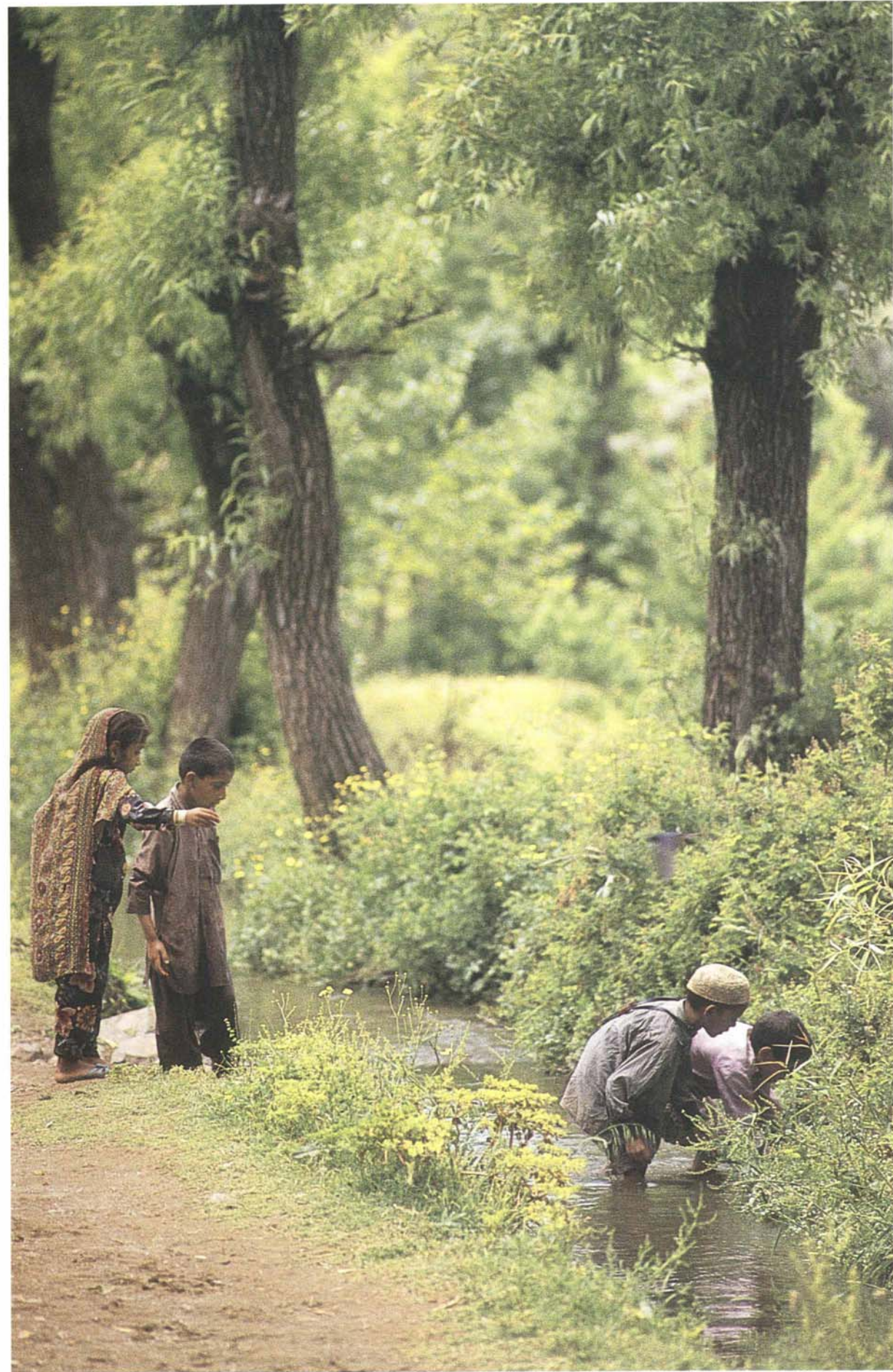




Memories
of a
Lebanese
Garden

© Sawaya '95



Contents

ARAMCO WORLD

Published Bimonthly Vol. 48, No. 1

January/February 1997

2 EVER RENEWED: VIEWS OF THE VALE OF SWAT

Photographed by Luke Powell

Though it lies on the old trans-Himalayan trade route, the steep valley of the Swat River in Pakistan's Northwest Frontier Province is still one of the country's remotest regions, and one of the most beautiful. A photographer evokes the peace and quiet majesty of the Vale.

8 THE TENACITY OF TRADITION: ART FROM THE VALE OF SWAT

By Doris Meth Srinivasan

The woodcarver's chisel and the embroiderer's needle still express Swat's elegant artistic style, in which patterns and motifs from Hellenistic Central Asia and from the Islamic world join to create a unique fusion. Some design elements can be traced back more than 1500 years.

16 MEMORIES OF A LEBANESE GARDEN

By Linda Dalal Sawaya

"In the late 1800's, my grandmother, whom we called "Sitto," was sent to school in her Lebanese mountain village. There she was taken not into the classroom, but into the kitchen. As a result, she didn't learn to read or write; instead, she became a wonderful cook."

24 "FROM MEETING US, I HOPE..."

By Barbara Nimri Aziz

The dreams of 83 Bosnian students have been rekindled, thanks to their own courage, the vision of an Arab-American photographer and the hospitality of American families, schools and communities. Together, they are preserving Bosnia's seed corn: its future leaders.

38 MORE FONIO, LESS HARD WORK

By Karen de Leschery

Fonio, a tasty and nutritious cereal once common in West Africa, has become expensive and hard to find because women no longer have hours to spend preparing it. Now, a Dakar teacher's mechanical fonio husker offers hope that the valuable grain will find renewed popularity.

40 BETWEEN EMPIRES

By Ergun Çağatay

In the late 19th century, photographers visited the lands and people of three Central Asian khanates newly conquered by Czarist Russia. Their portraits and scenes of daily life, collected as part of a documentation project on the Turkic peoples, open a new window on the era.

44 ANNUAL INDEX 1996

48 EVENTS & EXHIBITIONS

COVERS: Lebanese-American artist and cook Linda Sawaya placed a portrait of herself and her mother in the center of a fruitful "garden" that evokes the living culinary tradition she inherited from her family. Her story reaches from the cedars of her grandmother's native village of Douma to the palms of her own native Los Angeles. Her illustrations in this issue use collage and photographic transfers overlaid with acrylic paints.

OPPOSITE: Children and water are among the plentiful blessings of the Vale of Swat, home of a unique aesthetic tradition. Photograph by Luke Powell.

INSIDE BACK COVER: The Kalyan Minaret in Bukhara, built in 1127, stands today just as it did in 1870, when French photographic pioneer P. Nadar recorded it as one feature of a centuries-old Russia's expanding empire.

Saudi Aramco, the oil company born as a bold international enterprise more than half a century ago, distributes Aramco World to increase cross-cultural understanding. The magazine's goal is to broaden knowledge of the culture of the Arab and Muslim worlds and the history, geography and economy of Saudi Arabia. Aramco World is distributed without charge, upon request, to a limited number of interested readers.

PUBLISHER
Aramco Services Company
9009 West Loop South
Houston, Texas 77096, USA

PRESIDENT
Mustafa A. Jalali

DIRECTOR
PUBLIC AFFAIRS
Shafiq W. Kombargi

ADDRESS EDITORIAL
CORRESPONDENCE TO:
The Editor, Aramco World
Post Office Box 2106
Houston, Texas 77252-2106
USA

EDITOR
Robert Arndt

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Dick Dougherty

DESIGN AND PRODUCTION
Herring Design

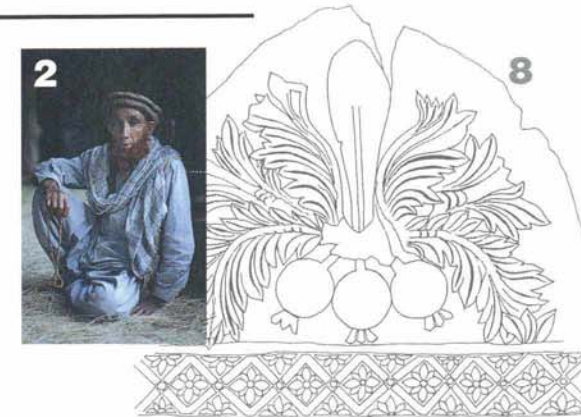
PRINTED IN THE USA
Wetmore & Company

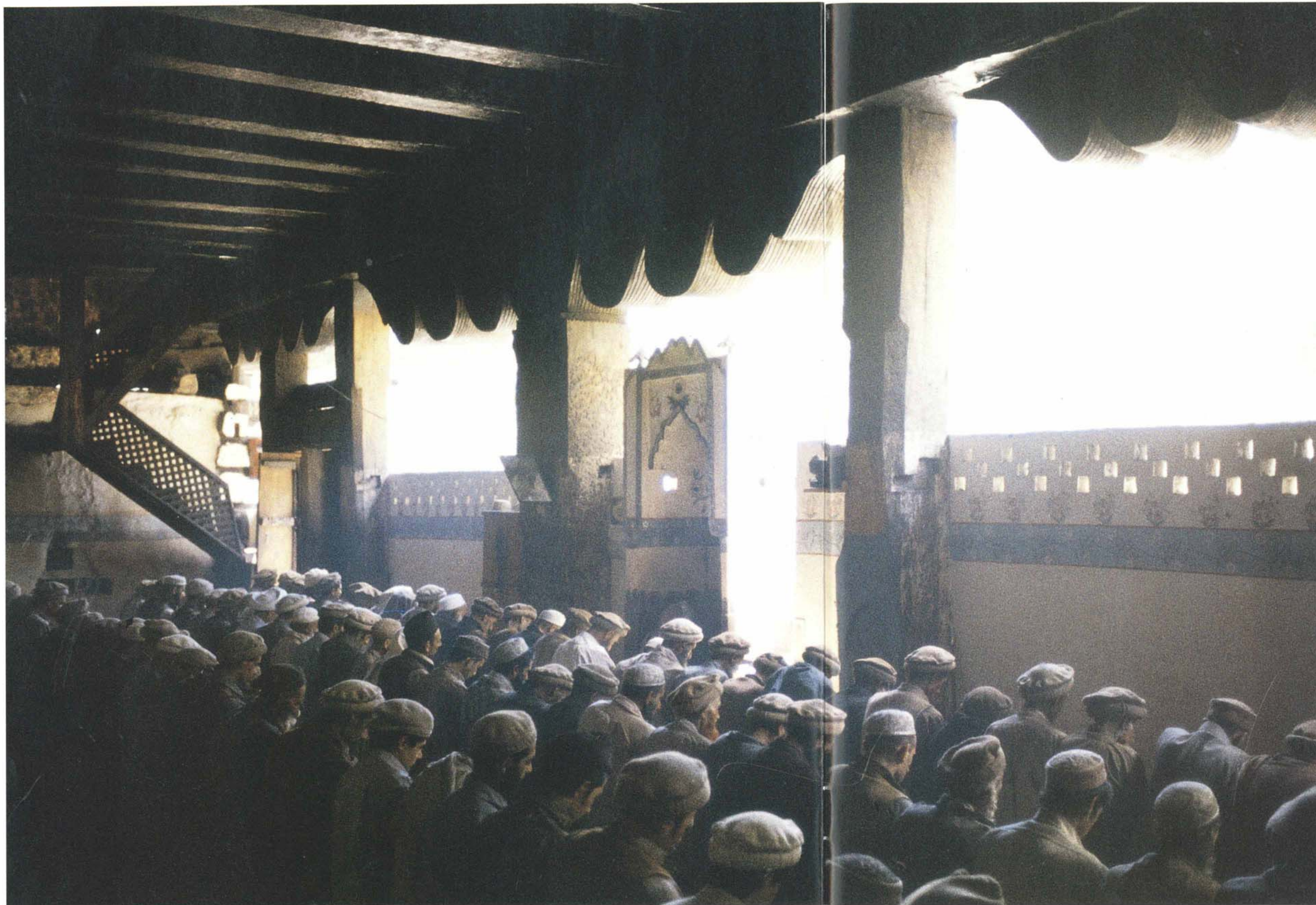
PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER

ISSN
1044-1891

SEND SUBSCRIPTION
REQUESTS AND CHANGES
OF ADDRESS TO:
Aramco World, Box 469008
Escondido, California
92046-9008

All articles in Aramco World, except those from copyrighted sources, may be reprinted without further permission provided Aramco World is credited. On application to the editor, permission will also be given to reprint illustrations to which Aramco World has retained rights.





Ever Renewed

Views of the Vale of Swat

Men gather for Friday prayers in the hand-carved wooden mosque that stands at the center of the village of Kalam in Upper Swat. Spreading scrolled capitals, like a forest canopy, seem to provide protective shade.

"Luke Powell's calm, clear, almost Arcadian vision is not a rejection of the real world; nor an expression of hostility toward it, nor the manifestation of a desire to escape from it," wrote French novelist and critic Camille Bourniquel. "Rather, it expresses his desire to establish a connection between himself and that which may be permanent in our disoriented world, that which it may be possible to preserve."

No place on Earth is timeless, of course, and no thing is permanent. The Vale of Swat is remote, but not isolated: Alexander the Great passed through 2300 years ago, and moderately intrepid tourists come and go every day.

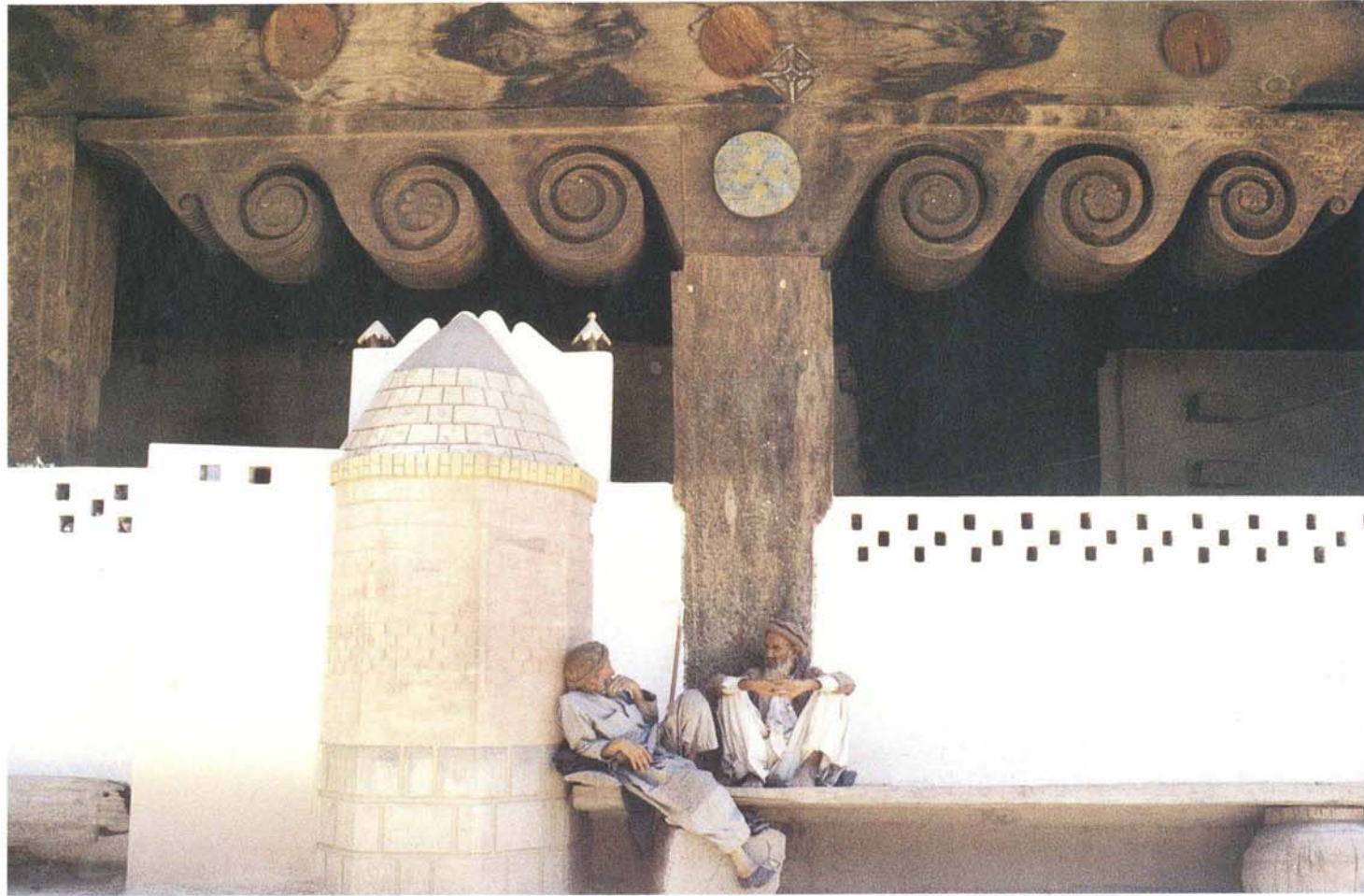
PHOTOGRAPHED

by

LUKE POWELL

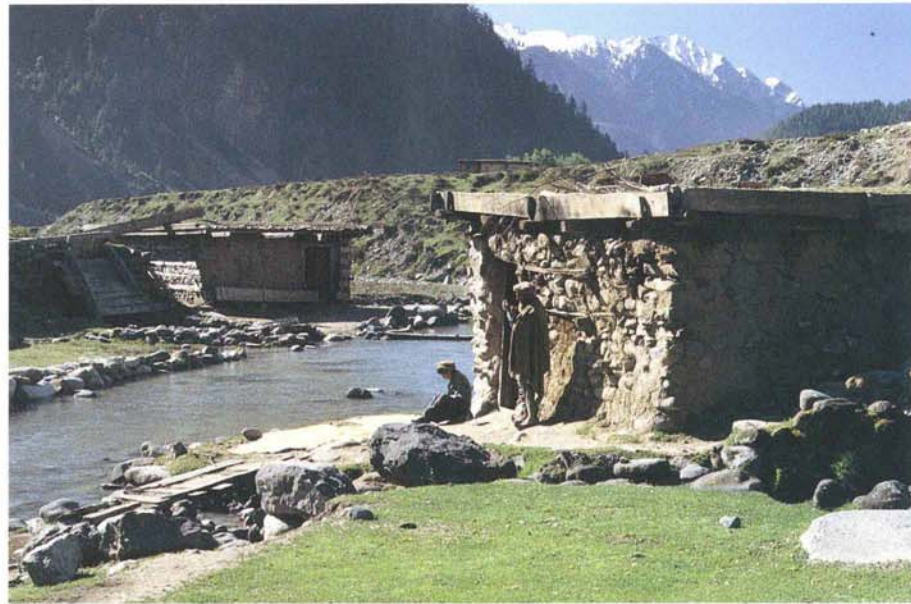
Enamelled kettles from China, transistor radios, diesel trucks and a thousand other manufactured products are changing the lives of the people. But men still assemble in the mosque to worship the One God, children still hope to catch fish in brooks, and—as Doris Srinivasan shows in her article on page 8—artisans still remember the patterns in wood and cloth that they learned from their teachers and their teachers' teachers.

Such things, not permanent but ever-renewed, are the aspects of the Vale of Swat that Luke Powell shows us in the portfolio on these pages.



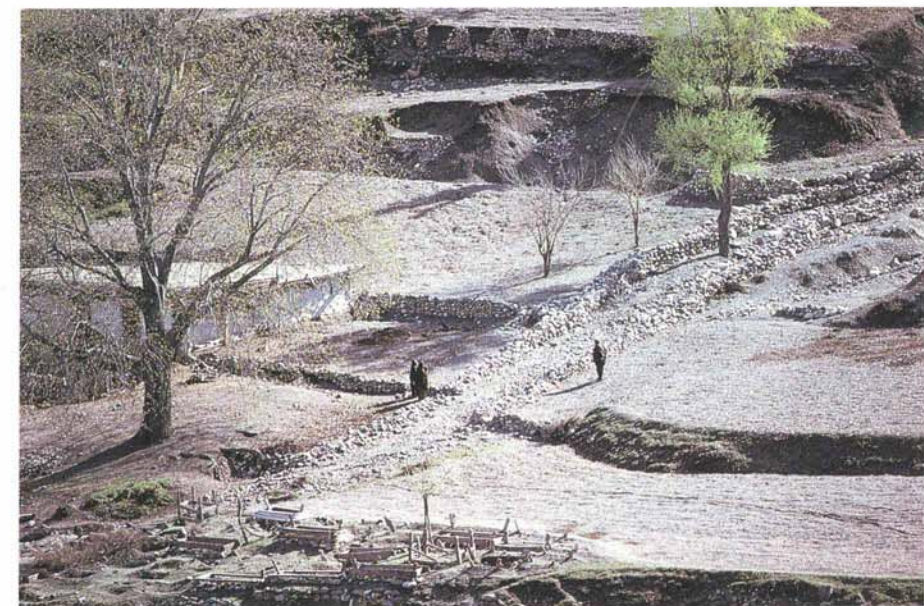
Above: On a mosque verandah, two men converse after prayers. Scrolled column capitals are unique to the region of Swat.

Right: A flour mill draws power from a channel diverted from the Swat River near Kalam. Outside it, a man prepares to trim his beard during a break in his work.



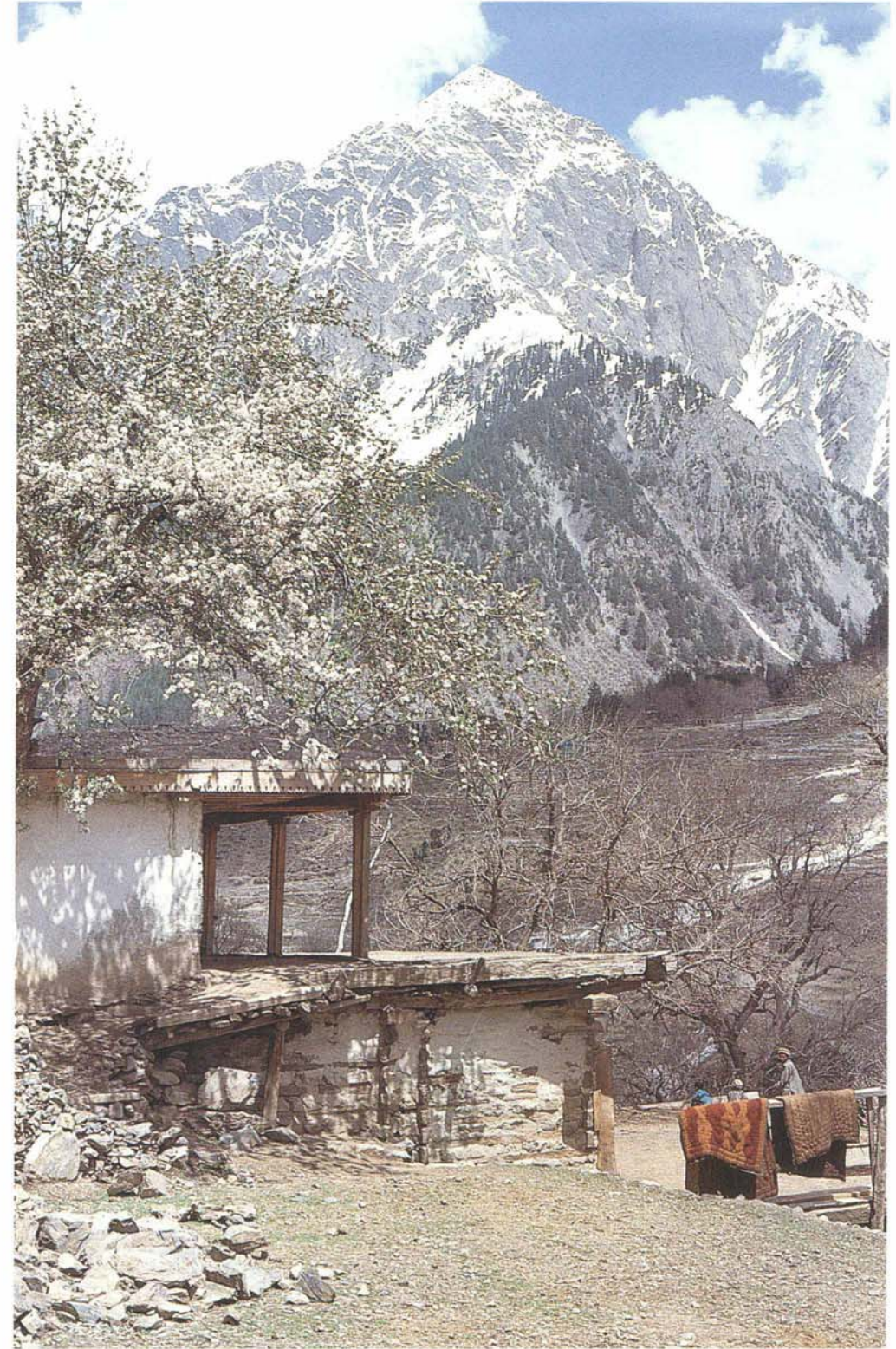
Above: A man studies a copy of the Qur'an as he sits by a carved column in the Upper Swat village of Bahrain, south of Kalam.

Left: The first leaves of spring bring a touch of green to yards and a small cemetery. Walls built of river stone line the road.





*Above: A glacier spills down a mountainside above Kalam while villagers graze cattle along well-worn paths.
Below: Terraced fields, essential on terrain as steep as Upper Swat's, catch the morning sun.*



A family airs an embroidered bedcover and other bedding in the sun beneath a blossoming fruit tree.

Figure 1: A tracing of the Panr relief, an architectural fragment from Lower Swat, carved between the first and third centuries.



The Tenacity of Tradition

Art From the Vale of Swat

High in the rugged mountains of northwest Pakistan lies the Vale of Swat. The river of the same name runs through it.

In ancient texts, the Swat River is called Suvastu, meaning "good dwelling place," perhaps indicating that the land by the river was a pleasant place to live. The region drained by the Swat is referred to in later Sanskrit texts as Uddiyana, or "garden," reaffirming the fertile and agreeable nature of the land.

In the fertile soil of Swat, more than flowers and crops has grown: On land nestled between peaks that thrust higher than 5500 meters (18,000'), a rich artisanal tradition has flourished that reflects the cultural intermingling that has taken place there. Among the varied artistic traditions of the Islamic world, the art of the Vale of Swat is unique.

Two stone carvings, separated in time by more than 1500 years, epitomize this intermingling. One is from Panr, an excavated site in Lower Swat that was inhabited between the first and fifth centuries of our era (Fig. 1). The other appears on a headstone found a few dozen kilometers away in the town of Mingora (Fig. 2).

The shape of the Panr relief suggests that it is an architectural fragment, namely part of a stupa, a Buddhist monument. Buddhism reached Swat from India in roughly the third century BC, and endured until the 13th century—that is, even after the coming of Muslim rule.

The Panr relief is adorned with a spray of acanthus leaves, not unlike the leaves found on Hellenistic columns; to these leaves three pomegranates are attached. While pomegranates grow in Lower Swat, acanthus does not. Its use here as a decorative motif demonstrates the Vale's contact with the Hellenistic world, including its settlements in Central Asia. (See *Aramco World*, May-June 1994.)

In fact, Alexander the Great entered Lower Swat in 327 BC, crossed the Indus River and took the city of Taxila the following year. Though he never consolidated his power in Swat, the region experienced waves of Hellenistic influence. In effect, the Panr relief is a splendid visual reminder that, in antiquity, Lower Swat, while acknowledging Buddhism, had contact with the Greek and Roman world.

The Mingora tombstone, probably carved early this century, reminds us, on the other hand, that Swat has been part of the Islamic world since the Middle Ages. Yet the stone's decorative elements strongly recall the Panr relief: A similar design fills a nearly identical space. The leafy spray, now reduced nearly to abstraction, nevertheless features the same symmetrical alignment and composition. And



Figure 2: The Mingora tombstone, also from Lower Swat, carved less than 100 years ago.

beneath the leafy spray there is, as in the Panr relief, a rectangular base filled with floral patterns that repeat horizontally.

This comparison hints at the wealth of continuities in the unique aesthetic traditions of Swat. Today, it is in woodcarvings and textiles—done by men and women respectively—that one can see most clearly the transcendence of time by the strength of artistic tradition.

The Carpenter Prince," a folk tale from Swat related by 60-year-old Fazial Jamil in the village of Pagurai and recorded by Inayat-Ur-Rahman, highlights the traditional social role of the woodcarver. The story tells of a king of Swat whose first three sons wish, respectively, for the throne, precious gems, and land. The

fourth son wishes only to learn a useful trade, and chooses carpentry. His wish so displeases the king that he exiles the young prince. In time, however, the king and his family are forced to flee the kingdom. In their penniless wanderings, they come upon a grand, fabulously carved house of wood whose owner proves to be the exiled youngest son. The king, amazed, admits that it is never a waste of time to learn a useful trade.

It is still possible, although increasingly rare, to see the sort of wooden house that could amaze a king. I have been visiting Swat since 1983 to research

the art of the region, and my travels have taken me to many a remote village. In Lower Durush Khela, in Lower Swat, stands the intricately carved house of Ghulam Mohammad Bar Plao. It was built between 80 and 100 years ago as a *hujrah*, the traditional place where Swati men meet and socialize, and was later converted into a family residence. The carving around the entrance is exceptional (Fig. 3). The door is framed by crisp flowers inserted into diamond patterns. Lacy tracery in the panel above the door celebrates the repetition of

WRITTEN

by

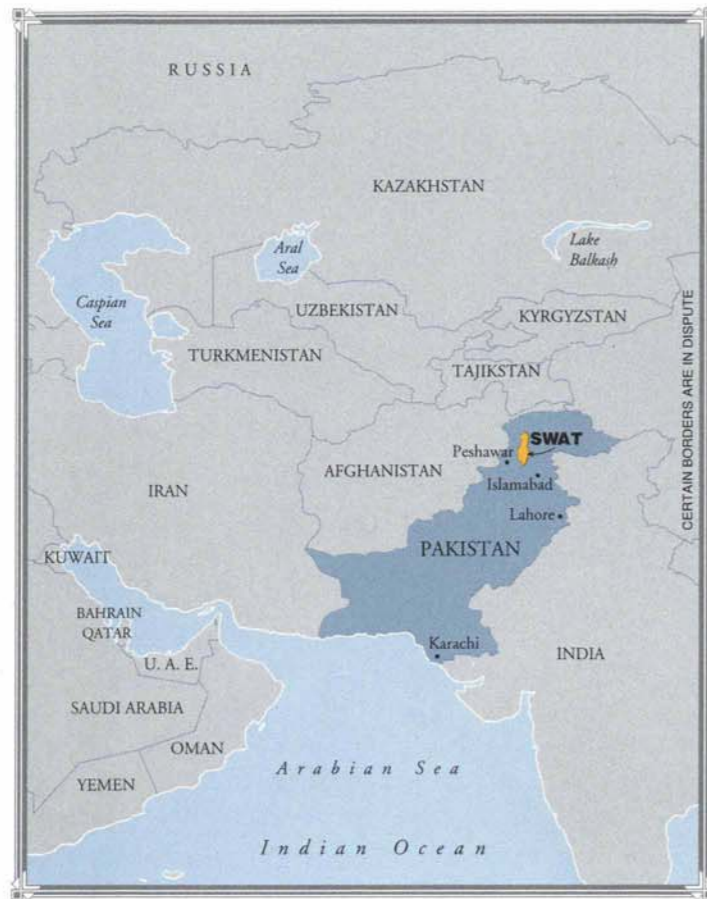
DORIS METH SRINIVASAN

geometrically inspired forms. The inner door frames revert to natural forms; rosettes are scattered amid grape leaves seen both in profile (Fig. 4) and in full view (Fig. 5). The entrance leads to the interior courtyard whose porch still contains some of the *hujrah's* massive old pillars, featuring decorated scroll capitals and bases decked with acanthus leaves.

Throughout Pakistan's Northwest Frontier Province, or NWFP, an elaborately carved wooden house was a very prestigious possession, but today such houses have become rare. An echo of that pride can be seen in a Nuristani village called Shakhnan Deh, in Chitral District. Here a house of cedar was built in 1989 to replicate the old designs and the skilled workmanship of yesteryear (Fig. 6). The second story of the exterior exhibits an assortment of patterns from the carver's traditional stock: interlooping coils, rayed circles, chevrons, squares and zigzags. Their placement around windows and doors and between floors is neat and orderly, beautifying as it emphasizes the architectural and functional divisions of the house.

In Swat, carving is traditionally applied to furnishings as well. In a society that assigns seating positions by rank, it is easy to see that a low, plain stool may be occupied by a person of lower status, while a chair such as the one now on display in the Peshawar Museum (Fig. 11) might belong to an important person: An intricately and profusely carved backrest fairly trumpets status. The chair also concisely exemplifies the aesthetics that govern the selection and juxtaposition of Swati motifs: Curvilinear natural forms combine with rigidly repeated geometric forms, each respecting the other's boundaries.

Swati wooden mosques—of which only a handful remain—exhibit the same patterns and aesthetics as wooden homes, but on a grander scale. Across the street from the house of Ghulam Mohammad Bar Plao there still stands a wooden



Pakistan's Swat District, in orange above, lies in the far north of the country. The region's upper valley, called the Vale of Swat, is narrow and steep, and opens to the south into Lower Swat, which is a broader and more fertile valley. Three major ethnic groups live here: the Pashtuns mainly in Lower Swat; the Kohistanis mainly in Upper Swat; and the Gujars, nomadic herders, throughout the region.

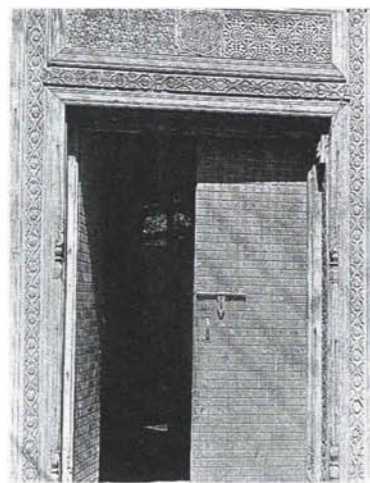


Figure 3: The entrance of Ghulam Mohammad Bar Plao's house, carved some 80 to 100 years ago.

mosque that residents say was built about 150 years ago. Like most of the region's mosques (called *jumat* in Pashtu), the prayer hall is entered through a richly carved portal. An inner courtyard contains, on one side, the place for obligatory ablutions and, on the other, a fully enclosed prayer hall used during the winter. Access to this winter prayer hall is through a door adorned with floral and leafy patterns contained within five concentric frames (Fig. 9).

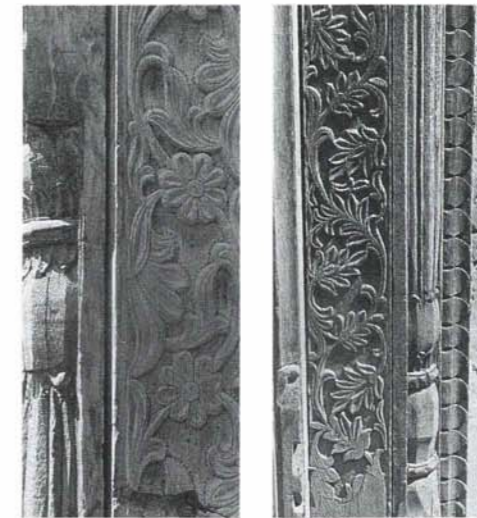
Inside stands a *minbar*, or pulpit, which exemplifies the finest in Swati craftsmanship (Fig. 10). The sides display an orderly progression of oak, palmette, creeper and vine-leaf patterns descending the steps, and these are bordered by running geometric shapes below and vegetal creepers on the sides. The whole is a harmonious blend of fantasy and reality.

Off the winter prayer hall is an open verandah where, during the warmer months, congregants may socialize or read the Qur'an. This verandah boasts rows of richly carved pillars, made more impressive by the breadth and design of the spreading, scrolled capitals. Unique to this part of the world, these wide capitals recreate the mood of a tranquil forest. Each pillar becomes a tree, the carvings on it become vines, creepers and leaves that grow around and from the trunk (Fig. 8) and the rolling capital becomes the protective branches that give symbolic shade.

The exuberant artisanship of the Vale's master carvers can perhaps be best appreciated in the Grand Mosque of Kalam in Upper Swat, about 160 kilometers (100 miles) north of Mingora in Lower Swat. (See pages 2-3.) Here, every available wooden space on the facade received the carver's attention. He played with patterns by placing florals here, geometric forms there, and by interspersing all with abstract repetitions.

Traditionally, the wood carvers of Swat have used patterns handed down from father to son. A carver to the east of Swat in the Darel Valley displays his "pattern book"—his repertoire of designs—for all to see on the second story of his own house (Fig. 7). What better way to attract clients and adorn one's own castle?

Similarly, Swati embroidery patterns are handed down from mother to daughter. In the village of Shalgram, a young woman, Bakht Jehan, told me how her mother stitched samples to give her a record of the family's treasury of patterns. She carefully unfolded several pieces of cloth and, with great pride, showed me her inheritance (Fig. 12). Traditionally, each Swati woman fills her home with her signature—her stitchery.



Figures 4 & 5: Grape leaves and rosettes are among the details of the entrance carving on the house of Ghulam Mohammad Bar Plao.

In Shalpin in Lower Swat, I was ushered into the protective enclosure of the women's quarters of a large house. Pantomime and much giggling were our means of communication, and we shared boiled eggs, spiced lamb patties, *roti* flatbread, onions and tomatoes. Then the embroideries appeared: All about the room the ladies spread *chaddars*, or wedding shawls; traditional *kameez*, or shirts; *shalwars*, loose trousers; *dupattas*, light scarves; tablecloths; bread covers; bedcovers; pillow cases; and fire fans (Fig. 13). All blazed with crimsons, scarlets, fuchsias, mustards and ochres that burst from the traditional Swati black backgrounds.

In Swat, the embroidery is called *bagh*, or "flower garden". Elsewhere in Pakistan it is called *phulkari*, an Urdu word derived from *phul*, meaning "flower"—and Swati decorated textiles do indeed resemble

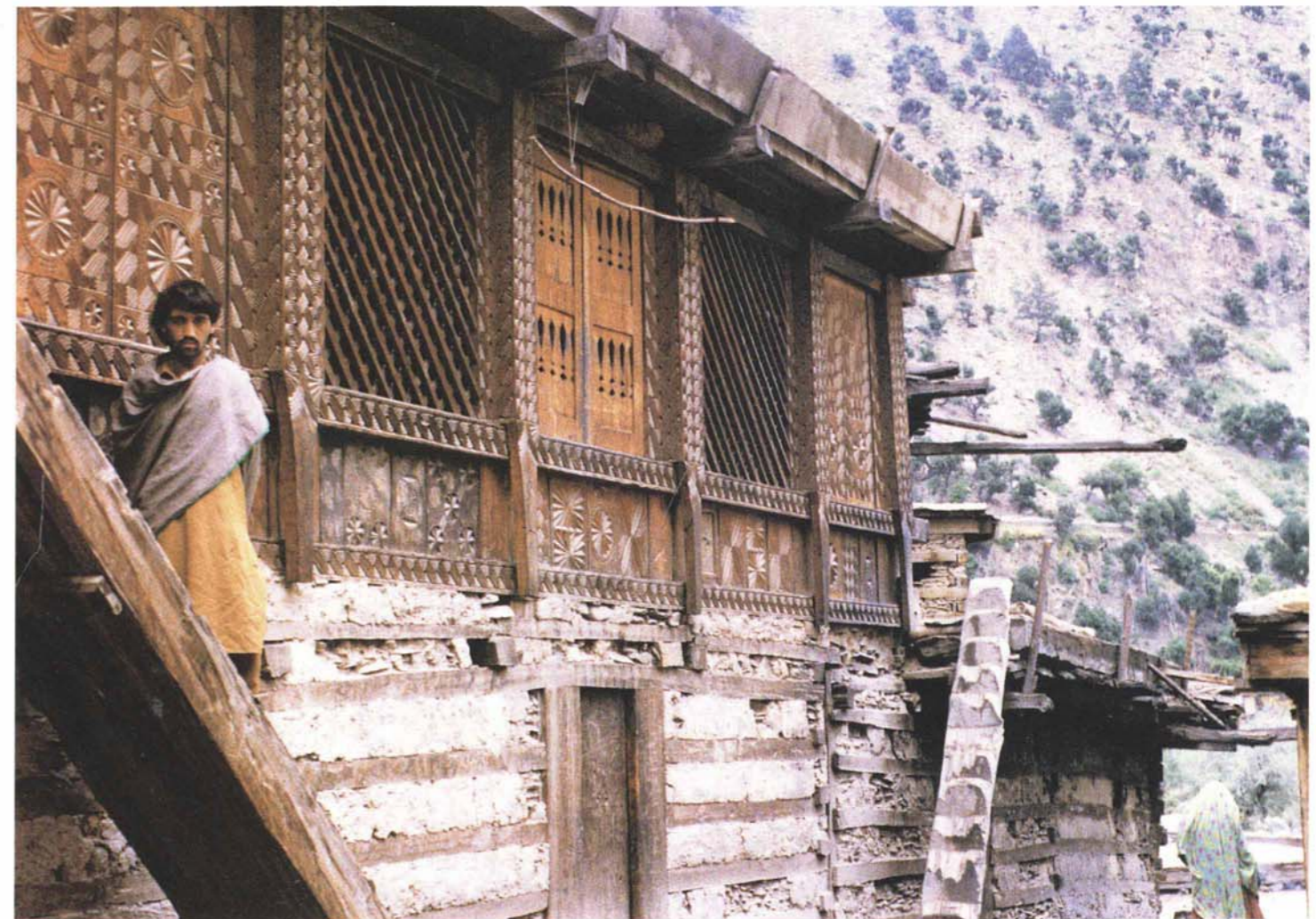


Figure 6: This house of carved cedar was built in 1989 using traditional designs.

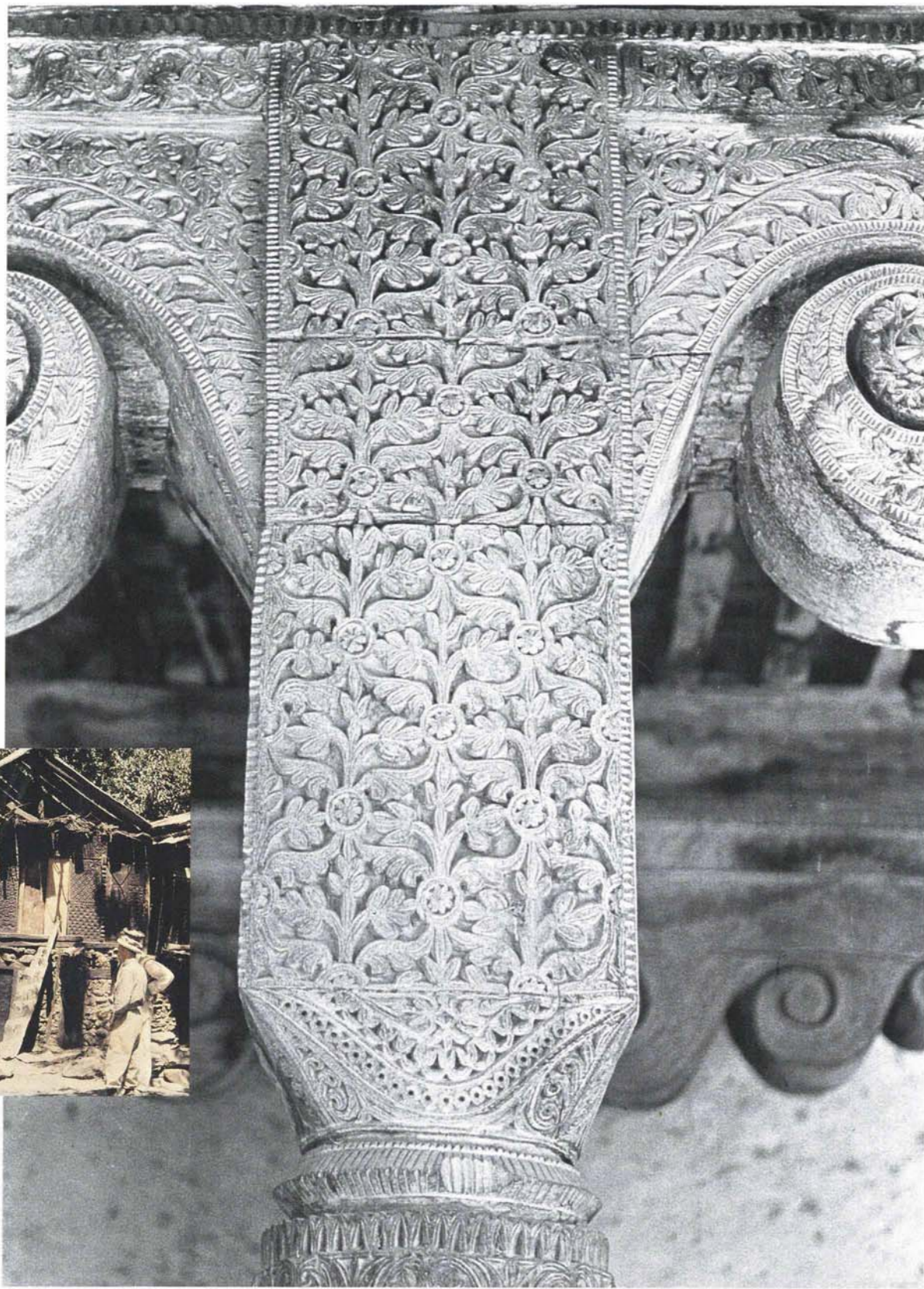


Figure 7 (inset): A woodcarver's house displays his handiwork. **Figure 8:** A column in a mid-19th-century mosque is "overgrown" with vegetal carving.

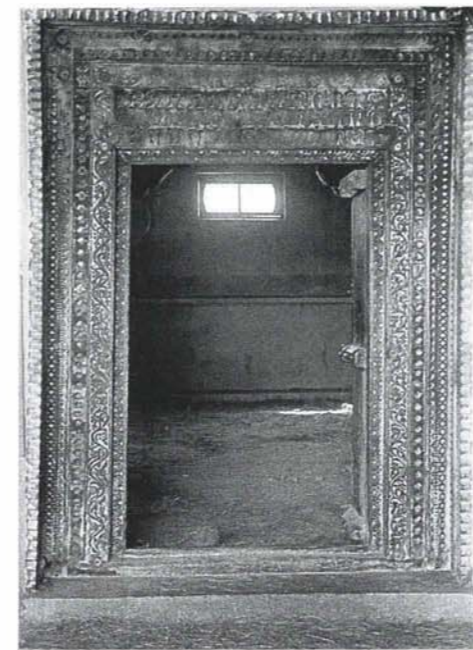


Figure 9: The doorway of the winter prayer hall of the mosque in Lower Durush Khela, in Lower Swat.

exquisite, stylized flower gardens. Although *phulkari*, like woodcarving, reveals some foreign influences in the patterns, the style ultimately expresses a local aesthetic. Either the cloth is packed with ornamentation, or the space is stabilized by a center medallion and decorated with borders. In textiles as in wood, designs are predominantly geometric and floral, repeated in an orderly fashion.

Indeed, the folk arts of Swat delight in orderly, grid-like alignment. In that sense, Swati woodcarvings and textiles show predictable composition, for the desire to avoid imbalance and haphazardly composed designs puts a premium on symmetrical placement of patterns and rows of patterns. Swati patterns are dense, tightly constructed, breaking up the surface plane as no other Pakistani folk tradition does. Placement, spacing and motifs are what make the Swati artistic tradition unique.

For example, a *chaddar* now in the collection of Lok Virsa, the National Institute of Folk and Traditional Heritage in Islamabad, has stitchery so dense that it completely covers

the red cotton ground cloth. The pattern is composed of diamonds set in larger diamonds, stitched in white, rust, and gold silk thread. The broad *anchals*, or borders, feature cross-hatching and diamond designs that subtly reverse the color scheme.

The fire fan traditionally used in cooking contains the stylized *phul* characteristic of Swati embroidery (Fig. 13), with a large central "flower" surrounded by smaller ones. The juxtaposition of intense colors and bold simplified floral forms make this functional object exceptionally attractive.

It was in the Hazara village of Haripur, in the NWFP on the eastern side of the Indus River, where many of the people fled Swat during the Pathan invasion in the 15th century, that I had the good fortune to interview a group of women at the local Phulkari Center. Here, the language is no longer the Pashtu of Swat but Hindko, related to Punjabi. The women meet at the center regularly to do needlework that earns extra income for their families; their gatherings also allow them to learn both from a teacher and from each other.

Shamim Ahtar pointed out that the embroidery is usually accomplished from the reverse. Using silk thread, she starts by outlining the designs with one running stitch, then fills in the outline with another. The characteristic *phulkari* stitch of closely placed, parallel threads that results resembles a satin stitch. Since all the threads must be counted to make the outline of the design, the work, says Ahtar, is best accomplished in daylight.

Mulberry trees grow in both Swat and Hazara, and silk thread is washed and

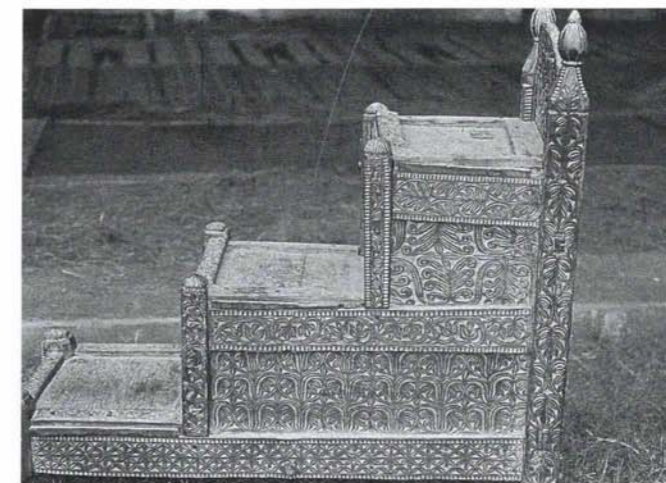


Figure 10: The carving of the minbar of the Lower Durush Khela mosque shows both vegetal and geometric patterns.



Figure 11: Furnishings may also be decorated with extensive and elaborate carving, like this chair in the Peshawar Museum.

dyed in the cities of the NWFP. Nowadays cheaper synthetic thread and chemical dyes are used too. Formerly, the back-cloth might be naturally dyed to a bright mustard color with pomegranate peel.

Shamim Ahtar says that the designs she uses are all old, catalogued and handed down for generations in the Hazara region. Small patterns, floral or geometric, are reserved for borders. Special items such as *chaddars*, bedcovers and tablecloths can feature one large design in the center. But there is no strict morphology; a design featured in the center of one item can be reduced and relocated to the border of another. The eye and the brain are involved, says Shamim Ahtar, and that involvement compensates for the small amount of extra income she receives for the work.

Some of the aesthetics of contemporary Swati woodcarvings and textiles appear, albeit in rudimentary forms, in Swati pottery shards that date from as early as the second millennium BC through the early centuries of our era. The similarities are general ones, pertaining to aesthetic



Figure 12: Embroiderer Bakht Jehan of Shalgram village treasures this "pattern book" handed down to her by her mother.



Figure 13: Bright embroidery on a black background mark this contemporary Swati fire fan in the collection of Lok Virsa, Islamabad.



Figure 14: The triple pipal leaf design is embroidered on a contemporary kameez in the Chakdara Museum, Dir District, ...

choices in placement, spacing and motifs, but they express the tenacity of tradition in the region. Here are found similar drives to fashion orderly, framed designs of naturalistic and geometric motifs, using all available space within the frame and rendering densely packed patterns in balanced, symmetrical or aligned arrangements.

The motif of the triple pipal leaf is an example. The pipal tree (*Ficus religiosa*) is indigenous to the sub-Himalayan regions, and in ancient times probably grew abundantly in the NWFP, including Swat, although today it is uncommon. Nonetheless, the leaf appears on a contemporary Swati kameez (Fig. 14) in a form quite like the design on a pottery shard from Bir Kot Ghundai in Swat that dates to roughly 1700 BC (Fig. 15), as well as on a relief, now in the Peshawar Museum, that likely decorated a stupa sometime between the first and third centuries after Christ (Fig. 16).

In woodcarving, the pull of tradition is no less strong. Contemporary patterns and their arrangements have much in common with those found in stone carvings produced during the centuries around the beginning of our era. Moreover, stone-carved reliefs from Swat and the NWFP—the region which was called Gandhara in antiquity—often depict furnishings, gateways and architectural elements whose originals were probably carved in wood, and thus provide a durable set of references for an otherwise impermanent art.

The wooden mosque of Timaragarh, in the Dir District just west of Swat, displays this well. The town is reached by a busy, two-lane road that winds out of the chaotic sprawl of Peshawar and past fields of wildflowers, sugar cane and corn

Figure 15: ... and also appears on a painted pottery shard from Bir Kot Ghundai that dates from approximately 1700 BC, and ...

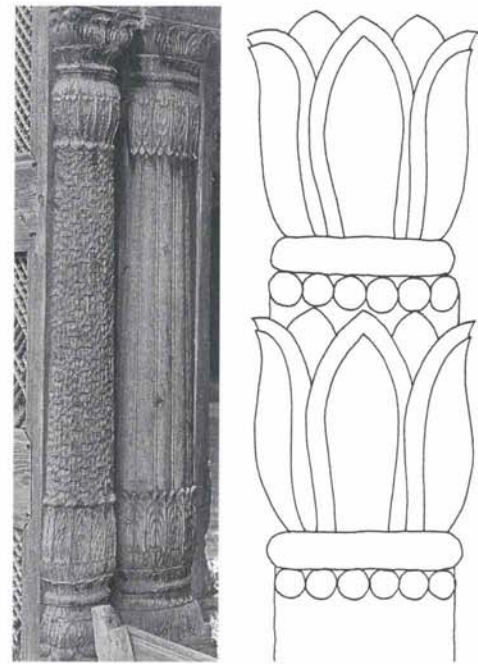


Figure 17: Pillars of the main verandah of the Timaragarh mosque were carved only a century ago. **Figure 18 (right):** A tulip design carved on a relief from Swat dating back to the first century of our era.

amid rolling hills. Bikes, trucks, camels, horses, donkeys and vintage taxis all clog the pavement.

The present mosque is not more than a century old, but it is not the first wooden mosque on this site, and older plaques and decorated panels were reused in its construction. The plan of this mosque follows the general outline of Swati mosques. A winter prayer hall with its main verandah lies on the east side and an extended side verandah on the north. There is another verandah for ablutions, and a central courtyard.



Figure 16: ... in more curvilinear form, in the stone of a Buddhist monument built between the first and third centuries of our era.



Figure 19: The base of a sculpture at least 1600 years old, now in the Peshawar Museum, shows a row of acanthus leaves, not native to Pakistan, at its top edge; the main panel is decorated with a stylized tulip pattern.

At the main entrance, graceful pillars with cusped arches define the main verandah (Fig. 17), and echoes of the past abound. The tulip designs on the bases and capitals of other verandah pillars recall the motif on a Gandharan sculpture (Fig. 19) that was probably meant to represent a wooden dais. The layered petals curl around the central nodule in both the old Gandharan tulip pattern and the 19th-century one, although more than 1500 years separate them. On the Gandharan sculpture, a row of acanthus leaves appears carved above the tulips, not unlike those above the pillar capitals at the mosque's entrance, and both the ancient and the modern acanthus leaves fan to either side, and their tops fold over.

There is continuity not only of design but also of structural application: The pattern at the top and bottom of the fluted, left-hand entrance pillar is derived from the lotus plant. Some 1800 years before these pillars were carved, another pillar was carved on a Swat relief; it shows a similar floral series. The relief showing the earlier pillar is now in Rome's Oriental Museum (Fig. 18).

In the Timaragarh mosque's ablution verandah, entire pillar shafts are covered with an undulating pattern representing a

rhizome. Within each loop is a multi-petalled flower, and outside the loops sprout budding forms. The same pattern is found on the upper and lower borders of a Swati storage chest, and is also prefigured in other Gandharan stonework probably made in imitation of woodwork.

This mosque binds the present to the past. It incorporates artistic influences not only from antiquity and the environment, but also from Mughal art: The cusped arcades of the main verandah show a style widely used during the late Mughal period. The geometric designs, worked like lace into panels around the entrance to family tombs (Fig. 20), also reflect the inventiveness of the Mughal architectural tradition.

These days, it is only a handful of practitioners who keep the unique arts of Swat alive in the towns and villages. Wood carvers, faced both with the preference for concrete buildings and with shortages of wood in the heavily logged mountains, find few patrons; women embroider primarily for bridal trousseaus, and for the market only if the family faces financial hardship.

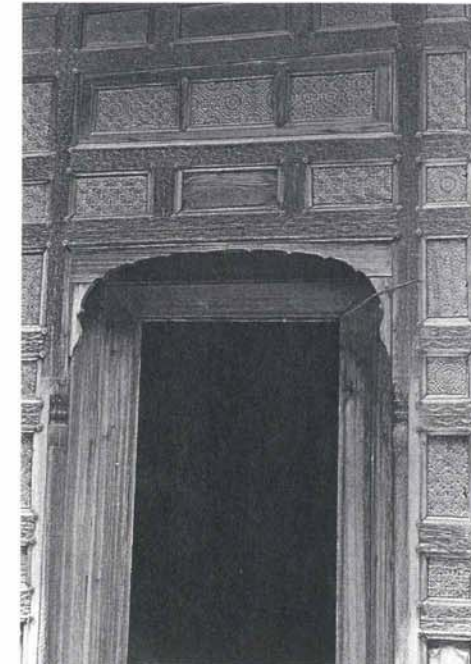


Figure 20: Geometric designs in panels around a doorway of the Timaragarh mosque reflect a Mughal influence.

Lok Virsa, the National Institute of Folk and Traditional Heritage, was created by the government of Pakistan in 1974 to promote preservation of the national folk heritage. It holds the annual Lok Virsa Mela, a fair which draws craftspeople from throughout the region. There, once again, the legendary Swati woodcarver practices his art and the brilliant hues of the Swati embroiderer take form, living reminders that a tenacious art tradition continues to survive in this remote valley. ☉



Doris Meth Srinivasan is Curator of South and Southeast Asian Art at the Nelson-Atkins Museum in Kansas City, Missouri. Her research on Gandharan art and Swati folk art has appeared in the Lok Virsa publication Studies in Pakistani Popular Culture, and in Gandharan and Kushan Art: East-West Encounters at the Crossroads of Asia (in press). She extends her thanks to the many people of Swat whose kindness, hospitality and informed assistance make her work possible.

Many, many generations ago, mothers began passing on to daughters the ways of preparing food that have made the Lebanese famous throughout the world. Each generation added its refinements to mountain traditions, coastal traditions, village traditions, city traditions and seasonal traditions. Within each of these, there are variations from village to village, family to family and day to day.

In the late 1800's, my grandmother, Dalal Hage Ganamey—whom we affectionately called by the Arabic *Sitto*—was sent to school as a child in her Lebanese mountain village of Douma. There she was taken not into the classroom to study but into the kitchen to help. As a result, she didn't learn to read or write; instead, she became a wonderful cook.

Alice, my mother, learned from *Sitto* first in Douma and then in Detroit, where the family immigrated in 1926. When Mother married my father, Elias, in 1934, they continued west to Los Angeles. *Sitto* and Jiddo, my grandfather, joined them a few years later. By the time I was a child, Mother and *Sitto* had become renowned throughout the community for their cooking. And I had the good fortune to be their assistant.

Thus began my apprenticeship in our Lebanese kitchen. In time, my roles as dish-dryer and table-setter expanded as I begged to stuff *kusah*, or squash, roll *waraq 'inab* (stuffed grape leaves) or *malfoof* (cabbage rolls) and pinch *ma'mul*, the nut-filled cookies. Most of all I longed to twirl the bread dough high in the air and toss it from arm to arm like Mother did. But despite my pleading, Mother would not allow her 10-year-old daughter even to try that.

So to this day I am still working on getting the spin just right on a full-sized round of dough, the kind that Mother



Memories of a Lebanese Garden



Written and Illustrated by
LINDA DALAL SAWAYA



made look so easy as it flew above her hands. I have mastered a much smaller, pita-sized loaf that nonetheless thrills me as I toss it into the air. Such loaves are easily stored in my freezer, and they make for quick meals and great memories: The stacks of fresh *khubz marquq*, or flatbread, wrapped in slightly dampened towels, steaming from Mother's oven, and the incomparable smell of bread as it bakes, go straight to the essence of my being. A dab of butter and a drizzle of honey on bread hot from the oven is like paradise to me. This is why I, too, must bake bread.

In our house there was always an abundance of food. At dinner, seconds were essential. If you refused even after the customary three-times offering, Mother still slipped another helping onto your plate. It wasn't because she didn't want leftovers—we *loved* leftovers!—it was because of Mother's and Sitto's tradition of generosity and their genuine desire to satisfy everyone. Sharing food was the greatest gift one could give.

Over the years, Mother and Sitto modified the family's mountain-village cuisine to fit what was available in Los Angeles grocery and import stores in the 1950's. Whole lambs weren't, of course, so they learned to cut from legs of lamb to make their dishes—a job that in Douma had been left to the local butcher.

Similarly, our gas range had four burners instead of the single one on the stove in Lebanon—or instead of the open fire in earlier days—that was the origin of a varied tradition of one-pot meals. Certain spices and herbs could not be found in America either, and friends shared the contents of precious parcels from the old country that contained vegetable seeds from the village or *za'tar*, *mahlab*, *summaq* or *kishik*. We kept a small kitchen garden in a patch of California sun, and even dared to raise chickens until neighbors protested our rooster's early-morning serenades.

Baqdunis (parsley); *na'na'* (mint); *baqlah* (purslane); *waraq 'inab*, *laymon* (lemons), *akkideen* (loquats), and *teen* (figs) all graced our table in seasonal harvests. For us, they were essential. *Douma*, the name of our village in Lebanon, means "continuity" in Arabic, and the perennial growing and eating of what is in season preserves a vital, healthful legacy.

Still, I remember one challenge in elementary school: *Hummus*, *mujaddrah* or *laban* were just too weird for the other kids. After enduring much teasing, my sister Vivian and I implored Mother to give us bologna, American cheese, or peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches to take to school. Only at home, I learned, was it safe to devour everything Lebanese. Occasionally we asked Mother for hamburgers or spaghetti for dinner and, although she would accommodate us, somehow even those ended up with parsley in them.

I remember rich moments in the kitchen after school. Because Lebanese food is labor-intensive, Mother and Sitto had been preparing dinner since shortly after breakfast. I would pinch, wrap, stuff or roll whatever was in progress, and occasionally help prepare lamb, make cheese, cure olives or stir kettles of preserves that would be stored for use in the days or weeks ahead.

In 1971, my first visit to Lebanon changed my life. Over three months, my understanding of my identity was reshaped. When I flew into Beirut, I felt as though I were coming home. The Lebanese landscape so resembled southern California and, more than that, the experience of being surrounded by people who looked like my family, spoke our language and ate our foods was transforming. At last, I belonged! At the same time, I became aware of the fragility of our culture once transplanted to another continent. Being in Lebanon delineated my duality as both an American and a Lebanese Arab, and not merely one or the other.

There, the source of my family's generosity and hospitality was evident in every encounter, in every greeting kissed on both cheeks, in every invitation. The roots of Mother's artistry were visible on every dish, garnished and embellished with sprigs of parsley or mint, pine nuts, pomegranate seeds or paprika. In presentation, I saw an art form; in sharing, a ritual of pleasure and friendship. Food brings together family, friends and strangers; it is a medium for laughter and stories. It is no less powerful outside the home, where street markets, vendors, cafés and restaurants all celebrate life.

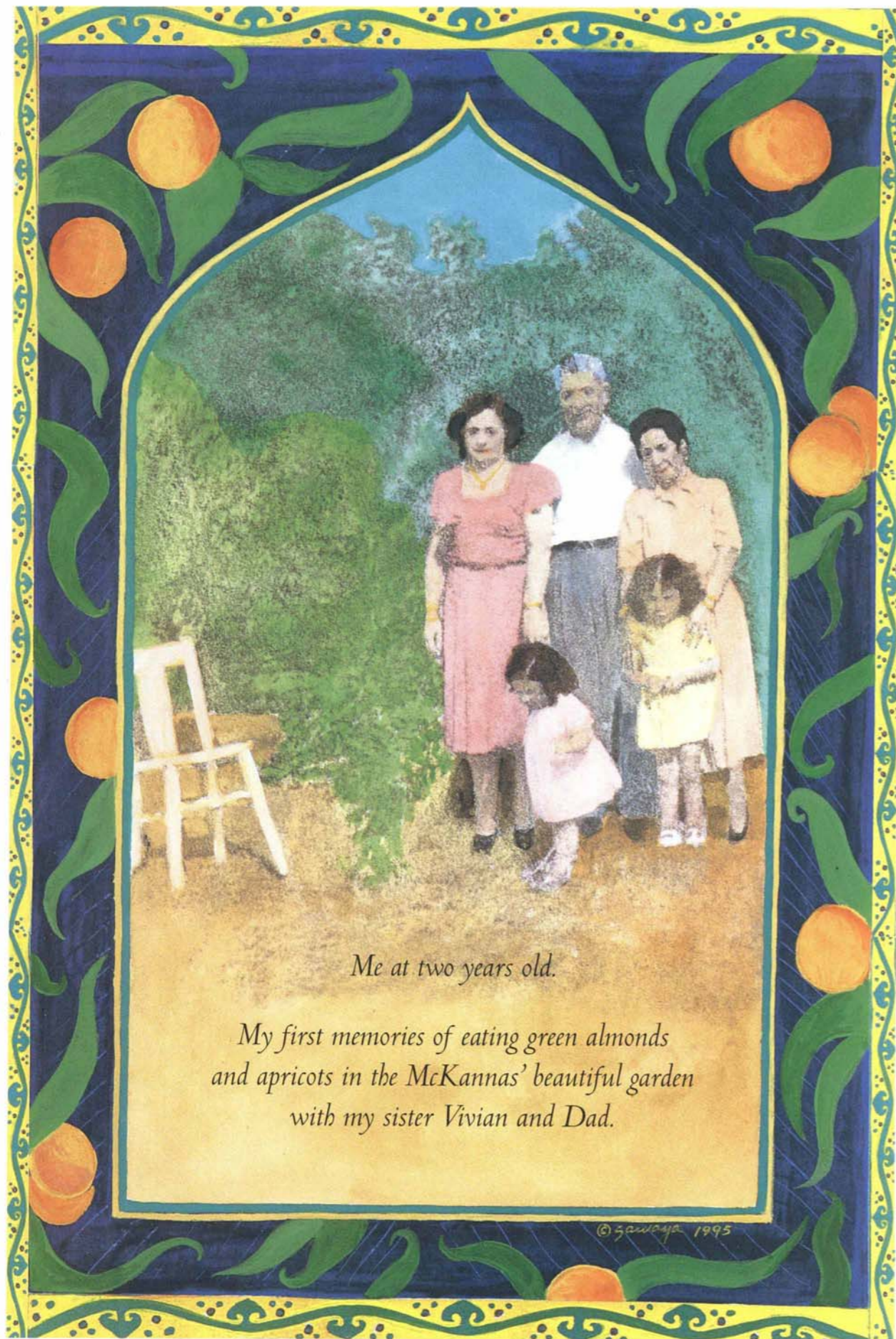
One of the most wonderful meals I remember was at an outdoor restaurant in Chtourah, a little town overlooking the Bekaa Valley on the way to the ruins at Baalbek. We ate *mezzeh* that consisted of at least 50 tiny oval plates filled with delicacies, from small grilled birds to *fustuq* (pistachio nuts), and all the Lebanese staples from *hummus* and *baba gannuj* to *tabbuli*. We sat in the sunshine gazing at the expanse of tranquil farmland that provided this abundance. From that moment I understood that *mezzeh* are the heart of Lebanese cuisine, just as lamb and rice are its backbone, *laban*, olives and bread its fragrant spirit, garlic and onions its soul, and mint and salads its breath.



Mom and Sitto in America

The food of Lebanon evolved over the centuries: a little meat and lots of fresh vegetables, grains, herbs and seasonings aromatically combined. Many Lebanese dishes provide complementary proteins, that is, complete proteins formed by the combination of two non-meat foods, such as legumes with grains, or seeds or nuts with grains. Lentils with rice in the one-pot dish *mujaddrah* are one example; *hummus bi tahinah*—puréed garbanzo beans with a sauce made from ground sesame seeds, eaten with wheat bread, is another. Complementary proteins are essential where economic circumstances and the scarcity of meat create a need for meatless protein sources.

Traditional Lebanese cuisine uses relatively small amounts of meat, almost always lamb. Sheep are strictly grazing animals and do not consume grain that humans could eat. These facts make the Lebanese diet both less expensive and more healthful than diets heavy on beef. A few cubes of lamb on a shish-kebab is about the

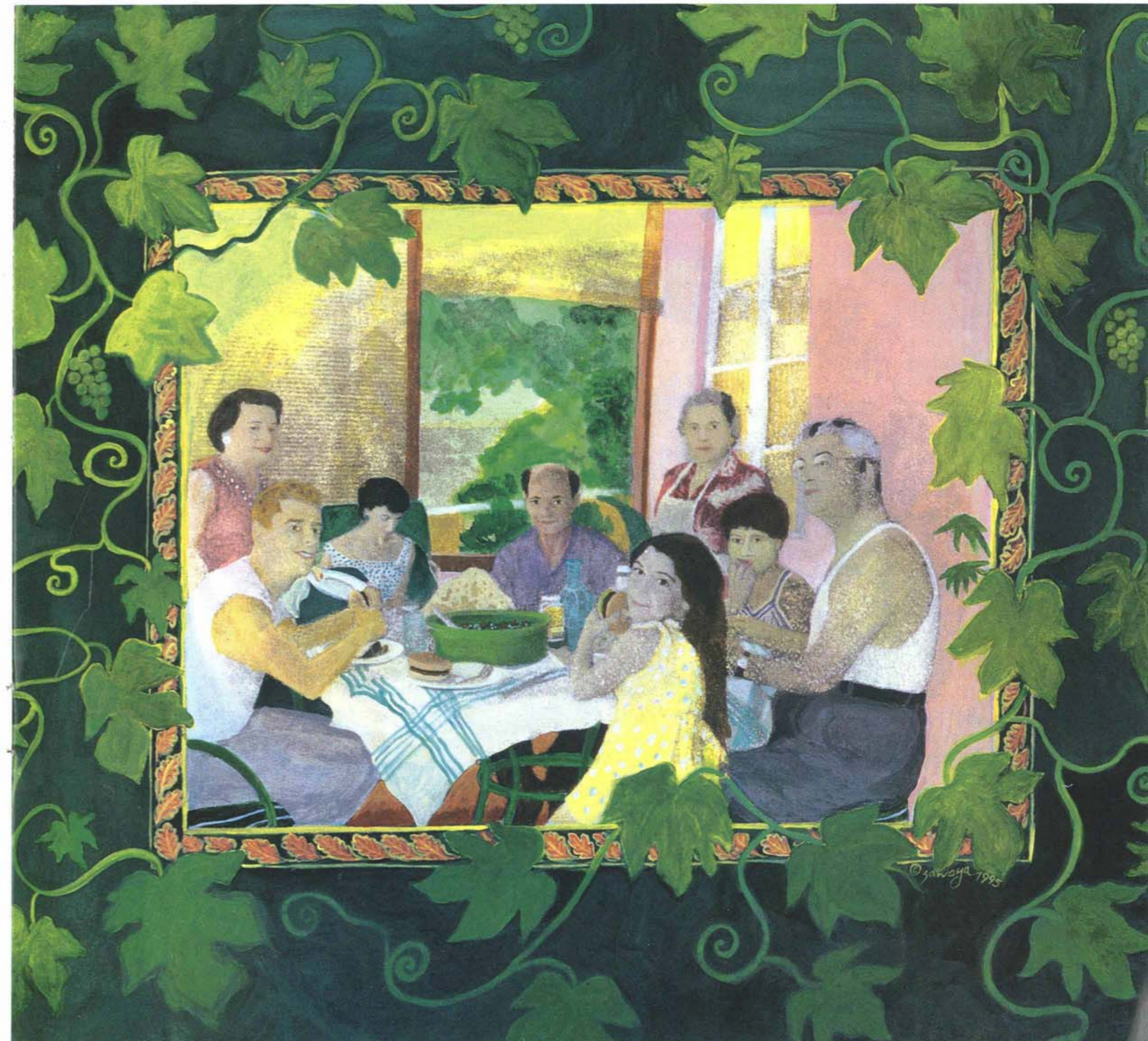


most meat a person will eat, and none of the lamb is wasted, as there are recipes which use virtually every part of the animal.

Lebanese food, a model of the healthy "Mediterranean diet," is fast being integrated into the American diet, just as pizza, stir-fried dishes, tacos, and crêpes have been in the past. *Tabbuli*, *hummus* and *falafil* appear regularly in newspaper recipe columns, and they are available in many supermarkets. Pocket bread is in vogue. And with olive oil as its main fat source, Lebanese cuisine can be quite low in cholesterol.

But health is only part of the appeal: There is a spiritual component as well. Lebanese tradition uses resources carefully, prepares what is in season locally and, above all, shares. Mother continues to speak of the most important ingredient when she says, "Dear, if you make it with love, it will be delicious." ●

We ate hamburgers, shish-kebab and tabbuli in our patio on hot summer evenings. Mom and Sitto would stand and attend to our appetites, sitting down to eat only after we'd all finished.



Recipes

Mother's cooking is done intuitively. I've never seen her use a cookbook, though she is literate in four languages. As I recorded our family recipes, her intuitive style proved both a joy and a challenge. Mother would say, "Add enough salt," and somehow I knew or learned just how much "enough" was. The fact that we could relate this way showed me how deep our communication had become, because "enough" could mean a dash or a tablespoon or a cup. The challenge then became to transform Mother's instructions into measurements.

Because of her love of her family, tradition, great food, cooking with love and loving to cook, we have her, and those before her, to thank for these recipes. At 85, Mother still cooks Sunday dinner every week, "for the family, and whoever can come."

Glossary

<i>baba ghanmuj</i>	eggplant purée with sesame sauce
<i>burghul</i>	cracked wheat
<i>falafil</i>	fried patties made of chickpeas and other legumes
<i>hummus bi tahinah</i>	puréed garbanzo beans (chickpeas) with sesame sauce
<i>jibn</i>	soft fresh cheese like Neufchatel
<i>kishik</i>	dried yoghurt and burghul ground into flour
<i>kusah bayda</i>	light green squash
<i>laban</i>	yoghurt
<i>labnah</i>	drained yoghurt, lightly salted
<i>mahlab</i>	Cornell-cherry kernels used as a spice
<i>mahshi</i>	stuffed
<i>mezzeh</i>	<i>hors d'oeuvres</i>
<i>mujaddrah</i>	a lentil-and-rice dish
<i>summaq</i>	crushed sumac berries used as a spice
<i>tabbuli</i>	parsley-and-burghul salad
<i>tahinah</i>	paste of crushed sesame seeds, or a sauce made of it
<i>za'tar</i>	spice mixture usually including thyme, sumac and sesame seeds



'Ihjee

OMELETTE WITH PARSLEY, MINT & ONION

Light and delicious, 'ihjee can be served for breakfast, brunch, lunch or dinner, tucked into a round of pocket bread with feta cheese or *jibn*, olives and sliced cucumbers.

Ingredients

- 1 white onion, chopped fine
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. black pepper
- dash cayenne pepper
- ½ tsp. cinnamon
- 2 tbs. flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 4 green onions, chopped fine
- ½ bunch parsley, stems removed, chopped fine
- 4 eggs
- ¼ c. clarified butter and olive oil in equal parts

Optional:

- 4 sprigs fresh spearmint, stems removed, chopped fine
- celery tops, chopped fine

Directions

Place onions in a bowl and mix with spices, flour and baking powder. Add green onions, parsley and, if desired, mint and celery leaves. Crack eggs over the top and mix with well a fork. Heat oil and butter in skillet to medium high. Pour in mixture and spread it out evenly. Cook until golden brown (about three minutes) and until top is not runny. Flip over carefully and brown. Serve hot, warm or cold.



Sambusak

SAVORY PASTRY

This is very similar to the meat pies we grew up eating, but Mother has modified it somewhat in recent years. The *sambusak* disappear as fast as they are put on the table. Perfect for *mezzeh* or as a side dish, and can be served hot or at room temperature. Filling and dough can be made ahead and refrigerated, or the pastries can be made and frozen, then baked or fried later. In Douma, they were usually fried, because people did not have ovens in their homes; today, baking them is recognized as more healthful. It is worth trying both methods to discover which you prefer.

Dough

- 1 stick (8 tbs.) softened butter
- 4 c. unbleached white flour
- ½ tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. yeast
- 1 c. water

Directions

Combine butter with salt and flour. Mix well by hand to blend completely. Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water. After five minutes, knead into flour mixture. Divide dough and roll into four balls. Cover and let rest for half an hour while you make the filling. Then roll dough out on a lightly floured board to ½-inch thickness. Cut into circles about three inches (8 cm.) across. Fill each with a tablespoon of filling. Fold in half and pinch curved edges to seal, forming fat half-moons. Fry in equal parts of olive oil and clarified butter over high heat until golden. To bake, arrange pastries on a tray and bake 10 minutes at 450°F on bottom rack, then move tray to top rack for 10 minutes more or until browned.

Filling

- 2 c. chopped onions
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 2 tbs. olive oil
- ½ c. pine nuts
- 1 lb. ground or finely-chopped lamb
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- ¼ tsp. black pepper
- ¼ tsp. cayenne pepper
- 6 whole allspice berries, freshly ground, or ¼ tsp. ground allspice
- ½ c. *labnah* or kefir cheese
- 2 tbs. lemon juice

Directions

Sauté onions and salt in olive oil over medium heat until onions are translucent. Add pine nuts and sauté a few more minutes. Add meat, stirring occasionally for 10 minutes. Just before meat is done, add seasonings and cook two more minutes. Remove from heat. Add *labnah* and mix well. Cool. Mix in lemon juice. Taste and adjust seasoning.



Mujaddrah

LENTILS AND RICE WITH FRIED ONIONS

This is a favorite from childhood, when I used to pretend that the brown *mujaddrah* was the earth and the green salad on top of it was the vegetables I was growing. The mixture is delicious with bread and provides complementary

proteins. The caramelized onions lacing the top of the dish elevate this simple, nutritious food to gourmet status.

Ingredients

- 1 c. chopped onion
- 2 tbs. olive oil
- ½ c. brown or white rice
- 1 c. lentils
- 3 onions, julienned
- 4 c. water
- 1 tsp. salt
- dash of cayenne pepper

Directions

Sauté chopped onions in olive oil until slightly brown. Wash lentils and rice. If you use brown rice, add both lentils and rice to onions and sauté a few minutes more. Add water, salt and cayenne. Cover, bring to a boil and simmer for 1½ hours. (If you use white rice, add it to the pot after the other ingredients have simmered for nearly an hour.) Stir from time to time and add water if necessary: *mujaddrah* can be made as dry as rice or as wet as a thick porridge. While the lentils and rice simmer, julienne the three onions and sauté them in olive oil, first on high heat, stirring constantly, then slowly until they are dark brown. Serve hot, at room temperature or cold, heaped on a platter with the caramelized onions scattered on top.



Kusah Mabshi

SQUASH STUFFED WITH LAMB AND RICE

This was one of my favorite dishes, perhaps because I was allowed to help Sitto stuff the light green Lebanese squash harvested from our garden. Sitto would even let me try to core it using one of the corers my mother had made from brass tubing. This was tricky for a 10-year-old, because it was easy to cut through the side or the bottom of the squash. Lebanese squash wasn't available in the grocery, so if we weren't raising any that year our Lebanese friends, the McKannas, would share their crop with us. Several US seed companies now sell Lebanese zucchini, but small yellow crooknecks or dark green zucchini can also be used. To find a half-inch diameter corer, try a Middle Eastern import store; you can make do with an apple-corer.

Ingredients

- ½ c. uncooked rice
- ½ tsp. cinnamon
- 4 whole allspice berries, ground, or ½ tsp. ground allspice
- ½ tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. black pepper
- ¼ tsp. cayenne pepper
- 1 tbs. lemon juice
- 2 c. lamb, finely chopped or coarsely ground
- 1 c. tomato sauce, divided
- a few lamb ribs for the pot
- 10 small green or yellow squash
- 1 clove of garlic
- 16-oz. can of whole tomatoes, coarsely chopped
- 2 tbs. lemon juice
- 4 whole peppercorns
- ¾ c. water

Directions

Wash and drain rice and place in a bowl. Mix in seasonings, the smaller quantity of lemon juice, the lamb and half the tomato sauce. Parboil the lamb ribs, rinse them, arrange them in the bottom of a deep pot and set aside. Cut off the tops of the squash and core them carefully: Gently insert a corer and remove the first inch and a half of the core by rotating the corer clockwise with your right hand and the squash counterclockwise with your left. As you turn, the marrow will be extruded. Ideally, there will be an ½-inch thickness of squash around the hollow core. Save the seedy center for other dishes. Rinse each cored squash in a bowl of salted water flavored with a clove of garlic. Drain, then fill gently, being careful not to crack the shell, to about one-half inch from the top. Arrange stuffed squash upright in pot over the lamb ribs. Pour in the remaining tomato sauce, the chopped tomatoes with their juice, the additional lemon juice, peppercorns and the water. Cover and heat on high until boiling, then simmer approximately one hour until rice is done, squash is tender and sauce is thick. Serve with Arab bread, carrot sticks, celery, cucumbers, romaine lettuce and other cut vegetables.



Salatat Bandurah Elias

MY FATHER'S TOMATO SALAD

Days when my mother wasn't around were a special treat because my father, Elias, would make us lunch. His specialty was this tomato salad, which tasted best in the summer, when it was made with garden-picked tomatoes. It is laden with garlic, so eat it with friends. The bite-sized chunks of tomato are scooped up with Arab bread that absorbs some of the juice. Serve with feta cheese and olives for a perfect summer picnic.

Ingredients

- 3 cloves garlic
- ½ tsp. salt
- 5 large tomatoes
- ¼ c. olive oil
- ½ bunch fresh spearmint, stems removed, finely chopped
- 3 rounds of Arab bread

Directions

Peel and chop garlic. In a bowl, mash it into a paste with salt. Cut tomatoes into bite-sized pieces and add them with their juice to the bowl. Add olive oil and spearmint; toss. Marinate for at least 15 minutes, if possible. A half hour in the refrigerator is perfect.



Linda Dalal Sawaya, an artist who lives in Portland, Oregon, adapted this article from her book *Alice's Kitchen: The Ganamey-Sawaya Lebanese Family Cookbook*, and dedicates it to her mother and to the memories of her father and grandmother. She thanks her sister Vivian and other family members whose photographs she used in creating the illustrations. *Alice's Kitchen* is available from Box 91024, Portland, Oregon 97291.

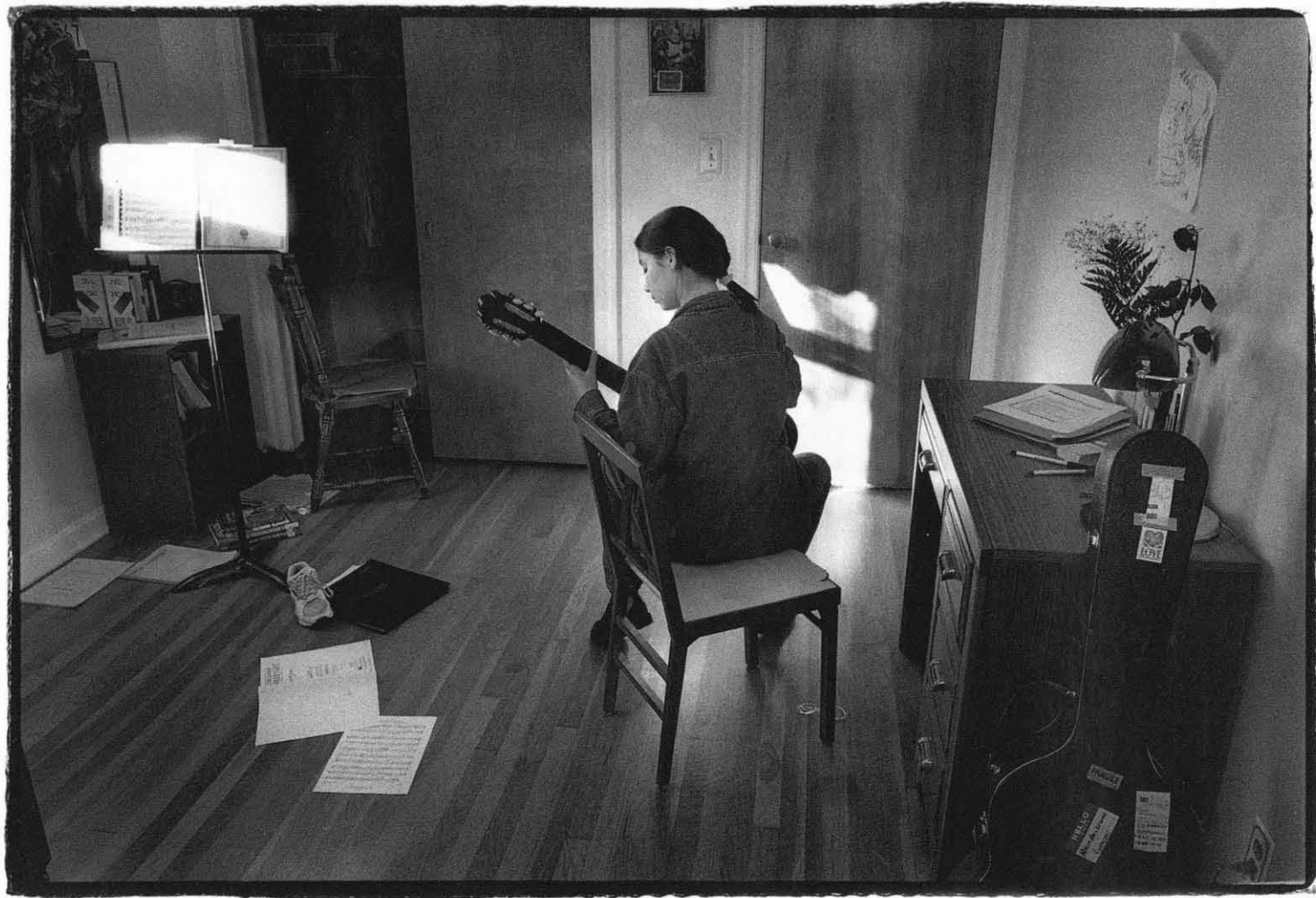
Written by Barbara Nimri Aziz
Photographed by Torsten Kjellstrand



From the desk of Jan Groshoff
To Teachers of Johanna Yeager -
Nadja Halibegovic is staying with the Yeager family. She is from Bosnia and she will be going to AHS. She will have her own schedule from now on but thought it would be easier to start school if she went to classes with Johanna today. She speaks and understands English very well.
Thank you,
Jan Groshoff

“From Meeting Us,
I Hope...”





Above: High-school junior Nadja Halilbegović brought her voice and her guitar from Sarajevo to the Cincinnati home of Cynthia and Jeff Yeager, respectively a church organist and a high-school music teacher.

Right: For senior Ajdin Dropić, who lived with Rick and Jay Deerstewer of Union, Kentucky, mail from his native Tuzla helped him deal with a different life in a strange new place.

Previous spread: Nadja and Ajdin were among 24 Bosnian students who arrived in Dayton, Ohio in September 1995. (See *Aramco World*, November/December 1995.) "Once they graduate and go back to Bosnia, they will make their own mark," says national organizer Robert Azzi of the more than 80 students he has helped place across the us.



Before noon, Irena Slisković breezed through her second exam of the day, a final in American history, correctly listing the 42 US presidents in order. After lunch, she joined the other seniors of Notre Dame Academy in Park Hills, Kentucky, to rehearse the next day's graduation ceremony. After an hour, she cut the rehearsal short to travel to an admissions interview at Cincinnati State College, which she was considering attending in the fall. Eileen Messer, her "host mother" for the past nine months, drove her there.

The day before, in an assembly in which Notre Dame's 143 seniors bid farewell to the school, Irena had listened as classmate Selma Morankić read a message on behalf of the 10 Bosnian students who had attended the school that year.

"By the end of the year, we finally figured out your ways," Selma had said, "and now it all seems normal: dressing up as ghosts for Halloween, eating Thanksgiving foods, getting tons of cards at Christmas, going on retreats. Sometimes it was really hard for us, but by now, it all seems normal.

"From meeting us, I hope, you will now feel a little closer to what is going on in the world, and hopefully, someday, you will be able to see Bosnia."

Over the past three years, in New Hampshire, Colorado, Ohio, Kentucky, New York, Virginia and Massachusetts, more than 80 American families, their neighbors and countless high-school classmates have indeed come closer to war-ravaged Bosnia by opening their homes and their hearts to 83 Bosnian students. They have done so through an informal people-to-people program that, despite obvious success and widespread support, has remained so grassroots that it still has not been formally named.

The Bosnian students came to the US not as refugees but on education visas that require them to return to their country at the end of their studies. Nearly all arrived as high school juniors or seniors. Some have already returned, others have gone on to US colleges and universities, and still others continue at US high schools.

This is, however, no ordinary international studies program. These 83 are a select few out of tens of thousands of young people who spent years in cities under siege: Sarajevo, Tuzla, Mostar, Vukovar and others. All arrived before the November 1995 Dayton accord, last year's cease-fire and the Bosnian elections; none knows whether Bosnia's present state of tense calm will continue, or shatter again into war. During their US sojourns they have all been, at times, unwitting celebrities, informal diplomats and lunchroom educators; they have also been, at other times, confused, angry and homesick kids, badly in need of friends to help them rebuild their shaken trust in the world.

Ten months before her graduation, Irena was at home, in the Ilidža district of Sarajevo, enduring the fourth year of a siege that would lift some months after her departure for the US.

"We had a class party [before I left] in the basement of a friend's house, but...it was too dangerous for many of my classmates to leave their homes," she says. Like many Sarajevo basements, she adds, that one served as a bomb shelter.

In those days, the mortal danger of everyday life kept her largely confined to the house, along with her mother, Razija, and her older brother, Zlatan. A walk to school was a calculated risk. Like every other family, hers too had buried friends and neighbors who had been killed by snipers' bullets and shells. She had watched as other classmates slipped out of the city with their families, in search of refuge in the growing Bosnian Muslim diaspora across Europe. (Germany alone sheltered 320,000 Bosnians.)

Like many young Bosnians, Irena, who had grown up expecting to go to college, began to feel that she had no future. Few professors remained in Sarajevo; Bosnian universities were closed; the future of the country itself was in question.

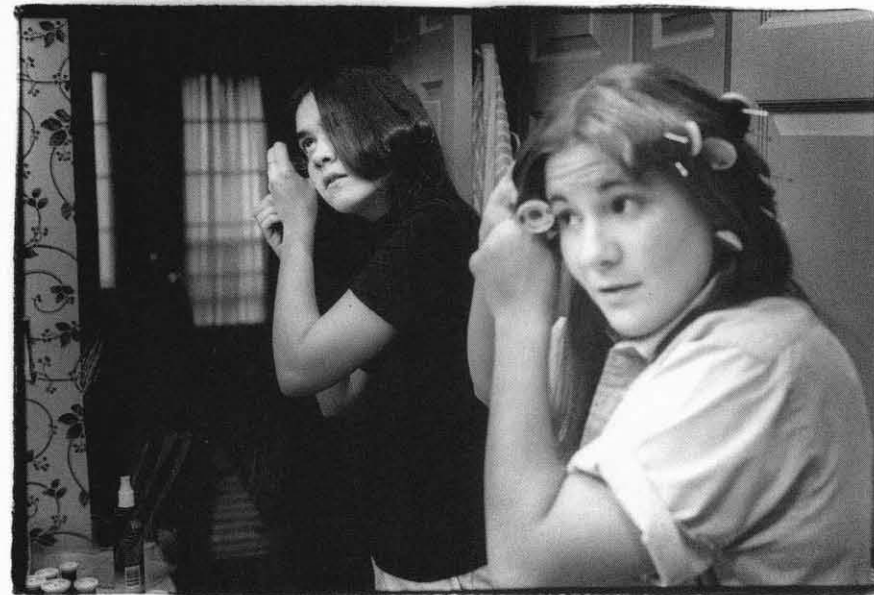
Summer '95, when the sun dimmed,
When maybe somebody loved somebody.
Still everything didn't work out for me.
Did you know hope slept on my pillow
And its light never dimmed.

To whom will my destiny bring me?

—Ajla Hadžimehmedović,
Stop the War



After a harrowing escape from besieged Sarajevo, Irena Slisković now lives on the Florence, Kentucky farm of Jerry and Eileen Messer. In an essay titled "Five Minutes to Freedom," Irena recalled her first thought on hearing that she would be able to join the US-bound student group: "Is this possible?" I asked myself. "I'm going far away to peace and freedom. Do I need anything else?"



Top: In the Deerwester's living room, host mother Jay talks with Ajdin as Jayme, one of her two daughters, listens. "Why did I survive?" Jay recalls Ajdin asking one evening. "You and I have different religions," she replied, "but I think the God we both believe in saved you to do something special."

Above: Hair up or down? Cooper Deerwester, right, and Sejla Celhasic share a mirror in preparation for a party at Notre Dame Academy, which gave scholarships to 10 Bosnian girls. Like Ajdin, Sejla spent a year with the family.

In April 1995, her father died of a kidney condition in the German hospital where the family had sent him to receive treatment unavailable in Sarajevo. "They tried to stop my screams and tears," Irena wrote later at Notre Dame Academy. It was then "I stopped believing in love and luck." A poem she wrote in one of her classes read:

*If you want to meet me,
Come by the path of disappointment
And I will be in the grass,
Crushed by human feet,
And if the rain starts, I will not revive.*

Two months after her father's death, during a lull in the shelling when telephone service temporarily resumed, Irena's cousin Halida called from her home in Zagreb, Croatia. She told Irena that she had learned of a program under which Bosnian Muslim students could, if accepted, spend a year in the United States. The deadline was only a few weeks off.

With her mother's help, Irena set about gathering documents. "She did not seem to realize I would be leaving her," says Irena of her mother. "She only thought about saving me."

Together, they managed to fax what seemed like "hundreds of papers"—English-language test scores, school records, health certificates, a passport, photographs, a Croatian visa, a Bosnian government exit permit and more—to the office in Zagreb of which Halida had spoken. Though Irena was missing several documents, including an essential army-issued exit permit, she was accepted by the program, and then there was no time to do anything but find a way to get to Zagreb.

A childhood friend of Irena's, Arnela Smajlović, was accepted, too. On August 14, just after dark, Irena and Arnela, accompanied by Irena's brother Zlatan, walked with their suitcases to a truck waiting at the bottom of the hill in their Sarajevo neighborhood.

"People came out of their homes to watch us pass, as if we had been chosen to be released from our communal prison. I don't know if they were happy for us, or envious," says Irena.

The two young women climbed in and the truck set out, headlights off, to join dozens of other vehicles, all filled with people fleeing the city. But Serb gunners were shelling the Mt. Ijman road to Mostar, and they had to wait until four in the morning to move.

"The road was made of stones," Irena wrote later. "They were not shooting at us; we had good luck. The trip lasted four hours to Mostar [60 kilometers/37 miles away], where the border has three parts: Bosnia border, both Bosnia and Croatia, and only Croatia border. We came to the crossing and they told us to get out of the truck, that our trip was over, and we should take the next car or truck back to Sarajevo. They took our passports and visas. We were only five minutes from freedom."

All morning Irena and Arnela searched for help throughout Mostar, in the offices of the mayor and,

later, the military commander. It seemed hopeless. Finally they found a young man who said he knew a secret road across the border. By one o'clock in the afternoon, they were safely on the Croatian side. Success had come as capriciously as failure.

From there, a bus carried them to Split and then, crowded with still more refugees, took them on through their second sleepless night into Zagreb.

Far away in Pleasant Valley, a north-Kentucky suburb of Cincinnati, Eileen and Jerry Messer lived with their 15-year-old daughter Bridget. Their two older sons were away at college. Like most families in the United States, the Messers had no connection to the war in Bosnia beyond sharing the painful litany of the evening news. But one day in July, about the time Irena was frantically faxing papers to Zagreb, a different kind of story appeared in the local *Kentucky Post*. A group calling itself "Project Shelter," an offshoot of another group in Exeter, New Hampshire, was forming in their area. Its coordinator, Rick Deerwester, lived nearby.

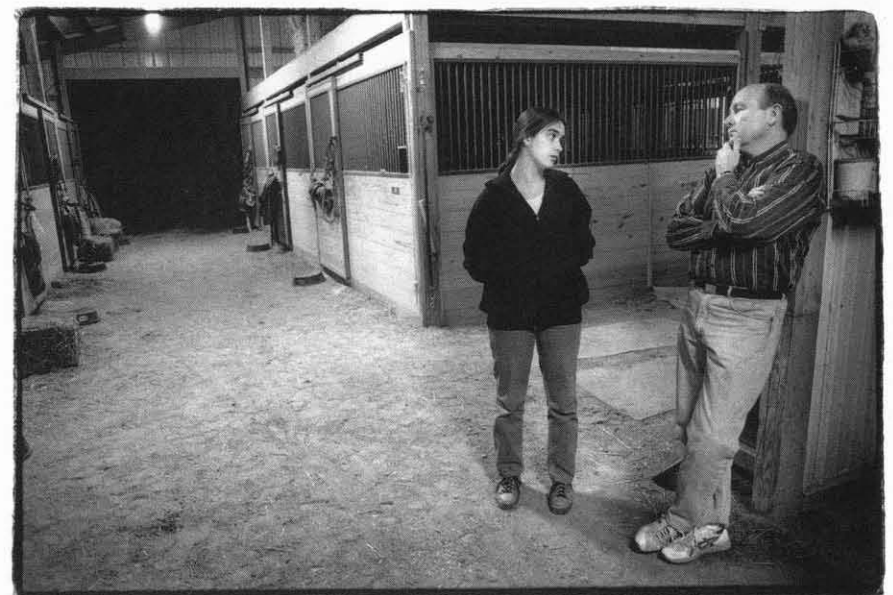
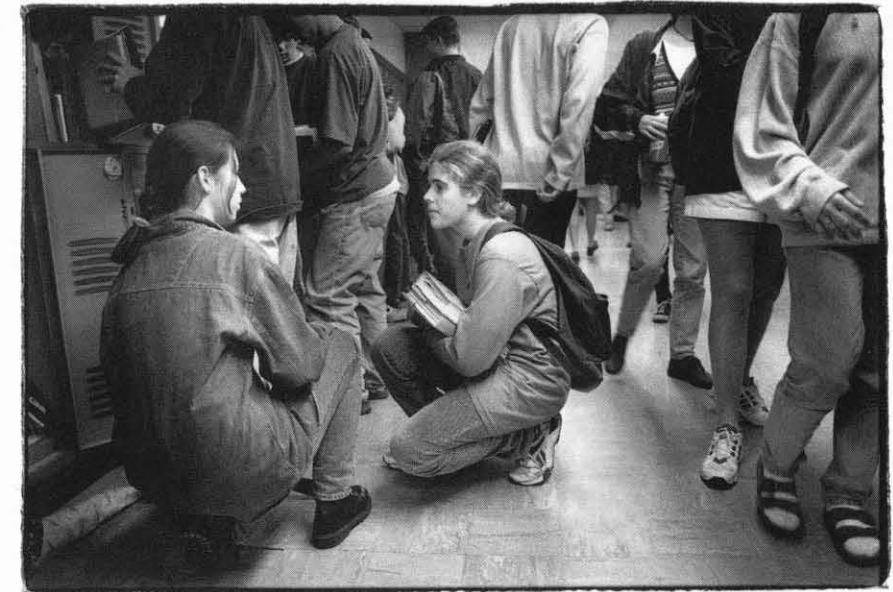
Eileen says she and her husband were deeply moved by the idea of individual families opening their homes to promising young Bosnians to allow them to finish their educations in safety. With their boys in college, she says, they had the room. "We asked ourselves, 'What else could we do personally?,' given how hopeless the political situation in Bosnia seemed."

With Bridget's endorsement, the Messers attended an orientation workshop and agreed to be "host parents." Alternating between confidence and anxiety, they prepared to welcome a stranger about whom they knew virtually nothing: They only learned Irena's name days before she arrived. Through Deerwester's efforts, Notre Dame Academy had agreed to accept Irena and nine other young women on special scholarships, just as other local schools, private and public, had come forward in each of the other states to assure a place to each of the arriving students.

In Zagreb, Irena and Arnela found a women's shelter where they slept for a few hours. Later in the day, they searched out the program's organizers in the office of a city women's committee for youth. The room was filled with other nervous, tired young men and women, all strangers, all leaving their families, all facing life in a foreign country they knew little of.

Over the next few weeks, as the organizers prepared papers and obtained American visas, a special bond began to form among the Bosnian students. Finally, the group flew to Frankfurt and—barely an hour away from the war that had taught them never to provide a target by assembling in public—they spent an evening frolicking in a hotel swimming pool. The next day, they took off for the United States on tickets donated by Continental Airlines.

At Newark Airport, near New York, the new friends split up: Some caught flights to Durango,

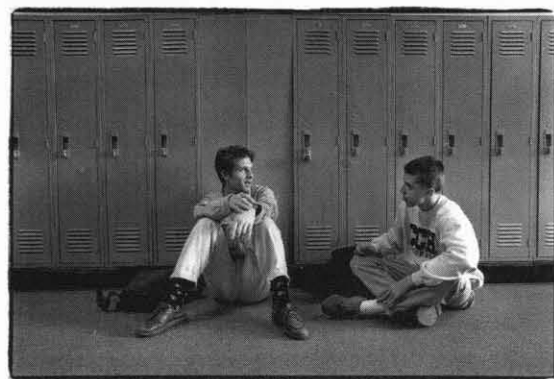


Top: In the hubbub of the hall between classes, Nadja talks with Johanna Yeager as she gets books from her locker. The two attend the same school, and Johanna gave up half her bedroom for Nadja. **Above:** Host father Rick Deerwester gently insists that Sejla finish the evening's homework before she goes riding. "We have a responsibility to the parents back home," he says. "I would ask, 'What do you think your mother would do?' and then, generally, we found a solution" to conflicts. "In addition to scholarships," he adds, "these kids needed caring teachers and loving families."



Above: Ajdin talks with math teacher Lisa Smith after class. When he was a sophomore, he says, his school in Tuzla was destroyed. "We had no school for 11 months. Young people started to work so they could feed the family. Now [following the Dayton accord] my brother Mirza, who is 15, goes to school every day. Normal. They waited until my generation was wasted, and then they started up again."

Right: Ajdin holds a corridor conference with Izmet Nezirović after school. Close bonds linked the Bosnian students, and were invaluable during their adjustment to learning and living in a new country.



Colorado; some to New Hampshire; others to Virginia. Irena, Arnela and eight others went to Dayton, Ohio.

"Which family is mine?" Irena recalls asking herself as she deplaned at an arrival gate filled with cheers, balloons, camera flashes and a flurry of "Welcome Home" signs. "How bewildering," she thought, "to look into a crowd of strangers and wonder, 'Who are my new American parents?'"

In the next few days, Irena and the others were swept into a flurry of welcome parties, press conferences and school orientations. It quickly became apparent, says Deerwester, that transporting youngsters out of a war zone into everyday middle-class life in an American suburb was no simple task.

"These were boys and girls who had left home reluctantly and entered an unknown culture, torn from the very people—their families—whom they most cherished," he explains. "In addition to their scholarships and supplementary English classes, these kids needed caring teachers and loving families."

Since they were neither refugees nor immigrants, their health care, as well as their education, became a private, local endeavor. "Not only were some nervous, edgy and suffering from insomnia, but many were also malnourished and weak," says Deerwester. "Their teeth were bad, and they were pale because they had spent so much time in basement shelters."

Two host families with connections to Cincinnati-area hospitals secured commitments for the Bosnians' health care. Several dentists who served host families agreed to see the new arrivals at no charge, and several other doctors approached Deerwester of their own accord.

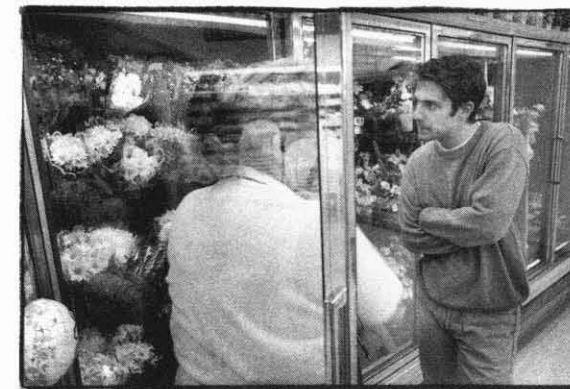
Across the country in Durango, Colorado, population 15,000, the story was much the same. Mary Wilson, a teacher at Riverview Elementary School who coordinated the placement of 11 Bosnian students, generated similar local support after she, like Deerwester, learned of Project Shelter on "CBS Sunday Morning."

"This was a way ordinary citizens could do something and have a one-to-one impact on someone's life," says Wilson. "I thought if Exeter could do it, perhaps my town could too. Because I taught here, I knew many people, and I went directly to them. An ophthalmologist agreed to donate his services for the entire group. A friend went to our community dentists' association and the dentists signed up right there, each one accepting to care for one of the children. Then a board member of the school where I teach went to the local hospital and won their commitment."

Back in Bosnia, it was not long before parents in Tuzla, Mostar and Sarajevo heard their children's voices over the phone and knew they were safe among people who would care for them. And for the new arrivals, outwardly indistinguishable from their American classmates, it was time to begin adjusting to new surroundings.

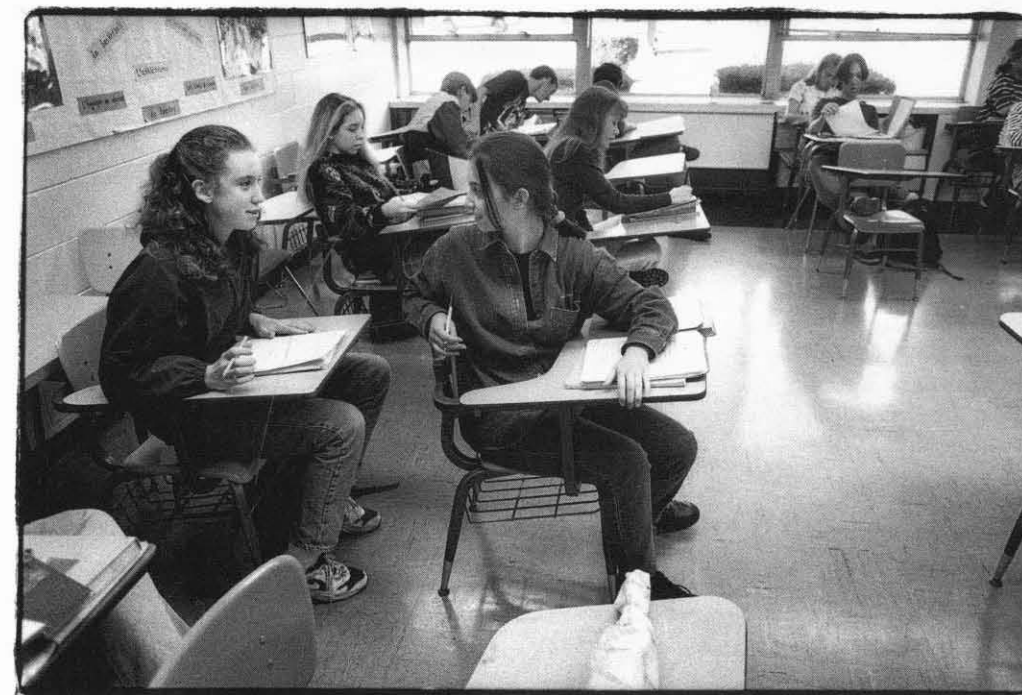
Nearly all moved ahead rapidly in their studies: They had, after all, been accepted on the basis of strong academic records at home achieved despite the profound disruptions of war. Their English, already good, improved further, and many excelled in math and world history, thanks to the strong emphasis on these subjects in Bosnian schools. Some joined theater clubs. Others took up photography or ceramics; others stayed after school for sports. They dressed up for holiday dances. They tried to fit in. As time passed, their host parents noticed that color was returning to their faces, and that many were sleeping longer and more peacefully.

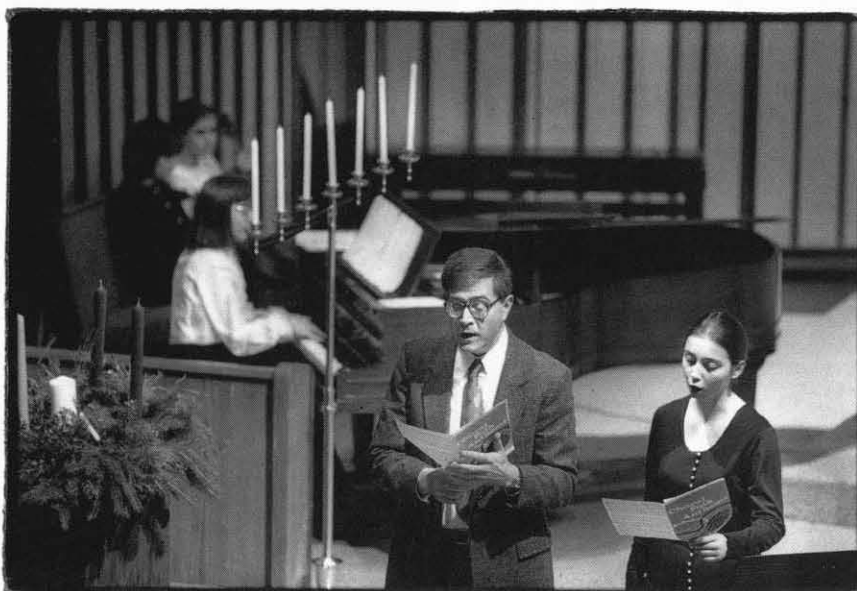
The war that continued in Bosnia was hard for them to talk about. The young Bosnians didn't want to relive any of it for a moment, but neither could they forget. Their trauma showed in small, often unexpected ways: a gasp when the sound of a revolving door recalled the whoosh of a rocket; a passion for news from home; a craving for fresh fruit; a young man's call to his mother announcing that he'd gained 20 pounds (9 kg.); another's quiet comment that his mother had traded her car for a load of flour to feed the rest of her family.



Left: Old problems in the new world. Ajdin ponders what kinds of corsages to buy for back-to-back Friday- and Saturday-night proms. He settled on different looks for the two events.

Below: Like all the program's young Bosnians, Nadja spoke good English when she arrived, but she surprised both herself and her teachers with her swift rise to academic excellence. "I did have a lot of worries," she says. "Then I got too busy learning and adapting to worry any more." She also made friends quickly with other students. "I remember their looks when they found out I was from Bosnia: They had seen pictures. They asked me a lot of questions, and cared about me."





Top: Three generations of the Yeager family gather for dinner and ask Nadja to bless the meal with a Muslim prayer, which she says in Arabic.

"They are Christian and I am Muslim, but that doesn't divide us," she says.

Above: Cynthia Yeager accompanies Jeff and Nadja on the piano as they sing at the family's Christmas concert. Acknowledging Nadja as part of the family and the community, the Yeagers renamed the annual event their "Peace Concert."

Only gradually did some begin to speak from their hearts. Even then, it was often not in conversation but in English composition assignments that they began to touch the depths of what they had endured. Ajla Hadžimehmedović recalled her last summer in Bosnia in one poetry assignment:

*Everything was late and happiness
was startled; it ran away somewhere
far away; I will never find it.
Summer '95; lips shook, eyes cried.
Rain sorrowed.*

In an essay, Vedrana Ponjavić wrote:

The war broke my beliefs and my imaginary world. My belief that good rises and wins above evil, died. It's just a shadow of my past. My realizations still hurt.

In the Messer home, says host mother Eileen, Irena too spoke little of the war at first. "I think she feels safe enough now," she says. "If she wants to share it, she can." Meanwhile, outwardly, Irena was energetic, always welcoming, checking her e-mail several times a day and talking rapidly in near-perfect English. Her friends, Americans and Bosnians, drop by or call, and they laugh together.

In a quiet moment, Irena reaches for a picture postcard she keeps on her bedroom mirror. It is of the town called Briest. "This is where my father is buried," she says softly. "I passed Briest on my bus trip to Zagreb, but I could not stop and visit Papa's grave."

In time, political developments helped many of the Bosnian students. After the signing of the Dayton accord, says Wilson, "the knowledge that the shelling had stopped, that their parents and brothers and sisters were out of immediate danger, was an immense relief."

These were young people, it turned out, who had much to say. As they learned about their host country, they also realized that they had an opportunity—an obligation, some of them felt—to educate their peers and hosts and correct misconceptions that surprised them. "People knew nothing about Bosnia," says Irena. "People thought we were uncivilized, or like fanatics... They assumed we did not know what was a microwave or a VCR! This really made us mad."

Arneta, who traveled with Irena from Sarajevo, found reporters addling. "'What does it feel like? What does it feel like?' they kept asking us," she says. "[Television crews] seemed to want to make us cry for their cameras," says Ajdin Dropić. "That was upsetting to us."

Ajdin and Alen Causević were among the Bosnian visitors who took these difficulties as a challenge. "I know people do not see me, Ajdin, as one person. They see Bosnia, a nation, when I speak. So I take the opportunity to speak with journalists. This is one of the reasons I came here. I want to show people first-hand how things were there, and I feel Americans have a role to play in Bosnia." Ajdin's quiet manner and calm voice seem appropriate to his plans for a career in diplomacy.

"We change the face of Bosnia in the minds of



Following the daily chapel service required at Villa Madonna Academy in northern Kentucky, sophomore Alma Zecević invited her religion teacher, Mary Jo Rehtin, to learn more about Islam by joining Alma and her host family on a visit to Cincinnati's new mosque. Before entering, Alma helped Mary Jo adjust her headscarf.

students and people we meet," he continues. He recalls a confrontation with another student on a television show when he was asked, "My brother is in the US Army. Why should he die in Bosnia?" Ajdin says he replied at once, "What about my brother?" After the show, he says, "the girl came up to me and thanked me, saying that I had made her change her mind."

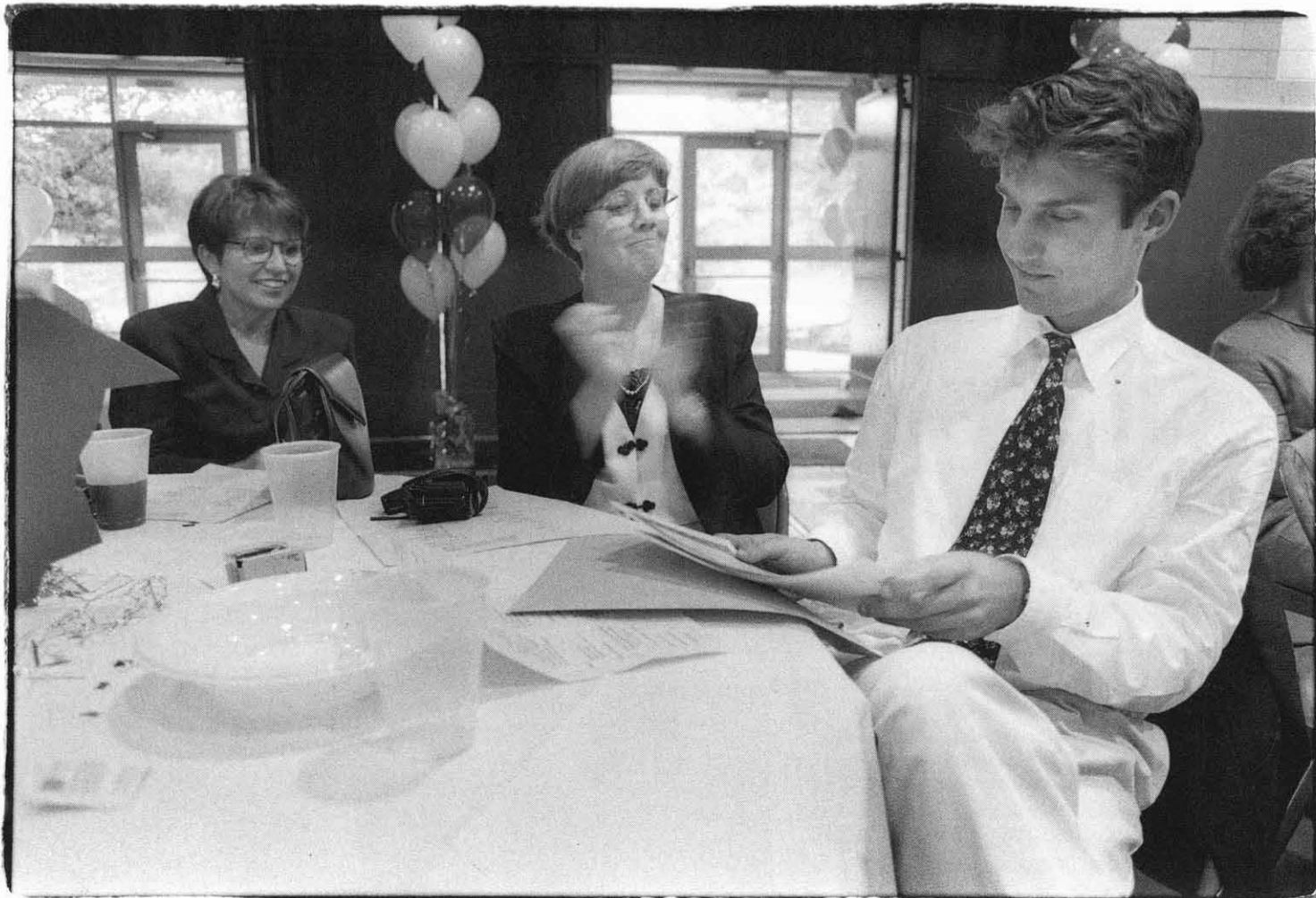
Like Ajdin, Alen too has given countless interviews. "Here, people just want to see who is the good guy and who is the bad guy. Too many of them thought this war was only about religion. I explain to them it is about territory, and power." Despite occasional impatience with reporters and peers, he perseveres. "With Americans, you have to go slowly, and roundabout, and get under their skin. You can't confront them."

But many of the Bosnians had to learn to go slowly, too, says Thomas Smith, who teaches humanities in Exeter, New Hampshire. "When they arrived, they saw things in black and white. They saw only their side." With time, Smith says, he observed a gradual broadening of perspective. "Whereas some were resistant to arguments from the other side, many began to see that compromise was the only way to avoid further war." He was particularly delighted when, toward the end of the year, Irma Ramusović, one of his favorite students, said in a leadership class that "people must cooperate if they want to live together, even if they don't completely agree."

This growth won respect for the Bosnians. "We could see the specialness of the Bosnian experience in their poems and essays," says Sister Mary Rita Geoppinger of Notre Dame Academy. John Horton, a world history teacher in Kentucky, observes,

We change the face of Bosnia in the minds of students and people we meet.

—Ajdin Dropić



At an awards ceremony closing his senior year at Covington Catholic High School, Ajdin's academic efforts earn him a certificate and a round of applause from proud host mother Jay Deerwester. "I know people do not see me, Ajdin, as one person. They see Bosnia, a nation, when I speak," says Ajdin, who plans a career in diplomacy. "We change the face of Bosnia in the minds of students and people we meet." At another meeting, Rick Deerwester echoed Ajdin when he told the Bosnian students, "Thank you for putting a face on Bosnia. Before you came, Bosnia was a place in the news. Now, you are Bosnia. Your faces are what we see: Real people."

"The Bosnians are leaders in their classes. They will tell the American kids if they don't agree.... It was good for the other pupils."

The temporary rescue of promising young people whose educations—and lives—were jeopardized by war began nearly four years ago with a young girl's poignant question to her father. Robert Azzi, who has photographed around the world for major magazines (including for *Aramco World*), often recounts how his daughter Iman, then nine, turned to him as they watched television coverage of the opening of the Holocaust Museum in Washington, D.C. and asked, "So, are they going to build a museum for the Muslims in Bosnia, too?" Azzi had the vision and determination to answer her with action.

"Bosnia has a great heritage in its culture, education, sports, religion," he says with the conviction that persuaded and inspired many host families, school principals and business people. "The country had a great deal to be proud of. I feel it is important—and possible—to keep these institutions going. And the best way to ensure this," he says, "is through training of youth. And the best way to do that is to keep the effort on a personal scale, with no elaborate infrastructure—just ordinary people helping ordinary people."

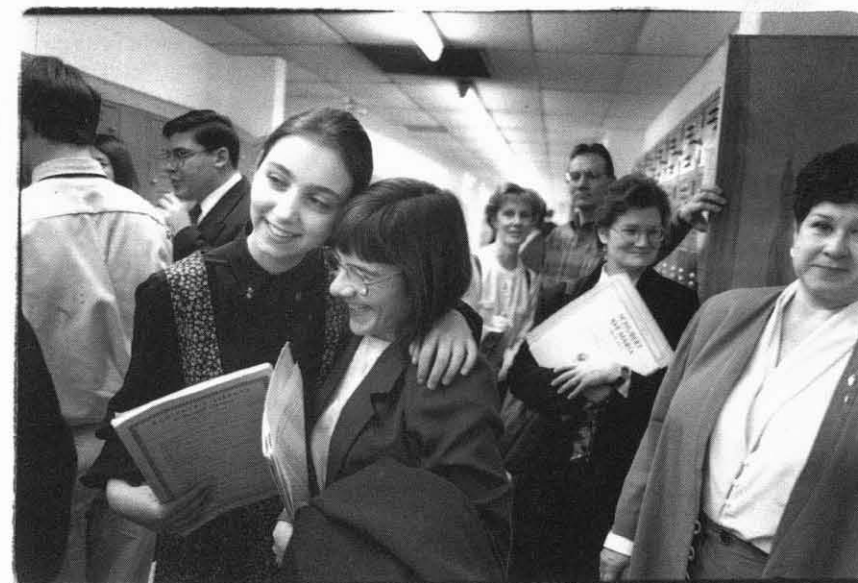
Azzi lives this approach: He picks up and sends

courier packages to Zagreb himself; meets flights—for which he has nearly always solicited donated tickets; consults with high-school counselors; and makes sure to get to know every student and every host family, and to visit many of them personally. In the past year he's overseen the design of a site for the Bosnians on the World Wide Web. In 1995, when Irena's US visa was delayed, her phone call to Azzi from Zagreb brought a fast fix. When one young man needed to find new host parents, Azzi took care of that, too.

"These are not refugees," he says emphatically. "Take Tarik—he's a computer genius. He was Bosnia's math champion in the 1995 international competition in Toronto. When he saw something about our project on the Internet in Bosnia, he got more information, then he contacted me. Affan, now in Colorado, was an Olympic skier for the Bosnian team. He lives and breathes skiing, and should continue. Jasminka is a math genius. Irma joined the rowing team her first semester of university here. Alen was a member of his school's decathlon team. Alma Muharamajić won an award from the American Chemical Society. Once they graduate and go back to Bosnia, they will be resourceful enough to find their own way and make their own mark." His tone bespeaks a contagious confidence.

"We have to be more than just average," says Ajdin. "Azzi makes us feel special because he did this for us and he didn't even meet us personally. I have this chance, and I am going to use it."

Azzi, like other host parents, understands that these youngsters need emotional support and moral guidance beyond the classroom, too. "Without their parents and grandparents, there is no one to offer advice. So I do it—I have to. I make it clear what I expect from them. I tell them repeatedly, 'How you behave as an individual focuses attention on our program and on Bosnia.'"

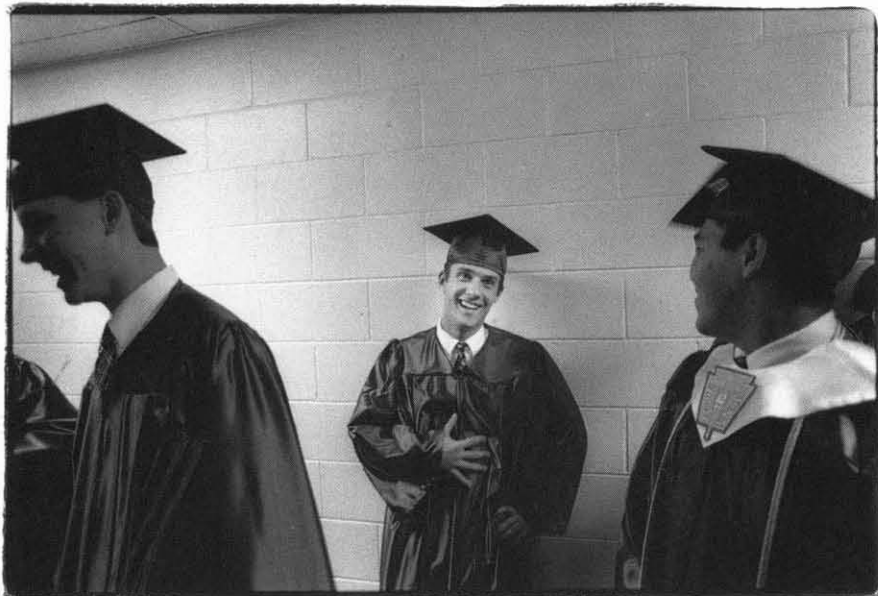


Left: When Nadja earns a top score in a school music contest, Cynthia Yeager is the first to congratulate her. Before the contest, Jeff Yeager buttressed Nadja's wavering confidence, reminding her that she was a good performer and telling her he knew she would do well. Her success confirmed Nadja's fit in her host family: Both of the Yeagers' daughters, violist Bonnie and violinist Johanna, often place well in such competitions.



Below: Surrounded by fellow Bosnian students and their American hosts, Ajdin sits in the Deerwester home as the group discusses how host families can help the Bosnians attend US colleges. Overcoming difficulties—from financing college plans to healing past war traumas—has forged strong bonds among the students and their hosts. "At times it was much harder than we first expected," admits Mary Wilson, who coordinated a parallel group in Durango, Colorado.

Graduation forced Ajdin to decide between a four-year scholarship to Ohio Wesleyan University and a return to family and friends—and uncertain educational prospects—in Bosnia. “I wish my parents could have been here to see this. They would have been so proud. These ceremonies are really for parents, aren’t they? The boy sitting next to me, I could see his mother’s eyes and oh, they were so bright. Crying and bright.”



We didn’t bring you here to change you, but to preserve you.

—Mary Wilson

There are difficulties, of course: The late teen years are a stage that is difficult in the best of circumstances. “I ask them to help me, too,” says Azzi. “Occasionally I ask one of the older, more experienced students to phone someone who needs guidance.”

Host parents regularly consult Azzi, and each other, to ask and offer guidance and discuss everything from house rules to the search for colleges and financial support beyond high school. “I tell [the host parents] that they have even more responsibility than the Bosnian mother and father, because they have to act on the Bosnian parents’ behalf, as well as be the day-to-day parent here.”

“At times it was much harder than we first expected,” admits Mary Wilson of Colorado. “There’s a point at which this trauma [of war] came into their lives, and they got stuck there. They arrived very angry. They had not wanted to leave their own parents. They were distrustful of us—strangers who suddenly appeared extending our hands to them.

“They ask, ‘Why are you doing this for us?’ and it wasn’t always easy to convince them that we just wanted to help.” Nor was it easy for the Bosnians to trust the host families’ benevolence. Wilson found it necessary to reassure them, explaining, “We didn’t bring you here to change you, but to preserve you. We don’t have to know everything about a person to want to help them.”

Rick Deerwester of Kentucky echoes her thoughts: “I took on this project because it gave us a way of protecting children,” he says. Still, he admits, whenever Sejla Celhasić, who lived with him for one academic year, asked for advice, he had to think twice as hard. “We have a responsibility to the parents back home. I would ask, ‘What do you think your mother would want you to do?’ And then, generally, we found a solution,” he says with pride.

Usually, overcoming difficulties strengthened the bonds between the students and their host families. Allan and Leni Rayburn of Rochester, New York found that when Alma Muharamajić chose to return home after a year with them, they were urging her to stay. She didn’t, but they still keep in touch with her weekly. They have taken in another Bosnian student, and they have assured Alma that, should she choose to return to the US, a room awaits her—along with a scholarship at Allendale Columbia High School.

In addition to their relations with their host parents, the students have also needed the camaraderie and support that they could find only in each other. Their friendships with American classmates and the love that grew between them and their host families were only part of their lives.

Simply by making this journey together, they had become a community. In Durango, the Bosnians meet together on weekends even though all go to the same school and even live in the same neighborhood. In Cincinnati and Rochester, too, the groups hold weekly get-togethers. Sometimes it seems they are together at every opportunity—ask Irena.

“Forget about Sundays,” she says of the Messer family’s access to the telephone. “All the calls are for me.” It’s either Arnela or Selma in other parts of Cincinnati, or another friend—nearly always Bosnian. Her laughter and her smooth Serbo-Croatian then fill the Kentucky home.

It’s different for Ajdin, who has grown deeply attached to his hosts, Rick and Jay Deerwester. He says he doesn’t see much of other Bosnians in Cincinnati now that he is in college, but he’s on the Internet more and more, linked with Bosnians around the world. His first connection was with his home city, Tuzla, where a friend had set up an e-mail service for the times when telephone and mail contacts were nearly impossible. That one service became a lifeline of communication for Ajdin and other students throughout the Bosnian diaspora.

“I learned this way that some of [my friends] landed in Germany, in England and in Austria, and I searched them out and found they were looking for me, too. More than half my Tuzla class of 100 is outside now,” he says, and many of them keep in touch by e-mail.

“We can talk about everyday things, music and families. And some [members of the class] went into the army. I also want to hear about their life. They went to war and had a hard time, while I was here. When the fighting ended, they celebrated together, and I could not share that either.”

Irena, who was accepted at three northern-Kentucky colleges, is now studying computer science and business at Thomas More College. To cover her fees, the Messers campaigned among friends and in the community to secure a combination of private support, part-time work and scholarships for her.

Ajdin is attending Ohio Wesleyan University on a four-year scholarship, working for a degree in political science. Via the Internet, he and a classmate in Austria are coordinating what they hope will be a 1997 class reunion in Tuzla. “We never got a high school graduation in 1995 because of the war,” he says, “but we hope to hold it at home next year.”



Torsten Kjellstrand is a staff photographer at The Herald in Jasper, Indiana, and won the 1996 Photographer of the Year award from the National Press Photographers’ Association.



Barbara Nimri Aziz earned a doctorate in anthropology from the University of London and, as a New York-based journalist, writes frequently about Middle Eastern and Arab-American subjects.



“We all agree we’ll get a better education here,” says Ajdin of his decision to stay in the United States and attend Ohio Wesleyan. After helping him haul his belongings up two flights of stairs to his dormitory room, Rick and Jay Deerwester bid him farewell. A fellow Ohio Wesleyan student from Tuzla, with whom Ajdin kept in touch through the Internet, waits by the window.

Following her year at Anderson High School, Nadja spent last summer visiting her family in Sarajevo. “After a year, it was nice to be a child again, with my mother and father,” she says. Her diary, *Sarajevo’s Childhood: Wounded by War*, was published in 1995 by the Turkish Ministry of Culture. In September, she returned to Ohio and expects to graduate from Anderson next June.



In parts of West Africa, they say that the best way to judge a woman's stamina—essential in a good wife—is to watch her preparing fonio.

Fonio is a grain that people across 15 countries in northwest Africa have enjoyed for centuries. From the Cape Verde Islands to Chad, and from Côte d'Ivoire to Cameroon, fonio (*Digitaria exilis*) thrives in the sandy, rocky soils

at a Dakar vocational training institute, that led him to tinker with the dream of a mechanical fonio husker.

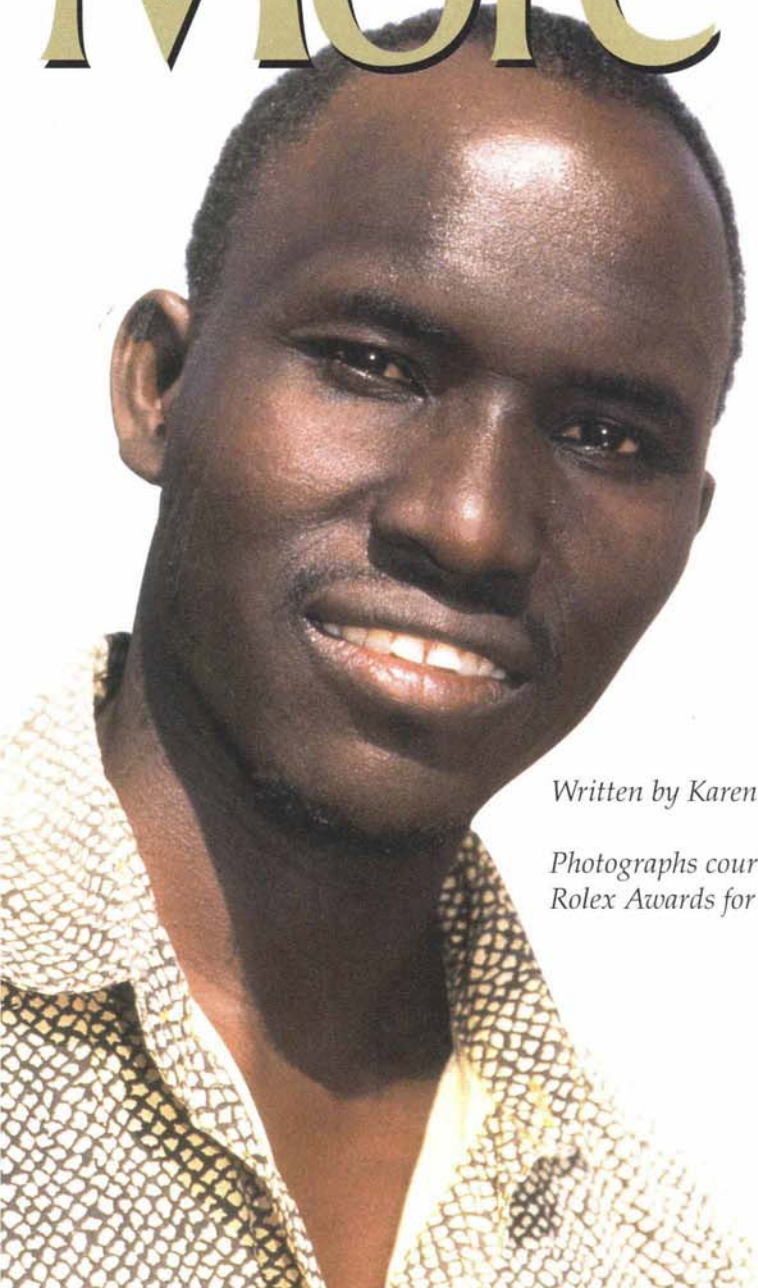
It took him three years, working after hours and financing his materials from his own modest salary, to build the first prototype. The trick, he says, was to find a way to abrade the grain with enough force to break up the brittle husks, yet gently enough to leave the seeds intact.

Diakité's first full-scale test, in 1993, was a success: 95 percent of the fonio husks were removed, the seeds were intact and, best of all, he had husked two kilos of fonio (4.4 lbs.) in only six minutes, compared to the hour or more that manual husking would have required.

Although some varieties of fonio mature faster than any other cereal—harvest can come as soon as six weeks after planting—production is declining because preparing it is so labor-intensive. At right, Senegalese women alternate blows with long wooden pestles as they husk fonio in a stone mortar. Opposite, top: Husked and ready to be steamed, fonio pours like sand.



More Fonio, Less Hard Work



Written by Karen de Leschery

Photographs courtesy of the Rolex Awards for Enterprise

of the Sahel, weathers both drought and flood, and grows so fast that two or three crops can be harvested each year. Rich in amino acids and iron, its tiny grains are particularly nutritious for pregnant women and children.

But the cultivation of fonio has all but disappeared because, as the saying implies, preparing it is a task of legendary difficulty. Each kilogram of fonio contains roughly two million seeds (more than 900,000 seeds per pound), and each seed weighs only 0.0005 grams. Two thin husks surround each seed, and they must be removed before the fonio can be cooked. Using a heavy, two-handed pestle in a stone mortar, and adding sand to the grain as an abrasive, the traditional manual husking process requires at least three cycles of pounding and winnowing. This is followed by the tedious separation of seeds from sand, a process that requires large amounts of precious water. As the cash economy spreads into rural areas, West African women have grown increasingly concerned with contributing to family income, and thus have less time available to prepare food.

"I remember that, during my childhood, fonio was served two or three times a week," says Sanoussi Diakité, a 36-year-old mechanical engineer who grew up in southwestern Senegal. But now, he says, husked fonio is three to four times the price of rice. "What used to be a common food has become a luxury. If it were not for people's attachment to this nutritious and tasty cereal, it would have completely disappeared by now."

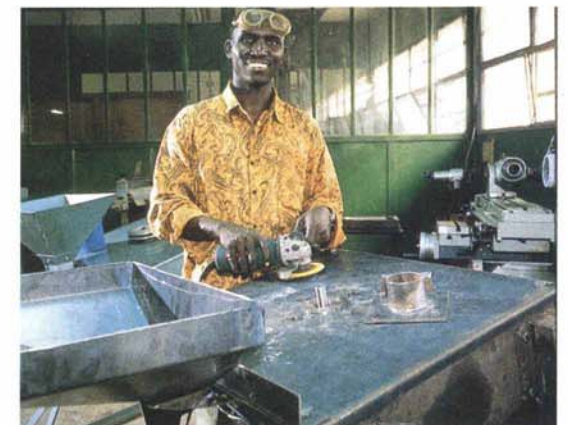
It was Diakité's nostalgia, combined with his skills as a teacher of manufacturing technology

Moreover, the machine he had built was simple enough to be mass-produced in Senegal for far less than the cost of rice- or millet-husking machines, so small-scale fonio producers in rural areas might be able to afford it.

A patent in 1994 opened the door to official recognition and support. The next year, the African Development Foundation of Washington, D.C. funded construction of five second-generation prototype huskers and a year-long study to monitor their use among selected small producers in Senegal, Guinea and Mali. Diakité's most visible recognition came last year, when he won one of five 1996 Rolex Awards for Enterprise. The \$50,000 prize, says Diakité, "will provide seed money to get a factory up and running" on the outskirts of Dakar in 1997.

"All fonio producers have been waiting for an efficient husking machine," says Fadima Mariko, a Malian agronomist. Diakité's machine "is undoubtedly a major invention for Africa," says Moctar Dieng of Senegal's Ministry of Energy and Industry. If it sparks a fonio revival, the husker could increase the supply of food in the entire region—and people will have to find another way to judge a woman's stamina. ☉

Winnowing, right, follows each of at least three rounds of pounding with the pestle. Below, Sanoussi Diakité poses behind a prototype of his fonio husker. Field testing of the machine, built entirely with materials widely available in Senegal, is scheduled to finish this year, after which Diakité plans to break ground for a small factory. His prospects are good: A 1996 study by the us National Science Foundation says that fonio "deserves much greater attention" and "could have an impressive future... once [it] becomes as important to the world's scientists as it is to West Africa's farmers."



Karen de Leschery is based in London and writes frequently about the winners of the Rolex Awards for Enterprise.



B E T W E E N E M P I R E S

Written by Ergun Çağatay

Today we know them as the nations of Turkmenistan, Uzbekistan and Kyrgyzstan, but on January 6, 1839, the Central Asian territories south and east of the Aral Sea were still the autonomous Khanates of Khiva, Bukhara and Kokand. They were probably unshaken by the announcement in the *Gazette de France* that day that Louis Daguerre and his partner Nicéphore Niepce had invented a dazzling new technique called photography.

Some 40 years later, however, the new technology—by then in wide use in Europe, the United States and the Middle East—also found a use in those Central Asian territories. As part of its inexorable 19th-century expansion, Russia took control of the city of Bukhara in 1868, of Khiva in 1873 and Kokand in 1876, motivated in part by the need to forestall British hegemony over the area. That achieved, however, Russia showed no desire to change the lives of its colonial subjects—but it did record them photographically.

The photo exhibition “Between Empires: Turks of Central Asia 1850–1925” and the additional photographs in the accompanying

book, called *Once Upon a Time in Central Asia*, provide an unusual opportunity to return to the time and place when Britain began to lose the “Great Game,” and resigned the rule of Central Asia to

Czarist Russia. The photographs come from the Russian Imperial Collection, archeological archives, military archives and private collections assembled either out of personal interest or for commercial purposes. My role was to locate the archives and collect the photographs as part of an extensive project to document the past and present of the Turkic peoples of Central Asia.

French photographers Paul Nadar and M. Hordet were among the few foreigners to undertake the long, arduous and dangerous journey to Central Asia in the last century. But photographers from outside Russia could not compete with their Russian colleagues, who enjoyed considerable freedom of movement in Czarist Russia’s vast new backyard. Inevitably, the Russian photographic archives

of Central Asia are the richest we have, and they contain treasures of ethnographic notes and other explanatory details that I have not yet been able to collect. Many of the photographs in both book and

Above:
SAMARKAND. FAIRGROUND
IN AFASIAB WITH FERRIS WHEELS.

I. VVEDENSKY, 1894–1897

✱

Opposite:
A WOMAN OF BUKHARA.

M. HORDET, 1890’s





exhibition are thus labeled only with the barest captions, but even so will provide a rich mine of material for historians and ethnographers, as well as specialists in such fields as architectural history and textile studies.

Most of the photographs are printed from glass negatives originally developed in water, a technique developed by Scott Archer in 1851. The rest, which were made by the next generation of Russian photographers, were also taken on glass negatives, but the method used silver bromide in liquefied gelatin to create a light-sensitive emulsion, a process developed by the English physicist Richard Leach Maddox.

Of the three khanates' capital cities, Khiva survives today as a center of the Uzbek cotton industry. Because the city surrendered to Russian forces, most of its old architecture remains intact, and is now preserved in a historic district. Of Kokand's glorious past nothing now remains. In the years immediately before and after the Soviet Revolution, all of the city's surviving buildings were burned or demolished. Bukhara, which was an important center of trade on the Silk Roads (See *Aramco World*, July/August 1988) and one of

the oldest cities of Central Asia, is still an important trading and manufacturing center. Of the nearly 250 *madrasas* (theological schools) that once adorned it, only the Miri Arab Madrasa and one or two others have survived.

On the other hand, buildings do not make a city, or a people. The faces of the individuals in these photographs from more than a century ago are identical to those whom I photographed myself in my Central Asian travels of the past five years. That fact implies that even conquest and colonization may be only an incident in the sweep of a people's history, and may, as a benefit unintended by the colonizing power, provide a means of recording and preserving parts of that history for future generations. 🌐

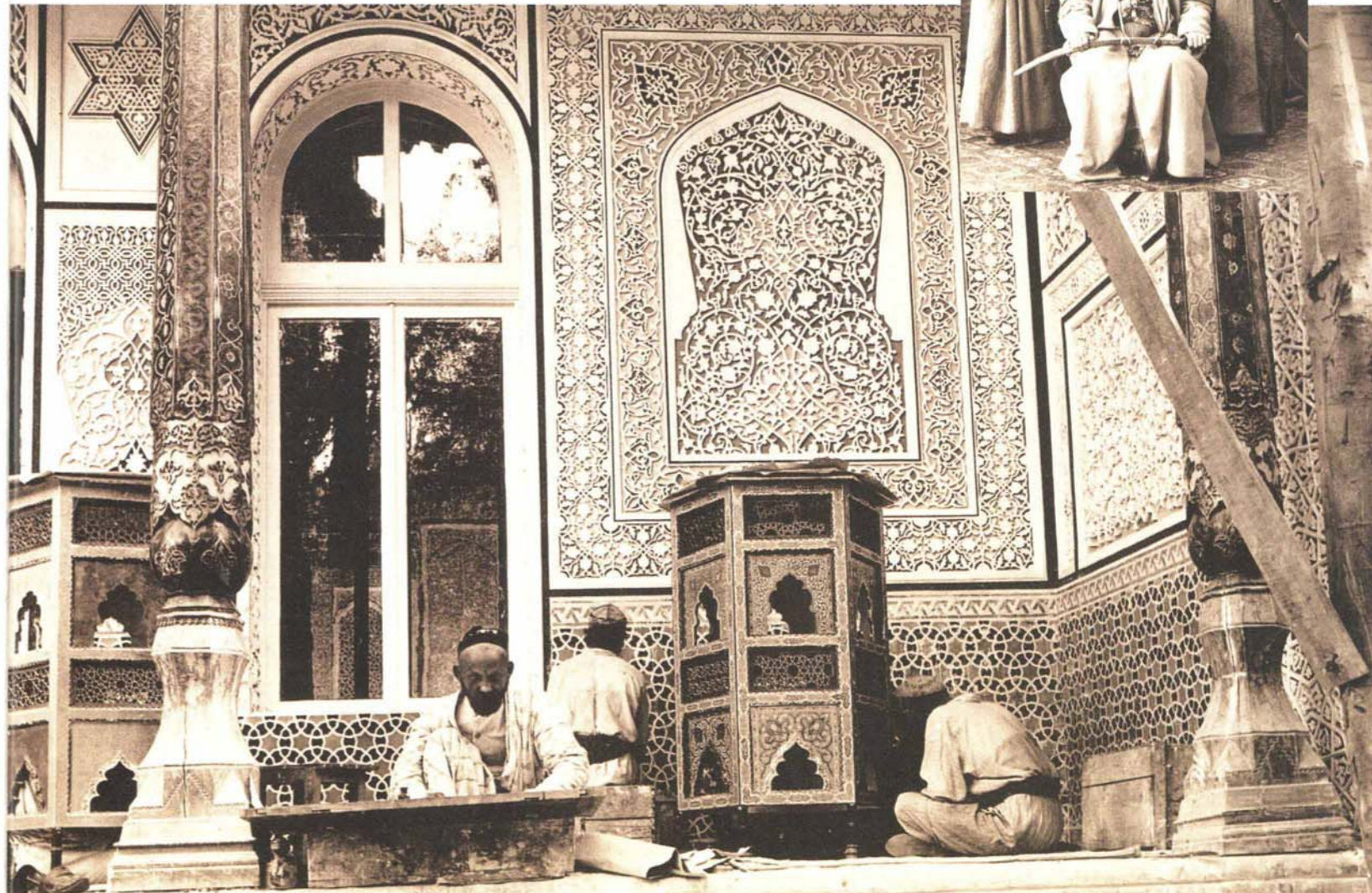
The exhibition "Between Empires: Turks of Central Asia 1850-1925" will be at the Texas Memorial Museum on the campus of the University of Texas at Austin from February 16 through March 29. Once Upon a Time in Central Asia, by Ergun Çağatay, (Tetragon, Istanbul, 1996, ISBN 975-94789-0-0) will be available in limited quantities at the exhibition.



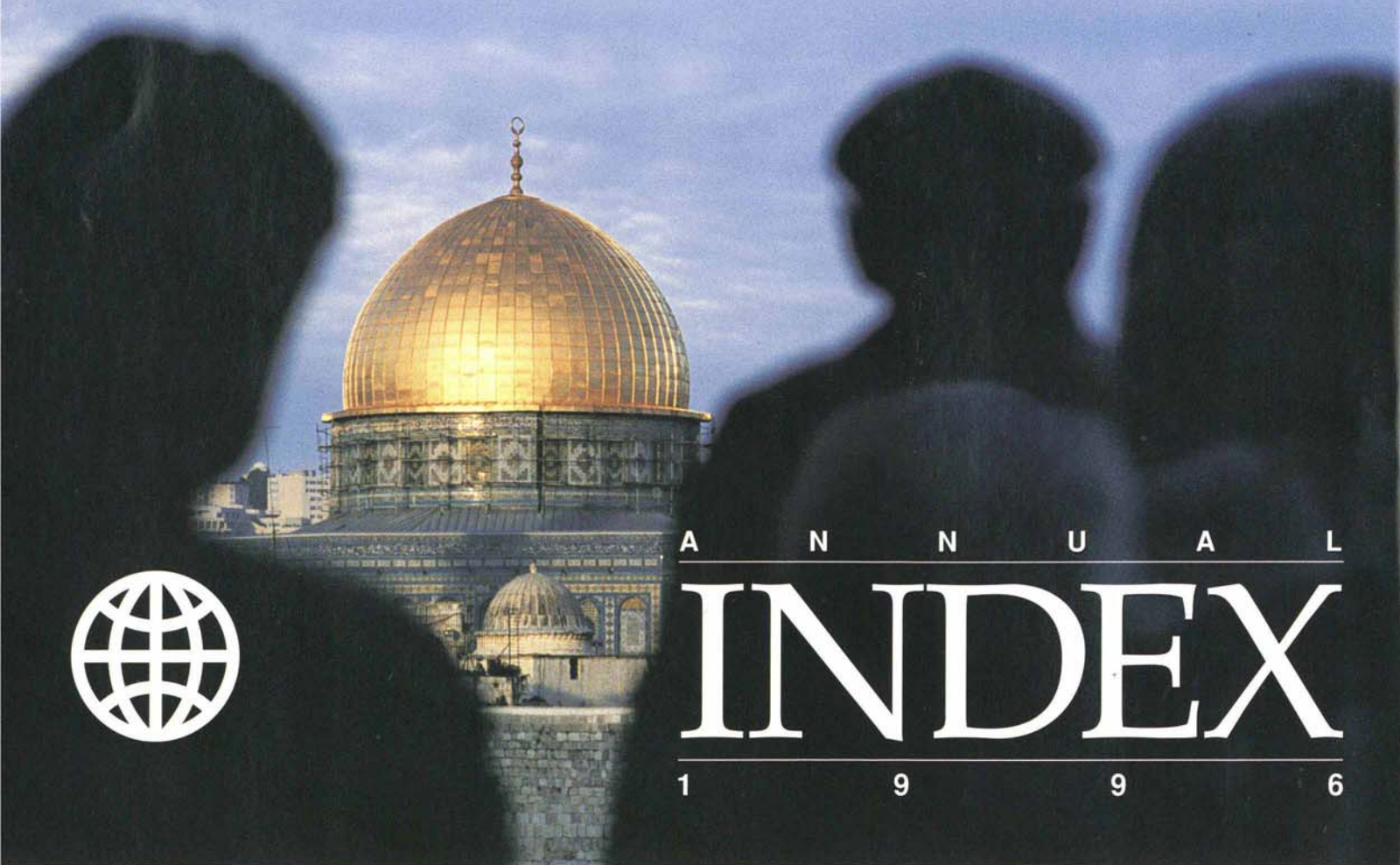
Inset:
KHIVA. A HIGH-RANKING OFFICIAL OF THE KHAN WITH HIS RETINUE.
I. VOLZHINSKY, not later than 1896

*

ANDIZHAN. CRAFTSMEN AT WORK IN THE BEY'S PALACE.
V. KOZLOVSKY, 1890's



MAP AFTER CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ISLAM (1970)



A N N U A L
INDEX
 1 9 9 6

SUBJECTS

A

- AFRICA**
Forging Plowshares in Eritrea, Werner, L., N-D 96: 14-27
A Tradition of Diversity: Mosques of Côte d'Ivoire, Cecil, C., J-F 96: 32-35
- AGRICULTURE**
Culinary Reconnaissance: Indonesia, Koene, A., J-F 96: 18-28
- ALL**, Himat M.
Jordan's House of the Arts, Ajami, J., J-A 96: 2-9
- AL-MAKTUM, MOHAMMED BIN RASHID**, Crown Prince of Dubai
Racing Full Circle, Flake, C., J-A 96: 16-23
- ALPHABET**
Mr. Typewriter, Ludner-Gliebe, S., J-A 96: 8-9
- AMMAN**, Jordan
Jordan's House of the Arts, Ajami, J., J-A 96: 2-9
- ANDALUSIA**
Arabs, Almonds, Sugar and Toledo, Eigeland, T., M-J 96: 32-41
- ANIMALS**
Racing Full Circle, Bjurström, E., M-A 96: 26-33
Swims With Sharks, Flake, C., J-A 96: 16-23
- ARAB-AMERICANS**
Heartistry, Azar, G., M-A 96: 14-15
A Heritage Without Boundaries, Campbell, K., M-J 96: 2-5
Talent to Spare, White, L., S-O 96: 36-37
- ARABIC LANGUAGE**
Mr. Typewriter, Ludner-Gliebe, S., J-A 96: 8-9
- ARABIC LITERATURE**
Tales in the 'hood: The Last Hakawati, Aziz, B., J-F 96: 12-17
- ARABS—SOCIAL LIFE AND CUSTOMS**
Fishawi's Café: Two Centuries of Tea, Ghalwash, M. with Martin, J., S-O 96: 2-7

- Tales in the 'hood: The Last Hakawati*, Aziz, B., J-F 96: 12-17
- ARCHEOLOGY AND ARCHEOLOGISTS**
The Discovery of Gilgamesh, Grutz, J., M-J 96: 27
- ARCHITECTURE**
The Dome and the Grid: Mosques of New York City, Dodds, J., N-D 96: 30-41
Mansions on the Water: The Yalis of Istanbul, Hellier, C., M-A 96: 34-41
Pulling Together, Hansen, E., J-A 96: 10-15
A Tradition of Diversity: Mosques of Côte d'Ivoire, Cecil, C., J-F 96: 32-35
- ART**
Jordan's House of the Arts, Ajami, J., J-A 96: 2-9
The Nomad Route, Lawton, J., S-O 96: 8-19
Talent to Spare, White, L., S-O 96: 36-37
- ASHOUR**, Radwa
Radwa Ashour: Choosing a Turbulent Century, Fernea, E., M-J 96: 31
Rooms of Their Own, Fernea, E., M-J 96: 28-31
- ASSYRIA**
The Discovery of Gilgamesh, Grutz, J., M-J 96: 27
Zeman's Gilgamesh, Grutz, J., M-J 96: 18-26
- AWARDS**
Radwa Ashour: Choosing a Turbulent Century, Fernea, E., M-J 96: 31
Rooms of Their Own, Fernea, E., M-J 96: 28-31

B

- BABYLON**
The Discovery of Gilgamesh, Grutz, J., M-J 96: 27
- BAHRAIN**
Taking Stock, Martin, J., J-F 96: 2-11
- BALPINAR**, Belkis
Old Ways, New Warps, Erkanat, J., J-F 96: 28-31
- BELKAHIA**, Farid
Jordan's House of the Arts, Ajami, J., J-A 96: 2-9
- BERBERS**
Nights With Fires and Drums, Werner, L., J-A 96: 24-27

C

- BOOK EXCERPTS AND REVIEWS**
Suggestions for Reading, Doughty, D., M-A 96: 24-25
- BOOKS**
Radwa Ashour: Choosing a Turbulent Century, Fernea, E., M-J 96: 31
Rooms of Their Own, Fernea, E., M-J 96: 28-31
Zeman's Gilgamesh, Grutz, J., M-J 96: 18-26
- BOSPORUS**, Turkey
Mansions on the Water: The Yalis of Istanbul, Hellier, C., M-A 96: 34-41
- BOULLATA**, Kamal
Jordan's House of the Arts, Ajami, J., J-A 96: 2-9
- BOWLES**, Paul
Nights With Fires and Drums, Werner, L., J-A 96: 24-27
- BYZANTINE EMPIRE**
Constantinople's Volcanic Twilight, Simarski, L., N-D 96: 8-13
- CAFÉS AND COFFEEHOUSES**
Fishawi's Café: Two Centuries of Tea, Ghalwash, M. with Martin, J., S-O 96: 2-7
Tales in the 'hood: The Last Hakawati, Aziz, B., J-F 96: 12-17
- CAIRO**, Egypt
Cairo: Inside the Megacity, Doughty, D., M-A 96: 2-13
Fishawi's Café: Two Centuries of Tea, Ghalwash, M. with Martin, J., S-O 96: 2-7
- CARPETS**
Old Ways, New Warps, Erkanat, J., J-F 96: 28-31
- CENTRAL ASIA**
Manas at 1000: The Rebirth of Kyrgyzstan, Wasilewska, E., M-J 96: 6-13
The Nomad Route, Lawton, J., S-O 96: 8-19
- CITIES**
Cairo: Inside the Megacity, Doughty, D., M-A 96: 2-13
The Dome and the Grid: Mosques of New York City, Dodds, J., N-D 96: 30-41
Mansions on the Water: The Yalis of Istanbul, Hellier, C., M-A 96: 34-41

- CLIMATE**
Constantinople's Volcanic Twilight, Simarski, L., N-D 96: 8-13
- COFFEE**
Fishawi's Café: Two Centuries of Tea, Ghalwash, M. with Martin, J., S-O 96: 2-7
- COMORO ISLANDS**
The Islands of the Moon, Gould, L., J-A 96: 28-41
Scent of the Past, Gould, L., J-A 96: 36
- COMPUTERS**
The Digital Middle East, Azar, G., N-D 96: 2-7
- CONSTANTINOPOLE**
Constantinople's Volcanic Twilight, Simarski, L., N-D 96: 8-13.
See also ISTANBUL
- COOKING**
Culinary Reconnaissance: Indonesia, Koene, A., J-F 96: 18-28
- CÔTE D'IVOIRE**
A Tradition of Diversity: Mosques of Côte d'Ivoire, Cecil, C., J-F 96: 32-35
- CRAFTS**
The Dye That Binds, Stone, C., S-O 96: 38-45
- CRUSADES AND CRUSADERS**
Sultan of Egypt and Syria, Sterner, M., M-A 96: 16-23

D

- DA VINCI**, Leonardo
Arabs, Almonds, Sugar and Toledo, Eigeland, T., M-J 96: 32-41
- DAMASCUS**, Syria
Tales in the 'hood: The Last Hakawati, Aziz, B., J-F 96: 12-17
- DARAT AL-FUNUN**, Amman
Jordan's House of the Arts, Ajami, J., J-A 96: 2-9
- DIVING**
Swims With Sharks, Bjurström, E., M-A 96: 26-33
- DOME OF THE ROCK**, Jerusalem
The Dome of the Rock: Jerusalem's Epicenter, Khalidi, W., S-O 96: 20-35
- DUBAI**, United Arab Emirates
Racing Full Circle, Flake, C., J-A 96: 16-23
- DYES AND DYESTUFFS**
The Dye That Binds, Stone, C., S-O 96: 38-45

E

- ECONOMICS**
Taking Stock, Martin, J., J-F 96: 2-11
- EDUCATION**
Heartistry, Azar, G., M-A 96: 14-15
- EGYPT**
Cairo: Inside the Megacity, Doughty, D., M-A 96: 2-13
Fishawi's Café: Two Centuries of Tea, Ghalwash, M. with Martin, J., S-O 96: 2-7
Sultan of Egypt and Syria, Sterner, M., M-A 96: 16-23
Taking Stock, Martin, J., J-F 96: 2-11
- ERITREA**
Forging Plowshares in Eritrea, Werner, L., N-D 96: 14-27
- ETHNOMUSICOLOGY**
Nights With Fires and Drums, Werner, L., J-A 96: 24-27

F

- FAIRS**
Rooms of Their Own, Fernea, E., M-J 96: 28-31
- FESTIVALS**
A Heritage Without Boundaries, Campbell, K., M-J 96: 2-5
- FISH AND FISHING**
Swims With Sharks, Bjurström, E., M-A 96: 26-33
- FOOD**
Arabs, Almonds, Sugar and Toledo, Eigeland, T., M-J 96: 32-41
Culinary Reconnaissance: Indonesia, Koene, A., J-F 96: 18-28
- FRANCE**
The Islands of the Moon, Gould, L., J-A 96: 28-41
- FRUITS AND VEGETABLES**
Culinary Reconnaissance: Indonesia, Koene, A., J-F 96: 18-28

DAVID H. WELLS

G

- GARDNER**, John
Zeman's Gilgamesh, Grutz, J., M-J 96: 18-26
- GENGHIS KHAN**
The Nomad Route, Lawton, J., S-O 96: 8-19
- GIBRAN**, Kahlil (1922-)
Talent to Spare, White, L., S-O 96: 36-37
- GILGAMESH, EPIC OF**
The Discovery of Gilgamesh, Grutz, J., M-J 96: 27
Zeman's Gilgamesh, Grutz, J., M-J 96: 18-26

H

- HADI**, Halim Mahdi
Jordan's House of the Arts, Ajami, J., J-A 96: 2-9
- HANNA**, Elias S., Dr.
Heartistry, Azar, G., M-A 96: 14-15
- HATTIN**, Palestine
Sultan of Egypt and Syria, Sterner, M., M-A 96: 16-23
- HORSES, THOROUGHBRED**
Racing Full Circle, Flake, C., J-A 96: 16-23

I

- ILLUSTRATIONS**
Zeman's Gilgamesh, Grutz, J., M-J 96: 18-26
- INDIA**
The Dye That Binds, Stone, C., S-O 96: 38-45
- INDIAN OCEAN**
The Islands of the Moon, Gould, L., J-A 96: 28-41
- INDONESIA**
Culinary Reconnaissance: Indonesia, Koene, A., J-F 96: 18-28
- INDUSTRY**
The Dye That Binds, Stone, C., S-O 96: 38-45
- INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY**
The Digital Middle East, Azar, G., N-D 96: 2-7
- ISLAM**
The Dome and the Grid: Mosques of New York City, Dodds, J., N-D 96: 30-41
The Dome of the Rock: Jerusalem's Epicenter, Khalidi, W., S-O 96: 20-35
Forging Plowshares in Eritrea, Werner, L., N-D 96: 14-27
Pulling Together, Hansen, E., J-A 96: 10-15
A Tradition of Diversity: Mosques of Côte d'Ivoire, Cecil, C., J-F 96: 32-35
- ISRA'** *see* NOCTURNAL JOURNEY
- ISTANBUL**, Turkey
Mansions on the Water: The Yalis of Istanbul, Hellier, C., M-A 96: 34-41

J

- JAKARTA**, Indonesia
Culinary Reconnaissance: Indonesia, Koene, A., J-F 96: 18-28
- JERUSALEM**
The Dome of the Rock: Jerusalem's Epicenter, Khalidi, W., S-O 96: 20-35
Sultan of Egypt and Syria, Sterner, M., M-A 96: 16-23
- JORDAN**
Jordan's House of the Arts, Ajami, J., J-A 96: 2-9
Taking Stock, Martin, J., J-F 96: 2-11

K

- KHREIS**, Khaled
Jordan's House of the Arts, Ajami, J., J-A 96: 2-9
- KYRGYZSTAN**
Manas at 1000: The Rebirth of Kyrgyzstan, Wasilewska, E., M-J 96: 6-13

L

- LAYARD**, Austin Henry
The Discovery of Gilgamesh, Grutz, J., M-J 96: 27
- LITERATURE**
The Discovery of Gilgamesh, Grutz, J., M-J 96: 27
Manas at 1000: The Rebirth of Kyrgyzstan, Wasilewska, E., M-J 96: 6-13

- Radwa Ashour: Choosing a Turbulent Century*, Fernea, E., M-J 96: 31
Rooms of Their Own, Fernea, E., M-J 96: 28-31
Tales in the 'hood: The Last Hakawati, Aziz, B., J-F 96: 12-17
Zeman's Gilgamesh, Grutz, J., M-J 96: 18-26

M

- MALAYSIA**
Pulling Together, Hansen, E., J-A 96: 10-15
- MANAS, EPIC OF**
Manas at 1000: The Rebirth of Kyrgyzstan, Wasilewska, E., M-J 96: 6-13
- MARZIPAN**
Arabs, Almonds, Sugar and Toledo, Eigeland, T., M-J 96: 32-41
- MEDICINE**
Heartistry, Azar, G., M-A 96: 14-15
- MEHMET II**, Ottoman Sultan
Constantinople's Volcanic Twilight, Simarski, L., N-D 96: 8-13
- MESOPOTAMIA**
The Discovery of Gilgamesh, Grutz, J., M-J 96: 27
Zeman's Gilgamesh, Grutz, J., M-J 96: 18-26
- MINANGKABAU**
Culinary Reconnaissance: Indonesia, Koene, A., J-F 96: 18-28
- MI'RAJ** *see* NOCTURNAL JOURNEY
- MONGOLIA AND MONGOLS**
The Nomad Route, Lawton, J., S-O 96: 8-19
- MOROCCO**
Nights With Fires and Drums, Werner, L., J-A 96: 24-27
Taking Stock, Martin, J., J-F 96: 2-11
- MOSQUES**
The Dome and the Grid: Mosques of New York City, Dodds, J., N-D 96: 30-41
Pulling Together, Hansen, E., J-A 96: 10-15
A Tradition of Diversity: Mosques of Côte d'Ivoire, Cecil, C., J-F 96: 32-35
- MOUNT MORIAH**, Jerusalem
The Dome of the Rock: Jerusalem's Epicenter, Khalidi, W., S-O 96: 20-35

- MOUSTAGANAMI**, Ahlam
Rooms of Their Own, Fernea, E., M-J 96: 28-31
- MUHAMMAD**, The Prophet
The Dome of the Rock: Jerusalem's Epicenter, Khalidi, W., S-O 96: 20-35
- MUSIC AND MUSICIANS**
A Heritage Without Boundaries, Campbell, K., M-J 96: 2-5
Nights With Fires and Drums, Werner, L., J-A 96: 24-27
- MUSLIMS**
Radio for Ramadan, Aitchison, C., M-J 96: 14-17
A Tradition of Diversity: Mosques of Côte d'Ivoire, Cecil, C., J-F 96: 32-35

N

- AL-NASSERI**, Bouthaina
Rooms of Their Own, Fernea, E., M-J 96: 28-31
- NEW YORK**, New York
The Dome and the Grid: Mosques of New York City, Dodds, J., N-D 96: 30-41
- NIMRUD**, Iraq
The Discovery of Gilgamesh, Grutz, J., M-J 96: 27
- NINEVEH**, Iraq
The Discovery of Gilgamesh, Grutz, J., M-J 96: 27
- NOCTURNAL JOURNEY**
The Dome of the Rock: Jerusalem's Epicenter, Khalidi, W., S-O 96: 20-35
- NOMADS**
Manas at 1000: The Rebirth of Kyrgyzstan, Wasilewska, E., M-J 96: 6-13
The Nomad Route, Lawton, J., S-O 96: 8-19

O

- OLYMPIC GAMES**
A Ray of Light in Atlanta, Strubbe, B., N-D 96: 28-29
- OTTOMAN EMPIRE**
Constantinople's Volcanic Twilight, Simarski, L., N-D 96: 8-13
Mansions on the Water: The Yalis of Istanbul, Hellier, C., M-A 96: 34-41

AGENCIES & INSTITUTIONS

- ALLSPORT**, Pacific Palisades, CA
A Ray of Light in Atlanta, N-D 96: 28-29
- BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE DE FRANCE**, Paris
Constantinople's Volcanic Twilight, N-D 96: 8-13
- BRITISH MUSEUM**, London
The Discovery of Gilgamesh, M-J 96: 27
Zeman's Gilgamesh, M-J 96: 18-26
- DARAT AL-FUNUN**, Amman
Jordan's House of the Arts, J-A 96: 2-9
- ECCO PRESS**, Hopewell, NJ
Nights With Fires and Drums, J-A 96: 24-27
- HAWAII INSTITUTE OF GEOPHYSICS AND PLANETOLOGY**, Honolulu
Constantinople's Volcanic Twilight, N-D 96: 8-13
- INNER MONGOLIA MUSEUM**, Huhehaote
The Nomad Route, S-O 96: 8-19
- MUSÉE DU LOUVRE**, Paris
Zeman's Gilgamesh, M-J 96: 18-26
- NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY**
The Nomad Route, S-O 96: 8-19
- ORDOS MUSEUM**, Dongsheng
The Nomad Route, S-O 96: 8-19
- TEXAS, UNIVERSITY OF, RANSOM CENTER**, Austin
Nights With Fires and Drums, J-A 96: 24-27
- ZHELIMU LEAGUE MUSEUM**
The Nomad Route, S-O 96: 8-19

- HIRSCH, UDO**
Old Ways, New Warps, J-F 96: 28-31
- HORENSTEIN, HENRY**
Racing Full Circle, J-A 96: 16-23
- LITT, T.L.**
Mr. Typewriter, J-A 96: 8-9
- LYONS, BILL**
Jordan's House of the Arts, J-A 96: 2-9
- MELODY, DAVID**
Nights With Fires and Drums, J-A 96: 24-27
- PERLMAN, ILENE**
The Dye That Binds, S-O 96: 38-45
The Islands of the Moon, J-A 96: 28-41
Scent of the Past, J-A 96: 36
Talent to Spare, S-O 96: 36-37
- SANDERS, PETER**
The Dome of the Rock: Jerusalem's Epicenter, S-O 96: 20-35
- SCOTT, BRADLEY J.**
Constantinople's Volcanic Twilight, N-D 96: 8-13
- SPALENY, LINDA**
Zeman's Gilgamesh, M-J 96: 18-26
- TÖLEGEN, AKADUR**
Old Ways, New Warps, J-F 96: 28-31
- WELLS, DAVID H.**
The Dome of the Rock: Jerusalem's Epicenter, S-O 96: 20-35
A Heritage Without Boundaries, M-J 96: 2-5
- WHEELER, NIK**
The Nomad Route, S-O 96: 8-19

ILLUSTRATORS

- GRIMSDALE, MICHAEL**
Constantinople's Volcanic Twilight, N-D 96: 8-13
Sultan of Egypt and Syria, M-A 96: 16-23
- HARDY, JOHN**
Constantinople's Volcanic Twilight, N-D 96: 8-13
- MacDONALD, NORMAN**
Taking Stock, J-F 96: 2-11
- McNEFF, TOM**
The Dome of the Rock: Jerusalem's Epicenter, S-O 96: 20-35
- ZEMAN, LUDMILA**
Zeman's Gilgamesh, M-J 96: 18-26



- GRUTZ, JANE WALDRON**
The Discovery of Gilgamesh, M-J 96: 27
Zeman's Gilgamesh, M-J 96: 18-26
- HANSEN, ERIC**
Pulling Together, J-A 96: 10-15
- HELLIER, CHRIS**
Mansions on the Water: The Yalis of Istanbul, M-A 96: 34-41
- KHALIDI, WALID**
The Dome of the Rock: Jerusalem's Epicenter, S-O 96: 20-35
- KOENE, ADA HENNE**
Culinary Reconnaissance: Indonesia, J-F 96: 18-28
- LAWTON, JOHN**
The Nomad Route, S-O 96: 8-19
- LUDNER-GLIEBE, SUSAN**
Mr. Typewriter, J-A 96: 8-9
- MARTIN, JOSH**
Fishawi's Café: Two Centuries of Tea, S-O 96: 2-7
Taking Stock, J-F 96: 2-11
- SIMARSKI, LYNN TEO**
Constantinople's Volcanic Twilight, N-D 96: 8-13
- STERNER, MICHAEL**
Sultan of Egypt and Syria, M-A 96: 16-23
- STONE, CAROLINE**
The Dye That Binds, S-O 96: 38-45
- STRUBBE, BILL**
A Ray of Light in Atlanta, N-D 96: 28-29
- WASILEWSKA, EWA**
Manas at 1000: The Rebirth of Kyrgyzstan, M-J 96: 6-13
- WERNER, LOUIS**
Forging Plowshares in Eritrea, N-D 96: 14-27
Nights With Fires and Drums, J-A 96: 24-27
- WHITE, LAURA**
Talent to Spare, S-O 96: 36-37

PHOTOGRAPHERS

- AZAR, GEORGE BARAMKI**
Heartistry, M-A 96: 14-15
Tales in the 'hood: The Last Hakawati, J-F 96: 12-17
- BALPINAR, BELKIS**
Old Ways, New Warps, J-F 96: 28-31
- BJURSTRÖM, ERIK**
Swims With Sharks, M-A 96: 26-33
- BRUIJN, BRYNN**
Culinary Reconnaissance: Indonesia, J-F 96: 18-28
- ÇAĞATAY, ERGUN**
Old Ways, New Warps, J-F 96: 28-31
- CECIL, CHARLES O.**
A Tradition of Diversity: Mosques of Côte d'Ivoire, J-F 96: 32-35
- CHITTOCK, LORRAINE**
Fishawi's Café: Two Centuries of Tea, S-O 96: 2-7
Forging Plowshares in Eritrea, N-D 96: 14-27
- CIVA, CENGIZ**
Old Ways, New Warps, J-F 96: 28-31
- DAWSON, JOHN**
Forging Plowshares in Eritrea, N-D 96: 14-27
- DOUGHTY, DICK**
Cairo: Inside the Megacity, M-A 96: 2-13
- DREYFUSS, HERMINE**
Manas at 1000: The Rebirth of Kyrgyzstan, M-J 96: 6-13
- DUFFY, TONY**
A Ray of Light in Atlanta, N-D 96: 28-29
- EIGELAND, TOR**
Arabs, Almonds, Sugar and Toledo, M-J 96: 32-41
- FRIEND, MELANIE**
Radio for Ramadan, M-J 96: 14-17
- GRAZDA, ED**
The Dome and the Grid: Mosques of New York City, N-D 96: 30-41
- HANSEN, ERIC**
Pulling Together, J-A 96: 10-15
- HARTWELL, THOMAS**
Rooms of Their Own, M-J 96: 28-31
- HELLIER, CHRIS**
Mansions on the Water: The Yalis of Istanbul, M-A 96: 34-41
- HEWITT, MIKE**
A Ray of Light in Atlanta, N-D 96: 28-29

NORMAN MACDONALD

- In the Steppes of Genghis Khan [The Nomad Route]*, Lawton, J., S-O 96: 8
- The Islands of the Moon*, Gould, L., J-A 96: 28
- Jerusalem's Epicenter [The Dome of the Rock]*, Khalidi, W., S-O 96: 20
- Jordan's House of the Arts*, Ajami, J., J-A 96: 2
- The Last Hakawati [Tales in the 'hood]*, Aziz, B., J-F 96: 12
- Manas at 1000: The Rebirth of Kyrgyzstan*, Wasilewska, E., M-J 96: 6
- Rooms of Their Own*, Fernea, E., M-J 96: 28
- Mansions on the Water: The Yalis of Istanbul*, Hellier, C., M-A 96: 34
- Mosques of Côte d'Ivoire [A Tradition of Diversity]*, Cecil, C., J-F 96: 32
- Mosques of New York City [The Dome and the Grid]*, Dodds, J., N-D 96: 30
- Mr. Typewriter*, Ludmer-Gliebe, S., J-A 96: 8
- Nights With Fires and Drums: Paul Bowles and Morocco*, Werner, L., J-A 96: 24
- The Nomad Route: In the Steppes of Genghis Khan*, Lawton, J., S-O 96: 8
- Old Ways, New Warps*, Erkanat, J., J-F 96: 28
- Paul Bowles and Morocco [Nights With Fires and Drums]*, Werner, L., J-A 96: 24
- Pulling Together*, Hansen, E., J-A 96: 10
- Racing Full Circle*, Flake, C., J-A 96: 16
- Radio for Ramadan*, Aitchison, C., M-J 96: 14
- Radwa Ashour: Choosing a Turbulent Century*, Fernea, E., M-J 96: 31
- A Ray of Light in Atlanta*, Strubbe, B., N-D 96: 28
- The Rebirth of Kyrgyzstan [Manas at 1000]*, Wasilewska, E., M-J 96: 6
- Selections for Reading*, Doughty, D., M-A 96: 24
- Scent of the Past*, Gould, L., J-A 96: 36
- Sultan of Egypt and Syria*, Sterner, M., M-A 96: 16
- Swims With Sharks*, Bjurström, E., M-A 96: 26
- Taking Stock*, Martin, J., J-F 96: 2
- Talent to Spare*, White, L., S-O 96: 36
- Tales in the 'hood: The Last Hakawati*, Aziz, B., J-F 96: 12
- A Tradition of Diversity: Mosques of Côte d'Ivoire*, Cecil, C., J-F 96: 32
- Two Centuries of Tea [Fishawi's Café]*, Ghalwash, M. with Martin, J., S-O 96: 2
- The Yalis of Istanbul [Mansions on the Water]*, Hellier, C., M-A 96: 34
- Zeman's Gilgamesh*, Grutz, J., M-J 96: 18

AUTHORS

- AITCHISON, CATHY**
Radio for Ramadan, M-J 96: 14-17
- AJAMI, JOCELYN**
Jordan's House of the Arts, J-A 96: 2-9
- AZAR, GEORGE BARAMKI**
The Digital Middle East, N-D 96: 2-7
Heartistry, M-A 96: 14-15
- AZIZ, BARBARA NIMRI**
Tales in the 'hood: The Last Hakawati, J-F 96: 12-17
- BJURSTRÖM, ERIK**
Swims With Sharks, M-A 96: 26-33
- CAMPBELL, KAY HARDY**
A Heritage Without Boundaries, M-J 96: 2-5
- CECIL, CHARLES O.**
A Tradition of Diversity: Mosques of Côte d'Ivoire, J-F 96: 32-35
- DODDS, JERRILYN D.**
The Dome and the Grid: Mosques of New York City, N-D 96: 30-41
- DOUGHTY, DICK**
Cairo: Inside the Megacity, M-A 96: 2-13
Suggestions for Reading, M-A 96: 24-25
- EIGELAND, TOR**
Arabs, Almonds, Sugar and Toledo, M-J 96: 32-41
- ERKANAT, JUDY**
Old Ways, New Warps, J-F 96: 28-31
- FERNEA, ELIZABETH WARNOCK**
Radwa Ashour: Choosing a Turbulent Century, M-J 96: 31
Rooms of Their Own, M-J 96: 28-31
- FLAKE, CAROL**
Racing Full Circle, J-A 96: 16-23
- GHALWASH, MAY**
Fishawi's Café: Two Centuries of Tea, S-O 96: 2-7
- GOULD, LARK ELLEN**
The Islands of the Moon, J-A 96: 28-41
Scent of the Past, J-A 96: 36

TITLES

- Arabs, Almonds, Sugar and Toledo*, Eigeland, T., 32-41
- Cairo: Inside the Megacity*, Doughty, D., M-A 96: 13
- Choosing a Turbulent Century [Radwa Ashour]*, Fernea, E., M-J 96: 31
- Constantinople's Volcanic Twilight*, Simarski, L., N-D 96: 8
- Culinary Reconnaissance: Indonesia*, Koene, A., J-F 96: 18
- The Digital Middle East*, Azar, G., N-D 96: 2
- The Discovery of Gilgamesh*, Grutz, J., M-J 96: 27
- The Dome and the Grid: Mosques of New York City*, Dodds, J., N-D 96: 30
- The Dome of the Rock: Jerusalem's Epicenter*, Khalidi, W., S-O 96: 20
- The Dye That Binds*, Stone, C., S-O 96: 38
- Fishawi's Café: Two Centuries of Tea*, Ghalwash, M. with Martin, J., S-O 96: 2
- Forging Plowshares in Eritrea*, Werner, L., N-D 96: 14
- Heartistry*, Azar, G., M-A 96: 14
- A Heritage Without Boundaries*, Campbell, K., M-J 96: 2
- Indonesia [Culinary Reconnaissance]*, Koene, A., J-F 96: 18
- Inside the Megacity [Cairo]*, Doughty, D., M-A 96: 13

- TOLEDO, Spain**
Arabs, Almonds, Sugar and Toledo, Eigeland, T., M-J 96: 32-41
- TRADE**
The Dye That Binds, Stone, C., S-O 96: 38-45
The Islands of the Moon, Gould, L., J-A 96: 28-41
The Nomad Route, Lawton, J., S-O 96: 8-19
Scent of the Past, Gould, L., J-A 96: 36
- TURKEY**
Mansions on the Water: The Yalis of Istanbul, Hellier, C., M-A 96: 34-41
Old Ways, New Warps, Erkanat, J., J-F 96: 28-31
- TURKIC PEOPLES**
Manas at 1000: The Rebirth of Kyrgyzstan, Wasilewska, E., M-J 96: 6-13
- TYPEWRITERS**
Mr. Typewriter, Ludner-Gliebe, S., J-A 96: 8-9
- TYTELL, Martin**
Mr. Typewriter, Ludner-Gliebe, S., J-A 96: 8-9

U

- U.S.A.**
The Dome and the Grid: Mosques of New York City, Dodds, J., N-D 96: 30-41
- UNITED ARAB EMIRATES**
Racing Full Circle, Flake, C., J-A 96: 16-23
- UNITED KINGDOM**
Radio for Ramadan, Aitchison, C., M-J 96: 14-17
- URBAN PLANNING**
Cairo: Inside the Megacity, Doughty, D., M-A 96: 2-13

V

- VOLCANOES**
Constantinople's Volcanic Twilight, Simarski, L., N-D 96: 8-13
- WEAVING**
Old Ways, New Warps, Erkanat, J., J-F 96: 28-31
- WOMEN**
Rooms of Their Own, Fernea, E., M-J 96: 28-31

Y

- YLANG-YLANG**
Scent of the Past, Gould, L., J-A 96: 36
- YOGYAKARTA, Indonesia**
Culinary Reconnaissance: Indonesia, Koene, A., J-F 96: 18-28
- ZEMAN, Ludmila**
Zeman's Gilgamesh, Grutz, J., M-J 96: 18-26
- ZUREIQ, Afaf**
Jordan's House of the Arts, Ajami, J., J-A 96: 2-9

P

- PALESTINE AND PALESTINIANS**
The Dome of the Rock: Jerusalem's Epicenter, Khalidi, W., S-O 96: 20-35
- PERFUME**
Scent of the Past, Gould, L., J-A 96: 36
- PERSONALITIES**
Heartistry, Azar, G., M-A 96: 14-15 (Dr. Elias S. Hanna)
A Heritage Without Boundaries, Campbell, K., M-J 96: 2-5 (Simon Shaheen)
Old Ways, New Warps, Erkanat, J., J-F 96: 28-31 (Belkis Balpinar)
Mr. Typewriter, Ludner-Gliebe, S., J-A 96: 8-9 (Martin Tytell)
A Ray of Light in Atlanta, Strubbe, B., N-D 96: 28-29 (Ghada Shouaa)
Talent to Spare, White, L., S-O 96: 36-37 (Kahlil Gibran)
Zeman's Gilgamesh, Grutz, J., M-J 96: 18-26 (Ludmila Zeman)

R

- RACING**
Racing Full Circle, Flake, C., J-A 96: 16-23
- RAMADAN**
Radio for Ramadan, Aitchison, C., M-J 96: 14-17
- RED SEA**
Swims With Sharks, Bjurström, E., M-A 96: 26-33

S

- AL-SAID, Shaker Hassan**
Jordan's House of the Arts, Ajami, J., J-A 96: 2-9
- SALAH AL-DIN YUSUF IBN AYYUB (SALADIN)**
Sultan of Egypt and Syria, Sterner, M., M-A 96: 16-23
- SHAHEEN, Simon**
A Heritage Without Boundaries, Campbell, K., M-J 96: 2-5
- SHARKS**
Swims With Sharks, Bjurström, E., M-A 96: 26-33
- AL-SHAWA, Laila**
Jordan's House of the Arts, Ajami, J., J-A 96: 2-9
- SHOUAA, Ghada**
A Ray of Light in Atlanta, Strubbe, B., N-D 96: 28-29

- SILK ROADS**
The Nomad Route, Lawton, J., S-O 96: 8-19
- SMITH, George**
The Discovery of Gilgamesh, Grutz, J., M-J 96: 27
- SPAIN AND SPANIARDS**
Arabs, Almonds, Sugar and Toledo, Eigeland, T., M-J 96: 32-41
- SPICES**
Culinary Reconnaissance: Indonesia, Koene, A., J-F 96: 18-28
- SPORTS**
A Ray of Light in Atlanta, Strubbe, B., N-D 96: 28-29
- STEPPES**
The Nomad Route, Lawton, J., S-O 96: 8-19
- STOCK MARKETS**
Taking Stock, Martin, J., J-F 96: 2-11
- STORYTELLERS**
Tales in the 'hood: The Last Hakawati, Aziz, B., J-F 96: 12-17
- SYRIA**
A Ray of Light in Atlanta, Strubbe, B., N-D 96: 28-29
Sultan of Egypt and Syria, Sterner, M., M-A 96: 16-23
Tales in the 'hood: The Last Hakawati, Aziz, B., J-F 96: 12-17

T

- TABBAA, Samer**
Jordan's House of the Arts, Ajami, J., J-A 96: 2-9
- TEA**
Fishawi's Café: Two Centuries of Tea, Ghalwash, M. with Martin, J., S-O 96: 2-7
- TELECOMMUNICATIONS**
The Digital Middle East, Azar, G., N-D 96: 2-7
Radio for Ramadan, Aitchison, C., M-J 96: 14-17
- TEMPLE MOUNT, Jerusalem** see **MOUNT MORIAH**
- TEXTILES**
The Dye That Binds, Stone, C., S-O 96: 38-45
Old Ways, New Warps, Erkanat, J., J-F 96: 28-31

Events & Exhibitions

Teaching About the Arab World and Islam is the theme of teacher workshops cosponsored by the Middle East Policy Council in Washington, D.C., and conducted by AWAIR, Arab World And Islamic Resources and School Services of Berkeley, California. Confirmed sites and dates include: **Northampton, Massachusetts**, February 6; **Miami, Florida**, February 8; **Starkville, Mississippi**, February 10; **Rockaway, New Jersey**, February 25; **Bridgewater, Massachusetts**, March 1; **Worcester, Massachusetts**, March 8; **Allendale, Michigan**, March 15. For details, call (202) 296-6767 or (510) 704-0517.

The Model League of Arab States is a leadership development program, sponsored by the National Council on US-Arab Relations of Washington, D.C., that challenges high-school and university students to deal with real-world issues of diplomacy and problem-solving. Sites and opening dates for each three-day session include Calvin College, **Grand Rapids, Michigan**, February 27; Northeastern University, **Boston**, March 6; Metro State College of **Denver**, March 6; Hueston Woods Resort, **Oxford, Ohio**, March 13; **Savannah [Georgia]** Technical Institute, March 20; St. Martin's College, **Lacey, Washington**, March 27; University of **California, Berkeley**, March 27; University of Southern California at **Los Angeles**, March 27; Georgetown Holiday Inn, **Washington, D.C.**, April 2; Southwest Texas State University, **San Marcos**, April 10; Northwestern College, **Orange City, Iowa**, April 17; University of **Montana, Missoula**, April 24.

Treasures of the San Diego displays the contents of a Spanish galleon sunk by the Dutch in the Philippines in 1600 when the Spanish governor was fighting Muslims in the south. Stoneware and Ming porcelain, navigational instruments, arms, jewelry and cutlery give a picture of the trade and private life of the time. Philippine Consulate, **New York**, through February 28.

Faces of Ancient Egypt examines how Egyptians' representations of themselves and others changed with time. Smart Museum, University of **Chicago**, through March 9.

Art and Empire: Treasures from Assyria in the British Museum displays one of the finest collections of Assyrian art for the first time in Australia. National Gallery of Victoria, **Melbourne**, through March 10.

The Glory of Byzantium highlights the middle period of the Byzantine Empire (9th–13th centuries) with works that had profound influence on regions from Western Europe to the Middle East and the Caucasus. Metropolitan Museum of Art, **New York**, from March 18 through July 6.

Indian Court Painting: 16th–19th Centuries. Marking the 50th anniversary of Indian independence, the exhibit traces the interconnections among diverse traditions across the subcontinent. Metropolitan Museum of Art, **New York**, from March 25 through July 6.

Splendors of Ancient Egypt displays 200 pieces on loan from the Pelizaeus Museum to give a panoramic view of 4500 years of pharaonic history. Museum of Fine Arts, **Houston**, through March 30.

Art of the Persian Courts uses more than 100 paintings, manuscripts and calligraphic works from the 14th to 19th centuries to explore the spread of Persian culture across the Middle East and Asia. Sackler Gallery, **Washington**, through April 6.

Preserving Ancient Statues from Jordan displays eight plaster statues dating from the seventh millennium BC along with documentation of their conservation process. Sackler Gallery, **Washington**, through April 6.

Discovery and Deceit: Archaeology and the Forger's Craft juxtaposes authentic ancient art with forgeries to demonstrate how scholars distinguish between the two. Carlos Museum, **Atlanta**, through May 18.

Following the Stars: Images of the Zodiac in Islamic Art presents the 12 signs of the zodiac, along with the eight known planets, on metalwork, pottery and in manuscripts dating from the 12th to the 17th century. Metropolitan Museum of Art, **New York**, through August 31.

Ancient Mesopotamia: The Royal Tombs of Ur tells the story of the excavations at Ur, in present-day Iraq, and displays artifacts from the renowned Royal Cemetery collection. University of **Pennsylvania** Museum, **Philadelphia**, through Fall.

Coins of Alexander the Great opens another window on the legacy of the fourth-century BC conqueror through the products of mints in the eastern Mediterranean and Middle East. Sackler Museum, **Cambridge, Massachusetts**, ongoing.

Facing Eternity: Mummy Masks from Ancient Egypt displays artifacts of both wood and cartonnage from the Old Kingdom to the Roman era. Museum of Fine Arts, **Boston**, ongoing.

Galleries of African, Asian and Pacific Art include 450 works from ancient Egypt in a seven-gallery installation. Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, permanent.

Ivories From the Ancient Near East. Nine ivories from Samaria and Nimrud provide the focus for this exploration of the role of ivory carving in the region. Sackler Museum, **Cambridge, Massachusetts**, indefinitely.

Metalwork and Ceramics From Ancient Iran. An exploration of technical and aesthetic similarities between metal and clay artifacts created in western Iran from 2300–100 BC. Sackler Gallery, **Washington**, indefinitely.

New Museum of the Coinage of Cyprus. The history of the island through the numismatist's eyes. **Nicosia**, permanent.

The Royal Mummies displays 11 historically significant mummies that have been in storage since 1980. Egyptian Museum, **Cairo**, permanent.

Window to the World Museum offers a guided tour of artifacts of daily life from more than 100 countries, collected by Sue Koenig, a former teacher for Saudi Aramco. **Hot Springs, Arkansas**. For information call (501) 623-4615.

The Saudi Aramco Exhibit. Centered on the Arab-Islamic technical heritage, this permanent interactive, "learn-by-doing" scientific exhibit presents the historical scientific and cultural background of modern-day petroleum exploration, production and transportation. **Dhahran, Saudi Arabia**.

Information is correct at press time, but please reconfirm dates and times before traveling. Readers are welcome to submit information for possible inclusion in this listing.

ARAMCO WORLD BINDERS

Notebook-style binders specially made to hold 12 issues of *Aramco World* are available at \$35 a pair (including US shipping and handling) from AWAIR, 2095 Rose St., Berkeley, CA 94709. California orders add sales tax; foreign orders add \$10 per pair. Make checks payable to "Binders"; allow eight weeks for delivery.



Marble head of Alexander, late fourth century BC.

Alexander the Great: The Exhibition unites two major European shows, **Macedonians: The Northern Greeks**, organized by the Greek Ministry of Culture, and **Alexander the Great: History and Legend**, organized by the Fondazione Memmo of Rome. The resulting 14-gallery, 500-artifact blockbuster is the most encyclopedic treatment to date of the man whose conquests in the fourth century BC have influenced cultures from Iceland to China until the present day. Marbles, mosaics, jewelry, horse trappings, weaponry and more—all on loan from 53 collections around the world—"create a vicarious experience of lands in which the hero lived and through which he campaigned," says James E. Broughton, executive director of the two-year-old Florida International Museum. The topically arranged galleries also offer personal background, explanations of battle tactics and a wealth of detail on such subjects as how Alexander maintained supply lines for an intercontinental army that required 115 tons of grain each day for men and animals. **St. Petersburg**, through March 31.

Aramco World (ISSN 1044-1891) is published bimonthly by Aramco Services Company, 9009 West Loop South, Houston, Texas 77096-1799. Copyright © 1997 by Aramco Services Company. Volume 48, Number 1. Periodicals-class postage paid at Houston, Texas and at additional mailing offices.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *Aramco World*, Box 469008, Escondido, CA 92046.

THE MUSEUM OF PELLA

