

Acknowledgements

I was lucky to have such a conscientious chair for my dissertation committee as Dale Wimberley. Dale talked with me about much of the social theory I used in this work. He never discouraged me from pursuing a “big” project as a graduate student, and was patient as I reigned in the mountains of material that I used in this project. I also appreciate his thorough reading of the work. Most of the social movement theory I used in this work was introduced in two seminars I took with Rachel Parker-Gwin. She likewise gave me considerable feedback throughout the project even after she moved had from Blacksburg, VA to Austin, TX. I appreciate that she stuck with the project after her move, particularly since she introduced me to the theories I used throughout this dissertation. Gary Downey waded into the academic social movement debates early in his career, and was kind enough to give my work both a generous and critical reading. Toni Calasanti introduced me to a number of interesting ideas that did not directly appear in this dissertation, but I think managed to work their way into the work around the edges. Eileen Crist was always willing to talk to me about Persia. She discovered the ecstatic poetry of a 14th century Persian, Mohammad Hafez Shirazi, considered the greatest poet in Persian history, shortly after I began this project. I think she will like the following *ghazal* composed by Hafez. Moreover, I think my friends from the graduate program at Virginia Tech, particularly Saleh Abdul Azim and Tiffany Gayle Chenault, probably felt like the “Hafez” presented below on more than one occasion during their graduate career.

WHAT good in being a solitary, secret drinker?
We're all drunkards together-let's leave it at that.
Unravel the heart's tangles, and leave the spheres alone
You won't solve Fate's paradox by parallax.
Don't be surprised at Fortune's turns and twists:
That wheel has spun a thousand yarns before.
Respect the cup you hold--the clay it's made from
Was the skulls of buried kings--Bahman or Kobad.
For who can tell where Kai or Kaus are now,
Or Jamshid's throne, gone on a puff of wind?
Farhad dropped tears of blood for Shirin's lips,
And still I see the tulip blossoming there.
I think the tulip knows how Fortune cheats,
So clasps a petalled wineglass till it fades.
Come, let's get drunk, even if it is our ruin
For sometimes under ruins one finds treasure.
The breeze of Musalla, the waters of Ruknabad,
They keep me still from wandering far from home.
Like Hafiz, drink your wine to the sound of harp-strings
For the heart's joy is strung on a strand of silk.

(Translator: Avery, P., Heath-Stubbs, J. 1952. *Hafiz of Shiraz:*

Thirty poems. pp. 45 London: John Murray).

Finally, my family has always been remarkably supportive of, or at the very least, amused by, the endeavors I have undertaken as an adult. Most recently, my wife, Christine Poulson has had to put up with my absence (metaphorically speaking) while I completed this dissertation. She managed to be both amused and supportive throughout this academic endeavor.