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# UNDERTHEORIZED IN THE LITERATURE:

**An Interdisciplinary Social Science Fanzine**

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(MORE LIKE SUMMER 2025, BUT  
BETTER LATE THAN NEVER)

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# WITH WORRY, I WRITE

*Daniela Tolchinsky*

For the last six years I've been writing a dissertation about the political and theological meaning of Judaism (and the Jews) latching onto Zionism (and to Israel). Quite the timing, right? Over the years, I have developed lots of high-minded, eloquently justified ideas about the theology underlying our dying and deadly, turn-of-the-century politics. Zionism is Judaism's conversion to Christianity, I claim in my work. To a political tradition – coloniality and all – that is originally Christian. To convert, from Jews' mid-20th century point of view, was how the Jews would be allowed to survive a Christian world. In exchange, though, Jewish survival had to do something for everyone else – it had to become salvatory. Thus emerges the formula for our so-called “Judeo-Christian” politics: the West, by embracing Israel, was to be ethically saved because it now protects the survival of a minority it used to want to kill; that minority adopts and enacts a Western-style politics, proselytizing the merits of Western civilization and Jewish survival as though they were one in the same. To sum it up, post-Holocaust, Jewish survival becomes a means for Christian salvation, the price of which is Jewish conversion to a Christian political theology. The mainstream institutions of Jewish and Israeli communities – friends and family included – now (falsely) claim that this was always, already what Judaism was all about.

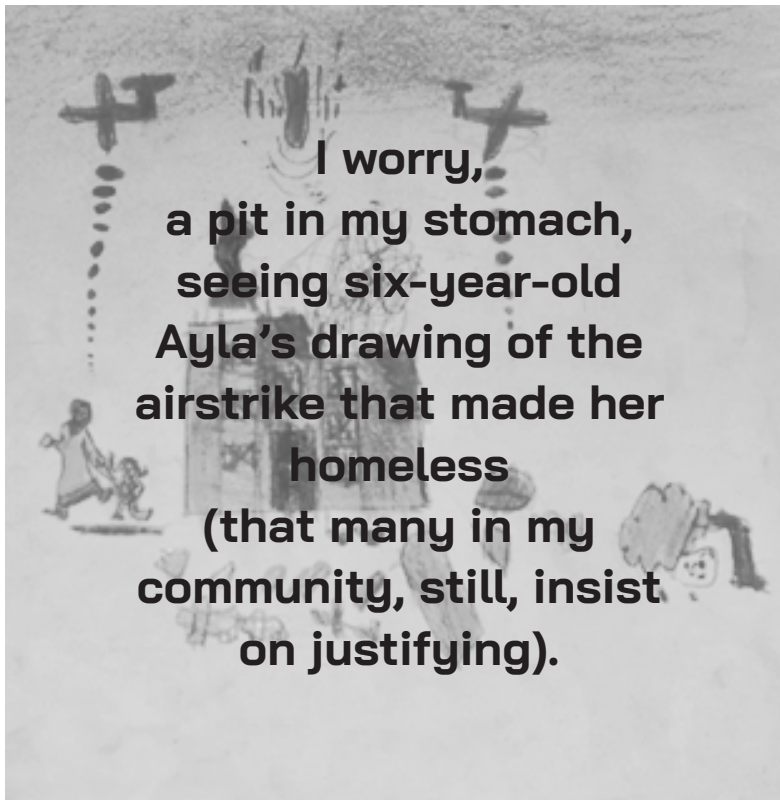
The occupied and exploited Palestinian people are more than mere collateral, from the perspective of these politics. Palestinians' resistance to Israel, the logic goes, shows that not everyone has learned the ethical lesson that Jews are not to be killed, and so Jewish survival – through Israel – remains all the more necessary. (But how is occupation and exploitation to be resisted, other than by, well, resisting? These politics make this question unanswerable.)



My critique, I used to think, is quite radical. At least the teachers at my suburban Jewish day school would think it is blasphemously so.

It implies that the state of Israel is not a Jewish state at all, despite those who live in it. It's more like a Jewish heresy, one committed by a hoodwinked people who made the devastating choice of allying with a hegemonic coloniality and adopting it as its own. It is the existential mistake of making oneself indispensable to the hegemon, in the hopes that this will secure one's survival.

All these claims are well and good – urgent, even – except they are so crushingly, formidably personal.





**I worry  
as I drive by  
Israeli  
billboards  
roaring for  
“victory,”  
terrified for  
what they’ll  
decide  
“victory”  
means next.**



**I worry with bated breath,  
waiting to see if my  
cousin's name will  
appear on the list  
of released hostages.**

I now worry as I work. I worry because my writing resists these hegemonic politics, and the costs of that clash have been made devastatingly clear.

I worry as I await feedback on my writing, worried that all these months of worry have removed the sting from my effort to push against it all, when pushing against it all is so urgently needed.

When I finally get the feedback, I share some of my unease with my peers, some of how personal this all is. But my interlocutors misunderstand me. This stuff isn't, "heated at the Thanksgiving dinner table" personal. I don't distress that people I know will approach my work with distaste. No, my fear is that those I don't know will find a certain taste for it. That I will be well and truly taken up in the fight.

I worry I am right, and my words will have force. That I will be part of extracting the cost of the clash. Is expressing this worry a betrayal of a certain cause? Is not expressing it a betrayal of a certain people?

But more than anything, I suppose, I worry my words won't register at all. That the high-minded, eloquently justified reality I've been so keen to diagnose will carry on, Ayla's entire world (and my community's identity) annihilated in the process.

So, with worry, I write.

# Piaxi Inspired Cocktail Recipes

*Jiarui Sun*

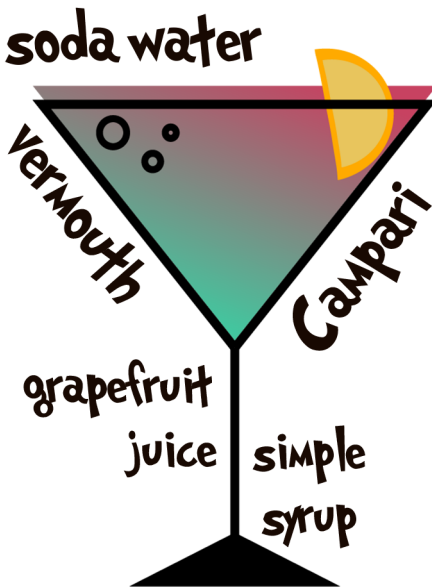
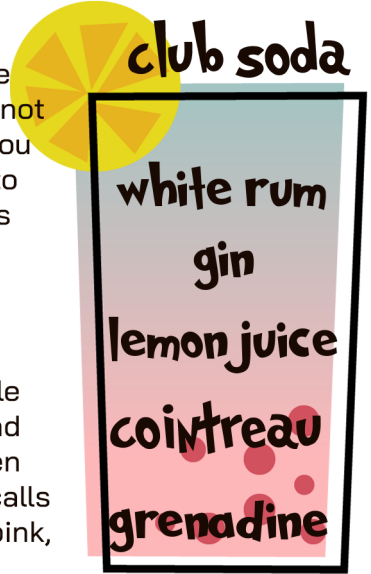
*I work with Chinese people who write and/or perform audio dramas as a hobby. For my interlocutors, voicing out a dramatic character is a great way to get into a mood different from their day identities. When selecting the right script to play, we talk about them in flavors of food. Based on my interlocutors' descriptions of how these different flavors of scripts make them feel, I came up with two cocktail recipes that capture how I imagined these scripts would taste like.*



# Pomegranate Dream

Kaka is a cheerful 23-year-old college graduate. She likes to play **sweet scripts** with strangers online because she wants to enjoy romance but does not feel ready for actual intimacy. When you meet a partner with a beautiful voice to perform a good sweet script, Kaka tells me, "it's like you are swimming in pink bubbles!"

The word "pink bubbles" immediately calls to mind the classic Shirley Temple with its bright color from grenadine and bubbles from ginger ale. However, given the deep romance this type of script calls for, I opt for a more "adult" variant of pink, bubbly drink!



Bolin is a young man living in Beijing. After a break up, he spent many nights acting **bitter scripts** with strangers he met online. In these scripts, loving couples go through tragic separations when facing difficult moral challenges.

Endless tears, pain in the chest, urge to scream... these are the feelings Bolin recalled from those sleepless bitter nights when he acted till early morning. These feelings make me think of the bitterness of Campari, with a bit of acidity from grapefruit.

## Grapefruit Bitter Intentions

## MEDITATIVE MEANDERINGS

*Aavanti Chhatre*

Just back from a long walk with Pari, his dog, Shankar sat down in his bedroom. The TV was on in the living room, making background noise as Shankar unlaced his shoes. Suddenly, his ear caught specific words from the news —

“SHOT”

“TERRORIST”

“AMBUSH”

“SEARCH”.

The news-reporter was presenting this evening’s ‘Breaking News’, a militant had been shot dead by paramilitary forces in Shopian, Kashmir. His companions had escaped in the ambush, and a search operation to locate and arrest them was currently underway. Shankar found himself wandering off, in a flash, back to a very specific situation- a flashback triggered by the words he caught from the other room.

Within a split second, he was back in Shopian, almost two decades ago... a young Major in charge of a search operation for two militants. With his team, at around 8:45 pm, he reached the nondescript little house where the militant’s brothers lived. They could hear the TV playing a popular show in the house. It seemed like the family was sitting in the living



room watching TV post dinner. A child's voice could be heard, saying something that prompted laughter. Suddenly, Shankar remembered his team forcing themselves into the house, as the family stared in fright. Momentarily back in the present, he hoped he had at least reassured the women and the children that he posed no threat to them.

Back in his flashback, Shankar remembered barging into the singular bedroom of the house, trying to search for the papers he was supposed to look for- they contained important information that could lead them to the militants. They began the search, opening the cupboards and looking into the shelves one by one. Suddenly, a heap of undergarments fell out of the cupboard. The team continued to rummage through the clothes and other belongings, looking for the documents that were so desperately needed. Within another second, Shankar imagined another scenario- suddenly, a group of soldiers had entered his house as they all sat watching the news at dinner, without a search warrant or warning. They entered his bedroom and searched around, meticulously going through whatever their hands could find- the cupboard in which they kept all their clothes, the rack where the undergarments were kept, the other cupboard where his wife kept all her saris.

His conflicted mind confronted dual personalities- he had done his duty well, fulfilling the one principle they emphasized during training: Always honour your regiment, respect the camaraderie of your troops, don't let them down. However, now that he was not in uniform anymore, he wondered why the job he had done for thirty-five years even existed in the first place. They were all fighting a fight that was not theirs... Yet another decade later, as he recounted these experiences to his daughter, the guilt refused to go away. He sat silently with his daughter, sharing the intensity of his guilt with her.



by Suylar Kaat

2024



My

# Red Accordion

(a story not belonging)



So, here I am,  
having a lively  
conversation with an  
accordion shop all the  
way in Seattle on the  
phone. I am buying a  
new accordion.



Yet, amidst this  
excitement, my mind  
drifts back to my dear,  
old, red accordion.





Picture this:

a dark red, Chinese-made Parrot,



quite possibly older than me.

It was a hand-me-down from my mom's friend's half-brother's parents, who bought it in the accordion-crazed '90s in Northern China.

I've never met these generous gift-givers, but the accordion's journey to me involved a dusty storage unit, recycled plastic wrap, pit stops at my mom's friend's house, my mom's car, until it finally landed on my cluttered desk.

My initial notes were tunes from the French film "Amélie." However, I could not finish the song before it was interrupted by the demands of school.

From Beijing to Singapore, to Los Angeles, to Boston, and ultimately to Western Mass. this old, red accordion traveled with me inside a picnic blanket in my suitcase. Some airlines forced it into the cargo hold, while others examined it carefully before granting it a place in the overhead cabinets.

Confronted with the daunting task of lugging it up to my fourth-floor walk-up dorm, I seriously toyed with the idea of parting ways. Charity, Facebook Marketplace, or a music-loving friend - there were discussions.

I thought, I never really forged a deep connection with it anyway





Then came my first year in grad school. A hometown classmate, my Californian professor, and I, all, strangely played the accordion at some point in our lives. So, we brought it to the office, apologized to everyone in advance for the noise, and played in turn. It was the first time that I became not afraid of being myself within those ivy-covered, towering walls.





I picked it up during my fieldwork.

Serendipity led me to a group of interlocutors who needed an accordionist, so suddenly, it became my golden ticket to acceptance into their community.



Lessons followed. I learned not only how to coax sounds out of this red, old accordion, but the terminologies, textures of sound, and movements.

My commutes for the lessons made me really see the city for the first time - the rock climbing gym and cafes near the teachers' studio became part of my accordion narrative. I finally made a playlist for walking on the streets here - it finally feels like I moved into this city that I have been residing in for two years.

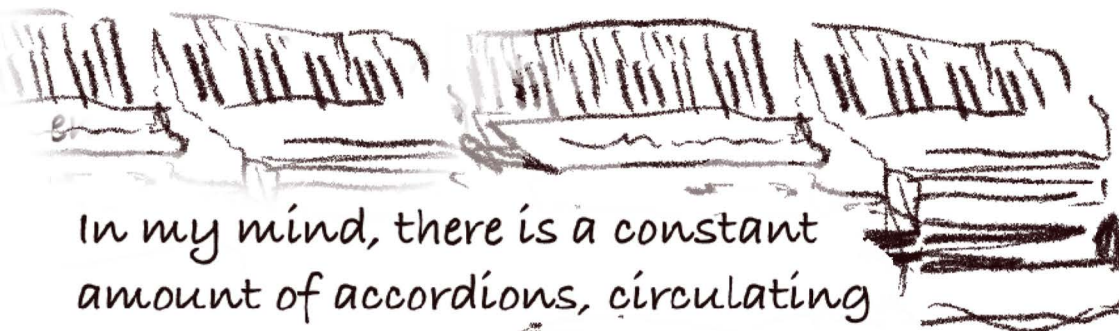




The accordion shop guy is telling me about second-hand accordions. While some small towns in Italy still make new accordions, most people opt for a used one. The accordion shops take the old ones in, meticulously refurbish them, and resell them.



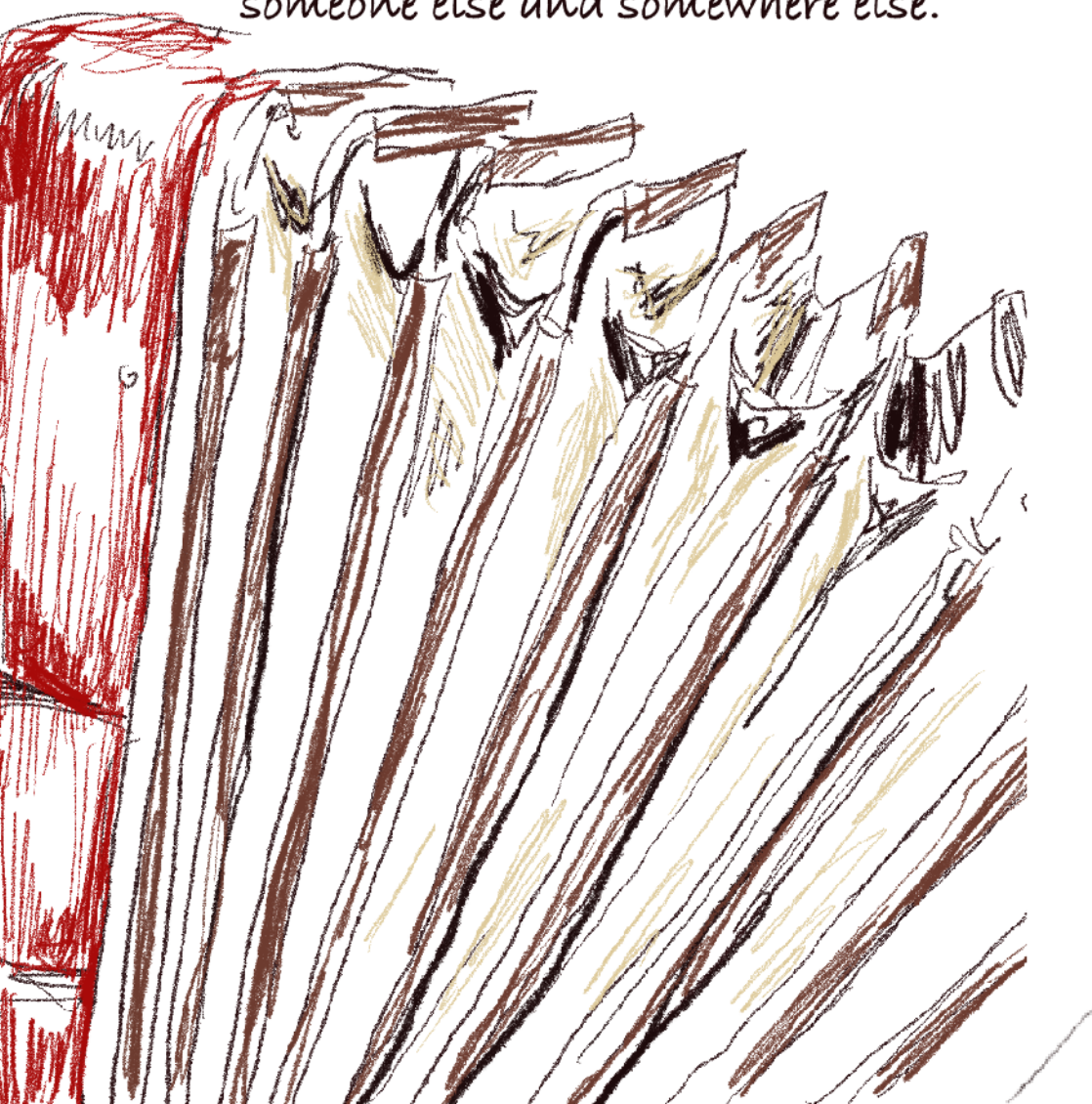




In my mind, there is a constant amount of accordions, circulating through time and space, weaving connections among people who may not even realize their shared existence – an imagined community.



Within this, people understand  
that the accordion is on a journey,  
from someone and somewhere, to  
me and now, and will perhaps to  
someone else and somewhere else.



When I see my red, old accordion,  
I see how much and how little stories  
I know about it. Playing this  
instrument is to study A history,  
a connection to an unseen  
community scattered through the  
folds of time and space.

And by playing it,  
we know that

we belong, somewhere.





AICI?? ACOLO?? AICI.

(sau: cum a fost, ca american,  
sa-mi fac cercetarea de doctorat in iasi.)

*Anna-Marie Sprenger*

nu stiu cine am fost pentru voi. numele meu este anna-marie. aici, mi se zice anna. nu am dat voie nimanui sa-mi zica anna pana sa vin la iasi. la inceput corectam oamenii, dar am renuntat destul de repede. anna-marie si anna nu sunt aceeasi, dar eu sunt ambele. anna este cineva care vorbeste o romana stalcita, care suna ca un copil. anna ia notite la evenimente si iti pune intrebari ciudate. stie prea multa barfa. anna cauta ceva in iasi pentru teza ei de doctorat, dar nu-i prea clar.



este ciudat sa cunosc oameni, si sa nu ma simt cunoscuta. intr-un fel, e frumos sa ma simt apreciata de oameni care stiu, pana la urma, foarte putin despre mine dar care au decis oricum sa-si petreaca timpul cu mine.

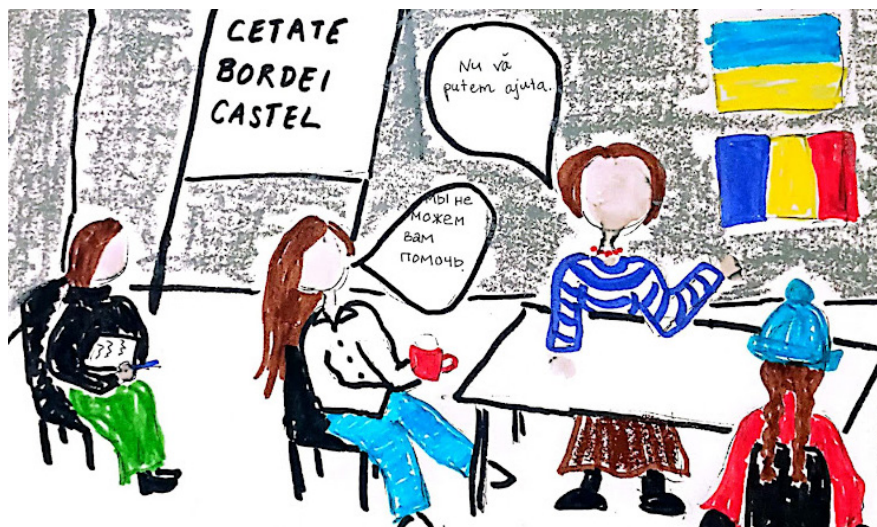
in acelasi timp, nu-mi place sa fiu stiuta ca anna, ca versiunea mea cea mai neamuzanta, incoerenta, nepriceputa, ignoranta. uneori ma intreb cum ar fi fost sa ma imprietenesc cu aceeasi oameni daca ma cunosteau in mediul meu obisnuit.

tot ce pot sa fac e sa accept ca unii oameni aici au vazut ceva in mine care le-a placut.



ma simt frustrata de faptul ca intreaga mea experienta a fost colorata de o depresie enorma, inca neterminata. cred ca din februarie pana in mai, am plans in fiecare zi. am intalnit oameni minunati aici, dar n-am fost in stare sa fiu prezenta cum as fi vrut din cauza unor probleme care de fapt nu aveau mare legatura cu faptul ca eram in iasi.

multe chestii nasoale s-au intamplat: mi-a murit catelul pe care il aveam de la varsta de 10 ani. a trebuit sa pun sfarsit la o prietenie pe care o considerasam foarte apropiata. am incheiat, in mod complicat si intortocheat, mai multe relatii romantice (ca nu-mi ajungea sa fiu queer, trebuia sa ma complic si cu relatii poly) inclusiv cea cu partenerul cu care fusesem aproape 6 ani.



nu e vina iasului. nu e vina nimanui, de fapt, ca am fost asa de izolata luni intregi. dar resimt faptul ca nu ma voi putea gandii vreodata la acest capitol din viata si cariera mea fara, in primul rand, sa simt acea durere.

am observat timp de cateva luni cum merge treaba la un centru pentru refugiati din ucraina. credeam ca aceste interactiuni intre refugiati care nu vorbesc romana si asistente sociale care, in mare parte, nu vorbesc decat limba romana, vor fi la centrul proiectului meu.

mda, nu stiu ce sa spun. intr-adevar, am cules multe date, am luat sute de pagini de notite, am inregistrat cursurile de limba romana pentru refugiati. dar a fost extrem de demoralizant. nu se mai ofereau serviciile promise, si la cursul de romana se invatau chestii care mie, ca lingvist, mi se pareau dubioase sau inutile. ce sa caute un refugiat cu cuvinte ca "cetate" "bordei" etc cand nici nu stie sa numere pana la 10?

perioada in care mergeam la centru in fiecare zi – pana s-a inchis – nu se simte reala, nu se simte conectata cu restul experientei mele de-a incerca sa devin, in felul meu, ieseanca.

deseori nu stiam care este rolul meu intr-o situatie. da, sunt cercetator, dar sunt si o persoana cu nevoie de prieteni.

cercetarea etnografica consta, pentru mine, in mare parte in a merge la evenimente, dar aceste evenimente la care merg sunt evenimente la care



as vrea sa merg chiar daca nu eram cercetator, daca locuiam aici din vreun motiv sau altul. dar nu locuiesc aici, sau nu in felul in care locuiesc oamenii a caror aceste evenimente sunt dedicate.



ma imprietenesc cu oamenii pe care îi cunosc prin cercetare, si prin intermediul lor, cunosc alti oameni pe care vreau sa-i includ in cercetarea mea. devin mai apropiata cu unii din prietenii mei, dar tot iau notite despre ei cand ajung acasa. ei stiu asta. mi-e frica ca ei nu-si dau seama ca tin foarte mult la ei. ca as vrea sa-i cunosc fara pretextul cercetarii. cu altii vreau doar sa vorbesc ca cercetator, nu neaparat sa ma imprietenesc.

e urat, e tranzactional, nu? si daca unele persoane nu vor sa se apropie de mine, ca pana la urma, sunt cercetator – am motive ulterioare, sunt ca un spion – si ma intorc in sua, îi inteleg si nu îi pot reprosa pentru asta. nimeni nu-mi datoreste deschidere sau sinceritate aici.

este posibil sa fac parte dintr-o comunitate pe care am venit s-o cercetez, care îmi este atragatoare precis pentru faptul ca nu îi apartin si nu o inteleg? sincer, cred ca nu. dar nu iau asta in mod personal.

tot timpul ma simt traind momentul in doua locuri. e imposibil sa nu fac comparatii. niste prietene au fost uimite de drag show-ul la acaju. acesta a fost primul eveniment drag in iasi. eu nu eram impresionata. eram impresionata de emotia spectatorilor, de intensitatea veseliei lor, de cat de clar era ca iasi are nevoie de drag. oricum despre asta imi pasa cel mai mult.

dar cand m-au intrebat cum mi s-a parut, ce trebuia sa spun? ca nu sunt impresionata fiind ca pot sa-ti spun vreo 5 locuri la mine in oras unde poti





sa vezi drag inclusiv cu drag queens profesioniste in timpul saptamanii? ca nu sunt impresionata ca am mai multi amici care sunt drag queens profesioniste? “ok ok anna, am INTELES, esti din chicago, n-ai putea sa traiesti in romania”

nu-mi place sa exprim aceste ganduri. dar prietenii mei merita sinceritatea mea, daca e sa fim prieteni si nu doar cercetator-subiect, nu? si asta inseamna uneori sa-mi expun aceste sentimente de care imi e rusine.

am luat o multime de interviuri. mai exact 43. a devenit un fel de instinct in corp. incepusem sa visez cum luam interviuri si cum le transcriam. le re-ascutam in timp ce spalam vase. nu voi uita o singura voce.

ma mir in continuare ca 43 de persoane au vrut sa vorbeasca cu mine, sa-mi arate incredere si deschidere, sa ma lase sa le tin povestile aproape de mine.

am petrecut multe momente frumoase. aud si inteleg despre ce se plang unii. in acelasi timp, vad o comunitate care se incheaga, prietenii care se formeaza, indivizi care ies din izolare.





exista comunitate si este vie si dinamica. stiu acest lucru pentru ca l-am simtit la nivel visceral, vazand cum mi se insoreste viata petrecandu-mi timpul cu oameni care nu au nicio obligatie sa fie buni cu mine dar care o fac oricum.

eu am venit la iasi ca sa va cunosc, chiar daca nu stiam exact din cine va fi compus acest “voi.” veti face parte intotdeauna din mine – da, cariera mea ca lingvist / antropolog va continua pe baza datelor pe care le-am cules in aceasta perioada vorbind cu voi, observandu-va. faptul ca voi avea un doctorat este datorita voua, si daca devin profesor universitar va fi datorita voua.

dar mai mult de atat am trait aproape un an printre voi. fiecare conversatie, fiecare interactiunie oricat de mica si neinsemnata, chiar daca nu stiai cine sunt, chiar daca nu ti-am auzit numele vreodata, mi-a fost foarte importanta, mai mult decat poti sa stii.

experienta mea in iasi esti tu.



# I NEVER GOT TO SAY GOODBYE TO MY CHILDHOOD HOMES

*Digital collage*

*Lithe Ettawageshik*

A stranger's images provide me a last glimpse. I have been considering the effects of environment on my psyche, and the effects of movement without closure. Years of routes taken to muscle memory, now left unused. I wonder which of my synapses no longer fire, as I forget those paths that were once routine. Every cell of my body and every pixel of these images replaced - still the same organism, or wholly different?

Images sourced from various realty websites & Google Maps, and text sourced from the White House webpage for the Patriot Act. Digitally collaged, laser printed, then rescanned and upscaled via AI.



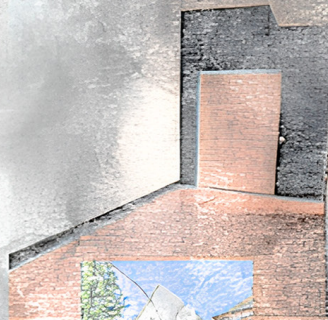
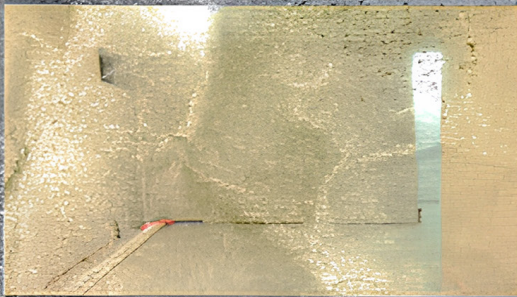
This is historical material, "frozen in time."



The web site is no longer updated







and links to external web sites and some internal pages will not work.

# AN ARCHIVAL PORTRAIT - INTERVENTION OF WILLIAM JONES (1871-1909)

*Film and digital collage*

*Ashley Dequilla*

The ghost and literal bones of William Jones (1871-1909) are traced within a historiographical nexus of complexity as a reckoning lens into the workings, limitations, and failures of the US colonial project.

William Jones was born of mixed race descent and raised in the Fox Tribe tradition on Indian territory in what is now so-called Oklahoma. He would then make an unprecedented passage of assimilation through Hampton Institute, Phillips Academy, Harvard University, and eventually, Columbia University, where he was the first Native American to obtain a doctorate in cultural anthropology as a protege of Franz Boas in 1904.

His career assignment to the Philippines to study and collect from the Ilongot people of Northern Luzon was commissioned by the Field Museum of Natural History in 1906. William Jones was killed on March 28 1909, the day before his return to Chicago. His death was framed as a murder by the US colonial interior, prompting the swift and retaliative burning of twenty Ilongot villages. Glass lantern slides within the University of Michigan's Philippine Collection point to evidence of the American constabulary's framing of Jones's death and alleged murderers through staged reenactment.



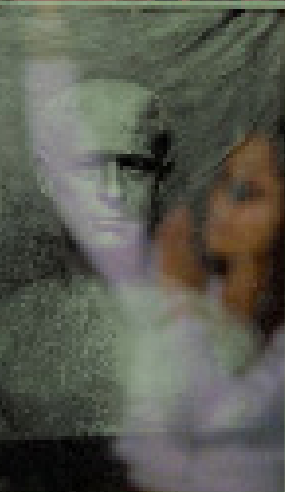
My research as a Co-Curator Partner of the Field Museum's Philippine Heritage Collection expands into an experimental documentary as a form of creative resistance against the ruinous narratives framed around William Jones's death and undeserved obscurity. Collaborative scholarship towards William Jones calls for institutional justice, canonical reckoning, and transnational solidarity. In December of 2023, a major discovery was revealed in search of William Jones's gravesite at Manila North Cemetery: his body was mysteriously exhumed in 1948. The fate of his remains is now left to speculation. These findings animate repressed histories and archival erasures to shift the paradigm around the historical records and after-life of William Jones, a "forgotten luminary" and pioneer of Indigenous studies.



(Continued on Page 4.)

## HORRIBLE FATE

Story of the Killing of Americans by  
Head Hunters



WILLIAM JONES

THE KILLING OF AMERICANS BY HEAD HUNTERS

WILLIAM JONES

INDIAN, CHIEF, AMERICAN SCHOLAR,  
AND ANTHROPOLOGIST  
IN THE FIELD

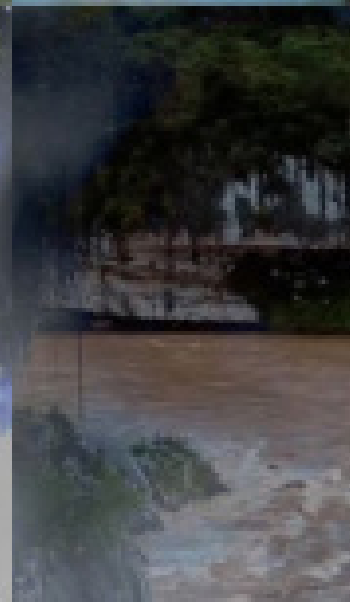
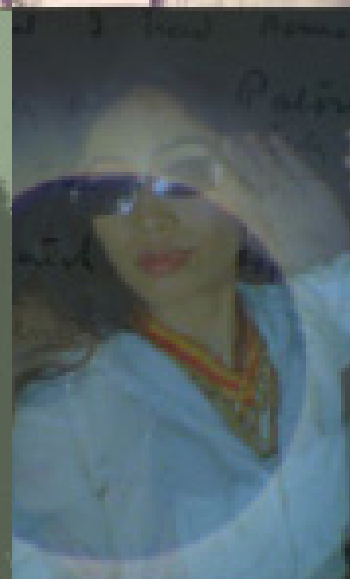
HENRY HULSHED HEDGECOCK

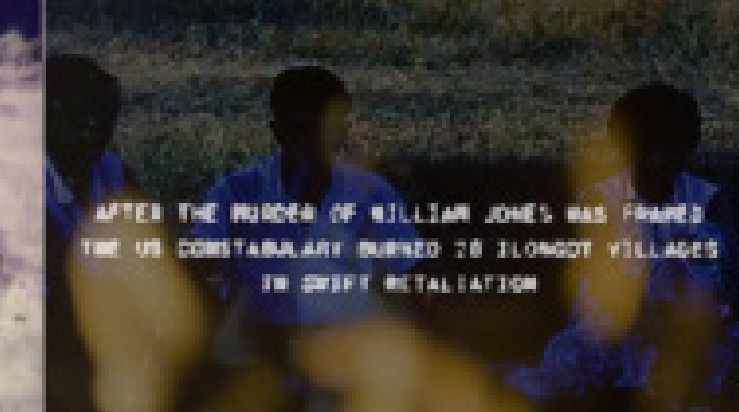
NEW YORK

DOUGLASS A. STARKS COMPANY

1911

OSTHUMOUS' LETTER HE  
TELLS OF LITTLE KNOWN TRIBES





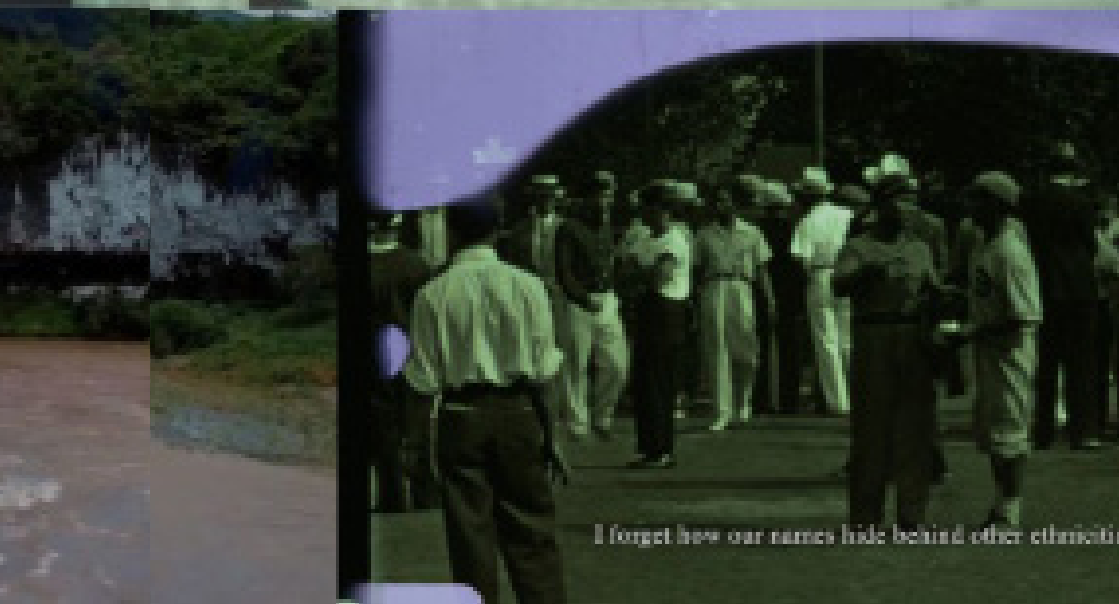
AFTER THE MURDER OF WILLIAM JONES WAS FRAMED  
THE US CONSTATARY BURNED 28 ILONGOT VILLAGES  
IN GREY RETALIATION



A person's face is seen through the frame of a boat, looking out over a body of water with a distant shoreline.

## SPECTERS AND BONES

a film by ashley dequella



A group of people, mostly men in light-colored clothing, are standing in a line outdoors. The scene is framed by a dark archway.

I forget how our names hide behind other ethnicity



## POSITIONALITY STATEMENT

*Nathaniel Graulich*

Long before I ever realized, before I had any theory or practice, racial dynamics and policing were having a profound influence on my life and development as a person. For instance, in terms of my racial\* background I can be categorized as half Black and half White based on my parents categorization. Perhaps as a result of looking racially ambiguous, growing up I was often asked, “what are you?” or was told what I was. For me (besides fueling the identity crisis of my adolescence) this raised questions



about the relevance of race at a young age. It also highlighted the social pressure for multi-racial people in Ann Arbor to pick a single race to identify as and by extension, socialize with. An odd premise if our supposedly liberal-progressive town was post-racial.

During my adolescence I spent a lot of time observing my older half-brother. He fascinated me and I positioned him as the foil in my life story. I've been accused of "Black and White thinking" (which, if you think about it...). But I grew up on adventure stories, so if you were gonna be anybody there were only ever two types of anybody you could be; a "hero" or a "villain", a "cop" or a "robber", a "good guy" or a "bad guy". My brother was no hero. Being fully White and one of four White kids in the neighborhood, he had his own struggle with belonging in our neighborhood and was more inclined to engage in mischief to fit in. He also struggled in school in response to the distance his poverty created between him and his affluent White peers. For me this hadn't been an issue, I was a nerd, I wasn't about to fit in. Also, I was put on Ritalin when I was about 7, though my brother never was. This instilled the notion that my education was important, that school mattered. I concluded that the institution intervention was a reaction to my potential, that my brother was spared because, for better or worse, he spent all his skill points on charisma and I spent mine on intelligence. I never considered I was being policed or was seen as a problem. I don't really remember the effects. I do remember my brother saying he "felt like he lost his brother", was there some other better future...? I don't know. At my elementary school, Lawton, I got attention and enjoyed my time for the most part (though my peers often asked why I usually didn't eat or talk).

Home was infrequently home, everyone was always stretched too thin. Instead, I found my sense of belonging in the schoolhouse, things made sense inside that space. I looked forward to summer break (more screen time) but it came with a lot of problems. Outside of school I wasn't very outgoing (figuratively or literally) and was content with the occasional cartoon-loving school friends and the company of the T.V. Really, it was usually just the T.V., especially in the summer. These were the elementary school days.

*Photo collage  
by Emily Kuret*

**baby please stop making  
research based art  
no one is watching it**

**my art will  
transform  
society**

OR

political art's  
political influence  
is overrated and  
non-political art's  
political influence  
is underrated



Making my silly little drawings

Making art that is coded as “political” by art people

*Anthropolog*

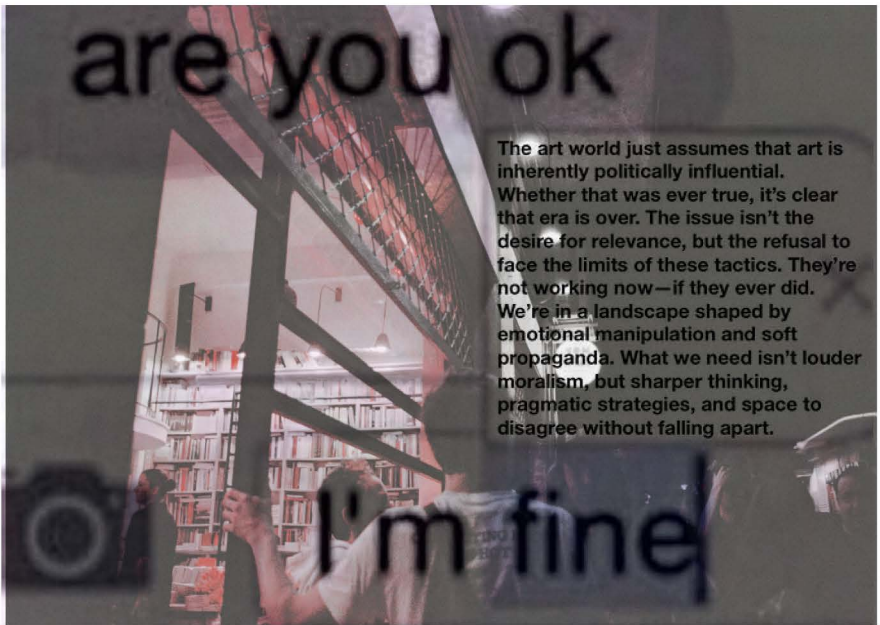
~~all people~~  
Anthropologists



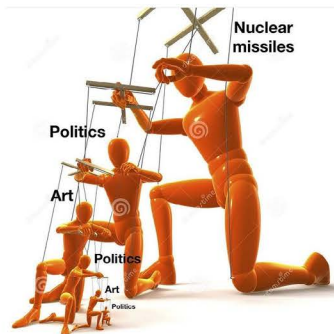
11.7K







These film photographs were taken at the Athens Art Book Fair in October 2024, just for fun, and with the incorrect ISO, while I was assisting as volunteer and curator of the public talks program. I chose to collage them digitally with art memes created by the visual artist known as @freeze\_magazine in June of 2025, on the occasion of first Israeli strikes against Iran, as a way of asking how assertions of “the political” (and putative processes of intervention into political subjectivity) are made, taken up, and circulated in the intertwined fields (and value regimes) of anthropology and fine art. Do our political projects emancipate, or do they gentrify? Or do they pessimistically fortify our position in an increasingly precarious field? How might we be more honest and rigorous about the pragmatic role of genre in social transformation, as social scientists with validating power and stakes in an otherwise?






## I DREAM MY FRIENDS' FACES

*A poem by Mirshad Ghalip,  
translated by J. Freeman,  
and illustrated by Eleonore Rimbault*


Since China severed nearly all communications out of the #Uyghur homeland 3 years ago, every Uyghur abroad has endured the pain of losing contact w friends & loved ones. This poem by my friend Mirshad Ghalip, now living in Chicago, is a powerful testament to that experience.





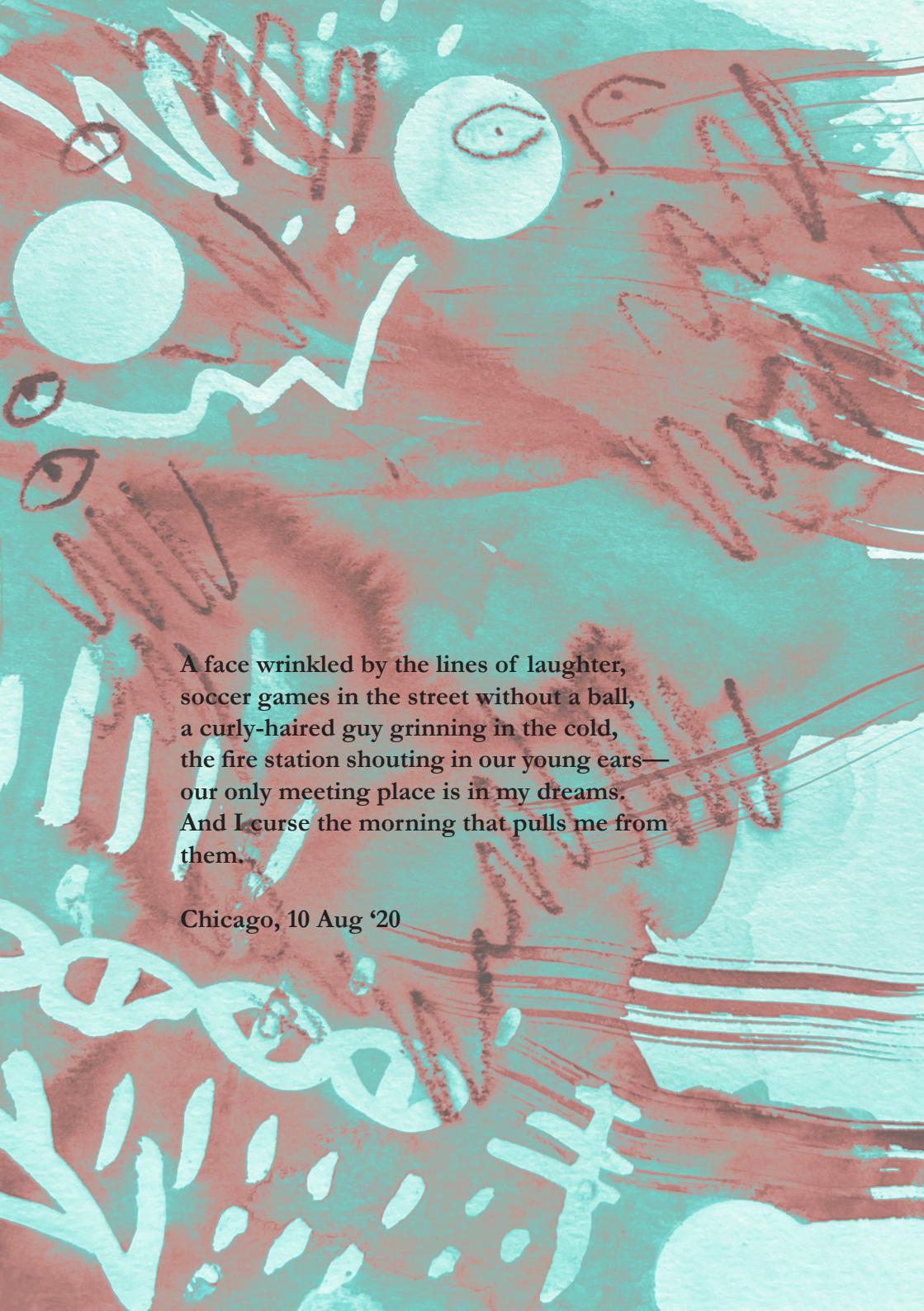
I see my friends in my dreams at night,  
perhaps I just miss them, perhaps it's a sign.  
The windy city's gusts cannot reach Korla,  
the greetings I send remain unheard.





The past looks at me with a haughty laugh,  
I don't understand where the future has gone.  
Each night I sink into my dreams,  
like a bike with a wobbly wheel sinks into mud.





A face wrinkled by the lines of laughter,  
soccer games in the street without a ball,  
a curly-haired guy grinning in the cold,  
the fire station shouting in our young ears—  
our only meeting place is in my dreams.  
And I curse the morning that pulls me from  
them.

Chicago, 10 Aug '20

## چۈشۈمدە ئاغىنەم بىلەن دىدار

چۈشلىرىمدە كۆرۈمەن ئاغىنىلىرىمنى  
سېغىنىشىمدۇ ياكى بىشارەتىمدۇ.  
شامال شەھىرىدىكى شامال كورلىغا بارماسمىش  
سالىمىنى ئېيتاي دېسەم ئالماسمىش.

ئۆتمۈش ماڭا قاراپ كۆرەڭلەپ كۈلىدۇ  
كەلگۈسىنىڭ نەرلەرگە كەتكەنلىكىنى بىلمەيمەن.  
چۈشۈمگە پېتىپ كېتىمەن ھەر ئاخشام،  
خۇددى چاقى كالاڭ كەتكەن ۋېلىسپىت لايغا پاتقاندىك.

تولا كۈلۈپ قورۇق چۈشكەن چىراي،  
كوچىدا پۇتبول يوقتۇرۇپ مارسەلچە چۆڭلەش،  
قەھرىتاندا ھىجىيىپ قالغان بۈدۈرە ساچ،  
كىچىكىمىزدە قۇلاقلىرىمىزغا ۋاقىراشپ ئوينىغان ئوت ئۆچۈرش  
ئىدارىسى،

دىدارى پەقەت چۈشۈمدىلا.  
شۇڭا مېنى تارتىپ چىققان سەھەرگە نەپرەتتىم كېلەر.

مىرشات غالىپ

چىكاگو

08.10.2020



## 2024 DAKAR SLAVE WRECKS PROJECT

*Kelsey Rooney*

On a whim, I took a film camera to Dakar when I was invited to work with the Slave Wrecks Project Academy. With ISO 200 film (which I was worried I fried multiple times through airport scanners), I tried to put my phone down and choose 32 moments to keep.

Here's my attempts -  
trying to capture movement, light, sound;  
trying to see if my camera was on;  
trying to use my film before I left.





















A TRAVEL GUIDE

*Natalie Cortez Klossner*

# *Find the Intersection:*





**Maybe the New  
World has been  
the Old World &  
the Old World has  
been the New  
World all along**

**Don't look for  
what's different,  
look for what's  
the same**

When my Peruvian father  
arrived in Basel in the  
90s, he mistook  
community gardens for  
*pueblos jóvenes*. “You  
have slums too!” He  
exclaimed to my mother,  
peering out of the tram



“The rush to ~~develop~~  
[DEFINE/BE!] reminds  
me of nothing so much  
as a frantic race to  
arrive at the gates of  
hell ahead of everyone  
else” — ~~Octavio Paz~~

*Call the  
feeling of  
the  
cordillera  
the Sublime™,  
but what a  
bore*

## Questions to Find the Intersection

- I. What parted the natural & supernatural—*huaca*, a crack between worlds

At age 10, you meet Juanita, an Incan girl frozen for 500 years, with a connection & fear of her decaying body, as if gazing into your own death

- II. Why is the air an eerie, self-aware pulse radiating from the bucolic ground into the clouds, remnants lurking through the cracks of Gothic or Baroque buildings

Air crept through the alleyways learning to hover over your head—the air infects you from the outside in, kidnapping oxygen from your lungs

- III. How can you translate the air

Store it in a mini glass bottle & chain it to your necklace, then on your neck you'd hold the relics of your futurism & find your *gemütlich*



IV. After all: what is home if not the place you long for

Can't deny history you inherited, it takes the form of layers, what we call the atmosphere, that's the Truth, but you understand it as history & not as a part of yourself

V. Goethe says "as in some changeable dream,  
yesterday blends with to-day," & when did in some  
changeable nightmare, yesterday refuse to blend  
with today

César Vallejo says, "Remain in the eternal nebula,  
there, in the polyessence of a sweet nonbeing,"  
where did you wander out to find the eternal nebula

VI. & What is history, if not time without pain

A cathedral guards the center. A 16 century to hell  
with you!

VII. So what's the difference between history & myth if  
not time

# HOW TO RENDER LARD WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING

*Benjamin Bernard-Herman*

In the course of doing fieldwork with small farmers in southwestern Wisconsin, I've received a number of recipes from farmers. Unlike heavily tested and edited recipes in most modern cookbooks, many of these recipes are decidedly personal, with notes and flourishes that are relevant to the recipe writer's context and perhaps no others. Inspired by a particularly idiosyncratic recipe from a farmer for wurst that is also an index of the winter holiday calendar and decades of family history, I tried my hand at writing a recipe for lard, drawing on my own experience of helping with a hog butchery and rendering lard for the first time.

## **One way to make lard:**

- ~ attend and assist with an on-farm hog butchery with a farmer friend/interlocutor
- ~ ask the farmer friend, who doesn't want to keep all the fat, to let you take the discards home
- ~ bring the hunks of fat home in a giant black trash bag
- ~ leave the bag of fat in the freezer, arguably for too long
- ~ cut the fat into roughly one square inch pieces, being careful not to let the knife slip on the cold, slippery fat





some grain and finish in October with lots of apples, pumpkins and acorns.

~ Butcher the hogs and set aside 50 # of trimmed fat that has some meat in it. (A lot like bacon.) Freeze it.

~ Come November borrow a gun , buy some bullets and shoot a deer. Hang and cool. In 5 days skin it. Cut and wrap as desired and put aside 50# of trimmed meat. Freeze it.

~On the 1st Saturday in Advent thaw out the meat. Get together curing salts,casings,beer and some inexpensive help.

~Grind all the meat to desired consistency. ( Double grind through a 3/8" screen ) Put the meat on a large table, spread it out and mix in the curing salts and spices. Children over 4 and under 11 do this best.

~Fill the sausage stuffer and get a good man on the crank handle.

~If you have a blow hard in the group have them blow out the casings and slid them onto the stuffer.

~Cut the filled casing at about 13 inches. Tie off with grocers string.

~ Put the sausage rings on poles about 2" apart.

~ When all meat is stuffed build a slow fire with dried apple wood. After the fire has created some coals add green apple wood. Close the door and try to keep your smoker going for at least 12 hours. Don't let it get too hot or you will start to cook out some of the fat. You want -0- dripping fat.+65

~ Try one ring to make sure it is good. Put the rest in the freezer ( or snowbank) in packages of two.

~ On Christmas Eve put two rings in a pan with







~ borrow a giant pot from an Amish neighbor and your roommate's propane camping burner, set them up outside to not make the house smell like pork fat for the next month

~ try to keep the burner on as low as possible without the wind blowing it out

~ when the wind blows the flame out for the fifth time in ten minutes, set up a barricade of picnic tables around the burner

~ render the chunks of fat on low heat for hours, stirring occasionally as you watch the sun set

~ when it looks like all the fat has rendered, or when it's past midnight and you've been doing this for too long, strain the fat out, leaving you with cracklings

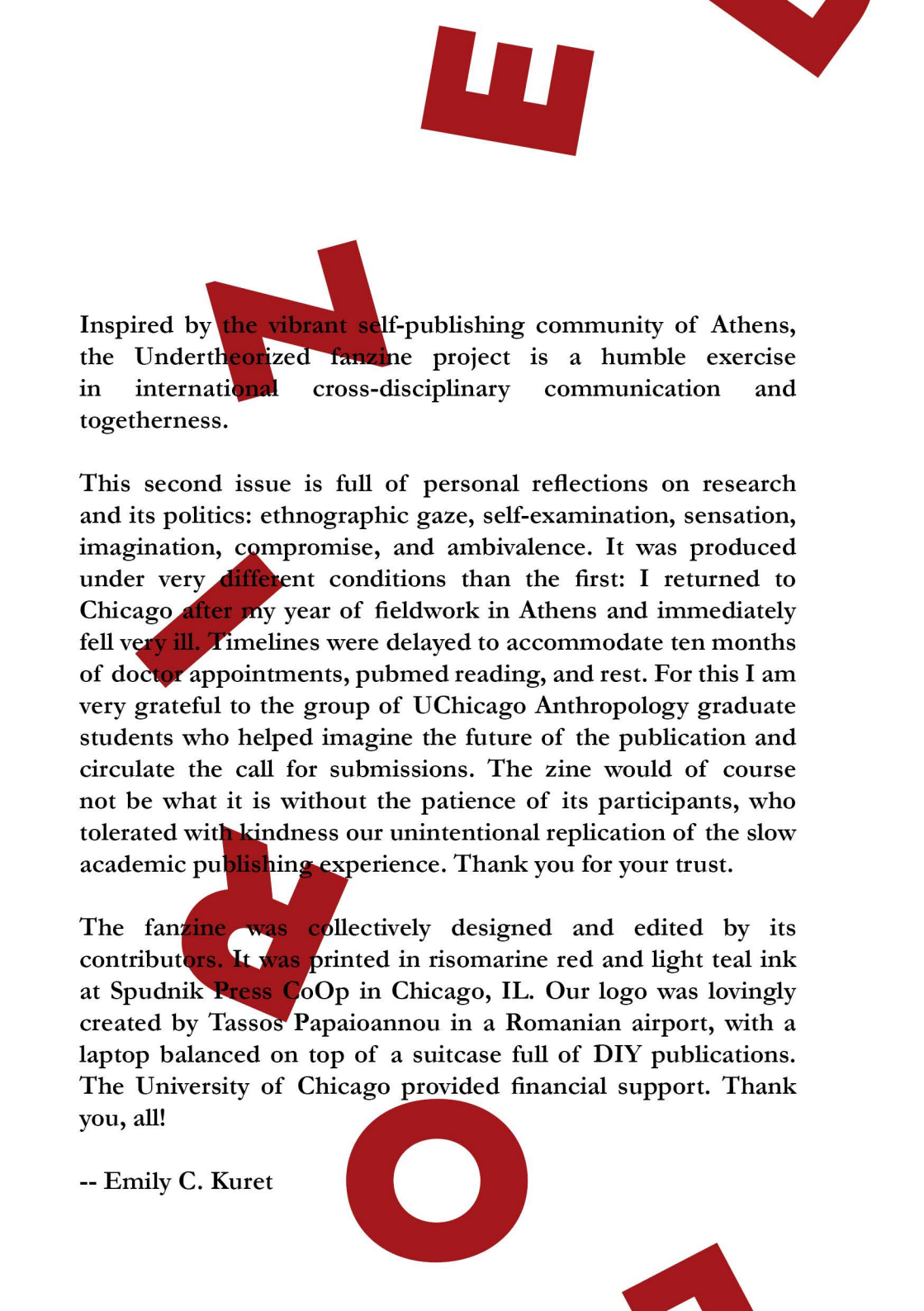
~ cool the fat, covered, overnight, into a snowy white solid with the texture of thick whipped cream

~ drain the cracklings on a rack over a baking sheet overnight, discover the next morning that they're still super juicy with fat, realize you should have stayed up even longer rendering the fat out

~ keep the lard in the fridge, where it will last for at least a year, possibly indefinitely, figure out what to do with it later

~ later, discover, after many rounds of testing with/on your roommate, that half-lard, half-butter is the optimal fat ratio for biscuits, hope that you haven't brought lard biscuits as your offering to too many community events





Inspired by the vibrant self-publishing community of Athens, the Undertheorized fanzine project is a humble exercise in international cross-disciplinary communication and togetherness.

This second issue is full of personal reflections on research and its politics: ethnographic gaze, self-examination, sensation, imagination, compromise, and ambivalence. It was produced under very different conditions than the first: I returned to Chicago after my year of fieldwork in Athens and immediately fell very ill. Timelines were delayed to accommodate ten months of doctor appointments, pubmed reading, and rest. For this I am very grateful to the group of UChicago Anthropology graduate students who helped imagine the future of the publication and circulate the call for submissions. The zine would of course not be what it is without the patience of its participants, who tolerated with kindness our unintentional replication of the slow academic publishing experience. Thank you for your trust.

The fanzine was collectively designed and edited by its contributors. It was printed in risomarine red and light teal ink at Spudnik Press CoOp in Chicago, IL. Our logo was lovingly created by Tassos Papaioannou in a Romanian airport, with a laptop balanced on top of a suitcase full of DIY publications. The University of Chicago provided financial support. Thank you, all!

-- Emily C. Kuret









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