



The Keppl Dacha in the Carpathian Foothills: Julian Keppl and visitor.

scribes a series of customary preparations for the trip. Her account of the family's migration is filled with references to supporting rituals.

I usually put some old clothes into a pile to be taken to the garden. Some foods in cans and bottles frequently remain in the cottage from the previous year but I always shop fresh for things that cannot be left during the damp winter including flour, rice, pasta, tea, sugar, and salt. I have already bought some seeds or some small plants to put into the garden so I have to convince Julian [her husband, a professor of architecture] that he has to find some place for them in the car. I think he takes it as a matter of fact now, having got used to it. Then we leave our tomcat at Granny's.

When we arrive at the cottage we first walk around the whole garden to find out possible damages and

losses from weather and from wild animals as deer that enjoy the delicious taste of our young trees. Next, we install the water pump into the well and start cleaning the place, a job that used to be my mother's but now is mostly mine and sometimes [daughter] Zuzka's. We have to get rid of cobwebs, dead insects, and sometime also a mouse. We wash the windows and the floor and make the fire. Julian makes necessary repairs to the cottage and garden and cuts small chips of the dry wood, which is stored in the shed. The fire is kept as long as possible to dry the damp air and walls. We sometimes heat the cottage even in the summer for this reason. I use the ashes on the garden. And then I start for my beloved job—gardening.

Summertime life in the cottage is uncomplicated and unhurried. Julian usually takes his work with him and Zuzka spends some time outside—she goes for walks and if I am not very busy I can go with her. We have our lunches and dinners outside on a sturdy table made from an old walnut tree. I usually make just

simple, easy meals: pasta with all kinds of cheese and sauces, salads or I make soups of lentil, bean, or cabbage—we call them “brown” soups and we eat them with bread. We drink tea made from fresh herbs picked in the garden. I wash dishes outside where they dry quickly in the sun and afterwards we have a siesta. We enjoy the evening until 10 pm or later, watching the sky because all the stars are so beautiful. Julian knows the names of many constellations which I like to listen to but am absolutely unable to remember or find except perhaps the most common ones as the Big She-Bear. We have small talks near the bonfire that perhaps seem boring to Zuzka who may have heard it all before several times. Or we visit my cousins who live in a nearby village. It is a lovely walk, especially during moonlit nights when no torch is needed.

Moving Within a Dwelling

While some people seasonally move between dwellings, others are nomads within their own houses. In such diverse places as Iraq, Algeria, and India, climates and cultures might vary, as do the directions and rhythms of movement. But all share migration within the dwelling as a primary mode of adaptation to climate.

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Families living in traditional courtyard houses of Baghdad, without mechanical ventilation or heating, migrate by day and season for comfort. In September or October, they move around the courtyard to rooms facing south. In April or May they shift to the north-facing rooms. In summer there is a daily vertical migration, “the afternoon siesta being spent at the lowest levels and the nighttime sleep traditionally being taken on the roof under the stars.”¹¹