Family 'Opening' the Field

From Ethnographic Odds to Ethnographic Teamwork

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I had met Rubab[1] multiple times in the café, where she worked long hours. We used to talk when there were no customers to deal with, but for a detailed conversation, we decided to meet at my house on her only day off, i.e., Sunday. The afternoon was cloudy and presented with no sunshine to enjoy, but she still chose to sit outside.

"Our house [in Afghanistan] also had a little garden like this," she remarked.

1 All names used in this text are pseudonyms, based on various Afghan musical instruments.

It was only when the evening dawned upon us and started to make us feel cold that we chose to go and sit inside.

Just before she was set to depart, my mother came into the room with a little present for her. It was a small jewellery item, thinking that Rubab would like it. Exhibiting her usual concern – with which I am not at all unfamiliar – my mother added a pack of chips and biscuits to the package, since Rubab had not taken much with tea and was leaving without having had dinner with us. This was something rather unimportant for me in that moment; however, it acquired a great deal of significance because of the emotional worth that became associated with it.

Rubab was the only one from her family who migrated to Pakistan, in December 2021, with a group of her colleagues from Afghanistan. Her family (parents and siblings) moved to Iran a few weeks after her own migration. In those few hours we talked, she mostly discussed her family, including the many crucial and grim times they had gone through. Her voice remained steady throughout. At times, though, she struggled to find words – not because she was overwhelmed with emotions, I felt, but because she was talking in a foreign language, namely English, despite being fluent in it.

However, the pack of chips was what forced the tears to flood from her eyes. Hugging my mother, she cried uncontrollably; my mother wept, too! I was there, sitting next to Rubab, not knowing what to do in such a situation and for the most part just being a silent observer.

"My mother used to bring this for me whenever she went outside, because she knew I really liked it!" Rubab expressed while still crying and holding that pack of chips in her hands.

My mother responded consolingly.

"You are always welcome here; come whenever you desire."

My mother reminded Rubab of her own mother. I had an idea this may be the case, because, more than once, she had stated, "You are very lucky; your mother is with you."

The discussion with Rubab left me wondering if my understanding of the 'field' and the people constituting it could ever be complete and entirely wholesome without my family in it!

This vignette presents a glimpse into what I had never expected of my fieldwork – the active engagement of my family in the field, and then the field site eventually coming to include my home in it. As Stars et al. (2001:76) rightly noted, "To bring fieldwork and family together is a joy, if a refined and nuanced one." My 'partial sightedness'[2] served as the first and the foremost reason for my family getting involved in my ethnographic fieldwork. In their efforts to ensure that my impairment would not pose significant limitations and hinder the construction of ethnographic knowledge, my family played an active role throughout, thus enabling me to keep going, thanks to their multifaceted support in the field.

In ethnography, the field has been defined as "an almost random assemblage of sites that come into coherence through processes of fieldwork itself" (Ready 2009: 90) and "a thoroughly social network" (Middleton/Pradhan 2014: 363). In my ethnographic experience, my family significantly – if not equally – contributed to making and negotiating the field and in mobilising social networks. This subsequently opened new ethnographic possibilities for me, many of which I now intend to elucidate through this text.

Setting up the field

Peshawar is the administrative capital of the Khyber Pakhtunkhwa province in the north-western part of Pakistan. With the aim of conducting ethnographic research with Afghans in Pakistan, I selected this city as the primary site for fieldwork, based on two premises. First, Peshawar was close to the Pak-Afghan border crossing at Torkham, and second, a considerable number of Afghans had been residing there for decades. Up to that point, most of the involvement I expected of my

2 The use of 'partial sightedness' here is only to make it clear for the readers and/or listeners, based on the general understanding of the term. But in fact, for me, it refers to my ability to see as many others do not, despite my inability to see as many others can.

family in my research was to mobilise their social network(s) and to find suitable accommodation. This is in line with what other female anthropologists, who were unmarried at the time they conducted the ethnography, have (briefly) dwelled upon by mentioning their fathers accompanying them to the field. For instance, Lila Abu-Lughod's (2016 [1986]) father, who himself was an Arab (though not a Bedouin), understood the culture and society well and was the one to introduce her to the Bedouin community in Egypt. Later, she realised that his presence ensured respect for her in that society as a result of being accompanied by male kin. Something similar was noted by Vandana Chaudhry (2017), whose father accompanied her on fieldwork in India, to help her make initial arrangements. Based on her experience, she opined:

> I quickly realized that his presence in the field, even briefly, was commensurate with cultural norms of gender and familiarity. In the context of a patriarchal regional culture, having my father in the field established social boundaries of propriety and provided security for me to conduct my research (2017: 74).

In addition, I also sought the support of my family in finding a dependable companion for the fieldwork, keeping in view my personal limitations – based on my 'partial sightedness' – and the associated potential challenges related to orientation, navigation, and safe mobility in an unfamiliar space.

My initial plan was to stay for a couple of weeks with my family in Rawalpindi before starting fieldwork in Peshawar. All was set, but almost nothing went according to plan. Just a day after I landed in Pakistan, a suicide bomb explosion in a mosque in Peshawar during the Friday prayer on March 4, 2022, claimed over fifty-five lives and injured more than 190 worshippers. This was one of the first steps in taking me away from Peshawar. There is a history of police harassment towards Afghan refugees following terrorist incidents, particularly after the massacre in the Army Public School (APS) in Peshawar in 2014 (cf. Human Rights Watch 2015).

Considering that the number of undocumented Afghans residing in Pakistan had increased significantly after the Taliban came into power in August 2021 (Voice of America 2021; UNHCR Pakistan 2022), local informants told me that areas hosting a greater number of Afghans were under increased surveillance. Subsequently, I expected that doing ethnographic fieldwork in Peshawar might not turn out to be as productive as I had previously hoped, keeping in view the heightened insecurities and concerns of my prospective interlocutors. Simultaneously, during the first few weeks in the Twin Cities of Rawalpindi and Islamabad, where I intended to conduct only a few meetings with some official sources, I realised that the Afghan population had increased significantly,[3] as evidenced by their discernible presence in public places such as markets and parks. Despite not giving up hope for fieldwork in Peshawar, I actively started to explore the Twin Cities as the field site which allowed my family to become part of my fieldwork and the field also came to include my home in it.

Navigating the field with my parents

Both of my parents had already retired from service when I began my fieldwork in March 2022, and so they were readily available to facilitate me in my research. My father, a doctor by profession, worked in one of the biggest public hospitals in Rawalpindi for most of his career. My mother, on the other hand, primarily worked as a public education administrator. As such, both had a wide range of experience when it came to meeting people from all strata of society. Their involvement in my fieldwork was neither planned nor sudden; it was progressive. It

3 More than 73,000 individuals had been registered by the Society for Human Rights and Prisoners Aid (SHARP) office Islamabad by March 16, 2022 (number disclosed in personal communication), which is responsible for the reception of asylum seekers in the capital city and its adjoining/neighbouring areas/cities. See also, *UNHCR Operational Data Portal*, "*Afghans in Iran and Pakistan*" for updated data on Afghans in Pakistan.

began due to my mother's protective nature and her repeated concerns "*mujhay tasalli nahin hoti*" (I don't feel satisfied), followed by their somewhat evident motivation to address the practical challenges in the field so that my ethnography would not become a "broken" one characterised, according to Randol Contreras (2019: 2), by setbacks and obstacles, "or one that seemed impossible to finish – or get off the ground".

Trying to keep (field)work and family apart, I exhibited much reluctance in the beginning. During the initial months, with a few exceptions, it was only my father who often became a part of my research, as I usually went with him to meet my research partners. Despite my utmost longing, however, I could not be the 'lone ethnographer' and was to rely on another individual for safe navigation of the field. This led me to having a general feeling that I was received differently when accompanied by a non-related assistant[4] and when with any of my family members. Whether it was the intimacy of the relationship (i.e., a daughter accompanied by her parents) or their credentials that influenced behaviours, I was welcomed more warmly, respected and readily trusted when accompanied by one or both of my parents.

Many ethnographers, in addition to dwelling on the positives of going into the field with family – especially children – have also brought into the discussion a number of complications, such as lodging, logistics, caregiving and dealing with the tantrums and moods of children (cf. Starrs et al. 2001; Stobart 2020; Johnston 2015). Contrastingly, I found it convenient and less challenging, primarily because I was accompanied, in most cases, by one or both of my parents, who not only ensured my security and safety, but also made the environment light and open, owing to their amicable and sociable natures. Starting with the spirit of support, it became a matter of companionship – and clearly the field would not have opened the way it did for me if it were not for my parents.

4 In my research, non-related assistant refers to any individual who offered help to navigate the field, mostly by accompanying me to interviews, outside of my parents and sisters.

From reluctance to acceptance

During the first week of my fieldwork, in March 2022, I met Tambur, an official of a non-governmental organisation (NGO) that is also one of the implementation partners of the United Nations Refugee Agency (UNHCR) in Pakistan. Starting with a warm reception to leaving the office with a souvenir (a mug with the organisation's logo on it), the meeting of over an hour (in which my father also accompanied me) was very revealing for me. Largely remaining focused on the topic, it was only towards the end of the meeting that I no longer remained his addressee. He had assigned that role to my father, telling him about his parents, particularly his mother, and their role in his life, also in the form of their dreams for him and their prayers that kept him motivated to achieve those dreams. "He would not have shared this if you had not have been there," was my remark to my father on the way back home – an opinion he also supported.

It was only in June 2022, at an event organised by UNHCR on World Refugee Day, that I met Tambur again – this time, with both my parents. Quite interestingly, he shared the same information about his parents with my mother. "You are very lucky that both your parents are here with you," was one of the few sentences Tambur said directly to me. Having lost both his parents at an incredibly early age, he was referring to the support that my parents had extended to me to realise my research. I had so far been hesitant towards my parents accompanying me, particularly in formal settings, but it was from this point on that I settled on seeking no other assistance, and they formally became my research companions.

Engaged presence: Enablers or influencers?

My family became a valuable resource in establishing deeper relations in the field, fostering an environment that further enabled me to conduct my ethnographic fieldwork. I particularly owe my mother's presence extensive credit for allowing and aiding me to develop more accomplished relations in the field. Having met Ghichak, along with his wife

and children, multiple times in the protest being staged by the Afghan immigrants in Islamabad,[5] we decided to meet him at his house. He lived on the first floor, and the staircase had no railing on the side. Ghichak offered my mother his hand for support, saying, "You are just like my mother." In relation to this statement, I had become his sister by the time we departed, and he clearly expressed this sentiment while bidding us farewell – and with that, he shook hands with me.[6] In addition to addressing me as '*Menahil jaan*' (dear Menahil), he also started using the term '*khahar jaan*' (dear sister). From that day onwards, we maintained our fictive relationship, which owed its basis to my mother.

Correspondingly, it became very usual for my interlocutors to ask me about my parents, if they did not meet them with me, and resultantly asked me to convey their regards to them. The warmth and affection exhibited towards me by my family, also in the form of support, did not escape the notice of many of my interlocutors. Apart from the remarks such as "Your mother is very kind" and "Your father loves you a lot," their presence (including that of my sister), even if only for a few minutes, was sometimes enough to prompt a conversation about my research partners' loved ones, particularly those who were no longer with them.

In the café where Rubab worked, my sister accompanied me a few times to ensure that I arrived there without any trouble, following which she would leave and then return after a couple of hours for us to go back together. One day, while I was there, Tula, another of the staff members, asked me if my sister would be coming that day. When I informed her that she might arrive a bit later, Tula took a seat in front of me and started talking about her sisters in Afghanistan regarding their education and (unfulfilled) desires and dreams about their professions (one of

5 This protest, in front of the National Press Club, of the Afghan immigrants/ asylum seekers – most of whom migrated to Pakistan after the Taliban took charge of the country's affairs in August 2021 – started as a sit-in in April 2022, with the slogan "Kill Us". Over time, the protestors divided into three groups: 'Kill Us', 'Save Us' and the 'Hazara Asylum Seekers'.

6 This came as a bit of a surprise to me, as two unrelated individuals of different genders, culturally, do not come into physical contact with one another.

them had the same profession as my sister). Although my sister was not there, she had a role to play in shaping our conversation and making Tula believe that I would understand her feelings for her sisters, with whom she shared a strong bond.

Going into the field with my family brought to the fore some aspects of my familial life, in addition to me being the researcher. Hence, having my family with me also contributed to an increased rapport without any conscious effort on my part. With most of my interlocutors, I had developed a reciprocal relationship whereby I was not the only one accessing personal information, as they also got to know my family and me. This resulted in reduced suspicion, increased trust and a greater willingness to have open, honest and comfortable conversations. This complements the views of Chaudhry (2017: 74), who has maintained that the socialisation at this level, where the ethnographer presents his or her familial being, has the potential to help gain "social legitimacy" and "cultural synergy", which was also evident in my interactions in the field. The multifarious roles that my family took on during the fieldwork all indicated one common aspect – their influence over the extent or depth of the emotional relationships I formed with my research partners. Additionally, in a way, they also sometimes guided the content of the discussions even without being present.

My perfect companions

The engagement of my parents not only contributed to establishing a comfortable setting in which to conduct difficult conversations, but their socialisation skills and an immense pool of stories based on the people they knew proved to be an added advantage. This was further illustrated in May 2022, when I went for a short trip to Peshawar accompanied by my parents. I had already established some contacts through telephone or during my previous visits, but this trip was dedicated to Zirbaghali, an Afghan residing in the central part of the city. We had met him pre-

viously, during one of the visits in April, and also had *Iftaar*[7] at his home with his family. Zirbaghali had agreed to introduce me to a few individuals in his Afghan network. The next day, he took us to his friend's place. His friend, Daap, was born in a refugee village in Pakistan but had stayed for a few years in Kabul (Afghanistan) for the sake of his degree in medicine, after which he returned to Pakistan in 2017.

The sitting room presented an amalgamation of Afghan and Pakistani styles – a couple of sofas and a centre table (the Pakistani element) in addition to floor cushions (the Afghan component) lining the opposite wall. My mother and I settled ourselves on one sofa while my father and Zirbaghali sat on the second, in a position perpendicular to ours. The host chose to go for the floor cushion in front of me and my mother, with Zirbaghali on his side of the sofa. Our conversation, after some time, shifted to his choice of profession, which was influenced by his brother, who had also been a doctor. When I probed into the use of the past tense in reference to his brother, he confided that he had been missing since 2005. My father, sitting next to Zirbaghali, heard him say something to Daap in a relatively muffled voice and in Pashto,[8] after Daap mentioned his brother who went missing. Following his instinct, my father related an anecdote of one of his colleagues who went to Afghanistan to fight and was killed when a rocket hit him outside a cave.

This brief account was what made Daap comfortable enough to open up. He picked the conversation up from there and continued, talking about his brother who had gone with his wife to Afghanistan; both had, in fact, conducted suicide blasts targeting foreigners. He also shared details about the date and location of the blasts as well as the number of casualties and their nationalities. It took me a couple of minutes to recover from the shock of the information shared. Meanwhile, my mother, out of sheer curiosity, asked a couple of questions regarding his brother's family, not only leading the conversation, but also giving me ample time to

7 Iftar is the fast-breaking evening meal of Muslims especially during the month of Ramadan.

8 The conversation was otherwise carried out in Urdu. I have only a basic knowledge of Pashto; my parents do not.

recompose my thoughts. This vignette provides an insight into how my parents turned out to be my perfect companions in the field, complementing my (in)abilities with their exposure, experience and amiability.

(Supporting) 'sight' at my side

Planning my field activities with my parents not only made it all much simpler, but also gave me an added sense of security and comfort. Furthermore, through them, I gained access to supplementary '(eye)sight' to complement mine. This also facilitated me in 'looking' for familiar faces, especially in larger groups, as my parents (owing to their sustained engagement) started to recognise them all, and vice versa. In March 2023, an educational institution for the Afghan community, founded by a couple of Afghan immigrants, celebrated its first anniversary, in which I participated with my mother. The event, organised on a rooftop, had a gathering much larger than I expected. My mother, in this setting, played two crucial roles: first, by identifying the individuals we were meeting as well as pointing out who else was present there from the ones we knew,[9] and second, helping me make sense of the happenings around us through her 'running commentary'.[10] Consequently, it was through her that I got to know the details, including the type of (traditional) dresses (and jewellery) the participants wore and the performances on the stage.

This 'running commentary', or verbal description, was not limited to special occasions. Instead, my family members also lent me their eyes to make sense of the visual content (such as photos and/or videos) shared with me or else shown to me by my interlocutors. These ranged from the pictures of their houses in Afghanistan to photographic evidence of the physical torture that some of them had experienced before coming to Pakistan.

9 It is challenging for me to recognise individuals in large gatherings, with noise as an added factor contributing to this difficulty.

10 This is a habit my family members subconsciously developed over time, benefitting me immensely.

From May to July 2022, I paid frequent visits to the Afghan immigrants' protest site(s) in front of the National Press Club in Islamabad.[11] With the exception of the first few visits, I was always accompanied by both my parents. Being the only Pakistanis visiting the protest site rather frequently, we started to receive a warm welcome, with hospitality extended in every possible manner.[12] As my mother always remained by my side, her 'running commentary' explained most of what was going on around us. It became a routine that our way back home (not only from the protest but everywhere) turned into a debriefing session, with either or both of my parents sharing their part of the story with my insertions in between.

Admittedly, the 'running commentary', as well as the sharing of information afterwards, served as an important part of my data collection process. This primary data from fieldwork, mostly based on visual observations, took the form of secondary data for me, as it was perceived by eyes and processed by a mind other than mine before it made its way to me. This complicated the dynamics of me being the participant observer in my ethnographic study. My parents, who often assumed the activities that any fieldworker would undertake, were not intentionally being participant observers. Instead, my fieldwork served as an episode in their personal lives whereby they were simply accompanying their daughter in the field.

Blurring distinctions: Fieldwork or family time?

Where relationships extended also to my family, it became even more difficult to draw a distinction between the private and the professional. Introduced to them through fieldwork, from having meals to celebrating (cultural) events together, I became entangled in the conundrum

11 One of the groups (mentioned in footnote 5) moved to a different place for almost a month in between.

12 We were offered drinks (including water), watermelon and boiled eggs, depending on availability.

of whether to record conversations and observations in fieldnotes or to keep them as part of my personal life, as those moments were not shared with me as an ethnographer but were rather family oriented. For instance, I experienced this on the day following Shab-e-Yalda (the longest night), i.e., 22 December, 2022. Ghichak, who had been living with his family in Pakistan for over ten months by then, shared a song in Persian related to the festivities of *Shab-e-Yaldah*. Following this, he invited us (my family) to have dinner at his house. I had not met him and his family for the previous several months, as I had been in Germany. I deliberately chose not to take fieldnotes of this occasion, considering it solely an interaction between two families. However, I did talk to Ghichak about some points later that had been brought up in our meeting that evening – ensuring I did not miss something significant in my research because of the entanglement of the (field)work and family.

Unlike the aforementioned interaction, when I decided to keep it private, the gathering of friends to celebrate Nowruz (the New Day) did make its way into my ethnographic data. Nowruz is celebrated on March 21 to mark the Persian New Year. In 2022, it fell on a Monday, a working day in Pakistan. Therefore, a group of Afghans had decided to gather in a public park on Sunday to celebrate the day in advance. Mangey, who also partly assisted me in the first couple of months of my fieldwork, being one of them, invited me (with family) to the gathering that evening. As I was only a week into my fieldwork, I found it a good opportunity to get introduced to his acquaintances, with whom I could arrange individual meetings later.

This group of Afghans was diverse in composition, ranging from those born to refugee parents in Pakistan to others having arrived in the country only a couple of weeks prior to our meeting. It also included Afghans visiting Pakistan for the first time, in addition to the multiple crossers, i.e., those who had lived (as refugees) in Pakistan before, returned to Afghanistan and then travelled back to Pakistan in 2021. Greatly intrigued by the diversity and richness of their experiences, I was on my toes all the time, so as not to miss anything or any conversation going on with or around me. It was only after dinner that I became more actively engaged in the festivities, in which my family (parents

and sister) had been involved from the beginning. My parents, being the oldest at the gathering, enjoyed special status and were referred to as '*hamaray mehmaan*' (our guests). Though Mangey was the one who had invited us, the whole gathering extended immense hospitality, trying their utmost to ensure that no one was left unaccompanied or unattended.

In addition to this celebration, which turned out to be a recreational activity for my family, a couple of trips to Peshawar in April 2022 also turned into a family vacation. They were planned especially for weekends so that my sister could also join us. It was not only the family that travelled together, but also Mangey, who had arranged the meetings in Peshawar. Going with my mother and sister was particularly beneficial, as they could accompany me inside the house, where male and female guests were hosted separately. Also, the usual 'running commentary' of my family members – including reading sign boards, picking out the names of shops and scripts on any passing vehicle and commenting on whatever they thought might be interesting – always made any form of travel much more enjoyable for me.

Taking the Grand Trunk (GT) Road for our trips, this commentary made the presence of Afghans very evident as soon as we entered the territory of Khyber Pakhtunkhwa province. Starting from Nowshehra to Peshawar, the names of 'driver hotels' and restaurants increasingly depicted an Afghan element in them, primarily through the use of 'Kabul' in their names. From eating Mantoo (from the place recommended by the locally residing Afghans) to having the typical Afghan *Jalaibi* (much different from the usual Pakistani style ones) in Board Bazaar Peshawar, and then also having *Iftaar* in an Afghan restaurant on the way back, all were made possible solely because of arranging it as a family trip. It was moments such as these that added an extra flavour to the ethnographic experience, making it more memorable while at the same time contributing to the increased indistinctness between the fieldwork and family time.

Remaining situated in the field

The increased presence of my family during fieldwork, aligned with the fostering of family ties, had a few expected as well as surprising outcomes. Many of my research partners struggled with language and communication-related issues during their initial few months in Pakistan, and the lack of valid travel documents further compounded their troubles. These issues also aggravated their access to free medical facilities provided by the government in Pakistan. Since my father had maintained contacts at the hospital he previously worked at, which was also in close proximity to many of my research partners, it not only presented us with opportunities to express solidarity, but it also became a means of extending relations with them. In many cases, they directly contacted my father, who always tried his utmost to facilitate them. As my father made himself available in case of any need – even when I was not there – he also became a reason for them to cooperate with me.

Upon my return to Pakistan for the second phase of my fieldwork, after around five months, one of my research partners – after affirming his support – remarked, "Do pass on my *salaam* (regards) to Uncle (referring to my father); your dad is such a gentleman!" Hence, the fieldwork resulted in me as well as my family making friends in the field; a few of them even became Facebook friends with my father. After almost a year since I began my fieldwork, it came as no surprise when my father received a message from one of my research partners to inquire about our safety after an earthquake hit Afghanistan and Pakistan on March 21, 2023. From receiving greetings on special occasions, such as Eid, to hosting people (with or without family), originally known through my ethnographic fieldwork, in our home, even in my absence, this clearly indicated the formation and sustenance of 'family' ties in the field. Korpela et al. (2016) highlighted the same when stating that, for accompanying family members, these relations (in the field) are not associated with any (field)work but form part of their private/social lives.

Having my home in the same city, namely Rawalpindi, meant that my family was situated in the field without having to exit it, even when I had to do so via a return flight to Germany. This further contributed to

strengthening certain relations in the field. For some, who had either lost their intimate relations or were away from them, my parents, especially my mother, were much-desired company. For instance, Dahina, who lost her mother in the suicide bomb blast at the Hamid Karzai International Airport in Kabul in August 2021 (which claimed more than 180 lives and injured more than 150 individuals), asked my mother to continue visiting her even after my return. Hence, even when I left the field, my family remained in situ. As a result, I came to realise that the presence of my family in the field played an added role in sustaining relations with my interlocutors.

Concluding remarks

I cannot agree more with Starrs et al. (2001:74), who maintained that "Fieldwork with family invokes a whole range of experiences". These experiences are not only limited to the fieldworker, but also extend to family members. This text, nevertheless, only presents my voice and sheds light on my thoughts and reflections as an ethnographic fieldworker accompanied, for the most part, by her family in the field. In attempting to engage in the discussion on mitigating the practical and methodological challenges during my fieldwork, I also acknowledge the fortuitous yet significant role of my family, particularly my parents, in producing ethnographic knowledge, which is, nevertheless, not free from their influence.

Presenting a reflexive account of our ethnographic teamwork, I dwell on how the field was co-constituted by me and my family. My 'partial sightedness' is what resulted in their involvement, and paradoxically this same impairment opened up new avenues for me to explore. Perhaps this appears as an ethnographic odd, but I share my methodological experience as a researcher with a relatively different set of (in)abilities, which ultimately led me to explore ways to not 'see' my personal limitations as hurdles but to transform them into creative opportunities. My family contributed to the relationships I established in the field by fostering trust, comfort and openness which subsequently influenced the quality

of the information shared and the time spent together with my research partners. Hence, I maintain that it was largely my family, my parents in particular, that brought the field into existence for me.

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