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UNDERTHEORIZED IN THE LITERATURE:

An Interdisciplinary Social Science Fanzine

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ALCHEMY OF WARFARE

Sarah Maher

Why am I at this point short of ways to tell? Why are the flashes of the mind going faster than the speed of light? Catch me if you can they said. I don't want

to trap them and by entering the order of the written alphabet these free ideas will be subjugated by structure. The shape of an island. War is a huge waste of resources to attain more resources. A long-term investment plan that ensures the continuation of the nation. In witnessing death and destruction, demolition and mass murder. It looks as though deceased bodies, are the price we pay for goods and services. I am not sure who instigated that law or is it true even? Does the law of nature and magic state that the earth goddess won't give away its treasures except via exchange or is that a misconception that sustains the myth of the capitalist society. In the Gaza scenario, it looks like a huge sacrifice is being incurred. The people love the land and the land loves its people.

People is indistinguishable from the land. They go back to the land to atrophy in the belly of the land. To become post-human/non-human constituent, a fungal, mineral, bacterial, neural network of the land. The spirit of land!! What we are witnessing, looks like massive black spell, an offering to the land by a group who wants to fatten the bellies. An offering of blood, souls, stories, complexities, realities, possibilities that cease to exist. I am believer in the butterfly effect, of the new materialist context or container that holds the folds of the world and that the flap of the butterfly is an agent. The virus who we cannot see, is an agent. Let alone a population of 2 million people. A plethora of realities closely intertwined; breaths, dreams, books, colors, intentions, words, hearts, desires, interconnections, a whole universe convergent, a mass so condensed on itself forming a blackhole of death! You can only offer that much to sustain a belly fattening regime.

Two months ago, I embarked on a diet and learned that consuming low-quality food only induces hunger. Not all sustenance nourishes or satisfies. Some foods trigger insatiable cravings by spiking our insulin levels, wreaking havoc upon us. This perpetuates the addictive and self destructive cycle of cravings. And sometimes out of pain comes emotional hunger, and lots of eating disorders that are self-destructive. So in using that analogy, the belly fattening regime of investing in mass destructions of complex intertwined universes, yields a buffet of treasures that could never fully nourish the conquerer. He feels empty and the conquest is the illusion of being full!



STILL DEVELOPING

Ariana Gunderson
SX-70 Color Polaroid Photograph

Film photography teaches me to make the best of things gone awry in fieldwork. I accidentally bent this photograph while it was developing, but distorting the image helped me view the scene anew.



IAŞI SOUNDS

Anna-Marie Sprenger
.M4a sound collage

This is a collage of recordings made during preliminary field-work in Iași, Romania — bits of interviews, sounds recorded on the street, and all background droney elements are stretched out sounds from interviewees. My guiding thought was: what can sociophoneticians do with sounds besides measure everyone's vowels.

LOOSE ENDS, LOVE, AND FIELDWORK, OR, GET IN THE CAR, WE'RE FALLING DEEPLY IN LOVE WITH THE BEAUTY OF THE WORLD AROUND US

Claire Sparrow

We leave fieldwork trailing all kinds of loose ends and connections behind us. That's the nature of doing being human in a new context, often for a circumscribed period of time. Even when we're somewhere "for work," that's not strictly true, because, for better or worse, we bring our whole selves along with us. If you feel that this paragraph doesn't apply to you, congrats on the compartmentalization skills—what follows probably isn't for you.

These loose ends have made me think about falling in love as a facet, or consequence, of fieldwork. Emotional investment, intimacy of whatever kind, fondness, connectedness — some of the hallmarks of love — often find ways of emerging in the course of doing fieldwork. This love can be with people, places, things, oneself, ideas, theoretical constructs, ways of being, or something else entirely. A view, a turn of phrase, the smell of burning brush. But I would reckon that for some (many?), fieldwork brings out (relies on?) love. And thus, loose ends.

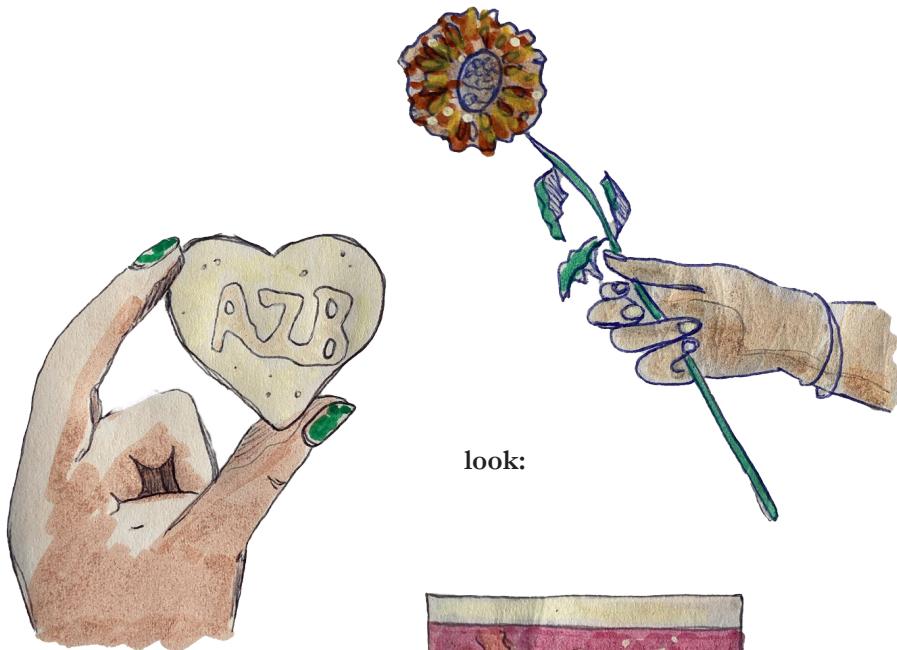
I was once told that if you return from fieldwork with the same project, perspective, and research questions that you had when you left for the field, then you haven't really done fieldwork. I think the same is probably true for love, in the most expansive sense I've delineated above. Even (especially) if it has nothing to do with the things we're working on, things, entities, ideas, experiences grip us in the course of sensing the world around us, and fieldwork is no exception. Love, even if it's just shining through the crack under an office door, sustains fieldwork. It does for me, anyway, and I imagine I'm not alone in this. And so in the course of doing fieldwork, and in the course of writing up, love has been a constant companion.

I wrote a couple of lines after traveling away from Copenhagen, away from a person who is now my partner, to do fieldwork in Bulgaria. This was where I started considering these loose ends, and how the places that we pass through pass through us and pull us back to them.

Pompette

Gently, swirling
to let breath in,
you grant me
a sensation fermented,
worked upon sealed away
in stainless steel:
steel, you tell me,
you know when
the lignic, tannic sensations
that
you became accustomed to
dancing along your tongue
go still and silent—
you identify it by absence.

Passing the minuscule glass
between us
across a table
shielded from the rain,
I wonder
if you'll do the same
for me



look:

here:



Observe:

SHOWING, IN ENGLISH

Emily Kuret

Things shown to me,
a selection of sketches from my fieldnotes.



Emily,
have you seen our mirror?
Stand here.
Look in the mirror.

Koītā:



Oh, *uhh*...

*It makes you
uncomfortable?*

Well, *yeah*

You don't feel like you are
allowed to look in the mirror?

Seriously?
I'm from the USA

Do you know your origins? Yes, *I'm* really for the Greeks anyway. Your features
are very Greek; I'm surprised you're not. Look, we all come from refugees
and we will all be refugees again.

But why call out to
Greeks in English?

Ela, all Greeks know some English.

DIED IN GAZA

??

ISRAEL

KILLED IN

Eman Elshaikh

1.

“fragile lives found ended”
found poetry in the headlines
jingoistic linguistic gymnastics,
the warmongering class’s favorite new sport

who found them? who ended them?
“people have died,” causeless.
in the original Greek, the martyr means witness
(in Arabic, too.)
but who reads those Arabic numbers and calendars? not you.)
who will witness these lives ended?
who even knows if it’s true?
“Hamas-run” figures,
(“fragile lives” run, too)



ISRAEL-GERMAN WAR

Agile lives found ended in evacuated Gaza

Sarah Davies, a spokeswoman for the International Committee of the Red Cross in Jerusalem, said the agency made no guarantees and could not safely reach the hospital.

The evacuation was painful. There was no way to reach the babies' families, the nurse said. He had no contact information and communications in much of Gaza were down. Their parents had been "displaced people," he admitted, "who knew their children were in the hospital and didn't think the hospital would be raided by the occupation." They thought they left them in safety.

It was time to leave the bus. The others gathered up the strongest, baby made sure the others' respirators were working, and still working in his scrubs, walked with his family out of the hospital to begin the 15-mile journey much of it on

On the road, the nurse found an ambulance to take the baby in his arms to al-Shifa Hospital. Gaza's largest Israeli forces would raid that facility days later. The World Health Organization eventually evacuated 31 premature babies from al-Shifa. By then, several others had died.

The senior COIN officer tells

Israel has long accused Hamas of hiding command-and-control centers in hospitals; the Biden administration has backed the claim. Hamas and Gaza medical officials deny it. Israel has occupied and searched hospitals during the

"Two weeks later, the pause in hostilities allowed a Gazan journalist to venture into the hospital. In the neonatal intensive care unit, Mohammad Balousha made

13 sun



Northern Gannet's Al-Exhibit

三

2.

A “man in military fatigues” shoots to make die
his alibi tucked safely in a marginal lie
we don’t utter the names of those we decry
we only condemn those who defy
the relentless order to languish and die
in defiance should we denounce all of these words?
should we meet silence with silence?
should we refuse the absurd?
absurdity sinks my rhymes into the cadence of Dr. Suess
linguistic cartwheels and backbends have let insanity loose
isn’t “war” just so whimsical? isn’t it so fun?
we can dance around language until the fighting is done
never mind that the dead pile up on one side
never mind those muttering about genocide

but isn’t it apt, isn’t it good, isn’t it right?
that we should tell stories to children in terrible fright?
should we write our rhymes for the children if our words shatter their lives?
or are their lives so fragile that we should cover their eyes?
after all, it’s a tradition of the imperial core:
look away from the violence, and violence is no more

after all, it’s just violence that happens to those
who toil and then perish in sepia tones
over there in that elsewhere where people just die
a natural condition afflicting some latitude lines

3.

In accidental poems, omissions speak, too
and if you undo your own sentences, the reference bleeds through
(and a lie might be built out of your language and mine,
these distortions remind us that Truth is divine)

wordsmiths of empire massacre language on cue
they dismantle imagery to put crimes out of view
but can you destroy all our senses, our vision, our spirit?
those attuned to the silence are destined to hear it
we still see what we see, but can we say anything new?
language is shrouded, but pictures accrue

4.

“Everywhere,
Creatures
Have shut off their voices.
They’ve all gone to bed
In the beds of their choices.

Ninety-nine zillion,
Nine trillion and two
Creatures are sleeping!
So...
How about you?”

5.

“Awful news about our colleague,”
“nine of his relatives” too
who killed them, Christiane?
does anyone know who?

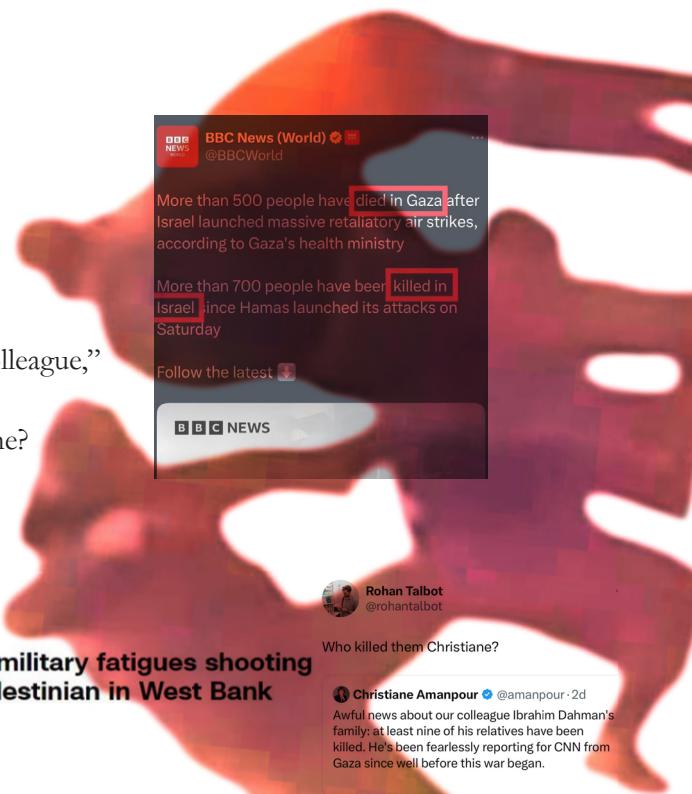


Who killed them Christiane?

Christiane Amanpour @amanpour · 2d

Awful news about our colleague Ibrahim Dahman's family: at least nine of his relatives have been killed. He's been fearlessly reporting for CNN from Gaza since well before this war began.

Video shows man in military fatigues shooting mentally disabled Palestinian in West Bank



1:23 PM · 12/4/23 from Earth · 11K Views

100 Reposts 1 Quote 353 Likes 2 Bookmarks





SLEEPING BEAUTY

Alyssa Mendez

Once upon a time in Agrafa, a mother gave birth to five sons but didn't keep them long. The second and third were rebels killed by the Ottomans while still young. The remaining three were taken and made janissaries in the Ottoman army. These three rose through the ranks until, one day, they were sent back to Agrafa, there to quash the very resistance in which their brothers once fought. In those battles, both Borler and Osman were slain, giving their names to the peaks on which they laid. Aggrieved by word of their deaths, their mother set out on foot in a desperate quest to recover their corpses. Yet, after setting down the path from her village, she was never seen again, leaving her neighbors to guess how her journey went. That is, until she was recognized in the ridge formed by the four peaks—Pente Pyrgoi, Flitsani, Borlero, and Plaka—when seen from the East. On that day, that formation was named Sleeping Beauty.



Several centuries later, Sleeping Beauty is at risk of being dwarfed by wind power plants with monstrously tall turbines. Their ground-leveling installation

would permanently deface her fine features... and would subject to enclosures and to the logics of extraction a people and place that have long been associated with freedom and resistance (to imperialism, fascism, and capitalism). Yet, just as her long slumber seems ready to slip into a yet deeper phase, rumor of her beauty spreads, vitalizing efforts to defend her and the visions of freedom and beauty that she sustains.

Reproductions of her likeness now circulate in Athenian alleyways and in the squares of Thessaloniki, in the lodges on Mount Olympus and on the island shores of the North Aegean. Line drawings of her profile are printed on tee-shirts, sweatshirts, and stickers that activists—including nature-lovers, social ecologists, and locals—distribute to fund the defense of the Agrafa mountain range and other mountain and island ecosystems subjected to green grabbing by the energy industry.



Thinking with Sleeping Beauty and through these photographs, I wonder how the circulation of a beautiful image may serve as a method... of struggle for land, life, and freedom...

and of ethnography.



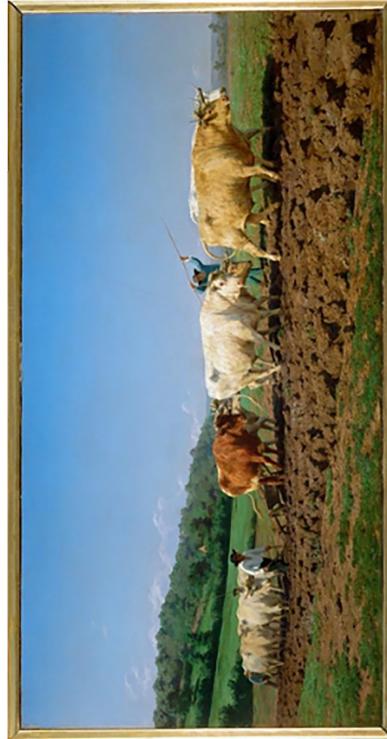


"honor, as well they may. I should like to see the question fully and intelligently discussed of what likelihood there is that women should compete in the fine arts with men. As far as I know, Rosa Bonheur is the only woman that has ever publicly deserved, or with the discriminating has established, a reputation of the first-class in painting. Léonie Philippe's daughter did a beautiful thing in sculpture—the Joan of Arc. Talent, and even genius, is to be discerned among some ladies of the present generation. The great problem of finding

decreed of 16 Brumaire An IX (17 November 1800). Established as a correlative to the *status consulile* of the same date, this prefectoral decree served as formal notice that women were henceforth forbidden to wear trousers, except during the long-traditional bedlam of Carnival.¹ The new decree also established formal procedures by which a woman might obtain a cross-dressing permit, valid for periods of three or six months, with possible renewals. The only official reason for which a

Rosa Bonheur was a very distinguished looking personage. She wore her thick, white, bushy hair cut short and combed back from her forehead. When she was in her early thirties she adopted male attire, which she wore for the rest of her life. On one occasion she made an exception and that was when she was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

ings. That does not sound remarkable to us till we realize that was nearly sixty years ago, when it was not so easy as now for a woman to appear publicly. She is said to be eccentric, but the rumor arises from the fact that in order to study animals in their native haunts or in menageries or shamblies, she was forced to put on men's attire so she could visit the places where they could be seen. She was so absorbed by her work that she was known to have gone to the theatre in her studio jacket damped with oil paint. But the people knew her so well and respected her so highly for her blameless life that those trifles passed unnoticed. She is kind, generous, and helpful to others, and that is better than fine raiment and jewels.



On the other hand, once when she was wearing a dress in Paris, she was reportedly arrested by a policeman who was sure to have nabbed a young man in feminine attire. First alerted by the suspect's short hair and free-and-easy air, the policeman felt sure that his suspicions were

fully conscious of the dignity of her artistic power, but respecting it rather as a talent committed to her keeping than as a quality personal to herself—you must also have been admitted to something more than the ordinary courtesy of a reception day, while, if you would know how nobly and self-sacrificingly generous she has

ROSA BONHEUR

Carla Burkert
non-linear essay

My research and thesis-in-progress is based on the history of Art History, the discipline's institutionalization through standardized time, and future possibilities for a heterotemporal Art History. My thesis will culminate in a collage practice of fragments of academic texts with the artwork to which they are responding - with this visual practice my aim is to create heterotemporal time knots of canonical works influenced by Dipesh Chakrabarty's concept of the same name. This visual collaging practice is directly inspired as an antithesis to the linear, sequential writing format of academic essays.

The Mesa

July 3, 2023

Arivaca, AZ

3.98 miles from the US-Mexico border

U.S. Customs and Border Protection, Tucson Sector



Alaina Wibberly, Magda E. Mankel



Slim died in his sleep on June 28, 2023 after closing down the bar, dancing to jazz with his buddy One-Armed Jack, and leaving 5x his usual tip (a wrinkled \$5 bill).

Following Slim's memorial at La Gitana Cantina, his family and friends organized to climb the Mesa and spread his ashes at the top. What began as a memorial hike rapidly became a spectacle of emergency, search and rescue, and technological prowess under the long shadow of militarization in the borderlands.



La Gitana Cantina, Arivaca, AZ.
10.3 Miles from the US-Mexico border



CROWN ROYAL was Slim's drink of choice. Buster brings a bottle. We take a swig at the bottom and several more as we climb. We polish off the bottle at the top.



Hike leader and self-proclaimed Mayor of Arivaca, Speedy, warns the group that it will be stinky at the top. "The Mexicans been shitting up there," he says. Half the group cringes.



When we reach the top, we find a shaded [cartel] structure. Four lookouts drop below the cliff, leaving behind blankets and BINOCULARS. We have interrupted their work day. "These are really nice!" says Buster, as he puts the binos in his bag.



Speedy shows us a CRYSTAL that was placed on the Mesa. Another memorial for another old friend. He said it was the size of his arm. It is actually the size of his finger. Speedy likes to exaggerate twofold: "I ran drugs down Arivaca Rd at 200 mph!" He's right that the feds could never catch him.



We document our hike by writing a NOTE and leaving it behind in a rusty coffee can. Today is the HOTTEST DAY of the summer on record.



From the top of the Mesa, we hear screaming from below. "HELP!" "WATER!" Buster pulls out his new BINOCULARS and spots a bright dot on the hillside. It's Jane and John Doe who have taken a tumble. Thinking fast, Jane takes off her shirt to expose her HOT PINK BRA so that rescuers can see her. We rush down as sirens begin to blare from the road below.



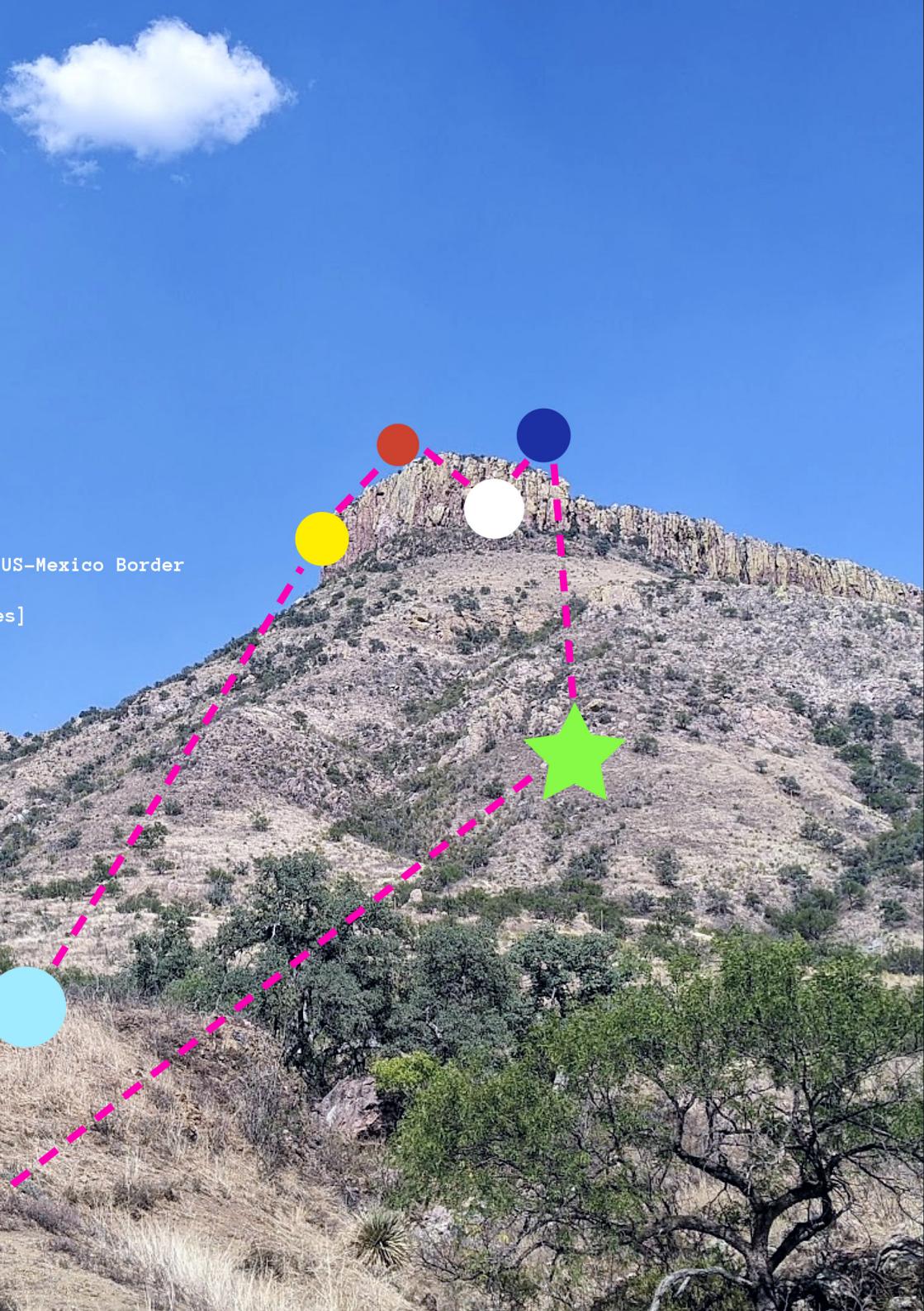
Slim's ashes never make it. In all the excitement, we forgot to guide Slim's family to the top. They turn back with the ashes when they lose the trail.

The Mesa

4.02 Miles from the

[as the bird flies]





US-Mexico Border

[es]

[FROM BELOW] We reached the base with little to no water. The decent felt rushed. Gone were the whiskey and the jokes. Alaina left the group and rushed up the saddle to meet the first responders. We sat at the base and waited. We had a full panoramic view. It was cinematic in the sense that we watched together, the sky was huge, the helicopter bug-like, the terrain beautiful and brutal, the situation urgent, the desert expansive. I was somewhere between participant observer and



[FROM ABOVE] Urgency cuts away the corners of my vision, but something blue and orange pulls me up the hill though stands of cat claw, aiming a bare shoulder into the brush. I arrive to noise: John slipping into convulsions, Jane yelling at John to stay alive, and a Border Patrol agent yelling at them both to stay calm. None of them have water. I stretch my last two bottles until the helicopter arrives, keeping my hand, a rag, and a cool trickle on the back of Jane's neck. The touch is my anchor as the Blackhawk drops its rescue team like a storm. Noise becomes something I can touch, too: propellers throw wind through my chest. Agents scream over the

spectator. I was stationary yet the event passed quickly with an urgent tempo. I looked through my binoculars and worried. I felt relief that Alaina came back with the agents. The rescue was a success. The memorial hike was legendary. Slim's ex-girlfriend was overheating but found the energy to joke: "Slim would be laughin his ass off. He hated Border Patrol, and he made them hike the Mesa on the hottest day of the year. " A final swindle and antagonistic turn of hand from beyond.



roar. No one is paying attention when the Border Patrol radio chatter warns of "four scouts on the peak." I hold the tarp over an agent's head as she works; she pauses in the shade to brush a thorn out of my arm. A flash of quiet. The helicopter swings away and returns for the final hoist. As Jane lifts off, she begs me to take a video: "I'm afraid of heights, my family will never believe this shit." A Border Patrol agent and I stand up together, squinting against the gravel and flying twigs, to record Jane's spinning figure. Me, for Jane's mom, and him, for the U.S. Customs and Border Protection social media page. I briefly wonder if they will use the word "hero." 29



TUCSON, Ariz. — Air and Marine Operations and U.S. Border Patrol rescued two U.S. citizens suffering from heat stress near Montana Peak, south of Arivaca, Arizona.

On Monday, July 3, Tucson Border Patrol agents responded to two U.S. Citizens requesting immediate medical assistance. One person was falling in and out of consciousness and the second person was suffering from extreme heat stress.



@USCitizen1 5 months ago

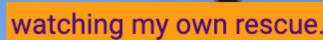
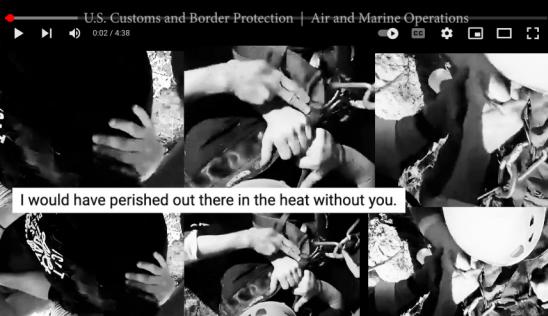
I want to thank everyone involved who saved my life that day. I was unconscious during all this, it's pretty interesting watching my own rescue.

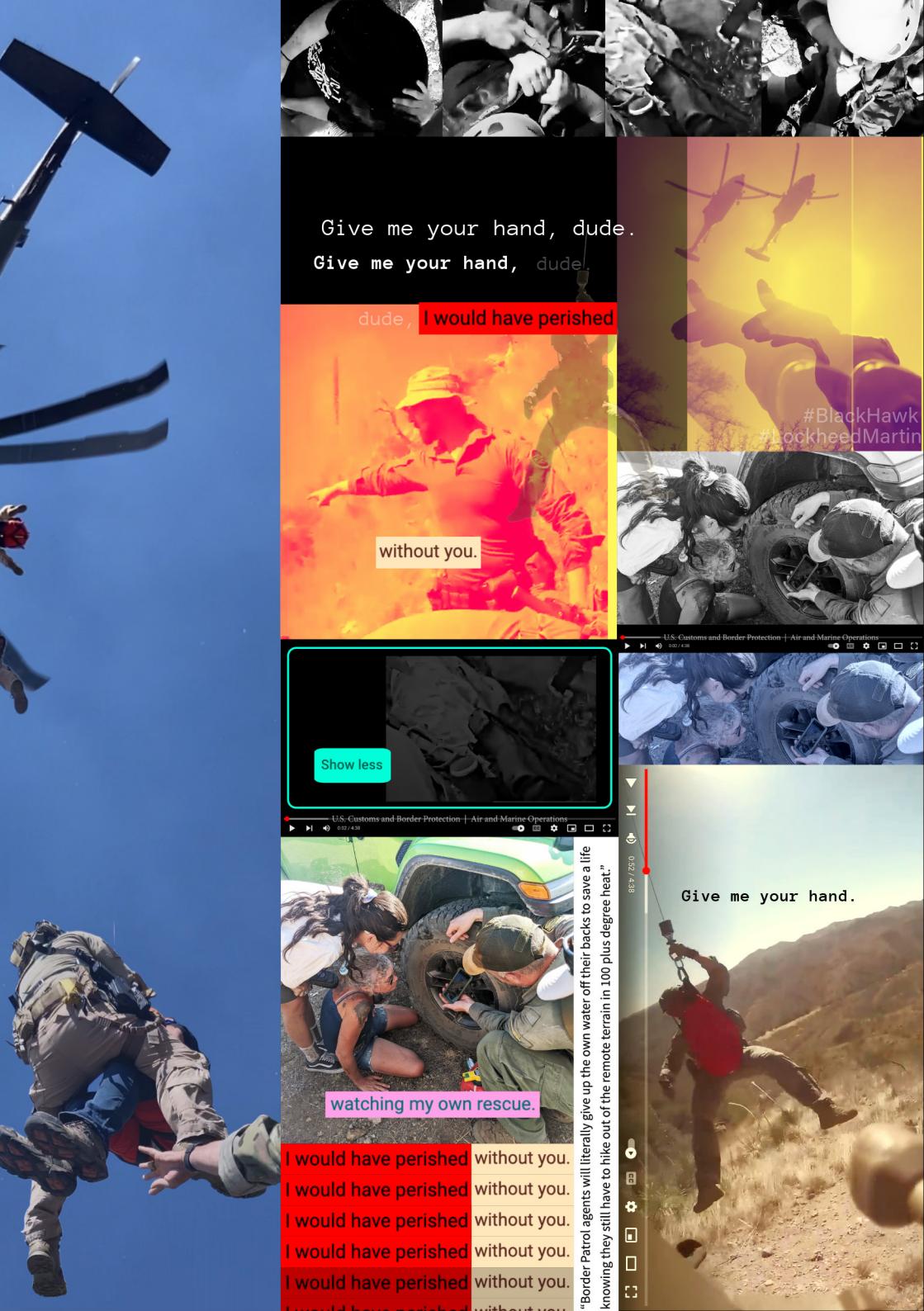
I would have perished out there in the heat without you watch

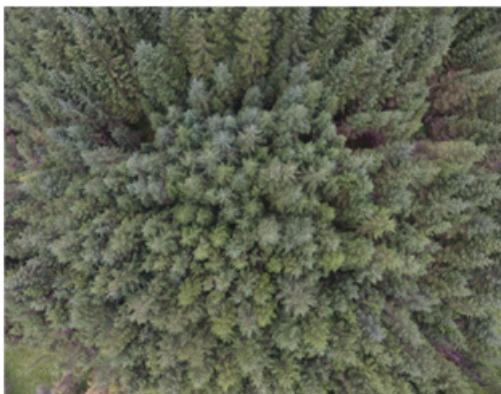
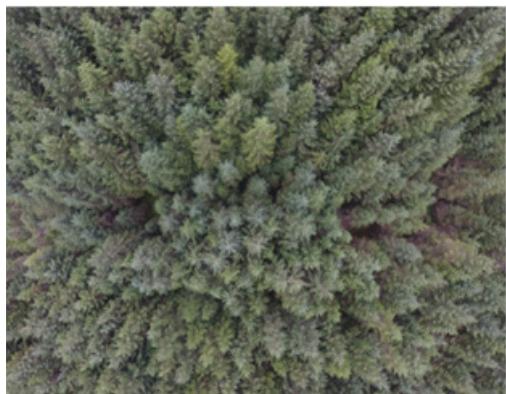
Show less



I would have perished without you. without watching my own rescue. without watching my own rescue.









"CARN DROMA, AREA 1"

Daniel R. Hansen
Drone photographs

In my work as a landscape archaeologist, I use a drone to produce digital surface models of large swaths of land. This process involves taking hundreds or thousands of aerial photographs per site, which are then stitched together to form a single three-dimensional model. In the ordinary course of my work, the individual photographs never see the light of day. It's a shame—some of them are quite beautiful.



19TH CENTURY ICE CREAM LANDSCAPES TODAY

Hannah Spiegelman
black & white 35mm Photographs

I finished writing my thesis after I moved to New York City, which was the main city I focused on for said thesis on 19th century ice cream consumption landscapes. I made note of addresses when I came across them in research and then spent a couple days going around Manhattan and Brooklyn and photographing spaces that once were pleasure gardens, ice cream parlors, and soda fountains.



"Brooklyn is very rich."
Vito Acconci



40%
60%
OFF



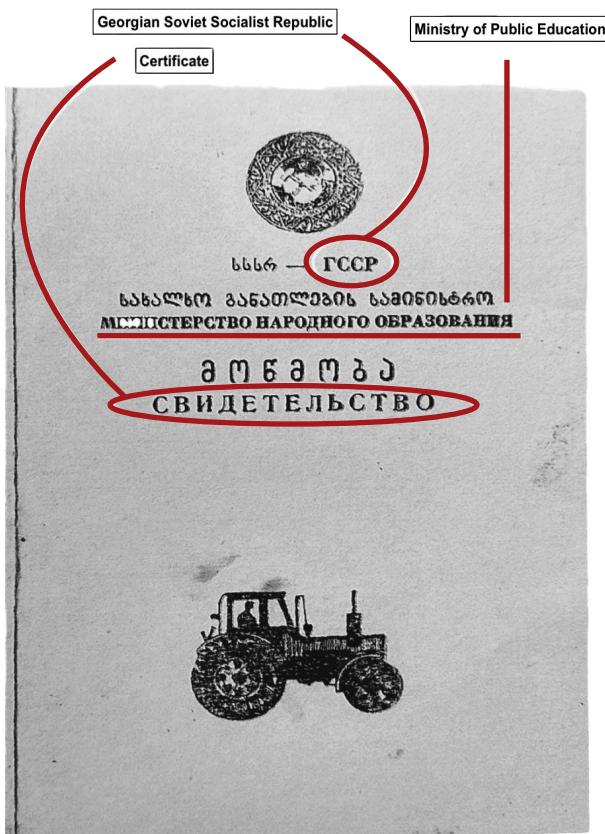
MY MOTHER'S TRACTOR DRIVING LICENSE, OR "A TRACTOR IN THE FIELD IS WORTH A TANK IN THE BATTLE"

Foti Sahvari

My mother got her tractor driving license in 1989 in Dagva (Takova), Georgia, or to be more precise, in the former Georgian Soviet Socialist Republic, where she was born and raised in a tightly knit Pontic Greek community. She was 15 years old when the two-year course started. At that time there were plenty of courses dedicated to agriculture starting early on from the first grades. Learning how to drive a tractor was taught two hours a week by a mechanical engineer, including both theory and practice, as part of the 9th & 10th grade curriculum. My mother, a teachers' daughter, studious student and president of the school's Komsomol (All-Union Leninist Young Communist League), passed her tractor exams with the highest distinction. According to my father, a similar excellence was shown by her in disassembling and reassembling the kalashnikov course. Basic military education, as well as civil protection courses have been teaching students how to be prepared in the event of a war, an atomic bomb attack, an air/water/land invasion and all kinds of war scenarios.

"A tractor in the field is worth a tank in the battle" and other soviet propaganda posters show women handling tractors as valued contributors to society while men were called to arms. "These kinds of posters call on the Soviet public to fulfill a number of duties, but primarily to be always prepared to protect the young soviet state by any means". A quick web research in articles, literature and tractor enthusiasts' blogs confirmed the importance of the tractor "as a vehicle which was supposed to drive peasantry to Communism and a socialized agriculture in Russia and later USSR". Mechanization and industrialization in favor of collectivization of agriculture made the iron horse production grow big within a few decades in the early 20th century. The militarisation of tractors during WWII implemented two ways: a) the initiation of an economy of scale

when tractor plants re-configured their production line to produce tanks, self propelled guns, armored cars, artillery tractors and even armored trains and b) the conscription of farm tractors to recover damaged tanks and tow special equipment from battlefields. Tractors were initially designed so they could switch into armed machinery within a day, while after the war, most of the surviving tractors returned to farms. In times of war, women joined the army when needed, but disproportionately in terms of gender. As agriculture and industry remained crucial, women had their own duty to keep machines working.



*My mother's tractor driving license.
Published in 1989 in the former GSSR.*



"A tractor in the field is worth a tank in the battle".

Soviet propaganda poster from the 1940s.

In the '80s there were a lot of tractors for use in Dagva. A local functionary tractor driver was tasked with loading tons of fruits and vegetables from each home. My mother's family consisted of only one male, her father, so there were limitations on land owning and farming, but either way they delivered more than 10 tons of tangerines a year to the Soviet Union. My grandparents

worked as teachers but they were also agricultural producers in a way. Most of Dagvas' residents had double occupations like that. The public tractors were there to mediate between locals and the regime. By the time my mother had her 3rd category tractor license for T-25 model, she herself — like most Pontics — was gradually forced to dislocation facing the multilevel consequences of the collapse of the Soviet Union; it was not only due to the the fear caused by the sociopolitical aftermath and following conflicts in Georgia, but also a glimmer of hope emerged by the Greek loyal opposition's pre-electoral campaign calling Pontics to return back to their 'motherland'.

After the dissolution, most of the village's tractors were purchased by private individuals and only a few of them kept on serving the local authorities. The tractor she used to drive was red, simply designed with a cart in the front and no doors. Fourteen years later, at the age of 31, my mother got her category B driving license for medium sized vehicles ≤ 3500 kg in the town of Agios Nikolaos in Crete where she and my father migrated in 1993. When she was born, my grandmother wanted for her daughter to fit in the soviet social context with a properly euphonic full name, so she stated a slightly adapted name in the hospital's office: Kristina Konstantinovna. Little did she know that her daughter would be later dislocated to Greece. Her mistranslated Greek ID was published in 2000 testifying to her un-greekness despite the stated Greek nationality and citizenship. She had to go through a complex legal process to fix it, so she finally made peace with it. And even if everyone knows her by her original Greek Orthodox name, she still thinks that the translation was correct as it was based on her official documents. Perhaps she's right. After all, this strange - in the Greek context - pronunciation of her name has a lot to say about her journey "back to motherland". This minor miswriting of course passed from all her official documents to ours, those of her three daughters. And we, the 2nd generation Pontic Greek migrants labeled as "ethnic return" from the former USSR, ultimately inherited not only these kinds of mistranslations, rather than the whole package of post-soviet legacies, intergenerational trauma and silence, linguistic and other exiles.

Warm thanks to my parents, Hristina and Ilias, for sharing and patiently answering all of my questions.

UNTITLED

Carrie-Ann Morgan

american men
mow the grass
in grief

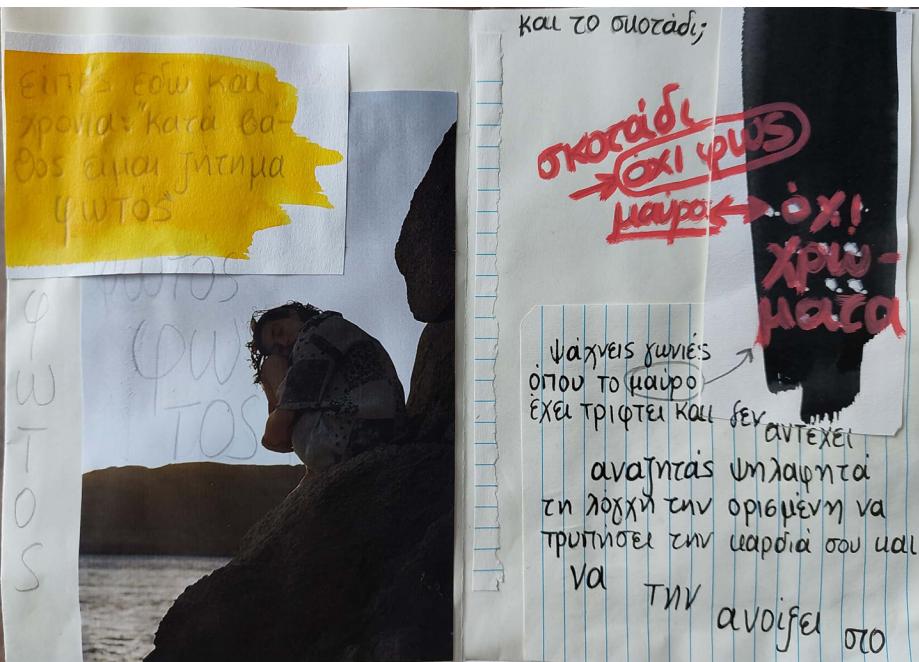
they bury their pain
under fluffs
of green

without solutions
they dare not
speak, shame

they cannot sit still
nor can they
cry, so

little blades of grass
fly about
like tears

the mower hums
their elegy
for the dead



ΟΧΙ ΦΟΙΣ

Maria Politi

Mixed-media collage on paper

Excerpts from a collage zine made as a reflection on conducting research in a physics optics lab.

TO WORDS

*Chloé Malloggi (text) &
Eléonore Rimbault (illustration)*

I never really knew how to write;

I would rather say I am in love with words¹. I put them together hoping it will form a sentence. I am fascinated by their ability to transform and get together in order to create a message, a meaning. I am a french native speaker. I don't know a lot of english words, and the french ones are slower and slower to appear in my mind. Every day is a time for discovery, new and lost words pop up and expand my horizons. I believe the more words I know, the more things I can think about.

What is not named does not exist says Chloé Delaume.

I think about words all the time. When I read and write, as obvious as it sounds. When I walk and think, when I see shapes and colours that remind me of them, when shapes and colours become beings. I think about words at breakfast, lunch and dinner. At home, at school and in bed. From the early morning, through the brightest time of the day, when the sun set and until the darkness of the night. Words are my obsession. Their meaning, their story, their plasticity. Plasticity.

It's a long story.

The only time I don't think about words is when I speak. It is difficult to believe that words are my thing if you listen to me talking. I am too eager to tell, so I stumble and loose control. I do not trust the spoken words. They scare me. They can fly away too quickly and leave you with an open mouth,
ooooo
trying to remember what to put words on.

The written words reassure me. I like their silent company. They let me come closer, copy, paste, tame. I cut, twist, model as I like; easy.

So, I write. After I started to understand it and until recently, if someone asked me to define my writings, I used to answer poetry. But I never really felt like I was writing poetry. I don't feel like a poet; even if when I was reading *Lettres aux jeunes poétesses*², I felt that I was the perfect target. Then, I took the decision not to say I write poems anymore. I work with words. As vague as it sounds, I find it more precise. I sculpt with words. I make collages.

I like words, punctuations, question marks, footnotes, indefinite and definite pronouns. I like them as much as I hate them. I hate them when they are fixed in their role and don't make space for flexibility. In that case, I attack them with my glue and my scissors. Cut, twist, stretch, repeat, until I like them again. Then I sort them in drawers or in the notes of my phone. They can stay there for years.

They can stay there for years.

For years.

Until I give them back their freedom. I would have liked to keep them for myself. I am scared they will tell my secrets, betray me. I am scared to loose control again. Can we stumble when we write?

To you words; I want to be your friend, your lover, your fan number one. Because *poétesse* I can't be; and writer, I don't believe so. Yet I just want to write.



LETTING GO

Alice Diaz Chauvigné
mixed-media painting
(above)

RIDE FOR

Animous Lynx
collage on paper
(right)



I DON'T UNDERSTAND, OR A STUDY IN EXHAUSTION

*Kelsey Rooney (text) &
Eléonore Rimbault (illustration)*

I stare at my shirtless AirBnB host, trying to fathom what he's saying to me.
Why does this Frenchman own a house in this West African city?

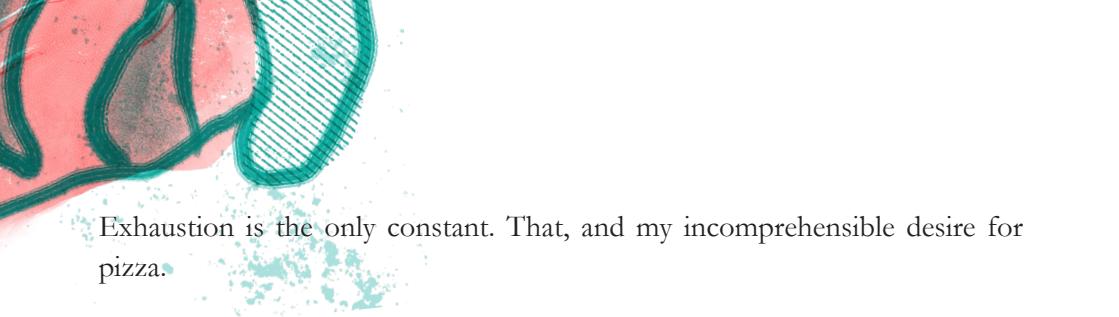
Everyone looks at me. I realized that I lost focus in the rhythm
of his tongue, that I stopped trying to find the spaces between his words.
Désolée, je comprends pas. I'm sorry, I don't understand.

My colleague — my friend — repeats what the Frenchman said, but in
his academic, Senegalese French — slower French, friendlier French,
rounder French, a French that snags my ears on the consonants.

Appreciation floods my bones.

Oh, he's just telling me how the coffee pot works and that we
need to use well water. Ok, cool. I can do that. *oui, oui, bien sûr,*
pas problème.

I'm already exhausted.



Exhaustion is the only constant. That, and my incomprehensible desire for pizza.

After a full day at the foreign archives: eyes still looping around curled script. My brain stops, my French dries up. I curl up and try to make it to the late dinner hour, wondering when I turned into a Benjamin Franklin-esque caricature of an American. I pop through Nespresso pods, which don't have nearly enough caffeine. I tell my local friends I'll go out, I swear I'll go out, I swear I won't fall asleep at 9:30. I even make it, once or twice.

After a full day of logistics and planning in the capital: eyes a dull red from tears of frustration. My brain speeds through the abandoned to-do lists, spawning new fears at each turn. I am now a connoisseur of all the pizza places, and I would have several frozen pizzas in my freezer if I had one. Today, I'm met with obstacles: my phone inexplicably dies (no I did not drop it, I was trying to listen to a Dungeons and Dragons podcast) — the minister isn't here — my trilingual friend cannot help me get a battery, as he is hungover.

After a quick trip to the hardware store: eyes trying to follow the friend of a friend of a guy who owns a hardware stand in the heart of the city market, who shares no linguistic tongue with me, who does not know anything about me except that I am a white female, is guiding me through the back alleys crowded with men fixing old phones, laughing, swigging tea over the cracked-open carcasses of electronics, listening to the radio. I wonder if my phone is here. I show each and every person my newfound friend Diop brings me to a picture of the wirecutters I want on Diop's phone. One guy disappears for a half hour, and reappears with the exact make and model. I arrive home to an email — the minister approved my permit.

After a full day on the boat: tired eyes dazzled by the sunlight off the sea. My friend asks me what's my favorite meal. I promise to take him to pizza.

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Inspired by the vibrant self-publishing community of Athens at time of near-terminal-stage disillusion with US academia, the *Undertheorized* fanzine project was imagined as a humble exercise in international cross-disciplinary communication and togetherness.

The works in this issue urge us to playfully engage our surroundings in our interpretations of the world: to not limit ourselves to the look and feel of innovativeness, completeness, coherence, or expertise; to collect, to collage, to compose without pressure to careerist intellectual brandedness or project form; to reach out through our images, words, and memories; and to hold broad and empirically grounded conversations on research as it unfolds in all of its messiness, murkiness, horror and joy.

The fanzine was collectively designed and edited by its contributors. It was printed in red and teal ink by Sleep On It Press in Athens, Greece. Our logo was lovingly created by Tassos Papaioannou in a Romanian airport, with a laptop balanced on a suitcase full of DIY publications. The University of Chicago provided financial support. A heart felt thank you to all of the persons who answered the first open call — anthropologists, linguists, activists, artists, historians; people doing research — and to the Athens Zine Bibliotheque for a year of boundless enthusiasm, learning and ZINES ZINES ZINES. Thank you, everyone.

- *Emily C. Kuret*

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