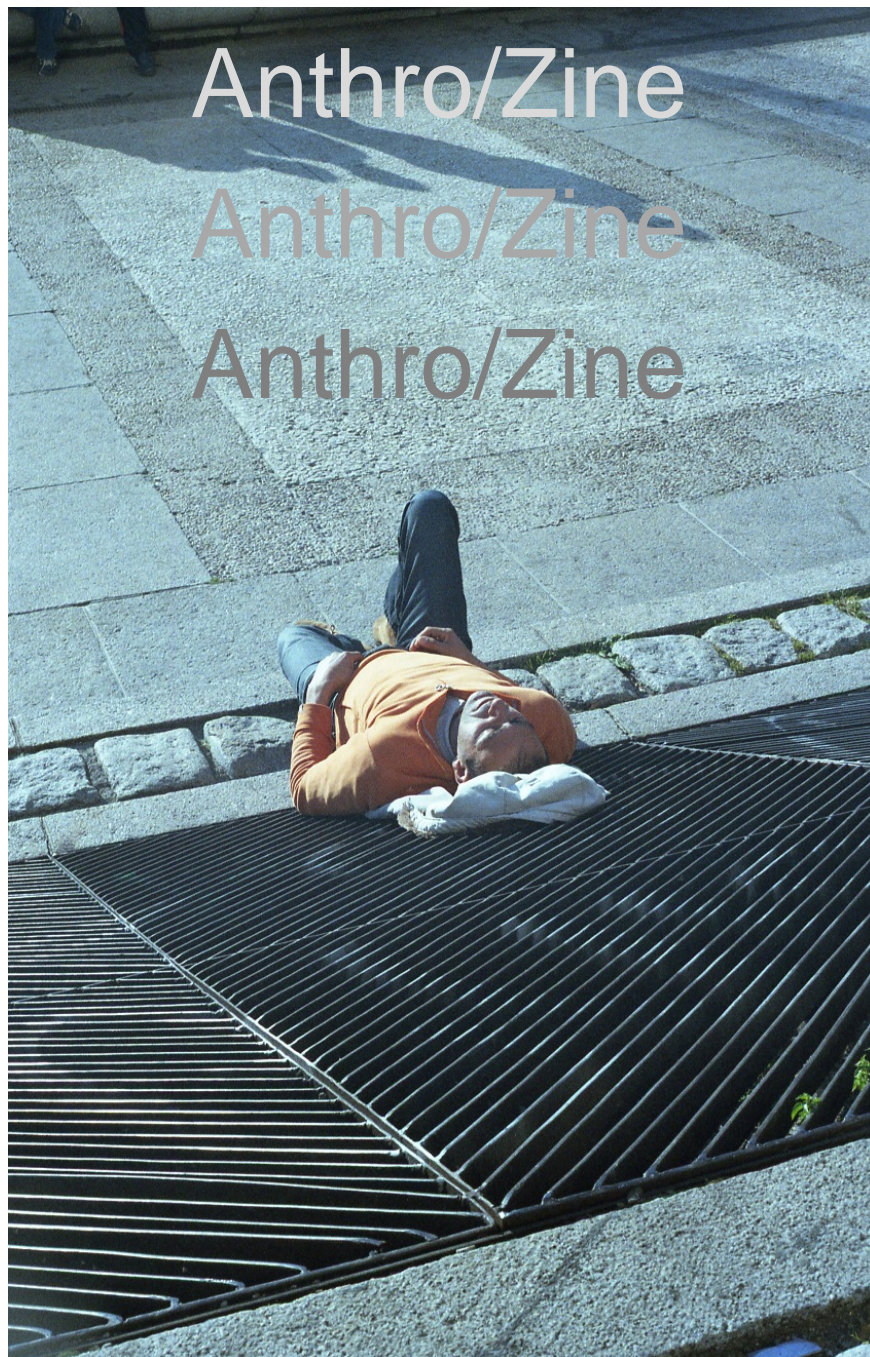


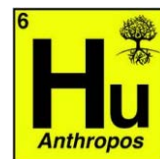
Anthro NOW
pology

Anthro/Zine



Anthro/Zine

December 2015



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WELCOME TO ANTHRO/ZINE

Anthro/Zine, a venue for undergraduate work of and inspired by anthropology, is a special publication of anthronow.com. Look for us in April, September, and December, in coordination with our print publication, Anthropology Now. This is our third issue, a whole year of zines!

We welcome submissions from current and recently graduated college students of any major on topics relevant to anthropology and culture. Our April and September issues will revolve around a specific theme. **April's theme will be the Environment & Ecology.** The September issue will be open topic. To learn more about how to submit, check our call for submissions on page 5 and visit our website <http://anthronow.com/anthrozine>.

Inside this issue: poetry, photography, essays and creative writing

About **Anthropology Now**

Like what you see? Maybe you want to read our parent venue, Anthropology Now, a peer-reviewed journal from Routledge/Taylor & Francis that offers cutting edge research from leading scholars in illustrated articles written for a broad audience.

Check your library for the print version, or if you're rich and famous get an individual subscription for just \$55. That's less than sushi take-out! If you're a member of the American Anthropological Association's [General Anthropology Division](#) you've already got electronic access. There's also plenty of free content available at <http://anthronow.com/>.

A/Z

Anthro/Zine

Matt Thompson, editor

Andria Timmer, editor

Sarah Miller, student assistant

Sophia Schultz, front cover photo

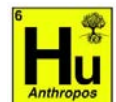
John Cann, human element design

Doug Reeser, anthronow.com webmaster

Maria Vespiri, general editor of Anthropology Now

Thanks to our authors!

2015 December



CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

Interested in seeing your work published in Anthro/Zine? We want to see what you've been up to!

We are looking for authors who can communicate their personal connection to the object of their study. How does your identity or personal history interact with your experience of anthropology? What drew you to this line inquiry? To this end we are making an open call for the following:

- **Personal reflections** on academic topics, current events
- **Reviews** of books, movies, museum installations, etc.
- **Stories** that relate personal experiences or observations
- **Poetry** and **creative writing**
- **Artwork** and **Photography**

Written works should be creative and engaging and should abstain from jargon, artistic works should be relevant to the issue theme and anthropology broadly construed. Bibliographies are not necessary unless you are including a direct quote in your piece. If so then use APA style in footnotes.

Generally we are looking to publish shorter works, including some that are very brief. If you have a longer piece consider trimming it down before submitting it. Suggested lengths: "Letters" – about 200 to 600 words; "Articles" – about 800 to 1500 words; "Features" – about 2000 to 2500 words.

PUBLICATION SCHEDULE

We publish three issues a year: April, September, and December. We are currently collecting submissions for our April issue which is a special issue organized around the themes of the Environment and Ecology with a deadline of March 15, 2015.

The September issue will be themed around Ethnography and Methodology with submissions due August 15, 2016.

SUBMISSION CHECKLIST

1. Feel free to direct questions to mthompson@marinersmuseum.org before you submit.
2. For written works use single spacing, no formatting, and save the piece as a .doc file. Embedded hyperlinks are okay, but we are not doing multimedia yet.
 - a. Name your file LastNameFirstname.doc.
 - b. Visual works should be in a .jpg file, or if already uploaded to a streaming service then sharing the URL link without an attachment is fine.
 - c. Do not submit a .doc with embedded images, send the image files separately. Do not submit .pdf files.
3. Send the file(s) as an email attachment to mthompson@marinersmuseum.org.
 - a. In the subject line use some of the genre terms in bold from the call for submissions to describe the type of submission you are making. Here just say what it is, not what it is about.
 - b. For written works follow this with a number representing the word count, for visual works write “visual” after the genre term.
4. In the body of the email include:
 - a. Your name, school, class year, and major.
 - b. Write a 1-3 sentence bio about yourself in the third person, include something about your future plans. Then state briefly what the submission is about.
 - c. You do not need to submit a resume.
5. Please submit early. You are welcome to submit multiple works. Submissions will be acknowledged within three weeks.
 - a. If you receive revisions you will be expected to make them promptly.

Anthro/Zine

December 2015

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A Hunter-gatherer of Conferences

Matt Thompson

Once a year an ancient tribe convenes for a special ritual and attending your first can mark an important rite of passage for neophytes looking to advance their rank in the mystic order. I'm speaking of course of conferences, large gatherings where anthropologists come together to mingle and share their research. They can be pricey, but I'm here to tell you how to do it on the cheap.

The first choice you must make is deciding which conference to attend. In the U.S. there are large organizations like the American Anthropological Association, the Society for Applied Anthropology, and the Society for American Archaeology; as well as smaller groups like the Society for Cultural Anthropology and the American Ethnological Society. Each has its own fee structure for students.

When you pay the conference fee you get a name badge that provides access to everything and program with directions to the presentations. Maybe you are thinking you can sneak in without paying the conference fee? If you're a smooth operator this will probably work, especially at a larger conference where you can blend in with the crowd.

While a small society meeting might be held at a university, bigger ones will be inside a major hotel or conference center. Travel will be a major expense so choose carefully. It helps if you know someone who can put you up for a

few nights. Look for nearby youth hostels or discount motels that are on a bus or train line.

Everyone needs to eat and paying for food in a pricey hotel can break your budget. Plan ahead by packing snacks and beverages to get you through your busy day. Bring food from home or if your motel offers free breakfast load up before you commute to the conference!



There can be plenty of free food at a conference if you know where to look. Activities marked for students often come with food. Don't be shy about wrapping up some bagels to stick in your bag or grabbing an apple to go as you leave. Often publishers in the exhibit area will have bowls of candy set out and a few will have wine and cheese late in the afternoon. And each night there will be parties hosted by different universities,

agencies, or interest groups. Just show up even if you have no reason to be there, graze on their snacks and mingle. Occasionally there's even free beer. Do not pay for drinks in a hotel, they are crazy expensive. BYOB and chances are no one will complain.

In all these cases it helps to have a friendly professor you can trust. Remember, professors are just grown up college students. They remember what it was like and will secretly delight in helping you find the free food.

Image of hotel catering via Wikimedia Commons ([link](#)).

Undergraduate Conferencing

Andria D. Timmer

The annual gathering of the anthropologists. Now that I am (fairly) established in my career, conferences are the way I keep in contact with friends and colleagues. However, when I was an undergraduate, conferences served a much different purpose and were formative in my development as an anthropologist.

When I was an undergraduate student at the University of North Texas, I had the opportunity to attend a field school in the Yucatan Peninsula of Mexico. Participants in this field school spent two weeks taking classes at the Universidad de Quintana Roo and staying with families in Chetumal, Mexico followed by two weeks accompanying a local student in the field. My field site was a rural Mayan village. I lived in a thatch roofed hut with no running water or electricity. My fellow students had similar experiences. When we returned to the states, we all agreed that we had had an experience open to very few undergraduates. With this in mind, we decided to organize a panel for the Society for Applied Anthropology annual meetings.

We were all so nervous. We had notecards and practiced incessantly. In the end, very few people came to our panel and we just spoke to ourselves, but it did not matter. We had presented at an academic conference and were in San Francisco surrounded by all the famous-to-us people who we had been reading about. We felt like real anthropologists.

Encouraged by this experience, I organized a panel the following year as well. It helped that in that year the SfAAs were held in Mérida, Mexico. This panel, entitled

“Fieldwork and the Undergraduate,” was comprised of several UNT students, not just those who had attended the field school. This panel was better attended and one audience member was the editor of the *NAPA Bulletin*. She asked us to submit some of our papers and this led to my first publication in a special issue of the *NAPA Bulletin* on undergraduate fieldwork experience. The next year I began my graduate work at the University of Iowa and eventually learned that it was my conference presentations and forthcoming publication that ensured my spot in my cohort, not my educational background or personal statement.

It is, of course, not financially or logistically possible for all undergraduates to attend conferences and have these experiences. I was able to do this because several things fell into place. First, I had the support of my professors. Although I attended a large school, the anthropology department was small and intimate and at the time did not have a graduate program. (A Master in Applied Anthropology was established my last year there). As such, I had relationships with my professors uncommon among undergraduates. Second, when I was a student there was an active student organization. Therefore, we were excited and proactive and able to organize panels. Finally, the university provided some financial support.

I am always happy when I see undergraduates at conferences. They have an energy and excitement that I envy and miss. I can honestly say that I got a lot more out of the conferencing experience then than I do now!

A Return to the Nacerima

A group of intrepid anthropology students recently returned to study the Nacirema tribe famously documented by Horace Miner¹ in the 1950s. As Miner explained, the Nacerima understand their bodies to be ugly, weak, and diseased and have developed a number of rituals and ceremonies to avert these characteristics. Our anthropological team found that many of these beliefs still prevail. Moreover, these anthropologists have witnessed many other strange and bizarre behaviors that characterize the Nacirema.

Julia Blevins, Laura Schmitt, Azure Gardner, Cameron Chestnut

The Nacirema have very strange and unique rituals surrounding food. Food from the Earth is viewed as dirty and potentially dangerous. As soon as this food is harvested from enormous gardens, it is treated with various magical powders and soaked in different types of potions. The Nacirema believe that these powders and potions are able to clean and sanitize the dirty Earth food so that it becomes safe to eat. Some of these magic substances have a risk of causing disease later in life, but the Nacerima believe that the process of cleansing their food is worth the risk. They believe that this process will help them avoid a supposedly terrible sickness caused by ingesting unclean food. They also refuse to touch food with their hands and use special tools to consume it. These tools are held in specific ways and moved in repetitive ways to get the food to the mouth.

The Nacerima value highly food and often base their day around eating. The overconsumption of food made with potions has leads to obesity and major health issues for the Nacerima tribe. Food in its natural state is often viewed as not only unsafe, but also unappealing to the Nacirema. Vegetables are almost never consumed raw, or without some form of modification, such as mashing,

covering in various sauces, or cooking until the food changes in texture. Food is frequently changed so much that it becomes unrecognizable.

The task of preparing food is seen as laborious and unappealing by most of the Nacirema. It is generally considered women's work, although this is not true for all Nacirema families. In the Nacirema markets bundles of pre-mixed, cooked, and altered foods are sold so that people can avoid the chore of food preparation. It is widely accepted across the culture that these premade foods negatively affect the health of those who consume them, but they continue to be a popular part of the Nacirema lifestyle.

Jenna Knickerbocker, Hannah Chenault, Katie Elliott

A unique characteristic of the Nacerima is their love of small animals. They decorate their animals with shiny necklaces. Some of these necklaces even have rare jewels embedded into them. They let their animals lead them around to various places and even have holy grounds where these animals are allowed to roam freely and socialize with each other small animals while being waited on by their people. The Nacerima often degrade themselves by picking up the animals'

¹ Miner, Horace. 1956. Body Rituals of the Nacerima. *American Anthropologist* 58(3):503-507.

feces. At the holy grounds and other public places, including neighborhoods, there are posts that have miniature receptacles specifically for feces offerings. The Nacerima do all these things for their animals and spend much of their wealth on them. They become so attached to these animals that most Nacerima will sleep with their animals, but not their children. The really wealthy purchase miniature versions of real beds for their animals. It is also very common for the Nacerima to purchase extravagant clothing for their animals. The clothing resembles that of their children and is made of exquisite, colorful fabrics. Perhaps the most interesting practice the Nacerima share with their animals are rituals. It is not unusual to see Nacerima animals at feasts, wedding ceremonies, and rites of passage. The worship of these small animals is truly embedded into the Nacerima culture. Often times in public places when one person sees another person who has a small animal, that person will stop what they are doing to go and greet the animal with love and words of praise and affection. They will also stoop down to the level of the animal and belittle themselves by speaking in childish voices. This public self-humiliation is socially acceptable and even praised by other humans. Overall, this bond the Nacerima have with their animals resembles that of a kinship.

Christine Shreve, Kelly Shepherd, Harris Franken

A central element of Nacerima culture, is its use of Tenretni. Tenretni is an invisible and non-corporeal spirit that has the ability to manifest in numerous forms. Tenterni connects and bridges the minds of the Nacerima through luminescent portals that come in a variety of shapes and sizes. These portals have an apparent hypnotic power, which, when activated, causes the Nacerima to cease all previous activities and respond at once. In opposition to physical human

interaction, the Nacerima seem to prefer communication through Tenretni. One may often observe them standing or sitting in large groups staring absently into the luminescent portals, sometimes for extended periods of time. If, for some unfortunate reason, a Nacerima citizen does not have the portal, he/she is ostracized or, in some drastic cases, excommunicated from the village. This may be because the Nacerima receive all of their important information from Tenterni. If a citizen does not have the portal, that citizen is automatically unable to connect with other citizens on important cultural events. The Nacerima developed these portals as they grew as a culture due to their broader understanding of this magic.

Justin McIntyre, Austin Kelleher

At the end of every year, the Nacerima people become obsessed with a celebration. The people anticipate its coming and prepare for it for many weeks, even months, in advance, calling it a “season of celebration” Each person collects a great amount of their yearly earnings to purchase offerings for one another and expect an offering in return. These offerings are often accepted with a smile even if it serves them no purpose. In some cases, the offering is so undesirable that it is set aside to be given to a different person the following year, but is never rejected. However, without these offerings the relationships that hold the society together would crumble, or that is what the Nacerima believe. If an individual provides an unacceptable offering, the recipient will pretend that they are not offended but will be immediately start planning on providing an offering of less value next year. During this celebration, it is common for the Nacerima to kill a plant and then place it inside their dwelling and adorn it with shiny objects that they then admire. Along with the plant, their dwelling becomes unrecognizable due to the numerous glass enclosed lights and replicas of

mythological places and figures. During the celebration season, the Nacerima tell stories of a mysterious man who they *encourage* to break into their homes by offering him snacks. He supposedly goes from house to house collecting the snacks and giving offerings via a rare breed of magical, flying mammals that only he owns. The children believe they know this man very well but never actually see him at all.

Anna Hogan, Megan McLean, Keenan Pallone

In the Nacirema tribe, around the time when a child turns ten, they receive a magical box. This box is often associated with a rite of passage from childhood to adulthood, and represents the interconnected web of Nacerima society. The magical box is also considered to be their lifeline from that point forward. Depending on their family's status in society, the box will either be all-powerful or limited in power. Typically the head of the family distributes the boxes to family members who have earned them. There are several ways to earn this magical box in addition to becoming of age, such as obeying family rules and always being ahead in the work set out for you to do. This box is all-important and must never leave your side, for it has the ability to determine your fate. One's social status, acceptance, and potential mates are determined by the use of this box. This magical box also has the ability to look into the past or predict one's future, and is a great responsibility. If they misuse this magical box, they can be stripped of their box and their right to tribal communication. If this box is lost, one's life must freeze until it is found, because if it falls into the wrong hands, a person's life could be cursed. Although not all generations know the proper use of the box, the Nacirema youth are delving further into the uses of the magical boxes and discovering

their vast potential. Every year, technological advances in the Nacirema culture make it possible for them to possess even more complex and powerful boxes. Who knows what the magical boxes will look like or how powerful they will really become in the future with current advances in technology.

Mariah Ginebra, Katie Gaskin, Isaac Allan, Alex Oweis

The Nacerima spend a great deal of their time shaving the scantily patches of green around their domicile. They spend much of their currency to purchase magic machines to assist them in completing this grueling task. While some people walk behind their machines pushing them forward, others sit on top of them in order to maneuver around their patches. The Nacerima are willing to disturb their neighbors with the loud roars of these machines at any hour of the day. Everyone must provide their patches of green with a magical liquid to ensure growth, which comes from the ground via an enchanted spout or fountain or from the sky. This ritual may be repeated often to ensure happiness within the Nacerima community. The quality of this green patch can be an indicator of status in the community. If it is lush and colorful, then you are seen as higher up in the community. Some even go to the lengths of purchasing fake patches and placing them in front of their home instead of growing their own. This is seen as even more prestigious in some communities because the fake patches are often nicer than the real ones. No one seems to value whether it is real or not, just as long as it looks good. Some of the Nacirema do not have the time to complete this task, so they exchange pieces of paper in order for someone to watch and care for this patch for them. These Nacerimans who receive the paper to foster to another's green patch are seen as lower in the community. The Nacirema may have this done every day or sporadically, it depends on how much they

care about it. The Naciremas that are indigent lack currency and are unable to support growth on green patches. These Naciremas obtain a lower status in the community. In some areas there is not adequate magical liquid from the sky or from the enchanted spout or fountain. Naciremas still choose to exist in these areas, but lack this special green patch.

There comes a period throughout the year where foliage, rain, and low temperatures threaten the Nacirema holy grounds and attempts to take away their beauty. They often refer to this season as the dark season, because the sky is often, but not always, clouded and gloomy. Some villagers, because the dark season is too overwhelming, do nothing to combat the harsh conditions. However there are several villagers, because of extreme love and care for their land, that go within their domicile and retrieve a magical and mystical instrument to combat the high levels of foliage. The most common name for the instrument is “hurricane container”. Hurricane containers possess raging winds that can be controlled with the touch of a lever. With a single hurricane container, a villager can clear the entirety of their dwelling within hours. Most villagers are aware of a hurricane containers power, for their eruptive sound can be heard clear across a single village. Some of the Naciremas do not have a hurricane container in their possession, therefore they have to resort to using an “earth comb” to manually relieve themselves of the foliage. Ironically, the dark season overlaps with an annual ritual that the Naciremas have where they congregate with the members of their individual clans, slay a fowl, consume it, and express their gratitude for the fortunes they have been bestowed. It is truly and odd and intriguing period in the lives of the Naciremas.



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Shackles of society

Anastasia Spanhake

The shackles around my wrists
put there to turn me into who I should be
a more humane way to lead me around
without the hassle of a collar

At first they weren't bad
being lead by mother, father
both taking care not to pull

then the leash would be handed off
to teachers and councilors
pulling a little tighter
leading me where they wanted me to go

now society holds the reigns
and I'm being brutalized by how I should be
Pull as I might
blood just flows down my hands

“sit like a lady”
“act like you belong”
“state your beliefs, but not too strongly”
“after all you are a lady”

As much as I try
I cant break free
I cant hold the reigns to my own destiny
Without chopping off my hands.



Anastasia Spanhake is in her second year at Villa Maria College of Buffalo, with a major in Interior Design and minor in Creative Writing. She is originally from Ashland, New York, located in the Catskills, and eventually wants to write articles for an Interior Design Magazine based in Nashville Tennessee.



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Image of leg shackles from Hoa Lo Prison via Flickr user Erik Charlton ([link](#)).

Synthetic Soul

Moushmi Fa'amate

I sacrifice

I will take this blade upon this skin of mine and cut away the remanence of me,

I will douse myself with this toxic slime and scorch my skin till it pleases you fine,

I will tug it and tear it and stretch it twice folded over, till I am worthy to pleasure your
body sober

I will stress my limbs backwards and out till muscle is torn and supple and worn so that I
can see you see me

I will peel and grate every strand of hair on this head if it means I am prime for your
imaginary bed

I would choke and drown in thick draping of your liking, in the hopes of being, for a
moment, striking,

I will stitch these lips and glazed eyes to hide, the true mirage of shattered pride

And what matters most is that the tube from my mind to my mouth is blocked and
congested,

And the pinging strands of my dignity are weak and few, almost severed,

That my chapped tongue will play the sour songs that you request,

That my embodied oppression is cloaked as beauty,

That my mind is numb from the years of your prescription

That my heart beat is near silent,

Just so that all you hear is ... you

Moushmi Fa'amate is doing a double major in Cultural Anthropology and Development Studies at Victoria University, New Zealand, and hopes to get into community development. This poem is inspired by the #Fattitude and body positive movement.



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The Fast *Fast*

Sam Atkinson

"The Fast Fast," refers comes from an assignment for the class Food and Culture which required Sam to fast for three whole days and make note of the effects on the mind as well as the body. This poem describes his physical as well as mental revelations in the process of undergoing this task.

What is it like to be food deprived?
Losing that around which our day is scheduled,
To take away that which drives us to survive,
Is *fasting* a genuine act when in a context that
 Though truly academic,
 Is also truly contrived?

Would we consider ourselves *fasters* if our *fasting* is fast?
Three whole days of *fasting*, a first for me, leaving my body feeling
fallowed;
Was it truly a *fast* if others do it for weeks at a time?
And those individuals from such a process seem not explicitly, or expressively, aghast,
 The truth is, *fasters* are not simply *fasters*,
 They are persons with motivations vast.
 I did not initially think of this: though apparent it would become in the days to pass



When I began this *fast* from food, food being something I'd wished not be unamassed
I felt myself dreading the many days ahead, days which seemed inherently crass.
My body would ache, as I work out regularly. I knew lethargy would set in;
After that, the bags under my eyes would then soon be delivered.
 Hours would last and last, and, with stomach grumbles, I'd feel shivered
 A stark contrast: an enthusiast I usually am; Now, I was a *fasters's* iconoclast

On the first day, no one really noticed,
The only person whom truly cared was myself;
 At this point, It was really only affecting my mental health.
My closest friends had made mention of my mood,
But otherwise, the changes went largely unnoted
 How badly, just for my mental sake, did I want food;
 How badly did I express distaste for no taste, with bad attitude at high altitude.

On the second day, this mental distaste spread to my physical body.
The bags I previously mentioned came, and my usual haughtiness became intense dreariness;
My head started pounding and dizziness made my vision shoddy.
I knew I would be increasingly exhausted, but at the cost of being accosted
 The level at which my body went from gaudy
 To a state of lethargy that was almost vulgar; almost bawdy.

On the third day, I struggled to press through the distress, onward.

But to be honest, I could hardly press the buttons on my phone,
 The idea of doing anything apart and alone from eating seemed a proposition awkward.
 Unfortunately, after barely even sixty hours,

My confidence was crushed and the *fast* had conquered
 This person who had no true motivation, no reason,
 Apart from grade to keep up what I felt to be Absurd.

Then I realized what motivations keep people moving through a *fast's* struggle:
 It's not monetary possession or material that constitutes one for this challenge;
 It's human propensity for spirit; that of a theological aesthetic; one which won't crumble.

Fasting is something that leaves one empty,
 That leaves the body fettered,
 So spirit is unfettered, and connection to something beyond is redoubled.

A *fast* doesn't have to be from food; it can be from any form of rude activity.
 From Lent to Ramadan, to fad diets and environmental conservation; the list goes on and on.
 A person does so not for the material, but for the good of society to establish a proclivity,
 For the importance of savoring greater things,
 Something in this situation which I only had in passivity;
 I did want to do something new,
 But my motivations were (for lack of a better word) shitty.

The truth is that after I finally ate again, I realized what I needed:
 That is to slow down and appreciate that which I had;
 To not only eat what was good, but to slow down and be aware of my meal to be completed.
 A person who consumes all will see themselves, when not consuming, none but depleted
 Which almost certainly I was;
 At first I had felt defeated,

*But then came the truth, that a fast **fast** is still a **fast**,
 Whether it is three days or three weeks of empty body,
 There is still a great deal of the spirit being asked.
 When we lose something we so physically depend on,
 The soul fills that void and our needs are recast,
 Our person becomes whole with that elusive part of the self,
 That separate being,
 That ideal of who we are,
 No needs or materials left,
 Just **Fasters**,
 Humans solely;
 And that at last.*

Sam Atkinson is a senior philosophy major at CNU with minors in philosophy of law and leadership. Sam is intending to pursue a career as a musician after he finishes school. He is constantly writing and performing music, whether it be as a bassist, vocalist, or as a composer for others.

Image of Empty Plate with Fork and Knife via Good Stock Photos ([link](#))
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A Visual Anthropology Perspective on Madrid

Sophia Schultz

This past January I spent my month in Madrid, Spain with my cousin and aunt. I went to Madrid in hope of completing an independent project that used visual mediums of analog photography and film to convey my own brief encounter of Madrid's youth culture. As I was there I began to broaden my focus, to capture the various aspects of Madrid culture. The culture that is shaped by social, political, and economic factors. I walked for hours each day, I visited squatter apartments, went to social and politically driven protests, and went to weekend flea markets, meeting people along the way. I was lucky to have been put in contact with a local visual anthropologist and journalist Alvaro Minguito who introduced me to the underground culture of the city. As my days went by I began to see Madrid as not one single culture but a culture that is influenced by social justice movements, religion, and current economic crises. The end result of my visual anthropology project is a mix of the people and places I met or did not meet and only saw in my month in Madrid.

Sophia Schultz is a third year Anthropology and Gender Studies student at New College of Florida. She grew up in Sarasota, Florida where she began to be interested in Visual Anthropology as a discipline. Through analog photography and 8mm film she began documenting her everyday life and her travels. She hopes to continue using only old school cameras and pursue a masters in Visual Anthropology after she graduates.



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A Change is Still Going to Come...

Elexus Buckner

Frustrations are what spear-headed the creation of a Black Student Union (BSU) at Christopher Newport University (CNU). When I was took *Racial and Ethnic Relations*, a sociology class that was offered during the Fall 2014 semester, I was introduced to topics of privilege, affirmative action, police brutality, and even the micro-aggressions that minority students face on their very own campus. This class started a conversation that heretofore was not taking place at the Predominately White Institution (PWI). According to the *College Data* profile on CNU, the racial make-up of the campus is 75.5% White, 8.1% Black, 0.3% American Indian/Alaskan Native, 2.5% Asian, 4.9% Hispanic/Latino, 4.9% Multi-race (not Hispanic/Latino), 0.1% Native Hawaiian/ Pacific Islander, and 3.8% unknown (www.collegedata.com). The inadequate diversity initiatives that the University tried to create were not enough to ease the anxiety of students and their trust within a community that they really love.

Other minority students and I started to share our shared frustrations about our experiences here on campus especially when it came to the interactions with our white peers. We believed that a space for minority students on a campus where they didn't think they had a voice was needed. We gathered paperwork and contacted academic faculty in order to form this new student organization which would be the first of its kind in the 55 year history of the campus. The Multi-Cultural Student Union was dissolved by the University Administration themselves in order to make way for the new Diversity Initiative known as the Student Diversity and Equality Council (SDEC). While admirable

on the side of the administration, we did not see this as giving voice to students and wanted to be in control of the representation of, not just black students, but all marginalized students here at CNU. We chose two faculty advisors and in February 2015 the Black Student Union was a recognized student organization on the campus.

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The creation of the Black Student Union at CNU was not created to separate minority students from the majority nor was it meant to create elitism among the student body, especially among minority students themselves. However, if it did cause controversy, uneasiness, or even a little worry, then it should have. That's how it feels to be a student here, that's how it feels to be black in America. The conversation that the Black Student Union wants to have with its campus is not a black versus white argument. Ignorance knows no color. At the very first event, "Black is...", the BSU hosted the question of whether racism still

exist in 2015 was asked and a great majority of the students who were there believed it no longer existed. This presented a problem for the BSU, for one many of the students who said this were black which means within the black community the perspective of racism is not unanimous.

Another problem is that any focus the BSU wanted to continue the semester on, it had to keep in mind that not all of the members' worldviews are the same. When reflecting back on why I wanted a BSU on campus, one reason was to inform and share with my white counterparts my experience as a black person in a white space. Another reason was to ensure a safe space for other black students who are already here or who will be here.

The Black Student Union has connected students to other local, regional, and national communities engaging in civil and political action. The BSU has connected with the parents of a young man murdered by the police in downtown Newport News, connected with other BSU's at other college campuses, connected with leaders

of the Black Lives Matter Movement, connected with the Black Liberation Collective, and conducted demonstrations for UVA student Martese Johnson and the student at the University of Missouri. The BSU is a part of a new civil rights wave taken place at college campuses all over the country where voices of all, whether black, white, Asian, or other are being heard. As the title of Sam Cooke's famous song states, "A change is gonna come;" the real test is whether I will be an observer or a participator of that change.

Elexus Buckner is a recent graduate from Christopher Newport University where she received her degree in Sociology. She plans on attending graduate school to continue her research in African Political Relations. In her spare time she dances in the Afro-Caribbean practice and engages in astrology for fun.



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My Anthropological Life

Myriam Valentina Delice

My migrant transition from Haiti to the United States has been a never ending and ever evolving learning experience. One of the major attractions that I've observed from living in United States is the idea of culture and people. Growing up in the United States, there were always several different ethnicities and cultures around me. When I entered 6th grade, I began

to realize that I was learning about all these different ethnicities and cultures that were around me within my history class and it swiftly became my favorite interest. So that is the reason behind history being my first academic love. I've always and strongly believed that living without any prior knowledge of

our past is not living. It is living as an animal. Animals, to our understanding, do not have written or oral history passed down to their children. They live day to day in search of food and protection. This is where history steps in and allows mankind to be developed and advanced; we rely on history to light the path for us. We as humans in society need to know our past in order to know and understand our future; as cliché as that may sound this statement is essential to us. History is the foundation to anthropology, I yearn to expand this relationship and see how it affects diversity all around us.



Once I entered my sophomore year of college; I enrolled in a Physical Anthropology and my life was never the same. I looked at everything from the Bible, creation, evolution, diversity, and history in a different spectrum. I was curious and had demanding questions. My curiosity was heavily influenced by the fact that I am from a different culture and I moved to another country that hosts a great diversity of

difference in cultures and diversities. I was drawn to the positives and benefits that these differences had to offer us; diversity around us is a natural and precious gift. Through diversity we live, learn, and grow. Soon I was on a quest to become someone great within the Physical Anthropology field.

This was the first time I was so certain of what I wanted

to accomplish in my life. I no longer was trying to find my way in life by constantly changing my major in college. I quickly decided to uphold Anthropology as my main major and subject of focus. This is a decision that I will never trade for anything else in the world. Exposure to diversity added fuel to my passion for anthropology. I gradually realized that exposure to diversity especially at an early age lowers and eliminates bias, hatred, racism, and prejudice that are embedded in our society. I want to reach out and educate the world about Anthropology and also engage individuals in appreciating diversity. Diversity is all around us

and so why should we close our eyes and pretend that it is nonexistent.

I became a disciple of Anthropology; I spread its good words and all the exciting information that I've learned to family members, friends, and whoever else I encountered. Anthropology itself is critical for everyone. I believe it is far more powerful than many forms of liberal arts. Anthropology enhances our notions of our anatomy, our psyche, and our relationships with the world around us not just individuals but nature as well. Exposure to differences in cultures, languages, personalities, behaviors, music, literature, politics, and religion helps give us power over ignorance and it allows individuals to nourish these differences. By nourishing these various diversities it will fuel a desire in many to yearn to be diversely inclined; it will become the new fad. People need to know that Anthropology consists of how it shapes our everyday life and our understandings, consciously and subconsciously. Anthropology is a vivid and rich part of our lives.

My religious background also stirred me more towards my enriched passion for Anthropology. I was raised in a strict Roman Catholic household and I had doubts and questions on several ideas. I had vigorously thought-provoking questions that religion was not answering. I turned to Anthropology for reasoning and understanding and Anthropology was waiting for me, welcoming with open arms. The mysteries of the world I believe all lies within the hands of Anthropology. It is an amazing field in which I want to see blossom and prosper.

Anthropology became my domain and a safe niche for my thoughts and questions. Anthropology saved me; it changed me as a person and is continually helping to make me a more humane and modest individual. It is a self-motivator to do right and fight for what is right. To stand up for issues such as protecting our human rights, creativity, diversity, and our one and only human race. It also helped in my maturity. I grew so much from exposure to Anthropological courses, professors, and scholars. I have such a grand passion for this subject that it enabled me to improve my writing and helped articulate my words and beliefs to different audiences. I've become a devoted writer and reader; something I once dreaded and was not too strong with. My learning process is never complete.

I finally have something that I believe in and I'm overly willing to invest my time in. Anthropology is my guide to survival; it's my something.

Myriam Valentina Delice is was born in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, in 1990. She migrated to the United States alongside her parents in 1994. She currently resides in Northern New Jersey where she is on her continuous journey towards becoming a Physical Anthropologist.



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Image of the author courtesy of Myriam Valentina Delice.

Hōjō Masako: Breaking the Glass Ceiling Then and Inspiration for Now

Alex Ayerdi

By trade I am a software engineer, but I supplement that with my passion in anthropological studies, especially on subjects that relate to gender. Gender bias and gender stereotypes are pervasive in my field of information technology; this is a topic that I have worked hard to understand. It touches me personally because I'm passionate about my work, and I want to see it transformed into an environment that everyone is comfortable to join. Naturally, to begin to understand its roots, I started to study the past in an area of the world where men were leaders written into history and women were hardly mentioned nor seen at all. Japan is a fascinating place, rich of life and full of unique culture. Japan in the 12th century is much different from today but a lot of the culture has carried through, for reasons of power that is still quite influential today.

My studies on Masako gave me hope that there is a way for women to break the glass ceiling that society has constructed without having to act like men. This is not to say that I don't believe there are already women in the technology field, there are many powerful women making an impact every day. Masako's story should prove that even an average woman can succeed in the same way as an average man. In today's culture, women have to be exceedingly better than just the average man in the same position to be taken seriously, or have a toughness factor that is equivalent to that of a man. They have to overcome obstacles that hardly any men every experience in the technology field. It may appear to be working in some sense because many women break through, but it is



morally wrong to encourage women to be more like men in order to succeed.

During Masako's rein in Japan, she was reportedly a woman of great strength and skill as a warrior (which was very common for women of her time period) but she never lost touch with what is meant to be a woman. Unfortunately, the culture in that time period did not require recording her time as leader in the same detail as any other man's rein. With what little we do know about her, we know she never pretended to be a man in order to succeed in her role, and she was very successful in politics, negotiations, and battles. This is the idea that I want to get

across to women pursuing a career or hobby in the technology field. No one has to pretend to be a man to succeed, it will simply promote the idea that programming, computer science, and information technology is a man's world. This is the world that I hope to see soon at least in the field of technology because I know it's possible. If Masako in 12th century Japan can make a difference in a position normally held by men, but still be a woman, then women of the 21st century can do the same.



I have already seen many women in the technology field succeed in this way, but they are still vastly outnumbered by men. Mostly they are some of my good friends and colleagues. However, many women still drop out of the field due to stereotype threat, which is one of the most powerful adherents to progressing in such a field today. Hopefully, reading up on people in the past like Masako will give them confidence to dismiss the threat as nothing more than a social construct. Most of all, I want men and women to realize that anything a man can do, a woman can do as well and that there is history to prove it – and this can be translated into today's field of technology.

Alex Ayerdi is a computer science major with a passion for anthropology. This and other research in anthropology have given him a unique perspective about human nature that has helped him become a well-rounded full time software engineer in Chicago, IL.



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Image of Onna-bugeisha warrior woman via Wikimedia Commons ([link](#)). Image of Hojo Masako's tomb also via Wikimedia Commons ([link](#)).

Childbirth: Which side will you choose?

Madeline Bauer and Sommer Clegg

Last spring we attended our first meeting at the local organization in Newport News. We were nervous at first. Childbirth was a topic both of us knew very little about, yet interested us both. Our anxieties faded away once we began talking to the women at the meeting. Every woman we met welcomed us warmly and was open to answering a few questions for our research. The women we met all were confident, positive, and were more than happy to talk about their birth story. We explained our research was predominantly ethnographic interviews based upon their perspective and opinions on childbirth. Childbirth does not seem to be an open topic to be discussed in our culture. As Anthropologists, we were curious to examine why childbirth is such a discomfort to talk about in the American society.

In the United States, women struggle for the right to choose their childbirth. As stated before, when we first started our research, we were very naive and ignorant to the process of childbirth. The only information we had learned was from our anthropology courses and the stories we had heard from the women of our families. We had no idea how influential interviewing women for their birth stories would be. These stories and life lessons changed the way we viewed the world as students, women, and future mothers. These women inspired us, empowered us, and above all, taught us.

While conducting research, we very quickly learned how a society treats pregnancy, and



childbirth reveals much about how women are viewed in that society. We grew to understand that in a patriarchal society a lot of women's rights are stripped away. Around the world, there is a societal agreement that women were born to be nurturers, and that nurturing takes no skill; it is purely based on instinct. However, as time passed and the interviews piled up, we were finding the exact opposite was true. We found that most mothers agreed that maternal behavior was learned, not instinctive, and this notion changes everything.

When asked how most mothers found their childbirth options, the answers all revolved around word of mouth. When thinking of having a baby, many women contemplate the choice of having either an interventional or natural childbirth. Many mothers do not realize how influential that decision is until after their child is born. Childbirth can be one of the most self-empowering processes, or a devastating

process left with guilt and confusion. There is an ongoing controversy between medically assisted intervention and natural childbirth. While performing interviews, we came across mothers on both sides of this controversy. Over 60% of women receive medical treatment to ease the pain, or in some cases, induce labor. This process not only requires additional close monitoring and interventions to treat any side effects, but also can occasionally result in increased usage of pain medication during labor.

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**These women
 inspired us,
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 above all, taught us**
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During our interviews, we usually ask the women, “Why do you feel birth is not talked about?” The answer to this complicated question showed an interesting pattern. In the interviews, we talked to numerous women who feel as if birth is viewed as a business in the United States. At first we had no idea what they meant by this comparison. However, as time went by, more, and more women kept coming to the same conclusion. Childbirth has become an unemotional process that leaves the mother wishing she had a different experience.

Women that were interviewed also claimed childbirth has become such a sterile process that it is almost treated as an illness. One interviewee articulated this by stating, “Well for physicians, their job is to cure, so that means you have to be sick. But, the mentality with midwifery is that birth is a natural process.” These women truly felt disconnected, and an overall lack

of empathy in the hospital setting. The lack of empathy in hospitals was shown in one of our interviewees eye-opening birth story. A shaken up interviewee explained to us how important the childbirth experience was for her. She described her childbirth as “cold” and “detached.” She stated, “There is a very limited amount of research on the long term effects of having a birth that is traumatic...it really does matter. So anyways, I guess you can say my birth was cold.” Curious about her thoughts on childbirth, especially from her experience, we asked, “What would you change about it?” Our interviewee paused for a moment on the question and then said, “I would have had a relationship with my provider and I would have known that person. I would have wanted the support I didn’t get. That’s what I would have wanted”.

A primary contact for our research has been with a local organization that is for mothers who want to share, and learn from each other’s birthing stories. Every time we asked our interviewees about their perspective on childbirth, they were ecstatic at the chance to talk about it. Each and every woman left us more aware of how important the birthing experience is for women. In fact, one of the mothers from the group helped explain its importance. She stated, “One of our traditions is that every month when we meet, anyone who has had a birth since we met before, tells their birth story. You get a chance to tell them what it meant to you. You don’t get an audience like that in our culture.”

Our interviewee makes a valid point. Many women are not aware of their options for childbirth. Childbirth is not a topic open for discussion in our society. There is a level of passiveness and a disregard for women’s child birthing experiences as a culture. In fact, before our research we both had a stigmatized perspective of

childbirth. This was due to the lack of education on options for childbirth, prenatal care, and overall well-being during one's pregnancy. During our research, however, we have grown to see that ultimately, there is no right, or wrong decision in child birthing methods, but that every woman should absolutely have the birth she desires. There is an obligation to women of the United States to have their ideal birth because birth is ultimately a universal rite of passage. A birth story stays with a woman for the rest of their lives, and that is something so special, that every woman should have the right to choose her future with no hesitations.

Sommer Clegg is a senior studying Sociology and Anthropology at Christopher Newport University. She is currently conducting ethnographic research in Newport News in hopes to bring more awareness to childbirth and a woman's right to choose. As she continues to conduct research, she falls more in love with the idea of working with empowering women.

Madeline Bauer is a senior at Christopher Newport University majoring in Sociology with a minor in Anthropology. She was a museum public relations and educational coordinator at the Watermen's Museum in Yorktown, VA, while conducting research on watermen culture. She is currently working with research partner, Sommer Clegg on childbirth in the United States. She currently resides in Newport News and looks forward to her future after graduation.



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Image of pregnant woman available through Wikimedia Commons ([link](#)).

Palangi by blood, Samoan by experience



Jess Thompson

Being palangi is to be non-Samoan; generally applied to those with white skin, like me. This year I lived and worked in Samoa in international development as a volunteer, to give additional experience to my degree. To apply theories, ideas, and techniques you've learned from spending quality time in a lecture theatre in New Zealand in a real-life volunteer assignment is what dreams are made of. However, I have felt that my assignment only made a real lasting impact because of my non-development studies learning, that is through cultural anthropology.

My anthropological background to international development study reminds me that one cannot walk through the door and expect to change the world, or anything within an organisation, just like that. If real outcomes are to be achieved, it is much better to work within the folds of the present culture existing and build relationships with

the local team. I believe this is where anthropology and international development collide and work with one another efficiently.

As I am undertaking a Bachelor of Arts in Development Studies, the opportunity was available to participate in a programme through Volunteer Service Abroad (VSA) called 'UniVol'; VSA's youth programme designed to cater to people like myself studying in Development. Whilst in Samoa, I predominantly worked in conjunction with Samoa Association of Sport and National Olympic Committee (SASNOC); building an online media presence, increasing IT skills within the office, as well as assisting in research toward new ways to develop sport in Samoa for the future. The office is a small local team, consisting of six staff, plus myself.

What does it mean to identify as 'kiwi', 100% NZ European, in an environment and culture somewhat different to your own? Initially, I

felt like an outsider, distanced, and uncertain about what exactly I was doing and who these people were and what they did. To begin with, it was quite difficult, sitting in my office trying to understand where I fitted in and what people expected of me. Very quickly I decided that overthinking five thousand questions about my assignment and my positionality was going to get me nowhere; I had to jump into the deep end and learn how to swim.



So, from day one, I treated the team I was working with as people who yes, have different experiences and perspectives on the world, but they were my equal, if not my superior. I started to demonstrate this through an investment in a local work wardrobe of mix and match pule'asi shirts and skirts; the first day I walked in with my new wardrobe one of the ladies said to me "Oh Jess, you look like a beautiful Samoan lady in that pule'asi!" Another day a co-worker and I were having a stressful day and needed some headspace, so we disappeared out for a bit and found some lunch and talked about anything and everything driving the backroads of Apia. The beauty of SASNOC is it is a small team; sometimes we would all sit around together for morning tea or lunch and this simple informal act brought everyone, including the CEO and myself, together. This demonstrated that no matter who we were and what role we played in the organisation, we were a family, we were a group of people all working toward one goal: to develop sport in Samoa.

Outside of my workplace, what did it mean to be a palangi walking down the street? To be identified and assumed as a palangi in a local Samoan context implies money, knowledge, access and privilege. In the general public sphere, automatic assumptions based on my skin colour implied I had plenty of money to spend in the local economy, and as a New Zealand-born woman out on my own I was looking for a partner to take back to New Zealand with me. More often than not, I'd be out for lunch with friends or co-workers in central Apia, and have people stopping by offering me the local paper, fans, artwork, the list goes on. "Leai fa'afetai" (No, thank you) was our usual response – I may not speak much Samoan but I have the basics down to a bit of a fine art. My most memorable experiences were in taxis. As volunteers, we always ensured

we had the correct change for our taxi fares, and believe it or not they are the best alternative to try pick up a date short of going to a bar! I found that people are always curious what your name is, where you're from, and if you're single; in that order. Because of my western background, to be asked my marital status instantly assumes to me this person is trying to see if they can take me out for the night. So, my backstory was permanently "no, I'm not married, but I'm in a serious relationship with my partner who's coming over here to visit next week". A volunteer friend of mine even decided to yell one day on my way to work "Hey! You want a husband?!" from a taxi window for a laugh because it became such a normal thing for us to experience. Needless to say, the response back to him was a classic blank hard stare while I was laughing inside.

Amidst all the experiences, good and bad, eventually I found pieces of myself assimilating into the local culture. I now have a Samoan work wardrobe in storage while I think of a use for it, I have to force myself to use English all the time, rather than a

combination of English and Samoan in a sentence – when I returned home I started saying to someone ‘talofa, o a mai oe?’ (hello, how are you?) before they looked at me very weirdly having no clue what I was saying. Out of habit I still flag buses down at bus stops when it is not required, and get frustrated when I remember New Zealand has actual bus stops, not the side of the road anywhere that’s convenient for one to get off at.

Having been away from my second home of Samoa for five months, I recently returned to see old friends and workmates, and only then did it occur to me how local I was and had become, even having returned to New Zealand. At the end of the day you know you’ve made yourself ‘part of the furniture’ when you return on holiday and everyone keeps telling you “you’re so Samoan Jess, you’re definitely not a palangi around here anymore. So when are you coming back for you know, good?” To be respected as an equal in a society where I could have been anything but, is a touching feeling.

The point to be made here is that effective international development does not occur without anthropological theory and knowledge. Without my background in anthropology, my journey of being on assignment in another society and culture different to my own would not have been as effective or as wonderful as what it was if I did not have it. If international development is a house, anthropology is the paint. It’s what makes a prson’s real-world experience unique and provides the finishing touches. Anthropology reminds me of who I automatically identify as to others, but simultaneously assists me in theories and techniques on how that can change for the better; not only in myself, but in the work many of us do cross-culturally.



Jess Thompson is a Development Studies student at Victoria University of Wellington, New Zealand. This year she completed a six-month volunteer assignment working in development in Samoa. Her major focus in Development Studies is on culture and the Pacific region with a particular interest in cultural identity and how this is represented, as well as an interest in sport, health, and lifestyle choices.



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Images also by Jess Thompson, except map of Samoa via Wikimedia Commons ([link](#)).

Osteobiography

Ethan Putman

Home at last, I thought, shutting the door behind me. It had been a long day in the osteology lab, and Skeleton #6's report was finally complete. Using standard techniques, like pelvic and cranial morphology, I had been able to determine the individual to be a male of probable Asian ancestry. Stature and approximate weight came from measurements of the femora and other bones of the leg. Finally, an analysis of the osteoarthritis and other elements present on the skeleton suggested intensive working with the arms and legs, and a nonspecific infection in a metatarsal of the right foot would have made life quite uncomfortable for him.

"Poor guy," I muttered, flopping down into my recliner with laptop in hand, "Just one more thing and I'll let you be." Writing fiction had always been a great stress reliever for me, and today I needed just that. I flipped open the computer and started typing, and what resulted was this osteobiography, or fictional account of the deceased individual's life based on information gained from the skeletal remains.

FEBRUARY 19, 1942 – LOS ANGELES, CA

Jimmy "Sing" Sing rolled over in bed, opening his eyes slowly to look at the buzzing alarm clock. He had slept his usual four hours, but still felt exhausted and a bit feverish. Jimmy almost questioned it, but then reminded himself that he was much closer to fifty than forty. He was feeling this fact more and more every day, even in his back as he reached over to silence the clock's still ringing hammer.

Swinging his legs to the edge of the bed, Jimmy noticed the glow of the new cathode ray tube television through the open bedroom door. Well, new to them anyway; while on a trip to get fresh citrus he had found a set some

Hollywood big-wig had thrown out and dutifully carted it home to his wife. Sun had been so excited when she saw it, even though the speakers were shot. To her, it was their first TV and nothing could ruin that for her. She had thrown her arms around his neck, hugging him tight, and Jimmy smiled wide remembering it.

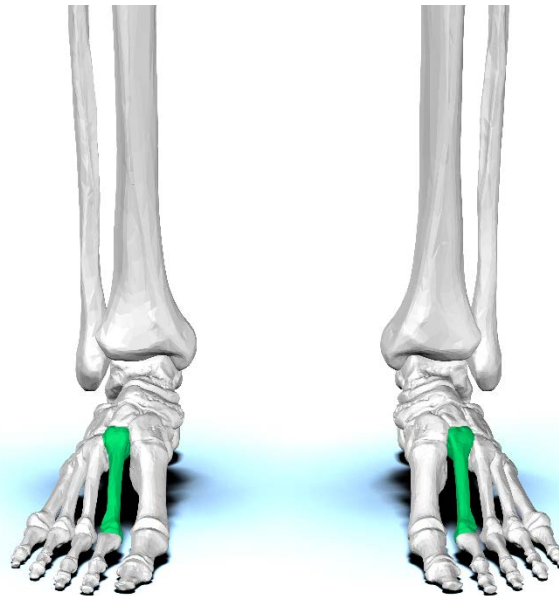
His smile quickly contorted into a grimace as he tried to put weight on his right foot. Jimmy had been favoring his left lately, as shooting pains resulted from any attempt to put pressure on the right. He reached to steady himself with his right hand, braced himself, and began preparing for the day's work, throbbing foot and all. Granted, Jimmy was no Spring chicken as evidenced by his 5'4", 138 lb form in the mirror, but still it was strange the way this pain persisted, and this bothered him almost more than the discomfort itself. Sure he had dropped a box of vegetables on it at work, but the wound had just barely broken the skin, and the bleeding was minimal. Besides, that was nearly two weeks ago now, and he had cleaned, bandaged, and done everything he could to keep the swelling down since. Jimmy would see a doctor if he believed he'd do anything more than tell him to smoke more and maybe charge him for some morphine. The center of his foot was still red and inflamed, but he could manage, and Sun had been working on making a cane for him in the old Japanese style.

Both Sun and Jimmy were third generation Asian-Americans, with some of their grandparents immigrating to the United States back during the Gold Rush. They came to California and failed to strike it rich, so the Sings set up a small market on the north end of Chinatown and settled permanently in nearby Little Tokyo. In fact, Jimmy's parents still lived in the opposite block of apartments, right across the street. These days Jimmy ran the

market, which had grown in every way other than profits. As such, he pulled on the canvas shoes the box had torn a hole in, and limped to the front door.

"Wait!" cried Sun as Jimmy started off for work. She had been sitting in the small den in front of the TV and ran to stop her husband of twenty years. In her hands she held an intricately carved and decorated cane, which she had just finished this morning. Sun offered it to him and he took it from her gingerly, admiring his wife's craftsmanship. "It is beautiful," he said in a breath, "almost as beautiful as you. In fact, I think I will take it for a walk." She blushed and they kissed quickly as Jimmy headed out the door.

"See you tonight, Sing Sing!" she called after him laughing, and again he flinched, but not from the pain. His mischievous wife knew that this nickname bothered him, as he had earned it through several misinterpreted, but no less violent altercations in grade school. The kids had said it made him sound like a wise guy, and it had stuck fast despite his pleas. He had grown accustomed to the name in his adult life, but it still surprised him to hear his wife use it at times. Again, he grinned at the thought of his wife. She'd better be glad he wasn't in with that Meyer Cohen, though "Mickey" did send a goon to the market every now and then to collect some sake from behind the counter.



Jimmy shook off the thought as he hobbled down the street on his present. Since the Chinatown Militia had robbed him of the young helping hands available, he had a number of boxes to move around once he made it the few blocks to the market. Barring that, the weather was nice and the sunrise was just peeking over the hills of the Inland Empire. Once in Chinatown, he

stopped briefly to buy a newspaper from a vendor, not even taking time to read the headline before tucking it under his arm. Yes, Jimmy nodded to himself, today was going to be a very good day.

At the time of writing, **Ethan Putman** was an undergraduate at the University of West Florida studying anthropology and archaeology. Currently, he is a graduate student at the University of South Florida in the Applied Anthropology Program, furthering his studies in archaeology.



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Image of second metatarsal via Wikimedia Commons ([link](#)).
