the women in acquiring the materials they needed.

On this particular day, Shirin exploited the peddler's turned back to reach stealthily into one of his canvas sacks to extract two handfuls of *chahar ajil* ("four tasty snacks"). The ingredients were seasonally variable but usually included four or more items: dried chunks of different varieties of dates and figs, yellow and black raisins, red currants, salted apricot kernels,

dried chickpeas, and melon seeds. While the peddler enjoyed tea and the hospitality of Fariba and Farzaneh, Shirin squatted a short distance off. She reached into the pouch she had improvised by tucking up the front of her shirt, her back to everyone like a hawk hooding its wings to guard its newly caught prey. Savoring her self-provided meal, she ate so unobtrusively that her aggressive brother and cousin did not notice her. If they discovered her cache, they would grab it from her or raise such a ruckus that an adult would divide it among them, with Shirin receiving the smallest portion.

The nomads sometimes viewed boys as being more valuable than girls; boys remained in or near their natal camps and cared for their parents as they aged. They also appreciated girls and were affectionate toward them; yet girls eventually left, and their future sisters-in-law assumed their tasks. No one considered males as inherently superior to females; rather, people regarded them as more permanently crucial to their parents' welfare. If societal codes had developed differently – if girls, once married, stayed in their parents' camps and if boys left home – perhaps people would amplify the importance of female children.

Dorna had a gentle nature and cherished animals (unlike most young boys), perhaps because she lacked aggressive examples to imitate. She observed the compassion that Mahmud (her father's brother) showed toward the young wild animals he found injured or abandoned in the mountains and orchards. He enclosed juvenile game birds in pens behind the goat-hair tent and later released (or ate) them when they matured.

Kaihan, Shirin's twin, regarded domesticated and wild animals differently, as objects whose sole purpose was his amusement. Whenever one of the camp dogs slinked close enough for Kaihan to notice, the two-year-old would take a rock or a handful of pebbles and heave them at the hapless animal, just as he had witnessed his much-admired father do when he wanted the dogs to keep their distance. When a newborn lamb or kid, part of its umbilical cord still attached and dangling, faltered on unsteady legs after its mother left for grazing with the herd, Kaihan and his cousin Salar would single-mindedly pursue it. They yanked its ears and tried to ride on its thin back without regard for the animal's shrill cries and pathetic protestations. Their parents did not always interfere; they and others considered such behavior as a sign of masculine prowess, and they tolerated some degree of mischief. "What strength!" a father or uncle would boast to someone watching the boys' antics. Kaihan's older brother, Houman, had turned quiet and reclusive after the twins' birth. In response, people encouraged Kaihan to act

more assertively than Houman. Adults often remarked that Kaihan, even at the age of two, resembled his paternal grandfather, Borzu, a man he never knew but whom many had praised for his forcefulness.

Fearing for the life of a lamb or kid, Falak (Kaihan's and Salar's grandmother) would yell at the boys, "It's a sin!" They did not always heed her warning, especially after having heard it so often. She and other adults proclaimed that God would punish anyone who caused unwarranted pain or suffering to defenseless animals. Even when men killed an animal for food, they were sure to do so in a quick, humane fashion.

One day Kaihan's father, Bizhan, returned from town with forty yellow chicks in several wooden crates. Then a year old, Kaihan grew so excited that he was preoccupied with them for days and chased them throughout the camp. Soon he managed – unintentionally – to strangle or suffocate every one of them, and Bizhan's plan for frequent chicken dinners in the months ahead vanished. If the chicks had originated from "natural" hens (multicolored, range-bred, and range-fed) instead of "factory" ones (bleach-white and fed chemically laced fodder inside a closed facility), the camp's adults might have exercised greater surveillance over Kaihan, but no one particularly appreciated the meat of such inferior birds.

The animals inhabiting the camp and living wild in the mountains and valleys fascinated Dorna. She liked to watch a particular bird, a hoopoe (*morgh-e solaiman*, King Solomon's bird), swooping low in the air to land on a rock or a spot of barren terrain. The hoopoe, the size and shape of a large dove, has reddish-brown feathers with black and white stripes on its wings and tail, a long curved bill, and a spectacular reddish-brown crest. It does not travel in flocks but, whenever I saw a hoopoe, one or several more were likely to be close by. When Dorna and I spotted one, we played a game to see who could be the first to sight another. She usually won; she was more accustomed than I was to discerning these camouflaged birds. When they were motionless and did not raise their head plumage, I found them nearly impossible to distinguish from the surrounding rocky, dusty terrain.

The nomads played a game about animals whose Turkish and Persian names were unfamiliar to me. They began with an animal whose name I knew and then added and subtracted physical features and behavioral traits until I discerned the identity of the initially obscure creature. For example, if they mentioned a *tilkeh* (a word I did not yet know), they started by saying that the animal was like a *palang* – which I knew was a spotted leopard. Yet its body was smaller and its ears and nose more pointed than a leopard's. Instead of a beige coat with dark spots, the animal grew uniform grayish, reddish fur. It did not have a long thin tail but rather a short bushy one. It

stole lambs and chickens. Then they imitated this mystery animal's call, and I realized that the word referred to a fox. My limited (but growing) vocabulary meant that the animal they used to describe the unknown one was sometimes quite different from it, and I often needed to transform one species (such as a wild boar) into a dissimilar species (such as a hawk). Both preyed on the nomads' young animals and exhibited behavior that awed the people – and so the comparison did not seem far-fetched to them.

Dorna's uncle, Mohammad Karim, especially enjoyed watching and describing wild animals. When he was a teenager, he had revealed a macabre fascination with wildlife, according to my mother. On capturing a hedgehog (no special skills required in the feat), he would light the protective ball of spikes on fire and roll it down a hill. As he matured, he developed a kinder streak, and he often entertained children with animal stories. He described the bears that traveled from one mountain slope to the next by way of the intervening valleys, and he demonstrated the way they stood on their hind legs like humans and ate apples from high branches.

Bears often visited an isolated camp at Hanalishah. A lonely nomad of the Qizilbash tribe lived far up the mountainside from Dorna's camp and rarely descended toward the valley to interact with his nearest Qermezi neighbors. Bears sometimes stole lambs from his livestock pen at night. Meaning "Redhead," Qizilbash was formerly a large Turkic tribal group, parts of which had joined the Qashqa'i confederacy at the end of the eighteenth century.

Mohammad Karim is Dorna's mother's mother's brother as well as her father's father's brother's son. Every nomad at Hanalishah and in the wider Qermezi territory was related to everyone else, most by close kinship and also by more distant ties, and people often entertained one another by detailing different, even obscure, connections. Many kinds of links bound even close kin. Two paternal first cousins, for example, might also trace ties through their mothers or mothers' sisters.

Mohammad Karim also related stories about the behavior of wild boars. Using their front hooves to dig near trees for worms and truffles, boars sometimes unearthed snakes. Sensing life in a snake hole, a wild pig would insert its snout in the opening and inhale sharply and deeply. Mohammad Karim claimed that the force of the air propelled the snake upward, and the boar could then snatch the animal and hold it down with its hooves. Wild boars have tender, vulnerable noses, but the long, thick hair on their snouts helps to protect them from reptilian fangs. After narrating similar tales about wild boars, Mohammad Karim often unearthed from the stack of baggage a pair of massive boar tusks and proudly recounted the saga of his hunting and

killing the animal. He demonstrated the perfect fit of the worn-down sides of the tusks where the animal had rubbed the top and bottom teeth together to sharpen them.

Some Qermezi, the men especially, relished the succulent meat of wild boars. They explained that the Islamic prohibition against eating pork does not apply to these wild creatures, which do not inhabit the filthy conditions of domesticated pigs.

Inspired by one boar tale, hardly any man or boy could refrain from regaling the listeners with others. Often hours passed when one and then another told his favorite accounts of the wild animals that inhabit their territories. Boys became hunters like their fathers, and these reports provided them with necessary information about animal behavior. They learned how to avoid animals attacking them if they knew their habits. All the men recalled incidents of their brush with danger and even death. Hosain Ali (Dorna's father's cousin) would display the scar of a wound that a wild boar had inflicted when it charged him. The boar's tusk also ripped the watch from Hosain Ali's wrist and flung it some meters away. Hosain Ali often repeated a similar but century-old story about a Qashqa'i khan who regained consciousness, after a lion had attacked him, to see his rifle hanging high above him from a tree branch.

Before she married, I used to accompany Mahnaz while she helped her mother prepare meals. Now Mahnaz managed her own home. My obvious affection for Dorna and Shema enhanced our relationship. Whenever I visited, we sat together in the cooking area just outside her canvas tent while she prepared tea or a meal, and we talked about the past.

Mahnaz's stories often included references to her own and other women's weaving, even though the narratives might have no direct connection to the activity. My mother would sometimes whisper to me, "Let's see how soon Mahnaz [or another woman] includes some detail relating to weaving." Weaving was a focal point in women's lives and a way for women to mark the timing and sequence of events. A certain incident, for example, occurred just after a woman had wrapped the warp strands on a loom or had finished a carpet. The births and deaths of children and other relatives served in the same way to situate other important parts of their lives.

From Mahnaz I also learned about hospitality and the preparation of food and could compare her techniques with those of others.

Water and hot tea were the most common beverages for the Qashqa'i. The nomads drew drinking water from mountain springs or hoisted it from

9. Mahnaz (not yet married) and Julia seated at Mahnaz's loom, summer pastures, Hanalishah, 1995. For display, Mahnaz lays a small gelim across the warp strands of a newly strung loom for a knotted carpet. Apple saplings grow in the background.

wells. They always offered guests hot tea, sometimes accompanied by fruit, but everyone (including children) drank it throughout the day. Women or men poured boiling water over dried tea leaves in a ceramic teapot set on a bed of smoldering charcoal and let the liquid steep until it was dark. They served the tea in small translucent glasses or cups on shallow porcelain saucers. To drink the tea, they poured the liquid from the glass or cup into the saucer, held a sugar lump between their teeth, and let the tea dissolve it while they sipped the hot beverage. Sugar came in solid cones forty centimeters tall, which people chopped into small pieces and stored in a bag woven for this purpose (see plate 3).

The technique Qashqa'i women used to cook rice was perhaps unique to this part of the world. After picking through the raw long-grained rice to remove chaff, dirt clumps, and pebbles, they washed the grains. They boiled the rice briefly in salted water, drained it, and with a spatula gently layered it in a large copper pot that they first coated with melted butter and sometimes yogurt or flat bread. Then they steamed the partially cooked rice in the covered pot set in a fire pit over hot charcoal for several hours, often with more smoldering coals piled on the heavy lid. The result was fluffy, non-sticky, individually grained rice with a golden-brown, crispy bottom layer. Women often introduced different tastes, scents, textures, and hues by adding one or several other ingredients – herbs, spices, fruit, pulses, vegetables, and braised meat – to the rice before they steamed it.

Meals also included flat bread (the staple food), milk products from sheep and goats, stews of different sorts, and chicken and goat meat. Women baked the thinly rolled bread dough on a convex metal pan placed over hot charcoal. When fresh, the bread was warm, soft on the edges, and crispy in the thinner center. People consumed it plain or tore it into pieces to grasp other kinds of food with their fingers. Women prepared the milk from their sheep and goats by boiling and then processing it in many ways, such as churning it in goatskin bags. Milk products included yogurt, butter, cheese, whey, and others for which we lack English equivalents, such as the thickened sour milk they rolled into balls, dried in the sun, and saved for the winter. The nomads rarely consumed milk as a beverage unless they had just boiled it, and they lacked means of preserving it as a liquid. Men cut pieces of meat from slaughtered chickens and goats (and only rarely sheep) and broiled them on metal skewers over a wood fire or added them to rice or a stew.

10. Zohreh and Farideh preparing rice at Zolaikha's camp, winter pastures, Dashtak, 1995. The special meal, with many relatives attending, celebrated that morning's branding of Borzu's lambs and kids.

When Dorna wandered outside after lunch one day to play, I pulled on my shoes and followed her. As she clutched my hand, we dashed as fast as she could carry herself toward her mother Mahnaz, who was preparing to milk the ewes and nanny goats.

Years ago Gholam Hosain and his sons (including Dorna's father) had built a structure to hold the animals for milking. They fashioned two stone walls – low enough to see over but high enough to prevent the animals from escaping – in a funnel shape, the narrow end just wide enough for women to milk two animals simultaneously. This sturdy formation, constructed only from the stones scattered over the terrain, transformed a potentially hectic task for many people into an ordinary chore requiring no more than three or even two workers (see illustration 1 in the introduction).

The nomads had not built such structures when they first took up summer residence at Hanalishah, but when their seasonal stays grew more regular, Gholam Hosain was the first to simplify the life of his family in this way. Others at Hanalishah admired his work but not all followed his example, and no one took the care he had exerted. During visits to other camps, I often watched a dozen men, women, and children trying to separate

the lactating animals from the rest of the herd and then keep them corralled until women could milk them one by one. I wondered why other families did not build a structure similar to Gholam Hosain's. The effort would take no more than a day, and less if they used wheelbarrows to transport rocks to the intended spot. Now that Gholam Hosain's family was as small as could be tolerated for the many daily tasks that needed completion, its few members were grateful for the construction.

Mahnaz and her unmarried sister-in-law, Soraya, squatted facing one another. They each held between their knees a large copper pot blackened by fire and dented from years of strenuous use. Ali Morad slowly herded the sheep and goats toward the stone structure, all the while permitting those that were not lactating to escape. With whistles and shouts, he directed the rest inside and corralled them there. After the two women milked each animal, the ewe or nanny goat rejoined the herd idly grazing on the nearby hillside.

I stood Dorna on one of the walls so she could watch the animals press against one another until the time came for Mahnaz and Soraya to milk them. Dorna referred to them as "her" sheep and goats. At an early age, children learned that all the animals and other possessions belonged especially to them as well as to everyone else in the family. Such notions of collective ownership inspired behavior that led to the proper handling and upkeep of all property. When I seated Dorna on the soft, cushiony back of a large ewe, she laughed and hung on by clutching the thick white wool – soon to be sheared, picked free of burrs and other foreign objects, carded, spun into yarn, washed, twisted and tightened, dyed, and woven into carpets and other items. The animal stood serenely without bumping into the others. Dorna stroked the sheep's velvety, pliable ears until the ewe neared the opening, when I lifted her off, and we watched as the animal waited patiently while Mahnaz milked her.

Since my first visit at the age of five, I had sometimes interacted with the animals in a manner unusual for the nomads (see plate 6). Their children, for example, did not sit on or ride the sheep. Adults did not forbid such an act; rather, the youngsters seemed not to contemplate it. Goats were even less likely candidates for rides because of their bony backs and ribs, sharp horns, and abrupt movements. Misbehaving young boys might harass lambs and kids, but only when they jeopardized an animal's life did adults intervene. At a young age, I never thought that my behavior toward the animals was atypical, especially because the nomads did not admonish me or warn my mother. (They did alert her or would move me if danger loomed, such as if I stood too close to the back feet of a mule that was prone to kick.)

As I grew older, I realized how much the nomads tolerated my different ways.

During my first visit I often picked up newborn lambs and kids, and children and adults would set down young animals in front of me, for me to hold. Only when my mother and I were viewing our just-developed photographs in chronological order, right after our return to the United States, did we see that I initially carried lambs and kids upside down (on their backs) in my arms, the way I transported Tom, my large cat, at home. As we continued to inspect the pictures, we noticed that later in the visit I was holding young animals in the way the nomads did, right side up with the four legs dangling down instead of sticking up in four directions. We presumed that someone must have handed me an animal in the "correct" position, and from that moment I lifted and carried lambs and kids that way.

Adults in the United States often admonish children to change their behavior in certain ways without giving them a chance to discover other modes for themselves. They may order youngsters to cease some action even though it does not harm them or anyone else. The nomads tended to use gentler tactics and to demonstrate by example rather than commands.

Dorna soon lost interest in the bleating animals, and we wandered off behind the black goat-hair tent so she could show me the partridge-run dug into the ground and enclosed by chicken wire. Her uncle Mahmud hatched and raised several kinds of wild game birds (for pleasure and for eating). As he herded his flock on the mountain slopes, he spotted bird nests, removed several but not all of the eggs, and tucked them inside his shirt against his waist's warm skin. When he returned to the camp, he slipped the eggs underneath unsuspecting, brooding hens.

Dorna peered into the cage where a partridge sat until it saw her shadow and fled to the other end of the shallow space. The sudden motion startled Dorna but then she laughed and trotted toward the partridge to see if it would run again. When it did, she pointed out the bird to me by using exaggerated gestures to make certain that I saw it. Even at the age of two, she understood my observational and linguistic limitations and compensated for them by assisting me. When the bird found a shaded corner where it could not see Dorna's shadow, it huddled on the ground and fell asleep. Dorna and I sat close by to play with the loose materials littering the area: sticks, rocks, cloth fragments, and loose strands of yarn blown by the wind from Mahnaz's loom.

"Let's make a tent," Dorna said while pointing to the large black one in front of us and then to the pile of random objects we had collected.

According to Dorna's plan, our tent did not replicate the traditional Qashqa'i dwelling. Ours took the form of the round shelter pitched for my mother and me for sleeping. A tall center pole supported the roof. Multiple ropes staked to the ground around the circumference held taut the beige canvas structure. The entrance was a slit between two panels of fabric, kept closed if necessary by loops of rope threaded through grommets in the adjoining panel, interlinked, and knotted at the bottom.

The teacher and his students from the tribe used a similar tent for the elementary school at Hanalishah, a small haven to protect the children from the harsh sun, its sides rolled up to admit cool breezes. (The school at Dashtak in winter pastures was a stone hut with a reed roof; see plate 5.)

When I first went to visit the tribal school at Hanalishah as a five-year-old, I could not see it initially. Hopping out of Borzu's Land Rover, I looked around and then asked my mother, "But where's the school?" She pointed up the hill where I saw several stone walls. I was surprised that a school could consist of such a rudimentary shelter. I expected a playground and a large building containing rooms outfitted with tables and chairs like my own preschool at home. A small tan tent with a tattered Iranian flag billowing from the apex obstructed my view, and I thought the playground was possibly on the other side of the walls. Then I realized that the walls were not even part of the school and that my mother had pointed to the tent.

The school's twenty pupils – equal numbers of girls and boys lined up in rows on a mat in the shade of the canvas – watched us approach. Looking into the tent, I asked my mother, "Where are the learning areas?" I expected a classroom with sections for different activities (such as playing with wooden blocks, examining books, and posting each day's weather), as found in my own preschool. After a moment, seeing only the mat, a badly scratched blackboard where words and numbers were barely visible, and a few nubs of chalk, I laughed at the absurdity of my question. The children's only activity was reading (and memorizing) their texts out loud, each one out of synchrony with the others and raising an odd clamor.

Dorna and I built our miniature tent by arranging eight short sticks in a circle held together and upright by strands of yarn. A tall stick in the center supported the roof we formed by laying strips of cloth across the top. Leaving an entryway open on one side, we covered the outside of the structure with more fabric. I remembered my mother telling me how six-year-old Farideh (the sister of Dorna's grandmother and now a grown woman with three children) had constructed her own diminutive Qashqa'i tent, and I could not help but wonder about Dorna's future.

11. Farideh (age six) and her miniature tent, winter pastures, Dashtak, 1971.

We ran to locate the adults so they could admire our creation. Later I observed that the camp residents had carefully preserved the model from destructive feet. If we had concocted the tent in Falak's camp, four small children would have instantly stomped on it, and the hooves of hundreds of sheep and goats would have pulverized the remains.

One day Farzaneh and I sat on the porch of Falak's house and helped one another with Turkish and English. We saw Dorna and Mahnaz cresting the hill on their way to visit us. As always, Mahnaz had wrapped a long cloth around her torso so she could secure the baby to her back. When Dorna approached, she rushed to show me her hands and fingers arranged in different positions. I did not understand what she was trying to convey until she urged, "Frog!" Then I remembered our activity many days previously. I repeated the motions for Dorna, and she imitated the gestures for her mother and the others present.

The layout of Falak's large encampment intrigued Dorna. She rarely saw any camp except for her own small one. Then she recognized a structure and, dragging me along, dashed toward the rock-and-concrete trough into which the nomads spread barley and alfalfa for the sheep. She scrambled up into the groove between the sloping walls and ran up and down the trough's length, still clutching my hand.

Dorna sat on the trough's rim to rest, and then I lifted her up onto the edge so she could try balancing there. She began to walk, unsteadily at first, and I stood behind her holding her hands for support. This trough differed from the one in her own camp. Falak's son Dariush had smoothed cement over the rims rather than leaving the rocky edges rough (and unsuitable for play). When Dorna completed the length, she wanted to repeat it. Soon she grew more confident and told me to let go so she could walk by herself. I released her hands but followed behind to catch her if she lost her poise. When she began to waver, clutching at the air, I swooped her up, spun her around, and placed her on the ground.

We heard Bizhan's herd coming over the hill, the animals' bells chiming with their steps, and we detoured around the cloud of dust the animals had raised. Searching for new diversions and carrying Dorna on my back (a privilege her mother no longer conferred), I headed uphill to the house. Glancing back, I saw the camp's young children racing back and forth in the trough, following Dorna's example, an activity I had never seen them do before. Perhaps they had never considered the structure as a place for

play, or perhaps their fathers had instructed them to stay out of it, to avoid disturbing the sheep.

Dorna was enthusiastically verbal before she reached the age of two. She would explore the tent and wander the surrounding terrain while pointing out objects to learn and repeat their names. Able to express herself in a clear, understandable manner, Dorna used the power of language often and without hesitation.

One day Dorna abruptly stopped talking. No one could recall any event or circumstance that could have affected her so drastically. She had not witnessed a frightening sight but perhaps she had dreamed one. Her father Ali Morad was worried, especially after several months passed. He was aware of other people's ideas about the healing powers of prayer but remained skeptical. He said he remembered a curing ritual performed for Farzaneh's son several years earlier, but he noted that other, more concrete, remedies had probably also been effective in restoring the boy to health.

One afternoon Ali Morad, Dariush, and some of their family members had decided to visit Hajji Qorban (Ali Morad's eldest brother). Farzaneh carried her seven-month-old son, Salar, who suffered from the sniffles. Hajji Qorban lived near other camps at Hanalishah as a bird flies but no road ran through the mountains in that direction. If people wanted to travel there by vehicle, they needed to leave Hanalishah and circumnavigate the obstructing mountains. Walking was easier in some ways. Occasionally Hajji Qorban's wife, Zolaikha (Falak's second eldest daughter), covered the distance by mule. Hajji Qorban's family was relatively isolated in this way, and when people needed to journey in that direction for any purpose, others took advantage of the ride. On this day a compelling reason motivated Farzaneh to visit there.

Even though her baby son had contracted only a slight cold, Farzaneh was agitated. The nomads often perceived routine states of ill health (such as a temporary stomachache) as the initial stages of life-threatening maladies. In fact, they often recounted the minor ailments that had preceded a serious illness or a death.

Earlier that day, Farzaneh had taken Salar to the town of Semirom to visit a medical doctor, whose only treatment was to prescribe antibiotics. She forced the agitated baby to ingest one dose but later said that she could not endure administering further doses, despite the doctor's instructions to finish the bottle. (As stamped in French and German on the Belgian-made package, the remedy was already ten years past the expiration date and was

not an antibiotic.) At home later that day, Salar still ill, Farzaneh threw wild rue (*esfand*, a strong-scented woody herb) into the fire and held her son over the smoke for him to inhale it. My mother came rushing to investigate when I ran to warn her, "Farzaneh's smoking the baby!" Then, still not satisfied that she had adequately cared for her son, Farzaneh dispensed another medicine (whose label reported only that the concoction was for grippe) that she had purchased at the town pharmacy without a prescription. After that, she fed him spoonfuls of another herbal remedy (*khak-e shir*) that she mixed with water along with a lump of dirt from a holy site (purportedly in Karbala in Iraq), all for the sake of restoring Salar to health. As the day passed, none of these efforts seemed effective. Aware of the reputation of one of Hajji Qorban's campmates as a curer, Farzaneh was inspired to try a new method.

Soon after we arrived at Hajji Qorban's camp and greeted the family there, Farzaneh walked downhill and along a gully to the goat-hair tent of Nasrollah, a Qermezi man from a lineage different from that of most Hanalishah residents. She carried not the actual baby but instead a piece of cord his length. After exchanging polite phrases with her, Nasrollah matched the cord with a longer one he took from a decorative saddlebag and measured the difference between the two. This number he looked up in his prayer (*du'a*) book (written in Persian and some Arabic), which indicated a diagnosis relating to the evil eye (*nazar*).

Farzaneh had not taken Salar with her to Nasrollah's tent. She worried that she ought to protect her baby from Nasrollah if he did possess supernatural powers. She held conflicting notions about the causes and treatment of illness, in part because she was raised in a city and was formally educated.

Some nomads said that malicious spirits (*jinn*) inflicted ailments, adversity, and destruction. Not clever, these spirits waited until someone directed them toward a cherished person, a prized animal, or a valued possession (such as an unfinished carpet still on the loom). Only then did they dispense their evil. If someone unthinkingly commented on the beauty of a baby, a majestic camel, or a finely worked leather saddle, the spirits now knew where to direct their malignant intent. Anticipating the negligence of others, mothers placed many amulets on their newborns and applied charcoal around their eyes. According to the nomads, such talismans and actions did not protect against the spirits directly but instead served to warn people not to comment on a baby's allure or an object's excellence. A person who spotted the talismanic blue bead or the ancient coin with Arabic script (which some people presumed to come from the Qur'an, the word of God) was thus cautioned to stay silent or to remark only on the misfortune of bearing such an ugly child or purchasing such a deficient item. (See the talisman

on Dorna's sock, illustration 6.) Unimpressed and not bothering to stay, the evil spirits flew elsewhere. Similarly, mothers used to dress their infant and toddler boys in girls' clothes and to let their hair grow long so that the inattentive spirits would bypass these less-worthy children.

Shepherds hung pendants (*tagh*) on full-horned rams and the massive, long-haired goats that led each herd, to guard these valuable animals from harm. They carved the talismans from the wood of a special tree and adorned them with tassels and religious terms (such as "Allah" and "Ali"). (The pastoralists never sheared these large, well-trained male goats, unlike all other goats, whose hair the women spun into yarn and wove into tent panels, saddlebags for donkeys, and strips for hemming the tent's encircling reed screens.) When I heard about the protective powers of these pendants, I suggested to Borzu, when he was so ill, that he too should wear one, a *big* one, and I pointed to his chest. At the time I was unaware that humans never wear such objects. Kind as always, he understood my intent, chuckled, and hugged me.

Handling the cord that was Salar's length, Nasrollah intoned a phrase in Arabic from the prayer book to counteract the negative effect of the evil eye. Farzaneh cheerfully climbed the hill back to Hajji Qorban's tent. That evening Salar recovered.

Mas'ud later commented that such prayers lacked any validity and that people might never know the causes and cures of sickness. He is Mahnaz's oldest brother, the second Qermezi ever to enter university. As a student of aeronautical engineering, he prided himself on his scientific sensibility. Disagreeing with Mas'ud, a more conservative kinsman replied that he believed in the curative power of prayers. As evidence, he related the story of a family whose baby had cried unceasingly for days but then stopped miraculously when a visitor uttered a particular prayer.

Ali Morad said he did not know if he actually trusted such prayers, but he lacked other remedies and decided to visit a healer for the sake of his daughter, Dorna. She had still not resumed her speech. Like most of the nomads, Ali Morad expected no positive result from any practitioners of so-called modern medicine, especially for a problem so puzzling as the loss of language. He found a ride to the distant winter pastures of another Darrehshuri tribe, where he detailed Dorna's problem to a renowned tribal healer in the hope that the man could help to restore her speech. Unable to establish a precise cause or diagnosis, the curer uttered a few prayers in Arabic and then told Ali Morad that he would make a pilgrimage to Mashhad in several months. He assured Dorna's father that he would say a special prayer for her there, which would carry weight because of the imam's presence. (The city in northeastern Iran contains the tomb and shrine of Imam Reza, one of Shi'i

Islam's revered *imam*s, a line of descendants from the prophet Mohammad through his daughter Fatemeh.)

True to his word, the healer took his pilgrimage. One day Dorna, as suddenly as she had stopped, began speaking again as enthusiastically as ever. When the curer returned and reported the precise day that he had intoned Dorna's prayer, Ali Morad was only slightly surprised to hear that Dorna had regained her speech on that very same day.

One of the Qermezi tribe's most skillful weavers, Mahnaz expressed a desire to teach her daughter Dorna the art of weaving when she was slightly older. Soon she would assemble a miniature loom so Dorna could practice with the raw materials. Mahnaz said she hoped that Dorna would develop her talents and continue the centuries-old tradition of her female ancestors.

In the meantime, Dorna often sat beside her mother at the loom and intently watched her rapid motions. She could already trace – in the unwoven strands of warp – the intricate designs just beginning to emerge in the rows of knots in the brand-new carpet. Sometimes she criticized her mother's choice of colors. In response, to encourage her daughter's interest, Mahnaz occasionally altered the hues, even in the middle of a pattern. Dorna preferred designs that depicted animals (rather than flowers or geometrical shapes) and urged her mother to insert a hoopoe or an ibex here and there. In imagining the lives of these creatures, she would note, "The bird wants to eat some berries. The ibex is fleeing from a hunter."

2

MA‘ASUMEH
Adventures in Late Childhood

This afflicted heart of mine
Has woven your love
To the stuff of life
Strand by strand, thread by thread
– Tahereh Qurrat al-Ain (1817–1852)

Born in 1988, Ma‘asumeh has twin brothers who are younger than she is. Her mother is Farideh, and her father is Filamarz. Dorna (chapter 1) is the daughter of Ma‘asumeh’s mother’s sister’s daughter. Nahid (chapter 3) is Ma‘asumeh’s mother’s brother’s daughter. Fariba (chapter 4) is Ma‘asumeh’s mother’s sister. And Falak (chapter 5) is Ma‘asumeh’s grandmother, her mother’s mother.

Ma‘asumeh reluctantly herded the sheep down the rock-strewn hill to a pond. She looked back every so often, envious of her younger twin brothers who lacked chores at the moment, but she also accepted her duties. My mother and I had just arrived at her summer campsite at Hanalishah, and the children there were eager to spend time with me. When I saw that Ma‘asumeh might be temporarily disinclined to perform her everyday work because of my arrival, I ran down the slope to offer her some companionship.

Grateful for this gesture, Ma‘asumeh said in heavily accented but understandable English, “Hello. How are you?”

The twelve-year-old had evidently been practicing this phrase (possibly her only one), taught to her by her father who could read elementary English but was always too shy to speak the language with me.

As we made our way to the pond, careful not to turn an ankle on the rough terrain, Ma'asumeh's long black skirt snagged on prickly bushes and exposed the frayed hems of brown trousers underneath. Her long-sleeved, high-necked shirt offered sufficient coverage for a girl her age. Until this summer, Ma'asumeh had worn pants and knit shirts like other young girls and boys. She was now verging on adolescence when many Qashqa'i girls begin to adopt more modest garments to conceal their emerging curves. After pointedly letting her headscarf slip down when she saw my hair uncovered, she perfunctorily dragged her fingers through the short matted curls. Ma'asumeh had not donned a scarf for the purpose of modesty until this year, and she was still young enough to remove it when she was outdoors, especially when she observed me bareheaded.

"Salaam," I answered. Literally meaning "peace," this Arabic word is a common greeting in Iran. "I am fine. How are you?"

Caught by her own question, Ma'asumeh smiled self-consciously at me. She had apparently neglected to ask her father for the corresponding response.

I provided the answer for her.

"Fine," she repeated as she stooped to pick up a rock. Noticing a few sheep veering too far away, Ma'asumeh threw the stone, deliberately aimed to direct the errant sheep back to the herd but not to hit them.

We walked for some distance in silence while she mulled over this brief conversation. Moving her lips, she memorized the question and the answer for the next time we would meet. As we approached the pond, whose source is a mountain spring, Ma'asumeh recalled another phrase in English.

"What is it?" She pointed to the closest sheep.

I understood her despite the discrepant pronunciation. Her "i"s became long "e"s, and the consonants were short and sharp, causing the phrase to emerge, "Waht eez eet?"

"Sheep," I responded, which she repeated.

Soon I was naming every visible object. Unlike her cousin Nahid who strove to learn English for the sake of her education, Ma'asumeh, at least at this young age, simply enjoyed our interactions and the foreign sound of my language.

We sat on a boulder next to the water until the sheep were satiated. When they began to amble away, Ma'asumeh and I searched for flat rocks we could skip over the water. Children here grew up learning the characteristics of the elements and living beings around them and excelled in feats such as imitating animal calls, tracking wild game, and identifying the birds I saw only as specks in the sky. With a stone that skipped multiple times, Ma'asumeh easily outdistanced my own unskilled attempt.

12. Ma'asumeh (age seven) holding fresh vegetables, winter pastures, Dashtak, 1995. The rocky terrain is typical of the region and altitude.

When the sheep wandered farther, no longer interested in grazing the dry, sparse weeds, Ma'asumeh rose and began urging them back uphill to the pen next to her one-room stone house. Getting them to obey was not difficult for her. A few well-placed rocks and verbal inducements in the form of whistles, clicks, and shouts did the job. Ma'asumeh and I made our way back toward the camp by staying upwind from the trampling herd to avoid breathing too much dust and pulverized animal dung.

Ma'asumeh was one of the first Qermezi children to pronounce my name correctly. Although the Persian language has a "j" sound, many people first used a "zh" sound, the letter in Persian closest to "j." "Julia" for some was still "Zhulia," similar to the French pronunciation.

Ma'asumeh's name with its glottal stop and *ain* sound (which English lacks) took me a while to perfect. Her name is popular in the wider Iranian society because Ma'asumeh is the sister of Imam Reza (the eighth Shi'i imam). Her tomb is located in Qom, Iran's theological center, and Shi'i Muslims go on pilgrimages there.

Many Qashqa'i gave Turkish names to their children. Others chose pre-Islamic Persian names or Arabic and Islamic ones. Most Qermezi families adopted a mixture of such names, although some have increasingly insisted on all Turkish and Qashqa'i names to reflect their distinctive ethnolinguistic identity and to demonstrate (indirectly) their sentiments about the Persians who predominate in Iran and the Arabs who brought Islam to Iran.

When the Qashqa'i used pre-Islamic Persian names, they sometimes signified their negative opinion about the disruptive effects of the Islamic conquest (beginning in the seventh century) on indigenous Iranian cultures. For many, this calamity has continued to the present and is evident in the Islamizing policies and practices of the Islamic Republic of Iran. Arabic and Islamic names represented an alien culture to many Qashqa'i. Those who disliked the Islamic Republic or who opposed its politico-religious policies avoided all Arabic and Islamic names.

Some Qashqa'i chose the Arabic names associated with early Islamic history and the men and women known later as Shi'is (versus Sunnis, the majority of Muslims worldwide). Thus the names of Ali (the first Shi'i imam) and subsequent imams, especially Ali's son Hosain, were common, as was Fatemeh (the prophet Mohammad's daughter who married Ali and gave birth to Hosain). Before the current Islamic regime and after its formation, parents sometimes gave Islamic names, especially those associated with Shi'i Islam, to their first and sometimes subsequent sons. They noted that boys

so named might be more accepted and less ostracized in the larger Shi'i-dominated Iranian society, where such names are common. Their daughters, whom they perceived as crucially instrumental in perpetuating Qashqa'i culture, were more likely to bear Turkish names.

A first-born child coming years after the parents' marriage was sometimes offered an Islamic name to acknowledge God's blessing. A daughter born after a succession of girls, when the parents desired a son, was often given a Turkish-Persian name such as Enough Girls (Qizbas), Enough Flowers (Golbas), or The End of Flowers (Goltamam), despite risking God's displeasure. Many people said that they should instead welcome any children God sent, and they worried about those few couples that seemed unable to produce any.

Except when I visited her camp, I did not see Ma'asumeh often. Her site was far from the home of her grandmother Falak, and the distance between the two locations was a long walk in the hot sun. Ma'asumeh's encampment consisted of two nuclear families (plus that of a hired shepherd): Falak's daughter Farideh, her husband Filamarz (Faramarz in Persian), and their children Ma'asumeh and the twins, Ahmad and Farhad; and Falak's daughter Zohreh, her husband Hosain Ali, and their sons Shapur, Mahdi, Amin, and Ramin. Filamarz had named Farhad after his brother's son, who died at the age of sixteen in the Iraq-Iran war.

As the only preadolescent female in her household and the wider camp, Ma'asumeh was responsible for many daily chores. Also busy, her brothers and male cousins transported water, cared for the animals, tended the apple orchard during its periodic irrigation, ran errands, and helped their fathers with other tasks such as repairing the sheep pen.

Many of the nomads allotted specific chores to girls and others to boys, but the members of this camp tended to treat one another equally and to share the duties as they arose. If a goat entangled its horns in the branches of an apple tree, the person who first heard its cries would hurry to rescue it. Many Iranian families stressed the value of boys over girls, and boys received greater care and attention. Yet in Farideh's and Zohreh's households, girls as well as boys, and women as well as men, appreciated one another despite the different roles the two genders sometimes played and the work they each fulfilled. For example, men traveled to town to handle the government's harassments, and women scheduled and prepared for the weaving that needed completion by the next year. In a difficult nomadic life such as this one, where the physical environment posed many challenges, every family member depended on all the others, regardless of gender and age.

Filamarz (Ma'asumeh's father) and Hosain Ali (her father's brother) were trained teachers (two of the first ones in the Qermezi tribe) who promoted formal and informal education and pride in their tribal and ethnic heritage. They often complained about the influence that the Persian language and culture exerted on their children, especially in school, and they tried to instill their own values at home. A talented singer, Hosain Ali emotionally rendered tribal history and ethics through music. Filamarz explained to the children the significance of the Qashqa'i tribal confederacy and its khans in the history of Iran.

When I first brought letters (accompanied by their Persian translations) from my classmates in the United States to the Qermezi schoolchildren, I was not surprised when the youngsters of Filamarz and Hosain Ali were the first to respond by writing back. These children placed considerable thought in their letters, and my schoolmates appreciated and learned from their efforts.

Amin composed a detailed, articulate letter (part of which is translated here in English). The thirteen-year-old began with the first phrase of the Qur'an, as instructed by his teachers. The nomads also uttered these words when they began any crucial project, such as shearing the sheep, tying the first knot in a pile carpet, and commencing the spring and the autumn migrations.

> Bismillah al-rahman al-rahim (In the name of God, the most merciful, the most compassionate)
>
> To our amiable, hard-working American students:
>
> Hello to you! How are you? We learned about you through the letters our dear friend Julia delivered, and we are happy that you attend a superb school. Julia showed us your photographs. Although you live far away, we love you. We are glad that you enjoy beneficial facilities for study and play. We trust that you will prosper in your studies and prove to be helpful to the world's people. We hope that you, adept American students, and others throughout the world will work toward eliminating conflicts between countries. All citizens of the world are the creation of one God and must remain friends and be kind to one another. Iranian people, particularly the Qashqa'i, are hospitable and friendly. The migrations of our tribes are beautiful and eye-catching. Moving with our flocks along the slopes of snow-

covered mountains in the spring season is intensely pleasurable. Our festive wedding ceremonies are appealing to watch. We live far away from noisy cars and city factories. We hear only birds, domesticated animals, and wolves. Nomads love to ride horses and shoot rifles but we also experience a difficult life that you could not tolerate. If we were to write to you about our type of lifestyle, perhaps a hefty book would not have enough pages to contain our observations. Our friend Julia understands Qashqa'i customs and culture and perhaps will tell you about us. Our good friends, we have some questions for you. What are your opinions about friendship with people worldwide, particularly Iranians? Do you want to have good relationships with Iran? Why does your government mistrust and oppose our country? We admire all prophets, especially your prophet Jesus. What do you think of our prophet, Mohammad, and his holy book, the Qur'an? Our dear friends, Julia will give you our greetings. I wanted to send you a gift but did not know what to choose. I send this letter as a gift and hope that you will accept it. I read your names in the letters that Julia brought and think about each one of you. Hello to all of you!

Julia's friend and perhaps yours,

Amin Qermezi, a seventh-grade student

Amin and the other Qermezi schoolchildren exerted care in writing their annual letters. Until these exchanges, they had never written letters of any kind to anyone. Both sets of students (and their English and Persian translators) faced challenges in learning how to express themselves in ways that youngsters in a different kind of society would understand. (In chapter 3, I include a few letters written by the American students.)

Ma'asumeh drove the sheep into their rock-walled pen and pushed closed the crude gate made of brambles (see plate 6). Then she and I entered her one-room stone house. Like all Qermezi dwellings, the interior had a rustic, comforting atmosphere. The structure was rectangular but the room inside had an "L" shape. The section that filled the L to make a complete rectangle consisted of an open-air roofed porch layered with felt mats.

Intricately patterned knotted carpets covered the concrete floor of the L-shaped room. Filamarz's mother (now deceased) and Farideh had woven

most of them, and female relatives had given several as gifts to commemorate Farideh's wedding and the birth of her children. Against the far wall (the base of the L), a long stack of baggage contained the family's filled grain sacks (wheat, barley, and rice), woven containers for bedding and clothes, folded weavings, and the blankets used every night (some wrapped in fabric bundles) (see plate 1). Farideh always draped a decorative gelim over the pile and then a piece of diaphanous lacy fabric to protect the gelim from dust. She laid pillows on top, which people removed and leaned against during the day.

In the center of the room against the longest wall, a folded blanket served as a thin mattress; two square gelim-faced cushions leaned against the wall as backrests. The family reserved this place of honor for guests and visitors. A low, narrow ledge running along the wall held a few frequently used items – a metal cup, a comb, a ragged hand towel, and the children's schoolbooks. Across the way a large window had two glassless wooden frames that opened into the room. Lace curtains bought in a shop in Semirom were drawn aside to allow light to enter. When the nomads recently began to build these kinds of dwellings, they bought secondhand windows and doors from nearby villages and towns. New fixtures were expensive, and the region's settled people stole them as soon as the nomads migrated to winter pastures. Taped on the otherwise-bare concrete walls were photographs of Shahriyar Qermezi (a Qermezi man elected to the Iranian parliament in 1996) and Ahmad Reza Abedzadeh (an Iranian soccer player who participated in World Cup competitions in 1998 when Iran defeated the United States).

My mother sat against one cushion, the other next to her intended for me. I used to feel awkward occupying this place of respect because I viewed myself as equal to my hosts, but I have learned the importance of hospitable gestures and gracious responses. When my mother and I entered the room for the first time during a visit, we sat in this esteemed place, where our hosts indicated, but afterwards we rested elsewhere depending on the family's activities.

Relaxed in any Qermezi tent, hut, or house, I often noticed how each one was unique in its layout and possessions and yet how similar they all were. As I traveled on the roads in Qashqa'i territory and saw the rectangular black tents aligned on the distant mountain slopes, I knew I would feel at ease in any of them despite their inhabitants initially being strangers. Then I imagined American friends visiting one of these tents and lacking any understanding of the lifestyle or the purpose of any object there, such as the convex metal pan or the tasseled bag hanging from a tent pole. They would

not think about removing their shoes before entering, despite tripping over piles of jumbled footwear at the entrance.

One summer my mother and I hired a driver, a Persian man at the Isfahan airport, so we could reach the nomads. An unreliable urbanite had received but never delivered the letter listing our arrival date and time for our host, Dariush.

As we entered Qashqa'i territory after the long drive from Isfahan and saw the characteristic shapes against the mountainside, my mother asked the driver a seemingly innocent question, "Who lives over there?"

Although an Iranian himself, the driver replied with agitation in his voice, "Only God knows!" His knowledge of Iran's nomads probably did not surpass that of my American classmates at home, although Iran's government had taught him (and other citizens) to fear these "mountain people" as potential outlaws and highway robbers.

When Farideh saw that her daughter Ma'asumeh and I had arrived, she brought a bowl of cantaloupe and watermelon cut in large irregular portions. Her twin sons provided each person sitting in the room with a small plastic plate, a fork, and a knife. Farideh offered the bowl first to my mother and me because, as guests, we enjoyed the privilege of the first choice, and then she passed it to Hosain Ali, Filamarz, Zohreh, and finally the children. The composure of the youngsters during this serving of food momentarily surprised me. At Falak's home, the children heedlessly grabbed at the food and screamed when they did not receive what they wanted. In Farideh's and Zohreh's families, the children did not draw unpleasant attention to themselves, and they waited patiently for their turns.

Farideh, Filamarz, Zohreh, and Hosain Ali raised their children sensibly, in my view. The two fathers (who are brothers) directed their sons in the work they expected them to perform, and the boys, especially the younger ones, were usually compliant. The two mothers (who are sisters) held their own expectations about work, and each parent supported the intentions of the others. The task of disciplining and punishing seemed generally unnecessary given the effort that the four adults took to be calm and reasonable.

Only once did I witness Farideh or Zohreh become visibly angry with any of their children. After six-year-old Ramin blew up a balloon (a gift from me), he looked around for some object he could use to close the opening. He did not want to knot the neck, as I had demonstrated, because he planned to reinflate and play with the toy on future occasions. When he yanked at

a strand of fringe at the end of the nearest knotted carpet, his mother and aunt were instantly upon him. Simultaneously jumping to their feet, they raised their hands ready to strike him and shouted, "Don't *ruin* the carpet!" Shocked by their near-violent, unexpected response, Ramin froze. The two women seemed similarly stunned by their own unanticipated, uncharacteristic behavior. They had spent months weaving the carpet out of yarn they had spun for a year, and they valued the object and always tried to protect it from harm.

The strand of fringe in question was not a random piece of yarn attached to the carpet after its completion. Rather, it was one of the rug's hundreds of warp strands (*rishk*) that ran end to end in the carpet and held all the knots in place. Each knot (*ilma*) connected two adjoining warp strands. The two, short, upstanding ends of each knot created the carpet's raised pile. One or two weft strands (*tap*) running across the carpet from side to side followed each row of knots. When they finished weaving, the women uttered the first phrase of the Qur'an ("in the name of God . . ."). Then they carefully cut the carpet from the loom, as close as possible to each of the two wooden end beams (*tamdar aqaji*), to leave the warp strands as long as possible. They knotted the warp strands close to the weft, in units of five, six, or seven, to form the fringe (*risheh*). (These knots differed from those that formed the carpet's raised pile.) Knotting the warp at either end of the carpet secured the weft strands that often preceded the first row of knots and followed the last row; the tying prevented the weft from unraveling. If the warp strands were long enough, women sometimes braided them and then knotted the ends. Ramin had thoughtlessly yanked one of these warp strands.

During my many visits among the Qermezi, just once did I see a parent hitting a child (not the close call of Ramin described here) and only after the three-year-old boy had wrought mischief and inflicted destruction for hours.

After the savory, thirst-quenching melon, Ma'asumeh, Ramin, Farhad, Ahmad, and I decided to walk to the *qanat*, the camp's nearest source of clean drinking water. Qanats are a characteristic feature of the Iranian landscape. From the air, and I saw them often as I flew to and from Isfahan and Shiraz, they appeared as ant hills, long lines of mounds with centered holes. They mark the kilometers-long route of man-made underground water channels leading from the mountains to the valleys and plains where villagers use the water for irrigation as well as for everyday needs. The holes I saw from above provide aeration and points of entry for excavation, maintenance, and repair.

Qanats run underground to prevent excessive evaporation in this semiarid land.

When I stood up to leave the house, the children scattered hastily to locate and don their tattered shoes, scratched and torn because of the rough rocky terrain. I noticed that during the time we were eating melon, Ma'asumeh had fashioned her hair to match mine, a single braid in the back. Although her hair was short, curly, and wispy, she had somehow managed to make it resemble my own.

We began the short, pleasant hike to the qanat. The return trek was neither brief nor enjoyable, though, if a person carried a goat-hide container filled with water, as the boys of both households did to provide drinking water for their families. Sometimes the youngsters combined their efforts by taking a donkey and loading one or two heavy goatskins in each side pouch of the bag laid across the animal's back. We followed the concrete irrigation channels that wound through the apple orchard. Ma'asumeh and I balanced on the narrow rims of the dry ducts while the boys ran through the middle pretending to be the airplanes they occasionally saw flying over tribal territory. Ahmad noted that Saddam Hossein had used these air routes to send missiles into Iran's cities during the war. We picked ripening apples when we neared the qanat where we could wash them free of dust and pesticides.

Reaching the qanat, Ma'asumeh pushed aside two large rock slabs that covered a small hole leading to the underground tunnel through which the water ran. Then, pulling off our shoes and socks (those of us who wore them) and rolling up our pant legs, we lowered ourselves one by one through the hole and into the narrow passage where we stepped into the water. Originating in part from the ice and snow of the higher peaks, the mountain-fed liquid was frigid, and we felt the chill up our legs even though the water reached only our shins. The sudden darkness and the loss of the warming sun added to the sensation. We gingerly made our way through the channel in the same direction as the water flowed. The passage continued in the opposite direction for an unknown distance toward the source, and on other occasions we had dared one another to test how far upstream we could walk in the gloom without becoming afraid. When we could not bear the icy water any longer, we stepped up on the rocks lining the sides of the channel to rest and thaw our feet. Reaching the tunnel's end after what seemed to be a lengthy walk because of the total darkness, we stepped out and sat along the water's edge.

After exiting the tunnel, the water ran along an open concrete passageway and then emptied into a large, man-made reservoir. Every twelve days

Filamarz and his brothers distributed the precious, life-sustaining resource to the orchards by way of the numerous open-air trenches they had constructed for this purpose. The winding channels we had followed to reach the qanat were only part of a larger network of concrete and dirt ducts.

After the sun's rays dried our feet and warmed our bodies, we put on our socks and shoes. Retracing our steps, this time above ground, and replacing the rock slabs over the entry hole, we ran toward the sheep's drinking troughs higher up the steep hill.

There, using dirt and water, we constructed a sequence of oval-shaped pools connected to one another, each placed at a lower level than the previous one so we could feed water into the highest pool and let it slowly drain into the lowest. When the task was complete, I blocked the pipe through which water filled the sheep's troughs, which forced the water to back up and spill out of a hole in the dusty ground above. I saw that we had built a miniature qanat; the opening provided an outlet if the channel was blocked. Ma'asumeh plugged the passage leading from the most elevated basin, the one into which water was now spilling, to let it fill. When the pool was brimming, she opened the gate to allow water to seep slowly into the next basin, while water replenished the first. This process continued until water filled the seven depressions. The boys floated flower petals in the water to gauge the speed of the flow from basin to basin. The pressure of the backed-up water soon forced my hand from the pipe at the head of the troughs. When I let go, muddy water gushed forth and then slowed and cleared. Except to chase them away from our project, we ignored the sheep that were edging toward the troughs to drink.

While we admired our project, Ma'asumeh saw her mother strolling with mine through the orchard and approaching us. With a sharp intake of breath, she kicked at and leveled our construction, perhaps afraid that her mother would disapprove. Her sudden action, which seemed unwarranted, puzzled me.

When Farideh and my mother finally returned to the house, momentarily diverted by a snake they had seen, Ma'asumeh, the three boys, and I descended to the orchard to seek some shade under a large, laden apple tree. I took five candy suckers from my hip sack, each wrapping indicating a different flavor. I offered Ma'asumeh the chance to choose the one she preferred before I gave the boys a similar opportunity, and I took the last one for myself. We unfolded the waxed paper and noisily began licking, every now and then displaying our stained tongues. The first time I gave Ma'asumeh a paper-encased ball on a stick, she was not yet three years old and did not understand its purpose. Only after I opened mine did she unwrap hers. When she eventually reached the bubble gum hidden inside, she asked me

what the baffling substance was, so different in texture and color from the hard candy that had concealed it.

The main commodities that the Qermezi consumed on a regular basis were those they produced, harvested, gathered, and hunted themselves, and they infrequently purchased food in town except for some staples such as rice, wheat flour, and salt. Occasionally when someone traveled there, he would come home with chewing gum or packaged cookies for the children. For their own convenience, merchants often gave Iran-made chewing gum rather than coins as small change. Some Qermezi children collected the gum wrappers that depicted soccer players on Iran's national team.

When we returned to Ma'asumeh's home, we removed our shoes outside on the porch as was customary and expected for all tents and houses. Such a courtesy protected the interior, especially the valuable knotted carpets, from outside dirt and allowed people more comfort while sitting and resting on the floor.

Looking through the narrow doorway, Ma'asumeh saw her grandmother Falak and her aunt Fariba, both of whom had just arrived for a visit with Falak's two married daughters. The four women sat whispering with their heads close together. My mother was talking quietly with Hosain Ali and did not hear the full conversation, but she caught a few words and deduced that the topic concerned a teenage girl "without honor." Perhaps someone had observed the girl laughing with a boy to whom she was not engaged or closely related. Or perhaps she had informed her parents that she refused to marry the boy they had chosen for her.

Old enough to have her interest piqued by such matters, Ma'asumeh rushed into the room to investigate. "What is it? What has happened?"

Looking up at her granddaughter and wanting to deflect her attention, Falak promptly responded, "A donkey is lost."

Falak had uttered the comment so casually that the phrase seemed to be a routine response to a question that no one wanted to answer. Still young and impressionable, Ma'asumeh needed to be protected from hearing the details. (I learned to use this answer myself on certain occasions, to the nomads' amusement. At first the nomads thought I meant the phrase literally; they did not yet know I knew another usage.)

Confused, Ma'asumeh glanced at her mother and then walked back outside to ponder the answer. She seemed not to hear the raucous laughter behind her in the room. Only one donkey currently lived in the camp (the hired shepherd having taken the others to new but temporary pastures), and we had watched it pulling up and chomping on weeds in the orchard just a few minutes previously. To tease the animal, Ramin had extracted the long

stalks from one side of the donkey's mouth while the donkey reached for more stalks with the teeth of the other side.

On another day, while my mother and I were walking to Ma'asumeh's camp, we decided to ask Farideh and Zohreh about the origins of each of their knotted carpets. My mother always kept specific questions in mind for the day, usually related to tribal history and politics, but our visits did not always allow her an opportunity to ask them. We could not predict who else would be present or what events or circumstances would dominate the day. If, for example, a young Qashqa'i man from another tribe came to offer condolences to the extended family of a Qermezi boy who had died at his side in battle during the Iraq-Iran war, we listened to his reminiscences about the bravery of his companion.

On this day, we found Farideh and Zohreh alone, their husbands and children irrigating the orchard nearby. When we raised the issue of their carpets, Zohreh (the older of the two sisters) insisted that we go to her tent first.

Zohreh dispensed with any offer of tea by commenting, "Talking about carpets is more important than preparing tea."

The four of us sat in her black goat-hair tent, our backs to the stack of baggage, as Zohreh began to tell the story of each of her knotted carpets (*qali*). She started with those laid out to the far left of us and moved from carpet to carpet across the tent's interior toward the right.

Most women spread their knotted carpets side by side, their selvages touching and sometimes overlapping, one fringed end at the base of the baggage and the other end laying at the tent's entrance.

Family members and visitors always slept with their heads by the baggage (uk, aiy; the symbol of the home and family) and their feet toward the tent's entrance. They said this position protected them from the elements (wind and rain especially), and yet they could still respond quickly if thieves or predators approached the tent or herds. Snakes especially but also lizards, toads, mice, and insects found refuge among the rocks under the baggage and emerged at night when the place was quiet. My mother said she had always worried about the creatures crawling into her hair while she slept.

Women aligned their best carpets on the left side (as we faced out of the tent's interior) and in the center, the areas where men and their guests sat and slept. Older, worn carpets laid on the right side near containers of dairy products and other foods, and women used the space for work of various kinds. Women and children slept there.

13. Jansanam weaving by her tent, winter pastures, Dashtak, 1971. The mechanism she uses for raising and lowering warp strands is visible.

Under all these carpets, especially the most valuable ones, women spread felt mats (*kacha*) and cotton rugs (*zilu*) (both purchased in villages and bazaars) to protect their weavings from dirt, ground moisture (and the ensuing mold), and insects. They periodically aired the knotted carpets upside down in the sun. Every morning, after they folded up and laid the night's bedding on top of the pile of baggage, they gently swept the carpets (following the lay of the nap and not against it) with a brush made of dried stalks (see plate 1).

Some women kept their best carpets rolled up and standing in a corner against the reed screen (*chiq*, *ala chiq*) that framed the tent on three sides (inside the tent fabric). They unfurled them only when special guests arrived. As she gestured toward the upstanding carpets in the corner, one Qermezi woman joked that they stood guard against any unwelcome guests who might interrupt her weaving. Guests brought honor to her family but they also disrupted her daily routine and consumed scarce provisions.

When women finished weaving a knotted carpet, they usually displayed it inside the dwelling, on top of other carpets, "to become used to it as a functioning carpet and no longer as a partly covered, partly woven object." Male as well as female visitors always commented at length on these new pieces, and they did not necessarily withhold their opinions about problems in quality, design, proportion, color, and overall appearance. Men could be harsh critics. When male visitors returned home, the women there quizzed them about the weavings they had just seen. Men often inspected looms, even by uncovering the woven portion, out of curiosity but also to be able to convey news to others. (Women usually covered the completed part of a weaving to keep it clean, and they sat on this covered portion while they wove. With a blanket or felt mat, they always covered the loom at night and when they were not weaving.)

Pointing to the carpet farthest to the left, Zohreh said that a Shesh Boluki Qashqa'i woman had woven it. She had bought the rug from a Qashqa'i man in Kazerun whose secondary profession was buying and selling weavings. "Amin was here then," Zohreh noted, by which she meant that the purchase had occurred soon after her son's birth, ten or so years earlier. My mother asked Zohreh why she had purchased the carpet if she was already an expert weaver by then. (She told me later that she was surprised that the weaving did not come from Zohreh's own loom. She said she would never have known if she had not asked – a lesson for me as a budding anthropologist.)

Zohreh offered several explanations. "I wasn't able to weave this large size and design at the time because I didn't know how. I didn't already own a

carpet with such a unique design. I liked it, and I bought it." Later, she and her family moved into a small house for the winter when her husband took a job teaching in a town school. They had owned two large carpets by then but needed yet another one to cover the bare concrete floor of the house's main room where they and guests sat, ate, and slept.

Just then, her husband Hosain Ali entered the tent and corrected her. "We owned *three* large carpets at the time of the move."

A little annoyed, Zohreh reminded him that they had already sold one of the three and that only two covered the new space. Without responding, Hosain Ali returned to his chores outside.

Zohreh's family and all other Qermezi often compared the advantages and disadvantages in either continuing nomadism or settling in villages, towns, and cities. By this time, some of them already engaged in a variety of livelihoods and lifestyles, as in the case of Zohreh and Hosain Ali, who lived in a goat-hair tent in summer pastures and who occupied a small house on the edge of town for the winter (to accommodate his teaching job).

As one disadvantage of settling, the Qermezi often listed the necessity for multiple, large, expensive carpets to cover the hard concrete floors of their expanded living space. The women were not accustomed to weaving such carpets, in part because of the many other demands on their labor. They may have been the only proficient weavers in their families, their daughters still too young to weave alongside them. (Ordinarily, two or three women worked at the loom of a large carpet.) They also said they could not complete carpets this size during their short-term residences in winter and summer pastures. The loom and unfinished carpet would be too large and cumbersome to dismantle, transport, and reset, and the finished product would display the damage caused by this disruption.

Even for families with possibilities for storage in winter pastures (such as in nearby Kazerun), they still carried all their woven goods with them to summer pastures. They said the intense heat and humidity in winter pastures during the summer destroyed the fabrics of their weavings, especially if they rolled up or folded the items and kept them in confined, unventilated spaces. Thus, another reason for continuing year-round mobility, they said, was to protect these goods from damage. Also, by migrating with their weavings, they safeguarded them from the thieves who might have learned that the nomads had left behind their valuables in storage.

Zohreh then pointed to the carpet laying to the right of the first one. "I wove this one when only Shapur was alive." Her other children, including some who had died, had not yet been born. "There they were, inside of me, and I didn't even know any of them yet."

The weaving of this carpet took three months, and she wove it by herself while she lived in a goat-hair tent at Dashtak in winter pastures. The overall design was a new one for the Qermezi, she said, one that she had created based on weavings she had seen in neighboring tribal communities. Her cousin and sister-in-law, Maryam, borrowed the completed carpet to weave her own version, two other cousins did the same, and then the women of the Qermezi village of Atakola asked to have it while they wove their own adaptations. Zohreh noted that whenever she visited the homes of these women, she always remembered how her carpet was the "mother" of these other weavings and how the women would laugh about the "daughters" and "granddaughters." One of these carpets differed significantly from the original, and the women joked that it was "a distant relative in another tribe."

Zohreh wove the next carpet just after Amin's birth when she was living in a tent at Hanalishah in summer pastures. Using natural (not dyed) grey, brown, and white yarn, she employed a pattern with five designs arranged around a central motif.

Zohreh's sister, Zolaikha, wove the next carpet a decade or more previously and gave it to Zohreh as a gift. The carpet commemorated a special event. Zohreh's husband, Hosain Ali, had finally acquired a government document permitting him to buy a motorized vehicle. At the time, however, he could not afford such a purchase, and his older brother used the document to buy his own pickup truck. The vehicle's title has remained in Hosain Ali's name since then. Whenever Zohreh saw the pickup truck driving by on the road below their campsite, she would tease Hosain Ali by saying, "I hope your truck will have a good time in town."

Zohreh wove the two adjoining small carpets during the previous winter before the New Year (No Ruz, beginning on the first day of spring) and in the spring after the holiday. She said she wanted to sell both of them, along with the small carpet still on her loom.

Khanom, the woman who would become Zohreh's mother-in-law, wove the next carpet some twenty years earlier. Zohreh and Farideh listed some children who had been born to other women by then, to determine the timing of the weaving. Their own children had not yet arrived.

Passing by the tent and again listening to the discussion, Hosain Ali proclaimed that the design of this carpet was "Yalameh" (the same name as a tribal group located between the Qashqa'i and the Bakhtiyari to the north, with subsections in both of these confederacies).

The two women vehemently disagreed. The design was "Luri" (Lur ethnic groups were situated to the west and north), they asserted.

This carpet displayed signs of wear, and Zohreh had placed it at the far

right in the tent, by the entrance, where it collected dirt and where some people left their shoes (other people more properly leaving their shoes outside).

The name "Khanom" means "lady" or "woman" in Persian and was unusual among the Qashqa'i, who preferred Turkish names for their girls. When Zohreh's future mother-in-law was a young child, her father took her to a government office to file for a newly required identity card. A scribe there told him that the girl's birth name was not appropriate for an official document and that she needed another one, which he wrote down as "Khanom."

The sisters began to talk about their many other weavings, including gelims, *jajim*s (flat weaves used as blankets), small knotted carpets (*qalicha*), coarse knotted carpets with open fields of color and geometrical designs (*gabba*), saddlebags (*khorjin*), large bedding containers (*marfaj*; often with leather fasteners), square padded cushions with woven faces (*poshti*), grain sacks (*joal*), large sacks for wool and yarn (*kahkash*), large bags for weavings and clothes (*okash*), horse blankets (*juel*), infant hammocks (*nanneh*), and multipurpose rectangular spreads (*palas*, *boz palas*). They also wove *chanta*s and other small bags (*gaba*, *torba*), many of which had specific uses (such as holding salt [*duz torbasi*], sugar lumps [*qand torbasi*], tools for yarn preparation, equipment for bread making, metal skewers, parts for water pipes, and rifles and other weapons). The bags for specialized equipment (sometimes called *baladan*) often had tassels (*gompul*) and a braided cord for attaching to a tent pole for easy assess to the contents.

Before they proceeded further, Farideh insisted that we return to her house to hear the story of her own knotted carpets.

Qashqa'i women also wove a variety of other items, some of them more utilitarian than decorative, although they invested forethought, materials, and time in them too. Such items included those made of goat hair (*qil*): tent panels (*garman*), saddlebags for carrying goatskin water bags, and strips for hemming the reed screens that enclosed the tent on three sides. Embellished fabrics were narrow and wide bands (*tang*) (often with elaborate designs, tufted edges, and wooden buckles) for securing loads on pack animals, cloths with decorative borders for rolling out bread dough (*sorfa*), tasseled trappings and other decorations for camels and horses, and tasseled strips (*payyehband*) for draping across the poles (*payyeh*) in the tent's interior and along the entrance.

As we settled down inside Farideh's small house, where we rested against cushions with our backs to the wall, Farideh remarked, "It's good we aren't thirsty, or I would brew some tea." Just as Zohreh had done, Farideh started with the carpets to our left.

Farideh said she wove the first carpet "alone" (and not alongside a mother, sister, or mother-in-law) on a loom with wooden stakes (and not the heavier metal equipment she began to use later). Her first child, Ma'asumeh, was about two years old at the time. Farideh used undyed wool to adapt a design used by her cousin for a smaller cushion cover. She said she enjoyed solving the problem of converting the patterns from a square object to a rectangular one. I pointed out the peacock in a corner of the carpet. (It seemed ill-proportioned and oddly placed to me.) Farideh replied, "That place would have been empty if I had not inserted the peacock." She wove half the carpet in winter pastures, dismantled the loom, rolled up the weaving still attached to the end beams and the heddle rod (*kujay*), and rebuilt the loom after migrating to summer pastures. "I'll never make that mistake again," she reflected as she felt the ridges and uneven edges.

With sadness apparent in her voice and posture, Farideh noted that she wove the next carpet "alone, alone" just after Zohreh had married and left their parents' home. (Her younger sister Fariba was still too young to weave at the time.) Her father Borzu had purchased a large "Bolvardi" carpet (the same name as a Qashqa'i tribe and some tribal sections) to fill part of the expanse of the tent's interior, and Farideh had copied some of its designs and added her own variations. Later, a mouse chewed the original carpet in two places along the fringe, and Borzu sold it at a loss to the town merchant from whom he had bought it, out of irritation at the visible damage. He had grown tired of his guests fingering the eaten edge. The merchant repaired the carpet and sold it to someone else.

Farideh began to cry, and Zohreh and my mother did too. I sat stunned, unable to understand why these three women had suddenly become distraught. Farideh lamented in a singsong fashion for a few moments, her face in her hands and her tunic wet with tears. Then she told me that her carpet held memories of her father (who had died the previous year). It had formed part of her dowry; she brought it with her when she married. She patted the carpet several times and then turned to the next one.

Farideh's mother-in-law, Khanom, wove the next two carpets before Farideh married her youngest son. The designs of these two carpets were "Turki" (meaning Qashqa'i), similar in some ways and different in others. People still recognized Khanom as an expert weaver who had experimented with techniques, natural dyes, mordants, designs, borders, and proportions, and many Qermezi women over the years have shown us how their carpets have benefited from Khanom's creativity.

Sitting side by side at the loom, Khanom and Farideh wove the next carpet shortly after Farideh joined Khanom's household as Filamarz's bride. Filamarz

stayed in the parental home and cared for his mother until she died. As the youngest son, he inherited most of the carpets and other items she had woven during her lifetime (*pushan*, a term indicating weavings in the collective).

A badly worn carpet, its selvages tattered and fringes gone, laid on the raised concrete floor of the open porch of the small house. The inhabitants and their visitors left their shoes alongside or on top of the carpet. No pile (the upstanding parts of each knot) remained, only the base of the knots still affixed to the warp strands and held in place by the adjoining weft strands. Yet the design's intricacies were still visible. Khanom had woven the carpet eleven or so years previously of undyed yarn of various colors and shades, none of them still obvious. Farideh joked, "The carpet has its own color now."

Farideh had piled four carpets similar in size, design, and color along an interior wall. She said she wove the one on top just after the period of mourning for her father had ended. "I wove my tears into the warp, weft, and knots of that one."

Women could not weave for forty days or more after the death of a close relative. Some women postponed weaving for up to a year if the deceased person was especially close to them or if the death was particularly tragic (such as a young son pointlessly killed in war). They spent the intervening period preparing the raw materials for their next weaving projects. They often resumed weaving by first producing necessary utilitarian items such as plain bands and bags – usually of goat-hair yarn and not sheep's wool – an activity they said did not bring them the kinds of pleasures that fine yarn, vivid colors, and complex designs did.

Farideh wove the three other carpets during the following winter, two on a loom set up in a room in the Kazerun house and the third on a loom in the open courtyard when the weather turned warm. She showed us the similarities and differences in the four.

"Whenever women visit, they ask to see my recent weavings. I lay out these four carpets side by side but in random order. Yet the visitors can always tell the order in which I wove them." They pointed out the evolving designs and borders and the ways she had corrected "mistakes" and solved problems from one carpet to the next.

A fifth carpet similar to the four was still on her loom. Farideh said she wanted to sell this one but perhaps not the others. Yet the market prices were still too low (in part because of the US blockade against the importation of Iranian carpets). She and her husband, Filamarz, astutely handled the family's finances, and she rarely needed to sell a weaving to meet dire needs, unlike some other families. She said she could afford to wait until prices in the Kazerun bazaar rose. If she wanted to sell any weavings, she

always transacted with the same two Qashqa'i men who periodically traveled throughout winter and summer pastures, even though she knew she could find higher prices in the Shiraz bazaar. She and the buyers would argue for an hour about the price of a carpet, and then she would accept a certain sum if she thought it had "value."

All Qermezi women complained about the low prices they received, which they noted were grossly inadequate considering the cost and preparation of the raw materials, the time expended, and the quality and aesthetics of the finished product. They knew that merchants sold these items for many times what they had paid the women, and they had heard about the extravagant prices in shops in Bahrain, Kuwait, Dubai, and Europe.

Farideh said she was unhappy whenever she sold any of her carpets. Thinking I already knew the answer, I asked her why. Without speaking, she showed me scars and wounds, fresh and partly healed, on her fingers and hands and shook her head to indicate the difficulty of producing a carpet. Then she laughed and said, "When one of my carpets is carried away [by the carpet buyers], I lean down and ask the 'carpet's place' (*ja qali*), 'What do I put here now?'"

Fariba soon heard about these discussions with her sisters, Zohreh and Farideh, and was eager to tell us stories about the carpets in her own home. Over the years, her father Borzu had purchased large Qashqa'i carpets for the tent's interior because the women there could not easily weave ones these sizes. Many of the smaller carpets that his wife Falak and her five daughters had woven over the years became part of the girls' dowries or were gifts to people with whom Borzu had political and economic ties. Borzu even gave away carpets he had bought, which Falak and her daughters said was folly.

Fariba's first story concerned a pair of identical carpets (as identical as two handcrafted objects could be) that Borzu had purchased to fit the interior of his large tent. He entertained guests and visitors every day and needed to outfit his tent in a manner befitting his high status as a tribal leader. The weaver of the pair was a Shesh Boluki Qashqa'i woman who had sold them to a Kazerun merchant, who in turn had sold them to Borzu. The two carpets had rested side by side in the center of the tent until one day Borzu ordered his shepherds to bundle one of them with twine and load it into his Land Rover. Falak demanded to know what he intended to do with the weaving, but Borzu drove off without answering her. Later, when he returned home without the carpet, he said he had given it to someone. Falak was irate. She had grown used to Borzu offering gifts to raise his prestige and enhance his ties with people outside the Qermezi tribe, but this carpet was worth more than his usual presents.

Falak was dismayed and angry whenever Borzu took her weavings and those of her unmarried daughters, especially when the women intended the objects for dowries. Addressing no one in particular, she often asked, "Where did all my weavings go? What happened to my carpets, gelims, and jajims? What do I have to show for all that work?"

Tired of Falak's interrogations, Borzu finally confessed that he had given the carpet to a medical doctor in Kazerun, who had agreed to write a document on behalf of Borzu's son but only if he was adequately recompensed. After receiving the carpet, the doctor wrote that one of Bizhan's legs was three centimeters shorter than the other and that the boy would be unable to serve in the army.

Borzu had hoped to keep Bizhan from military service during the Iraq-Iran war. He tried to buy an exemption by giving away this carpet, paying cash bribes to government officials, and offering elaborate hospitality to military officers. His older son Dariush had already agreed to serve in the army and had landed a desk job in Shiraz, but Borzu was afraid that Iran's revolutionary guards would send Bizhan to the war front, where he would be killed (as were many young Qermezi boys). Unlike Dariush, Bizhan was an expert marksman and mountaineer, skills that the guards did not often find among young conscripts from cities and towns. The guards were eager to enlist boys such as Bizhan for fighting against Iraq's army. Borzu, who was already ill with the heart problems that would soon debilitate him, said he needed Bizhan at home to care for him and assist with his many responsibilities.

Borzu had purchased another pair of large carpets from Manizheh, a Qermezi woman now living with her husband's tribe. She had married the man after he sought political refuge with the Qermezi group. A year or so into the marriage, the man's heavily armed kinsmen arrived late one night to demand that the man return to his own tribe. They tied him up, put him on a horse, seized his bride, loaded her on a donkey, and left with the couple. Years later, to ease the still-hostile relationship between the two tribes, Borzu entered into negotiations with the kinsmen and agreed to purchase two large carpets from the abducted Qermezi woman. Manizheh showed Borzu some of her recent weavings, and they discussed the dimensions, patterns, and cost of the two new carpets. She insisted that she would use her own spun yarn rather than having Borzu buy yarn from the bazaar. When Manizheh delivered the finished weavings a year later, she said she had woven them with special care. "They are returning to my own tribe."

Fariba finished weaving a small carpet, cut it off the loom, and laid it on top of other carpets in the living space. Whenever her sisters and other women visited, they flipped over a corner to inspect the firmness and even-

ness of the knots and conveyed in subtle ways that the weaving was high quality. If they offered praise directly, they might cause some mishap to the new carpet or, worse, force Fariba's hands to err in knotting the next one. As they conversed with visitors, the sisters began to knot the carpet's fringes (at both ends of the warp), to secure the first and last rows of the weft (the parts woven before knotting the pile began and after it finished).

As I watched the process closely and saw varying methods, I casually asked, "How *many* strands of warp yarn do you knot together?"

The group sitting there erupted in a lively discussion. To my surprise, several men were more certain about the count than the women, including Fariba, the weaver. The women grinned and rolled their eyes at one another while the men insisted that each knot must hold five, six, or seven strands (depending on the thickness of the yarn and the tightness of its twist) and must be even in size and placement with the others. Two of the men began to untie and redo the worst of the previously made knots, and then they knotted the rest of the fringes. On other occasions too, I saw men (always in groups of two or three and never alone) knotting the fringes of newly completed carpets.

Men also participated in other aspects of weaving. When women finished making the tent panels, men used a sturdy metal needle and goat-hair yarn to sew together the long narrow strips to form the roof and the sides. To pitch the tent, men and women fastened the side panels to the roof with wooden pins the men had carved. Then, from underneath, they inserted the tent poles and slowly raised the structure. Other family members pounded the wooden stakes into the ground and rigged the ropes that would hold the tent taut. As another task, men folded woven fabrics in half and sewed closed and embellished the seams of different sorts of bags. They also attached protective goat-hair strips to the top and bottom of the tent's reed screens. They braided the thick ropes (*tanaf*; round and flat) used for holding the tent upright and for attaching baggage to the pack animals, and they carved the wooden fasteners.

Boys assisted their fathers in these tasks. They also wove slings (*sopan*), which they used to down birds and small mammals. Boys made some slings by attaching cords to a small piece of leather, which served as the pouch for holding a rock or pebble. They created more elaborate, decorative devices by weaving a small pouch from multicolored strands of yarn, to which they attached two braided cords with tassels at the ends. Boys draped the slings over their belts or through their belt loops as they headed out to hunt. Sometimes I saw them using the biners I had given, the metal clasps that mountain climbers use for their equipment.

I asked Fariba about the designs she and others used in their knotted carpets. She said her mother and older sisters had often depicted weapons, game animals, and men as hunters in their weavings after Mohammad Reza Shah had banned the possession of firearms by the Qashqa'i. When his regime collapsed in 1979, images of weapons remained in their weavings as assertive symbols of tribal power. When the Islamic Republic banned men's and women's dancing, weavers inserted images of dancing women and girls as central or marginal motifs in their carpets. They depicted women's dress and flowing hair, both of which violated the government's proclaimed moral standards. When the state forbade live performances of music, some women added images of the banned musicians and their instruments to their carpets. Representations of the unique Qashqa'i men's felt hat (rounded with two upraised flaps) also appeared in weavings. Fariba later pointed out a small, stylized Qashqa'i hat on the edge of a field of geometrical motifs that her cousin had woven in a gelim. She said the design was a tribute to Khosrow Khan Qashqa'i, martyred leader of the Qashqa'i insurgency of 1980–82.

I mentioned to Fariba the small carpets depicting the domes, arches, and minarets of the elaborate shrine-complex of Imam Reza in Mashhad in northeastern Iran. She said that she and her sisters refused to weave any carpets with such explicit Islamic motifs but she understood why a few other women and girls did. Their husbands and fathers had to give weavings to the urban men with whom they had economic ties, such as bank managers who processed their loans. Many Qermezi said they disliked giving outsiders, including Persians, any weavings that epitomized the Qashqa'i culture (as displayed in special objects, techniques, designs, and symbols). Thus the Islam-oriented carpets satisfied some of the external demand for gifts. The recipients considered such items as prayer rugs and assumed incorrectly that they served this function in the tribe. After the revolution and especially the Iraq-Iran war, as more Iranians grew to despise the *mulla*s (the Shi'i clerics) for the damage they had inflicted on Iran, some Qermezi said they preferred giving "religious" carpets to urbanites – if they had to give them any weavings at all. By these gifts, they said they were sending the message that Persians (and not the Qashqa'i) had created and supported the Islamic Republic and continued to sustain the regime by not organizing resistance against it.

Since the late 1970s, some Qermezi girls used these small "shrine" (*imamzadeh*) rugs to practice their weaving skills. No one valued the finished products, and women even regretted the loss of the yarn that went into them. Still, women viewed these carpets as a means for their daughters to learn how to weave, especially to render complicated shapes such as the

curved lines of the domes and arches. Previously, for the same challenging purposes, some girls had woven small rugs depicting the map of Iran (which they found in schoolbooks). In the process they learned how to fit the asymmetrical shape of Iran in a rectangular space and how to add the names of the provinces and bodies of water in readable Persian script.

Ever since these discussions (of which I have repeated only some details), my mother and I have often asked women to tell the stories of their weavings. We have learned as much about their lives as we have learned about the objects they cherish.

One day while walking home from a visit with Mahnaz and Dorna, I observed a truckload of Qermezi men returning from a marksmanship contest staged by the government for the Darrehshuri tribes (of which Qermezi is one). Sa'id stopped the vehicle to announce the results. He reported proudly that Filamarz had won first place, Ali Morad second, and Mohammad Qoli third. The contest had hosted all interested Darrehshuri men, and the outcome honored all Qermezi; the three most skilled shooters were their own tribesmates and kinsmen. The next time I saw Ma'asumeh, I mentioned the contest in which Filamarz had won first place and asked her to congratulate her father for me.

One characteristic defining the Qermezi tribe (especially its Aqa Mohammadli lineage), as compared with other tribes and lineages, was the hunting and shooting expertise of its members (see plate 4). In the past their fathers and grandfathers had been enthusiastic warriors for the tribal khans, sometimes against Iran's army but also against neighboring tribes that intruded on their territory. Qermezi men of an earlier generation fought to rid Iran of the occupying British armies. The legacy continued, and military prowess was still essential. Armed conflict between Iran's government and a small group of Qashqa'i broke out as recently as 1980 just after the revolution that established the Islamic Republic. Farmers continued to encroach on Qashqa'i pastureland, and the tribesmen emphasized their need to resist such assaults with force.

Hosain Ali (Ma'asumeh's father's brother) decided to sell his fifteen-year-old motorcycle so that he could pay some long-standing debts. The apple orchard did not produce enough money to support a family of six, and the annual salary of a teacher was little more than that of a hired shepherd (whose social status was well below that of a teacher). Then Ma'asumeh's father, Filamarz,

sold his ancient automobile because he feared its imminent collapse, which caused the camp to lack any mechanical transportation. Since then he sought a reasonably priced, newer vehicle but worried that he would not succeed. When Ma'asumeh's mother's brother, Mohammad Karim, bought a pickup truck, he complained that if he had purchased it a year earlier, he would have paid half the amount. Inflation and scarcity in Iran meant that vehicles increased in value as they aged.

Until 1970, no one in the Qermezi tribe had owned a modern vehicle. Everyone rode horses and mules, and camels and donkeys carried their loads. Use of such animals as a mode of long-distance transportation was limited now, and some of the nomads sold their camels in preference for the speedier, more convenient motorized vehicles. Once they depended on such technology, they found it difficult to return to cheaper but slower methods of travel.

The lifestyle and appearance of the nomads had also changed in other ways. Some people discontinued using handwoven goat-hair tents as everyday residences and dwelled instead in huts and small houses. They often purchased manufactured goods such as plastic buckets rather than constructing containers from goatskins. Factory-made suitcases now stood alongside the woven bags holding bedding and clothes. Some women and girls ceased wearing customary Qashqa'i attire – colorful tunics and skirts gathered at the waist – in favor of the loose blouses and long skirts that many city women wore. Some donned simple rectangular scarves to replace their fancy head-coverings, which they now wore mainly for festive ceremonies. Some schoolgirls adopted urban attire while middle-aged and elderly women resolutely wore only Qashqa'i dress. Young adults often alternated or combined styles, city versions one day and Qashqa'i attire the next, or the tunics and gathered skirts of Qashqa'i dress topped off by city-style scarves.

Outwardly it might seem that life for the nomads had changed substantially. These and other possibly superficial changes altered their appearance, yet the beliefs and values that defined Qashqa'i society and culture remained similar to those in the past. Customs and rituals based on such notions persisted. People still heeded certain ideas about the supernatural, including those about curing and the evil eye. They chose marriage partners and divided property between fathers and sons in traditional ways. When anyone challenged enduring customs, people reacted negatively and did not easily forgive those who adopted new practices.

Many Qermezi were dismayed, for example, when two young unmarried kinsmen wanted to dance to audiocassettes of Persian music rather than Qashqa'i music at a ceremony marking the signing of a marriage contract.

Qashqa'i musicians sing in Turkish and play flutes, reed horns, and skin drums; Persian music and lyrics are more diverse and feature multiple instruments. The Qashqa'i valued the two types differently. The popular Persian music played and sung at Persian weddings (much of it outlawed by the Islamic Republic) elicited sexually provocative gestures from both male and female dancers. Many Qashqa'i disapproved of the cultural forms as well as the alluring motions. By emphasizing their own music and dance, they asserted their distinctive cultural identity.

A few Qermezi families lived on the outskirts of the town of Kazerun during autumn and winter when the men taught primary and secondary school. Their children were not constantly exposed to life in the tribe's nearby winter pastures, unlike other children in full-time pastoral families. Parents in such circumstances periodically sent their youngsters to live with relatives at Dashtak so they could experience Qashqa'i culture and the lifestyle firsthand. These families spent the summers together at Hanalishah and appreciated customary surroundings then. Teachers and students, now out of school, eagerly escaped the town to return to the comfort of an all-Qermezi setting and to renew ties with their kin.

As members of the surrounding Iranian society altered their practices to respond to new government policies, technological developments, and global pressures, this small group of nomads too will probably have to accept and adopt further changes to survive in the wider world.

The Qermezi (and all Qashqa'i) enjoyed wedding celebrations more than any other communal activity (see plates 2, 10). As the father of a bride-to-be, Fathollah hosted a betrothal ceremony in his small house on the edge of Kazerun near the mountains. He and his brother Asadollah, father of the groom-to-be, good-naturedly negotiated the terms of the Islam-mandated marriage contract (*aqd*) and signed it along with five male witnesses and the bride and groom. The contract specified the gifts the groom's family offered to the bride, all of which became part of her dowry, and stipulated the payment the groom would owe the bride if he divorced her. Nasrin and Sa'id would marry in a few months.

The Qashqa'i preferred marriages among immediate kin. The parents of any bride and groom were usually close relatives, and the wedding ceremony provided an occasion for all of their kin to assemble, an infrequent occurrence because of the spatial dispersion of each tribe's members. Two of Nasrin's mother's brothers (Hosain Ali and Filamarz) are the husbands of two of Sa'id's mother's sisters (Zohreh and Farideh); Nasrin's uncles and

Sa'id's aunts are married to one another. Calculating the couple's relationship in other ways, I saw that Nasrin and Sa'id are first cousins maternally as well as paternally, the most ideal of all possible arrangements.

To celebrate the signing of the contract, family and kin gathered in the walled open-air courtyard to dance. Women and men formed a circle, festive Qashqa'i music emanated from an audiocassette player, and dancing began. (Except among wealthy Qashqa'i, musicians rarely performed at betrothals.) Each participant flourished two brightly colored scarves while stepping forward and backward and slowly rotating counter-clockwise.

The circle consisted mainly of older, experienced dancers. Eager to participate, younger girls and boys squeezed into the group but soon dropped out. Some preadolescents and adolescents were becoming adept in the art of Qashqa'i dancing and might be proficient after a few more years of practice. The parents, themselves accomplished dancers, were suitable role models for the children. When I viewed the first-ever video recording of a Qermezi wedding, I saw that Ma'asumeh's cousins, Nahid and Atifeh, were competent dancers even though they rarely had a chance to perform.

Ma'asumeh, Tahereh, and Laila were among the young girls who desired to dance but the adults in the circle did not readily accommodate them because of the courtyard's small space. The three girls, along with Sakineh and me, had formed a long-lasting quintet. (Sakineh attended a tribal middle school in a nearby town and could not join this event.) Since I was five, I have enjoyed warm relationships with these four girls. They are approximately the same age, a year or so younger than me, and we gathered whenever we found a chance. Ma'asumeh, Laila, and Sakineh are first cousins through their mothers, Ma'asumeh and Tahereh are first cousins through Ma'asumeh's father and Tahereh's mother, and Tahereh and Laila are first cousins through their fathers. Three of the girls have the same grandmother (Falak) and grandfather (Borzu). Other ties, some complicated, bind them, and I always had to think through the possibilities. As I looked from one to the other, I tried to determine the multiple links between and among them. Nasrin and Sa'id's marriage would draw Tahereh and Laila closer together; they each would become a sister-in-law of the other's sibling.

Still wanting to dance but shy about displaying their amateur skills in front of their parents and relatives, the three girls beckoned to me as they entered the small house. They pulled me through the door of a room that Huri (Ma'asumeh's father's sister) used for weaving and shut it tightly. After wedging a piece of wood in the space between the door and the concrete floor, to exclude others, they led me to a pile of folded weavings where I sat intrigued by the secrecy. Tahereh shut the window to reduce the sound of the

music emanating from the courtyard while Ma'asumeh closed the curtains to prevent anyone from peeking in. Laila located several audiotapes, obviously used often, each plastic case known not by any written label but by distinctive nicks and scratches.

Selecting a cassette that suited their mood, the three girls inserted it in a player and pressed the button. Nothing happened. Ma'asumeh pushed Laila out the door to retrieve another player. The other two, noticing they had neglected to plug in the cord, started the music. Laila heard the sound and returned to the room. Ma'asumeh and Tahereh, seemingly too shy at first to join Laila, pushed one another to the center of the room to dance alongside her. They barely had time to begin performing when the adults called us for dinner. (Many houses in Kazerun had electricity while none of the houses at Dashtak and Hanalishah did.)

Sixty people – men, women, and children intermixed – sat along the edges of floral-patterned sheets of plastic spread over the knotted carpets in the main room of the house. Stepping delicately in stocking feet along the lengths of the plastic, the fathers and brothers of the bride and groom offered a plate of meat stew and steamed rice to each guest. Adjacent diners shared bowls of chopped tomatoes, cucumbers, and onions.

After the meal the bride's maternal uncle, Hosain Ali, sang in Turkish about love and longing – songs customary for such an event. Other men took turns after him, including the bride's father, whom many had never heard sing publicly before. His voice was surprisingly melodious, and people looked at one another in surprise. The father of a bride customarily sang at his daughter's betrothal ceremony, and Nasrin was the first of Fathollah's daughters to marry. Led by Huri, the bride's mother, some women offered the high-pitched, celebratory ululation ("kli-li-li-li-li!") by exhaling while rapidly vibrating their tongues against the roofs of their mouths.

One day I gave Ma'asumeh a book containing sheets of stickers of people's heads and feet, accessories such as hats and purses, and objects such as sports equipment. Opening the book to a random page, she saw a picture of headless and footless football players engaged in a game. The apparent object of the book was to find the stickers of heads and feet that matched the bodies and circumstances of the pictures on each page. Once I began to explain the idea to Ma'asumeh, she understood instantly and began to inspect the stickers to locate those that matched the setting depicted on the page. She placed the heads of men wearing football helmets and the feet in athletic shoes on the correct bodies. She was amused to hear that Americans call

this sport "football" and use another word, soccer, for the game Iranians call football. "Why use that word if the players carry the ball in their hands?" she asked.

When Ma'asumeh completed the page, she began another, this one portraying a circus. She laughed when she held the feet of a lion against the legs of a trapeze artist. She quickly comprehended that she could match the appendages to the corresponding bodies to complete the scene, or she could choose other stickers to create amusing, nonsensical combinations. Making her decision, she happily filled the circus page with odd items. Her world did not include circuses but magazines and schoolbooks had illustrated such entertainment.

When I offered a similar sticker book to Fathollah's family, the children did not quite understand the idea. Tahereh and her older siblings did not know how to complete the page depicting an opera, for example; they had never heard of such an event. I explained that an opera is similar to the performances (still staged in Iran) that commemorate the tragic deaths of Imam Hosain and his companions (at Karbala in 680). Still, they worried about finding the exact match for each image and asked me repeatedly if their choices were correct and appropriate. I did not succeed in my attempts to show them how to create peculiar combinations, and I wondered about the reasons, especially given Ma'asumeh's immediate comprehension. Perhaps the pictures in Tahereh's book were too foreign to the children.

Early one spring in winter pastures at Dashtak, when I visited Asadollah's camp, many other Qermezi families joined my hosts and me. What began as an ordinary excursion turned into a large, jovial gathering. I was pleased to see that Ma'asumeh and her family were accompanying us.

After a lunch of meat stew and rice in his one-room stone-and-reed hut, Asadollah jumped up to exclaim, "Pukhlidash!" (*dash* means stones). Translating for me but puzzled by his enthusiasm, my mother initially said that Asadollah referred to Dashtak's rocky terrain and the difficult grazing for the sheep, a subject he and his guests had just discussed. Before the rains of autumn and winter stimulated the sprouting of fresh pasture on which the livestock depended in winter and early spring, the pastoralists often complained that their territories were "just stones" (see illustration 12 earlier in this chapter).

When nearly all the men rushed out of the hut to follow Asadollah to a large flat area littered with rocks, we realized that some sort of game was about to commence, and we joined the many attentive spectators along the

sidelines. Then and later, no one could explain why the name of the game means "shitty stones" (or perhaps it means only "little stones").

The men split quickly into two teams. Later I saw that the best players had joined opposite sides so they could compete against one another. Each team set up stones on its half of the wide playing field. The players called the largest stone the "shepherd." They placed seven smaller, more inconspicuous rocks – the "sheep" – upright behind and to either side of the shepherd. One team moved away from its prepared stones while men on the other team took turns throwing rocks at the shepherd. If someone accidentally struck a sheep instead, sometimes by ricochet, a person quickly reset it. When all the players on a team completed their turn and no one had yet hit the shepherd, the other team took its chance for downing the opposing side's shepherd.

When someone finally knocked over the shepherd or even shattered it by the force of his blow, he earned an additional throw, and this time he aimed at a sheep. Then his teammates took turns downing the rest of the sheep. If they all missed, the players on the opposing side resumed their attacks. I could not see how the men distinguished the sheep from the myriad of other small stones cluttering the playing field but they managed to do so. The players kept track of one another's efforts and jested about wild throws. The men cried "luck!" when someone hit a target, while his teammates retorted by shouting "skill!"

By now I differentiated those who were experienced from those who were still learning or were inept. Thrown hard, the stones often split or burst into pieces upon impact, potentially injuring someone. The men and boys who served as the shepherds for their families' herds were usually the most adept at stone-throwing; every day they chased away predators, diverted sheep from wandering, and forced goats that climbed the rocky slopes to return to the herd. They also aimed at random objects to entertain themselves during their long, lonely vigils.

When one team knocked over (if not shattered) the shepherd and the seven sheep on the opposing team's side, both teams joined forces to take turns throwing stones at the remaining sheep. The losing team began to back away when only one sheep still stood; after someone felled it, the winners chased the losers and jumped on their backs. Even before all the sheep were hit, Ma'asumeh's cousin, Sa'id, ran far away to avoid being ridden but to no avail. A player on the opposite team pursued him, leapt on his back, and pushed him to the ground. Sa'id's brother, Mas'ud, overdressed in the trousers he wore while attending university in Tehran, also anticipated the next stage and ran prematurely. An opposing player caught him, and they

landed in a patch of mud. Embarrassed but in good humor, Mas'ud returned to the camp to change clothes.

The players, particularly those on the losing side who wanted to prove their skills to others, headed back to the field to prepare a new set of stones. Some older boys, spectators during the first game, walked some distance away to set up their own. One day they would be as experienced as their fathers and uncles were and would serve as role models for the next generation of boys.

The participants found this game engaging and amusing. Yet more subtle issues were also relevant. In a society where pastoralism was the main means of survival, people needed expertise in the art of shepherding the animals and protecting them against predators, thieves, and injuries. The game of pukhlidash offered men and boys an opportunity to practice techniques necessary for effective herding and earned them praise for excelling. It also allowed them to engage in friendly competition and to establish a ranking among those who were the most proficient. Such a congenial contest provided an incentive necessary for the continuation of this mode of life. Often enough to need the skill, these men engaged in violent disputes with encroachers on their land and deployed rocks as weapons in their mini-battles. During the migrations they defended their livestock against smugglers. Observing one another in this and similar games, men discerned which ones would serve as effective allies in confrontational situations. All men carried scars that attested to such encounters, both friendly and hostile. The competitive stick-fighting game (*chub bazi*) performed to music by men at weddings could be equally rough and served some of the same purposes. Through their contests, men found allies on whom to rely in times of crisis.

Ma'asumeh, her two brothers, seven of her young cousins, and I decided to seek our own adventure. We escaped from the mainly adult crowd. The children and I climbed over stony ridges and through small valleys, each one marking the home territory of yet another nomadic family. Finding a secluded spot on a grassy hillside, Ramin demonstrated how to set a bird trap by digging a shallow depression in the ground. He balanced a rock slab (at a slant) on a thin stick shoved in the hole. The other children turned over stones to search for insects. With a triumphant shout, Houman – the youngest among them – located a large centipede and hastened toward Ramin, who pinioned the insect in the hole with a barbed thorn broken from a bush. Houman interacted well with these slightly older children; he was often subdued at home, overshadowed and overwhelmed by his rambunctious young brother. We lay silently and motionless in wait.

14. Ramin holding the wild bird he trapped, winter pastures, Dashtak, 1995. He has strung yarn through the bird's nostrils.

A small maroon-and-white songbird spotted the squirming centipede and alighted in the hole, its wings knocking down the stick supporting the slab. Ramin grabbed the trapped bird and yanked out one of its long tail feathers to use for threading a length of yarn through the bird's nostrils. He let me hold the end of the string while the unfortunate bird flew in circles above my head. I admired the children's ingenuity but felt sorry for the animal and later ensured that we freed it.

When Ramin had extracted the wad of yarn from his pocket, I saw that he also carried a handcrafted penknife, wooden matches, a piece of fabric, and a metal disk – all potentially usable by a young boy setting out on an excursion in the mountains. Huckleberry Finn would have been similarly prepared.

As we continued our venturesome trek away from Asadollah's camp, we stopped for a moment on a distant ridge. Looking back, we saw the tiny figures of the men still playing pukhlidash in a valley far below. Much farther away we saw Lake Famur, a sweet-water lake full of fish and water fowl and glistening in the sun like the surface of a mirror. On another day we enjoyed an outing there, accompanied by another large Qermezi group.

When my mother and I arrived one morning at Ma'asumeh's camp, we saw that the construction we had heard about was still underway. Ma'asumeh's uncle, Hosain Ali, was replacing his family's low canvas tent with a new stone building located just uphill from the tent.

Until several years earlier, Hosain Ali had always lived in the black goat-hair tent of his parents but then decided to erect a more protective, wind-resistant canvas one. That tent proved to be too hot in midday; canvas does not allow the sun's heat (or the fire's smoke) to dissipate in crosscurrents of air, unlike goat-hair fabric. Unhappy with both shelters and nourishing new expectations about comfortable living, Hosain Ali considered a third type of dwelling. After borrowing money from a town merchant to pay for construction materials, he was now ready for a cooler, more permanent and sheltering structure. Nevertheless, he said he regretted the change; he associated the black tent with a way of life he still cherished. He often asked, "Will I ever return to the lifestyle I experienced as a young boy? Will my sons ever understand how their ancestors and I had struggled to survive?"

Hosain Ali, his reluctant son Shapur, and his energetic brother Filamarz were building the new house along with many male relatives who had volunteered to help. During the past month, Hosain Ali had generously assisted his kinsmen in times of need. Hearing, for example, that a cousin was shoring up the stone walls of his water reservoir, for fear of a collapse, Hosain Ali would show up early to help the men assembled there. Today he welcomed reciprocity from those he had recently aided.

Ma'asumeh and the other children, dashing about and anxious to participate, ran to greet me and show me the incomplete building. Men were finishing a stone wall, and a few others were laying long tree trunks across what would be the roof. Hosain Ali's younger sons lugged large stones to the

15. Zohreh and Farideh near a house under construction, summer pastures, Hanalishah, 1997. Zohreh's canvas tent stands to the left. The canopy of branches (their leaves now wilted) had provided a place for work in the shade.

men on the ground, who tossed them to others on top of the wall where they set them in fresh cement mixed with sand and sifted dirt. The rectangular dwelling would consist of a single four-sided room with two doorways that led to a broad, open-air porch along the front length. The two doorways would allow women and children to enter and exit the room without disturbing guests seated at the other end. Three brick columns placed at even intervals would support the porch roof.

As I stepped inside to imagine the final structure, I was surprised to see how small the interior was. The family's goat-hair tent had been more spacious. The room under construction did not seem large enough for Hosain Ali, his wife Zohreh, four growing boys (the oldest of whom would soon marry and bring his bride here), and frequent guests who stayed overnight. As a leader of the nomads in this territory, Hosain Ali entertained more visitors than any other man.

With obvious chagrin, Hosain Ali explained to me that he had planned for the room to be larger but had forgotten to include in his measurements the width of the walls, each one half a meter thick. Several days earlier he had carefully marked on the ground – with white pebbles – the size of the room

he wanted. Yet in his excitement he and the other workers began building the walls inward from those lines rather than outward, thus significantly decreasing the area that Hosain Ali had intended for living space.

New to house-building, these Qermezi had begun only several years earlier to erect permanent structures. Hosain Ali discovered other problems that he had also not anticipated. He worried that the roof beams, each a complete, round tree trunk, were insufficiently dried and might buckle and cause the roof to separate from the supporting walls. He failed to include in his calculations the time the cement in the walls and floor would need to harden before he could move in his family's belongings.

Hosain Ali's wife, Zohreh, insisted that this "migration," like the hundreds they had taken in the past, should not occur until an auspicious day arrived. Although joking about the short distance they would need to travel, she regarded this step seriously, in the same way she would a major relocation. If they rushed ahead to "migrate" on an inauspicious day, some misfortune would likely befall them, and she feared taking the risk. By insisting that they postpone the move, Zohreh adapted customary beliefs to the new circumstances.

Now aware of these limitations and reluctantly heeding his wife's warnings, Hosain Ali found that he needed to change his schedule, already full because of the pastoral and agricultural tasks he must complete before he and his family could migrate to winter pastures. Zohreh was anxious for him to build a concrete-block structure for cooking and storage alongside the house against an outer wall, but Hosain Ali wanted to finish other parts first. He had not yet built the steps leading up to the porch, which stood more than a meter off the ground, and people wanting to enter the house needed to swing themselves up onto the high ledge (an undignified effort for distinguished guests).

Ma'asumeh and I walked behind Zohreh's new home where her brothers, Ahmad and Farhad, were building their own model house out of sticks and the chalky yellow bricks left over from the columns that would support the porch roof. Their construction replicated the one the men were currently fashioning, with one room, wooden roof-support beams, and a wide porch. Ma'asumeh and I began to build a version of Ma'asumeh's house but without a roof so that we could fit inside. When we exhausted our supply of bricks, Ma'asumeh quickly grabbed one and then another from her brothers' replica when the twins were preoccupied. As I followed her example, our house grew taller while theirs diminished.

Several weeks later I saw that Zohreh and her family were occupying the new dwelling. I remarked on the vast temperature difference outside and

inside. I had not realized that these walls, although thick, could provide so much natural insulation against the high heat outside. Once the mortar had dried sufficiently, Hosain Ali and his helpers had plastered the interior walls (the stacked-stone core) with a mixture of wet cement, sand, and sifted dirt and then smoothened the surface with a piece of metal.

Zohreh was pleased about the other benefits that these walls provided. Unlike the pliable sides of the goat-hair and canvas tents, these walls protected their belongings from wind, dust, and debris. After gusty nights, she needed to shake the bedding and sweep the knotted and felt rugs less often. Soon they would hang a mirror on one wall and an ornamental battery-powered clock encased in clear plastic sheeting on another. Nails driven here and there already held a towel, a jacket, and a calendar sporting the face of the Ayatollah Khomeini (a congratulatory gift from a Persian visitor). When another guest grimaced at the dour portrait, Hosain Ali noted that he would gladly discard the calendar when the year was over.

On an inside wall I noticed a pattern resembling the head of a wolf on the bare concrete surface. Unable at first to identify the shape, Zohreh said the image was unintended. By chance the smoothening motion on the still-wet cement had created the head. I saw that Zohreh's family contemplated it with wonder; the wolf is an animal that the Qermezi respect.

One feature of the new house had perplexed Zohreh. She wondered how she would fit the stack of baggage in the small interior space. The pile was functional because she and the family needed its contents every day, but it was also a symbol of the home and family and should be displayed prominently. She arranged the goods in several different ways, only to discover that each method restricted the remaining living space. Then it suddenly occurred to her to set the baggage perpendicular to a long interior wall, not against the wall as other nomads did who moved into houses. She left a small space open for people to squeeze between what were now two rooms. The area available for guests on one side of the barricade was smaller than Hosain Ali wanted, but at least she had a semiprivate space on the other side. Soon the family began to use the open-air porch for napping and even sleeping at night if the weather permitted it. The porch also proved convenient for entertaining visitors around a charcoal fire set in a brazier, where they could roast the wild game birds they had shot that day.

Few Qermezi expressed their religious beliefs through the core rituals of Islam, such as daily prayers. As a semi-isolated, semiautonomous people, the Qashqa'i exercised some control over outside influences including the

religion now actively disseminated from Tehran and other cities. Only those who studied or worked in cities and towns felt the direct pressure of this wider society, and only a few of them seemed to accept the indoctrination they received there in their schools and workplaces and through the state-controlled media.

Nahid (Ma'asumeh's cousin), for example, was one of the first Qermezi to attend the girls' tribal high school in Shiraz, a government-run institution for children of nomadic families living in remote rural areas. Teachers and administrators there, who affiliated with tribes and held beliefs similar to those of the nomads, reluctantly obeyed state mandates. They instructed the girls to pray together three times a day; fast during the month of Ramadan; study Islam, the Qur'an, and Arabic; dress modestly; and live by other Islamic tenets. Muslims are required to pray five times a day at specified periods – dawn, noon, midafternoon, sunset, and dusk – but many people in Iran combined two of the prayers with two others, thus reducing the total to three prayer sessions.

By these means, the government attempted to standardize the beliefs and practices of the students, to connect them with institutionalized Islam as defined by Iran's ruling clergy, and to use the students as vehicles for disseminating the religion among their tribes at home. Yet when Nahid returned home to summer pastures at the end of each academic year, she participated in none of these religious acts (except for some degree of modest dress) and exerted no religious influence on her family, kin, and tribal groups. She and other students did not express any religious sentiments, and their scorn for the urban clergy and the state it controlled grew more vehement.

Some outside pressures did affect Ma'asumeh, perhaps because of her young age. One morning she and I were playing soccer in the enclosed courtyard of her small house on the outskirts of Kazerun, where her father Filamarz taught high school. Bareheaded and casually dressed in pants and a knit shirt, both vibrantly colored and patterned, Ma'asumeh dashed back and forth with me until her mother called us for lunch. Afterwards I sat with her father to show him a book I was reading, and soon others gathered around. At some point I glanced up to see that a girl wearing a school uniform had joined the circle. Her face was turned to the side, and I assumed she was visiting from a neighboring house. When she looked at me, I saw who she was. What struck me at the time was not the severe uniform, Ma'asumeh's hair and body now fully concealed in folds of navy-blue fabric, but Ma'asumeh's suddenly sedate and passive behavior. Until this moment I had never witnessed my friend dressed for school; she had begun first grade that year. The behavior her urban school required her to adopt emerged the

instant she donned the mandatory garb, even within the friendly confines of her family's home. (The shortage of schools and teachers in Kazerun forced a split schedule – boys attending in the mornings and girls in the afternoons.) Administrators of Ma'asumeh's school periodically instructed the pupils to chant the phrase, "Death to America!" (*marg bar Amrika*). Shaken by even this simple form of indoctrination, Ma'asumeh ran home crying after school the first day and sobbed to her mother, "I don't want Julia to die!"

Despite, and because of, the anti-America slogans broadcast by the state media and painted on walls in cities and towns, many Iranians displayed mixed attitudes toward the United States. Iran's government attempted through its strict rules to force people to reject "Western" influences, but its diligent efforts seemed only to focus people's minds on them. Some government leaders and their supporters condemned the United States in overt ways. One agency painted – on a prominent building facing a major east-west highway in Tehran – a huge American flag hung to depict bombs dropping from the stripes, skulls instead of stars, and a prominent slogan in English ("Down with the US!"). Still, many Iranians longed for American products and entertainments, and teenagers imitated the way their American counterparts dressed and behaved.

Clothing factories and workshops in Iran copied American brand name items and attempted to deceive buyers into thinking that these clothes were genuine, imported, high-quality goods. Workers sewed counterfeit labels and insignia on manufactured and tailored apparel to trick buyers. Throughout Iran, children and young adults wore shirts displaying slogans in English as if foreign writing alone made the attire superior. Often the words were misspelled and the phrases peculiar. A boy's shirt proclaimed, "Let's dancing!" above the image of a man skiing. A girl's blouse depicted many black-and-white-spotted dogs with large block letters reading, "101 Dogmations." A Persian peddler who traveled by motorcycle to collect fresh milk from the nomads' camps at Dashtak in the early spring often wore a knitted sweater whose pattern was copied directly from a German company's business card, including the address and telephone and facsimile numbers.

Bahram, the eldest brother of Hosain Ali and Filamarz (and Ma'asumeh's uncle), was one of the few ardently practicing Muslims among the Qermezi. After his sixteen-year-old son died in the Iraq-Iran war, he became an even more rigid follower of Islam. Bahram was one of fifteen or so hezbollahis in the Qermezi tribe. He was the only full-time nomadic pastoralist among them; all the others lived in villages and towns and worked as revolutionary guards or other military personnel or held jobs in government offices. Their overt expressions of devotion to Islam and Iran's revolutionary movement

meant they could find work in the Islamic government, even at a time of job scarcity and high unemployment.

Meaning "partisan of the party of God," the term "hezbollahi" in Iran (unlike in Lebanon) referred more to an attitude than to a specific group. Hezbollahis proclaimed certain politico-religious ideas and identified with one another but did not function as an organization. They regarded themselves as "truly revolutionary"; they avidly supported the revolution and the Ayatollah Khomeini and firmly opposed foreign imperialism. They wanted Iran to distance itself from the major imperialistic world powers, especially the United States and Great Britain. Hezbollahis asserted that Iran was the first and only truly nonaligned country. "Neither East nor West" was one of their slogans.

Bahram, who had changed his religious beliefs and practices soon after the revolution and the war, tried to prevent the Qermezi from dancing and playing music at weddings, and he wanted men and women to form separate groups at public and even private gatherings. He claimed that he acted according to Islam but almost all other Qermezi insisted that their traditional customs did not contradict Islamic values and in fact affirmed them.

Celebrants at Qashqa'i weddings came to pay their respects to the families of the groom and bride and also to enjoy themselves and interact with the relatives and tribespeople whom they rarely saw otherwise. Singing, dancing, playing music, and competing in the choreographed stick-fighting game were essential parts of Qashqa'i weddings and helped to define this distinctive society and culture. Women and men were eager to begin the festivities before the hezbollahis arrived; once the music and dancing started, the hezbollahis found it difficult to stop them (see plates 2, 10).

The high mountains at Hanalishah obscure the horizon to the west, and dusk rises in the east sooner than it falls in the west.

When the sky darkened and night began to fall, I gave Ma'asumeh and her brothers and cousins glow-in-the-dark plastic stars. We activated the iridescence by pressing the stars against the glass chimney of a lit kerosene lantern. Each star's color was unique, such as neon green and hot pink. As we stumbled in the dark on our way outside, Ma'asumeh suggested that we play a game of blind tag. We each rushed in a different direction.

Not holding an iridescent star, one designated player needed to stalk and touch another player. The tagged player then joined the pursuer in the hunt for the others, the goal being to find everyone. The last person found was ostensibly the game's winner but no one in these kinds of games was

so competitive as to celebrate. (I describe one exception above, the stone-throwing game, but it featured adult men who held their own reasons for being aggressive.) Except for deemphasizing the contest, I noticed that the children approached the game of blind tag in much the same way as American youths did.

Even Amin joined us. He apparently considered himself too mature to participate in activities deemed suitable for his younger brother and cousins and had recently stopped playing with them. Yet our game looked too entertaining to miss, and it offered Amin an opportunity to exhibit his prowess in running nimbly in the dark without tripping over the stones cluttering the ground. He volunteered to be the pursuer. We delighted in this game for an hour or so, never tiring, until Dariush arrived in the Land Rover.

My mother knew that I always felt sad when we left such a pleasant family gathering, especially if we departed abruptly. She tried to tempt Dariush to stay a while so the children and I could let our play run its course. Dariush had his own news to convey about the day's disputes over pastureland, and the adults gathered around him in anticipation.

In a society where communication was oral (and not written or broadcast), each tribesperson – to make daily, often crucial, decisions – depended on information coming from outside his or her immediate family and residential community. A man planning to sell sheep in Isfahan but lacking vehicular transport might hear that several distant kinsmen faced a similar predicament and would agree to split the costs of a hired truck. By visiting one another, people stayed in contact and learned about recent events.

The darkness was absolute on a cloudy night. On a clear night, a multitude of stars brilliantly lit the vast landscape around us. Ranges of rugged mountains hid the nearest town thirty kilometers away, and no artificial lights drowned out the stars. As the moon grew full, it illuminated the terrain to such an extent that I did not need a flashlight when I filled my water bottles at the spring downhill from our camp. As I contemplated the surrounding slopes and gazed toward the mountain peaks that hide the horizon, I could see the twinkle of fires and lanterns marking neighboring encampments. The sounds of dogs barking told me in other ways how the nomads were dispersed in camps across the landscape. Each dog patrolled its own camp's borders.

With a definitive snip of the shears, Ma'asumeh proudly cut her first knotted carpet from its small loom. Although she may not have realized it at the time, this gesture symbolized an important landmark along Ma'asumeh's path from girlhood to womanhood.

After Ma'asumeh's repeated urgings, her mother Farideh had set up the loom next to her own, under a woven goat-hair awning outside the house. Possibly remembering her own first weaving project, Farideh knew that Ma'asumeh would be motivated to weave in the future if she derived pleasure from creating her own carpet.

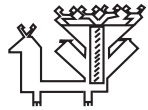
The design of Ma'asumeh's first carpet was simple, a plain navy-blue border with a beige center field, constructed from yarn left over from her mother's last knotted carpet. Ma'asumeh remarked that she had wanted to weave in the center the figure of a big-horned, wild sheep – an animal of symbolic importance to the Qashqa'i. Yet, she noted, the effort would have taken too long, and she had been anxious to finish the project before her family migrated to winter pastures. Summer was ending.

When I asked Ma'asumeh what she intended to do with her first weaving, she shrugged her shoulders as if to indicate that she had already fulfilled the purpose of her efforts. Known for his insensitivity, one of her cousins pointed to the wasteland behind the house and gestured that she should toss the weaving there, to join a summer's worth of miscellaneous debris. If the carpet's fate was so bleak, then I wanted the weaving for myself, but I did not know how Ma'asumeh would respond to the request. I refrained from asking her (and I never did discover what happened to it).

On a previous visit to these summer pastures, I found a similar, smaller weaving, obviously a girl's first one, but weather-beaten and half-buried in the sandy dirt on a hillside where perhaps a jealous brother or a male cousin had thrown it. At the time I was searching for fossils, and I wondered about the propriety of taking an object that had once belonged to someone. The miniature carpet must have been precious to the weaver, at least when she wove it, and so I unobtrusively rescued it from further abuse by placing it in my bag of fossils.

3

NAHID
Integrating Formal Education with a Customary Lifestyle



At the base of a large boulder, which, ten or even hundreds of years ago, broke free and toppled from the mountain peak above, crushing every rock and shrub in its path to rest at this particular spot, only fifty meters from the encampment of several tribesmen – at the base, as I have said, of this huge rock, whose massive girth throws only a margin of shade from the hot pre-noonday sun, causing the cluster of chickens, huddling there seeking refuge from the brightness and corresponding heat of the penetrating rays from above, to fight for a cool sleeping place, squawking and pecking and throwing feathers – there, at the base of this boulder, squatting with his back to the raw bedrock landmark and gazing over the ambling sheep and goats that are his charges, rests a lonely shepherd.

Born in 1984, Nahid has three sisters and four brothers. Her father is Mohammad Karim, and her mother is Bulgais, a member of the Qarehqanli tribe (another of the Darrehshuri tribes). Dorna (chapter 1) is the daughter of Nahid's father's sister's daughter. Ma'asumeh (chapter 2) is Nahid's father's sister's daughter. Fariba (chapter 4) is Nahid's father's sister. And Falak (chapter 5) is Nahid's grandmother, her father's mother.

"Synonym of happy." Nahid wrote the word "happy" with her sole writing utensil, the stub of a pencil with dull-green lead, on a blank page of her sister's tattered exercise book.

16. Julia, Nahid, Samangol, and Atifeh on the porch of Falak's new house, summer pastures, Hanalishah, 1997.

"Happy? Okay. Glad, joyful, joyous, cheerful, merry . . ." I paused to allow her time to write. "Lively, delighted, pleased, mirthful, exuberant . . ." I began to exhaust the synonyms that came to mind. "Um . . . ecstatic, elated, radiant, ebullient, euphoric . . ." Nahid was now writing furiously to follow my growing list. "Excited, jovial, enthusiastic, joyful . . . Did I already say joyful?"

"Yes. How do I spell 'enthusiastic'?" Nahid drew out the vowels of the syllables by pronouncing the word "in-tuu-zee-aas-tic."

As I slowly spelled the word for her, Nahid wrote it in cursive, a new way of rendering English that I had taught her earlier, which she said pleased her eye. With its connected letters, cursive resembles Persian writing, which printed English does not. Nahid transliterated each English term in Persian script, accompanied by the diacritical marks that specify the short vowels so she could refer to the pronunciation later.

"I am . . . enthuseeastic," she read the word from her page. "You are exuberant." Nahid thought for a few seconds and then laughed at the complicated new sounds.

Two of Nahid's older sisters were studying in the city of Shiraz for high school examinations (the third was married and lived elsewhere), so Nahid and I were often able to spend time alone together.

This day we were relaxing, secluded in the thatched hut in front of Nahid's small house in summer pastures. Nahid had built the goat-hair-fabric-and-brush shelter because the room for cooking and storage, where she ordinarily wove, already held her mother's loom. To ensure greater privacy, she had angled the hut so no one sitting on the porch or leaving the house could see directly inside it.

Sixteen years old, Nahid is one of the first Qermezi to attend the girls' tribal high school in Shiraz, and she spoke English more proficiently than any other Qermezi schoolchildren. Sixteen years is actually fifteen according to Western standards. The nomads – and other Iranians – determine a person's age according to the year she is living instead of the number of years she has completed. Persians say, "She has put her foot into the sixteenth year."

Nahid's high educational and linguistic achievements would be an accomplishment for anyone. Others her age in Iran and elsewhere would find such a feat difficult, even those individuals (unlike Nahid) who did not inhabit a labor-intensive and demanding environment, who were not required to perform burdens of work at home, and who owned more than meager school supplies. Nahid's thirst for knowledge and her efforts to organize her time helped her to overcome many impediments.

Nahid's red socks peeking out from under her long skirt and black pants, as well as her thigh-length red blouse, confirmed my previous supposition about her favorite color. The dark ends of her long wavy hair extended well below the point of her headscarf in the back.

The style of the nomads' attire derived from custom, habit, and convenience rather than from religion. As far back as women could remember (and well before the coming of the Islamic Republic in 1979), they had always worn some sort of head-covering, including the translucent scarf that accompanied Qashqa'i clothing and showed all the hair. They often said they would feel uncomfortable without some sort of scarf.

A square cloth such as the one Nahid wore, folded in a triangle and tied under the chin, could be temporarily pulled forward to protect the face from harsh sunlight and to shield the eyes from blowing dust. The two ends hanging under the chin were convenient for wiping the face, straining debris from a cup of drinking water, and tying small bundles of seeds or dried herbs. In some circumstances, this simple covering was adequate to appease outsiders who insisted that all women in Iran must dress conservatively. Yet for the Qermezi women wearing such headscarves, their hair showed around their faces and frequently fell below the length of the fabric. If a woman's scarf slipped off, a common-enough occurrence, she would non-

chalantly adjust her hair, refold the cloth, and tie it again under her chin, usually regardless of the presence of men (except for male visitors who were strangers or not kin). Women who wore the more customary diaphanous scarves rarely needed to adjust them; they pinned them securely under the chin, sometimes with a gold ornament, and attached them to the small cap they often wore.

"I am going to the house but will be back in a minute," Nahid noted as she rose from the loom.

She returned with a purple plastic folder containing the letters my schoolmates in Saint Louis had written to the nomad schoolchildren in 1998. Having already read this year's (1999) letters several times this summer, we began studying the correspondence from previous years. During the sixth grade, most of my classmates at Forsyth School had sent letters for me to deliver to the Qermezi students. Nahid studied their photograph taken at the Class-of-1998 reunion before our seventh grade began, when we all dispersed to new schools. The picture shows us standing in the gymnasium at Forsyth after we had inaugurated our class gift to the school, a balance beam near the ceiling, ten meters from the floor. I did not succeed in explaining to Nahid this challenging exercise device and the harness and helmet that each climber wore. Some aspects of my other life I could not translate; the informational and cultural gap was simply too wide.

Nahid turned the illustrated cover page and began to read the first letter silently while she mouthed the words. Occasionally she asked me the meaning of a word, which she wrote in her exercise book. She was so familiar with these as well as previous and subsequent sets of letters that I could tell she had studied them many times.

I could not help but wonder if the American students would have written longer, more detailed letters if they had known that so many people would scrutinize and appreciate their words. The recipients included Nahid and many other Qermezi students, who then showed the documents to families and friends. Nahid carried the letters with her to school in Shiraz where other tribal students read them. I gave copies to the Qermezi men and women who are teachers, and they discussed them with their students and with other teachers. Young Qermezi adults attending university also expressed interest in them and copied them for classmates to read.

In their letters, the Americans refer to the Qermezi students as "Iranians," despite my efforts to explain that they identify themselves, instead, as

members of the Qermezi tribe and the Qashqa'i tribal confederacy – the groups that receive their primary loyalty. The Qermezi youngsters reside in the nation-state of Iran but belong to a large, prominent ethnic minority that past and current governments in Iran have harassed and persecuted. Only under certain circumstances, such as during Saddam Hossein's military attacks against Iran in the 1980s, would these students consider themselves "Iranians" (despite, and because of, the persisting indoctrination of the government, schools, and the media).

The cover page for the previous year's letters announces: "Letters to Qermezi Schoolchildren. From the Sixth-Grade Students. Forsyth School. Saint Louis, Missouri, USA. May 1998." Nahid and I began with three letters and then continued with the others.

> Dear Iranian Schoolchildren,
>
> It has been a year since we last wrote to you. We are graduating from the sixth grade at Forsyth School. In the autumn we will all be going to different schools. It feels strange that I will be leaving my friends but I am excited to be having new experiences. We have learned many interesting things this year. It was great to study about different societies and cultures. I now have a better understanding about how different people live around the world. We learned about Islam. I wonder what you learn in school. I participate in many different activities. I play soccer and baseball, ride my bicycle, skate on roller blades, and work with younger children in a volunteer program. I really enjoy playing with my friends. I look forward to hearing from you again when Julia returns from her summer visit with you. I hope you are well. Peace.
>
> Sincerely,
>
> Josh Harris

> Dear Iranian Friends,
>
> I was very happy to get your letters. You wrote them very well. I thank you for answering our questions. Now I will answer yours. I go to school at eight o'clock in the morning and return home at half past three in the afternoon. We have forty-five minutes of sports every day. We take languages such as Spanish, French, and Latin. We learn algebra and science and study human

anatomy. In social studies, we learn about different religions including Islam. I was interested to read about the prophet Mohammad, the holy Qur'an, and the five pillars of faith. In this class, we are now mapping all of the countries of the world from memory, and I always think about you when I draw Iran's borders. The Persian Gulf and the Caspian Sea make it easier for me to situate Iran than many landlocked countries. Some of the other subjects we take are current events, literature, language arts, drama, and music. During our summer vacations we go to outdoor sports camps. We also travel with our families. Every summer my family drives to the state of Michigan where we own a vacation home. I enjoyed telling you about our school and our summer vacations. Now I have some more questions for you. Do you watch television? Are you going to view the upcoming World Cup soccer tournament? Have any of you visited the United States? What do you think of our country? Again, I thank you for your letters. Write back soon so that I can learn many more interesting things about Iran and your lifestyle.

Your Friend,

Erin Lingle

Dear Iranian Children,

I am glad to receive your wonderful letters, and it seems that you spent much time writing them. How is your life in Iran? Are you having fun in school? I am having fun in Saint Louis even though it is very hot! I will now answer several of your questions. I really like to be friends with people from other countries. A friend of mine here is from Iran, and he is very nice. Another of your questions is why our government is so hostile toward your government. That is a difficult question for children in the sixth grade to answer because we do not know much about Iran or the reasons for our government's actions. I hope that you will write back soon! Bye!

Sincerely,

Sawyer Williams

After finishing all the letters, Nahid asked me to describe in more detail certain aspects of life that my classmates had mentioned, such as parties, homework, and examinations. As on previous occasions, she was puzzled that the students rarely (if ever) mention their parents, siblings, or other relatives. I explained once more the circumstances of these students (and many others in the United States). Many students were the only children in their families, or they had only one sibling, and their many academic and extracurricular activities consumed their time. Both parents held jobs far away from home, and families rarely spent much time together, even to share meals. Daily stress and conflict over finances sometimes led to divorce, and single parents experienced difficulties raising their children alone. These issues intrigued Nahid because they differed so much from her own society and culture.

Nahid has twenty-five first cousins on her father's side and as many on her mother's side. She found it difficult to believe that many adults in the United States have only one or two children and harder yet that I have only three first cousins. Every day she interacted with scores of relatives while many of my classmates rarely saw any relatives outside their own nuclear families. Her group's ceremonies regularly drew many hundreds of kin while my classmates had never met many of their own relatives. Nahid was able to name and identify by precise kinship connections literally thousands of relatives while most of my friends could not do so for any kin beyond the small circle of those they periodically saw. She could name five or more generations of direct ancestors while some of my friends did not remember the first and last names of their own grandparents.

The Qashqa'i valued children; they were the future of each tribe. Couples bore many offspring because, they said, the rate of survival was low due to difficult living conditions and limited access to medical services. They required multiple children to perform the diverse tasks of daily living, especially because they knew that some of them would die from injuries and undiagnosed and untreated illnesses.

Once again Nahid inspected the photograph of my classmates attending the reunion, and I gave details about each person, pointed out my closest friends, and explained why a few students had not written letters that year. Looking at photographs from previous years, she asked about the students who are absent in the reunion picture and wondered why they did not attend the event. Nahid matched each person with her or his letter and could often discern their personalities simply by judging facial and bodily expressions and the manner of dress. One boy, she said, must cause his teachers quite a headache; one girl appeared shy and awkward.

Nahid (and many others who viewed this and other photographs) wanted me yet one more time to tell the story about a classmate who was born in a rural, tribal part of New Guinea and who was adopted as an infant by an American-British couple. She and other Qermezi said they could not imagine any of them being taken away from the tribe, raised in an unknown society half a world away by strangers who spoke a foreign language, and kept from returning home. These Qermezi had not encountered adoption until the previous year when a childless couple living near a town heard about an orphaned Persian girl and asked to care for her. Homeless orphans in Iran were rare because the extended families and kinship groups of orphaned children would provide for them. If by rare chance both parents of a Qermezi child would die, the father's family would care for the child as one of its own, which in fact that child had always been.

Every year Nahid wrote a comprehensive letter to respond to my classmates. One year, when I visited her family in its hut in winter pastures at Dashtak, she was completing her multi-page letter. (The family's residence during the harshest part of winter was a one-room stone-and-reed structure similar to the schoolhouse depicted in plate 5.) Nahid held a book under the document so her pen would not perforate the page by poking into the carpet's plush pile. As she neatly recopied the letter in straight lines, editing and clarifying as she went, she showed me the cover page she had skillfully decorated with drawings: a goat-hair tent festooned with tasseled decorations, mountains rising in the background; a girl seated at a loom; and several girls dancing at a wedding. She asked me to bring the English translation of her letter the next time I visited so she could compare the two versions. Then she constructed a staple from a bit of wire by sharpening both ends with a knife. Her younger brother Arash lay on the carpet beside her while he studied a schoolbook. Both huddled close to the kerosene lantern; the hut's single window, small and covered with waxed paper, admitted little natural light.

When Mohammad Karim walked in to see his two children squinting in the poorly lit room, he instructed them to hold their pages exactly thirty centimeters from their eyes so they would not strain them. He then strolled back outside. Ignoring their father's advice, Nahid and Arash continued working after glancing up briefly at him as he departed. I assumed that Mohammad Karim, who otherwise took little obvious notice of his children's efforts in education, had heard this piece of information in town and thought he should impart it at home. The vision in one of his eyes was impaired, the result of a beating he had received in prison after the revolution, and so his concern was also personal. So far, his four sons had demonstrated

little aptitude in school, and Nahid was the first of his offspring to excel in academics.

"Do you want to visit Dariush's orchard?" I asked Nahid after she had beckoned to me from her weaving hut at Hanalishah.

I knew she enjoyed our sojourns there, especially because they gave her a chance to escape from imminent, tedious chores. As she slipped on her shoes, she told her mother Bulgais where we were going, and then we set out uphill and crossed the stream to the west of the dirt road. The route through the orchards to Dariush's was pleasant. We avoided the hot sun and the dusty track, and the irrigation channels and the uneven footing lengthened the journey and kept us away from the camp longer. We stopped to rest beneath an apricot tree next to a stream and picked a few ripe fruit, washed them, and savored the luscious snack.

Suddenly Nahid gripped my shoulder. "Snake!" She pointed in the direction of a clump of tall rushes next to the brook.

Instantly alert, I inhaled sharply. "Where?" When I looked back at her, I saw her laughing, and I relaxed.

Without fail we always fell for this joke, which we often played on one another. The pattern had begun a few years earlier when we spotted a large snake approaching us. Then the reptile was gone; presumably it slid into a tunnel. Lizards and small snakes were common, but this snake, on whose territory we had trespassed, was massive. Continuing our stroll through the orchards, we stopped occasionally to wash an apple or an apricot and to peel and crack open a walnut.

Instead of stopping at Dariush's orchard, we proceeded along a dry streambed and paused at a spring to cup our hands and drink the cold, sweet water. This particular place is locally renowned for its delicious water. Our walking was slow-paced; gravel and large stones filled the dry duct. Soon we climbed the base of a mountain rising above the bank of a former river (now artificially diverted into many irrigation channels) and sat comfortably in a hollow niche in the steep slope. The floor, walls, and ceiling of the small cave consist of shale, and we pried loose some layers. Throwing small slabs across the riverbed, each of us tried to be the first to hit a hole in a cliff facing us. Developed through years of herding sheep, Nahid's skill manifested itself when she hit the target several times before I did even once.

While we talked for a few minutes in two languages, Nahid began to collect round pebbles. She threw them on the ground in front of her and selected one. Then, tossing the chosen stone in the air, she grabbed another

pebble before catching the first one with the same hand. When she had gathered all the stones one by one, she repeated the process but picked two at a time during a throw, then three at a time, and then four.

I found a hefty slab of slate in the back of the cave and dragged it over between us. After I wiped off the surface and positioned the slab to rest as horizontal as possible, I pulled a small leather pouch from my hip sack, untied the drawstring, and emptied out the contents. Nahid paused to watch me repeat the same game – but with a blue superball and small silver objects with six rounded points. Then I handed another leather pouch to Nahid, who examined the contents (an orange superball and golden jacks) in wonder at their color and shape. "Play," I told her, and she scattered the jacks on the slate's surface. Her marvel became more apparent as she replicated her prior motions (except for allowing the ball to bounce), and she laughed when she understood that other people in the world knew the rock game that all Qermezi children enjoyed and probably thought they had invented. Suddenly Nahid seized the pebbles with which she had been playing and cast them across the dead river without bothering to see where they landed.

With mixed emotions I realized what Nahid must be feeling, and I hoped she would still value her rock-tossing method. Right away I told her that my friends at home would want to learn her version of the game.

"We have plenty of pebbles there," I added. "Even if we do use a ball, we will practice your game without letting it bounce."

When the nomads tried to imagine how I lived at home in America, they often asked questions such as, "How many sheep does your father own?" and "Do you grow your own food?" I continued to be surprised whenever their first query was, "Do you have rocks in America?" When the nomads looked around, apparently trying to find a point of comparison, they observed the barren landscape and the multitudes of stones and wanted to know if I lived in similar surroundings. My classmates in the United States asked comparable questions, such as, "Do the nomads eat lunch?" "Do they wear shoes?" and "What season is it there?"

Nahid and other youngsters, especially boys, liked playing another game in which they used the knucklebones of sheep that they had extracted, dried, polished, and sometimes dyed (by throwing them into the pot where women were dyeing wool). In the most simple version, as each child prepared to throw a knucklebone on the ground, the others would ask, "With whom do you associate?" The answer would be a king, wise man, thief, or donkey, depending on which side of the knucklebone landed facing up.

17. Atifeh and Samangol finishing the weaving of a knotted carpet, summer pastures, Hanalishah, 1998.

Nahid is the youngest girl in a family of three older sisters, one older brother, and three younger brothers, and her parents expected her to work more than the others. While two of her sisters were away from home readying for examinations (and the third one was already raising her own family), her parents held her responsible for many chores. They included feeding and tending the animals (sheep, goats, horses and their colts, several donkeys, many chickens, and two dogs), milking the ewes and nanny goats, preparing food including dairy products, cooking meals, baking bread, washing clothes and dishes, tidying household possessions, and sweeping the hut and surrounding site. Nahid periodically took apart and neatly reassembled the family's pile of possessions stacked along an interior wall and draped with a large, tassel-trimmed gelim. Her three younger brothers often dug through the baggage without straightening up the pile afterwards, which was annoying for someone like Nahid who tried to live in an orderly fashion. With all this work, Nahid lacked sufficient time for the activities she valued the most: studying her lessons and weaving.

Without much cash income for supporting a wife and seven children (the eighth living elsewhere), Mohammad Karim was not likely to buy adequate school supplies for his daughter. Instead, Nahid made do with materials her

older sisters had discarded. Coming from a family that seemingly did not promote formal education, Nahid had still achieved educational success. Mohammad Karim had not pursued formal education beyond the eighth grade; at the time, he said his lessons contributed little or nothing to the livelihood and lifestyle he expected to follow. Nahid's mother had spent only several years in primary school. Back then, some people regarded any formal education for girls, except for a rudimentary literacy, as unnecessary.

When I noticed that Nahid's stubby colored pencil was her only writing utensil, I gave her a packet of multicolored, fine-point pens. Realizing that they were now hers, she opened her dog-eared exercise book to write a sentence in cursive: "I am elated!" Then she drew a red heart and pointed to me. I asked her where and how she had developed her artistic talents (superior to mine). She replied that the girls in her tribal schools enjoyed drawing during their limited free time. The next day I saw she had used her colorful new pens to create a personal dictionary by rearranging in alphabetical order every word I had recently defined for her.

For five years Nahid had attended the nomads' elementary school, whose teachers moved seasonally between Dashtak and Hanalishah. (She was a student there when I first visited the school in 1991; see the description in chapter 1.) She passed the difficult qualifying examinations for admission to a nomads' middle school in a town near Kazerun, where she performed well during her three years there. She lived in a dormitory with other students and periodically visited home. Then she passed further examinations for admission to the nomads' high school in Shiraz, where she was currently a student. Again, she stayed in a dormitory and went home when she could, the long distance precluding many trips. (I visited her there when I passed through Shiraz on the way to and from Dashtak.) After finishing the four-year course of study, she hoped to pass the qualifying and entrance examinations for university. She needed to achieve high scores to attend one of Iran's tuition-free state universities. Her family lacked the funds to enroll her in the expensive (but lower caliber) private universities.

Early one afternoon following lunch, Nahid and I decided to hike up the nearest mountain. Her father was napping, and Nahid whispered that she could escape from any chores he might assign when he woke up. We told our mothers that we wanted to climb to the outcropping at the summit by way of the mountain's other side. We talked as we rounded the mountain's edge. Here and there on the lower slopes grow thorny, dark-green bushes and waist-high, light-green shrubs, the long, stiff leaves of which women

processed for dyeing sheep's wool for weaving. Three-quarters of the way up the mountain, the plants are sparse, and only bare rock and gravel continue to the top. We rested at the edge of the bushes. Still on the backside of the mountain, we could not see the camp. As we gazed toward the orchards in the valley far to the north, we saw Dariush irrigating his apple trees.

Suddenly I shouted, "Snake!"

Nahid looked startled for a second but then realized that our joke must be in play. Emboldened, she glanced at me as if to say, "The trick didn't work this time. You can't fool me!"

When I continued to point urgently in the same direction, she casually scanned the immediate terrain but then gasped when she saw a black snake more than a meter long with two bright blue stripes running along its back. It slithered into a hole at the base of a nearby bush and disappeared before we could comprehend the possible danger it posed to us. Some snakes here, and also in winter pastures, are poisonous, and the nomads could readily name the tribesmates who were killed or seriously stricken by snakebite. The nomads' most common form of treatment was to apply the gallbladder of a fox, which they dried, pulverized, and stored in a special woven bag along with the packets of many other indigenous remedies of animal, vegetable, and mineral derivation. Some women attached a strand of red yarn so they could grab this particular bundle quickly.

A Darrehshuri khan under whose authority the Qermezi tribe used to fall often told the story of going hunting in the Qashqa'i mountains with a manservant. While climbing a steep slope, the khan reached up to gain a better grip, and a snake he had not seen struck and bit him on the hand. He cried out in surprise. The servant, now frightened, abandoned the khan and ran down the slope to seek help, not for the khan but for himself. Women in the tent he reached grabbed their medicine bag and applied the gallbladder powder to what they thought was the servant's wound. Half an hour later, the khan, incoherent and holding his now-swollen hand, made his way to the same tent. To the nomads' dismay they saw that the khan – and not the servant – had been bitten. They had expended the entire gallbladder to treat the servant and lacked another one for the khan, and by the time they procured the remedy from a faraway camp, they said the period of efficacy had already passed. The leader recovered after several days of pain and fever, and since that time he had ridiculed the servant for his hysteria and neglect of duty.

People commented that this story denigrates either servants or khans – one or the other view usually corresponding with their own place in the tribal hierarchy.

"Did you see the snake?" I asked Nahid. She nodded, still wary.

We decided to continue our hike to the summit rather than to stay where we were and possibly encounter the reptile again. When we reached the top, which consists of large boulders and loose rocks, we looked out over the landscape far below us. There we observed a miniature campsite. Falak's small, one-room house occupied the center, and an open-roofed toilet enclosure sat downhill near the dirt track. We giggled at the thought that we could see directly into the structure, unlike Mohammad Karim's taller, roofed toilet. Behind the house and slightly uphill, two Persian townsmen were patrolling a border they had marked by stone walls topped by barbed wire. (Some years previously, in the confusion over land rights caused by the change in governments, these men had stolen the pastureland of Mohammad Karim's father to cultivate an apple orchard. The ensuing legal case was still unresolved.) Also behind the house and to the right was another mountain peak, less prominent than the one where we now sat, with a dirt road winding behind its left shoulder. At the base of this mountain, to the right of a dirt path, was my mother's and my tent, not far from Bizhan and Maryam's tent farther to the right.

From this high perspective, I now understood better why wildlife invaded our tent at night. The heat of the day gone and the campsite quiet, small mammals, snakes, lizards, toads, and bizarre crawling insects descended from the mountain to drink at the springs below and then returned to their rocky shelters, often by passing under our tent's walls and through our living space. Finding the spot safe and cool, some took up residence there. These creatures were often the source of the noises my mother investigated at night. I slept through it all. Piles of unearthed dirt and sand at the mouths of small tunnels were evidence in the morning of energetic digging.

Downhill from Maryam's tent, nearer to the road and the mountain where we sat but situated to the right, was a fortified livestock pen, Nahid's one-room house, a kitchen and storage area, and a bathing enclosure – each one connected to the next to conserve building materials and labor and provide insulation. Facing away from us and toward the house was Nahid's thatched hut where she wove on her loom and where we often sat together.

Looking in the distance to the west (farther into Hanalishah), I could barely see another encampment situated on a large outcropping similar to ours. More pleasant than other sites at Hanalishah, it belonged to Jansanam (Borzu's sister; see illustration 13 in chapter 2) and Morad (see plate 4). Their large extended family, consisting of married sons and their own wives and children, had planted shade trees and carefully tended the grass around the tents, huts, and shelters to diminish dust and blowing debris.

The many dogs there did not work themselves into a frenzy of barking and attacking unless actual danger loomed. In every camp except Morad's, the restless dogs gathered whenever men slaughtered and butchered a sheep or goat. They snarled at one another, rushed to grab any bits thrown away, and fought viciously over the remnants. When Morad slaughtered an animal, his dogs settled calmly in a rough semicircle near him. He threw scraps one at a time to each dog, and the other dogs rested quietly but attentively knowing their own share was coming. By denying it a turn, Morad punished any dog that violated the tranquillity.

Jansanam and Morad's campsite overlooked the dirt road running northwest and southeast through Hanalishah and offered a wide view of the territory. Any vehicle traveling on the road was visible long before it passed by. The camp's residents could thus prepare for arriving guests or alert others about strangers. The nomads notified other camps by first calling a recognizable warning ("Hoy! Hoy! Hoy!") and then hollering the specific message. Morad's prominent position on the outcropping meant that his neighbors would likely hear him, and they could relay the news to others.

Plentiful water was another asset of the campsite. Morad had constructed concrete channels to carry water from Jajakh spring, higher in the mountains, to his orchard and dwellings. Jajakh is the most famous spring at Hanalishah and in the wider territory of Darrehshuri summer pastures.

The paramount Qashqa'i khans – long banished from tribal territory, first by shahs (kings) and then by ayatollahs (religious leaders who controlled the government) – remembered Jajakh spring fondly, despite not having visited there in fifty years. They reported that the water is so frigid that a person cannot bear to reach in and pick up seven pebbles from the bottom, one by one, without removing his or her hand. (The Qashqa'i judged the quality of drinking water partly by the degree of its coldness.) During an earlier visit to Hanalishah, I had hiked up to Jajakh spring with several young Qermezi men to see the place for myself and to experience the water's temperature. It was certainly icy, yet one of the men collected seven pebbles in his first try. Later I gave these pebbles to a Qashqa'i khan, whose eyes filled with tears as he recalled the place now forbidden to him.

As I continued to survey the territory from Nahid's and my high perch, I saw most of our campmates. With a handmade wooden club (*chumoq*), Bizhan pounded a pole into the ground near his tent to repair an animal pen, and the dull sound of the thumping echoed off the mountain slopes and returned to us offbeat from his motions. On the porch of the house, Falak sat talking with a Qermezi visitor (who, as I heard later, sought advice about an interlineage dispute over a marriage negotiation). Just to the left of the

house, Fariba energetically churned butter by sloshing goat-milk yogurt inside a goatskin bag suspended from a tripod. Farzaneh washed a pile of clothes down by the stream. The camp's young children rushed madly about as they towed ropes tied to sticks and pursued a game known only to them. Bizhan's shepherd poured barley into a trough for the pregnant ewes that had just returned from grazing. When Nahid's brother freed the lambs from their reed pen, they ran exuberantly to greet their mothers, part of another herd just entering the camp. One lamb protested because its mother was too preoccupied with her older lamb to pay attention to the little one and let it nurse. (Most ewes gave birth only once a year.) Escaping from the camp, a donkey dragged a rope attached to a now-loose metal stake. The previous year my mother had puzzled over a strange track she often saw in the dust of the road, and this summer I took pity on her and explained its mundane origin.

I relished the freedom I felt while occupying this high vantage point. I could watch people carrying out everyday activities without them knowing that someone was observing them. Nahid may have felt the same way; she pointed at and snickered about this or that person. She was often subdued in any large gathering, as her age, gender, and unmarried status required her to be. Yet when she and I were alone together, she commented critically, sometimes with humor, about those to whom she must show deference.

Nahid and I moved to the shade of a large boulder. She extracted a small package of strawberry-flavored wafer cookies from the rolled waistband of her skirt. During our climb, I had not noticed the odd-shaped lump at her waist. My mother had told me about six-year-old Farideh (Nahid's father's sister; now Ma'asumeh's mother), whose only secure place for her treasured handmade doll was the rolled waistband of her skirt. Family members, even Borzu, would yell at her to straighten the hem of her skirt. They never knew why her skirt hung so unevenly.

I wondered where Nahid had acquired the treat; she never left summer pastures to go to town, and her frugal father was loath to spend money on frivolities. I stopped myself from asking her, to preserve the dignity of the occasion. Perhaps she had saved the packet for several months since the time she had attended school in Shiraz, and she would have needed to hide it from her mischievous, prying brothers. We ate in silence as we gazed down at the camp, empty now, for everyone had dispersed and disappeared from view.

From my hip sack I gave Nahid a digital watch identical to mine except for the color of its face. I had noticed her admiring my watch and asking me for the time so that she could inspect it. I set the time on her watch, worked the alarm and stopwatch, activated the nighttime glow, and pointed out

pertinent passages in the complicated written instructions. I told her not to worry about the peculiar English she saw printed there, and I explained that she already knew more English than the Korean who wrote the insert, a fact she found amusing.

My mother later told me about an incident when she had first lived with the tribe. Borzu's sister had given an analog watch to twelve-year-old Zohreh (Nahid's father's sister). For hours, whenever Zohreh would ask for the time, my mother thought she wanted only to show off her new watch. Then she realized that Zohreh did not know how to read the timepiece and was trying to learn by connecting the ever-changing face with the answers she received. So my mother drew an image of a watch face in the dirt, showed Zohreh the placement of the hours, and demonstrated with two twigs the movement of the hands. The watch face displayed only Arabic numerals (1–12), which were foreign to Zohreh who knew only the Persian ones until my mother taught her the others.

While Nahid and I walked along the summit, we saw Dariush's young hired shepherd, Ramazan, far below us as he tended his flock near the lone tree growing on the backside of the mountain. Deploying a technique I had learned as a child, I placed between my thumbs a narrow leaf, which I had earlier plucked from a bush, and blew through the slot between my knuckles. Nothing happened. Perhaps the leaf was too stiff. Adjusting it, I tried again, and the vibrations caused a blaring sound that turned into a low whine. I puffed through the leaf again but this time it honked rudely. Ramazan looked all around; he heard the noise but could not identify its source. He whistled using two fingers and his tongue to make a loud piercing sound. Every time I blew through the leaf and Nahid whistled with her fingers, we ducked, and Ramazan signaled back as he peered in all directions. We covered our mouths to keep from laughing out loud and betraying our position and identities. The echoes around the valley and off the surrounding mountain slopes disguised our precise location, and Nahid and I watched Ramazan as he scanned the mountain ridges for signs of his tormentors. He never saw us and perhaps never figured out who we were, although the possibilities were limited in this remote region where the nomads rarely encountered strangers.

Bizhan's hired shepherd, Mashallah, often rested, slept, and ate meals on Falak's porch alongside his cousin Ramazan. Both were adolescent Persian boys from a village near Hanalishah. Falak sometimes called to them to bring her water to drink, but she could never tell one from the other because

they looked alike and bore similar, Islam-related, Arabic names. Ramazan is the Persian pronunciation of the Arabic word Ramadan, the Islamic month of fasting. Mashallah means "Allah's blessing." Trying to catch the boys' attention but confused by their names, Falak yelled the names of other Islamic months ("Moharram!") and Islamic holidays ("Aid-e fitr!" [aid al-fitr in Arabic], the celebration marking the end of the month of fasting). Then she tried phrases praising or invoking God ("Allah Karim!"). For the duration of their employment, Falak remained amused by the shepherds' names and never did distinguish the boys.

Families assigned the task of daily shepherding to a son, once he was capable. Yet Dariush and Bizhan lacked any grown sons to tend the sheep and goats, and so they needed to hire shepherds from outside the immediate community. If they attempted to perform all the herding themselves (a job extending from before dawn to after dusk), they would lack the time to pursue other crucial tasks, such as cultivating fodder, transporting livestock to market, responding to the government's provocations, and repelling the Persians and Lurs who attempted to cultivate on their pastures.

Between 1995 (when their father Borzu died) and 1998, Dariush and Bizhan shared a large herd and together employed a single shepherd. In 1997 they contracted with a seventeen-year-old Qashqa'i boy named Hojjat, whose family resided in a Darrehshuri village in summer pastures and who was a distant relative of Falak. The kinship tie was so remote that, uncharacteristically, no one could trace the precise connection. The brothers preferred even a distant kinsman to hiring a non-Qashqa'i stranger, and a shepherd with a nomadic, pastoral, and tribal background (such as some Lurs, Kurds, and Afghans) was better than a nontribal Persian peasant. Dariush and Bizhan could rely on a relative to safeguard the livestock and heed the dignity of the camp's women and girls. For Hojjat, living with kin no matter how distant was more comfortable than shepherding for strangers. He respected the family, whose members treated him almost as if he were one of them. Like everyone else, he filled a defined practical role. He took his meals with the rest of us and slept on the porch at night to guard the sheep and goats against predators and thieves.

When Dariush traveled to town, he occasionally invited Hojjat to come along so he could attend to business he might have there and perhaps also visit a public bathhouse. One afternoon Dariush drove into the camp accompanied by a boy we thought was someone's newly hired shepherd. Several minutes passed before we realized that the boy was Hojjat, now sporting a drastic haircut and new clothes. When Iran's army conscripted Hojjat for two years of mandatory military service, the brothers needed to find a new shepherd.

Without warning anyone beforehand, Bizhan decided to leave his natal family in 1998 and take half of its livestock for himself. The two brothers, each now owning a separate herd, searched for two shepherds. Eventually, for lack of any Qashqa'i kin, they hired the two Persian adolescents, Ramazan and Mashallah.

Ramazan and Mashallah began work at Hanalishah the day before I arrived, and they ended their job and departed for home the night before I left at the end of my visit. They interacted little with the Qermezi due to the language barrier and the social distinctions. (Hired shepherds, especially those who were not Qashqa'i, held low status.) I often observed the two boys sitting against the wall along the concrete platform in front of Falak's house – out of sight from people on the porch. They kept a low profile whenever they were near their employers, but during my excursions with Nahid or Fariba I frequently saw them bantering with one another and laughing loudly. They lacked any qualms about talking with me except when other people were nearby. Our similar ages and common identity as outsiders helped us to establish an informal relationship.

One afternoon I was washing my clothes by the spring, the way the women of Falak's camp always did, when I encountered Ramazan. The washing site this particular summer was near the sheep's metal drinking troughs so that the women could use the plastic hose rigged there to fill them. My mother and I found different conditions every time we visited, and we adjusted our activities accordingly.

The women tried to wash their laundry at a time when the sheep and goats were absent from the camp. Sometimes a herd's premature return could force a woman to rinse her clothing again because of the dust churned up by hundreds of pounding hooves. I followed the techniques of the women, who washed their clothes in small units by using a large shallow pan, a tray of the same circumference, and powdered soap. We scrubbed the first items in cold soapy water in the pan, wrung them out, and placed them on the tray. If the water remained clean enough after the first batch, we used it for the second and then dumped it down the hill.

Abruptly dozens of chickens ran toward us from all directions. They were accustomed to the women washing dishes and rinsing away bread chunks and rice grains. Now they pecked at the soapsuds, expecting morsels of food to be there, and then clucked disconcertingly when the bubbles burst in their eyes. Ever since I first observed so many chickens speeding toward me, I watched to see if the initial stages of washing prompted them to come closer, but they seemed oblivious until the first rush of water. From dawn to dusk, when women secured them in their coops, the chickens of each

household dispersed across the camp, its boundaries, and the lower mountain slopes. Each one returned to its own home as night approached.

The women then rinsed the two units of clothes in the pan and began the process again, as many times as was necessary to complete the job. They draped the wet garments to dry over shrubs (often riddled with thorns, a fact I learned early on, only too well) and then retrieved them when they heard the herds returning. I laid my own wet clothes on the guy ropes of my tent. In this hot, dry climate, I could gather and put away the items after an hour or so. My underwear dried discreetly inside the tent.

This particular summer, one end of the plastic hose was farther upstream to collect water from the mouth of a spring. The other end sat in a trough, which it filled, or it rested on the ground kept closed by a waterlogged stick of wood. The afternoon I began to wash, the normally clear water turned muddy in my washing pan and showed no sign of resuming transparency. I removed the hose, directed the befouled flow downhill, and followed the hose upstream to investigate where water fed into it. The tube was longer than I expected but I knew I was getting close; a large walnut tree some distance ahead could survive only if fed by a prolific spring. I always wondered how far the water dropped in elevation to travel underground before it reached this opening. The terrain as far as I could see was rocky and dusty with only low, tough shrubs rising here and there. The lush grass and rushes thriving by the fresh-water spring seemed to characterize a world different from the surrounding barren landscape. I always thought of the site as a miniature oasis.

Leaning against the walnut tree while he watched his herd, Ramazan called out, "Ju-la."

Looking up, I laughed. He had learned my name by listening to the young children in our camp, who continued to address me this way. "Julia" is not similar to any Qashqa'i name, and some people had trouble pronouncing it, just as I initially faced difficulty with some Qashqa'i names, especially those with sounds not found in English.

"Ju-la?" Ramazan repeated, this time smiling. Pointing behind me, he uttered a few words in Persian that I did not catch.

I glanced back to see a donkey, its front hooves planted in the stream while it munched on grass growing on the far bank. The beast was kicking up mud from the streambed and polluting my laundry water. Pantomiming a motion to chase it off, Ramazan indicated that I should do the same. I waved my arms and yelled "hosh *hosh*!" in as serious a manner as I could conjure, to demonstrate my skill. When Ramazan pointed downstream, I returned to the washing spot to see clear water running from the hose.

The Qashqa'i employed distinctive hand and body gestures, combined with certain sounds, to get responses from each type of animal. To incite a donkey to move, for example, a person made specific motions and sounds. Not having grown up among the Qashqa'i, Ramazan signaled slightly differently but I still understood him given the context of our surroundings and my specific problem.

Every night at Hanalishah, before retiring to my tent, I walked downhill to fill containers at the spring just below Nahid's house. I did not usually encounter anyone along the way because of the late hour and the darkness, but one night Ramazan and Mashallah were standing near the sheep pen, perhaps anticipating me.

"Good morning," Mashallah uttered quickly in English as I approached.

"Yes, good morning," Ramazan added.

Smiling, I corrected them. "No, good night."

They looked puzzled for a few seconds and then laughed at what they realized must be their mistake. "Good . . . night," they replied as they headed toward Falak's porch.

Qermezi parents sometimes cited the two Persian cousins as examples of the importance of formal education. They noted that the options in life for children were now few if they did not attend school. When these parents were youngsters, the future for them was only nomadic pastoralism, and the few boys who did receive lessons in reading and writing still followed the path of their fathers and grandfathers. Now, many in the youngest generation sought other possible livelihoods, and parents regarded education as the only route to the best opportunities.

Barely literate, Ramazan and Mashallah had completed only the first few grades of their village's primary school before dropping out. Mashallah had planned to continue in school longer but his father was too ill to work and needed any income the boy could earn. The only jobs for the two boys, after they fulfilled their mandatory military service for the government, would be low-paying, low-status, labor-intensive ones in agriculture, construction, or industry. The Iranian army would not offer them specialized training in any skill to rely upon later.

More insistently now than even a few years earlier, the Qermezi stressed formal education and encouraged their children to reach high levels. Through education, some individuals had the potential to obtain adequately paying, well-respected jobs in the wider Iranian society, especially jobs not requiring any manual labor (which they regarded as beneath their newly acquired social standing). They could supplement their natal family's income from nomadic pastoralism and provide new opportunities for their own sons

and daughters. Many of them would need to live outside of tribal territory, and parents increasingly worried about the painful separation. Other social consequences also troubled them, such as greater exposure to the attitudes and behaviors found in Persian-dominated urban society.

One summer Nahid's father, Mohammad Karim, decided to sell all of his sheep and goats. With the income, he wanted to buy a pickup truck so he could earn money by transporting goods for farmers and merchants. His extended family was shocked and outraged by his unilateral decision. After several months of poor profits, his relatives reiterated their initial judgment. After several seasons, when the strategy he thought would be viable finally defeated him, he sold his new truck and bought sheep. Then his family embraced him again.

People noted that Mohammad Karim's actions demonstrated the importance of persisting with nomadic pastoralism even when encountering periodic difficulties. His family was not angry because he had lost money; that misfortune happened to everyone. Rather, the family was offended that he had abandoned migratory pastoralism – the way of life of his ancestors for hundreds if not thousands of years – and had essentially rejected his kin group and tribe in the single-minded, self-serving pursuit of a new profession.

Like Mohammad Karim, increasing numbers of Qermezi were caught between two sets of values: putting the interests of their nuclear families first or focusing on the interests of extended families and larger groups. In the past, the two interests coincided but in some cases now they barely overlapped.

Falak disapproved of Mohammad Karim's vacillations and sometimes lamented (with her two other sons within earshot), "Borzu's hearth is extinguished!" (The central fire of a Qashqa'i household is its actual and symbolic center.) She and others had always expected Mohammad Karim – more than his two brothers – to carry forward the traditions of his ancestors. With him wavering, she despaired for the whole family.

Nahid's family received few visitors compared with most other Qermezi families, and those who did come followed the rules of courtesy and obligation rather than the sentiments of personal friendship. Qermezi and other tribespeople who toured the wider territory usually stopped by the camp of the former group headman, Borzu. His middle son, Dariush, now occupied

18. Mohammad Karim with his horse and rifle, summer pastures, Hanalishah, 1991. Unlike many men (especially his age), he never wears the Qashqa'i hat.

his house and stood in his father's former place. Early in their stay, these travelers walked downhill to pay their respects to Mohammad Karim, the eldest son, who might have succeeded his father if he had demonstrated the necessary aptitude, character, and personality.

Perhaps people ignored Mohammad Karim's family because they disapproved of Mohammad Karim's sometimes sudden, inopportune choices. Mohammad Karim had lost the chance to expand his ties within the Qermezi tribe when he arranged the marriage of his eldest daughter to a non-Qashqa'i man (see chapter 4). His own wife originates from another Darrehshuri tribe. Consequently, he lacked the kinds of visitors – networks of kin and in-laws of various kinds – who would come most frequently. His daughter's in-laws and his wife's relatives lived a distance away and were less likely than Qermezi in-laws and relatives to drop by.

Mohammad Karim and Bulgais's children were usually not included in the larger group's social life, in part because of these factors. The sons (especially the younger ones) showed the effect of this ostracism in negative ways. They sneaked and spied, eavesdropped and pilfered; they often looked guilty as if they knew they should not commit such acts. Mohammad Karim and Bulgais encouraged the boys to acquire information (such as the identity of visiting strangers) that the parents did not know through other means.

Koroush, Mohammad Karim's eldest son, did not partake in underhanded schemes but often refused to participate in household duties. The second son, Soroush, lived in the home of his uncle Dariush in Kazerun for part of the year so he could attend high school. Taking advantage of this unaccustomed liberty, he avoided studying by staying away from the house. Mohammad Karim collected Soroush every Thursday noon to ensure that he participated, at least to some degree, in the labor at home, and then he returned him to the town in time for the resumption of classes on Saturday morning. He begrudged Soroush the comforts he enjoyed there, but he also appeared unwilling to abandon the notion of education, however inappropriate it would be for the boy's future.

Friday, the day Muslims reserve for rest and communal prayer, is Iran's official weekend, and many schools and government offices close the preceding afternoon. Friday held no such meaning for the nomads; they could not remain idle for a day, and they never attended public prayers in mosques.

Mohammad Karim and Bulgais's daughters were often secluded, and they lacked opportunities to develop friendships. Only rarely did their parents allow them to leave the camp to go visiting; only once in many years did I see them doing so. Few girls and young women came to see them. Perhaps Nahid and her sisters stressed education because of these social limitations.

When the tribal high school in Shiraz accepted Nahid as a student, it offered her a chance to interact with girls her age as well as to pursue learning.

While Nahid washed dishes and I sat by the spring talking with her, Fariba descended the hill swinging several empty water jugs. She collected water many times every day but tried to make the trek when she saw other women and girls at her destination. She sometimes seemed as lonely as Nahid was.

When Nahid accidentally sprayed soapsuds on Fariba and me, we simultaneously splashed her. Spontaneously, Nahid scooped cold water into a large pan with deep curving sides and flipped it at us, thoroughly soaking Fariba and me. Shocked by the sudden chill, the three of us sat staring at one another for several seconds. Nahid seemed as astonished by her playful retaliation as Fariba and I were. Then, regaining her senses, Fariba dumped the contents of a filled jug over Nahid's head.

On her way to wash clothes, Bulgais saw the three of us drenched and dissolved in laughter. She abruptly changed course and returned to the house. She would have ordered her daughter to resume work but I was there, a protection of sorts. She would have yelled at both Nahid and Fariba but I was as guilty as they were. Fortunately for the three of us, she would not shout at me.

Nahid and Fariba decided that I was not sufficiently saturated and hugged me tightly between them. Making a truce, we wrung the water from our attire and returned to our respective homes to resume our earlier activities. The climate is so dry that we did not change our wet clothes; they even cooled us before the sun evaporated the remaining moisture.

These and other women in Iran did find opportunities to amuse themselves despite the beliefs of many Westerners to the contrary and despite seemingly harsh, restrictive Islamic codes of conduct. Still, nomadic women had more freedom than most urban and village women. Their families usually lived distant from cities, towns, and villages and often escaped even basic indoctrination by Iran's government about behavioral and gender-related restrictions.

Until recently most Qashqa'i women had never learned to speak Persian beyond the phrases necessary for interacting with itinerant peddlers, government agents, and other outsiders who entered their territory. Now, as increasing numbers of girls attended secondary schools and even universities, they had greater contact with the wider society, which exposed them to external influences directly, integrated them further, and perhaps caused inevitable changes in behavior. I wondered if Nahid and others similar to her

would retain their infectious enthusiasm or if the norms of the surrounding state and society would force them to become more subdued.

Early one afternoon while Nahid and I talked in her weaving hut, a car unknown to us pulled up alongside Falak's house. Nahid said she did not know the visitors. We watched as an older woman and a teenage girl stepped from the back seat and a shabbily dressed unshaven man, apparently their hired driver, exited from the front. I recognized them; they were the kinswomen of Darrehshuri tribal khans. The adolescent girl, Mina (a pseudonym), had an esteemed pedigree, and Nahid knew about her extended family from overhearing her father's conversations. Mina and I had not seen one another for several years.

Mina's mother greeted her intended hosts, who found their midday naps interrupted, and sat on the porch to talk with them. Fariba prepared tea in the kitchen and cut open the watermelon that Dariush had fortunately bought earlier that day. Nahid and I presumed that the mother sent Mina to visit me; we observed her walking reluctantly toward us. Nahid and I quickly decided to take Mina to Dariush's orchard where we had earlier planned to go. The venture offered Nahid an opportunity to interact with another Qashqa'i girl her age.

Mina and her mother lived in the town of Shahreza where Mina attended school, interacted with Persians, and fell under the government's influence via its agencies and the state-controlled media. By now she was urbanized and partly assimilated in Persian society. Every summer she visited Mehr-e Gerd, a Darrehshuri village in summer pastures, but she had never experienced tribal life outside the homes of her grandfathers and other khans there. Perhaps she had never stepped inside a Qashqa'i tent other than those belonging to the khans and their servants. Proud to be the granddaughter of formerly prominent khans, she exploited this standing even though her parents no longer possessed any power or authority. She considered her status higher than that of the nomads here; her extended family had raised her this way.

How would Mina, a town girl, treat Nahid, a nomad girl? How would Nahid, who had lived and migrated with the tribe all her life, interact with Mina? An asymmetrical, hierarchical relationship had bound their fathers but what relationship would the daughters now have? How would my presence affect their interactions?

On the way to the orchard, Mina grilled Nahid about her family's property. She was condescending about the nomadic, pastoral lifestyle; she valued her urban and modern comforts. She paced her queries in such a way

that Nahid could barely respond. What had seemed to be shyness when Mina first approached us turned swiftly into fierce bravado. I glimpsed some underlying insecurity.

Mina's lineage still symbolized status and authority, and yet she enjoyed neither of these privileges in her daily life. In the past, the powerful khans had owned vast properties (including expansive orchards), formed elaborate tent encampments, controlled bevies of servants, and hosted visits by regional and national elites and even international figures. Such a system was now dead, and Mina was no longer a part of it. The people with whom Mina most frequently interacted outside of her extended family were not Qashqa'i subordinates, obliged to perform as she bid, but urban Persians over whom she held no sway. Persians might even regard her with some contempt. They saw her as a Turk and a Qashqa'i (a member of a minority group that they had identified in the past with lawlessness and that they continued to view as primitive and unsophisticated).

Mina held herself superior to Nahid because of the past relationship between the Darrehshuri khans and the tribespeople, who had been subordinate to these leaders and had fallen under their power and authority. The revolution in 1978–79 and the emerging Islamic Republic reorganized society in fundamental ways, such as eliminating the khans as figures who could exert power over others. The new government regarded the Qashqa'i khans as political and military threats and took severe measures against them. Despite their now economically depressed lifestyle, Mina and her mother still tried to assert their former superior position in a context that included nomads of a formerly dependent tribal group. Such were the underlying dynamics of Mina and Nahid's short time together.

Being an outsider and somewhat out of the equation, I held an ambiguous position. I sided with Nahid because I understood her lifestyle and considered her a long-term friend, but I also wanted to engage with Mina and learn about her activities and attitudes. Despite my efforts, Mina ignored me.

I could not easily follow Mina's verbal barrage and Nahid's curt replies. Mina talked rapidly, and after a moment I noticed that she spoke only in Persian. I wondered why she chose this language; she was fluent in Qashqa'i Turkish, her mother tongue. She even knew enough English from her school lessons to engage in a rudimentary conversation that would embrace the three of us. Turkish is the native language of the two girls, yet Mina seemed to want to demonstrate her superiority by speaking only Persian. Persians rarely know Turkish and always subjected her to their language. It was perhaps fortunate for Mina that she did not try English; she would have learned that Nahid's skills were superior to hers.

As usual at Hanalishah, I was bareheaded. Mina arrived wearing a headscarf but yanked it off as soon as we began our walk, perhaps to emulate the Westerner. She had already abandoned her mandatory covering (an overcoat) at Falak's house, at her mother's instigation. As a person whose family formerly held high status, she took the liberty of removing her scarf and asserting her right to do so. Nahid retained hers, unable in any public context to be bareheaded. When Nahid and I visited the uninhabited orchards, she uncovered her hair, and at first I wondered why she – a young girl just like Mina – refrained from exercising the freedom that Mina and I assumed so readily. Then I saw that Nahid was uncomfortable in her relationship with Mina and might feel that she was not entitled to join her in this liberating act. I remembered seeing high-status urban Persian women bare their heads or remove their veil-wraps (chadors) in front of low-status male servants or other paid laborers, as if to emphasize that such men were not worthy of women's respectful coverage. I saw similarities in Mina's behavior toward Nahid. Mina professed status prerogatives that Nahid could not reciprocate equivalently.

On the left side of our procession, Mina pressed close to Nahid in the middle, and I walked along the right edge of the road until Mina forced me up the unstable rocky hillside. I assumed that she did not notice, or did not care, or was imposing her will on me. When we crossed irrigation ditches and descended steep elevations – the terrain posing no problem for Nahid or me – Mina was agitated and unsure of her footing.

When we reached the site that Nahid had chosen as our destination, Mina wanted instead to drink from the finest spring in the area, which happened to be farther upstream. Thus we continued to walk up the narrow valley. Only rarely was I so conscious of the cultural differences between Nahid and me. If I had faced this situation at home (a petulant girl making demands), I would have taken the girl to the closest spring and even deceived her about its excellence. Yet Nahid apparently felt required by her obligations as a host and by her lower status to guide Mina to what was actually the superlative spring even though Mina might not know the difference. I would have found subtle ways to resist the girl; Nahid became even more compliant.

After drinking and then washing her face and hands, Mina announced that she wanted to walk in the orchards. Perhaps she thought the ground there would be less rough on her feet than the dry, rocky riverbed. The orchards proved to be even more difficult for Mina; their lush ground vegetation concealed springs, small streams, and oozing mud. She blundered into irrigation ditches and water holes. Nahid and I exchanged looks of amusement when Mina could not see our faces. While we were eating apples

in Dariush's orchard, Nahid's youngest brother appeared, sent by Mina's mother (as if he were a servant) to inform us that she was ready to leave and that we must return immediately.

We started to walk back but first needed to cross two irrigation channels that continued the length of the orchards. Bordered by mounds of dirt, these excavated channels were sometimes wide, other times narrow. Long grass and other water-loving plants grew thickly along the unstable banks. The grass-covered verges overhung the streams where water had undercut the loose soil.

Finding a narrow part of the first ditch, Nahid leapt across but lost her sandal in the water. As I retrieved it before it floated downstream, I slipped when part of the protruding bank collapsed. Before I regained my balance, I fell in. Erupting in laughter, Mina found my accident amusing, her first explicit recognition of my presence. I laughed in response, not disturbed by the incident, and tossed Nahid her sandal. I returned to the bank and jumped across the channel. Now Mina was alone on the other side. Nahid coaxed Mina to leap but she refused, still afraid. Mina insisted that Nahid lay rocks in the channel as stepping stones (the kind of task a khan would have ordered from a servant). After the number, size, and type of rocks met Mina's approval, Mina gingerly stepped on a firm-looking one, slipped off, and landed in the water. She regarded this accident seriously, unlike my mishap, and somehow climbed to the opposite bank. The second channel posed fewer difficulties for Mina. On the road home, she pushed close to Nahid but talked little. This time, whenever she shoved Nahid or me off the road, we looped back to the other side of the path.

Mina and her mother walked toward the car while the rest of us stood at the edge of the concrete platform to say farewell. A herd kicking up clouds of dust had just passed the house en route to its pen. I sneezed but then realized the offense I had just committed. Covering my nose and mouth, I looked around guiltily to see if anyone had noticed, and I found that everyone had. Shocked, Mina's mother stopped in her tracks. Nahid was unable to stifle a laugh. Fariba nudged me with her elbow, and I tried to conjure up another sneeze to negate the ill effects of the first, but to no avail.

Mina's mother sternly warned, "Wait!"

Farzaneh jokingly admonished me in an undertone. "Why did you have to sneeze? Our guests were departing."

According to the superstitions of some Persians, a single sneeze is an omen of misfortune to come. People in the immediate vicinity must cease their activities to wait for the evil spirits to pass. Qashqa'i nomads ignored this custom; it was not part of their culture. They were busy completing essential

tasks and could not delay trips or chores every time someone sneezed. The dusty terrain provoked this physiological response often. Mina's mother, urbanized and influenced by folklore for much of her life, worried that some calamity would befall her, such as a vehicular collision on the way home, and she headed back to the porch to wait. She and her extended family had experienced adversity and unhappiness since the Islamic Republic changed the balance of power between them and others. By relying on superstition, she gave herself some possible control over the unknown.

When Mina's mother decided that enough time had passed for the evil spirits to move on, she headed toward the car again. Cautious lest I sneeze, I pinched my nose until the vehicle began to roll away.

Later my mother told me that Borzu had ridiculed these kinds of superstitions. He gave an example of how modern life was eradicating them. A Persian peasant sneezed and then saw that his donkeys were eating fresh shoots in his wheat field. He should have rushed to chase away the donkeys but could not do so because he believed he ought to wait until the evil spirits departed. So the peasant put his left shoe (a handmade, loose *giva*) on his right foot and his right shoe on his left foot to nullify or counteract the sneeze so he could run to the field. Those days are now gone, Borzu would joke, because men wore tight, factory-made shoes that were not interchangeable. A peasant could not delay in rescuing his wheat field but he also could not switch shoes, and so his only choice was to ignore the superstition. (The story reminds me of the logic of Mulla Nasreddin [Nasreddin Hoca], about whom I had read in Persian and Turkish language classes.)

The dynamics of this brief interaction among three girls of the same age but of varying cultures puzzled me, and I wondered if our diverse backgrounds were responsible for our different behaviors and attitudes. I suspected that Nahid was also perplexed, and later we discussed the peculiar event.

Nahid seemed to accept the reality of Mina's high status, despite my urging her to consider the changes in Iranian and Qashqa'i societies since the revolution. I told her that her educational and linguistic achievements actually raised her status above Mina's and that she would enjoy more economic opportunities than Mina would have. The government might even favor Nahid over Mina in the competition for university slots because Nahid represented a rural-based minority group formerly oppressed by Iran's shahs. A girl belonging to the former tribal elite would not receive the same positive attention and might be further disadvantaged by this affiliation.

Although high test scores were essential for most successful university applicants, officials of the Islamic Republic did take other factors into

consideration when they admitted students. During the regime's first two decades, the government established quotas for economically underprivileged citizens from remote areas (as well as for wounded war veterans and the children of "martyrs").

After the guests departed, Farzaneh informed me about the conversation between Mina's mother and mine. Mina's mother had admired our American possessions and inquired about their cost. Farzaneh said the mother had behaved like some urban women she knew who would probe for intimate, personal information. Such women occasionally accompanied their husbands on government or business trips to Hanalishah. When the men left the tent or house to handle their affairs privately, the women would become animated. They seemed to relish the odd sight of foreigners and to enjoy the sound of their chattering voices purposely raised in pitch and volume. They gawked at and interrogated my mother about her father's property, her salary, her methods of birth control, and her lack of children other than me. Then the visitors would act as if my mother could not hear or understand them and would complain loudly that she did not answer their questions sufficiently or credibly. "Bad personality!" they exclaimed to one another.

Mina's mother meant no harm or annoyance by her visit; still, she demonstrated traits she observed in town. The nomads valued personal attributes over material possessions, but Mina's mother seemed not to do so. She was also bitter, my mother told me later, because a relative lived in the United States but never sent her the goods she coveted. I learned that Mina's mother had visited so she could collect the gifts the relative might have sent in our luggage. There were none.

Nahid and I were sitting by the stream downhill from her house when Sa'id (the son of her father's sister) drove into the camp with his pickup truck loaded with a dozen young relatives. Sa'id regretted that he had not transported Dariush's apples to Tehran when he had traveled there to sell his own, and he hoped to mend the relationship by organizing this group to help pick Dariush's fruit. He protected the vehicle and tried to restrict its use, despite others wanting its services. His father was one of the few nomads who had purchased a new vehicle rather than a used one. The few other trucks in these summer pastures were dilapidated, unreliable, and marred by years of abuse in this rocky terrain.

Sa'id delivered the crew to Dariush's orchard and prepared to travel to town on errands. Bizhan, his mother's brother, told him instead to take his shepherd's family to its new camp south of Semirom where Bizhan had

located better grazing. Although Sa'id was ill and fatigued from his recent, difficult drive to and from Tehran and was displeased about having to use the truck in this unexpected way, he was obliged to carry out his uncle Bizhan's wishes. For the Qashqa'i, the kinship tie between a person and his or her mother's brothers carried special duties and affections. (Several years later doctors in Iran diagnosed Sa'id's worsening health as symptoms originating in the chemical attacks he had suffered as a soldier during the Iraq-Iran war.)

The shepherd's family, part of the Kashkuli Qashqa'i tribe, quickly dismantled its small goat-hair tent, bundled it up, and loaded it into the truck along with four tent poles (the fewest number possible for even the smallest goat-hair tent). The family owned only those possessions necessary for simple (and meager) living.

Nahid and I walked uphill to assist. We helped Zainab, the oldest daughter, to capture the chickens that ran loose in the camp. Her younger sister clutched an empty plastic bottle as she hurried alongside us, and the youngest of all squatted in the place where the tent had stood and cried in frustration about this sudden, unexplained move.

Nahid's mother, Bulgais, ambled up the slope to help. She explained to me that her husband wanted to employ the family's youngest son as a shepherd for the coming autumn and winter. She hoped that her goodwill gesture now would demonstrate the kindness that the boy's parents should expect from her if they allowed their son to serve as a shepherd.

The only two people in our camp who did not aid the shepherd's family were Bizhan and his wife Maryam. He abruptly left for town, and she disappeared into her tent. By uttering a single word, "employer" (*arbab*, implying a superordinate person), Sa'id accounted for Maryam's refusal to help. He puckered his face to demonstrate his disapproval. Under ordinary circumstances, employers such as Bizhan and Maryam would not perform tasks for an employee. They would disrupt the hierarchical relationship if they did so. Yet, despite any hierarchy, people appreciated those who offered assistance in times of need or in unusual situations such as this one. The household head ordinarily coordinated such a move but the shepherd and the herd were already occupying the new campsite far away. Responding to his absence, others present in the camp at the time were obligated to help and should readily do so.

In the past, everyone would assist a family leaving or joining a camp, regardless of any status differences among them. The custom derived from the time when these nomads (and earlier generations) migrated frequently and changed camps often. Campmates aided those who were departing, to

demonstrate that they separated amiably and that they had already forgotten any misunderstandings. They helped those who were arriving, to begin their relationship on positive terms and to show the newcomers the standards of behavior to be expected.

Especially as infirm as he was, Sa'id was irritated that he had to serve his mother's brother, and yet the wife of this kinsman had decided that she was exempt from offering any assistance at all. Sa'id was an adult male, which placed him in a position superior to that of an adult female, but she was married and he was not, which reversed or at least balanced their relationship. They were approximately the same age. A university student, Sa'id found himself subordinate to a virtually illiterate woman, all because of his kinship tie to her husband.

The shepherd's wife took a seat in the cab of Sa'id's pickup, her daughters piled on top of their few possessions in the open back, and they drove away. Only then did Maryam reappear and resume everyday chores.

Soon after the shepherd's family departed, some migrating Lak traveled by on the dirt road from the direction of the mountain passes farther east. They belonged to a Darrehshuri tribe similar to Qermezi. The small procession consisted of two women, a man, a young boy, eight donkeys laden with household goods, and a hundred or so sheep and goats. Stopping by Bulgais's spring for a drink, one of the women accidentally dropped her wooden spindle (*kerman*) unnoticed by the side of the road. Soon realizing the implement's absence, she sent the man running back to retrieve it. (Women utilized such relative inactivity to spin raw wool.) I wondered where the Lak had camped and where they were migrating but I lacked an opportunity to ask, so quickly did the nomads pass by. My mother reported that such a sight was once common, that migrating groups of many sizes and origins used to pass through Hanalishah in both directions on their way to find new pastures. I saw them only rarely and wished I had been here years ago.

Nahid and I walked to Dariush's orchard to help the volunteers pick apples, and along the way we spotted the small footprints of the young Lak boy in the dust of the road. We carefully avoided stepping on them to preserve their dainty innocence for a while longer.

When we reached the orchard, Nahid and I observed the procedure of picking apples and packing them in crates so we could assist. Fresh mint leaves lined the bottom and sides of each crudely assembled wooden box, followed by multiple layers of fruit, each layer covered by a sheet of newspaper. The packers heaped more mint on top of the last sheet to help protect the final layer and the full crate from the elements during the long drive to Tehran in the open pickup truck. Hasan and Muslim, Sa'id's brothers who organized the

workers, maneuvered the reddest part of each apple in the top layer to face up so that every crate seemed to be filled with luscious, ripe fruit.

On a loose sheet of newsprint, one boy saw an article written by a distant relative who was the director of the government's agency for natural resources in Isfahan province. In the piece, the man offered plans for rectifying the problems of the region's nomadic pastoralists. The boys joked about the details, so removed from the actual life experiences of the people here. I thought my mother might want the page as a document, and I rescued it before someone packed it.

Nahid and I worked as a team, one of us climbing a tree, the other holding a bucket in which to collect apples. When we carried the filled containers to Hasan and Muslim, I noticed that Nahid interacted comfortably with the young adults here, males and females. In the wider Iranian society, such friendly inter-gender mixing occurred less frequently than here, for multiple reasons: customs of gender separation predating the Islamic Republic by centuries, the current state's rigid rules, people's fears that the state and society would punish them for their behavior, and the lack of opportunity. In this small, relatively isolated community of close kinship, where each person had known all the others for a lifetime, the interaction of females and males was often relaxed.

I wondered today, as I often did in similar circumstances, if adults were planning the marriages of each of these young people. (Inquiring privately, my mother found that they were.) I worried especially about Nahid. I hoped she could finish her education, or at least proceed further, before she married. Once so attached, she would be unlikely to engage in formal studies despite any desire she might have. When she married she would join the groom's family whose residences, probably determined by the seasons, might be located far from any institutions of higher learning. A new bride could not possibly travel to one place for her studies while her husband worked far away in another. I also hoped that she would participate in the choice of her husband and that he would be a worthy match for her. Often wishing she would not have to marry at all, if she chose not to, I still understood that such an outcome was unlikely. In this society, people expected everyone to marry, and they regarded with pity those few who did not.

"Shall we climb the mountain?" Nahid asked as soon as I descended the hill.

Signaling from her weaving hut, she had beckoned to me with a simple, easily understood motion, almost the inverse of the sign I would use in the

United States to call someone to me. Rather than holding her hand out with her palm up and curling one or more fingers toward herself repeatedly, Nahid made the gesture as a single digging motion by bringing her outstretched fingers into the downward-facing palm of her hand and bending her wrist slightly. Other signals I employed here also differed from those I used at home. Instead of shaking the head from side to side indicating a rejection of a proffered suggestion or item, a person lifted the head upward. A click of the tongue and an upward motion of the hand (palm down) occasionally accompanied the head's single motion. Sometimes a person raised only the eyebrows, often barely noticeable. Bringing the head down once, a simpler version of our nodding the head up and down, indicated acceptance. Whenever I arrived in Iran or returned to the United States, especially during the first day, I needed to reacquaint myself with the locally understood gestures. Speaking Turkish or Persian at home induced the appropriate gestures in me, without me consciously deciding to make them.

"Too many snakes," I replied to Nahid's suggestion. We had recently seen two that were larger than the blue-striped one we had watched sliding under a bush during a previous hike up the mountainside.

"No, that mountain." Nahid pointed to the smaller one behind my tent. I nodded, and we began hiking toward the outcropping at the peak.

We reached the summit and conversed until dusk. Visiting Hanalishah and Dashtak, I associated dusk with the coming of night, not the decline of day. The air cooled, and people returned to the camp to discuss the day's events. This interval was my favorite.

The rapid passage of time surprised Nahid and me; we had not thought we would talk at such length. As we prepared to descend the mountain, Farzaneh urgently called up to us to report that Salar was missing. Her words were clear despite the distance they traveled.

Everyone in the camp headed out to look for the four-year-old on the surrounding mountainsides, in the valleys, and all the other likely places a child might be located. Bizhan had recently left for errands in town and could not assist his brother Dariush in the search. Slowly realizing that six-year-old Houman was also missing, Farzaneh began to search the orchards below Nahid's house and to call the boys' names. Nahid and I climbed the tallest outcrop of the mountain to look in all directions. Night obscured our view. An hour passed, and Farzaneh verged on hysterics. Returning from the futile search, people gathered on Falak's porch. In the confusion no one had thought to prepare dinner. We each related our accounts of when and where we had last seen the boys. Expecting little, but wanting to placate Farzaneh,

Dariush reluctantly walked once more toward the orchards to search for his son and nephew.

Qermezi children rarely went missing. Young children tended to stay within the camp and its vicinity to complete chores and to play, and they were so familiar with the surrounding mountains and valleys that they would not likely become lost. Rarely alone, they formed groups of varying sizes, and I often saw them on their way to or from some destination far from their camps. Adults and older children in every camp kept an eye on nearby youngsters. Communal obligations made each person responsible for others.

Sitting together to plan the next steps to find the boys, people were less worried about Houman than about Salar. The older boy often disappeared, his absence from the camp not rare. His mother Maryam noted that he sometimes walked the long distance to Dariush's orchard by himself. Farzaneh was more protective of Salar than Maryam was of Houman, in part because Salar, an only child, was younger. Salar was rarely out of the sight of one or both parents. People suspected that he had accompanied Houman, perhaps on a walk to the orchard. They commented that children had been more independent in the past than recently. They had not worried so much if their youngsters were absent for long periods; the children lived in these environments and learned to take care of themselves.

Long after Nahid brought her mother's freshly baked bread for everyone to eat, and long after the remaining children fell asleep wherever they were sitting, Bizhan returned from Semirom. Farzaneh rallied when she heard the sound of the vehicle approaching. Usually we saw the dust cloud long before we heard any noise but darkness obscured the sign. Farzaneh said she hoped Bizhan would assist by driving to different places to search for his son and nephew.

When Bizhan pulled up by the house, Houman and Salar jumped out of the Land Rover, still excited by their rare trip to town. Although relieved to see Salar safe, Farzaneh roughly snatched him to her and demanded an explanation. "Why didn't you tell me where you were going?" Not understanding the mixed messages, Salar began to cry, frightened by his mother's sudden, angry outburst.

Farzaneh then strode to Bizhan's tent and, with measured calmness, asked him why he had not informed her that he was taking Salar. Bizhan never liked anyone blaming or implicating him, and he yelled at Farzaneh to lay the fault on her instead of him. He shouted that she was overprotective of her son and that the boy would never learn to be self-reliant. Soon everyone dispersed and prepared for sleep, relieved at the outcome of events if not the manner in which they were resolved.

Later my mother told me the stories of the only Qermezi children who were lost for an extended period. As she sat next to the fire looking out the face of Borzu's goat-hair tent at Dashtak in the winter of 1970, she listened while Borzu, Morad, and Abdol Hosain narrated the account of the disappearance of Borzu's daughter Farideh when she was two years old. (The girl is now the mother of my friend Ma'asumeh; see illustration 11 in chapter 1.)

While pointing with his outstretched hand palm up, fingers pressed together, Borzu told how he had searched for the child "this way to the east" (to the right of the tent), how Morad had searched "that way to the north" (straight ahead), and how Abdol Hosain had searched "the other way to the west" (to the left of the tent). Borzu admitted that he had cried all day for Farideh and that Falak had torn her clothes in despair. Then, reflecting, with a twinkle in his eyes, he joked that he would not cry when Farideh died; he said he had already mourned for her. Three of Borzu's young daughters had recently died, a circumstance heightening Borzu's and Falak's emotions about the loss of yet another child.

At the end of the long day, Abdol Hosain found Farideh far away in the mouth of a mountain cave. No one ever understood how she could have possibly walked so far on her own. Borzu killed a lamb and a kid and shared the meat with neighboring camps, to give thanks for Farideh's safe return.

Months later, during the migration to summer pastures, Borzu pointed to a particular mountain and noted to my mother, "Farideh was lost there."

Puzzled, my mother replied, "I thought Farideh was lost at Dashtak."

Borzu responded, "I can't imagine why you say that." Impatiently he demonstrated again how he had searched this way, Morad had searched that way, and Abdol Hosain had searched the other way.

My mother realized that when Borzu had first detailed the story at Dashtak, he had referred to the directions, not the places. The Qermezi preferred to pitch their tents facing northeast so that the sun rose facing the right-front corner of the tent, set behind the back-left corner, and never shone directly in their faces. Everywhere they camped, their tent – the center of their existence – had the same east-west orientation, and people described past actions by gesture no matter where they happened to be located at the time. The Qermezi and other Qashqa'i often used the Turkish terms for family, home, tent, pile of baggage, camp (the social unit), and camping place (the location) interchangeably. *Oba*, for example, could mean most of these terms.

When someone said that they first heard, from a Qermezi visitor who sat "right there," the news of Khosrow Khan's execution, they meant that specific tent and family and not necessarily the territory. The Islamic

Republic's revolutionary guards had captured, tortured, and killed Khosrow Khan Qashqa'i at the end of the Qashqa'i insurgency of 1980–82.

Someone had apparently abducted the other missing Qermezi child, also a toddler. He was lost for years and presumed dead until several Qermezi men overheard an itinerant Persian peddler while he narrated a story for a gathering of women. In the account, which the peddler had learned in a faraway Boir Ahmad Lur village, an adolescent boy named Gharib (the stranger) played a minor role. Thinking that a connection with their lost boy was possible, a delegation of Qermezi elders traveled to the village to investigate. An oddly shaped birthmark on the boy confirmed their suspicions, and they took him with them when they left. Impartial mediators forced them to pay a fee equivalent to the one a groom's family offers to a bride's, to compensate for the care the boy had received in the interval.

Later than most American children, Qermezi youngsters stopped nursing around their third or fourth year, often depending on the timing of a new pregnancy and birth. Yet babies walked (and often bypassed any crawling) before their American counterparts usually began to crawl. One mother noted that a baby could crawl into the smoldering embers of a hearth and burn itself, unable because of the shock and injury to extract itself from the shallow depression. A same-aged baby encouraged to walk could step out of the embers and suffer only minor injury. Babies moved swiftly from being bundled to their mothers day and night to walking on their own. In a demanding environment, mothers could not always supervise toddlers, and others assisted the youngsters in learning to walk and assuming tasks at an early age. When children emulated grown-up behaviors and chores, which were entertaining for them (at least at this age), people offered reassuring praise.

While teaching Nahid the English words for animals, their young, and their patterns of organization, I removed from my hip sack a small bottle of nail polish that a friend at home wanted me to give to someone special. Nahid watched intently while I painted her nails; she had never worn polish and perhaps had never seen this kind before. Clear resin with silver and blue glitter, the polish reflected brilliantly in the sun. She held her hands at different angles to catch the light. We made our way downstream as we hopped from rock to rock.

"Baby sheep: lamb . . . baby goat: kid . . . baby horse: foal, pony, colt . . . baby cat: kitten . . . baby dog . . . puppen?"

"Puppy. What is the word for many sheep?" I asked.

"Sheeps?" She did not quite understand my ambiguous question.

"Flock or herd." I gave her an example to show what I intended. "What is the word for many goats?"

"The same?"

I nodded in the affirmative; I hesitated to insist on a distinction between "flock" and "herd." Most native speakers of English would not know which term applied to sheep or goats or both. A quick learner, Nahid remembered just about every detail I related.

While we were deciding to turn back toward home, Kianoush appeared over the crest of a hill. Winded from his search for us, he informed Nahid that their mother needed her. Her father, Mohammad Karim, had invited my mother and me to eat dinner with his family.

Nahid and I returned to the camp, where I joined Maryam in her late-afternoon chores while Nahid cooked and prepared for our visit. Maryam had spent the day twisting and tightening long strands of yarn hung from metal hooks (*domloq*) and stretched between her tent and the lamb pen. She said she was behind in her routine duties. I saw a woven bag filled with yarn balls in her tent, and I volunteered, whenever she was ready, to help her form the loose, looped skeins (*kalafa*) she would need before she could dye the yarn.

Several hours later, my mother and I descended the hill to Nahid's house where Mohammad Karim and Bulgais welcomed and ushered us inside. We talked for a while, Mohammad Karim eager to recall memories of the time when he was an adolescent schoolboy and my mother had just joined his family. My mother told me later that she could not easily associate this sedate, mature father of eight with the mischievous, rebellious boy he was those many years ago.

Mohammad Karim liked to compare the prices of commodities in Iran and the United States, and our discussion during the meal was lively. He reminded my mother that when she had first lived with them, potatoes and other foodstuffs in the US were more expensive than they were in Iran. (At the time, they had laboriously calibrated the prices based on the salaries of high school teachers in the two countries. A kilogram of potatoes, for example, was a certain percentage of a teacher's monthly salary in each country.) Now, with rapid inflation, escalation of prices, and food shortages in Iran, potatoes and all other foods were expensive and cost more than they did in the US (again, based on a percentage of a teacher's salary). He marveled at this reversal and blamed Iran's ruling clergy for manipulating the market at the expense of the impoverished classes (with which he identified during such discussions).

As usual, as befitting her status as the youngest daughter, Nahid brought and cleared away the components of the meal. She ate by herself in the

kitchen, if she ate at all, and after dinner she returned to the room to remove the cloth that had protected the knotted carpets from any spills from the dishes and platters. Then she sat in the doorway so she could quickly obey her father's commands.

Nahid never spoke English to me in the presence of her parents or my mother. Perhaps she was modest or embarrassed and did not want to demonstrate skills that none of her brothers had mastered. (To this day, my mother has never heard Nahid speak a single word of English.) A growing trend during the previous decade, fathers held high expectations for the educational achievements of their sons and hoped at least some of them would find opportunities for high-status urban or state-connected jobs. Their attitudes toward their daughters were less clear-cut, except that they hoped each of them would marry a hardworking boy from a respected Qermezi family.

My mother told me that Mohammad Bahmanbaigi, director of Iran's educational program for nomads from the mid-1950s to 1979, had once publicly chided Borzu for not insisting that his adolescent son, Mohammad Karim, take advantage of her presence to learn English.

"So many other tribal boys and girls would relish such a rare chance," Bahmanbaigi had proclaimed. "After all, how many other families of nomads have a guest who is a native speaker of English?"

Mohammad Karim probably did not pass on news of this humiliating encounter to Nahid, but she was still sensitive about her accomplishments and did not flaunt them.

Little did my mother know back then that her daughter would be teaching English to Mohammad Karim's daughter nearly thirty years later.

I found a chance to slip away to spend time alone with Nahid – and yet not so soon as to disregard her father and mother's hospitality. We sat by the loom in her thatched hut and talked. Sometimes I felt as though I lived two parallel lives here. My warm, intense relationships with people such as Nahid were restricted when their superiors (parents, uncles, and visitors) were nearby. Nahid (and everyone else) behaved differently in public, family, and private contexts, and I observed and adopted their practices.

Within minutes, Mohammad Karim called for Nahid to mix with fresh water a powdered-drink packet that my mother had brought. Preparing the lemonade, she poured the contents of the pitcher into glasses for Mohammad Karim, Bulgais, my mother, Nahid's older brother, and me. I reached for another glass, poured at least half of my drink into it, and offered it to Nahid.

Nahid rarely enjoyed unusual treats, especially in public. In this family at least (but not in all families), only the sons received these kinds of privileges. Mohammad Karim also discriminated among the boys according

to their ages or their compliance that day in laboring for him. Behind the scenes and when Mohammad Karim was absent, Bulgais and her daughters controlled the preparation and distribution of food and could eat with little restriction then. Mohammad Karim consumed more than other family members, especially because he was often a guest. When Dariush or Bizhan entertained visitors, Mohammad Karim often went to the home of one or the other brother to pay his regards, and there he appreciated the special meal. Still, Farzaneh or Maryam usually sent a pot of this food to Bulgais, who distributed it among her children, especially the girls. Rarely did anyone retain a portion for those who happened to be absent at the time.

I saved treats for Nahid and carried snacks along on our treks. This way she could enjoy them without worrying that her brothers would strip them from her. When an unexpected provision came her way, she kept it until we could savor it together.

One quiet morning after breakfast, Bizhan strode to Falak's house carrying his crying young son. Confronting Dariush, he demanded to use the Land Rover so he could transport Kaihan to the hospital in Semirom. Such abruptness was Bizhan's characteristic behavior. He appeared to dramatize the situation to gain sympathy and to draw everyone's attention. Despite his tears, Kaihan did not look injured or ill, and Bizhan had not worried about his health a few minutes earlier. We wondered what the problem could be.

Bizhan claimed that Nahid had broken Kaihan's arm when she jerked Kaihan toward her. Afterward the boy ran up the hill to his father, who diagnosed a broken limb. My mother felt along Kaihan's upper and lower arm, which appeared unnaturally flaccid, to see if she could find the abnormal protrusion of a broken bone. When the commotion of having everyone's scrutiny on him subsided, Kaihan no longer cried and, with no apparent pain or injury, began to play with a short-handled saw (used for pruning tree limbs).

Nahid informed me later that Kaihan had grown frustrated when he wanted an apple like those the others were eating, and he rushed at her at the loom and struck her on the head with the empty bowl. Angry because of the unjust blow dealt her (and irritated by naughty, demanding young boys such as her brothers), Nahid seized Kaihan's arm and gestured as if to hit him. When she let go, Kaihan began to wail, more in resentment than in pain, and ran to his father to report the attack. He never got an apple nor did Nahid have to explain a broken arm.

As I approached Nahid's house, I saw she was not weaving in the thatched hut. Instead she sat on the porch helping her mother Bulgais to bake bread. Containing no yeast, the nomads' bread derived from milled whole-grain wheat and was circular and flat, each piece about fifty centimeters across. I arrived just as the two women had begun, and I watched the entire process, one now familiar to me but still intriguing. The smells and rhythmic sounds drew me in each time. I sat mesmerized.

Bulgais had prepared the dough early that morning from twice-sifted flour, water, and a sprinkling of coarse salt. After mixing and kneading the ingredients, she covered the mound of dough with a moist cloth.

Hours later, Bulgais prepared a fire of smoldering charcoal (and not untreated wood) because of the uniform heat it emits. Nahid cut small pieces of dough and patted them into balls. Bulgais unfolded the camel-wool fabric she used only to roll out dough balls and sprinkled sifted flour over the surface to prevent the dough from sticking. The spiky hairs of the camel's wool functioned in the same way. Bulgais pointed out to me the cloth's decorative border and proudly noted that no Qermezi women wove this particular pattern. (She is Qarehqanli, a member of another Darrehshuri tribe.) I sat shocked for a moment; she rarely volunteered any information. Smiling, I thanked her for letting me watch her work.

I often wondered what life had been like for Bulgais, permanently separated at the age of fifteen from her natal family, kin group, and tribe. When I heard her seemingly casual remark about the camel-wool border, I understood how often she must think about the people she left behind when she married. She must feel alienated here. Even her own children are Qermezi; they trace kinship and tribal descent from their father.

Bulgais's comment also caused me to think about the difficulties in establishing rapport in an unfamiliar society. Bulgais had always been gracious and welcoming to me but she tended to be reserved. My simple interest in watching her bake bread somehow drew us closer, to the extent that she uncharacteristically volunteered a fact about her own tribe. Observing my mother through the years, I now saw more clearly why she depended on certain individuals who were more articulate, informed, or analytical than others. I probably made the same sorts of judgments when I relied on Nahid, for example, rather than another girl her age if I needed to understand an event or conversation.

Bulgais rolled each dough ball flat and thin with a narrow wooden rod. After first flicking drops of water on the convex metal baking pan to see if it was hot enough, she laid the first circle of dough on the surface. With a tied bundle of dry stalks from a mountain plant, she sprinkled water over the

dough. After the circle baked, she flipped it over with a long metal rod. Then she placed a fresh piece of dough on top and, after a moment, turned over the two circles so the new one could bake directly on the pan's surface. When she turned the pile again, she flipped over the top piece so she could bake its other side. The pile grew as the process continued, the earliest-made pieces now in the center of the stack. When the pile became too heavy or cumbersome to turn, Bulgais put it aside and began to form another, sheet by sheet.

Nahid completed forming the last ball of dough. She placed a steaming circle of bread on a round tray for us, and we quickly consumed it while watching Bulgais finish baking the hundred or more sheets. One piece proved to be large enough for both of us.

When fresh, the bread was soft and smelled slightly of charcoal. Brown spots marked the places where water drops fell from Bulgais's improvised sprinkler. When the bread began to cool, the thin parts turned crispy. While Nahid and I chose to eat it plain on this occasion, to savor its warmth, other foods such as homemade apricot jam, honey from the area's bees, cucumber slices, chunks of goat kebab, and raw onion pieces were delicious when we wrapped one or more of them in torn-off pieces of bread. My favorite combination was homemade goat cheese with raw tomato slices folded in pockets of just-baked bread.

When Bulgais finished the baking – a chore she performed every two days to feed three daily meals to nine people and their guests – she wrapped the tall stack in a cloth used exclusively for this purpose and laid the bundle inside a circular woven basket with a lid.

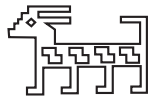
For breakfast, the family ate plain bread and drank small glasses of hot tea. The main meal of the day, lunch, usually consisted of bread with a vegetable stew or, if guests were present, steamed rice, sometimes with vegetables and herbs added. Usually simple, dinner was bread and cheese or perhaps eggs fried in clarified butter. Meat (chicken as well as goat and occasionally sheep) was a fare reserved for guests. Throughout the day, especially when visitors appeared, people drank hot tea.

I felt torn by mixed emotions when I saw Nahid dressed in her dark overcoat and hair-concealing hood within the high-walled courtyard of her tribal high school in Shiraz. I feared that the lifestyle of Nahid's grandmother, Falak, would be one that Nahid's daughters might never know. Still, wishing a comfortable life for my friend, I understood that her pursuit of higher education would provide her with opportunities that many other girls of her age and social standing would lack.

Noticing my unease and hesitation, Nahid reassured me that she would never abandon weaving – whatever else she might have to leave behind. Although she lacked the time and space to weave while school was in session, she said she would begin to knot a carpet when she returned home to her family in the summer. She noted that she had already designed the carpet and chosen all the colors. She mentioned a rug her father's sister had recently woven (its central motif a spotted leopard walking along a branch with multicolored leaves), and she planned a similar pattern but wanted to add borders that contained designs more often used in Qashqa'i gelims. The mental exercise was a practical effort, of course; the process would guide her in the actual weaving. Yet her plans also served to connect her with her family and culture while she lived far from home. Just imagining the weaving, she said, helped her to endure the difficult, tiring academic work and the separation from all her loved ones.

4

FARIBA
Contemplating a Future without Marriage



We sleep, but the loom of life never stops, and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up in the morning.

— Henry Ward Beecher

Born in 1972, Fariba has four sisters and three brothers. Her mother is Falak (chapter 5), and her father is Borzu (d. 1995). Dorna (chapter 1) is the daughter of Fariba's sister's daughter. Ma'asumeh (chapter 2) is Fariba's sister's daughter. And Nahid (chapter 3) is Fariba's brother's daughter.

Fariba glanced up from her weaving when her mother, Falak, called her to fill the water jugs at the spring. Finishing the last red knot of the row, she looked toward the empty plastic containers.

"Hadn't I just replenished them? How could they possibly be empty already?"

Fariba's legs were cramped and her back ached from sitting in the same position concentrating on her new carpet for so long. The creases in her skirts remained after she rose. She adjusted her tunic, whose front panel she often tucked into the back of the waistband of her top skirt. That way the fabric stayed out of her way while she wove. Perhaps unconsciously, she touched both sides of her diaphanous headscarf to check if they were symmetrical on her shoulders. Her long dark hair, held loosely in a band at the base of her neck, cascaded down her back and extended well below the hem of the scarf.

Her mother and sisters, according to their own custom, used to secure her hair with dozens of narrow braids in the back. The fashion for girls her age and younger had changed in the past few years. Most of them now preferred to wear their hair loose, to oppose the government that required all females over the age of nine to conceal their hair.

Observing Fariba's reluctance to fulfill the chore for her mother, I empathized and could guess what she was thinking when I saw her cast a glance at the house where her brother's wife was taking an early-afternoon nap.

"Where's Farzaneh? She's not doing anything important right now. She could collect the water." Of course Fariba did not utter these words out loud; she knew she should not question her mother's authority.

As always, Fariba hesitated to draw attention to Farzaneh's rising status in this small family. Her sister-in-law's decisions increasingly prevailed over those of Falak, and Dariush seemed more susceptible to the influence of his wife Farzaneh than to that of his mother. Although Fariba and Farzaneh were amiable companions and shared the tasks that sustained the household, Fariba told her sisters that she worried about growing more subordinate to her sister-in-law. Already Fariba performed all the chores whenever Farzaneh traveled to visit her relatives or attend ceremonies in her natal Qarehqanli tribe (one of the forty-four Darrehshuri tribes). While Farzaneh relaxed with the Qarehqanli kin who came to see her, Fariba labored alone in the kitchen preparing their food.

"All right, mother," Fariba finally said, seemingly compliant.

Fariba walked downhill past the home of her eldest brother, Mohammad Karim, where he had built a series of connected concrete troughs along the slope of his summer campsite, below a pipe from which mountain-spring water flowed. People used the highest trough only for drawing drinking water, the second for washing dishes, the third for scrubbing clothes, and the last for miscellaneous, less-hygienic purposes such as rinsing out a musty goatskin bag before packing it with fresh cheese.

Sometimes when I accompanied her, Fariba whispered that she wanted to run down the hill just as she used to do when she retrieved water from the spring. Although her status as a "girl" would not change until she married, people regarded twenty-seven-year-old Fariba as too old to engage in such childish antics, and she needed to preserve her modesty.

Some suitable man might still want to marry Fariba, but the chances were slight. Over the past twelve years, she had stolidly denied – by way of various mediators – the many families that had requested her as a bride for their sons. She privately explained her refusals by detailing the negative qualities of the boys' tribal and lineage affiliations, educations, occupations, socio-

19. Fariba (age twenty) chasing a sheep, summer pastures, Hanalishah, 1991. Her mother Falak is behind her. Downhill (not visible here), men are loading sheep into several trucks for transport to market.

economic statuses, family histories, places of residence, health, personalities, and physical characteristics. According to her, each boy manifested a combination of unacceptable traits. Just as she was a "girl" (and never a "woman") until marriage, they were "boys" (and not "men") until this transformative event. The suitors included a boy of her lineage whose married brothers had not yet produced any children (thus placing into question his own fertility), a boy from another Qashqa'i tribe whose family lived seasonally in Kazerun but whose wider kin group was unknown, and the son of her father's sister who was "only a shepherd."

Fariba wanted to marry someone who was formally educated and now employed in a high-status job, whose father was socially prominent and respected, whose family's winter and summer pastures and camps were close to those of her family, and who was a fellow member of the Aqa Mohammadli lineage of the Qermezi tribe. She would never marry a man who was not Qashqa'i, and she would probably not marry outside the Qermezi tribe. A kinsman joked that she waited futilely for the governor-general of Isfahan province (the region's highest official) to marry her, but he was also expressing other people's thoughts that she must scale back her expectations before more years passed by. Soon the only possibility for Fariba would be a widower who urgently needed a new wife to care for his now-motherless children. She had already proclaimed that she would never marry a divorcé or a man wanting a second wife. Both divorce and polygyny indicated clearly to her that such men were deficient in character. Also, if the first wife of either man had not produced children, the men's fertility would be in doubt. Marriage was pointless, she said, without the promise of offspring.

Fariba smiled courteously at Bulgais as she neared the water troughs. She did not consider Bulgais a member of the immediate family; she was only Mohammad Karim's wife and the mother of his children. Yet such children were Fariba's blood kin because they descended from Fariba's brother. Bulgais originates from the Qarehqanli tribe, as does Farzaneh. Many Qermezi ignored Bulgais, not because of any flaw of her own, and she responded by isolating herself.

The nomads still resented the fact that Mohammad Karim had married outside the Qermezi tribe. His father Borzu had chosen this strategy for his teenage son, a decision that was not Mohammad Karim's fault. Later people did blame Mohammad Karim when he married his oldest daughter to a non-Qashqa'i man. Even though the groom's mother is Darrehshuri and Qashqa'i just like Mohammad Karim, the groom's father is a Lur (a member of another ethnic group) and hence so is the groom. Subsequently, people

regarded the children of Mohammad Karim's daughter as Lurs and not as Qashqa'i and considered them lost to the Qermezi tribe.

Following his tribe's sentiments better the second time, Mohammad Karim betrothed his second daughter, Samangol, to one of her first cousins, the son of his father's sister. The boy worked in a helicopter factory and lived in a city far from his natal family in a Qermezi village. Before the engagement, Samangol had told me that he was a helicopter pilot. I knew he lacked much formal education, and I suspected he was little more than a manual laborer, which proved to be the case. Ordinarily the Qermezi did not exaggerate or falsify their own statuses or those of other people, but a few of them had learned this trait from contact with urban society where the lowest-level civil servant identifies himself as a "university president" when he visits the Qashqa'i.

Mohammad Karim's oldest son, Koroush, would also marry soon. His bride-to-be, a member of his own lineage, is one of the first Qermezi girls to complete a university education. His grandmother Falak often grumbled, "Koroush doesn't have a job and hasn't even passed the eighth grade. Why does he want a 'university girl' (*danishga qiz*)?" Having a degree, the bride would likely find paid employment after she married (once an appropriate period had passed), and people compared that probability with Koroush's lack of similar opportunities. According to established norms, a husband should support his wife, not the reverse.

Most Qermezi disapproved of Mohammad Karim's marriage strategies because of these unsuitable or problematic factors.

Fariba turned her attention to the distinct, rhythmic sound of Nahid weaving at her loom inside the thatched hut in front of the house. The thumping noise emanated from the heavy weaving comb (*karked*) made of metal that Nahid used to compact a just-completed row of yarn knots and the adjoining weft strands. The jingling sounds accompanying the thumps came from small pieces of light-weight metal (*jingero*) attached to the comb. Fariba was even younger than Nahid, perhaps fourteen years old, when she had finished her first large carpet.

Absently nudging away the docile sheep that congregated near the spring, Fariba tucked her multiple skirts between her knees and squatted beside the water. Again she had secured the front of her tunic in her waistband to prevent it from getting in the way or dangling in the trough.

Fariba rinsed the two large jugs and their ill-fitting lids under the cold flowing water and then filled the containers to the brim and let them overflow so that any floating debris would wash away. She would like to stop by Nahid's hut to exchange bits of news but she knew she should not keep her

mother waiting. She turned her face when a gust of dry wind blew dust and straw at her, and she cursed the annoyance of having wet hands to which the debris clung. With a sigh and a furtive glance toward Nahid's shelter, Fariba began the tiring hike up the hill to her home. There, Falak greeted her with a grunt and a command to pour her some fresh water. Fariba saw a dented tin cup under a spiny bush (where wind had apparently blown it from the porch), rinsed it out, and filled it until it overflowed, again to wash away any foreign objects. Living as they did and occupying an environment where cleanliness was difficult to maintain, the nomads tried their best in such ways to uphold certain standards of hygiene.

Fariba rarely had time to spend with other females her age, even those "girls" in vexing situations similar to hers, older but still unmarried and waiting for worthy suitors from acceptable families. When visitors arrived, a circumstance occurring multiple times every day, Falak ordered Fariba to perform tasks for the comfort of the guests or for what seemed to me to be trivial reasons. Perhaps Falak wanted to demonstrate that, even though she was no longer the head of the household, she still exercised some control. Fariba would prefer to sit with the guests (often her own kin, some of whom lived in distant Qermezi territories), hear their news, and take her ease, but she was obliged to perform as her mother wished, and she often missed out on the social exchange.

If Fariba were to visit other camps alone to see her favorite relatives, some people might regard the act as improper for an older, unmarried girl. She could accompany her brothers but they were unlikely to spend the time or the gasoline to drive her where their own business did not take them. Several women could travel together if others viewed their purpose as legitimate, such as acknowledging a relative's birth, welcoming a boy returning from the army, or offering condolences after a death. Fariba often said she hoped people would stop by wanting her to come with them on a visit somewhere. Her mother held the power to veto any such excursions, and Fariba usually stayed home.

One of Fariba's age-mates (and her sister's daughter), Mahnaz, lived over the mountain ridge behind the house and around another rise. Mahnaz's camp was within walking distance but Fariba rarely went there unless she could fabricate a reasonable excuse, such as delivering wild garlic she had gathered and dried for Mahnaz's mother-in-law. If I suggested a walk there, Fariba was happy to accompany me and could use the excuse that I ought not to go alone. Her mother rarely interfered in such situations.

When nomads in other camps invited my mother and me for lunch or dinner, we often encouraged Fariba to accompany us, especially if her sisters or other close family lived there or nearby. She might act hesitant to come if others heard our offer; she must demonstrate humility. Yet the invitation always pleased her; she rarely enjoyed a chance to escape from the camp and its confining chores. Just as other female kin always did, she willingly assisted her hosts in the cooking, and she appreciated the opportunity to hear their news and exchange information in the privacy of the kitchen (see illustration 10 in chapter 1). The hosts regarded her as a guest during these social occasions and treated her with courtesy and respect.

Fariba could not predict her mother's reaction to any intended trip with us. If Falak accompanied us, Fariba usually had to remain behind in case visitors arrived unexpectedly. The Qashqa'i regarded the notion of hospitality so highly that even unanticipated guests perceived a vacant home to be a personal insult. When people who were guests themselves somewhere heard that visitors had arrived to see them, they would return home immediately. The obligation to care for guests took priority over being a guest oneself.

Fariba might also stay home because the cab of the compact green Land Rover did not accommodate more than three adults. If children were anxious to travel with us, if the road was not long or rough, and if the weather was not severe, my mother sometimes allowed me to ride with other children in the open back of the vehicle.

Borzu's old beige Land Rover had been more suitable for these trips. Behind the cab, four seats in an enclosed back could handle many adults and children and assorted goods for transport. Yet Bizhan sold this vehicle when he declared his independence from his natal family; he had demanded half the family's assets, including the monetary value of the car. Dariush had preferred to retain the Land Rover but Bizhan held equal rights to it. Bizhan gave Dariush his share of the sale price, and Dariush bought a cheaper, smaller vehicle with the money.

One uneventful afternoon just after lunch, I suggested to Fariba that we hike to the orchard. The proposition pleased her. I hurried to the tent to grab my hip sack so we could escape before anyone assigned chores to her. Meeting outside the tent, we commenced down the hill, past Mohammad Karim's house, and onto the dirt track. For a while we followed the path in silence, and then Fariba asked if I wanted to learn new Turkish words.

When a pickup truck flew past, creating a dust cloud that lingered in the still air, I asked her who the driver was.

She replied, "Tat" – a short form of Tajik, meaning a Persian or another non-Qashqa'i person. For her, the label was sufficient (yet derogatory).

Later we saw the man irrigating an orchard. He and other Persian and Lur cultivators lived in Semirom or nearby villages and traveled periodically to Hanalishah to tend the land they had stolen from the nomads. From a young age, I had internalized the negative attitudes of my hosts toward the trespassers who had seized their pastureland.

Approaching Dariush's orchard, we descended the steep hill from the dirt road and crossed the bridge that Dariush had built a few days previously.

Dariush had hired a "master builder" (and not a laborer) from the nearest village to construct a bridge over an excavated irrigation channel so he could drive the Land Rover down the hill and into the orchard. During the apple harvest he could then avoid carrying by hand the heavy crates up the unstable path to the road. The builder was skilled in small-scale construction projects using natural resources and simple man-made ones, and his status was higher than that of a manual laborer. He did not appear on the appointed date; he claimed a conflicting task delayed him.

Disappointed by the excuse and impatient to complete the chore, Dariush decided to build the bridge himself despite his lack of experience. He purchased concrete pipes in Semirom and transported them to the orchard, where he laid them end to end in mid-channel, tried to connect them, placed rocks in the gaps between the stream's dirt banks and the pipes, and spread cement over the structure to form a surface on which he could drive his vehicle. At first the bridge appeared to be minimally adequate, but several kinsmen soon complained that the pipes rested too high in the water, the concrete barricade leaked, the structure was too far upstream for effective use as a bridge, and water behind it backed up and flowed into another orchard there.

Several days later Dariush began the task again, this time with help from his brother Bizhan, his sister's son Abdollah, and a few other men. They dismantled the existing bridge and constructed a new kind by laying two rows of pipes side by side (which still rested too high in the water) and covering them with rocks and cement. The day of the reconstruction coincided, perhaps intentionally, with the day of irrigation, a task falling every twelve days, and Dariush instructed the volunteer builders while tending to his apple trees downstream. The cultivators in the immediate area took turns, at twelve-day intervals, diverting the water that flowed alongside their fields and orchards.

Crossing the twice-made yet still faulty bridge, Fariba and I walked to a spring bubbling from the midst of a patch of lush grass. After drinking

the sweet water from our cupped hands, we followed a stream to find some shade, ate the apples and apricots we had picked, and waded in the water. Soon we were splashing one another by tossing rocks near where the other stood; in no time we were soaked and bent over in laughter. Fariba rarely enjoyed a chance to behave in such an unconstrained way; her family and relatives expected her to maintain decorum. Ready for rest, we sat on the bank and dangled our feet in the water.

I shared a snack with Fariba. Every day I ate the food she prepared, and I was glad to offer her a few treats of my own. If we were not alone, she would feel compelled to give her portion to others, especially her whiny nephews who would spoil the occasion for us. We each opened a bag of chewy fruit candy and examined the colorful pieces. She put a bright blue one in her mouth. Amused, I watched as her face lit up in surprise at the flavorful juice inside the candy. After savoring all the pieces, we washed our sticky hands in the stream. When she glanced at me, I flashed my surprisingly blue tongue at her, just as a lizard flicks its tongue. The sight startled her, and then she laughed and peered cross-eyed at her own tongue.

Fariba and I reluctantly turned toward home. Soon seeing at a distance a passenger car parked in front of the house, Fariba began to hurry along the path, and I followed close on her heels. She said she did not recognize the vehicle and was disappointed that the arrivals were not her relatives. People in the tribe could identify every Qermezi vehicle, even by its sound before it came into view.

Emerging from the house, Falak looked coolly at her daughter. Her expression read, "Where have you been? We have guests, and you left me alone to care for them."

Fariba and I looked at one another guiltily but did not regret the hours we had spent together. We entered the kitchen area next to the house to find Farzaneh washing rice and preparing a stew of eggplants, tomatoes, and freshly slaughtered goat meat.

"Where have you troublemakers been?" Farzaneh attempted to look stern but instead erupted in laughter. "Falak has been ranting for hours about your absence."

Farzaneh always spoke Turkish with me whenever others were present so I could learn the language and interact more effectively with the group. She and I often used English when we were alone. She could read English but had rarely spoken the language before I joined the family. When the nomads here departed for winter pastures at the beginning of autumn, she resumed her study of English at a private university in Kazerun while she lived at home and managed household and family affairs.

I asked Farzaneh who the guests were.

"They're Tats. They arrived in the early afternoon expecting relaxation and dinner."

Ordinarily Fariba and Farzaneh identified precisely for me any Qermezi or other Qashqa'i visitors. They explained their names, kinship and tribal affiliations, occupations, places of residence, ties with other people, and notable facts (such as a woman whose son died in the Iraq-Iran war or a man bearing scars from a lightning strike). When the guests were urban Persians, such as the ones who appeared this day, the two women offered only the label "Tat." For them, the term was adequate to account for the identity of these unwelcome outsiders.

Delighted that we had kept the Persians waiting and so far had escaped Falak's wrath, Fariba and I joined in Farzaneh's good-humored laughter. I sat with the two women while they cooked an elaborate dinner for the three Persian men and their wives and children.

Urban women usually clutched their veil-wraps closely around themselves, their hands hidden beneath the folds of the loose fabric, and sometimes they displayed only one eye, even though the tribal women were not so severely covered. Through dress and demeanor, they registered their discomfort in such an alien setting where practically every aspect of life was unfamiliar and threatening. They seemed more worried about the dangers they perceived as possible than about any improprieties of dress. Many urbanites still harbored fears about the Qashqa'i being bandits and outlaws, despite a succession of central governments enforcing security in tribal territory.

After several hours, the Persian boys ventured from the house to explore the camp and harass the animals. Dressed as their mothers were, the girls pressed close to them for the duration of the visit.

I asked Farzaneh why the Qermezi tolerated so many unwanted, uninvited, imposing guests. She replied, as Borzu used to do, that they might need the services of these urban-based acquaintances in the future. The nomads lacked sufficient information about state bureaucracy, modern institutions (such as hospitals), and city life to handle affairs there effectively, and they knew few people who could help them to navigate through such labyrinths. Thus having access to urban "friends" who might reciprocate a favor was potentially advantageous for them. As I heard from my mother, however, such visitors rarely provided any benefits, and the effort and expense of caring for them during their randomly timed visits seemed to me not worth the effort.

When dinner was ready for the guests, I saw that Fariba had left small portions of rice and stew in the cooking pots for Farzaneh, herself, and me.

The women did not join the guests, not because of gender separation per se, but because they cooked and served the food, replenished the platters, provided water and tea, and attended to the visitors' other expectations (such as yogurt or pickled herbs to accompany the meal). They fended for themselves by withholding food in the kitchen or hoping for leftovers after everyone else had eaten.

Borzu used to shout for someone to refill the serving trays and dishes. Falak and her daughters and daughters-in-law always needed to be careful to save enough in the pots in the likely event they would hear his bellow. As the host, responsible for his guests' comfort, Borzu would have been shamed if he had called for food and the women responded that the guests had already eaten it all. Dariush, who assumed the role of his father but demonstrated a different personality, was more apt to carry the empty platters to the kitchen so the women could restock and deliver them to the guests. This way he avoided embarrassment if the food was already gone. He did not try to emulate Borzu's abrupt, commanding behavior.

The nomad women appeared to lack sufficient food on these occasions. Yet they exercised authority over the kitchen and the supplies stored there, and they often ate while they cooked. Their children, especially young boys, posed a dilemma for them. The youngsters usually shared the meal with their fathers and the guests and then rushed to the kitchen to consume even more when the adults carried the leftovers there. The women said they would not deny food to "hungry" children even though the youngsters had probably already eaten their fill.

When Persian guests were not present, all family members (including women and children) and any Qermezi visitors ate together around the same ground cloth, without the formalities that the presence of outsiders required.

The next morning many nomads at Hanalishah came to Maryam's tent to offer their condolences. Maryam's cousin had been killed the previous night while delivering wedding invitations for a kinsman. His motorcycle had collided at high speed with the unlit trailer of a tractor that was turning off the road. The impact ejected the three riders from the cycle, and the driver died instantly from a head injury.

Vehicle accidents of all sorts, including pedestrian ones, were now the main cause of deaths (after the complications of old age) and serious injuries in the tribe. People increasingly relied on motorized transportation; equipment was faulty; roads were poorly constructed and dangerous. Drivers

were unskilled and reckless and held safety in low regard. Truck drivers on the highways rarely switched on their headlights at night and only did so for oncoming drivers at the last moment, which momentarily blinded them. Maryam's father had been struck and killed by an unlit truck when he dismounted from a kinsman's motorcycle – his first-ever ride on such a conveyance.

Falak, Maryam, and the men at Hanalishah (including those in our camp) traveled in multiple vehicles to the home of the deceased man several hours away in another Qermezi territory. They wanted to express sympathy to his family, support their grieving tribesmates in the Imamverdili lineage, and represent the Aqa Mohammadli lineage and Hanalishah's residents at the funeral. Bizhan would oversee the ritual washing required by Islam before burial.

As the senior woman at Hanalishah and the wife of the former headman, Falak usually attended the funeral and memorial rites of the tribe's far-flung members. When Borzu was alive she would accompany him, and she continued the practice after his death. Thousands of people came to Borzu's burial and memorials, and Falak said she felt especially obligated to repay their kindness. She was also aware of her advancing age and ill health. She would occasionally joke about individuals whom she hoped would attend her own services. One day, after arguing with a distant relative about his son's ill-advised actions, Falak muttered, "Well, that's someone who *won't* be coming to *my* funeral!"

Fariba, Farzaneh, and I took the opportunity of the vacant camp to bathe. The camp's men did not usually depart at the same time nor were they often absent for a predictable duration. The open terrain, multitude of tasks, unexpected guests, dozens of campmates, needy children, and lack of facilities meant that the women rarely had the time, place, or privacy to indulge in bathing. They fulfilled their own needs only after they had tended to everyone else.

One day my mother told Dariush that if she was working at her desk upstairs at home and the doorbell or telephone rang, she usually did not bother to answer it because of the disruption it would cause to her concentration. He looked at her wide-eyed, unable to imagine himself putting his own interests first.

She also related the American expression, "Fish and guests stink after three days."

Dariush grew even more incredulous. He said that guests bestow honor on the recipients.

A kinsman, who rarely visited Dariush's camp because of an ongoing

dispute, was suddenly animated. He said to my mother, "But *you* have already been here for forty-six days!"

She was impressed that he knew the exact number, which even she had not calculated at this point.

The nomads kept clean even if they were unable to take frequent baths. Men and women took a few minutes in the morning and evening and after a dusty or messy chore to wipe off with wet hands or a wet cloth. Men occasionally rinsed out their socks and hung them on a bush to dry. Only a few of the nomads performed the daily prayers required by Islam, and the rest did not engage in Islam's obligatory ritual washing. Even those who prayed usually conducted only a perfunctory cleansing, sometimes by pantomiming the motions without using water (even when water was nearby). When a trip to town became necessary, men sometimes visited a public bathhouse. Without this possibility, women needed to work harder to stay clean.

The problem, women said, was their hair. They lacked chances to shampoo it as often as they would like. Some women washed thoroughly only once every several months, a period coinciding with their residence in winter or summer pastures. Older women held certain beliefs about the timing and circumstances of baths. If they did wash their hair, they were limited to the mornings so it would dry completely, and they avoided washing in chilly, windy weather for fear of falling ill. Falak tried to enforce her opinion about inauspicious days of the week for baths, thereby restricting washing further. When all women used to style their long hair in dozens of narrow braids down their backs, they needed time and a private space for someone to fix it for them after they had bathed.

On the flat concrete surface in front of the house, I set out a black, canvas-coated rubber bag and filled it with water to heat in the sun. I decided to keep watch over it, to guard against the goats' sharp hooves and the children's pointy sticks. My mother had purchased the solar shower in a camping store in Saint Louis.

Fariba found this ingenious yet simple invention impressive. If she had wanted to bathe on such a rare day – when all the men were absent and the other circumstances conducive – she would need to carry firewood to Mohammad Karim's site. There he had recently built a crude, concrete-block, open-roofed enclosure expressly for bathing. (A month later he filled the structure with gunny sacks of dried fodder and rendered it unusable for its intended purpose.) Fariba would build a fire, heat a huge pot of water, and ask Farzaneh or Nahid to help pour warm water for her while she crouched modestly, still wearing undergarments, in the enclosure's small

space. This process took all morning and could occur only when no men or guests were present in the camp.

This high altitude produced no natural growth of trees, and the nomads needed to transport firewood the long distance from lowland winter pastures to summer ones. They used to depend on dried camel dung for fuel but few nomads raised camels anymore. An unexpected benefit of apple production in summer pastures was the availability of dead and pruned tree limbs.

Mohammad Karim relied on Bulgais to tell other families that they must provide their own wood if they used his bathing facility. Bulgais insisted that the bathers take their towels and wet clothes with them when they finished, rather than leaving them behind to dry.

Fariba remarked how simple the canvas shower was. After the sun heated the water in no more than an hour, she and I hung the heavy bag from a pole laid across the top of the walls of a newly emptied corner of the concrete-block, open-air kitchen. One by one, minimally attired until we entered the small space, we pushed past a rough woolen blanket (boz palas) hung over a rope, undressed, opened the nozzle of the plastic hose, allowed a small amount of water to splash over us, shampooed our hair, lathered our bodies, and then reopened the spout to rinse off. We each managed to bathe by together using only a single bagful of water. After we dried and dressed, Fariba and Farzaneh purposely neglected to return their scarves to their heads. Women usually could not afford the luxury of letting the sun dry their hair, unhampered by a head-covering, but they lacked qualms about doing so when such a rare opportunity arose.

On another morning, Farzaneh and Maryam gave their children a solar shower, and the youngsters hollered with excitement at this novel experience. Later in the summer, Dariush and a young kinsman constructed a concrete-block cubicle in the same corner of the kitchen, where we could bathe more comfortably and avoid the none-too-clean, itchy woolen curtain. We still could not bathe until all men and guests were gone. No men used the facility until Dariush returned to the camp one noon covered with pesticide, and Farzaneh urged him to wash. He hesitated at first but soon was singing a lively Turkish tune as he lathered and rinsed.

As night approached, Fariba strolled over to Maryam's camp to feed and confine the chickens. She returned with Shirin, Maryam's two-year-old daughter. When Bizhan and Maryam had hurried to the funeral, they took Shirin's two brothers but left Shirin at home alone. They occasionally seemed to forget Shirin, the least conspicuous family member, and she needed to fend for herself. I tried to keep an eye on her. Fariba was usually the only person to feed and care for Shirin on such occasions, although Shirin's

scavenging abilities were well-developed. Girls in general, especially in a family of boys, learned independence and ways to protect themselves. Fariba and Shirin, each the youngest daughter, supported one another when they were lonely. Fariba and Nahid, yet another youngest daughter, also enjoyed a close relationship.

Fariba fixed a dinner of fried potato-and-vegetable patties, goat cheese, tomatoes, and raw onions, which we wrapped in pieces of fresh bread. We all preferred simple fare and relaxed gatherings to more formal occasions. Ramazan and Mashallah (the Persian shepherds of Dariush and Bizhan) ate alongside Farzaneh, Fariba, Shirin, and me.

After dinner we sat outside in the dark and watched for meteor showers. Farzaneh said a few words to Fariba that I did not catch, and the shepherds, who always tried to be unobtrusive, burst out laughing. Fariba grabbed a plastic sandal and whacked Farzaneh with it. Farzaneh retaliated by finding another sandal to smack Fariba. When she missed and hit me instead, I reached for my own sandal and flung it at them. Shirin rushed back and forth shouting with glee. Our shoe war raged until Shirin, still giggling but collapsed in a heap, leapt up with a spurt of energy, snatched a sandal from Fariba's hand, and clobbered Mashallah on the elbow. The boy clutched at his arm and feigned a sharp pain. He and his cousin had watched our unusual antics without participating themselves, and Shirin's efforts to engage them surprised us. Sometimes she seemed mature beyond her age. We soon dispersed to our own places for sleep.

When I told this and similar stories to my mother (sometimes years later) about events occurring when she and other dutiful adults were absent, she sometimes responded by remarking, "You did *what?*" After I related what was to her an unusual event, she might have asked, "Why haven't you told me about this before?"

One afternoon when the family and my mother were preparing to travel to Borzu's grave, we saw that the vehicle would be crowded. Dressed appropriately by his mother, Zohreh, for the solemn trip, six-year-old Ramin announced that he would not accompany her (see illustration 14 in chapter 2). I too proclaimed that I would stay behind and was shocked when no one pressed me to join the group. Ramin and I spent the afternoon engaging in relatively harmless mischief, except when he cut his new leather belt into pieces and threw them on the roof of the house (where no one ever went). Zohreh must have wondered later about the fate of Ramin's belt.

On another occasion when I returned to the camp by foot with some friends, my mother asked me about the circumstances. We had agreed that I would come home earlier. I explained that we had encountered a stranger

lying motionless in the middle of the road and needed to detour around him. She seemed not to doubt the story but could not explain it. Hanalishah is not a place where people, even the Persian cultivators, would lie down in the road, and we never did discover the details.

Although my mother and I were often together, we found that some activities that might seem ordinary to me would not seem so to her. As a five-year-old, I showed my mother a small woven bag with tassels that a Qermezi woman had just given me. When my mother asked if I had thanked the woman, I responded, "Yes, but don't worry about it. She has a plastic sack *full* of these bags!" (The woman would never have shown the collection to my mother if she intended to give her a "special" bag.) I enjoyed access to a wider range of activities than my mother did. By spending my days with women and children and engaging in their activities, I experienced their domains intimately. My mother usually interacted with people on a more formal basis. She often talked with men about their political and economic interests and did not always observe the behind-the-scenes activities.

One day I asked my mother about the hat that Qashqa'i men wore (see plate 4). She explained that males earned the right to wear the hat only when they were young adults and only after some feats of strength and bravery. I wondered if Dariush had hunted large animals and fought in wars. She said he had not. I replied, "But he puts on his father's hat and struts back and forth in the tent when he is alone there" (a sight my mother would never have seen).

After my first trip to Iran, my mother and I went to an Iranian restaurant in Saint Louis. I commented on a water pipe I saw displayed there. (Coincidentally, the pipe stood alongside a nostalgically rendered painting of migrating Qashqa'i nomads.) My mother asked how I knew the device was for smoking. I replied that Falak sometimes smoked a water pipe behind the tent when no men or guests were present. My mother noted that Falak had given up smoking years ago. I responded, "Apparently not!"

Fariba had resumed weaving at her loom when I left the tent, a bag in hand. I gestured for her to accompany me inside the house, away from the surveillance of Mohammad Karim's youngest sons. There I handed Fariba the sack, and we sat down to examine its contents. Seemingly asleep, Falak roused herself to shuffle over to us and snatched the container before her daughter could open it. She dug through the bag and then, satisfied with fingering the objects, ambled back to her spot by the door. Fariba smiled at me. This kind of interference was frequent.

Fariba looked at her gifts by taking them out one by one. They included a variety of utilitarian and decorative items from the United States. Some recipients simply emptied the bag onto the carpet and inspected all the items at once, but Fariba savored each object and liked to be surprised when she took out a new one. She was especially attracted to a pair of delicate silver hairpins adorned with pastel butterflies. She carefully aligned them on the carpet, symmetrical with one of its intricate patterns, and then retracted her headscarf after glancing up automatically to confirm the absence of men. I pinned up the two side tendrils of her hair and handed her the mirror I had taken from the nail in the concrete wall by the other door. Fariba admired the way the pins shone in her hair.

A few days earlier, while watching Farzaneh scrape the skin from a potato with a dull knife, I asked if she ever used the vegetable peeler I had brought the previous summer. She replied that she knew of no such tool, that Fariba had probably hidden it, along with other presents from me. Fariba saved my gifts in the hope of using them when she married and established her own household. Such items would form part of her dowry, which now included some objects that no other nomadic Qashqa'i bride had ever possessed. She could use them in the meantime but they would lose their newness and perhaps be damaged, lost, or even stolen by visiting outsiders.

Dariush and Farzaneh had planned a trip to the town of Shahreza to consult a doctor about Salar's heart defect (which a Shiraz doctor had incorrectly diagnosed, as it turned out). Fariba asked to accompany them because she needed to buy an overcoat if she intended to travel to Tehran with her nephew Sa'id, who wanted to sell his family's apples there. The nomads could rarely schedule doctors' appointments in advance. The family took the long trip, unrealistically optimistic about finding a doctor in his office or clinic.

Fariba's ostensible reason for going to Tehran was to visit the new baby of her eldest sister's son, Mas'ud, who studied and worked there. She had never seen the national capital or any other major city except Shiraz, and she wanted a respite from work and the unceasing demands of her mother and brothers.

Ordinarily the custom of celebrating the birth of a close relative was a matter of a short walk or ride, but the growing dispersion of the tribe's members sometimes meant a major journey (as in this case) and some social dilemmas (as is apparent in the next chapter). Perhaps "acknowledging" a birth is more appropriate than "celebrating" because people did not want to draw undue attention to the infant, for fear of causing harm. At some of

these events, no one even mentioned or inspected the baby, and the attendees talked among themselves as if they had come on a routine social visit.

When Fariba returned from Shahreza late that night, she modeled her new black overcoat made of synthetic and obviously itchy material. A fashionable style for urban women, the wide shoulder pads were stiff as boards. She seemed proud of her new coat, which would enable her to travel in the wider Iranian society where such coverings were mandatory. She was also pleased to obtain a new item of apparel regardless of its function. She relied on her brother's goodwill for any necessary goods; she had no money of her own.

One afternoon Dariush drove to town to pursue a legal matter concerning his family's rights to pastureland. Bizhan was absent too; he supervised the grazing of his flock on the stubble of the just-harvested wheat fields he had rented south of Semirom.

Fariba, Farzaneh, Maryam, and I decided to take advantage of the men's absence to make jewelry with the stone, ceramic, glass, metal, and clay beads I had brought from the United States. The women were skilled in many artistic, creative endeavors and were always eager to engage me in them, and so I tried to contribute a few projects of my own (such as needlepoint on small zippered bags). Most Qermezi women did not wear any jewelry except on ceremonial occasions, and only those who were married owned a few items of gold given to them by their husbands before the wedding.

Fariba brought a large platter and four plates. We spread out the beads on the platter and inspected hooks, fasteners, silk cord, clear plastic line, flexible copper wire, and sturdy thread. I wondered how the women would choose among the different kinds of beads, and I asked if specific Qashqa'i clothing came to mind to match their intended jewelry.

Fariba allowed the married women the first choice of beads and watched while Farzaneh, who appreciated beauty and quality, reserved some of the nicest ones for herself. Even in a close-knit family such as this one, social ranking was evident. Farzaneh is only slightly older than Fariba but her status as a married woman was higher than her sister-in-law's. For Fariba to benefit by a comparable collection of beads, I quickly located some shiny blown-glass spheres that she seemed to like. When I placed them on her plate, she smiled with appreciation and began to thread them on wires shaped for earrings. She then formed a necklace by tying knots at both ends of each separated bead along a clear line, to make it appear as if no strand held the beads in place. We each completed several pieces of jewelry and

then sat back to display and admire our efforts. We were grateful that no one had interrupted us. Farzaneh mentioned that one of her necklaces would match the new tunic her older sister had made for her to wear at an upcoming wedding. Pleased to have some beads left over, Farzaneh, Maryam, and Fariba selected them one by one, in turn, until none remained. Each woman took a bead container for storing her jewelry. The next year I recognized the beads that Fariba had sewn on a new tunic.

Another afternoon while I watched Fariba weave at her loom, she handed me a ball of light-green, two-ply yarn and a short-bladed knife. She moved over on the completed part of the pile carpet so I could sit beside her, and she continued her rapid motions. I hesitantly began while trying to remember the loop of the knot from the time she first showed me how to weave when I was nine years old. (Weavers in Iran and the wider region employ different techniques to form these loops.) As I followed the emerging pattern of the partly woven carpet (all the while feeling honored that she trusted me with such a valued task), I began to knot the dark-blue yarn after I had finished all of the row's light-green knots. With two decades of experience, Fariba wove faster than I possibly could and completed all the other colors needed in that particular row before I finished even two.

A ball of the appropriate color at hand, Fariba picked up the yarn's end, with it wrapped and tightened a "knot" (actually a loop) around two adjoining strands of the warp, and severed the yarn from the ball with the knife she kept in the palm of her hand. She made these motions faster than my eyes could follow, and I remembered how I had once asked her to repeat them in slow motion so I could grasp the process. The two upstanding ends of each of her knots were short and even while mine were not. Fariba saw that I worried about these jagged ends and reassured me that she would trim them.

After Fariba knotted each row, she inserted a strand of weft yarn and gently compressed the new row against the previous row with a special tool, the weaving comb, made for this purpose. Then she inserted a thick cotton string and pounded the completed row and the weft strand with the weaving comb. This way she did not damage or loosen the knots while she compacted and evened them. After pounding, she eased out the string and left it close by to use after she had knotted the next row. With a pair of shears, she carefully trimmed the protruding ends of the knots by aligning them evenly with the already trimmed rows she had completed earlier that day. She saved the cuttings in a bag and would eventually use them to stuff

a pillow. Then she reset the heddle rod (the wooden bar suspended from a tripod, running above and parallel to the weft, and controlling the warp strands) and adjusted the warp by raising and lowering adjoining strands (see illustration 13 in chapter 2). She wrapped two strands of yarn (navy and red) around each side of the carpet (the yarn on each side ultimately running continuously from one end of the rug to the other), to form the selvage, a secure, sturdy edge that protected the last few knots on either end of the row and framed the weaving on two sides. Now she was ready to begin knotting the next row.

Some years after the event, my mother told me about her conversation with Fariba and Maryam when I first began to weave with them when I was nine. When I left the loom to greet a visitor, she quietly asked them not to remove my knots in my presence and to do so if necessary only when I was absent. Surprised by her request, the women responded. First, my knots were perfectly placed and formed and did not need removal. Second, if any of them turned out to be wrongly situated or hued, the women would remember me fondly whenever they spotted them. Third, they would respect my feelings on this and other matters. Chagrined, my mother apologized to them for her comment. No one had ever reprimanded me but I still wondered about the mistakes of all sorts I must have made since my first visit.

Fariba and I began the next row of knots, stopping once to cover the completed strip of carpet in front of us and duck our heads when a huge rotating cloud of dust and debris swept erratically past. Some storms take the form of massive whirlwinds rising hundreds of meters into the air and moving unpredictably across the landscape like tornados. We often saw them at a distance but not all passed directly through the camp.

Swirling dust storms, often called "whirling dervishes" or "dust devils" by foreigners, were less common at Hanalishah in the past when natural vegetation grew more prolifically and the soil was not yet disturbed. Then the Persian and Lur cultivators denuded the terrain of much of its natural growth (different varieties of shrubs and ground vegetation), plowed under the top soil, and purposely left the land fallow. These and surrounding areas became dry, barren, and subject to frequent wind erosion and dust turbulence. The Persians and Lurs wanted to claim the land and expel the nomads, not necessarily to cultivate. They hoped to secure the government's legal deeds for this land by demonstrating proof of past agricultural efforts, which they had never actually undertaken beyond plowing the soil. The potential cultivators also lacked sufficient water and the technology to bring it to these mountain slopes. Dry (not irrigated) agriculture produced such small harvests that the months-long effort was not worthwhile.

After weaving for an hour or so and completing two more rows, my fingers were red and sore from the constant rubbing against the rough woolen yarn. Fariba commiserated with me. The hands of all women and girls suffered from work, weather, and lack of protection. Women often wove for hours every day. They immersed their hands in cold water whenever they scrubbed pots, did laundry, and washed and prepared yarn. The dry, windy weather contributed to the damage. The nomads lacked moisturizers beyond the rendered oil from the sheep's fat tail. When I visited women in other camps, they always spotted the pitiful state of my fingers and conveyed their compassion by uttering "tsk-tsk" while unconsciously rubbing their own dry, cracked, callused hands.

A woman's carpets and other weavings were her most valued responsibility (after childrearing), and she protected them, especially those in progress. Late one afternoon, three-year-old Salar knocked down a pole supporting a rope holding his mother's newly washed laundry. The wet clothing landed in the dirt and debris by the kitchen, thus negating Farzaneh's afternoon of work and demanding a new, equivalent effort. Angry about the extra labor bestowed on her and irritated by her son's escalating mischief, Farzaneh beat Salar before stalking off to the stream to redo her washing.

Flying into a rage, Salar rushed to Fariba's loom. After retrieving the scissors hidden beneath the low horizontal structure, he practiced two cuts in the air before positioning one blade underneath the unwoven warp strands and the other blade on top. He looked up to check who was watching, all the while threatening to destroy the carpet.

From a distance away Fariba raised her arms and shouted as she sped toward him, "Drop the scissors!" She knew how much damage Salar could cause.

Salar threw the weapon under the loom, ran away, and did not reappear for hours.

With no men in the camp at the time, Salar had directed his fury at the women's most treasured activity. He could have vented his anger by kicking a goat or throwing a rock at the Land Rover but men cared more about these objects than women did.

If Salar had cut even some of the warp, the act would have irrevocably spoiled the carpet. Forced to loosen the warp's tension to give her enough yarn to work with, Fariba would need to knot together the cut ends of each of the many warp threads. Continuing with the weaving – tying knots and adding weft strands to the places she had repaired – would not obscure the damage. A conspicuous lump would be evident in the final product. The act of adjusting and reattaching the warp would destroy its uniform tension, and the carpet would never rest flat. Experienced weavers recognized carpets

woven on looms that women had disassembled during the weaving (for reasons such as migrating to a new site). Bumps, creases, and uneven edges in the finished pieces betrayed these damaging acts.

When she was pregnant with the twins and still living in Borzu's home, Maryam was weaving a pile carpet large enough to fill much of the tent's interior. When she grew too bulky to reach down to tie any knots, she dismantled the loom by removing the stakes and frame and rolling up the two end beams, the attached warp strands (woven and unwoven) of the incomplete carpet, and the heddle rod. She understood the irreversible harm this action caused. Fariba and Farzaneh had offered to finish the project for her but Maryam, a more experienced and skilled weaver than even Fariba, declined. She feared that her sisters-in-law would work on the carpet anyway (despite her expressed wishes), just as she had already observed them doing one afternoon when she returned to the camp after washing newly spun yarn. So she decided she ought to take the loom apart. Her mother-in-law subjected her to weeks of caustic, often explicit complaints about her choice. The adept Maryam completed the carpet several months later, with one infant strapped to her chest and the other strapped to her back, but she never forgot that she had broken the object's continuity and symmetry (see illustration 8 in chapter 1).

When the time neared for her to depart for Tehran, Fariba sat inside the house deciding which of her few possessions to take. The trip would last for four days, and she chose one change of city clothes, a ground-length black skirt and a long loose blouse. She knew she could wash her garments at the home of her nephew Mas'ud. Laying aside the items, she wondered how she would carry them. Seeing her dilemma, I gave her a small fabric parcel with a zipper around three sides. Wondering what the object could be, Fariba unzipped and unfolded it to find a large tote bag with convenient straps. Smiling at me, she arranged her belongings inside. Farzaneh and I located some snacks for the travelers to share along the way.

Sa'id arrived in his family's pickup truck loaded with wooden crates brimming with apples. He had added only several boxes of apricots; he feared the long hot trip would damage the tender fruit. I hugged Fariba before she stepped into the truck. Her mother was absent; Falak opposed even the idea of this excursion. I suspected she was watching from nearby, hidden from our sight.

On the fourth night of Fariba's trip, with no sign of the travelers, Falak increased her complaints and demonstrated her disgust by retiring before

the others. The next morning Sa'id's truck, now empty of its load, pulled up alongside the house. Fariba stepped out, weary and windblown. Still wearing her bulky, black overcoat and a black scarf, she appeared unfamiliar to me. Except when she had departed, I had never seen her wearing attire other than the customary Qashqa'i dress. She immediately changed into more comfortable, familiar clothes.

"Who cares what I wear while traveling rapidly along the highway?" she whispered to Farzaneh. "What moral transgression could I have possibly committed if I had worn Qashqa'i dress instead of this ugly overcoat?"

Farzaneh nodded in agreement. The two women often noted the peculiarities and contradictions caused by conflicting notions of proper dress.

Following an afternoon of weaving, Fariba decided to take advantage of the so-far eventless day – in which only two groups of visitors had come and gone – to walk to the large, full-leafed walnut tree growing by a spring south of the camp. Already guessing my response, she asked if I would like to come along. We took two-year-old Shirin, once again home alone while her parents and brothers traveled to Shahreza. The tree was the only one in the vicinity that the Persian and Lur cultivators, who claimed Borzu's land as their own, had not chopped down. Fariba often visited the tree for a few minutes of uninterrupted peace, and I thought of it as her own. We asked my mother to accompany us. She had heard stories about the snakes that dropped from the branches onto people, and she claimed to be busy writing in her journal.

On arrival we saw the Persian beekeeper approaching with an object in his hand. He must have been watching for someone from our camp to walk in his direction. Beekeeping appeared to be his secondary, diversionary occupation. The nomads suspected that the production of honey hid his main profession – smuggling contraband goods from the Persian Gulf ports to inland cities via remote roads (the major highways being policed). During most of the year, the man lived in a town close to the port of Bushehr, and many residents there engaged in the trafficking of goods. The line between legal and illegal activities was often not clear, especially because smugglers could easily bribe government officials to ignore prohibited acts.

The economics of living in a third-world (or any other) country includes strategies to maneuver around the state's rules and regulations. Those who partake in activities that the laws deem illegal are not necessarily tainted, and others may consider them to be clever for succeeding in their evasions, especially in countries such as Iran where corruption and abuse of power

are rampant at the highest levels. Such was the regard that the beekeeper inspired at Hanalishah.

Borzu and the beekeeper had been acquainted for years. When the man wanted to spend summers at Hanalishah "raising bees to produce honey," Borzu gave him permission to pitch a small canvas tent on his pastureland. Flowering wild shrubs of different sorts proliferate at certain altitudes in summer pastures. Even from far away, the buzzing of hundreds of thousands of bees is audible during the daytime. This year the beekeeper chose an area to the south of Borzu's camp, close to the dirt road running through the territory (and convenient for any smuggling he might do). Late at night we often saw the lights of vehicles coming to and leaving his camp.

Waving a greeting as he approached, the beekeeper handed Fariba a gift, a plate of fresh, dripping honeycomb. He politely declined Fariba's invitations for a meal and returned to his camp. Fariba now faced a choice. She could eat the honeycomb with Shirin and me or carry it home where Salar would whine for all of it. She did not take long to decide. With my pocketknife, Fariba cut the comb into three pieces. She handed the small one to Shirin, and she and I ate the rest. While Fariba and I washed the stickiness from our faces and hands at the spring (in part to hide any trace from the others back home), Shirin was still eating her portion, inclined as she was to savor every bit. When she tilted the plate to lick the honey remaining there, Fariba saw a black mark and laughed. It was her family's insignia; the vessel belonged to her and not the beekeeper. She had not recently given him any gifts of food, and so he must have kept this plate from some distant time.

According to Qashqa'i custom, a person should promptly return any borrowed item, including a container that had held a gift of food. The borrower should not hand over the vessel empty but should instead add a different commodity, such as a few dates. Fariba joked that at least the beekeeper had fulfilled this last obligation with his gift of honeycomb.

All Qermezi households now employed marks for identifying common and often interchangeable objects such as pots, plates, trays, and tent poles. With hundreds of guests attending weddings and funerals, the host family could not possibly supply sufficient equipment. Nearby and close-kin families lent cooking and eating ware and items such as tents, and, after the event, they reclaimed their possessions by searching for the distinguishing marks. I remembered Zohreh checking each of a hundred or more seemingly identical wooden tent poles – heaped together on the ground after men had dismantled the many tents raised for Borzu's fortieth-day memorial service – so she could claim her own. Increasingly agitated that someone had

accidentally (or not) taken one of hers, she was relieved to find it at the bottom of the pile.

It was early afternoon – the hottest time of the day – when the nomads usually ceased strenuous work to nap or weave. Even the shepherds returned from the mountains with the flocks. When I was younger, I had thought that the herders descended to the camp so the animals could rest. I saw that the sheep and goats grew weary after a morning of grazing in the hot sun and needed to regain their energy before an afternoon of more plodding. Only later did I realize that the shepherds – forced to monitor the flocks from before dawn to dusk – were the ones who most needed this noontime respite.

Falak and Farzaneh lay down to doze, and Fariba began a new row of knots in her carpet. We heard the rumble of a motorcycle approaching. Before rising to greet the riders, Fariba told me the name of their lineage. I recognized one of the young Qermezi men. Fariba said she should remember the other's name but did not, despite having seen him before. She gestured to the porch and quickly set up cushions where the two men sat after declining her offer of "bread" (meaning lunch, given the time of day). After sipping tea and drawing out the suspenseful moment, one of the men announced a forthcoming wedding ceremony. The other one, the groom-to-be, handed Fariba an envelope containing an invitation for Dariush's family to attend.

That night after dinner, another motorcycle roared up the hill and parked in front of the house. Interrupted in bringing dishes to the kitchen, Fariba greeted this new pair of young men, members of yet another Qermezi lineage. Farzaneh and Falak were busy combining leftover food from serving dishes and cleaning the ground cloth used for meals, but they came outside to hear the visitors' news. These men too were delivering an invitation for an upcoming wedding. Fariba prepared and served tea.

Later, examining both cards, Fariba saw that the families of the grooms and brides had coincidentally scheduled the two festivities for the same days. Most weddings lasted two days (unlike the three days of the recent past), and some people could possibly visit one and then the other. The nomads at Hanalishah would have to decide among themselves who should attend which event. They said they needed to be represented at both weddings because the hosts explicitly depended on their support in staging the customary festivities (live music, men's and women's dancing, and stick-fighting competitions). If Hanalishah's nomads did not attend, the

few hezbollahis in other Qermezi groups would try to stop the music and dancing and separate the women from the men.

Arrivals such as these, especially people from distant Qermezi territories, brought information about their families and the people they had encountered during the journey. The residents here soon spread the news. The amount of material conveyed during even such a short stay was impressive. The hosts bombarded with questions any visitors who were not sufficiently verbose. Falak was especially impatient when they omitted crucial details. Sometimes she and others asked questions for which they already knew the answers, to confirm facts and assess the respondents' veracity. Each person also expressed a unique perspective, and Falak particularly enjoyed hearing about events (even ones she had witnessed herself) from different points of view and later relaying the expanded versions to others. She might have previously known, for example, that a certain Qermezi man had rejected a suitor for his daughter by saying she was still too young and he needed her to work at home. From visitors such as these, who perhaps shared the same territory with the man and daughter, Falak might learn that a dispute or a verbal insult was instead a more accurate reason for the refusal.

During this encounter Fariba and Farzaneh repeatedly glanced at one another and attempted to stifle their amusement. I noticed that the men spoke in a manner unlike the everyday Turkish speech I was accustomed to hearing. The women conversed with the groom until the men announced that they needed to finish delivering invitations that night. When the visitors were out of range, the two women burst into laughter. Even Falak chuckled and shook her head. Farzaneh told me that the men, speaking a mixture of Turkish and Persian, had used both languages interchangeably. She imitated their mannerisms, much to Fariba's mirth. Each language has its own accompanying intonations and gestures, and the men had intertwined them in odd ways.

The Qashqa'i understood the inroads that the Persian language had made in their Central-Asia-derived Turkish, and many of them strove to speak only Turkish whenever possible and to avoid these linguistic incursions. The two visitors, more integrated in Persian-Iranian society than this small Qermezi group, lived near a town where they were susceptible to Persian influences. For many Qashqa'i, including most Qermezi, speaking Persian and using Persian and Arabic words – especially when legitimate Turkish ones existed – signified a loss of culture and an irreversible but avoidable change.

In the twentieth century but before the Islamic Republic, perhaps half of the spoken Persian language consisted of Arabic words. Then, because of the Islamic Republic's orientation to Islam and its language, government

agencies, schools, and the state-controlled media added other Arabic words to Persian speech. The Persian language of the early twenty-first century demonstrates linguistic adaptations over the millennia, which include (among other events and processes) the Islamic conquest of the Sasanian empire after the death of Mohammad in 632 and the establishment of the Islamic Republic in 1979.

One morning, women in our camp took a rare opportunity to adorn themselves in their finest, most vivid and elaborate Qashqa'i attire. They exploited the absence of the men who were attending a mandatory "seminar" (a government word) on pasture usage and agricultural techniques offered by state agents for the pastoralists at Hanalishah.

Each Qermezi woman hoped to own a set of special clothes that she could wear at weddings and other festive occasions. When she acquired – often through gifts from female relatives – new items or the fabric to sew them, she converted her previously "best" attire to everyday wear.

Fariba completely disassembled the high mound of baggage stacked along the wall in order to unearth her fanciest clothing – a turquoise tunic and skirt she had sewn for the wedding of Mas'ud, her sister's eldest son. Farzaneh put on a new green tunic and a shimmering flowered skirt. Visiting her natal home for the day, Farideh arrayed herself in an outfit borrowed from her sister Fariba. The women wanted to accent the ornate fabrics and sequined, beaded trims on the hems of their top skirts, and so each wore three or four skirts underneath, which served to expand the one on top.

Fariba suggested that I wear the orange tunic and lacy white skirt that Farzaneh had recently worn at the weddings of Amir Hosain's two sons (held jointly to reduce expenses). Farzaneh rummaged through the jumbled baggage to find the outfit, along with a sufficient number of underskirts. She said that the skirt just under the top one needed to sparkle through the lacy fabric and also to complement the orange of the tunic. The three women excitedly helped me to dress, and they arranged my hair in the fashion typical for Qashqa'i attire. Smiling widely at me, the women repeatedly remarked, "Qashqa'i qiz" (Qashqa'i girl). When they finished with me, they focused on embellishing their own appearance with silk headbands and accessories such as necklaces made from aromatic seedpods.

We hurried down the hill past Mohammad Karim's house and toward the apple orchards below. Two women in our camp, Maryam and Bulgais, did not wear festive attire. Maryam said she could not participate because she was overseeing her boisterous twins. More pertinently, she worried that her

20. Julia and Fariba in an apple orchard, summer pastures, Hanalishah, 1999. Julia wears a necklace of fragrant seeds and a gold pin to fasten her translucent scarf, both features customary for Qashqa'i dress.

husband Bizhan, who had grown conservative and now declared that women should behave modestly, would return prematurely from the seminar and disapprove of her actions. He often acted spontaneously, and she had learned never to take advantage of his absence, out of concern for his unexpected arrival.

In 1992, Bizhan had supported the decision of his new bride, Maryam, to wear a translucent headscarf at the wedding of another couple. At the time, only middle-aged and elderly women still wore the customary scarf. Yet all the women and girls attending the wedding gathered around Maryam to congratulate her for her courage in wearing state-banned apparel. Donning opaque, urban-style scarves, some young women seemed unwilling to violate the government's new, restrictive dress codes. Their kinsmen worried about state sanctions (such as the denial of new privileges for nomads) and the disapproval of Islam-oriented Persians who asserted religious dogma.

In the late 1990s, Bizhan was inexplicably turning conservative. Perhaps his ongoing dispute with his brother Dariush led him to accentuate the contrast between his own wife (Maryam, a Qermezi relative) and Dariush's wife (Farzaneh, not a Qermezi relative), who wore a diaphanous scarf whenever possible and, in his view, flaunted herself in other ways.

Unaware of our plans and not inclined to make a spectacle of herself, Bulgais stood on her porch watching us speed by and then returned inside. I could not determine her sentiments and wondered if she approved or disapproved of our assertion of Qashqa'i culture in this way. I had never observed Bulgais's four daughters in full Qashqa'i dress, and yet I had never seen Bulgais in any other kind of attire. She always donned customary Qashqa'i clothing but not the ornate versions that the other women wore today. She had enjoyed fancier apparel in the past but might now think she was too old. As the mother of eight and the grandmother of two, she needed to maintain a dignified bearing to attract worthy suitors for her seven unmarried children.

When we reached the closest apple grove, we looked for a pleasant place to sit. My mother had brought along two cameras to document the occasion. During weddings and other festivities, the crowds of people and the blowing dust make it difficult to photograph individuals and small groups. This day's occasion was ideal for the purpose. The surrounding, sheltering trees protected us from gusts of gritty wind.

Of the gifts we brought from the United States, the photographic albums for individuals and families that documented the previous year's events were the most cherished and appreciated. Few of the nomads possessed photographs of themselves or family members except for the ones we took and gave to them.

One year I gave Fariba her own album. Among the many photographs was one of a young girl, perhaps four years old. Carefully examining the image, Fariba asked me who she was and why the photograph occupied a place in her album. She was puzzled; she recognized all the other images as herself and her kin. She asked her sisters to identify the girl but they did not know her. Solving her dilemma and relishing the moment, I pointed to the photograph and then to her. She sat pondering the person she must have been so many years before. (My mother had taken the picture in 1977.) Often people identified photographs of individuals and events by the surrounding scene but in this image the girl sits alone on a felt mat.

Fariba told me later that no one had photographed her until she was an adult. (She had not understood the occasion in 1977.) She had never before viewed a picture of herself when she was young. She added that some women had owned circular, palm-sized mirrors made of shiny metal, but they could barely see their reflection in the scratched surfaces.

On an earlier occasion my mother and I gave Borzu a series of photographs that a visitor had taken of him and his family in 1966. Several shots show a young girl in the family tent but no one could identify her. In one image she

rests her arm along Borzu's shoulder and leans toward him, which demonstrates their obvious intimacy. Family members presumed that she was one of Falak and Borzu's three daughters who later died. Yet no one knew which one of the three she was, even when my mother cited the exact year, season, location, and circumstance of the photograph. Until this moment they had never seen photographs of any of these girls.

In 1991 my mother gave Zolaikha (Falak and Borzu's daughter) a photograph she had taken of her in 1977. Zolaikha looked at the image for a long time and then commented sadly that she could not identify the year-old child pressed against her at the loom. Three of her children had died at a young age, and she could not tell which one this was. When my mother described the carpet she had been weaving at the time (which was not visible in the photograph), Zolaikha named the child immediately.

On our way deeper into the orchard, I somehow managed to ensnare a large dead branch in my many skirt hems. Feeling the drag but not fully conscious of the problem, I reached down to detach the limb without ripping any of the fancy trim, and then I nonchalantly tossed it aside, far enough so it would not snag me again. Later my mother told me that she and Farideh had exchanged a poignant look at that moment and had shaken their heads with a mutually understood meaning. Unbeknownst to me, I had used the exact same gestures of generations of Qashqa'i women to extract an unwelcome piece of debris slowing them down and threatening their clothes. I had acted as unconsciously as they did, as if the routine were commonplace for me.

The nomads have watched me "become Qashqa'i" since my first visit when I was five years old. My mother said that they could be anthropologists; they have witnessed practically all the steps I have taken in learning about this society and culture and in adjusting my behavior and attitudes.

Locating a grassy area in the shade, we posed for photographs. The scenery was stunning. The background was lusciously green except for the red apples hanging heavily from the branches above and behind us. Sunlight peeked through the overhead boughs of trees and formed a dappled pattern around us. Distant mountain ridges and peaks offered another appealing background, and we repositioned ourselves to depict them too. Whenever the Qashqa'i mentioned their tribal territory, they always stressed the mountains – magnificent but also a marker of their land and a symbol of their freedom and autonomy. The Qashqa'i contrasted the mountains with the plains, where settled people lived and where the governments that tried to control them were seated.

The women were high-spirited; they rarely donned their most elegant clothing. Secluded in the orchard, they did not worry about the arrival of guests or the men of the camp, who were not due to return for at least another hour.

The men came home prematurely and ended our outing. Farzaneh gestured to me, and together with Fariba and Farideh we quickly left the orchard and strode up the hill holding our skirts to prevent them from dragging in the dirt. Instead of returning all the way home with us, Fariba threw a scarf over her head, although she was perfectly decent in her diaphanous one, and dashed into Mohammad Karim's house. There she hastily removed her fancy clothing, leaving on her normal everyday attire, which she had worn underneath. Only then did she return home. Her agitated reaction puzzled me; she was properly dressed before. Perhaps she worried that the men might think she was drawing attention to herself – an inappropriate behavior for someone in such a vulnerable position (older but unmarried). Yet the elaborate attire she wore this day was the very same outfit she had donned at several recent weddings, which hundreds of men and women had attended.

Seeing me, Dariush and Asadollah (the husband of Fariba's eldest sister) commented that I was now a Qashqa'i girl, and both of them hugged me. During every visit I periodically wore Qashqa'i apparel but usually only in all-female gatherings. Most men and boys had not observed me so attired, except in photographs. By wearing Qashqa'i clothing, I affirmed their culture in a way they approved.

Bizhan returned home from a meeting at Asadollah's camp about an ongoing legal case concerning a Qermezi man arrested by revolutionary guards for loaning his rifle to a Persian peasant. The peasant, firing the weapon in a dispute over water rights, had killed another peasant and fled along with the rifle.

As Bizhan was telling Maryam about the complicated case, they saw the young son of the beekeeper/smuggler running from the direction of his camp and yelling for assistance. Fariba stepped away from her loom to see what matter was so urgent. When he regained his breath, the seven-year-old explained with wild gesticulations that six ferocious "predators" were stalking near his camp. The generic term covered the range from scorpions and pincer-bearing beetles to leopards and tusked boars. Fariba shouted the news to Bizhan – always eager for excitement and ready to confront danger. He grabbed his rifle and ammunition. Bizhan asked the boy if he had seen the

predators; the youngster replied that his father had sent him for help before he could look. With a sparkle in his eyes, Bizhan revved up the motorcycle, hoisted the boy behind him, and sped off, the boy barely clinging to the back of Bizhan's shirt.

More amused by this disruption than worried about any threat, Fariba smiled as she settled down to weave. As the time slowly passed, we watched the family's yellow dog mock-hunt the camp's other animals. On his way back from Semirom, Dariush had found the canine waiting beside the road. He assumed that the mangy dog was a stray, perhaps lost along the migratory route of some nomads, and he loaded it with difficulty into the open back of his vehicle and drove home to begin training it as a watchdog.

The nomads disliked handling dogs directly because of the threat of pollution they posed. Many Muslims regard dogs as one of the most onerous of polluting objects, and any physical contact with them renders a person unfit for prayer and other religious duties until he or she conducts a ritualized cleansing. No one knows if the nomads sustained this belief because of their association with Islam or if the notion predated the adoption of the religion by their ancestors.

Ordinarily a camp this size, with three or four households, would possess at least six dogs. Currently we had only Dariush's newly rescued one and Mohammad Karim's two puppies. Dogs were vital camp members; they guarded against thieves, other strangers, and predators (see loyal Shir in plate 7).

Content to stay, the yellow dog took advantage of the sustenance Dariush's family provided (stale bread, infrequent leftover food, and animal byproducts). It might have been too old for training; it continued to chase the other resident animals. Still, the stray dog was true to its intended purpose. It barked aggressively and attacked whenever strangers or alien animals intruded on the territory. It even announced Dariush's donkey when it returned late at night after visiting donkeys in other camps.

Fariba and I watched as the yellow dog crouched down and inched toward the nearest huddle of chickens as they pecked at the ground for seeds and insects. When the dog reached pouncing distance, it lunged at the center of the cluster, causing the fowl to squawk and flee in all directions. The playful dog was obsessed with hunting, regardless of the outcome, and turned toward several newborn lambs loose from their pen.

Fariba and I finished half a row in her carpet but never heard any gunfire, and then we saw rising dust in the distance signifying Bizhan's return. Dismounting from his motorcycle and deflated of enthusiasm, Bizhan

complained that he had arrived on the scene to find only a single fox, shabby from years of scavenging food and certainly not worth the cost of a rifle cartridge. The ungrateful beekeeper did not even invite Bizhan for tea.

We waved one last time before the Land Rover disappeared around the bend. Pleased to have what we hoped would be an afternoon alone together, Fariba and I sat on the porch while we decided how to spend this unexpected interval. Nonchalantly I rose, extracted a yo-yo from my pocket, and dropped it. As it fell, a light within began to flash. When I saw the expression on Fariba's face as I drew the dazzling red circle back into my hand, I realized that she had never before seen such a gadget. Flinging the toy down with a backhand motion, I left it spinning suspended from the string and watched Fariba gape at it.

Shirin also saw the sparkling object and dashed in our direction from her tent across the way. The two-year-old was so intent that she did not watch her steps; she stumbled and fell facedown on the dusty ground. Fariba strode briskly toward Shirin even before the girl could stand. Being tough and independent, Shirin would not normally cry except that she had landed in a thorny shrub.

Fariba led Shirin to the porch and wiped the dirt clinging to her tear-streaked face. After pouring cold water over her niece's hands, she used a knife and the nail of her thumb to pluck out each of the protruding thorns.

"Did thorns attack you?" Fariba solicitously asked Shirin.

The Qashqa'i often used this phrase, especially for children, to place the blame on the thorns – the perpetrators of minor injuries and discomforts on everyone in this terrain.

One day I was playing with the many children at Morad's camp while my mother visited at Filamarz's. Several youngsters accidentally pushed me against a giant thorn bush. My hands and fingers were pierced seemingly everywhere as I tried to regain my balance and keep from falling. The children had rigged a seesaw for me out of a stray board and an empty oil drum. In their haste to have me try it, they had bumped against me. Such injuries were common for children, who were accustomed to them and pretended they had not occurred, and so I feigned normal behavior. Later, when Morad's son dropped me off at Filamarz's camp, my mother saw I was distressed. She was especially sorry because this occasion was the first time I had visited another camp on my own. She used the tweezers attached to her pocketknife to extract the thorns. Some were embedded, and she worked on them for days to come, concerned about infection.

Remembering the accident, I sympathized with Shirin's plight and tried to cheer up the young girl.

"Look!" Fariba pointed with exaggerated gestures to the mountainside facing the camp. "Do you see the bear cub?"

Rapidly scanning the slopes for the animal, Shirin peered through her tears at the mountain. Adults and older siblings often employed this strategy to distract their crying young. The technique diverted children's attention and renewed their fascination with wildlife, an integral and valued characteristic of the Qashqa'i. When a child misbehaved, the parents might warn, "Hear the cry of the hyena? It will bite you unless you act properly."

Shirin did not spot the bear cub and glanced instead at her hands. She was still upset but no longer crying. To aid Fariba in drawing Shirin away from her injury, I took the yo-yo from my pocket and tossed it down. Entranced by the spectacle, Shirin followed the glowing red orb in its up-and-down path and was astounded when I tossed it so that it spun near the ground. Even without the oddly timed flashing light, the gadget seemed to violate all notions about how an object at the end of a string should behave. Shirin and other young children often dragged behind them a length of rope tied to a stick, stone, or piece of metal, but those items reacted predictably.

"Yo-yo," I remarked to Fariba, who laughed at the name. We often entertained one another by naming objects and actions in our respective languages and then repeating what the other had said.

"No-no," she replied, giggling. I began to correct her pronunciation but then realized she had translated the word into English. "Yo" in Turkish means "no" in English.

The Qashqa'i employed another phrase, "the wind carried it away" (similar to "thorns attacking you"), to explain common events. These words also carried information about the difficult physical environment. Whirlwinds did indeed sweep up loose possessions of all kinds and carry them who-knows-where, but people also blamed other winds for missing objects. They often had to search for items they used frequently. Even people who carefully replaced an object in its expected spot were victims of others who borrowed and misplaced items. I often heard someone complain about a missing knife, scissors, box of matches, or needle. Women especially tried to hide objects in special places so only they would know where they were. Despite their efforts, items did turn up missing, and those who were perhaps responsible proclaimed, "The wind must have carried it away."

The pile of baggage in every dwelling offered women many places to insert items where others would not find them, such as the folds of a rarely used jajim and the spaces between stacked saddlebags. When a family

dismantled the pile in preparation for migrating, all sorts of long-missing objects surfaced. A household's specialized equipment, such as tools for preparing yarn and baking bread, had its own woven containers, some with a braided cord to attach to a tent pole for easy access to the contents (see plate 3). Women also hid in these containers the items they needed frequently, to avoid others using and misplacing them.

Despite the wild and frigid morning wind tearing at her scarf and clothes, Fariba continued churning the previous day's milk to make butter. After women milked the ewes and nanny goats, they strained and boiled the liquid. When the milk dropped to a certain temperature, they poured it into a massive copper pot and stirred in a dishful of yogurt as a starter. Then they set the securely covered pot in a place where no one would jostle it, draped a blanket over and around it, and let it sit to allow the bacteria to grow and multiply. Once this new batch of yogurt was ready, women churned most of it, along with added water, to produce butter and other milk products, some of which they preserved for use after the flow of milk ceased.

Resting for a moment to pull her already-tight sweater more closely around her, Fariba adjusted the tripod's smooth wooden poles so they would rest firmly on the uneven ground. Suspended from a pole attached to the tripod was a complete goatskin, scraped, cleaned, salted, smoked, stretched, and worked until it was soft and supple. Except where the head had been cut from the neck and the feet cut from the legs, the goatskin bag was the undamaged skin of the goat it had encased. The man who had slaughtered the goat separated the skin from the muscle and fat tissue with a long stick and then peeled the skin from the carcass. After treating the hide, a multistage process, women sewed closed, doubled over, and tied each of the four leg holes. Then they bound together the front and the back limbs to form two loops through which they threaded a stout pole, which they hung by ropes from the apex of the tripod. After nearly filling the bag with yogurt and water, they folded over the neck (the bag's mouth) several times to prevent leakage and then secured it with braided goat-hair yarn.

Fariba vigorously sloshed the goatskin bag with firm rhythmic motions for half an hour and then unfolded the neck hole to peer at the quality and consistency of the contents. The top layer displayed thick, congealing lumps but the rest was still a frothy liquid. Judging the current stage of the process of extracting butter fat from yogurt, Fariba added a few dishfuls of water to the solution and resumed churning for another half hour. When she was finally satisfied with the contents of the bag, Fariba reached in through the

neck of the goatskin and skimmed the surface of the liquid for clumps of butter, which she placed in a lopsided aluminum dish dented from many years of use. She stored the butter in another kind of goatskin bag and would liquefy and clarify most of it later when the quantity was sufficient. She saved the remaining liquid, from which she had removed the butter, to process into still other dairy foods.

When I was five years old, this simple yet productive procedure intrigued me. I yearned to understand how and why milk turns into butter when shaken about. Whenever I heard the distinctive beat of Fariba's churning, I would stop what I had been doing to race over to watch the swinging skin of a goat, listen to the sloshing of the milk within, and marvel at the mysterious process.

One occasion I ventured too close to the tripod. The pole suspending the goatskin bag swung back heavily in my direction and struck me on the bridge of my nose. I fell backwards and landed in a sitting position, more surprised than hurt, with tears welling up in my eyes from the blow. Since then I retained my curiosity but did not enter a certain radius of the tripod. I was no longer so cautious, but I still avoided the end of the swinging pole.

Once the sun had sunk so low that she could no longer discern the emerging patterns of the carpet on her loom, Fariba rose with a sigh. She found a heavy blanket and covered the weaving for the night. She would always have tomorrow to weave – and the tomorrow after that. Perhaps one day she would bear a daughter to whom she could impart her skills at the loom. She shuddered when she considered the alternative fate – living with her brother and sister-in-law forever.

5

FALAK
Disruptive Changes in Family and Tribe

Some threads . . . hang loose, out of place. . . . The best we can do is knot these threads at the ends so they won't unravel any further.
— Camilla Gibb

Born around 1934 and married in 1946 to Borzu Qermezi, Falaknaz Qermezi has five daughters and three sons. Her mother is Haman, her father is Rostam Ali, and she has three brothers and a half sister. Her parents named her Falaknaz but as long as people can remember they have always used the shortened form. A member of the Kachili lineage, she has spent her married life among the Aqa Mohammadli relatives of her husband. Dorna (chapter 1) is the daughter of Falak's daughter's daughter. Ma'asumeh (chapter 2) is Falak's daughter's daughter. Nahid (chapter 3) is Falak's son's daughter. And Fariba (chapter 4) is Falak's daughter.

Falak chased a chicken from her one-room stone house as it squawked and flapped in distress. Once outside, the indignant bird smoothed its jumbled feathers, which were disarrayed in the panic of its departure.

Irritated, Falak muttered under her breath, "A tired old woman can never rest."

The sixty-five-year-old woman rummaged through her threadbare bag of mystery pills and random unlabeled medications collected over years of visits to doctors until she unearthed a certain green capsule. She looked up as if intending to summon her youngest daughter to bring her water but then she fetched it herself. For a moment she had forgotten that she was home

21. Farideh and Falak, summer pastures, Hanalishah, 1998.

alone. Satisfied she had found some relief from her ailments, Falak resumed her supine position next to the ill-fitted wooden door, left open so she could watch for arriving visitors as well as foil potential mishaps in her camp. When she gave up her goat-hair tent several years previously for the comforts of a stone house here in the tribe's summer pastures, she compromised her ability to oversee the camp's activities. The open-faced tent had offered her a much wider scope.

At all times Falak wore customary Qashqa'i attire including the diaphanous scarf and silk headband (see plate 7). Her many long, dark braids were visible beneath the thin cloth and peeked out past the bottom hem along her lower back. She had worn nothing but black since the death in 1995 of her husband, Borzu Qermezi, the Qermezi tribal headman. Her numerous layers – a tunic, a sweater, and multiple skirts gathered at the waist – concealed her thin frame.

Like most Qashqa'i women who dressed in traditional fashion, Falak slept at night in the clothes she wore during the day. Women and girls who donned elaborate attire for festive occasions removed the top layers before retiring, their daily dress usually underneath. During my first visit, Falak asked my mother about several items of laundry hanging on the guy ropes of our tent. Puzzled, she wondered why she had never

seen me wear them. My mother explained that I wore those clothes only at night.

Falak worried about being home by herself. Her middle son, Dariush, was irrigating the family's apple orchard, and her youngest and only unmarried daughter, Fariba, had traveled to Tehran on what Falak regarded as a preposterous escapade. Thus Falak needed to supervise the camp and entertain any visitors who should happen to drop by unexpectedly. In such an event she would need to unfurl several of her best knotted carpets (currently rolled up and standing stiffly in a corner), prop up cushions, heat water, brew tea, and wash tea glasses and saucers. Dariush had not gone to town in over a week, and she lacked a melon, which was customarily cut and served to newly arrived guests. She was troubled about appearing inhospitable. If the visitors insisted on staying for lunch or dinner by demonstrating no intention of leaving as mealtime approached, Falak would be forced to seek help in preparing the food from Maryam, her newly independent daughter-in-law. Subsequently she would resent Maryam for needing to rely on her assistance.

From the day Falak married Borzu and joined his mother's household, the composition and dynamics of that unit were in constant flux. Several years earlier Borzu's father, Shir (Lion) Mohammad, had been killed in a war between the newly enthroned shah (king) and the tribes in the region. His eldest son Khalifeh became the head of the extended family, then consisting of two households, one for each of Shir Mohammad's two wives and their respective children. Shir Mohammad had reluctantly wed a second wife when his first one fell ill and could not manage the duties of a headman's spouse, especially tending to his many daily guests and visitors. They had produced four sons but no daughters who could assist her. The second wife bore six daughters and three more sons, including Borzu. At that time (and to the present day), polygyny was rare among the Qashqa'i and usually reflected uncommon circumstances such as a first wife's apparent infertility.

Falak and Borzu produced one and then another and then more children. By the time the youngest of eleven was born, the oldest had already married, moved to her husband's household, and was raising her own children. Mohammad Karim was their first son to marry, and after some years he detached from the family to form his own independent household. When Farideh – Falak and Borzu's last daughter to marry – departed, the home held two unmarried sons (Dariush and Bizhan) and one unmarried daughter (Fariba).

22. Bizhan, Mohammad Karim, Julia, Hosain Ali, and Dariush, summer pastures, Hanalishah, 1997.

Bizhan, the youngest son, married Maryam in 1992, and the dynamics of everyday life at home changed once more. As a new bride, Maryam brought order to the tent and campsite, especially the space used as a kitchen. She reorganized the household's possessions and frequently swept the tent and its adjacent area free of debris. Maryam eased some of Falak's burden by completing chores Falak would have otherwise performed herself. Customarily a mother gained prestige when daughters-in-law labored for her and complied with her wishes. If the new brides were assertive, as Maryam turned out to be, the mother-in-law's level of authority might actually decrease. If Maryam knew that the family's sack of raw rice was nearly empty, for example, she might ask Bizhan to drive to town to replenish the supply. Falak would no longer insist that her son should stay home to finish harvesting alfalfa for the sheep. Emboldened by his new status as a married man (and no longer a "boy"), Bizhan grew increasingly decisive and motivated by self-interest. Falak was not in charge of the family and home to the extent she used to be, and she lacked much control over her newly married son and his bride.

When Dariush, Falak's other son at home, married Farzaneh a year later and the two brothers built a small stone house to contain them all, Falak

found that she commanded even less authority. After Borzu died two years later, the dynamics of domestic life altered in yet new ways. Maryam and Bizhan produced four children (one of whom died as an infant), and Farzaneh and Dariush bore one. Ten people now occupied a small, cramped room. They hardly had any space if their frequent guests and visitors needed to stay the night.

Borzu's role as mediator now gone, Dariush and Bizhan often argued about minor matters. Bizhan complained that Dariush spent money impulsively on frivolous items, such as packaged cookies for his son Salar and sequin-embossed tunic fabric for Farzaneh. Maryam's young twins, who grabbed at objects and whined, annoyed Farzaneh, especially when she was trying to study a textbook. Their sudden wails during the night often startled her awake. The two brothers seemed unable to discuss their major problems, such as the incursions of Persian and Lur cultivators on their pastureland and the family's increasingly dire financial straits.

One day, seemingly on a whim, Bizhan declared his intentions to form his own independent household. Without consulting anyone beforehand, he decided to divide the family's property into two equal parts, one for himself and the other for Dariush and the remaining family members. According to Qashqa'i custom, the oldest son marries first and after several years sets up his own camps on plots of land his father gives him in winter and summer pastures. The next son does the same and then the succeeding ones, until the last son. The youngest (the cherished "son of the hearth"), whom people consider the most vital to the household's welfare, remains in his mother and father's home to care for them, his unmarried siblings, and his own wife and children. Despite being the youngest, Bizhan decided unilaterally to bestow on Dariush the burden of Falak and Fariba. Perhaps he felt entitled to do so because he had married before his older brother.

Before a son planned to leave his natal household and receive a share of the family's wealth, his father would sometimes retain a portion for himself. When Bizhan chose to separate from Dariush after their father died, Falak insisted that she and Fariba acquire some property of their own. She worried that her sons' escalating quarrels would negatively affect the two women. After Falak asked the husbands of her four other daughters to mediate, Dariush and Bizhan divided the herd and pack animals, dwellings, and household possessions into three nearly equal parts instead of two, one for each brother and one for the remaining women. Falak would always reside with one of these sons but now she was more economically secure and less dependent on the two. Having her own assets, she could make beneficial decisions for her daughter and herself.

After continuing dispute, the two brothers agreed that Dariush could keep the small house on the outskirts of Kazerun, the town nearest their winter pastures. The dwelling would accommodate Falak, now ill and aging, and Dariush's son Salar, thought to be suffering from a heart ailment. Bizhan almost immediately regretted his generous impulse. He demanded half of the monetary value of the house and forced Dariush, who lacked any cash, to turn over all of his livestock instead. Dariush's economic position was now precarious. Other than the small income from the still-maturing apple trees, Dariush lacked the means to support himself and his wife and child. Bizhan, wanting to buy additional ewes, sold Borzu's decrepit Land Rover so he could use the income (which he split with Dariush) for the purchase. He quickly discovered that he still needed vehicular transport, and he bought a used motorcycle. Dariush faced the same difficulty and bought a smaller, cheaper Land Rover.

One critical issue still remained unsettled, that of the many weavings currently in Falak's possession. They outfitted her home and organized her supplies and equipment. Ordinarily the youngest son would inherit most of them in his role as the "son of the hearth," the one who remained in the household where women had woven and used these items. Bizhan had abdicated that role but still wanted many of the weavings for himself. The mediators intervened again by declaring that the weavings would remain with Falak (and the son who cared for her). Bizhan complained about the decision but could not find a way to overturn it. He would occasionally borrow a weaving and then delay in returning it, as if others would forget that he had taken it. Falak kept a mental tally of the goods leaving her home in this way and would raise the issue during arguments.

Maryam and Bizhan pitched a small canvas tent on a piece of Borzu's summer pastureland. They and the other nomads moved with relative ease from their tents to their huts and houses and then back again to their tents. They had always traveled on a seasonal and often more frequent basis, and this new move was seemingly ordinary for the young couple.

Yet Maryam had difficulty adjusting, not because of moving but because she lost the support of Farzaneh, Fariba, and Falak. While Maryam had kept the home and camp orderly, Farzaneh looked after the children, and the three young women took turns preparing foodstuffs, cooking, baking flat bread, finding wood and brush to use as fuel, and collecting water. They usually completed their tasks quickly because they shared them. Falak assisted whenever she could and often finished the chores that the others had not.

Now separated from her co-workers, Maryam was solely responsible for watching her children, fixing meals, fetching water, and overseeing the

23. Falak forming balls of two-ply yarn, summer pastures, Hanalishah, 1992.

livestock. Implicitly placing Maryam in charge, Bizhan often left the camp to pursue his own activities for the fledgling nuclear family. Their flimsy canvas shelter provided little protection from the wind, dust, rain, searing heat, and frigid cold, and her three children grew difficult to oversee. Sometimes Maryam found herself unable to cope, and she sat despondently and alone on the mountain slope behind her tent. She could not maintain order as she had done efficiently before.

Independent households, such as Bizhan's and Dariush's now were, each carried its own responsibilities, and yet they assisted one another if need was apparent. Informal rules governed who offered aid and how each family would exploit the property and economic resources it continued to share with the other, such as the orchard. Bizhan, Dariush, and Mohammad Karim (their elder brother) inhabited the same territories and utilized common grazing lands, and they sometimes needed to rely on one another. When two of the men were absent while conducting tribal or economic affairs, the remaining one would temporarily act for all of them. He would host any visitors and make decisions on behalf of his brothers.

The women of the two newly independent households served their own interests just as the men usually did. Still, they frequently cooperated with one another if only to enjoy company during repetitive tasks, and they were not constrained by the more rigid behavioral codes that the men often followed. Women appreciated companionship while they chopped sugar cones into pieces, rolled out spheres of thickened sour milk to dry in the sun, and beat freshly sheared goat hair in preparation for spinning. They accompanied one another while engaging in work distant from the camp, such as gathering wild herbs and bulbs (varieties of onions and garlic) in the mountains. Only a few of their tasks, such as wrapping the warp strands on a newly assembled loom and rigging the heddle rod, actually required assistance.

After the commotion Falak had raised to expel the intruding chicken from the house, I resumed reading an intriguing tale of traveling through time. I paused to watch hundreds of sheep and goats pass by the porch, where I sat, on their way to the drinking troughs.

Many of the animals wore bells of various sizes and metals around their necks. Chiming with every move, each bell rang differently – some lightly jingling, others loudly clanging, some soft but high-pitched, others brash and reverberating against the nearby mountain's rocky slopes. A shepherd developed a sharp ear for his herd and could discern by these tones if even

one animal was missing. He grew familiar with the disparate habits and personalities of each sheep and goat in a herd of three to four hundred (the number always fluctuating because of births, deaths, market sales, and gifts).

Two mature male goats in particular demanded special attention because they were sometimes unruly. When Dariush discovered that they had jumped the wall of a nearby orchard to browse on ripening apples, he beat them with a stick. For days after that, the two goats, instead of leading the herd, would lag well behind the rest of the animals when they returned to the camp at nightfall, most likely trying to avoid another thrashing.

A household customarily assigned the youngest son, once he was capable, the duty of tending the flock on a daily basis. Older sons assisted him and performed related tasks such as cultivating fodder crops and shearing the sheep and goats. Young daughters cared for the lambs and kids while older ones milked the ewes and nanny goats, processed the milk, and spun and wove sheep wool and goat hair.

More boys and girls now sought formal education, and many families – facing serious shortages of labor – decided that they must hire shepherds if they were to persist with nomadic pastoralism. They provided the herders with food and clothing and paid them a monthly salary, nearly the same amount earned by a trained teacher because of the job's difficulty and the scarcity of men willing to undertake it. Often unable to find shepherds locally, some families hired refugees of nomadic and tribal backgrounds who had fled from neighboring war-torn, conflict-ridden Afghanistan.

Falak grumbled a curse at the animals for waking her up yet again and appeared in the doorway holding onto the frame for support and balance.

I looked up from my book and smiled a greeting.

Falak replied, "Jan" (dear one; literally, "life").

Falak tucked her long black skirts in the bend of her knees and squatted to watch the shepherd fight his way through the bleating sheep to a long concrete trough he filled with the alfalfa that Dariush and Bizhan cultivated between the trees in their apple orchard. The impatient animals lined up along both sides. When a ram or ewe began to dislike its position, even if fodder remained under its nose, it suddenly lunged away and attempted to thrust itself into another place between two already closely pressed animals. The fat tails and rumps of the sheep swayed in rhythm to the noisy rustling of their hasty chomping, grinding, and swallowing. Fending for themselves on the slopes above, the goats made do on thorny shrubs and hardy ground vegetation. Unless ailing, they rarely received any supplemental fodder.

Once roused, Falak ingested another pill (a purple capsule this time), slipped on her plastic sandals, and ambled off to complete some chore necessary because of her family's absence. She was conscientious and always aware of the inconsiderate behavior of others. Falak was the only one who assured that someone completed each camp duty in a timely manner. If no one had returned the lambs to their reed pen after nursing or if everyone had forgotten by the late afternoon to search for the eggs the hens had laid in the surrounding rocky terrain, Falak would tell someone to complete these jobs. If no one was available or if others pleaded the urgency of their own tasks, she would do them herself.

Falak lacked any tolerance for the antics of animals, especially when her family was negligent in its duties. The previous night she had gone to confine the chickens in their coop, a task she had expected her daughter-in-law Maryam to undertake. Maryam was supposedly helping her while Fariba journeyed to Tehran. With a long stick, Falak slowly herded the small-brained birds toward their mesh crate while she spoke softly to them, saying "bih, bih, bih," as the nomads did to call and calm chickens. All of them gradually crowded inside except for one hen that was circling the coop and eyeing Falak suspiciously. Nearly ready to shut the latch against the night's many predators, Falak suddenly lost patience and whacked this remaining chicken across the back. The hen protested, alarming the other birds and inciting them to pour from the crate and dash about in a confused frenzy. Yelling at them, Falak stomped back to the house while muttering under her breath. Investigating later, worried that the fowl would fall victim to the area's foxes, wolves, and hawks, she saw they had entered the nighttime shelter on their own. Fastening the latch, she then dragged a ragged felt mat over the enclosure and weighted it down with rocks.

The wandering goats exploited Falak's temporary absence to survey the campsite. Some searched the kitchen area for vegetable peelings and melon rinds, ambled across the porch (by stepping delicately over my outstretched legs as if I were not sitting there), and nuzzled empty water jugs. A crash suddenly echoed from the open-air, concrete-block structure used as a kitchen, followed by the rush of three large male goats barreling out onto the concrete patio just below the porch, their hooves clattering. They sauntered nearby, already forgetting that they had spilled a stack of empty pots.

Another goat, an inquisitive nanny, edged closer to my place on the porch. She looked around, seemingly oblivious to me, and saw a veil-wrap (chador) that Falak had abandoned in a heap when she began her errand. Falak, who ignored the government's newly imposed, mandatory dress code, used this garment, not for reasons of Islam-ordained modesty, but

rather as a source of extra warmth, a windbreaker, and a screen from dust and insects. More suspicious of the chador than of me, the young animal ventured forward until she was close enough to see that it posed no danger. Then the omnivorous part of the she-goat took control. Another young one joined her, and together they dragged Falak's newly washed chador halfway across the camp through dirt and prickly plants. When the goats tired of their game of tug-of-war and found the fabric not particularly tasty, they discarded the cloth on the ground, stuck to a spiny bush and covered in clinging debris.

Falak returned to the camp with her arms full of kindling and some firewood, which she had collected a stick at a time alongside the dirt road running through the valley. When I saw where she had been, I regretted not accompanying and assisting her, but I also knew that she (and other women and girls) used these kinds of tasks away from the camp to have some privacy for personal matters. I had never seen Falak walking toward the walled toilet down the hill by the road. She apparently preferred to find secluded spots elsewhere.

Witnessing the unexpected condition of her chador, Falak cursed at the animals, "May your unworthy fathers burn in hell!"

This utterance (among others) was a common expression of hers. To the shock and then amusement of the family here, my first few spoken words of Qashqa'i Turkish were exact replicas, even in intonation and emphasis, of her expletives.

A few nights into my first visit when I was five, family members and relatives were sitting around the fire at the entrance of Borzu's black goat-hair tent. A dog suddenly ran by in the darkness, barking ferociously at a trespasser, and upset a circular metal tray leaning against a guy rope.

As the large tray rattled to the ground, rotating until it fell flat, I erupted with several apparently appropriate phrases: "May your father burn in hell! A virulent pox on your head!"

Chuckling, everyone instantly understood where and from whom I had adopted these choice phrases. I was not aware at the time that they were curses. I knew only that the nomads (and Falak in particular, whom I especially admired) pronounced them in times of annoyance and calamity.

That same evening I saw a new face just beyond the circle of people around the fire and asked my mother who the person was.

She replied, "Borzu's shepherd."

I retorted, "But where is *Falak's* shepherd?"

As my mother translated this exchange, everyone burst into laughter.

Falak leaned over to hug me and then remarked, "You know, you're right.

Actually, I have always wondered, 'Where *is* my shepherd?' I work too hard around here."

Ever since that evening, I have always felt that I am a part of this family and not just a visitor.

Since the death of her husband Borzu, Falak had grown more contemptuous of her group's changing attitudes and lifestyles. She disapproved of people's frequent trips to town and the unnecessary (as she deemed them) products they felt compelled to buy there. In the past the nomads visited town only when it was essential. If someone was sick or injured, that person would rely on local remedies or visit a tribal healer. Now sneezes and headaches warranted trips to the doctor, sometimes a Pakistani one because many Iranian doctors disliked serving in such remote places. Living conditions were difficult, social activities were limited, medical facilities were inadequate, and the postings diminished the status of the practitioners, who preferred a wealthy, urban clientele.

Falak worried that the youngest generation would mature without understanding Qashqa'i life as she knew it as a girl. She feared that these individuals would be unable to pass on the experience to their children. Already some youngsters did not spend the season in winter pastures but instead resided for days at a time in a town to attend middle and high school. (Students in primary school were more fortunate. They could remain at home and enroll in the special nomads' schools situated in winter pastures; see plate 5.) Conflicting school schedules meant that few children had undertaken the full, months-long, semiannual migrations between winter and summer pastures.

One day my mother asked Filamarz (the husband of Falak's daughter) about the tribe and lineage of a Qashqa'i man whose name appeared in a story he had narrated.

Leaning against his father, Filamarz's eight-year-old son, Farhad, listened intently and finally nudged him to ask, "What tribe and lineage are *we*?"

Filamarz patiently explained, "We are the Aqa Mohammadli lineage of the Qermezi tribe."

The boy sat back to ponder the response for a while as he assessed this information's significance.

Farhad's question startled my mother. Every adult constantly referred to these named groups and explicitly made decisions affecting them. She was perplexed that Farhad, a bright boy, did not already know the answer.

Falak was troubled that her grandson apparently lacked the basic knowledge that her own generation took for granted. She shook her head as she wondered aloud about the future of her children, her kin, and her tribe.

Some changes that Falak experienced were consequences of Borzu's death. Her status as the wife of the tribal headman was once so well respected that many near and distant kin, along with other tribal and even nontribal associates, came to visit not only Borzu but her as well.

After Shir Mohammad died and passed his leadership to his eldest son, Khalifeh, people also sought the counsel of Borzu, a younger son, on tribal matters. Khalifeh was a literate, dignified, and impartial leader but many tribal members came to prefer Borzu's proactive stance and aggressive personality, especially when they confronted hostile gendarmes (the government's rural police) or the Persian and Lur cultivators trespassing on their grazing land. Khalifeh wanted the people to benefit by the best possible guidance, and so he recognized the skills of his younger brother and handed over the headmanship in 1964.

As the headman, Borzu mediated for his tribe (and sometimes other tribes), the khans, and the government. His supporters relied on him to make wise decisions; they were not always aware of the complicated details of the broader regional and national context in the ways that Borzu was. A tribal headman had to be strong-willed, generous, intimidating, clever, and amiable, and Borzu possessed all these qualities. He helped to plan the group's semiannual migratory routes and schedules, and he successfully confronted the state officials who wanted to stop the tribe's nomadism. Borzu aided his tribesmates and others in the resolution of problems, such as stalled marriage negotiations, hired shepherds fleeing before completing their contract, and intertribal feuds over pastoral borders.

Borzu's explosive temper was his main personal shortcoming but he found the trait useful in handling conflicts and repelling infringing outsiders. Fearing Borzu's forceful response, fellow tribesmen as well as outsiders avoided actions that would provoke him, and he could sometimes shape their behavior without any effort. People sometimes wondered if Borzu always acted in the tribe's interest or perhaps merely his own. When men avoided confronting him about his plans and actions, in part fearing his outbursts, they often spoke instead to Falak.

As the headman's wife, Falak wielded influence and held a key position in decision-making. She calmed people's unease and sometimes relayed to Borzu their perspective as she viewed it. She would try to understand his

24. Dariush, Julia, Borzu, and Bizhan, winter pastures, Dashtak, 1995. Borzu wears the distinctive Qashqa'i hat.

attitudes on certain issues. If she saw that he was growing displeased, she would soften the message or change the subject. People understood her role on these occasions and depended on her to help solve their problems.

Some women who visited Falak carried news about disputes between lineages and helped to settle disagreements, especially if the women were allied with two lineages – their natal one as well as that of their husbands, daughters, and sons. Married into a lineage that was not her own, Falak understood the detriments and benefits of being an outsider. Most of the women and practically all of the men near her on a daily basis were not her lineage mates but rather Borzu's. Yet she enjoyed having another group, her natal one, on which to rely. Its members often came to see her, and whenever people in her lineage and Borzu's lineage intermarried, the new ties drew her closer to her own group. Her status rose because of these widening contacts.

Since Borzu's death, people continued to seek Falak's attention although less frequently than before. Her extensive networks endowed her with information unavailable to many others, and she disseminated news and offered entertaining distractions to women who were otherwise isolated and busy in their remote camps.

People asked Falak to address their medical problems. They were skeptical about the supposedly modern (but poor quality) medical care found in

the nearest towns, and they trusted her knowledge and skills. If someone consulted Falak about an unusual stomachache, for example, she might diagnose that a morsel of meat consumed but not digested had lodged in the stomach, and she would massage a vein beneath the shoulder blade to oust the obstruction and ease the pain. She drew on her large supply of indigenous herbal, mineral, and animal-derived medicines for a wide array of ailments, and she used my analgesic creams and camphor balms to treat patients with arthritis, sore muscles, and congested sinuses.

Falak was also versed in techniques for predicting outcomes. One evening Koroush (Mohammad Karim's twenty-two-year-old son) departed in his father's dilapidated pickup truck and did not return for hours. Falak grew uneasy about her grandson. The night was pitch-black, no moon yet visible, and the vehicle lacked the state's required proof of ownership. Mohammad Karim was absent, tending his faraway apple orchard. Falak worried that the police would stop Koroush, confiscate the pickup, and abandon the boy far from home or, worse, take him into custody. Lacking other means of discerning her grandson's circumstances, Falak called for her spindle. She held it gingerly by the strand of yarn extending from the top of the wood-and-goat-horn device that she used to spin raw wool. Falak knew that if the object swung once and then was still, Koroush would arrive soon. If it swung twice, some calamity had transpired, and he would not return home. The spindle swayed a single time before hanging straight, and several minutes later the missing boy pulled up unharmed in front of his father's house.

Falak often explained misfortune as a condition befalling someone who had foolishly ignored an inauspicious omen. She warned that people must not bathe – rare enough in this stark, open terrain in any event – on certain days of the week for fear of illness striking the bather. She insisted that no one should consult a doctor or get married on a Saturday because actions performed that day would be repeated. An illness would return or a groom would remarry (because the bride died or he wanted a second wife – both undesirable events) if anyone sought medical help or married on Saturday. Falak declared that a person beginning the migration or another major trip on a day of the week considered dangerous for travelers would almost certainly experience a grave, even tragic, mishap. Ever since my first visit, she was persistently troubled by the timing of my departure from Dashtak or Hanalishah, a date that preceded by several days my international flight from Tehran. Rarely fitting her own scheme, my unpropitious departures disturbed her.

Before Borzu's death, Falak was authoritative about family matters. During his frequent absences while he handled tribal and economic affairs away from the camp, she acted in his stead. She exercised control over her five

daughters and three sons until they married one by one and formed independent households. After Borzu's death, Falak often worried that she and her only unmarried child (Fariba) burdened her son Dariush. Less prominent than she was when her many sons and daughters lived with her, Falak no longer made ultimate decisions. That privilege now rested with Dariush and increasingly his wife Farzaneh, both of whom had allowed Fariba to travel to Tehran.

Falak vehemently opposed Fariba's trip from its inception (discussed in chapter 4). In what seemed to me to be an innocuous venture, Fariba would accompany Sa'id (her eldest sister's grown son) whose legitimate reason to travel so far was to sell apples from his family's orchard. The two would stay in Tehran with Mas'ud (Sa'id's adult brother). Fariba was pleased for the chance to be the first person in her nuclear and extended families to greet the first grandson of her eldest sister.

The morning twenty-seven-year-old Fariba was to depart, Mohammad Karim (her eldest brother) forbade her to leave although he had not previously commented on the evolving plan. Not fearing her brother-in-law, Farzaneh retorted that Fariba lived with Dariush, not Mohammad Karim, who was not entitled to decide. Gratified by the support, Fariba noted that if Dariush permitted her to go, she would. If he hesitated, she would stay behind. Bizhan disapproved of her planned excursion as well but kept silent. He and his brother Dariush had been arguing about his sudden secession from the household (which they both regarded as a more serious matter), and he did not want to excite further trouble.

To voice her displeasure about the trip, Falak complained about the few coins that Dariush offered Fariba to pay for a telephone call (to be made at Shahreza's public telephone office) to inform Mas'ud in Tehran of her imminent arrival. Yet Falak was more perturbed that this trip would dishonor her family and repel any potential suitors for Fariba. Many families had requested Fariba as a bride for their sons but no new suitors had come forth after she rejected all of those who asked. Qermezi and other tribespeople knew of her refusals. Not always discreetly, Fariba had denounced the boys for their inadequate educations, lack of esteemed professions, problematic family and tribal histories, and unpleasant personalities.

Falak claimed that her family was disgraced if her unmarried daughter, however mature, took this long journey, even supervised by her adult nephew. She minded not so much the trip itself but that people would criticize her for allowing Fariba to go and would circulate their negative

opinions. Falak's visitors certainly knew where, why, and with whom Fariba was traveling, but a few of them now turned their attention to Falak's mistake. Perhaps Falak had commented in the past on their own injudicious actions. These people would ask where Fariba was, to insult Falak or to hear the reasons for her lapse in judgment.

Feigning innocence, a visitor might comment, "I didn't see Fariba when I arrived. Did she go to her sister's camp to help set up a loom?"

Rolling her eyes, Falak looked at me as if to say, "See, I told you that people would frown upon her journey."

Even before the sound of Sa'id's heavily laden pickup truck disappeared around the curve of the mountain, Soroush (Mohammad Karim's son) strode up the hill to the house and sneered, "So the girl went to Tehran! Even the Semiromis say it's bad."

The nearest town is Semirom, and some of its citizens cultivated – often illegally – fields and orchards on the nomads' pastureland. As they passed by the nomads' camps on their way to and from their agricultural chores, they sometimes shouted belligerently about matters that did not bear on their own lives (such as the issue of Fariba's trip), their hostility conveying the tension between the two groups. Those hearing Soroush's remark ignored the boy, especially because they knew he fabricated such kinds of gossip, but they still felt the jab at the family's pride. The mother of the twenty-seven-year-old "girl" was especially annoyed.

Falak, Dariush, and I watched the growing cloud of dust slowly approach us. Vehicles on the dirt road running through the valley were sporadic, and strangers were even rarer.

"Who can that be?" Falak muttered to herself although we all knew that Fariba was probably returning from Tehran with Sa'id.

When Fariba stepped from the pickup truck, Falak said she barely recognized her. Fariba wore the black scarf and broad-shouldered, black overcoat that some nomads considered mandatory for a journey away from tribal territory (especially to a city), instead of the vibrant Qashqa'i attire she always wore. Falak disappeared into the house, presumably to lie down but also to demonstrate her bitterness about the trip. She heard the cheerful sounds of Fariba greeting everyone but she waited for her to appear at the door. As expected, Fariba soon entered the room to kiss her mother, and then she changed into Qashqa'i clothes.

Mumbling a welcome, Falak inquired about her newborn great-grandson (Mas'ud's baby) before she asked about her daughter's welfare.

"Mother, I brought you *sohan* from Qom. Come outside to see."

Grunting acknowledgment, Falak pretended that this inconvenience irritated her but she still allowed Fariba to lead her to the porch.

From a cloth bundle, Fariba extracted a circular metal box displaying on the lid the image of the ostentatious tomb of the Ayatollah Khomeini. Sohan is a local specialty of Qom, Iran's religious center, and consists of thin oily layers of an ultrasweet confection concocted from honey, wheat flour, and saffron and topped by crushed pistachio nuts. Fariba retied and set down the bundle containing the remnants of their snacks for the road and handed her mother the tin container. Falak demonstrated little interest in the sweet itself but acknowledged the gift as a useful offering to guests. Her status as a host would rise whenever she presented pieces of such a rare, special treat to her visitors.

Untying the knots holding the four corners together, Falak investigated the fabric parcel instead and saw the town bread and city cheese. Unlike the dry, irregularly shaped lumps of cheese that the nomads produced from the milk of their sheep and goats, "city cheese" was a moist, spongy, white brick that was mass-produced from the unsavory milk of "factory goats" (goats fed chemically laced fodder inside a closed facility). Falak noted that food so perfectly shaped and colored was unnatural. She glanced skeptically at the rectangular faces of the cheese before breaking off a corner and popping it into her mouth. Her intolerance for any low-quality product showed when she spit out the morsel and heaved the brick into the dust below the porch. Chickens came running from all directions, excited by the windfall.

"Bring me some water," Falak instructed Fariba. As she watched the chickens frantically pecking apart the chunk of cheese, she gulped the contents of the dented metal cup to rid the offending taste from her mouth. "City cheese is good only for fowl," Falak complained as she wiped her mouth on the sleeve of her sweater. Her hostility toward the food also expressed her views of city life and reiterated her displeasure about the enticements of the outside, nontribal world for Fariba.

Many Qermezi gathered at Falak's home to hear about the profits from selling apples and the welfare of Mas'ud and his newborn son. Resting against a cushion on the porch, Sa'id told the men and boys about Tehran's new wholesale fruit markets. In the kitchen, busy preparing a pot of rice for the visitors, Fariba chronicled her journey for an attentive audience of women and girls. Claiming to suffer a headache, Falak lay down just inside the house by the door but was still able to listen to both conversations. She was curious to hear about current economic affairs as well as news of her descendants.

For nomads with maturing apple trees, the added income from the sale of fruit was proving to be strategically useful for perpetuating pastoralism and

the mobile lifestyle it entailed. Their main livelihood, based on livestock, was susceptible to the unstable national economy and was vulnerable as always to unpredictable environmental conditions. In response, many families tried to diversify their efforts. Some of them were orienting certain kinds of weavings (such as small tasseled bags, wall hangings, and fabrics for urban women's purses) toward the commercial market instead of only outfitting their homes and assembling their daughters' dowries.

Fariba offered little beyond a straightforward account of the journey. Her attitude now did not match her enthusiasm before the departure. The trip was long, hot, and tiring, and the only part of Tehran she saw was en route to and from Mas'ud's apartment. She had never before seen so many strangers at one time, and the rude behavior of those she encountered on the noisy streets shocked her.

Returning home, the travelers had detoured to pass through Kashan, a city north of Isfahan. Sa'id was enrolled in a state university there; he was one of the growing numbers of Qermezi youth who now pursued higher education. After graduation he hoped to administer one of the government's secondary schools in the Qashqa'i region for nomadic tribal children. Normally, Iranians wanting to attend university must first pass several rigorous qualifying and placement examinations, and only a small percentage of the applicants succeeded. Sa'id had performed adequately on these tests but he had also received the government's preferential treatment because he was a veteran who had suffered chemical attacks during the Iraq-Iran war. The university required him to meet with an instructor for two hours every week (not necessarily for any lessons), and he had wanted to fulfill the obligation on the way home to avoid making a return trip so soon. Fariba complained that, covered in a heavy overcoat and scarf, she had to wait in the sweltering pickup truck while her nephew completed the mandatory visit.

Falak is the daughter of Rostam Ali and his second wife Haman. She has three full brothers and a half sister. Her natal family is Kachili, one of the five lineages of the Qermezi tribe. Each of Falak's parents had been married to a previous spouse who died young. Haman bore no children with her first husband. With his first wife, Rostam Ali fathered a girl who married and moved away from home when Falak was still a young child.

Falak performed many kinds of work around the camp; she was the only girl in the family. As she grew older, her duties multiplied. She gathered brush and wood for fuel, collected water, cooked, baked bread, washed

dishes and clothes, brought order to the tent and campsite, and tended the pack animals and the lambs and kids. Whenever she could steal the time, she wove different kinds of knotted pile carpets, flat-weave blankets (gelims and jajims), specialized containers (such as saddlebags, salt bags, and skewer holders), tent panels, and decorative tasseled strips for the camels and the tent. Such an early allotment of heavy responsibility helped to make Falak a diligent, efficient worker, just as she continued to be in her old age.

Ordinarily a father would arrange his son's marriage. Yet when Borzu began to express interest in a wife, his father (Shir Mohammad) had been dead for three years, killed in a war with Iran's army. The obligation for matchmaking passed to Borzu's older paternal relatives.

In selecting Falak as a bride for Borzu, Khalifeh and other respected kinsmen considered multiple factors. Khalifeh held the interests of the immediate family in mind when he chose to link Borzu with a Qermezi family of similar status. As the headman who valued the needs of all Qermezi, he wanted to enhance the tribe's solidarity by extending kinship lines and alliances between the Aqa Mohammadli and Kachili lineages.

People in each Qermezi lineage tended to reside and migrate together but they still relied on those in the four other lineages for political and economic support. Marriage was a means of drawing two (or more) families and their respective lineages into closer contact. A single marriage, such as Falak and Borzu's, could unite more than two lineages. Falak's mother and Borzu's mother were Qairkhbaili, while Falak's father was Kachili and Borzu's father was Aqa Mohammadli. Every Qermezi individual was usually linked by close kinship to each of the four other lineages. One of Falak's daughters-in-law, for example, was Imamverdili.

By confiding in his mother, Borzu subtly conveyed his feelings for Falak. Adults were often disinclined to allow young people to marry those of their own choosing. In fact, if a boy and a girl demonstrated too much interest in one another, her parents might quickly marry her to some other boy before the unspeakable transpired. Yet Borzu apparently handled himself well. By fortunate chance, his interests and those of his family, lineage, and tribe coincided. (Decades later, Borzu boasted that he had secretly listened to the two families negotiating while he hid behind Rostam Ali's tent.)

People regarded Falak, who was barely leaving childhood, as a pragmatic, efficacious worker, especially as a weaver. Her knowledge of natural foods, dyes, and remedies made her desirable as a bride and daughter-in-law. Also the child of a second wife and only a few years older than Falak, Borzu was an intelligent, headstrong young man on whom people were beginning to depend. Both of them demonstrated the potential for leadership. Falak's and

Borzu's nuclear and extended families agreed that the two could marry. Falak was about thirteen and Borzu only seventeen or eighteen.

The nomads did not explicitly recognize the teenage stage in the life cycle, especially for girls, who usually married at a younger age than boys did. Their notions about social roles and responsibilities many decades ago (when Falak married) were little affected by the different kinds of norms found in complex, class-based, urban society. Still, the nomads did not categorize individuals of that age as either children or adults, despite "girls" and "boys" being so labeled until they married. They knew that girls matured sooner than boys their age and often arranged their marriages while they were still young. They also wanted to safeguard the reputation of their daughters and to protect the honor of the family, lineage, and tribe by placing the girls under the protection of a husband and his family.

Falak and Borzu produced eight daughters (five of whom survived past childhood) and three sons. Even though Falak benefited by having daughters and eventually daughters-in-law in the camp at all times to assist her with chores, she always conscientiously performed the work at hand, just as she had done in her youth (see plate 7, which depicts Falak breaking camp during the migration). She taught this work ethic to her daughters, who competently and diligently pursued their many tasks. As each daughter grew to excel in weaving and as Falak became older, Falak gradually withdrew from engaging directly in the work, other than spinning and preparing yarn. Keeping the weavers company, she sat beside them at the loom and offered advice.

Seven of Falak's eight children are married and have offspring, and four of them have grandchildren of their own. As the grandmother of thirty-four and the great-grandmother of six, Falak has forty-eight direct living descendants.

Falak slowly raised herself into the Land Rover after she had ensured that her family had completed the preparations for the journey. My mother stepped in after her and shut the door. Falak's three youngest daughters (Zohreh, Farideh, and Fariba) and I sat in the back four seats (two against each side facing one another). An extra tire, a large watermelon, a box of pistachio nougat candy (*gaz*), and two filled water containers crowded our legs in the back but we sat comfortably cramped together. Falak and her companions were ready to visit Borzu's grave in the cemetery above the Darrehshuri village of Mehr-e Gerd.

The trip between Falak's summer pastures at Hanalishah and the small village took more than an hour, longer if we stopped in Semirom for

gasoline. My mother asked Dariush, who was driving, about a kinship connection between two people I had never met, and the sisters caught up on recent events, the news their various guests had brought, and the progress they had made on their looms. Still listening intently, Falak grumbled every so often about her multiple ailments and other discomforts; she had neglected to bring along her bag of medicines. People's speech grew sparse as we neared the cemetery; each traveler recalled memories of Borzu and prepared for the sad visit.

When we finally arrived, the afternoon sun, although sinking, was still hot on our heads. Slowly extracting ourselves from the vehicle, we carried the watermelon, candy, and water to the open-air, domed tomb – the largest, most elaborate gravesite in the cemetery. Metal fencing surrounded the site on three sides, the fourth side a plastered wall. Borzu's marble gravestone, which displayed inscriptions chiseled in Persian calligraphy, laid adjacent to the grave of his father Shir Mohammad. Borzu's sons had graced their grandfather's resting place with a new stone to match the grandeur of Borzu's. Mounted in the wall at the head of Shir Mohammad's grave was the original stone marker from 1943, the curlicued, raised lettering still visible. A glass-faced niche in the wall above Borzu's grave contained a single rose made of fabric and a framed photograph of Borzu that my mother had taken several years before he died.

The cemetery was empty except for our group. A few gray birds darted about. The place was strangely quiet for this time of day. Perhaps we arrived too early. We all stood at the grave for a few minutes, each person agonizing over private thoughts and vividly conscious of Borzu's presence just below us. As if on cue, the three sisters (Zohreh, Farideh, and Fariba) began wailing in high sorrowful tones. Falak stood grasping the metal gate at the foot of the graves and stared down with tears in her eyes at the place where Borzu rests. Glancing up at his photograph, she saw his eyes meeting hers. She still could not fully accept his death.

Borzu's three daughters repeatedly wiped their teary faces with the corners of their headscarves and the hems of their tunics as they sang about him in turn, using poignant words whose full meaning I did not yet know. I did comprehend the central phrases.

"Dear father, where have you gone? Who remains behind to guide our lives? You touched our hearts with your kindness, and now you no longer live among us. What are we to do?"

Later, after everyone was emotionally exhausted, Fariba offered pieces of the nougat candy. Choosing hers, Falak clutched it for a few minutes before opening the wrapper and popping the sweet into her mouth. While we

25. Fariba with candles at the grave of her father Borzu, summer pastures, the Darrehshuri village of Mehr-e Gerd and its hillside cemetery, 1995. The niche was not yet finished at the time of the photograph.

chewed, Farideh cut the melon in half, quickly scored the insides, and laid out forks.

Other mourners soon appeared, most walking up the dusty paths to the hillside cemetery to visit the graves of their own deceased loved ones. This day and time, late Thursday afternoon as the heat of the sun subsides, is customary throughout Iran and the wider Islamic world for visiting the graves of relatives and acquaintances and performing rituals there. Fariba extended candy and melon to those who approached or passed by Borzu's grave. As people accepted the food, they uttered a prayer in Arabic for Borzu's soul. The three sisters then visited a few other gravesites, including the new ones where the stark, still-raw emotions of the families were devastating for others to witness. The lamenting periodically rose and subsided from different parts of the cemetery. Falak remained close to Borzu's grave to greet those who stopped by.

While the women interacted with other mourners, Dariush washed the gravestones, tiled floor, and concrete enclosure with the water we had brought. When the tomb was new, he and other kinsmen frequently poured water onto the dome and inside to prevent the cement from cracking by drying too quickly in the hot sun. He completed this same ritual now for other practical purposes, to wash away wind-blown dirt and to demonstrate to passers-by and visitors that the family loved and cared for this man.

I gazed at the other gravesites in the cemetery, none so well maintained and attended as Borzu's. Their horizontal markers rested close to the ground. Some graves had simple, often unadorned, concrete or stone slabs, some with crudely carved Persian writing. Dry prickly weeds obscured many of the markers. An orderly row of eight graves ascending the hillside commemorated the fatalities of the Islamic revolution and the Iraq-Iran war, each conspicuous because of a tattered, faded Iranian flag hanging limp from a pole in the still air above. Each of the gravestones of these men, all considered "martyrs," was enclosed by an identical metal cage painted light blue. Borzu's site was the only one in the cemetery displaying a domed structure.

Before we departed, each of us found a small stone to tap on the marble to alert Borzu's soul to our presence. Then we said a final prayer for him. We left the pebbles on the gravestone so the prayers would remain with him. People would see that loved ones remembered Borzu.

When we returned to the vehicle to drive back to our camp, no one spoke, and the mood differed from that of our outbound journey. Not even Falak complained of the heat and the flies and the discomfort of the long ride.

Falak had just returned home from collecting more kindling and firewood when Farzaneh's kinsman, Hamza (a pseudonym), and his wife drove into the camp and parked alongside the house. Without prior notice, they had come for dinner and relaxation. Falak muttered a derogatory remark and then told Dariush to kill a goat for his in-laws. Yet Hamza anticipated more than just a meal. As on his many previous visits, he wanted to draw everyone's attention to his gripping stories.

Falak never appreciated any of Farzaneh's relatives. They dropped by too frequently and unexpectedly, burdened the family's finances, expected livestock to be killed in their honor, carried off hard-earned pastoral products that Falak was obliged to offer as a sign of courtesy, and exhibited behaviors and habits she detested (including some the government banned as un-Islamic).

Farzaneh's kin viewed Falak's home as a place where people would treat them sumptuously. They enjoyed these outings in part because they avoided any expenses; they did not reciprocate by offering gifts and services. Many of them now resided in towns and cities but periodically sought respite in tribal territory. Here they renewed their ties with fellow Qashqa'i and at the same time escaped the Islamic Republic's social and behavioral restrictions.

In Falak's opinion, Hamza's arrival represented the folly of marrying outside the Qermezi tribe. Farzaneh originates from another Qashqa'i tribe, a match that Borzu had desired despite Falak's vehement objections. He had already married his eldest son to a girl from that same tribe.

Falak had argued against Borzu by repeatedly posing some pointed questions: "If the *first* match did not produce the political and economic results you had anticipated, then why return to that tribe for a *second* bride? Why can't Dariush marry one of the fine Qermezi girls who are available? Haven't my own brothers [who are also Qermezi] raised many suitable daughters? If I could see my siblings more often, it would warm my heart."

Falak's brothers would have regularly visited the girl they would have entrusted to Falak as a daughter-in-law. The bride would have been Falak's own niece, after all, as well as her son's bride.

Falak and other Qermezi women often complained when Qermezi boys married girls from other tribes. The practice created an imbalance in the sex ratio and left some Qermezi girls without prospects. Each of these marriages also inserted a stranger (along with her natal family, kin group, and tribe) in their midst, rather than reaffirming ties with their own, known kin. Qermezi girls rarely married outside the tribe; their group held them in high esteem, compared to the standing of potential suitors in lower-status tribes. To raise his prestige, Borzu had sought a bride for Dariush from a

high-status tribe. Yet by making the alliance he had increased the likelihood that some Qermezi girl would never marry.

Dariush served hot tea to Farzaneh's relatives as was customary and expected for a brother-in-law, and they conversed together. The task of finding the herd on some distant mountain slope, selecting a goat, and slaughtering it fell to his younger brother Bizhan, who was irritated by the unwelcome interruption in his own work.

When Bizhan returned to the camp, he dragged the reluctant young goat away from the house but still within the sight of Hamza and his wife, as if to prove that his family was sacrificing an animal for them (rather than simply cooking a meal with already available meat). For higher-status, more appreciated guests, Bizhan (and the other nomads) would perform this act less conspicuously or even out of sight.

After rolling up his sleeves past his elbows, Bizhan tilted the goat's neck to pour a little water into its mouth, a charitable act he said was mandated by Islam. Securing the now-agitated animal to the ground with his foot and employing a powerful, even motion, Bizhan drew a freshly sharpened knife across its neck and waited patiently for the blood to stop pulsing out and the bodily spasms to cease. Flies gathered instantly. After cutting off the lower legs at the knees, Bizhan hung the headless carcass neck-down from a tripod so the rest of the blood could drain, and then he began to skin it. He cut a slit through the hide of the belly from the tail to the neck. Using a slender wooden rod to break the connective tissue holding skin to muscle, he slowly peeled the matted-haired skin from the goat and dropped it on the ground a few meters away. After washing off the carcass with a long-spouted pitcher, Bizhan carved a similar incision through the chest membrane to open the rib cage and expose the internal organs, most of which spilled out and hung connected just outside the cavity, their different colors vivid in the sunlight.

Bizhan separated and extracted the internal organs, discarded the parts he would not use (the camp's dogs snarling nearby for them), and washed off the lungs. Calling to his wife Maryam and me, Bizhan placed his mouth over the opening in the trachea and puffed. The bright pink lobes of the lungs inflated before the air slowly dissipated. "It's beautiful," Maryam sighed. She always appreciated color, a liking manifested brilliantly in her weaving.

Then Bizhan cut up the ribs and organs (liver, kidneys, heart, stomach, and testicles), pierced the chunks with metal skewers, wrapped them in strands of cleaned intestines, and roasted them over an open wood fire for the guests to savor. Fariba prepared a large round tray layered with flat bread for Bizhan to serve the grilled pieces. She added some quartered raw onions, tomato slices, and a bowl of yogurt to accompany the meal. Bizhan handed

strips of the crisp, tasty intestines to the children who always loitered around the hearth waiting for special tidbits.

Children grabbed the parts not ordinarily served to guests (such as the lungs, trachea, esophagus, and connective tissues) and maneuvered themselves near the fire. Boys and girls alike learned early how to prepare and roast such innards, and when they grew older, the boys would handle the slaughtering and butchering. Ordinarily food was not plentiful, especially meat and other protein-rich items, and children resented guests who were always offered the choice pieces. Women and older girls also undertook some butchering but they usually relied on men and older boys to fulfill the task. Of the many chores these pastoralists performed, the only one forbidden to females (and to boys not yet circumcised) – because of notions of impurity – was the slaughter of animals. Once a male had slit the throat and drained the blood, women and girls could help. Content to wield knives, men and boys preferred to do the work themselves.

The nomads rarely killed a sheep; its value was higher than that of a goat because of the meat's quality and quantity. They raised their sheep for market sale, not for consumption at home. When men did slaughter a sheep because of injury or disease, women rendered the fat from the fatty tail to moisturize their skin and hair and to massage the dry cracked teats of ewes and nanny goats. Men wrapped the cleaned intestines in the heavily salted woolly hide and transported the bundle to town to sell.

Before the slaughter of any goat, women indicated how they wanted the skin cut and removed according to their plans for it. From large hides they manufactured bags for storing water and churning butter, and they cured small ones for preserving butter, cheese, and other milk products. Men who hunted were often gone for a day or more, and they carried small hides filled with water.

Women sometimes prepared a "head and feet" (*kalleh pacheh*) soup by boiling the head and feet for hours in a covered pot. The goat's (or sheep's) head contains the brain and other parts that the nomads considered tender delicacies, and the hooves and legs (severed at the knees and scorched over a fire to remove the hair) added flavor. People dipped torn pieces of freshly baked flat bread into the stew juice. When they offered me the eyes, brain, tongue, or cheeks, I politely declined. They shook their heads in disbelief; they knew what tasty delights I was missing. I justified my refusal by saying that they enjoyed these parts more than I did.

From the time Bizhan had culled the goat from the herd until he finished butchering it, his son Houman had accompanied him and watched avidly. Young boys observed their fathers closely in these and other tasks, and by

the time their parents allowed them to participate, they knew the exact techniques. Bizhan separated the lungs from the trachea, which he handed to Houman, who located a sturdy stick, peeled off the bark, soaked the wood in water to prevent it from burning, and then threaded on the tube to cook over the fire. "Houman is roasting the windpipe," I nonchalantly informed my mother as if the event were ordinary for me, and then I accompanied Maryam to her tent to get another knife. If she was fortunate, she would receive a chunk of meat or at least some meaty bones to cook for her own family tonight.

Campmates shared in the bounty offered by a slaughter, on the principle that the next time someone killed an animal, another household would be the donor and the rest would receive meat. This way the nomads distributed the valued commodity among many, a convenient practice too because they lacked refrigeration or other means of preservation. Unable to save any leftover meat that the immediate family and its guests could not consume, the nomads invited other families to partake in the remains. In a way, the nomads stored such "surplus" meat in the livestock of these other families, who in turn would distribute it when they butchered one of their own animals.

Just as Dariush broke away from Hamza and his wife to begin cubing the goat's red meat for roasting as kebab on skewers over the fire (the meal's second course, also including steamed rice and vegetables), another passenger car pulled up alongside the house. Falak looked on with disgust. These new arrivals had destroyed any chance of her salvaging the evening.

Falak was thankful, though, when she saw the occupants – Maryam's brother, his wife, and her three sisters – emerging from the crammed vehicle and carrying a large cantaloupe and several boxes of nougat candy. The families of the wives of her two sons had fortuitously arrived on the same day, and Falak could care for them efficiently in one effort instead of two. She was grateful that Maryam did not have to kill one of her own goats to feed her kin. Maryam and Bizhan knew exactly which animals in their jointly owned herd belonged to whom, and Bizhan would have probably insisted that she select one of hers for the occasion.

Guests bestowed honor on Falak and her family, but Borzu's absence had strained the household's economic resources. Falak and her sons could not afford to be so generous. Elderly and ill (although she admitted to fewer ailments than she suffered), she could not accept as easily as she used to do the disruptions in her daily routine. Guests stayed up late and were noisy with their laughter and card games (an activity condemned by Iran's ruling ayatollahs), slept until midmorning, and required constant attention. At

night she could not retire until the visitors indicated that they were ready for sleep, and then she must wait even longer for Fariba and Farzaneh to provision them with bedding. On such occasions Falak regretted living in the small, constricting space of the house's single room. When she had occupied a goat-hair tent, she and her daughters could easily rig a shelter to the side or back of the tent by simply extending the tent's fabric walls beyond the encircling reed screen. There they could enjoy shelter and privacy.

Hamza (Farzaneh's kinsman) was unhappy about the arrival of Maryam's relatives; he realized that his hopes for commanding his hosts' attention were dashed. Everyone here liked Maryam's family; they are fellow tribal members and blood relatives (although part of yet another Qermezi lineage). Farzaneh's relatives belong to another Qashqa'i tribe altogether. Maryam's kin, appreciating the effort their hosts would spend on their comfort, brought gifts of gratitude and assisted with tasks around the camp.

Hamza sat alone in a corner of the porch and smoked tobacco with a water pipe. He watched people enthusiastically greeting the newer arrivals and cursed the misfortune of coming the same day as these more welcome guests. He refused to join the group when Fariba cut and served the cantaloupe contributed by the wife of Maryam's brother. Hamza's wife pouted in another corner; the other women ignored her while they animatedly exchanged stories with Farzaneh.

Falak appeared pleased that Hamza had not anticipated this turn of events. Perhaps, she whispered to my mother, he would be less inclined to come here the next time he wanted a vacation. Perhaps, I thought to myself, he would visit again soon, hoping as before to be the only guest.

Falak and her campmates sat outside one morning on what was so far a less eventful day. They watched Dariush leave in the Land Rover for errands in town and Bizhan depart for who-knows-where on the motorcycle. Her two sons had still not resolved their difficulties. When one commandeered a vehicle, the other found an excuse to use the second one, seemingly in spite. The conveyances provided a focus for their arguments; their other problems were not so concrete.

Long ago Falak had given up trying to mediate, although she still grumbled about the unacceptable behavior of one or the other son, and she had turned again to her in-laws for help. Three of her sons-in-law (her daughters' husbands) had pressured the two brothers to reconcile. They often cited Falak's elevated age and ill health as reason enough for reestablishing cordial ties.

After an unusual rain earlier in the morning, the air was fresh and cool, and few flies bothered us. Ordinarily the days were sunny, hot, and arid. Dariush and Bizhan were out of sight; only their separate descending clouds of dust were visible. No chores were imminent. The water containers were full, fresh bread was still plentiful, and clothes and dishes were clean. Fariba wove a knotted carpet, her loom set up on the concrete patio, and Falak rested next to her on a folded felt mat. Reclining on the porch, Farzaneh and I read our books, and she occasionally stopped to ask me the meaning of a word in English.

Tending a wood fire downhill, Maryam boiled in a huge copper pot some newly spun, twisted, and tightened yarn mixed with the leaves she and I had collected from bushes on the nearby mountain slopes. As she contemplated the designs of the knotted carpet, she periodically lifted the ever-darkening green yarn with a wooden stick to assess the dyeing process.

Maryam's three children and Salar were playing quietly for a change. Below the patio Houman and Salar dug in the pile of gravel left over from the construction of the orchard bridge. A short distance away Kaihan and Shirin surreptitiously scraped up and chewed on the crusts of flour stuck to the shallow pans laid out for the newly hatched chicks to eat. Saliva from the chicks had moistened the flour, which then dried in the sun.

Salar began to maneuver an empty, heavy propane-gas cylinder by rotating it on its side. When he unthinkingly turned the canister toward a downhill course, gravity took over. Clattering against the rocks and dispatching chickens in all directions, the cylinder rolled down to the stream below Mohammad Karim's house. Encouraged by my helpless laughter and undaunted by Falak's curses and Farzaneh's irritated glare, he strutted proudly across the patio.

The camp was unusually still until we heard strange banging and crashing. A young goat with curved horns had inserted its head into a tall, narrow aluminum container topped by a wooden handle, a device used for carrying fodder to the sheep. The animal had attempted to eat the remnants of barley seeds stuck on the bottom and had caught its head in a trap. It blindly heaved itself about while trying to shake off the receptacle. The goat could not remove its horns from the entanglement because of the wooden bar. Bizhan's shepherd watched in amusement but then remembered his duty when he noticed the women observing him. He strolled over to help the foolhardy goat, now turning somersaults and hitting its trapped head against the ground. The vibrations and echoes caused by the frenetic

slamming scared the goat even more, and it resisted the shepherd's attempts to free it until it grew exhausted and reluctantly compliant.

Satisfied with the outcome of the unexpected crisis and tiring of his own games, Kaihan began to drag a full, long-spouted water pitcher across the patio. Seeing the liquid motivated him to wash his hands – to emulate the grown-ups he admired – and he impulsively began to pour the water. The copper container was heavy for the two-year-old, and all the contents spilled out onto the patio. The slant of the surface meant that Kaihan's hand-washing had caused a torrent of water to flow directly underneath Falak, who was still sitting beside the loom. She did not notice anything amiss because of the multiple layers of voluminous skirts she wore.

Irritated now for many reasons, Falak stood up and strode off the patio on her way to complete some now-remembered task that all other campmates had thoughtlessly forgotten. She was still unaware of Kaihan's accident. She glanced back at us suspiciously, for we were laughing. As she departed, she left a trail of water from the hems of her soaked skirts.

I commented to Farzaneh, "If Falak were ever lost, we would be able to find her quickly by following her wet trail."

My mother and I looked up from where we were sitting side by side when Falak asked Farzaneh what we were writing.

Before Farzaneh could respond to the inquiry, Falak cast a quick glance toward her youngest daughter bent over the loom and observed, "Writing is more important than weaving a carpet. When we finish a carpet and cut it off the loom, we have to give it away to someone, and then we never see it again. But writing lasts forever."

This writing is the only way I can make Falak last forever because people perish and memories fade into nothing.

APPENDIX

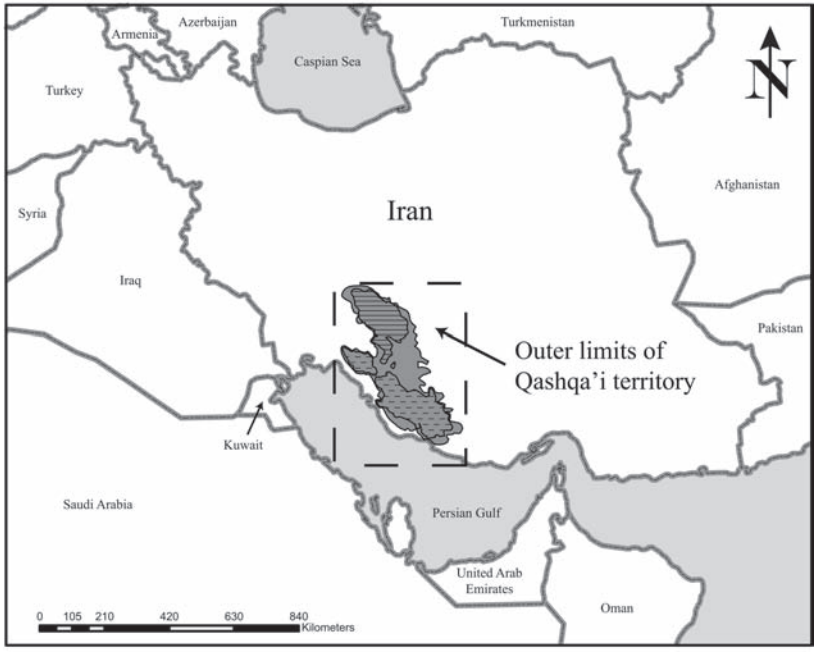


Figure 1. Iran and its neighbors

Figure 2. Qashqa'i territory

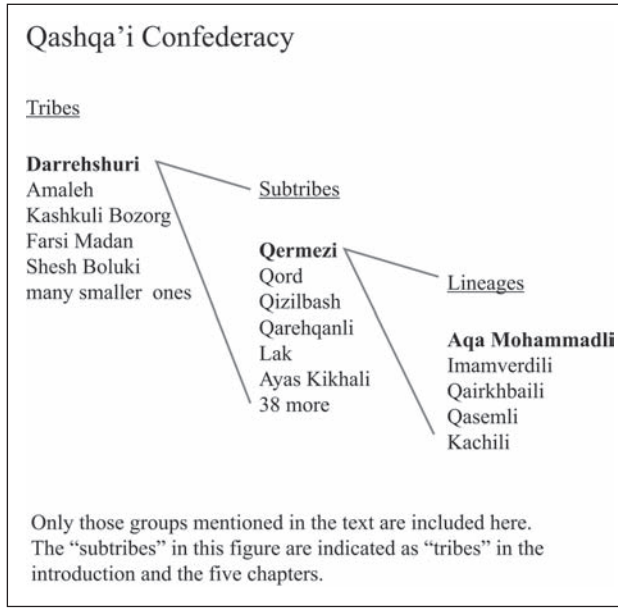


Figure 3. Components of the Qashqa'i tribal confederacy

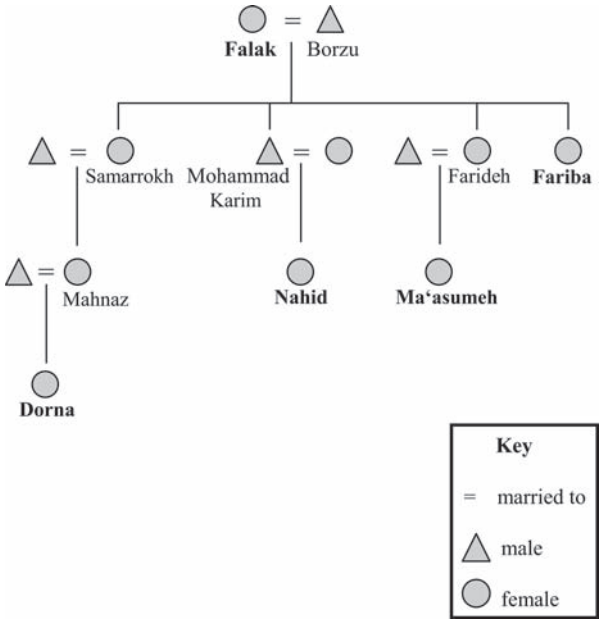


Figure 4. Genealogy of principal people

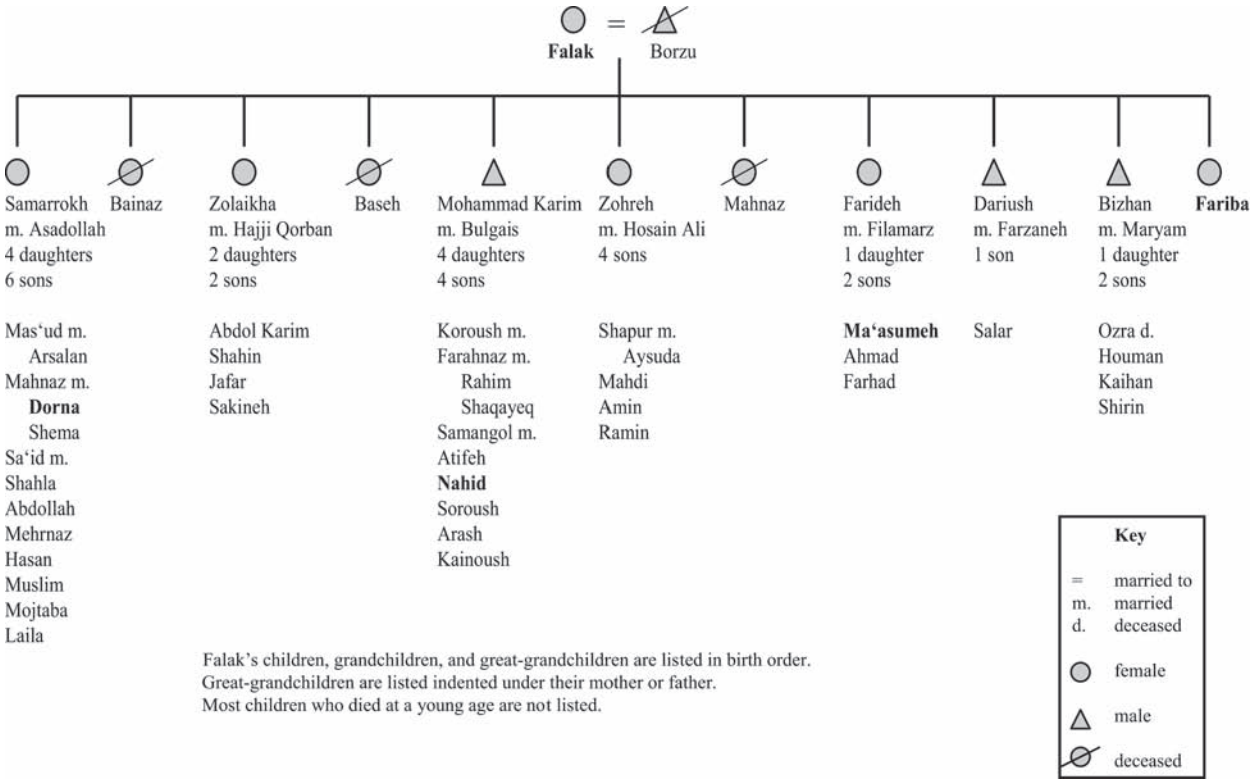


Figure 5. Falak Qermezi's nuclear and extended families, 2002

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN THE TEXT

A person traces descent from the father and is a member of his lineage, subtribe, and tribe. Individuals in this list are members of the Aqa Mohammadli lineage of the Qermezi subtribe unless I specify a different lineage or subtribe (usually in parentheses). (In the text, for convenience, I identity Qermezi as a "tribe.") Figure 3 in the appendix illustrates the parts of the tribal confederacy. People in bold-face type are the five major figures in this book. In the text I sometimes omit the names of the hired shepherds and their family members. They cared for the sheep and goats in pastures far away from the camp and did not often play a role in the narrative. Some shepherds served for short periods before moving on to new employers or other jobs.

Abdol Hosain. Son of Narges (Qairkhbaili) and Shir Mohammad, full brother of Borzu.

Abdollah. Son of Samarrokh and Asadollah.

Aftab. Kachili lineage, daughter of Khazayol (Kachili) and Gharib Ali (Kachili).

Ahmad. Son of Farideh and Filamarz, brother of Ma'asumeh.

Ali Morad. Son of Rokhsar (Qord subtribe) and Gholam Hosain, father of Dorna.

Amin. Son of Zohreh and Hosain Ali.

Amir Hosain. Son of Salbi (Qairkhbaili) and Shaikh Ahmad.

Arash. Son of Bulgais (Qarehqanli subtribe) and Mohammad Karim, brother of Nahid.

Asadollah. Son of Ruqayyeh and Jehangir, husband of Samarrokh.

Atifeh. Daughter of Bulgais (Qarehqanli subtribe) and Mohammad Karim, sister of Nahid.

Bahram. Son of Khanom (Qairkhbaili) and Khalifeh.

Bizhan. Son of Falak (Kachili) and Borzu, husband of Maryam (Imamverdili), brother of Fariba.

Borzu. Son of Narges (Qairkhbaili) and Shir Mohammad, husband of Falak (Kachili), father of Fariba, Qermezi headman (1964–1995).

Bulgais. Qarehqanli subtribe, wife of Mohammad Karim, mother of Nahid.

Dariush. Son of Falak (Kachili) and Borzu, husband of Farzaneh (Qarehqanli subtribe), brother of Fariba.

Dorna. Daughter of Mahnaz and Ali Morad.

Falak. Kachili lineage, daughter of Haman (Qairkhbaili) and Rostam Ali (Kachili), wife of Borzu, mother of Fariba.

Farahnaz. Daughter of Bulgais (Qarehqanli subtribe) and Mohammad Karim, sister of Nahid.

Farhad. Son of Farideh and Filamarz, brother of Ma'asumeh.

Fariba. Daughter of Falak (Kachili) and Borzu.

Farideh. Daughter of Falak (Kachili) and Borzu, wife of Filamarz, mother of Ma'asumeh.

Farzaneh. Qarehqanli subtribe, wife of Dariush, mother of Salar.

Fathollah. Son of Ruqayyeh and Jehangir, husband of Huri.

Filamarz (Faramarz in Persian). Son of Khanom (Qairkhbaili) and Khalifeh, husband of Farideh, father of Ma'asumeh.

Gharib (Ali). Kachili lineage.

Gholam Hosain. Son of Narges (Qairkhbaili) and Shir Mohammad, husband of Rokhsar (Qord subtribe), father of Ali Morad, full brother of Borzu.

Goltamam. Daughter of Narges (Qairkhbaili) and Shir Mohammad, full sister of Borzu.

Hajji Qorban. Son of Rokhsar (Qord subtribe) and Gholam Hosain, husband of Zolaikha.

Haman. Qairkhbaili lineage, daughter of Isa (Qairkhbaili), second wife of Rostam Ali (Kachili), mother of Falak.

Hamza (pseudonym). Qarehqanli subtribe, kinsman of Farzaneh.

Hasan. Son of Samarrokh and Asadollah.

Hojjat. Kachili lineage, distant relative of Falak. Bizhan and Dariush's shepherd (1997).

Hosain Ali. Son of Khanom (Qairkhbaili) and Khalifeh, husband of Zohreh.

Houman. Son of Maryam (Imamverdili) and Bizhan.

Huri. Daughter of Khanom (Qairkhbaili) and Khalifeh, wife of Fathollah.

Jansanam. Daughter of Narges (Qairkhbaili) and Shir Mohammad, wife of Morad, full sister of Borzu.

Jehangir Khan. Ayas Kikhali subtribe, Darrehshuri khan.

Kaihan. Son of Maryam (Imamverdili) and Bizhan.

Khalifeh. Son of Gohar (Mussulli subtribe, Amaleh tribe) and Shir Mohammad, husband of Khanom (Qairkhbaili), half brother of Borzu, Qermezi headman (1943–1964).

Khanom. Qairkhbaili lineage, daughter of Sahab (Kacheli) and Taher (Qairkhbaili).

Khosrow Khan Qashqa'i. Janikhani lineage, Amaleh tribe. One of several paramount khans of the Qashqa'i tribal confederacy (1941–1982).

Kianoush. Son of Bulgais (Qarehqanli subtribe) and Mohammad Karim, brother of Nahid.

Koroush. Son of Bulgais (Qarehqanli subtribe) and Mohammad Karim, brother of Nahid.

Laila. Daughter of Samarrokh and Asadollah.

Ma'asumeh. Daughter of Farideh and Filamarz.

Mahdi. Son of Zohreh and Hosain Ali.

Mahmud. Son of Rokhsar (Qord subtribe) and Gholam Hosain, brother of Ali Morad.

Mahnaz. Daughter of Samarrokh and Asadollah, wife of Ali Morad, mother of Dorna.

Manizheh. Daughter of Nesbar and Kiamarz, wife of Taqi (Kohba subtribe, Amaleh tribe).

Maryam. Daughter of Salatin and Ali, wife of Bahram.

Maryam. Imamverdili lineage, daughter of Sakineh (Qairkhbaili) and Hosain (Imamverdili), wife of Bizhan, mother of Houman, Kaihan, and Shirin.

Mashallah. Persian adolescent boy from a village. Bizhan's shepherd (1998).

Mas'ud. Son of Samarrokh and Asadollah, husband of Afsaneh (Qarehqanli subtribe).

Mina (pseudonym). Ayas Kikhali subtribe, granddaughter of two Darrehshuri khans.

Mohammad Bahmanbaigi. Bahmanbaigli subtribe, Amaleh tribe. Director of education for nomads in Iran (1950s–1979).

Mohammad Karim. Son of Falak (Kachili) and Borzu, husband of Bulgais (Qarehqanli subtribe), father of Nahid.

Mohammad Qoli. Son of Jansanam and Morad.

Morad. Son of Ajab (Qasemli) and Bai Mirza, husband of Jansanam.

Muslim. Son of Samarrokh and Asadollah.

Nahid. Daughter of Bulgais (Qarehqanli subtribe) and Mohammad Karim.

Narges. Qairkhbaili lineage, daughter of Vardinyeh (Qairkhbaili) and Shukur (Qairkhbaili), second wife of Shir Mohammad, mother of Borzu.

Nasrin. Daughter of Huri and Fathollah, wife of Sa'id.

Nasrollah. Imamverdili lineage, son of Sakineh (Qairkhbaili) and Hosain (Imamverdili), brother of Maryam.

Ramazan. Persian adolescent boy from a village. Dariush's shepherd (1998).

Ramin. Son of Zohreh and Hosain Ali.

Rokhsar. Qord subtribe, wife of Gholam Hosain, mother of Ali Morad.

Rostam Ali. Kachili lineage, husband of Haman (Qairkhbaili), father of Falak.

Sa'id. Son of Samarrokh and Asadollah, husband of Nasrin.

Sakineh. Daughter of Zolaikha and Hajji Qorban.

Salar. Son of Farzaneh (Qarehqanli subtribe) and Dariush.

Samangol. Daughter of Bulgais (Qarehqanli subtribe) and Mohammad Karim, sister of Nahid.

Samarrokh. Daughter of Falak (Kachili) and Borzu, wife of Asadollah.

Shahriyar. Imamverdili lineage, son of Khadijeh (Qasemli) and Sohrab (Imamverdili), elected to Iran's parliament (1996–2000).

Shapur. Son of Zohreh and Hosain Ali.

Shema. Daughter of Mahnaz and Ali Morad, sister of Dorna.

Shirin. Daughter of Maryam (Imamverdili) and Bizhan.

Shir Mohammad. Husband of Gohar (Mussulli subtribe, Amaleh tribe), husband of Narges (Qairkhbaili), father of Borzu, Qermezi headman (1920s–1943).

Soraya. Daughter of Rokhsar (Qord subtribe) and Gholam Hosain, sister of Ali Morad.

Soroush. Son of Bulgais (Qarehqanli subtribe) and Mohammad Karim, brother of Nahid.

Tahereh. Daughter of Huri and Fathollah.

Zainab. Kashkuli tribe. Young daughter of Dariush and Bizhan's shepherd.

Zohreh. Daughter of Falak (Kachili) and Borzu, wife of Hosain Ali.

Zolaikha. Daughter of Falak (Kachili) and Borzu, wife of Hajji Qorban.

GLOSSARY

The glossary lists the Qashqa'i Turkish, Persian, and Arabic words used in the text, and it contains many terms and descriptions relating to textiles and weaving. I appreciate the assistance offered by Naheed Dareshuri, an expert Qashqa'i weaver. The list does not include the names of, and the techniques for using, dyes and mordants, nor does it have the names, meanings, and possible origins of the motifs, patterns, and designs used in different kinds of weavings. Other sources offer information on these categories (see the notes and bibliography).

I define terms here based on the context of the book; they may have other or additional meanings in other contexts and places. Most but not all of the words appear in the text. I may mention certain objects (as well as depict them in the illustrations and plates) but may not always include the Turkish and Persian words for them. By providing details about these objects in the glossary, I can avoid inserting many of them in the text.

Some Qashqa'i Turkish words may be modified forms of Persian ones. Variations in vocabulary and pronunciation occur among people of the many Qashqa'i tribes, and some Qashqa'i use more Persian words in their speech than others.

Qashqa'i Turkish is not a written language with its own alphabet. The spoken Turkish rendered in the glossary is transcribed in the Latin alphabet. Sometimes the spoken Turkish is first transcribed in Persian script (especially if a Turkish word is similar to a Persian one) and then transliterated in Latin script (following a modified version of the system recommended by *The International Journal of Middle Eastern Studies*). Yet the Persian alphabet does not adequately convey certain sounds in Turkish, some of which may be difficult to discern in the transcribed Persian letters. The letters gh (ghain), q (qaf), k (kaf), and g (gaf) are particularly troublesome. One Qashqa'i may use a "q" sound for a certain word while others may use a "k" or "g" sound. Long and short vowels and diphthongs, depicted through transcription and

transliteration, raise other complications. I do not attempt here to render Qashqa'i Turkish in the Latin-based script of modern "standard" Turkish, used in Turkey today.

The lack of close congruity between speech and script also applies to Arabic, whose alphabet was adapted for the Persian language. Persian today continues to use a modified form of the Arabic alphabet. These three languages (Turkish, Persian, and Arabic) each represent a different language group or family (Altaic, Indo-European, and Semitic), and each has sounds not found in the others. When readers consult the words in the glossary, they may want to keep these issues in mind.

abdari. Relates to the men's side of the tent; the left side (for a person standing in the tent looking out).

abdari bujoqi. Men's side of the tent; the place where people put goods on this side; see *bujoq abdari*.

abdari okashe. Large handwoven bag for supplies and personal possessions; larger than other *okosh*; woven by combining different styles (*charkh*, *qali*) in one bag; often leather strips bind the seams; used by Qashqa'i khans; this bag contains items from the *abdari* side of the tent when people migrate.

aid. Holiday, including Islamic rites and the secular rite at the beginning of the Iranian New Year (first day of spring).

ain. Letter of the Arabic and Persian alphabets.

aiy. Home, house; sometimes also the home's pile of baggage; see *uk*.

akhara. Animal trough made of stones and cement, clay mixed with straw, or metal.

ala chiq. Reed or cane screen framing the tent on three sides; it may extend as a windscreen beyond the tent on the two front sides; sewn in various striped and crisscrossed patterns with goat-hair yarn and hemmed with woven goat-hair strips; colorful tufts (see *ilma*) may decorate the top border; thick wooden end posts are sometimes carved and decorated with tufts; *ala* means black and white (such as a lamb with black and white wool), and these screens have light-colored (natural) and dark-colored (often dyed or stained) reeds or canes arranged vertically in a pleasing pattern (such as six light ones alternating with three dark ones); see *chiq*.

aqaj. Wood.

aqd. Marriage contract stipulated by Islamic law; signing of a marriage contract, often a ceremonial occasion.

araqchin. Felt pad for a horse or pack animal before someone places a saddle or baggage on its back; *araq* means sweat, which the pad absorbs.

arbab. Employer; owner.

ashayer. Nomad; government officials sometimes use the word to avoid referring to political and politicized terms such as *tribe* and *Qashqa'i*.

ashoq. Children's game played with sheep knucklebones; the name means lover.

atmalogh. Large tassels attached to a braided cord that is strung across a tent's entrance and from pole to pole in the interior; a decorative item; tassels are often three-tiered with each tassel a different color; see *pay-yehband* (which usually includes a woven strip, unlike this decoration). [Mohammad Karim Qermezi gave me the *atmalogh* from his black tent. I strung it on the four walls (near the ceiling) of my room at Yale, just as he had strung it from pole to pole on the four sides of his tent's interior.]

ayatollah. High-ranking, distinguished clergyman; "sign or token of God."

baladan. Handwoven bag, often long and narrow, for specialized equipment, such as for making bread, preparing yarn, roasting meat (skewers, *sikh*), or smoking a water pipe; sometimes two or three tiers of tassels hang from braided cords at the bag's base; sometimes the word is used only for a bag containing bread-making equipment.

balasht. Pillow; one type is oblong and solid; another type is square and soft (*naz balasht*); usually laid on the very top of the pile of baggage.

bibi. Woman of one of the khan families of the Qashqa'i tribes.

bokhcha. Two kinds; first, an ordinary square of fabric used to wrap clothes and other possessions and closed by tying each pair of the opposing corners together; second, a small hand-sewn fabric container often lined, used for small possessions such as headscarves, and often closed with a safety pin.

boz palas. Rectangular handwoven fabric made of naturally colored (not dyed) wool; multiple utilitarian purposes, such as a windbreaker, an insulating cover for goatskin bags holding water and dairy products, and a clean surface for laying out fodder or fluffing wool or goat hair; *boz* means naturally colored (not dyed) wool; see *palas*.

bujoq. A place (usually in a tent) where people pile or arrange goods.

bujoq abdari. Men's side of the tent; the left side (for a person standing in the tent looking out); the place where men put their rifles, ammunition, cases holding documents, and other personal possessions; men

cover these goods with *jajim* (unlike the coarser weavings that cover the goods on the women's side); the "tidy" side of the tent.

bujoq aqaranti. Women's side of the tent; the right side (for a person standing in the tent looking out); the place where women put "white" (*aq*) items such as dairy products and the goatskin bags that contain them; the area related to food preparation and storage (not cooking, which women do outside the tent); women cover these goods with *boz palas* and *palas*; the "messy" side of the tent.

chadma. Multipurpose wooden tripod; used in weaving to support the heddle rod; a piece of fabric is draped over another tripod as a sunshade for a weaver.

chador. Woman's and girl's veil-wrap, usually black (especially in the Islamic Republic); a multifunctional item (usually patterned in many colors) for the Qashqa'i, such as a lightweight shield against dust and insects, a wrap a mother uses to tie her infant to her chest or back, and a fabric to carry freshly collected mountain herbs; men, women, and children use one to cover themselves during naps and at night in warm weather; *chador* also means tent in Persian.

chador garman. The handwoven black goat-hair tent as a unit, such as when it is folded and ready for transport or storage.

chadorsho. Large piece of fabric (often plaid or striped) used to wrap bedding especially but also clothes; bedding bundles are usually placed on top of the pile of baggage; *chadorshab* in Persian.

chahar ajil. "Four tasty snacks"; ingredients may include dates, figs, raisins, currants, chickpeas, melon seeds, apricot pits, and other nuts.

chahar chub. Loom; "four pieces of wood"; in Persian; the Qashqa'i loom ordinarily uses only two wooden beams between which the warp strands are strung.

chanta. Small handwoven bag used mostly by women and girls for storing small items and for decoration; woven using various techniques (especially *qali*); often different designs and patterns on the front and back; one side may display "Allah" or "Ali" in Arabic/Persian script; tiers of tassels on braided cords often hang from the bag; tassels or tufts (see *ilma*) are sometimes affixed to the three sides; braided tassel-ended cords are used for hanging up the bag; the smallest bag hangs from the interior rearview mirror of a vehicle and often contains an amulet or written prayer (*du'a*) for the safety of the travelers; *chanteh* in Persian.

charkh. Style of weaving for various bags (*gaba*, *jual*, *marfaj*, *okosh, torba*); woven with four heddle rods; a solid weave often with a herringbone twill design and/or a small diamond design.

chelal. Hand-carved pin made from branches of the wild pistachio tree (*han* in Turkish, *baneh* in Persian); used to fasten together the roof and the side panels of a tent; in Turkish; *khelal* in Persian; also *shish*.

chiq. Reed screen or mat; a screen of uniformly colored reeds or canes frames the tent on three sides and is sewn in various striped and crisscrossed patterns with goat-hair yarn and hemmed with woven goat-hair strips; multiple uses for a mat, such as for laying out *kashk* to dry in the sun and for making a pen for lambs and kids; see *ala chiq*.

chiqqen. Small fabric parcel for holding jewelry, special herbs, indigenous medicines, dyes, or mordants; each woman has many of these; she uses different fabrics and patterns to distinguish the contents; some special bags have small tassels.

chomaq. Handmade wooden club or mallet with a short, thick handle; for defense against enemies and predators and for work (such as pounding in stakes for a tent or a loom).

choqa. Man's beige sleeveless cloak worn for weddings, hunting, and military camps; secured with a braided, tassel-ended cord.

chub bazi. Men's competitive stick-fighting game performed to music, often at weddings.

danishga. University.

daqarchiq. Small goatskin bag used for storing cheese.

darre. Goatskin bag of varying sizes used to store dairy products; some Qashqa'i use the term only for the bag storing clarified butter (ghee, *yagh*); also *tajam*.

dash. Stone.

dirag. Ridge bar; flat piece of wood for raising the roof of the winter tent to a peak; one or several long wooden poles fit into this bar and support the roof; see *hajir*.

dodas. Braided looped rope with a moving knot, attached to the front feet of horses, camels, and other pack animals to restrict their movement; sometimes one folded leg of a camel is bound with rope to fetter the animal.

dolama. Wrapped selvage of a weaving; formed by wrapping four (or so) strands of warp with yarn after a weaver completes a row of weft; she may alternate between two colors of yarn with every row; sometimes the selvage is only one color.

domloq. Pair of metal hooks often made by itinerant gypsies (*ghorbat*); suspended half a meter apart from the edge of a tent's roof to hold yarn while twisting together two strands to form two-ply yarn; Qashqa'i weavers use one-ply yarn (*gelim*), two-ply yarn (*jajim*, *okash*, *qali*, *rend*),

or both in the same item (as in different techniques used to weave the weft).

domsukh. U-shaped carved wooden device sewn to a tent's roof where the side panels are pinned; a supporting guy rope passes through it and is tied to a stake pounded in the ground; also a carved wooden buckle attached to a woven or braided band for securing baggage on pack animals; some Qashqa'i distinguish these two objects by using different terms; also *toqanaq*.

dorrehchin. Style of weaving where a weaver places a mirror under the loom so she can weave intricate patterns on both sides; used for *khorjin*; no longer commonly found.

doya eng. Camel wool; range of colors (but mostly beige, tan, and brown); soft undercoat and a straighter and coarser outer coat; both kinds are spun into yarn and used in weaving (*sorfa*, *gelim*); also *deya eng*.

du'a. Prayer, spoken or written; people also use the term for an amulet containing a written prayer.

eng. Unprocessed sheep wool; *pashm* in Persian; see *khama*.

esfand. Wild rue, a strong-scented woody herb dried and used in rituals.

ey. Wooden circle (attached to a wooden rod) used for twisting and wrapping two-ply yarn; see *domloq*.

gaba. Handwoven bag for holding parcels (*chiqqen*) of spices, herbs, nuts, dried fruit, and indigenous medicines; same size as *joal*; woven using *rend* and *charkh* techniques; often fastened with a padlock.

gabba. Coarse knotted carpet with long pile; open fields of color, geometrical designs, and human and animal figures; *gabbeh* in Persian.

galan gedan. "Come and go"; round wooden shed rod (not attached to the loom or warp) that raises and lowers alternate warp strands (in combination with the heddle rod) to form the shed (the horizontal space between raised and lowered warp threads); a weaver uses the rod to adjust the warp after she weaves each row of weft.

gamish. Reed; used in mats and screens; dyed or used in its natural shade.

garman. Handwoven strip made of goat-hair yarn; used to assemble the sides (more loosely woven), roof (more tightly woven), and awning (sunshade) of a tent; woven by two women, one on each side of the loom, who pass the weft yarn back and forth and who each pound the weft with a weaving comb; each strip can be completed in a day or so; a man sews the strips together with goat-hair yarn.

garmsir. Winter zone.

gaz. Nougat candy often containing pistachios; made in towns and cities.

gelim. Handwoven flat weave (tapestry weave, weft-faced plain weave);

woven using different techniques; used as a blanket, decorative cover (especially for the pile of baggage), or less often as a ground or floor covering; other *gelim*s are folded twice lengthwise and laid on the pile of baggage where people can see their patterns; *gelim*s and *jajim*s are fastened together with wooden pins to form a ceremonial tent for a new bride and groom; Qashqa'i say *gilim*.

gelimcha. Small gelim; *gelimcheh* in Persian.

ghapologh. Handwoven goat-hair strip (*garman*) across a tent's entrance and serving as an awning (protection from rain for the winter tent) and a sunshade (for the summer tent); a strip separate from those making up the sides and roof of a tent.

gharib. Stranger.

giva. Handmade shoes with tops crocheted from cotton thread and soles made from pressed fabric strips or rubber tires (such shoes are called *motori*); constructed by specialists in towns and cities; *giveh* in Persian.

gompul. Tassel, usually made of dyed yarn; many sizes; used to decorate textiles, clothing (*choqa*), tent and animal trappings, reed screens, and some tools (sling; cord to tie a sheep's feet together during shearing).

hajir. Black goat-hair winter tent; its roof is raised in the center by one or several wooden bars and poles to deflect rain and snow; the tent's entrance (often draped with an awning to protect against the elements) is usually at one narrow end (rather than along a long side, as in the summer tent; see *qara chador*).

hamza. Glottal stop in the Arabic and Persian alphabets, as in Qashqa'i.

hashi. A woven border (perhaps one of many) of a weaving, especially *qali*; may be one color or many, may be plain or with one or more designs; *jajim* may or may not have *hashi*.

hezbollahi. Partisan of the party of God; supporter of Khomeini, the revolution, and the Islamic Republic; often identifiable by a certain attire, hair style, facial hair, behavior, and speech; may be male or female.

hijab. Modest Islamic dress.

ilkhani. Paramount khan of the Qashqa'i tribal confederacy.

ilma. Single knot (loop) in a knotted carpet or other textile; *jajim*, *chanta*, and the top border of a reed screen may be decorated with tufts (each tuft includes several of the knots/loops used in a pile carpet but are not trimmed).

imaji. Woman who weaves, spins yarn, forms two-ply yarn, or fluffs wool or goat hair for a wage, such as for a Qashqa'i *bibi* (a woman in a khan family).

imam. According to Twelver Shi'i Islam, one of eleven descendants of the

prophet Mohammad through his daughter Fatemeh (who married his cousin Ali, the first in the line of imams).

imamzadeh. Tomb and/or shrine of an imam or other respected religious person; people go on pilgrimages there, pray, and make and fulfill vows; Qashqa'i women sometimes give a weaving to a shrine's caretakers to fulfill a vow they had made.

ip. Yarn spun from sheep's wool.

jahaz. Woven pad for a camel's back; has a centered hole or thin place to accommodate the hump; placed on the animal before a person puts on baggage or a saddle; a man constructs the pad from *boz palas* fabric and stuffs it with hay.

jajim. Handwoven flat weave (warp-faced plain weave); used as a blanket, curtain, or covering; usually woven in two narrow strips and sewn together but two women can weave a wide strip; may be decorated with colorful woolen tufts here and there; the finished blanket is often folded twice lengthwise and laid on the pile of baggage where people can see its patterns; *jajim*s and *gelim*s are fastened together with wooden pins to form a ceremonial tent for a new bride and groom.

jan. Dear one; literally, life.

jingero. Small jingling pieces of metal on a weaving comb (weft beater), to entertain the weaver; see *karked*.

jinn. Evil spirits, often perceived to be female.

joal. Handwoven sack for grain (wheat, barley, rice, wheat flour); woven in pairs; a man sews the seams of the folded-over fabric; *joval* in Persian.

juel. Handwoven covering for a horse (*at jueli*), mule (*qater jueli*), donkey (*ashaik jueli*), or cow (*siqer jueli*); *juel* for a horse is often decorated with multicolored tufts and tassels; also *jul*.

kacha. Felt rug or mat; also *kecha*.

kahkash. Large *joal* for raw wool (after shearing), yarn, or fresh or dried fodder (alfalfa, clover, straw); not tightly woven; woven in one piece, folded over once, and sewn by a man along the edges with *shiraza* to create a bag; carried by a camel.

kakabag. Weaver's special mark at the edge of any kind of weaving (especially *qali*, *gelim*, and *jajim*) at the beginning and at the end; a weaver says that adding the mark strengthens the weaving; for these special stitches she uses two opposing colors of yarn (which differ from the other colors of the weaving there); the mark for *gelim* is much smaller than for *qali*; a weaver also inserts this mark at the edge of a weaving when a person in her tribal group or community dies (but not for a relative, because weaving then ceases immediately); see *shala*.

kalafa. Spun yarn loosely looped in a long skein to prepare for dyeing.

kalak. Distinctive black-and-white patterns made from yarn spun from natural (not dyed) wool; use of white-and-dark-red patterns is recent; used on handwoven bags (*kalak khorjin, kalak okash*); sometimes red yarn is used on the borders and seams for contrast.

kalleh pacheh. Soup made from the head and feet of a goat or sheep.

kapar. Shelter made of branches for people or animals, especially in winter pastures.

karked. Heavy metal comb (weft beater) with a carved wooden handle used to compact weft strands and weft knots; a specialist in the craft (often a gypsy) constructs this device; see *jingero*.

kashk. Processed sour milk, formed in balls, and dried in the sun; can be stored for long periods.

kebab. Pieces of meat roasted on a skewer; meat pieces.

kerman. Spindle for spinning raw wool or hair; made of wood, goat horn, and sometimes metal.

khak-e shir. Herbal remedy.

khama. One-ply yarn; not yet twisted into two-ply yarn; the term is sometimes used for raw sheep wool; *kham* can mean raw.

khan. Tribal leader; also used as part of a man's name or as a title of respect for a man.

khelal. Hand-carved pin made from branches of the wild pistachio tree (*ban* in Turkish, *baneh* in Persian); used to fasten together the roof and the side panels of a tent; in Persian; *chelal* in Turkish; also *shish*.

khorjin. Handwoven saddlebag with two pouches often held closed by interlinking braided loops and a padlock; woven using different techniques (*kalak*, *qali*, *rend*); only women usually have access to its contents; women store special belongings there; in Turkish and Persian.

kisa. Small fabric bag; used to hold or wrap an item before putting it in a larger bag (such as *khorjin* and *okash*); sometimes closed by a cord or braided drawstring; a woman has many of these; she uses different fabrics and patterns to distinguish the contents; *kiseh* in Persian.

kisa qoluq. Special hand-sewn small fabric bag; lined with contrasting fabric; constructed like an envelope with a flap; closed by wrapping a tassel-ended cord around it; a new bride gives one to a person who brings her a wedding gift; *qoluq* means envelope-shaped.

kolk. Fine hair (down undercoat) from the underbelly of a goat; removed from the coarser outer hair with a comb; spun into yarn and used in a few Qashqa'i weavings; *kork* in Persian.

komer. Stone and brush shelter for people or animals, especially in winter pastures; also *koma*.

kujay. Wooden heddle rod attached with loops of thread or yarn to the warp strands after the warp is strung on the loom; some weavings (*garman*, *gelim*, *palas*, *qali*) use one heddle rod; others (*charkh*, *jajim*, *kalak*, *okosh*) may use four rods; also *kuju*.

kula. Reed pen inside the back of the winter tent for lambs and kids; also a separate pen for these young animals.

kura. Ball of yarn.

lataf. Piece of woven goat-hair fabric; multiple utilitarian uses; sometimes part of a worn-out tent strip (and reused as a roof for a kitchen shelter or a sunshade for a weaver and her loom).

madrasa chador. School tent, often round and made of white or orange canvas.

malband. Woven or braided band for securing baggage on pack animals; in Persian.

malham. Aromatic, inedible seeds from a tree in winter pastures; also the name for a necklace made of these seeds (dyed or used in their natural ivory color), which a bride customarily wears; also *malho*.

manto (from the French manteau). Overcoat used as a woman's and girl's modest covering in the Islamic Republic.

maqna'e. Hair-concealing hood worn by a woman or girl in the Islamic Republic.

marfaj. Large rectangular handwoven bedding container; often woven in pairs; after a woman weaves the fabric, an urban or village specialist attaches leather bindings, fasteners, and handles; recently some Qashqa'i living in houses weave or buy miniature versions for reasons of nostalgia and decoration; *mafrash* in Persian.

marg bar Amrika. Death to America, chanted by schoolchildren and by people in protest demonstrations and written on banners and walls.

mashallah. God's blessing.

mashk. Large goatskin water bag; in Persian; also *toloq*.

masur. Bundle of yarn formed by wrapping it around the fingers; used for passing weft yarn across the warp and for other purposes when lengths of yarn are needed; Qashqa'i weavers do not ordinarily use a wooden shuttle.

mikh. Wooden stake for holding a tent's guy rope or securing the wooden beam of a loom; see *tamdar aqaji*.

morgh-e solaiman. King Soloman's bird, a wild bird; hoopoe in English.

mulla. Muslim clergyman of different levels; some Qashqa'i and other

Iranians use the term for any clergyman, from the lowest-level prayer writer (*du'a nevis*) to the highest-level ayatollah.

namad. Felt rug or mat; in Persian; some Qashqa'i use this word for a woven goat-hair panel for the side (but not the roof) of a tent; also *kacha*.

nanneh. Handwoven hammock for a baby, often with long tassel-ended braided cords; *nanu* in Persian.

nazar. Evil eye.

No Ruz. New Year's holiday, beginning the first day (*no ruz*) of spring.

oba. Home; tent; dwelling; family; camp; location of the family tent; tribe, tribal group; group of tribal people in a specific place.

oba yulu. Route taken by a migrating tribe or tribal group.

ojoq. Fire pit, central hearth; symbol of the home and family; sometimes spelled *ojokh*.

okash. Large handwoven bag with two pouches for clothes and woven goods; woven in *charkh* or *rend* style; woven with four heddle rods; see *abdari okashe*.

orkan. Flat-braided rope for general use, in comparison with *tanaf* (round-braided rope to support a tent); see *tanaf* for details.

palan. Woolen fabric stuffed with padding for riding on a donkey; thick rectangular blanket or pad for the back of pack and riding animals; see *jahaz*.

palang. Leopard.

palas. Handwoven rectangular fabric; multiple utilitarian uses, such as a windbreaker, an insulating cover for goatskin bags filled with dairy products or water, and a clean surface for chores; not tightly woven; woven in two lengths and sewn together in the middle; woven by two women, one on each side of the loom, who pass the weft yarn back and forth and who each pound the weft with a weaving comb; see *boz palas*.

pashuli. Shelter made of stones and palm fronds for people or animals in winter pastures.

payyeh. Tent pole; in Persian.

payyehband. Tasseled, decorative band usually with a three-inch-wide woven strip with designs (geometrical, human and animal figures, *kalak*); draped across the poles at a tent's entrance and strung from pole to pole inside a tent; used primarily for the summer tent because of its width and openness; used especially for weddings and other ceremonial occasions; removed when a family member or campmate dies; see *atmalogh*.

poshti. Square six-sided thick cushion with a handwoven face; the face is

woven using different techniques; often made in pairs; a specialist in a town or city prepares the cushion by constructing a sturdy fabric case with corded edges and filling the case with batting or a solid foam pad; used in houses and not usually in tents.

pud. Weft; in Persian.

pukhlidash. Stone-throwing game played by men and boys.

pushan. Woven goods in the collective, as in "a family's *pushan*."

qali. Handwoven knotted pile carpet; also means the knotting techniques used in weaving such an item.

qalicha. Small handwoven knotted carpet; *qalicheh* in Persian.

qanat. Man-made underground water channel used primarily for irrigation.

qara chador. Black goat-hair tent; the rectangular summer tent with a flat roof and one long side open as an entrance; *qara* means black; see *hajir* (winter tent).

qermez. Red.

qeshlaq. Winter zone.

qil. Goat hair, the straight and coarse outer coat of a goat; fluffed and spun into yarn; term is also used for goat-hair yarn; used in some weavings (*garman*, *qil okashe*) and other textiles (ropes, edgings, seams); mixed with coarse sheep wool for spinning yarn for the warp of some *qali*; *taftik* in Persian; see *kolk*.

qil okashe. Double-sided bag woven from goat-hair yarn and used for transporting goatskin water bags on donkeys and mules and for other heavy loads.

qiraq. Edge or selvage of a weaving; two sides of a weaving; *kenar* in Persian.

qiz. Girl; unmarried female.

qoluq. Lined fabric case trimmed on the edges; holds the Qur'an or another book (such as the memoirs in Persian of Naser Khan Ghashghai [1986], the Qashqa'i *ilkhani*); *qoluq* means envelope-shaped; see *kisa qoluq*.

qunshi payye. Neighbor's share; the custom of sharing food with others residing in the same camp or location.

Qur'an. Holy book of Islam containing revelations from God to the prophet Mohammad.

Ramazan (Ramadan in Arabic). Holy month of fasting, prayers, and alms giving.

rend. Style of weaving, finely woven; weft-float brocading.

risheh. Fringe on a weaving; a plant's roots (which the fringe resembles).

rishk. Warp.

rumezi. Handwoven square or rectangular fabric for placing on a table

(*mez*) or wall; woven using different techniques (*gelim*, *jajim*, *qali*); an item for people living in houses in towns and cities; not used by nomads.

rupush. Outer garment or overcoat used as a woman's and girl's modest covering in the Islamic Republic.

salaam. A form of greeting; peace.

sarhad. Summer zone.

shah. King.

shala. A few loosely woven rows of the weft before a weaver begins a weaving's main design and after she completes it; the special *kakabag* mark follows these rows just before the main weaving begins; while a woman weaves these *shala* rows, she sees how tight or loose the weaving (the process and the object) will be, and she may remove or add warp strands (a task she completes before adding *kakabag*); she says the weaving will progress satisfactorily after placing this mark (hence, she makes all adjustments beforehand); see *kakabag*.

shari'a. Islamic law.

shir. Lion.

shiraza. A border or edging added to an object after its weaving is completed, such as along a seam; sewn by a man; often sewn with two colors of yarn and in a zigzag fashion; also *shirazeh*.

shish. Hand-carved pin made from branches of the wild pistachio tree (*ban* in Turkish, *baneh* in Persian); used to fasten together the roof and the side panels of a tent; see *chelal*, *khelal*.

sohan. Ultrasweet confection made of wheat flour, honey, saffron, and crushed pistachios or almonds; made in cities.

sopan. Sling for hunting birds and other small animals; constructed by boys; often has braided, tassel-ended cords and a center pouch woven by a boy to hold a rock.

sorfa. Handwoven fabric used for rolling out bread dough, usually with a small and simple decorative border (a repeating pattern) and a plain unadorned center field; usually contains yarn spun from camel wool; *sofreh* in Persian.

ta'arof. Exaggerated politeness.

tagh. Talisman (*telism*) made from the wood of the wild pistachio tree (*ban* in Turkish, *baneh* in Persian); hung from the necks of rams and lead goats for protecting them from harm; a man burns designs and words (such as "Allah" and "Ali" in Arabic/Persian script) into the soft wood with a hot metal skewer (*sikh*); he drills holes in the same way through which he ties tassel-ended cords.

tajam. Goatskin bag used for storing clarified butter (ghee, *yagh*); also *darre*.

Tajik. A Persian or any non-Qashqa'i person.

talvareh. Wooden stand holding a reed mat (*chiq*) for drying *kashk*, herbs, bulbs, and other foods; in Persian.

tamdar. A weaving (completed or not) still attached to the loom.

tamdar aqaji. Two wooden end beams for a loom; two stakes pounded into the ground secure each beam and keep the warp tight; wooden or metal pegs are sometimes attached by yarn to the sides of a weaving to keep it symmetrical; also *aqaj*.

tamdar tokhiyan. Weaver; also *tamdar-baf*.

tanaf. Rope for supporting a tent (often with tassels attached), securing baggage to pack animals, and other functions; round rope (*kurrachin*) is braided with four strands of yarn (often black and white); flat rope (*yassichin*) is braided with eight strands of yarn (black and white, or red and white); both women and men do the braiding; children use the flat rope for swinging from tree branches; some Qashqa'i use *tanaf* only for a round-braided tent rope and use *orkan* for a general-use flat-braided rope; *tanab* in Persian.

tang. Wide woven band for securing loads on pack animals; often woven using the *turkmane* style; often with woven designs (*kalak*, animals, human figures), small tassels or tufts along the edges, and a wooden buckle; fancier than other animal bands.

tap. Weft.

tar. Warp; in Persian.

Tat. Short for Tajik; a semi-derogatory term referring to a Persian or any non-Qashqa'i person.

tilkeh. Fox.

toloq. Large goatskin water bag; also *mashk*.

toqanaq. U-shaped carved wooden device sewn to a tent's roof where the side panels are pinned; used to hold and tighten/loosen a tent rope, which is tied to a stake pounded in the ground; also a carved wooden buckle attached to a woven or braided band for fastening loads on pack animals; see *domsukh*.

torba. Handwoven bag larger than *chanta*; used for salt (*duz torbasi*, often with a narrow top that can be folded over to prevent spillage), sugar (*qand torbasi*), and other commodities; also an oblong feedbag (nosebag) for horses (*at torbasi*) and mules.

Turk. A Qashqa'i person (in the context of southwestern Iran); many Qashqa'i would identify themselves as "Turk" (depending on the context); Turk and Qashqa'i are often synonymous in the region; the term

Turk is often contrasted with Tajik; people say a Turk who loses some characteristics associated with "being a Turk" "becomes Tajik."

turkmane. Style of weaving; a flat weave (often *jajim*) combined with the knots/loops used in *qali*; used for *juel* and *tang*.

uk. Pile of baggage in a tent or house; symbol of the family and home; often covered with a decorative tasseled *gelim*; the word is also used for the load on a pack animal; usual arrangement of *uk* (starting with the long rock platform on the ground) is the upright filled grain sacks (*jual*), *marfaj* and other large woven bags, smaller woven bags and fabric-wrapped clothes and other goods, some folded weavings, a decorative *gelim* laid all across the pile (covering all the goods underneath) and hanging almost to the ground, more weavings (especially *gelim* and *jajim*) folded twice lengthwise and laid in a way to display each one, fabric-wrapped bedding, and several kinds of pillows; sometimes spelled *ik*; see *aiy*.

uk dashe. Stone platform for *uk*; keeps a family's possessions off the ground inside a tent; nomads call the first day of the spring and autumn migrations "changing the stones"; stones they had used during the winter and summer seasons remain in place; also *yurd dashe*.

yaghlidarre. Small goatskin bag used for storing clarified butter (ghee, *yagh*).

yailaq. Summer zone.

yanloq. Small goatskin bag used for storing fresh butter; also *yanlik*.

yayoq. Large goatskin bag used for churning yogurt and water to obtain butter.

yelan. Handwoven goat-hair strip for the side (but not the roof) of a tent; some Qashqa'i say *namad* for this piece; see *garman*.

yo. No.

yol. Route, path, road, especially in the context of the seasonal migrations; also *yul*.

yurd. Place where nomads pitch a tent and/or set up a camp; nomads migrate from one *yurd* to another; nomads have seasonal tent sites and camps (*yurd*s), such as for the winter (*qesh yurdu*).

yurd dashe. Row or platform of rocks to hold a family's possessions off the ground inside a tent; *uk* rests on the platform; also *uk dashe*.

yurt. Felt tent, often round, used in Iran and Central Asia.

zilu. Sturdy flat-weave rug made of cotton; purchased in towns and cities; in Persian.

NOTES

INTRODUCTION

1 United States military forces surround Iran on three of her four sides, including the US presence in the waters of the Persian Gulf (and in the countries along the western shore) (see figure 1 in the appendix).

2 The Qashqa'i speak a western Oghuz (Ghuzz) Turkish derived from Central Asia. Using the Latin alphabet, people spell the name "Qashqa'i" in different ways. Varying systems of transcription and transliteration convey spoken Qashqa'i Turkish and also draw on the written form using the Persian alphabet. Qashqa'i Turkish is not a written language with its own alphabet. The most common forms of transliteration, after "Qashqa'i," are "Ghashghai" (which represents the initial and medial letter *qaf* as "gh" and not "q") and "Kashkai" ("k" instead of "q"). The symbol between the "a" and "i," indicating a glottal stop (*hamza*), is sometimes omitted in the name's written form. I discuss these issues at the beginning of the glossary. Beeman (1986) offers an analysis of the linguistics and sociolinguistics of modern Persian. Shirin Ebadi (recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize in 2003) is one of the few authors of general books on Iran who delineate Qashqa'i territory on a map (2007:x–xi). In 2004 the Japanese manufacturer, Nissan, created a "concept" car it named the "Nissan Qashqai" as the vehicle of choice for "urban nomads" in the West. Nissan widely advertised this model in Turkey in 2007–08.

3 The Qermezi sometimes use the Turkish suffix –lu instead of –li for each of these lineages, as in Aqa Mohammadlu (both terms meaning "the people of Aqa Mohammad").

4 Historical studies of the Qashqa'i confederacy contain lengthy bibliographies (Oberling 1974, Bayat 1986, Beck 1986).

5 Research for a tenth-grade term paper on the 1946 Mahabad Republic of Kurdistan helped me to understand minority-group issues in Iran. My experience in the Netherlands in 2003 and 2004 as a delegate and an ambassador to The Hague International Model United Nations, and my participation in committees that debated the rights of people to self-determination, also aided

my appreciation of the topic. Recent writings on nomads and tribes in Iran and elsewhere include Beck and Huang (2008a, 2008b, 2008c, 2008d) and Bayat (2008).

6 See Sanasarian (2000) for a discussion of Iran's religious minorities.

7 Photographic essays on Iran's nomads demonstrate their similarities and differences (Baharnaz 1994; Bahmanbaigi 1971; Kasraian and Arshi 1994; Kiyani 1999; Tapper and Thompson 2002, including many photographs by Kasraian). Duncan (1982) includes images of his visit in 1946 to the Qashqa'i, and they document many aspects of the society and culture, including material goods. Illustrated anthropological studies of nomads in Iran include Barth (1961), Beck (1986, 1991), Digard (1981), Mortensen (1993), Salzman (2000), Tapper (1979), and Watson (1979). Fazeli (2006) writes a history of the development of anthropology in Iran; he excludes practically all mention of any foreign contribution, whether perceived as positive or negative.

8 For the impact of the revolution and the Islamic Republic on the Qashqa'i, especially women, see Beck (2004) and Huang (2006).

9 *Manto* originates in the French word *manteau*, meaning an overcoat or cloak. Some people use the Persian word *rupush* for an outer garment.

10 For a discussion of these issues, see Beck and Huang (2006). Adelkhah (2000), Khosravi (2003, 2008), Alavi (2005), Moaveni (2005), and Varzi (2006) offer anthropological and other perspectives on the politicized youth culture of Tehran and demonstrate other kinds of resistance to government policy.

11 Research for a ninth-grade term paper on A'isha, one of the prophet Mohammad's wives, led me to the scholarly literature on modest dress and its relationship to Islam; see Abbott (1942), Ahmed (1992), and Spellberg (1991, 1994). Two collections on pre-Islamic, premodern, and modern Iran contain diverse information on and analyses of the topic; see Nashat and Beck (2003) and Beck and Nashat (2004).

12 Most Qermezi would probably prefer that I do not specify these gifts or their recipients. They often give and receive presents privately, and I respect their customs in this text. I do mention minor contributions (such as toys) when they play a part in the narrative.

13 I describe visits to different kinds of schools in Iran (Huang 2006).

14 These numbers refer to 1998 and 1999 when many of the events and circumstances of this book occurred. Figure 5 in the appendix shows Falak's additional descendants in 2002.

15 Beck (1991). For the same reason I did not read her book manuscript on the changing circumstances for the Qermezi tribe between 1978 and 2008 (Beck n. d.). When I decided to include in chapter 2 some stories that Qermezi women had told my mother and me about their knotted carpets, I did read her unpublished descriptions of those sessions. I thank her for providing me with some details.

16 The most influential of these diverse readings include Jean George's *Julie of the Wolves* (1972); Suzanne Fisher Staples's *Shabanu: Daughter of the Wind* (1989)

and *Haveli* (1993) (about a nomadic tribal girl in Pakistan); Marjorie Shostak's *Nisa: The Life and Words of a !Kung Woman* (1981) and *Return to Nisa* (2000); Virginia Barnes and Janice Boddy's *Aman: The Story of a Somali Girl* (1995); Elizabeth Fernea's *Guests of the Sheik: An Ethnography of an Iraqi Village* (1969); Veronica Doubleday's *Three Women of Herat* (1988); and Erika Friedl's *Women of Deh Koh: Lives in an Iranian Village* (1991). Early on I read Betty Mahmoody's *Not Without My Daughter* (1987) and saw her negative portrayal of Iran and Iranians; the film version (1991) has the same title. Lois Beck's article, "With My Daughter: In Mountainous Iran, An Anthropologist's Five-Year-Old Child Adapts Quickly to Pastoral Life" (1993), offers a different point of view. I located only a few accounts by people who were themselves children in foreign settings where one or both parents were anthropologists or other social scientists. Most pertinent to my writing is Agnes Loeffler's essay, "Memories of Difference: From Lur to Anthropologist" (1998); see also her volume on medical systems in Iran (2007). Her mother, Erika Friedl, writes a companion piece; "Making Mutual Sense: My Daughters and I in a Village in Iran" (1998). Jonathan Wylie's father (Laurence Wylie, but unnamed in the article) took his family when he conducted research on modern French country life, and, later, as an anthropologist, Jonathan Wylie records his memories in "'Daddy's Little Wedges': On Being a Child in France" (1987). He also comments on his experiences as an adult when he conducted research in the Faroe Islands accompanied by his young daughter. For a fictional account of a man from the Netherlands who conducted linguistic research in Thailand and his daughter's later career as an anthropologist, see Mischa Berlinski's *Fieldwork* (2007). Writings on Iran contain many kinds of information from various perspectives. Memoirs by Iranians, especially those appearing after the 1978–79 revolution, often include descriptions of the autobiographers' childhoods and early memories of their society and culture. See Sattareh Farman Farmaian's *Daughter of Persia: A Woman's Journey from Her Father's Harem Through the Islamic Revolution* (1992); Manucher Farmanfarmaian and Roxane Farmanfarmaian's *Blood and Oil: A Prince's Memoir* (2005); Shusha Guppy's *The Blindfold Horse: Memories of a Persian Childhood* (1988); Rouhi Shafii's *Scent of Saffron: Three Generations of an Iranian Family* (1997); Marjane Satrapi's *Persepolis: The Story of a Childhood* (2003) and *Persepolis 2: The Story of a Return* (2004); Roya Hakakian's *Journey from the Land of No: A Girlhood Caught in Revolutionary Iran* (2004); Shirin Ebadi's *Iran Awakening: A Memoir of Revolution and Hope* (2006; reprinted in 2007 with a new subtitle); Fatemeh Keshavarz's *Jasmine and Stars* (2007); Monir Farmanfarmaian and Zara Houshmand's *A Mirror Garden* (2007); and Davar Ardalan's *My Name is Iran: A Memoir* (2007). Some autobiographers consider their childhoods in Iran in light of their later experiences in the West; see Gelareh Asayesh's *Saffron Sky: A Life Between Iran and America* (1999) and Azadeh Moaveni's *Lipstick Jihad: A Memoir of Growing Up Iranian in America and American in Iran* (2005). Several authors stress childhood experiences as they relate specifically to education, religion, and politics; see Roy Mottahedeh's

The Mantle of the Prophet: Religion and Politics in Iran (1985) (not raised in Iran, the author interviewed many who were); and Mehdi Abedi's "Shi'ite Socialization in Pahlavi Iran" (1990). Erika Friedl discusses child socialization in a Boir Ahmad Lur village in *Children of Deh Koh: Young Life in an Iranian Village* (1997); see also her "Child Rearing in Modern Persia" (1992). Henny Hansen's account of women and children in Iraqi Kurdistan, *Daughters of Allah: Among Moslem Women in Kurdistan* (1960), is also applicable to Iranian Kurdistan just across the border. In *An Iranian Odyssey* (1991), Gohar Kordi writes an autobiographical account of growing up in Iranian Kurdistan. Diane Tober (2004) was accompanied by her children while she conducted research in Iran. For other kinds of historical and contemporary accounts of children in Iran, see *Encyclopaedia Iranica*, s. v. "Children," and Asghar Fathi's *Women and the Family in Iran* (1985). Fictional works in Persian, some translated into English, are also good sources of information and insight. Samad Behrangi (1963) writes stories about the lives of children in rural Azerbaijan, and Houshang Moradi (1980) depicts villagers elsewhere in Iran, including children in a weaving workshop. In *The School Principal* (1974), Jalal Al-e Ahmad blends fiction and social criticism in presenting a story about a principal and his pupils. Iranian films about children, such as *Bashu* (1983), *The White Balloon* (1995), *Children of Heaven* (1997), *The Color of Paradise* (2000), and *Turtles Can Fly* (2004), also provide insightful perspectives; see Hamid Sadr's discussion in "Children in Contemporary Iranian Cinema" (2002) and his book *Iranian Cinema* (2006). Four collections of anthropological works, autobiographies, fiction, and poetry relating to Muslim Middle Eastern families and children include selections on Iran: Elizabeth Fernea's *Children in the Muslim Middle East* (1995) and *Remembering Childhood in the Middle East: Memoirs from a Century of Change* (2002), and Donna Lee Bowen and Evelyn Early's *Everyday Life in the Muslim Middle East* (1993, 2002; each edition contains many selections not in the other). For fictionalized short stories written by an anthropologist who conducted research in Syria, see Nancy Lindisfarne's *Dancing in Damascus* (2000). For more short stories with social and anthropological content, see two collections on Iran by Terence O'Donnell: *Garden of the Brave in War: Recollections of Iran* (1980) and *Seven Shades of Memory: Stories of Old Iran* (1999). Works on women's roles in the production of textiles include Elizabeth Barber's *Women's Work: The First 20,000 Years: Women, Cloth, and Society in Early Times* (1995) and *The Mummies of Urumchi* (1999), both providing archaeological and other historical perspectives; Sheila Paine's *Embroidery from Afghanistan* (2007; including embroidery for the home and domesticated animals) and *Amulets: Sacred Charms of Power and Protection* (2004); and Shelagh Weir's *Spinning and Weaving in Palestine* (1970) and *Embroidery from Palestine* (2007). Andrea Heckman (2003) presents an anthropological study of textiles in Andean society, which offers some points of comparison with this book. Works on the historical, economic, technical, and aesthetic dimensions of weaving in Iran include *Encyclopaedia Iranica*, s. v. "Carpets" (see section xiv on tribal car-

pets); special issue of *Iranian Studies* (Ittig 1992) on Iran's textiles; Hans Wulff's *The Traditional Crafts of Persia* (1966; pp. 172–230 on textile crafts); Jay Gluck and Sumi Gluck's *A Survey of Persian Handicraft* (1977); Leonard Helfgott's *Ties that Bind: A Social History of the Iranian Carpet* (1994); Brian Spooner's "Weavers and Dealers" (1986); James Opie's *Tribal Rugs* (1992; pp. 168–189 on the Qashqa'i); Sirus Parham and S. Azadi's *Dastbafha-ye ashayeri va rusta'i-ye Fars* (Handweavings of nomads and villagers of Fars province) (1986); *The Qashqa'i of Iran* (University of Manchester, Whitworth Art Gallery, 1976); Manuchehr Kiyani's *Departing for the Love of Anemone* (1999); Taher Sabahi's *Qashqai: Tappeti Tribali Persiani* (1989); Peter Stone's *Tribal and Village Rugs* (2004; pp. 221–273 on the Qashqa'i and other tribal groups in Iran); Brian MacDonald's *Tribal Rugs: Treasures of the Black Tent* (1997; pp. 126–153 on the Qashqa'i); Jon Thompson's *Carpets from the Tents, Cottages and Workshops of Asia* (1983); John Ure's *In Search of Nomads* (2003; pp. 51–71 on the Qashqa'i); David Black and Clive Loveless's *Woven Gardens: Nomad and Village Rugs of the Fars Province of Southern Persia* (1979); Jenny Housego's *Tribal Rugs* (1978); Jean-Pierre Digard's *Techniques des nomades baxtyari d'Iran* (1981; pp. 116–133 on weaving); Parviz Tanavoli's *The Lion Rugs of Fars* (1983), *Bread and Salt: Iranian Tribal Spreads and Salt Bags* (1991), *Kings, Heroes and Lovers: Pictorial Rugs from the Tribes and Villages of Iran* (including some Qashqa'i rugs) (1994), and *Tacheh of Chahar Mahal* (on decorative Bakhtiyari grain bags) (1998); Inge Mortensen's *Nomads of Luristan* (1993; pp. 385–393 on textile techniques); Patty Jo Watson's *Archaeological Ethnography in Western Iran* (1979; pp. 174–186 on weaving); Louise Mackie and Jon Thompson's *Turkmen Tribal Carpets and Traditions* (1980); Carol Bier's *Woven from the Soul, Spun from the Heart* (1987; pp. 317–324 on the Qashqa'i); Brian Murphy's *The Root of Wild Madder: Chasing the History, Mystery, and Lore of the Persian Carpet* (2005; pp. 179–191 on the Qashqa'i); Joan Allgrove's "The Qashqa'i" (1978); and John Wertime's "The Names, Types and Functions of Nomadic Weaving in Iran" (1978). In the novel *The Blood of Flowers* (2007), Anita Amirrezvani fictionalizes the life of a young female weaver in seventeenth-century Iran. In another novel, *Spindle and Bow* (2005), Bevis Longstreth imagines the people and the circumstances that created the oldest known pile carpet in existence, the Pazyryk carpet (which was excavated in the Altai Mountains of Eurasia). *Oriental Carpet Design* (Ford 1992) provides information on and illustrations of weaving techniques and patterns in Iran and the wider region. Qashqa'i weaving is the topic of the Iranian film, *Gabbeh* (1996); see *Gabbeh: Film Script and Photographs* (Makhmalbaf and Ahmadi 1996). Makhmalbaf originally intended to produce a documentary on Qashqa'i nomads and their weaving of gabbeh rugs, but the resulting fictional film focuses on a young nomadic woman he named Gabbeh, who is played by a Persian-Iranian actor from Tehran. Negar Mottahedeh (2004) offers a feminist analysis of the film. Patricia Baker (1997) discusses issues concerning the authenticity of Qashqa'i carpets. Anthony Tuck (2006) addresses the topic of

weaving, singing, and poetry. During his travels in rural Pakistan, V. S. Naipaul was attracted to a rug woven by Afghan nomads of undyed raw wool with "simple patterns in violent colours." (If the yarn is undyed, how could the natural colors – white, black, brown, and grey – be "violent"?) Later, after having purchased the rug, Naipaul was astonished by "the oddity of its patterns and colours, like the dots and wavering scrawls of an inflamed mind. . . . And perhaps to live that nomadic life is to be touched in the head in some way" (1999:188–189). Part of a poem by Virginia Smith entitled "Lion Rugs from Fars" (1982:1) offers a different view (and four factual errors in five lines):

> My eyes weep sand, joints crack beneath the weight
> of low ground looms. Monsoon time has come; the tribe
> will take our tents to Mt. Zagros. I go on weaving
> blood-red medallions for the market. See!
> my fingers stiffen from the shuttle.

Mary Virginia Fox, a writer of children's books including one on Iran (1991), read the article that Lois Beck had published in *Natural History* (1993) about my experiences living among the nomads in Iran. Fox said that *Natural History's* questions in the table of contents concerning Beck's article fascinated her: "What's a good age to start anthropological fieldwork? How about five?" She asked my mother if she was interested in co-authoring a children's book on the subject. Lois Beck agreed and worked with her for a year on the manuscript (*A Tent for a Home)*. Publishers were intrigued but each one wanted substantial changes, including transforming me from a five-year-old to an adolescent in the account, to correspond with the age of the intended readers. Never mind that I had not yet lived with the nomads as an adolescent. My mother decided not to pursue the project further; it was taking too much time from her continuing research in Iran and her scholarly writings. After I wrote the first draft of this book, I read the manuscript of *A Tent for a Home*. I saw that an author of this kind of book should reside with the people and experience the setting directly in order to depict their lives accurately. The gap between being there and not being there was too wide. I saw the limitations of an author who could not picture the scenes she tried to describe. My mother said she had worried about the discrepancies between the facts on the ground and the largely imaginary scenes Fox portrayed. She said she was also concerned that, when I grew older, I might not appreciate another person's perception of what it had been like for me to live among the nomads. Still, that unpublished book served as an inspiration to me to offer a more realistic account. After I finished writing *Tribeswomen of Iran*, I read the draft of *A Tent for a Home* again, and this time I regretted that it was not published. I now understood more clearly that readers might want to see circumstances from different angles. They might enjoy different writing styles and types of content. I saw that different approaches to a single situation – a child living among nomads in Iran – were possible.

My version here is one. My mother's short account (1993) is another. Perhaps Fox's depiction is yet another one, despite her lack of knowledge of the scene she attempted to describe.

17 I include another example of these writings as the epigraph to chapter 3. For this assignment, a teacher encouraged me to write a short passage that followed the style I saw in a work of literature. I no longer remember the literary source of my inspiration, but I had wanted to write about the massive boulder that had suddenly tumbled into the gorge where Morad Qermezi and his family had their winter campsite.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Abbott, Nabia
1942 *A'ishah: The Beloved of Mohammed*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.

Abedi, Mehdi
1990 Shi'ite Socialization in Pahlavi Iran: Autobiographical Sondages in a Postmodern World. In *Debating Muslims: Cultural Dialogues in Postmodernity and Tradition*. Michael Fischer and Mehdi Abedi. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press.

Adelkhah, Fariba
2000 *Being Modern in Iran*. New York: Columbia University Press.

Ahmad, Jalal Al-e
1974 *The School Principal*. John Newton, trans. Minneapolis: Bibliotheca Islamica.

Ahmed, Leila
1992 *Women and Gender in Islam*. New Haven: Yale University Press.

Alavi, Nasrin
2005 *We Are Iran: The Persian Blogs*. Brooklyn: Soft Skull Press.

Allgrove, Joan
1978 The Qashqa'i. In *Yoruk: The Nomadic Weaving Tradition of the Middle East*. Anthony Landreau, ed. Pittsburgh: Museum of Art, Carnegie Institute.

Amirrezvani, Anita
2007 *The Blood of Flowers*. New York: Little, Brown and Company.

Ardalan, Davar
2007 *My Name is Iran: A Memoir*. New York: Henry Holt.

Asayesh, Gelareh
1999 *Saffron Sky: A Life Between Iran and America*. Boston: Beacon Press.

Baharnaz, Mohammad Reza
1994 *Nomads of Iran: Photographs of Iranian Tribes*. Tehran: Farhang-Sara.

Bahmanbaigi, Mohammad
1971 Qashqa'i: Hardy Shepherds of Iran's Zagros Mountains Build a Future through Tent-School Education. In *Nomads of the World*. Washington, DC: National Geographic Society.

Baker, Patricia
1997 Twentieth-Century Myth-Making: Persian Tribal Rugs. *Journal of Design History* 10(4):363–374.

Barber, Elizabeth Wayland
1995 *Women's Work: The First 20,000 Years: Women, Cloth, and Society in Early Times*. New York: W. W. Norton.
1999 *The Mummies of Urumchi*. New York: W. W. Norton.

Barnes, Virginia Lee, and Janice Boddy, eds.
1995 *Aman: The Story of a Somali Girl*. New York: Vintage Books.

Barth, Fredrik
1961 *Nomads of South Persia: The Basseri Tribe of the Khamseh Confederacy*. London: Allen and Unwin.

Bayat, Kaveh
1986 *Shurush-e ashayer-e Fars, 1307–1309* (Uprising of the tribes of Fars, 1928–1930). Tehran: Naqareh.
2008 Iran and the "Kurdish Question." *Middle East Report* 38(2):28–35.

Beck, Lois
1986 *The Qashqa'i of Iran*. New Haven: Yale University Press.
1991 *Nomad: A Year in the Life of a Qashqa'i Tribesman in Iran*. Berkeley: University of California Press.
1993 With My Daughter: In Mountainous Iran, An Anthropologist's Five-Year-Old Child Adapts Quickly to Pastoral Life. *Natural History* 102(3):6–13.
2004 Qashqa'i Women in Postrevolutionary Iran. In *Women in Iran from 1800 to the Islamic Republic*. Lois Beck and Guity Nashat, eds. Urbana: University of Illinois Press.
n. d. *Nomads Move On: Qashqa'i Tribespeople in Post-Revolutionary Iran*. Book manuscript.

Beck, Lois, and Mary Virginia Fox
n. d. *A Tent for a Home*. Book manuscript.

Beck, Lois, and Julia Huang
2006 Manipulating Private Lives and Public Spaces in Qashqa'i Society in Iran. *Comparative Studies of South Asia, Africa and the Middle East* 26(2):303–325.
2008a Nomads. In *Iran Today: An Encyclopedia of Life in the Islamic Republic*. Vol. 2. Mehran Kamrava and Manochehr Dorraj, eds. Westport, CT: Greenwood Press.

2008b Nomads. *The Oxford Encyclopedia of Women in World History*. Vol. 3. Pp. 348–352. Bonnie Smith, ed. Oxford: Oxford University Press.

2008c Tribes. In *Iran Today: An Encyclopedia of Life in the Islamic Republic*. Vol. 2. Mehran Kamrava and Manochehr Dorraj, eds. Westport, CT: Greenwood Press.

2008d Tribes. *The Oxford Encyclopedia of the Islamic World*. Vol. 5. John Esposito, ed. Oxford: Oxford University Press.

Beck, Lois, and Guity Nashat, eds.

2004 *Women in Iran from 1800 to the Islamic Republic*. Urbana: University of Illinois Press.

Beeman, William

1986 *Language, Status, and Power in Iran*. Bloomington: Indiana University Press.

Behrangi, Samad

1963 *Afsanehha-ye Azerbaijan* (Folktales of Azerbaijan). Tabriz, Iran: Dehkhoda.

Berlinski, Mischa

2007 *Fieldwork*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux.

Bier, Carol, ed.

1987 *Woven from the Soul, Spun from the Heart: Textile Arts of Safavid and Qajar Iran, 16th–19th Centuries*. Washington, DC: The Textile Museum.

Black, David, and Clive Loveless, eds.

1979 *Woven Gardens: Nomad and Village Rugs of the Fars Province of Southern Persia*. London: David Black Oriental Carpets.

Bowen, Donna Lee, and Evelyn Early, eds.

1993 *Everyday Life in the Muslim Middle East*. Bloomington: Indiana University Press.

2002 *Everyday Life in the Muslim Middle East*. 2nd edition. Bloomington: Indiana University Press.

Digard, Jean-Pierre

1981 *Techniques des nomades baxtyari d'Iran*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

Doubleday, Veronica

1988 *Three Women of Herat*. Austin: University of Texas Press.

Duncan, David Douglas

1982 *The World of Allah*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.

Ebadi, Shirin, with Azadeh Moaveni

2006 *Iran Awakening: A Memoir of Revolution and Hope*. New York: Random House.

2007 *Iran Awakening: One Woman's Journey to Reclaim Her Life and Country*. New York: Random House.

Encyclopaedia Iranica, s. v. "Carpets."

Encyclopaedia Iranica, s. v. "Children."

Farmanfarmaian, Manucher, and Roxane Farmanfarmaian
2005 *Blood and Oil: A Prince's Memoir of Iran from the Shah to the Ayatollah*. 2nd edition. New York: Random House.

Farmanfarmaian, Monir, and Zara Houshmand
2007 *A Mirror Garden*. New York: Random House.

Farman Farmaian, Sattareh, with Dona Munkir
1992 *Daughter of Persia: A Woman's Journey from Her Father's Harem Through the Islamic Revolution*. New York: Crown.

Fathi, Asghar, ed.
1985 *Women and the Family in Iran*. Leiden: E. J. Brill.

Fazeli, Nematollah
2006 *Politics of Culture in Iran: Anthropology, Politics and Society in the Twentieth Century*. Oxon: Routledge.

Fernea, Elizabeth Warnock
1969 *Guests of the Sheik: An Ethnography of an Iraqi Village*. Garden City, NY: Doubleday.

Fernea, Elizabeth Warnock, ed.
1995 *Children in the Muslim Middle East*. Austin: University of Texas Press.
2002 *Remembering Childhood in the Middle East: Memoirs from a Century of Change*. Austin: University of Texas Press.

Ford, P. R. J.
1992 *Oriental Carpet Design: A Guide to Traditional Motifs, Patterns and Symbols*. London: Thames and Hudson.

Fox, Mary Virginia
1991 *Iran*. Chicago: Childrens Press.

Friedl, Erika
1991 *Women of Deh Koh: Lives in an Iranian Village*. New York: Penguin Books.
1992 Child Rearing in Modern Persia. *Encyclopaedia Iranica* 5:412–416.
1997 *Children of Deh Koh: Young Life in an Iranian Village*. Syracuse: Syracuse University Press.
1998 Making Mutual Sense: My Daughters and I in a Village in Iran. *Anthropology and Humanism* 23(2):157–164.
2002 Why are Children Missing from Textbooks? *Anthropology News* 43(5):19.

George, Jean Craighead
1972 *Julie of the Wolves*. New York: HarperCollins.
Ghashghai, Mohammad Naser Solat
1986 *Salha-ye bohran: khaterat-e ruzaneh-ye Mohammad Naser-e Solat-e Ghashghai, 1329–1332* (Years of crisis: daily memoirs of Mohammad Naser Solat Ghashghai, 1950–1953). Tehran.
Gibb, Camilla
2006 *Sweetness in the Belly*. New York: The Penguin Press.
Gluck, Jay, and Sumi Gluck, eds.
1977 *A Survey of Persian Handicraft: A Pictorial Introduction to the Contemporary Folk Arts and Art Crafts of Modern Iran*. Tehran and New York: Survey of Persian Art.
Guppy, Shusha
1988 *The Blindfold Horse: Memories of a Persian Childhood*. Boston: Beacon Press.
Hakakian, Roya
2004 *Journey from the Land of No: A Girlhood Caught in Revolutionary Iran*. New York: Random House.
Hansen, Henny
1960 *Daughters of Allah: Among Moslem Women in Kurdistan*. London: George Allen and Unwin.
Harris, Joanne
2000 *Chocolat*. New York: Penguin Books.
Heckman, Andrea
2003 *Woven Stories: Andean Textiles and Rituals*. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press.
Helfgott, Leonard
1994 *Ties that Bind: A Social History of the Iranian Carpet*. Washington, DC: Smithsonian Institution Press.
Housego, Jenny
1978 *Tribal Rugs: An Introduction to the Weaving of the Tribes of Iran*. London: Scorpion.
Huang, Julia
2006 Integration, Modernization, and Resistance: Qashqa'i Nomads in Iran Since the Revolution of 1978–1979. In *Nomadic Societies in the Middle East and North Africa: Entering the 21st Century*. Dawn Chatty, ed. Leiden: Brill Academic Publishers.
2008 *AIESEC – Global Trends and Local Impacts: An Ethnography of a Global Association*. Senior thesis. New Haven: Yale University, Department of Anthropology.

Ittig, Annette, ed.
1992 The Carpets and Textiles of Iran. *Iranian Studies* 25(1–2):1–159.
Kasraian, Nasrollah, and Z. Arshi
1994 *Nomads of Iran*. Tehran: Seke Press.
Keshavarz, Fatemeh
2007 *Jasmine and Stars: Reading More than Lolita in Tehran*. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press.
Khosravi, Shahram
2003 *The Third Generation: The Islamic Order of Things and Cultural Defiance among the Young of Tehran*. Stockholm: Stockholm University, Department of Social Anthropology.
2008 *Young and Defiant in Tehran*. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press.
Kiyani, Manuchehr
1999 *Departing for the Love of Anemone: Art in Gashgai Tribe*. Shiraz: Kiyan.
Kordi, Gohar
1991 *An Iranian Odyssey*. London: Serpent's Tail.
Lindisfarne, Nancy
2000 *Dancing in Damascus*. Albany: State University of New York Press.
Loeffler, Agnes Gertrud
1998 Memories of Difference: From Lur to Anthropologist. *Anthropology and Humanism* 23(2):146–156.
2007 *Allopathy Goes Native: Traditional Versus Modern Medicine in Iran*. London: I.B.Tauris.
Longstreth, Bevis
2005 *Spindle and Bow*. London: Hali Publications.
MacDonald, Brian W.
1997 *Tribal Rugs: Treasures of the Black Tent*. Woodbridge, Suffolk: Antique Collectors' Club.
Mackie, Louise, and Jon Thompson, eds.
1980 *Turkmen Tribal Carpets and Traditions*. Washington, DC: The Textile Museum.
Mahmoody, Betty, with William Hoffer
1987 *Not Without My Daughter*. New York: St. Martin's Press.
Makhmalbaf, Mohsen, director
1996 *Gabbeh*. Tehran: Sanayeh Desti d'Iran. New Yorker Films (United States video and DVD release).
Makhmalbaf, Mohsen, and Mohammad Ahmadi
1996 *Gabbeh: Film Script and Photographs*. M. Ghaed, trans. Tehran: Ney.

Milani, Farzaneh
1992 *Veils and Words: The Emerging Voices of Iranian Women Writers*. Syracuse: Syracuse University Press.
Moaveni, Azadeh
2005 *Lipstick Jihad: A Memoir of Growing Up Iranian in America and American in Iran*. New York: PublicAffairs.
Moradi, Houshang
1980 *Bachaha-ye qalibaf-khaneh* (Children of a weaving workshop). Tehran: n. p.
Mortensen, Inge Demant
1993 *Nomads of Luristan: History, Material Culture, and Pastoralism in Western Iran*. New York: Thames and Hudson.
Mottahedeh, Negar
2004 "Life is Color!" Toward a Transnational Feminist Analysis of Mohsen Makhmalbaf's *Gabbeh*. *Signs: Journal of Women in Culture and Society* 30(1):1403–1426.
Mottahedeh, Roy
1985 *Mantle of the Prophet: Religion and Politics in Iran*. New York: Simon and Schuster.
Murphy, Brian
2005 *The Root of Wild Madder: Chasing the History, Mystery, and Lore of the Persian Carpet*. New York: Simon and Schuster.
Naipaul, V. S.
1999 *Beyond Belief: Islamic Excursions Among the Converted Peoples*. New York: Little, Brown and Company.
Nashat, Guity, and Lois Beck, eds.
2003 *Women in Iran from the Rise of Islam to 1800*. Urbana: University of Illinois Press.
Oberling, Pierre
1974 *The Qashqa'i Nomads of Fars*. The Hague: Mouton.
O'Donnell, Terence
1980 *Garden of the Brave in War: Recollections of Iran*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
1999 *Seven Shades of Memory: Stories of Old Iran*. Washington, DC: Mage.
Opie, James
1992 *Tribal Rugs: Nomadic and Village Weavings from the Near East and Central Asia*. Portland: The Tolstoy Press.
Paine, Sheila
2004 *Amulets: Sacred Charms of Power and Protection*. Rochester, VT: Inner Traditions.

2007 *Embroidery from Afghanistan*. Seattle: University of Washington Press.

Parham, Sirus, and Siawosch Azadi

1986 *Dastbafha-ye ashayeri va rusta'i-ye Fars* (Handweavings of nomads and villagers of Fars province). Tehran: Amir Kabir.

Sabahi, Taher

1989 *Qashqai: Tappeti Tribali Persiani*. Novara, Italy: Istituto Geografico de Agostini.

Sadr, Hamid Reza

2002 Children in Contemporary Iranian Cinema: When We Were Children. In *The New Iranian Cinema: Politics, Representation and Identity*. Richard Tapper, ed. London: I.B.Tauris.

2006 *Iranian Cinema: A Political History*. London: I.B.Tauris.

Salzman, Philip

2000 *Black Tents of Baluchistan*. Washington: Smithsonian Institution Press.

Sanasarian, Eliz

2000 *Religious Minorities in Iran*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

Satrapi, Marjane

2003 *Persepolis: The Story of a Childhood*. New York: Pantheon.

2004 *Persepolis 2: The Story of a Return*. New York: Pantheon.

Shafii, Rouhi

1997 *Scent of Saffron: Three Generations of an Iranian Family*. London: Scarlet Press.

Shostak, Marjorie

1981 *Nisa: The Life and Words of a !Kung Woman*. New York: Random House.

2000 *Return to Nisa*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

Smith, Virginia

1982 *Lion Rugs from Fars and Other Poems*. South Thomaston, ME: Dan River Press.

Spellberg, Denise A.

1991 Political Action and Public Example: A'isha and the Battle of the Camel. In *Women in Middle Eastern History*. Nikki R. Keddie and Beth Baron, eds. New Haven: Yale University Press.

1994 *Politics, Gender, and the Islamic Past: The Legacy of A'isha bint Abi Bakr*. New York: Columbia University Press.

Spooner, Brian

1986 Weavers and Dealers: The Authenticity of an Oriental Carpet. In *The Social Life of Things: Commodities in Cultural Perspective*. Arjun Appadurai, ed. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

Staples, Suzanne Fisher
1989 *Shabanu: Daughter of the Wind*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
1993 *Haveli*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
Stone, Peter F.
2004 *Tribal and Village Rugs: The Definitive Guide to Design, Pattern and Motif*. New York: Thames and Hudson.
Tanavoli, Parviz
1983 *The Lion Rugs of Fars*. Washington, DC: The Textile Museum.
1991 *Bread and Salt: Iranian Tribal Spreads and Salt Bags*. Tehran: Sara.
1994 *Kings, Heroes and Lovers: Pictorial Rugs from the Tribes and Villages of Iran*. London: Scorpion.
1998 *Tacheh of Chahar Mahal*. Amin Neshati, trans. Tehran: Yassavoli.
Tapper, Richard
1979 *Pasture and Politics: Economics, Conflict and Ritual among Shahsevan Nomads of Northwestern Iran*. London: Academic Press.
Tapper, Richard, and Jon Thompson, eds.
2002 *The Nomadic Peoples of Iran*. London: Azimuth.
Thompson, Jon
1983 *Carpets from the Tents, Cottages and Workshops of Asia*. London: Barrie and Jenkins.
Tober, Diane
2004 Children in the Field and Methodological Challenges of Research in Iran. *Iranian Studies* 37(4):643–654.
Tuck, Anthony
2006 Singing the Rug: Patterned Textiles and the Origins of Indo-European Metrical Poetry. *American Journal of Archaeology* 110(4):539–550.
University of Manchester, Whitworth Art Gallery
1976 *The Qashqa'i of Iran*. World of Islam Festival.
Ure, John
2003 *In Search of Nomads: An Anglo-American Obsession from Hester Stanhope to Bruce Chatwin*. New York: Carroll and Graf.
Varzi, Roxanne
2006 *Warring Souls: Youth, Media, and Martyrdom in Post-Revolution Iran*. Durham: Duke University Press.
Watson, Patty Jo
1979 *Archaeological Ethnography in Western Iran*. Viking Fund Publications in Anthropology, No. 57. Tucson: University of Arizona Press.
Weir, Shelagh
1970 *Spinning and Weaving in Palestine*. London: The British Museum.
2007 *Embroidery from Palestine*. Seattle: University of Washington Press.

Wertime, John
1978 The Names, Types and Functions of Nomadic Weaving in Iran. In *Yoruk: The Nomadic Weaving Tradition of the Middle East*. Anthony Landreau, ed. Pittsburgh: Museum of Art, Carnegie Institute.

Wulff, Hans
1966 *The Traditional Crafts of Persia*. Cambridge: Massachusetts Institute of Technology Press.

Wylie, Jonathan
1987 'Daddy's Little Wedges': On Being a Child in France. In *Children in the Field: Anthropological Experiences*. Joan Cassell, ed. Philadelphia: Temple University Press.

INDEX