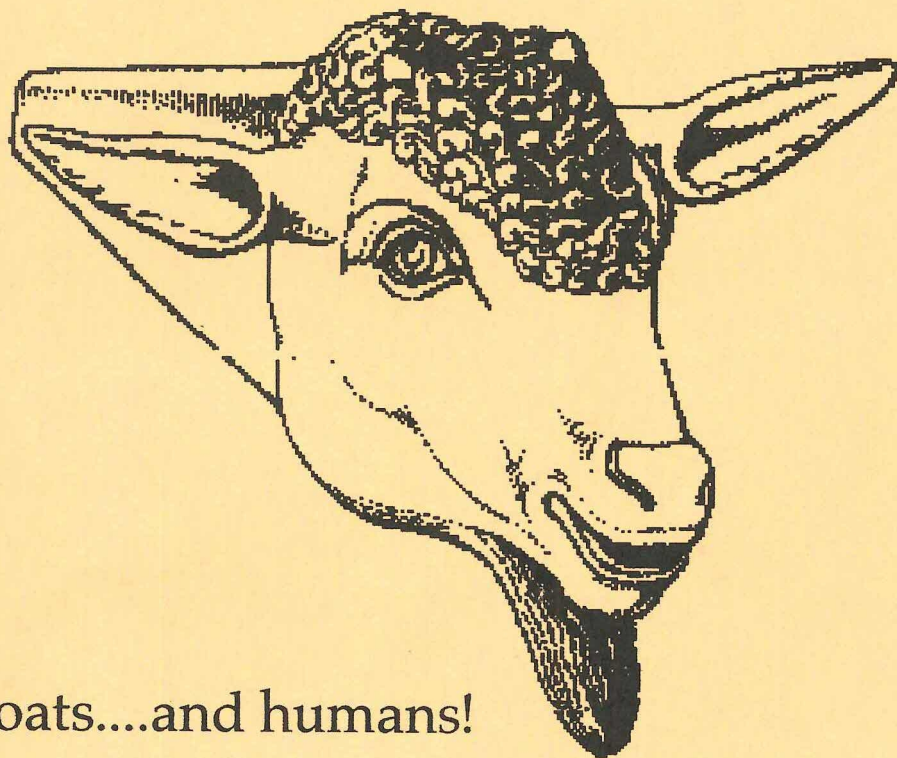


Southern Anthropologist



Goats...and humans!

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Southern Anthropologist

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Fall 2000]

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The *Southern Anthropologist* is normally published twice a year (Spring and Fall) and is distributed as a benefit to the membership of the Southern Anthropological Society.

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"Gigabyte" Johnson

Editor's Corner

This issue is being prepared as the *fall* sunshine floods the outside, after a brief day of rain (just enough to officially break the drought) and features a wide-ranging geographic and theoretical mix of articles and topics. We start with the Spring Meetings' Undergraduate Prize winning paper on language policy in Belize, then move on to the importance of the gift of a goat in the Andes, and end up hearing about formative experiences with racism in the American South. As I've said here before, this journal has the most exciting 1/3 inch thick library of anthropology in the country!

(Psst! Did you notice I said 'fall,' to emphasize when the issue was started?!) OK, OK, so you're reading this in 2001; I did not say *which* fall, did I?

Feature articles

Shelly Tarkinton's paper, on *Manufacturing Citizens: National Language Policy in Belize*, the Undergraduate prize winning paper from the Spring meetings, starts off this issue. In the paper she explores the area of language choice, globalization, and national identity.

Marjorie Snipes explains in *The Goat That Makes Us Human* how the gift to her of a goat at the beginning of her fieldwork in the highland Andes of Argentina led to her involvement in the community in an increasingly deep way and in ways that she never would have at first anticipated.

Rounding out the issue in *Rude Awakenings* is Matthew Richard's series of first-person accounts

of how his students first met racism, and shows both how the students represent their history and how peoples' agency is a major part of the re-creation of culture in each generation.

Humor

Wally Balloo, our roving reporter, has outdone himself again by persuading our reclusive cartoonist, Walt DisMee, to contribute to these pages with his rendition of his classic "Polo Possum."

The future

The Spring issue should bring us student papers from the Paper Competition at the meetings, and who knows what else?. As I said before, I am still awaiting more of you to actually write down your responses to the "Threads" articles in a recent issue, so that I can publish them!

If you have other articles you think I might be interested in, please contact me; see below for ways to do this!

Keep in touch!

Ways to reach me:

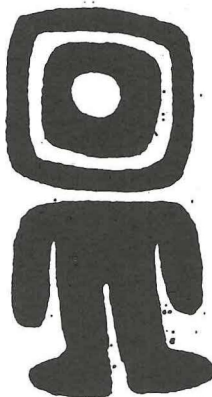
- (1) Voice mail at (336) 334-7894 at my office, or (336) 274-7032 at home
- (2) E-mail via the Internet at johnsond@ncat.edu
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- (5) Surface mail:

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If you wish to submit materials to the Anthropologist, my preferences are (in rank order) and if possible in more than one form:



(1) text of MS Word file or RTF file on a Macintosh floppy, along with hard copy

(2) text or word processor file on 3-1/2" IBM (MS-DOS) disk with hard copy

(3) e-mail to address above; try RTF file format.

(4) fax and/or hard copy

Material that is sent already in electronic

format is less likely to have my errors in it!

My deadline for the Spring 2001 issue of the *Southern Anthropologist* is tentatively April 30.

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President's Column

Mark Moberg
University of South Alabama

No Legitimacy Crisis Here!

At this writing, our national presidential election remains unresolved. During this time of political turmoil, members of the SAS may find some comfort in the fact that the Society confronts no such legitimacy crisis. As your president, I can assure you that I am standing by to fill the national leadership vacuum should the People call upon me to do so.

All kidding aside, as a political anthropologist, I find it remarkable that our national government's inertia enables it to plod on despite the doubtful legitimacy of the presidential election. Fortunately, the SAS is also able to function without presidential micro-management, but only because of all the work that others undertake to organize annual meetings, manage the Society's finances and business, and improve communication among our members. Amazing to think that so many unsung officers and members of the SAS dutifully shoulder such commitments without any of the lavish perks of office that I presently enjoy!

SAS at AAA

A number of us on the SAS Executive Board had an opportunity to talk informally in San Francisco during the recent American Anthropological Association meetings. While there, I met with President-Elect Barbara Hendry, Councillor Melissa Schrift, Former Secretary/Treasurer Dan Ingersoll, 2001 meeting Program Chair Celeste Ray, and Councillor John Studstill to discuss issues relating to the upcoming SAS meetings in Nashville. Melissa is directing local arrangements for the meetings, to be held April 5-8 at the Renaissance Nashville Hotel near the heart of the city. Celeste is assembling a program and Key Symposium that speaks to the

interests of many SAS members whose work focuses on ethnicity and identity in the South. In addition to much stimulating scholarship and collegiality during the sessions, we anticipate that Nashville will offer a lot of after-hours attractions for conference participants. Melissa has been looking into some exciting local activities for conferees. These are still in the planning stage, so I cannot disclose their precise nature. All I can say at this point is that you should be sure to bring some comfortable shoes and clothes for dancing! (Or, if you are of a postmodern inclination, "embodied performative practice").

One issue that arose during our meeting at the AAAs was the idea of recruiting more participation in the upcoming meetings, particularly from universities in the Southeast that have not been heavily involved in SAS in the past. Nashville, of course, is home to Vanderbilt University, and I recently contacted a colleague there to encourage her graduate students to present papers at the SAS meetings. I would urge all of our members to take some time to call or e-mail faculty at the universities where they received their degrees and to tell them about SAS. Make your former professors or colleagues aware of the tremendous opportunities for professional socialization (not to mention fun!) that the SAS offers to student anthropologists. Be sure to convey the deadlines and addresses for abstract submission (January 15 for regular papers to cray@sewanee.edu; January 8 for student paper competition abstracts to stans@fgcu.edu). I firmly believe that student participation in the Society will be the key to much of our future professional involvement. In that vein, while in San Francisco we looked at some options for making the prizes for the

student paper competition more attractive and meaningful in a pre-professional way. A promising idea for future meetings is to augment our cash prizes with a substantial number of recent anthropology publications offered by our book exhibitors.

2001: An SAS (Cyber)Space Odyssey

Dan Ingersoll, who has done so much to guide the day-to-day running of the SAS, just won't give up, despite taking a well-earned respite from the duties of Secretary-Treasurer. He has created an SAS website at St. Mary's College, and I encourage all members and fellow cyber travelers to access it. At www.smc.edu/sas, you can find lots of useful information about SAS, including bylaws, the call for papers and numbers for hotel reservations for the 2001 meetings, and ways to contact officers. Dan will be updating the site as the 2001 meeting program

is finalized in the spring. In other cyber news, President-Elect Barbara Hendry organized a SAS listserv this fall, which has already dramatically improved the ability of Executive Board members to communicate with one another. But there's no reason why everyone can't join the conversation! Log on to the SAS website, click on SAS-L, and follow the directions to sign on to the listserv. We look forward to hearing from you!

If you have ideas or comments, particularly on matters that you would like to see the Society address during its 2001 meeting, please get in touch with me at mmoberg@jaguar1.usouthal.edu. I look forward to seeing you in Nashville, where I fully expect to preside over a smooth transfer of presidential power to Barbara Hendry.

**Southern Anthropological Society
2001 Annual Meeting**

April 5 - 8

Nashville, Tennessee

co-sponsored by Middle Tennessee State University and
The University of the South

Call for Papers

On all aspects of anthropology: academic and practicing

Abstracts due: January 15, 2001

Key Symposium:

*Contested Identities and Regional Memories:
Public Display and Ethnic Heritage Festivals in the American South,*

Organized by Celeste Ray (Univ of the South)

Send abstracts, registration form and membership fees together to:

Dr Celeste Ray

PO Box 3187

Sewanee, TN 37375

<cray@sewanee.edu>

SAS Membership: Payment of 2001 membership (\$40 professional/\$20 student) is ordinarily required for participation in the program and non-members are expected to join at the time they submit paper abstracts. This requirement may be waived for foreign scholars and/or special cases.

Student Paper competition: Student Paper abstracts are due January 8, 2001; final papers are due February 8. Papers should follow American Anthropologist guidelines and are limited to 20 pages. Send copy of abstracts and 3 copies of final paper to: Dr Susan E Stans, College of Arts and Sciences, Florida Gulf Coast University, 10501 FGCU Blvd South, Ft Myers, FL 33965-6565/
Email: <sstans@fgcu.edu>

for latest information on the meetings, look up the SAS web page at www.smcm.edu/sas

SAS Endowment Campaign for Education and Outreach in the South

The Endowment is now in its sixth year of fund-raising towards a \$30,000 goal.

The purpose of the endowment is to:

- support student participation in the meetings and the student prize competition,
- expand the knowledge of anthropology in and of the South and to smaller colleges and universities which do not yet offer courses in anthropology,
- bring the message of our discipline to minority institutions through a dynamic speakers bureau,
- encourage minority participation in the field and at our meetings, and
- reward outstanding scholarship in the anthropology of the South with the annual presentation of an enhanced James Mooney prize.

At present the Endowment is about one-third of the way to the goal, so your contributions are needed!

Please take time to make a campaign pledge or donation and send it to:

Dr Max E White
Department of Sociology and Anthropology
Piedmont College
PO Box 10
Dembrest, GA 30535

email: <mwhite@piedmont.edu>; Tel: (706) 778-3000 ext 261; Fax: (706) 776-2811

Winning Entry

2000 SAS Undergraduate Student Paper Competition

Manufacturing Citizens: National Language Policy in Belize

Shelly Tarkinton

Valdosta State University

In the month of July 1999 I traveled with a group of students and professors to Belize attending a summer field school that lasted for 3 1/2 weeks. We all took classes in Sociology or Anthropology. My concern was to understand language in its social context by using ethnographic data. My observations were made in Belize City, Caye Caulker, Dangriga and San Ignacio.

I. Introduction

One of the many contradictions of globalism is that tourism has become one of the leading industries in the world where many countries promote their ethnic diversity as a major attraction. The picture painted for tourists is a staged production of ethnicity, whereby nation-states foment ethnic identity at the expense of national identity and tensions soon follow.

Belize is a postcolonial, multicultural, multilingual nation-state, having gained its independence from Britain in 1981. English is the official language, but Spanish, German, Mayan, Creole, Garifuna, Chinese, and East Indian languages are all spoken inside its borders. Belize is unusual in that much of its population is made up of recent immigrants who were at one time seeking refuge. The Mayans are the only residents who have had a lengthy occupation within Belize. The British arrived in the 1600's, bringing with them Creoles (ex-slaves from various places, such as the West Indies), who later intermingled with the British. The Creoles were brought to cut the logwood which was used as a dye

in the burgeoning textile industry. Many of these African slaves were from Caribbean colonies and were already creolized. The Garifuna came from St. Vincent arriving in Belize in the late 1800's and have a history about which I will speak more later. Mestizos emigrated from the Yucatan in 1847 into Northern Belize and the Cayes, a result of Indian uprisings known as "The Caste Wars" (Sutherland, 1998 p.22-26) in the Yucatan. East Indians were brought in as indentured servants or 'coolie laborers' around 1870 and 1880, to work on sugar plantations and eventually settling in Punta Gorda or in Orange Walk. Lebanese and Chinese shopkeepers and traders arrived around the same time, providing goods from outside. Swiss German speaking Mennonites arrived from Mexico in 1958 in search of inexpensive land and a place that would allow them certain liberties, such as educating their children themselves, not paying income taxes, and the exclusion from participating in any aspect of life not controlled by the Mennonite elders. Central American refugees began immigrating in the 1980's fleeing the civil wars in Guatemala, El Salvador, and Nicaragua. (Sutherland, 1998 p.22-26) More recently, in 1997, many Hong Kong Chinese bought passports from Belize at a cheap price. They bought Belizean citizenship as a safeguard against the return of Hong Kong to China. Every region of Belize has its particular cultures predominating within it. For example, Garifuna in Dangriga, Mayans and Garifuna in Punta Gorda, although they are not restricted exclusively to these areas. Mennonites can

The author wishes to thank Valdosta State University's Student Development Organization for partial funding for the presentation of this paper at the SAS meetings.

be found in Belize City, Garifuna are in San Ignacio, and so forth. But each group, upon settling, tended to cluster together in an area.

Because of the country's recent independence, and all the ethnic diversity within, its primary focus is nation building. In contending with the centripetal force of ethnicity what ultimately matters according to Connor "is not what is but what people believe is." (Connor, 1978 p.380) He is referring to groups' subconscious belief in their separate origin and evolution that he says "is an important ingredient of national psychology." (Connor, 1978 p.380) In other words do they identify themselves first as Creoles, or first as Belizeans? For Belize to be a cohesive country, its people must share a common Belizean identity. They must submerge ideas about their ethnic identity within those of a wider national identity. National identity, according to Connor "is the intuitive conviction which can give to nations a psychological dimension approximating that of the extended family, i.e., a feeling of common blood lineage." (Connor, 1978 p.381) This feeling of common blood lineage is being forged through various nation-building projects, such as monuments to political leaders, a national anthem, international soccer matches, and the celebration of the national holiday in September. As well as through education and curriculum (in particular history), the media, the police and armed forces. But most importantly is the celebration of the national holiday in September. This holiday seems to be the symbolic starting point of their nation; it is their "common historical heritage" (Robbins 1999, p.121).

Tourism is also used to create Belizean identity, for citizens and visitors alike. The tourist industry has used the symbols of the diverse cultures within, and allied them with the nation-state, creating a discourse of a melting pot, all of whose groups are pulling together. Lewis's description of the Rastafari in Jamaica would have applicability to Belize. "through the appropriation of the Rastafari symbols, the market economy can be linked to the assertion of

black identity, the natural goodness of the Jamaican soil, and the African roots of the black Jamaican". (Lewis, 1993 p.82) But in Belize the tourist economy proffers a multifaceted view of symbols instead of a singular one, linked to many identities. You can see these diverse identities displayed in the windows of stores where every culture is represented with a corresponding item manufactured by each group. For example, in these windows you see bright colored textiles, representing Maya. You see dolls dressed in Garifuna dress representing Garifuna, and you see animals carved out of dark wood, representing Creole.

II. Culture and Economy

As suggested above, all ethnic groups in Belize use tourism as a way to reinvent their culture. As Eric Wolf has stated, "In the rough and tumble of social interaction, groups are known to exploit the ambiguities of inherited forms, to impart new evaluations or valences to them, to borrow forms more expressive of their interests, or to create wholly new forms to answer to changed circumstances." (Eric Wolf, 1982, p.387) This reinvention reinforces the cultural validity of each ethnic group and allows for the continuation of morals and practices. Each group performs various culture-building projects, separate from national projects, which are synonymous with tourism. The cultures I am referring to in particular are the Garifuna, the Maya, and the Creoles, all of which I will now elaborate on.

The Garifuna are known for their music and dance, for their use of drums, and for Punta Rock, which I observed being played in dance clubs around the country. The Garifuna market their dance troupe, promote foods like cassava bread, and recently put together a dictionary of the Garifuna language. Currently Garifuna children who attend school are being exposed exclusively to languages (carriers of separate cultures) that are a product of a world external to them. The Garifuna would very much like for their language to be taught in the schools, where

Spanish and English are already taught. The Garifuna language is interesting in that it "originated as a gender-based language system, where the women spoke Arawak and the men spoke Carib (Sutherland, 1998 p.23)." As we learned, they originated in South America, then traveled to St. Vincent where the men intermarried with the women of the Arawaks. The women kept their language and the men kept theirs, the product of which is the Garifuna language and culture. Around the late 1800's the Garifuna migrated up the coast to Belize after being dumped by the British on the Bay Islands. When the Garifuna arrived in Belize the British shunned them and limited their mobility. They did this with a curfew; no Garifuna could be on the streets after six o'clock, nor could they buy alcohol. (Personal Communication, Mr. Pat Flores 6/15/99) Currently they live in areas such as Dangriga and Punta Gorda, and can be found scattered throughout all of Belize. In Dangriga most of the Garifuna I met ran motels, restaurants, made drums, designed shirts and signs, or were fishermen. Many made money informally by doing tourists' laundry, selling art and handicrafts, or by simply running errands for tourists.

The Mayans market their past as well, in the form of great ruins such as Altun Ha, Xunantunich, Cahal Pech, and many others. In the markets one may find their handiwork: wood, slate carvings, and textiles. There are three Mayan groups within Belize: Kekchi, Mopan, and Yucatec, each with their own separate dialect. From my observations, the Maya are not pushing for their language to be taught in schools; this could be because of their low social status within Belize. The Mayans today are few and looked down upon, "they are not gone, but they occupy a new status, one that is much impoverished (Sutherland, 1998 p.17)." Tourism promotes Mayan past, but does little for the Maya of today. In an interview with a Kekchi Mayan boy, this low status was alluded to. He had a girlfriend who was a Mestizo; they had recently broken up because she wanted to go to school, but didn't want him to go to

school. To her dismay he had aspirations to become a doctor, and thus broke up with her. He explained that she felt that he should only work hard labor since he was "only a Maya", and not a Mestizo. Most of the Mayans I met farmed, while the women sold produce as well as handmade clothing and textiles in the markets. Many vendors also sold slate carvings or any types of Maya symbols.

Creoles have been part of Belize's social fabric for as long as the British. However, they have always lived in ambiguity. First, as slaves and servants to the British, then later as "free slaves", and finally as the working class. But through all these stages they continued to evince the "virtually enslaved" (Shoman, 1990 p.44) status. They were totally subjugated from the beginning, brought in as servants and "laborers for the cutting and export of mahogany" (Shoman, 1990 p.44). The descendents of these peoples are now known as Creoles and inhabit much of Belize City. Most are laborers or fishermen and speak a Creole-English language, which I will speak about later. They also work in grocery stores, the post office, as well as engage in informal labor such as selling fruit, offering tours of the city to tourists, shining shoes and teaching Creole to tourists.

This 'code switching' between languages, depending on the social situation seemed to be common for almost every person in Belize.

III. Language Policy

My observations while in Belize were that English is the language for tourists, teachers, political officials, newspapers and T.V and radio, or outsiders. In general Creole is used in the markets and in the streets. Spanish and Mayan are found closer to the borders of Guatemala and Mexico. Then, depending on what ethnic group someone belonged to, that corresponding language would be spoken in their

home. For example, in the Mennonite community they would speak German at home, but use English, Creole, or Spanish while in town, or when selling their products. This 'code switching' between languages, depending on the social situation, seemed to be common for almost every person in Belize. Because of this, Belizeans are required to speak more than one language and manipulate their speech acts in order to compete in the world, at home, and abroad; in other words, they are bilingual, and some trilingual.

The world market has heavily influenced language policy and planning in Belize. English was chosen as the official language instead of Creole or Spanish, two widely spoken languages (the obvious reason being their history as a former British colony). Because of the heavy emphasis on tourism, Belize will probably continue to employ English as the official language. For as Herbert observes "determinations of language choice are effectively battles by various interests, notably self-interests, vested interests, and the interests of development (Herbert, 1995 p.7)." Britain and the U.S., both English speaking, represent (for the most part), these vested interests and development interests. However, within the country every ethnic group has self-interests with respect to language. For example, while speaking with various Creoles, they impressed upon me their feeling that the Creole language should be the official language instead of English. They feel this way because it is almost everyone's first language and it is used as an "insider" lingua franca. It is the language of the streets; the language of the markets; within the country it is used by almost all Belizeans. "In many cases, the existence of an ethnic language is the preeminent symbol of group identity, it therefore serves as the rallying cry for self-determination (Herbert, 1995 p.7)." To contain the rallying cries the compromise of English seems to be working, for the moment. To avoid favoritism and nationalism they needed a neutral language, hence English.

Juxtaposed to this, however, is a recent flood

of immigrants from Central America into Belize who are balancing out the population, making Spanish just as prominent as Creole or English. This is creating conflict that is reflected in the political parties that divide not only along class interests but also along ethnic lines. "The PUP (People's United Party) also courted the votes of the new Belizeans, who fit well with the party's interest in stronger Central American ties (Stone 1994, 190)." The new Belizeans referred to are the Central American immigrants, who speak Spanish, and are either Mayan or Mestizo. They have had some problems integrating into the new setting in that "they also have faced opposition from Belizeans, primarily Creoles, who have seen them as a threat to a Caribbean Belizean national identity (Sutherland, p. 26)." For example, most of the Garifuna, Mestizos, and Mayans side with the PUP (People's United Party), the party that favors more Central American ties. Whereas most of the Creoles side with the UDP (United Democratic Party), which favor Caribbean ties. Because of the new immigrants, more support has been accrued for the PUP, creating more tension from the Creoles towards the Mestizos, Mayans and Garifunas. Since each side happens to speak particular languages, in some ways language is used as a symbolic barrier between the two, which can be represented as friction between English and Spanish, between the Caribbean and Central America.

IV. Standardization and Education

As noted, English is the official language, regardless of the widely spoken Creole and other spoken languages. The reasons for English being the official language instead of Creole are wide and varied, but one noticeable aspect of the Creole language is, its spoken-only status. It is not written on billboards, and there are no Creole dictionaries, but everyone in Belize speaks it, and for many it is their main language. As mentioned before, a standardized language (one written down and one with rules and correct spellings, etc.) is viewed as signifi-

cant and worthy of acclaim.

The Creole language in Belize originated from a common need for communication between the British and their slaves. Wardhaugh defines a Creole language as a pidgin (a language created by people who speak different languages but need to find "a common system of communication) that has been expanded (Wardhaugh, 1992 p.56)." To understand the nature of a Creole language in general and the reasons for its lack of credibility, one should look at its history.

Creole languages (and pidgins) are found mostly around the equatorial belt, "in places with direct or easy access to oceans (Wardhaugh, 1992 p.62)." "Their distribution seems to be fairly closely related to long-standing patterns of trade, including trade in slaves (Wardhaugh, 1992 p.62)." This, combined with the marginal position pidgins and Creoles have occupied in the academic world (as being uninteresting and associated with "poorer and darker members of a society" (Wardhaugh, 1992 p.62)), has kept them submissive. Thus, Creoles are generally viewed negatively. "Speakers of Creoles, may well feel that they speak something less than 'normal' languages because of the way they and others view the language they speak compared with languages such as French and English." (Wardhaugh, 1992 p.60)

On the other hand Benedict Anderson says that with the invention of standardization, (print-media), the idea of nationalism could follow. Forming groups of people binding themselves on the basis of the language that they accepted as correct and in effect as representing them as an "imagined community". So for Belize to stay Belizean, the policy makers can't allow Creole to be standardized. This would also account for the friction between the PUP and the UDP, where the UDP views Spanish as impinging on the current Belizean national identity. Spanish itself carries with it a separate identity that has the potential to fracture Belize. It is a standardized language with a corresponding "imagined

community."

Let us remember that this entire linguistic drama is the end product of colonization. "The real aim of colonialism was to control the people's wealth: what they produced, how they produced it, and how it was distributed; to control, in other words, the entire realm of the language of real life." (Ngugi, 1992 p.16) Ngugi describes in his book "Decolonising the Mind", how language has a dual character "it is both a means of communication and a carrier of culture". In this respect when a people are faced with assimilating another language they either become children again and learn the new language and culture or they simply get by with what they can. They must communicate in a language that does not represent their own culture to become successful. In Belize there is a sharp division between the children (and adults) who are able to go to school and learn English, as opposed to the ones who are unable to take such a step. Just as Poster describes the conditions that arose in Medieval Europe after the invention of the printing press, so too are the conditions similar in Belize. "A sharp division developed between those who could read and those who could not the latter being restricted to a medieval sensibility and level of interest, the former being propelled into a world of new facts and perceptions." (Poster, 1994 p.28) An example of the conditions I am referring to start with the decisions that are made by children and their parents. They must decide whether to go to school in the hopes of getting a salary job, or as I saw many children doing in Caye Caulker, selling baked goods to tourists to help support their families.

V. Conclusions

"The choice of language and the use to which language is put is central to a people's definition of themselves in relation to their natural and social environment, indeed in relation to their entire universe." (Ngugi, 1992, p.4) In Belize I believe that language is the arena where cultural friction has and will continue to arise, perhaps in escalating fashion.

At the heart of nationalism lies identity (imagined communities) which are formed through language and culture and can evolve into "basic expressions of nationalistic feelings" (Wardhaugh, 1992 p.346). It has been recognized by Belizeans that to hold on to their identities they must 'reinvent' themselves through language and culture. Belize is an example of a place where many cultural identities compete for significance, yet for the moment in these halcyon days of this new nation, they submit to the larger national identity. But how long will they continue to submit to the larger national identity, and could the problems that I identified in my paper be a threat to Belize's unity? It will be interesting to see how Belize continues to deal with nation building and what the linguistic results of this will be.

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The Goat That Makes Us Human

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Grazing Bulls or Hooked Fishes?

Exchange, sometimes in the guise of a gift, is essential to the articulation of culture, for it creates and maintains binding ties. Involving all participants, this relationship labels each individual a collective player in the cultural drama. It is a dynamic process of inscription which allows for changing roles and new actors, while maintaining the overall consistency of the culture. After two weeks of fieldwork in an Andean herding society, I, too, was cast a line into the exchange network through the gift of a goat. But only after the *longue durée* of some 10 years of continuing fieldwork in this community (1991-present) have I begun to understand the significance of this single act.

In all human societies there is reciprocity, including economic transaction which binds individuals and communities into relationships of subsistence (Sahlins 1972) and symbolic transference which extends identity into and onto the perceived environmental context from which the subjects affirm existence (Descola 1996, Snipes 1997, Todorov 1995). This "exchange," most often dialogical in nature, actually results in the creation of a meaningful structure generating culture which is responsive to dynamic process.

Recently, there has been an attempt to re-classify such practice as "consumption" which provides for a global-local articulation "correcting" Anthropology's so-called "romantic antipathy to the world of goods" (Miller 1995:2). While this approach does lend greater ease and clarity to comparative studies, it espouses an external analysis which is reductionistic, as philosophically it does not seek to distinguish what is human and cultural from the biological imperative of any other life form. While we should not preclude the inter-connected-

ness of all life, most anthropologists continue to believe that human society manifests something "commonly unique," which we, sometimes unhappily and reluctantly, call "C/culture." Our theoretical pursuit to find both the particular and the general challenges us to analyze from within and without and use metaphors, for better or for worse, which are ambiguous and allow for the falsification and re-interpretation of our hypotheses.

Culture is primarily interaction and exchange. By focussing on these ambiguous spaces between us which necessitate the recognition of Other, human or non-human, we can examine the connections which bind us as human societies and not solely focus on end products. One of the earliest studies of dynamic process focussed on gifting itself. Mauss's designation of gift-giving as a "total social phenomenon" and a collective contract (1990[1950]:3,5) still, today, both distinguishes and connects human societies through the practice of this kind of reciprocity. What this gift is, tangible or intangible, and how it is given belongs to and defines the realm of culture. Appearing free and disinterested, it is, instead, a thread cast out from a social web which intends to oblige, constrain, and, ultimately, make us human.

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Plow Oxen and Herd Dogs

El Angosto is an agropastoralist society of approximately 200 Quechua and Spanish-speaking individuals at an altitude ranging from 3400-4100 meters above sea level. It is located on the northwestern international frontier Argentina-Bolivia and has belonged to Argentina since the Diez de Medina-Carillo Treaty of 1925 effected an agreement to transfer a piece of the lowland area to Bolivia and this small area of the Andes to Argentina. But these national designations mean little to the highland people. Borders, although acknowledged, are not marked, and there are no guards or artificial boundaries to challenge porous migrations.

The annual subsistence cycle produces protein on the hoof from the herding of goats and sheep and some few cattle and llamas as beasts of burden. Corn, wheat, and fava beans are primary agricultural crops and form the basis of the human diet, while alfalfa is raised as supplementary fodder for the grazing animals. This symbiotic coordination of planting and herding results in a dispersed and transhumant population which exchanges labor as needed, especially when resident at secondary households, and which congregates on special ritual occasions to celebrate a mutual understanding of community.

Because boundaries are shifting and fluid, the population does not define itself through geographic proximity, but, rather, by means of interaction through common practices and beliefs. An *Angosteño* is one who is a caretaker of lands, animals, and people of this community and someone who belongs there. Identity is manifest by means of relationship, and belongingness derives from this interdependence.

Gifted Goat

I suspect that many anthropologists have experienced serendipity and that it ameliorates our capacity to keep our senses open to all that surrounds

us in a different culture. It reminds us that we, too, are an-Other. When first entering the field, I was very concerned with minimizing the impact of my presence, as I had had no previous contact with this community and was learning its social structure and their willingness to work with me and tolerate my prolonged presence. Trying to not offend, somewhat reserved and innocuous with my questions, I initially stayed at the primary school, where, because of long distances, children and teachers live from mid-day Sunday until mid-day Friday. I came and went from the school, meeting as many people as I could.

Not long after I arrived, however, Gualberto and Florentina invited me to stay at their house near the river. They were an older couple and seemed eager for the company, and Gualberto was clearly one of the more influential members of this community. Because of their ages and long association with this community, their diminished workload for lack of children in the home, their elevated status which would allow me greater community acceptance, and, most especially, because they had invited me, I hiked with my things down to Buena Esperanza, where I still work today. And during my very first day as new resident in their home, they gave me a kid goat named Halcona, ceremoniously leading me to the corral so that we could be properly introduced. She had been named Halcona because her mother was named Halcona. Surely, one of the grandmother Halconas had markings or behavior like a falcon ("halcón" means "falcon"). Kinship among goats and sheep is demonstrated through maternal name genealogies, unless some very striking characteristic singles out an animal (e.g., one little lamb had a tail that was very thin and constantly flittered and twisted about nervously - this animal was not given a male version of his mother's name but was named "Tallarín" [spaghetti noodle]).

In the corral, Halcona was presented to me as a gift. Florentina picked her up and gave her to me, instructing me that I was obligated to care for this animal. Flattered and overjoyed at having my

own "pet," I had little understanding of the terms of this gift or the significance that this act would play in my life, not only as an academic researcher, but especially as a person. Accepting this animal was a public statement accepting a serendipitous pact. Unaware at the time, I had accepted initiation into a role with which they could identify. This gift, appearing to be freely given, carried motivations on the part of the giver and obligations on the part of the receiver. It was a perfect gift.

Maisie the Kid

At first I did not recognize the significance of this kid. After all, the animal continued living with Florentina's herd, sleeping in the corral and staying with the other first-year kids and lambs during the day. But several days after the ceremonial transaction, Gualberto and Florentina asked me what name I would give Halcona, for she was to be the beginning of a new herd. All of her offspring, regardless of siring, would belong to me. After little thought, I named her Maisie. And so, with some difficulty in pronunciation, it became common to hear other people (even neighbors) refer to this little female as "Meisi." She was two weeks old when I received her. Significant to all concerned, she was born on the day that I first entered the community of El Angosto, an observed symbolic connection of which I have been reminded often.

I have since learned (years later) that there was deliberation within the community over the reasons for my interest in them and my "long stay" (at that time, two weeks). My explanations about university research and book-writing meant little to these rural agropastoralists, and I did not fit easily into a known social category. There were discussions about me, and Gualberto decided to "keep an eye on me" by inviting me into his home. One of the primary motivations for this gift, then, was to situate me socially. Women are caretakers of goats and sheep. By adhering to this significant female standard, my status as outsider and "stranger,"

threatening to community, was reduced. By naming her, I took public possession of this "herd" consisting of one and symbolically became a member of the group of shepherdesses. At the time of La Señalada, when all first-year animals receive their "mark," or brand of ownership, I chose a distinct marking so that my animal(s) would manifest my separate ownership. And it is this ownership, this receiving of the gift, which obligated and continues to obligate me to the givers.

Being a member of the group of shepherdesses signifies that one is invested in several binding relationships: with all other community members for use of grazing lands, with the deity who is believed to provide these animals to people, and with other shepherdesses with whom one must make reciprocal labor arrangements when needed. Each of these relationships generates its own obligations and further incorporates the individual into the community as both giver and receiver.

Land in El Angosto is somewhat privately managed. Each *ranchito* (or homestead) consists of a household with courtyard, agricultural fields, and accompanying grazing areas, which overlap with and cross neighbors' lands. Although neighbors are usually as much as a two hours' walk from each other, animals easily traverse this distance in daily grazing and often encounter other herds. Families are careful to maintain somewhat consistent grazing rotations to minimize conflict and maximize the availability of forage foods. One must also take care that herds do not enter agricultural plots or soil irrigation canals during daily migrations. In addition,

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at the time of seasonal migration to the secondary homestead, families make labor arrangements with others to help drive the animals to new pastures and re-locate the shepherdess or even the entire family for the duration of the season. Herd animals involve all community members, whether or not they are the primary caretakers. My ownership of animals involves me in webs of relationship to others.

Yet perhaps the most significant consequence of owning animals is the relationship that one constructs with the deity, Pachamama (Mother Earth), who is believed to provide for human sustenance with goats and sheep. It is believed that Pachamama will bless and multiply the herd as long as they are cared for properly and respected. At all ritual occasions, there is recognition of this debt. The land is believed to be the body of Mother Earth, and ownership and use of grazing and agricultural plots allow one to have access to her. Small, natural altars of milky quartz rocks are erected over the landscape and allow individuals points of contact to offer libations and to solicit blessing. And the animals themselves are the manifestation of the state of one's relationship with Pachamama. By observing one's own and others' herds, there is collective and public accountability for one's mutual responsibilities to the good of the whole. Even though I am frequently absent, my own intentions and actions, just as their own, remain manifest through my herd as well.

Likewise, my ownership of this animal (i.e., this herd) integrates me into the community as a long-term member. When one has animals, one has daily obligations to care for them. They must be herded out during the day to graze and get water and corralled back safely at night for protection against the puma, fox, and the natural environment itself. When I am not resident in the community, I have to make arrangements for the care of the herd. This automatically binds me to other women and incorporates me into the labor exchange network. I am bound to reciprocal labor requirements. Florentina cares for my animals while I am gone, but

I am then in debt to her for labor. This is a debt not calculated by market values and the cost of daily labor. Indeed, it cannot be paid with money, for which they have little use in a community where there are no commercial outlets and there is little need for market goods.

Over the years, I have only begun to understand the nature of my enormous debt to Florentina, and now to Florentina's daughter-in-law Marcela, who currently helps care for my 11 animals, and to all of the community which exchanges labor with these two women. The parameters of these obligations signify loyalty. As with the fluid boundaries of their physical homesteads and grazing lands, these obligations are a web and they connect me, eventually, to everyone in this community. By maintaining my herd of animals, my surrogate shepherdesses maintain my identity, investment, and participation in El Angosto, even and especially during my absences. This debt, in turn, obligates me to create new forms of acceptable reciprocity by maintaining contact with community members about even the most ordinary events, representing community interests as needed in the provincial capital, serving as godmother to various children in the community, and, finally, remaining willing to accept responsibility for my herd, and others', when I arrive to El Angosto for a temporary stay.

Yet these obligations, by definition, will continue to change through time. As Florentina ages and our social investments increase, she reminds me of the continuity of these bonds and webs. Although she now has some 90 sheep and goats (an average-sized herd), and I have 11, she frequently "scolds" me for leaving her and Marcela with "so many" animals in their care and asks me when I will return to El Angosto to permanently accept my herd.

Maisie died in 1997, one week before I returned to the field after almost 10 months' absence. When I arrived to Buena Esperanza, Gualberto and Florentina told me the story of how she died and consoled me over losing the mother of my herd.

They, too, had experienced this, for all herds begin in a similar manner. Yet as Florentina led me to the corral to show me one of Maisie's new great grandsons, just born, she reminded me that the connections and relationships remain, and that I continue as caretaker of this herd and these obligations which make me a member of their group and, ultimately, human.

Spiders and Fishermen

Many indigenous languages have self-identifying words which indicate ethnic affiliation to outsiders, yet these same denominators often indicate something specific, particular, and exclusive to the people themselves. In El Angosto, Argentina, *Angosteño* is a state of being, an action of interaction which includes not only fellow humans, but also the animals and the lands of this place. One belongs not because he is "from there" or "lives there," but because he gives and receives within this social network. Delayed or immediate return, in kind or of like value, the exchange web creates and reinforces shared lives. One little goat is an enduring gift.

The significance of gifting is universal, and while it may appear different in different cultural settings, the nature of drawing others into relationship is innately, although perhaps not exclusively, human. It is the consummate social act. What makes gifting the domain of Anthropology is the web to which it is tied, for a proper gift creates multiple attachments and obligations. Unraveling these and what they mean lead us to understand not only what culture is, but, more importantly, how culture is.

While the products of these interactions may appear similar (the people of El Angosto and I are attached to each other), the nature of this attachment is unique to this culture and yet will change over time. The fact that process and product are separable aspects allows for the co-existence of different forms of production and exchange, of belief systems, of social practices, of cultures. The question which challenges us is how we interact, not why we interact.

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Rude Awakenings: Students' Formative Experiences of Race

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Introduction: Classroom Ethnohistories as Relevance

"It was the start of fifth grade. I was going to have my friends come spend the night with me . . ."

This is how Maria's story begins. She is a student in my Introduction to Anthropology class. Every semester, I ask my students to write about their formative experiences with racism. I do so mainly for pedagogical reasons. One is that we take a four subfield approach at Valdosta, and race/racism brings together Physical Anthropology and Cultural Anthropology in a meaningful way, and also affords an opportunity to demonstrate anthropology's holistic approach. We take the position that race is a biological fallacy; nonetheless, as a social construct, race—or more accurately, racism—is entirely real.

In this part of Georgia—the “deep South,” as it is sometimes called—the issue of race is always delicate. Many students resent suggestions that the local subculture is prejudicial, or even different, from the mainstream. Pride is on the line, and if I am not sensitive, I will be dismissed as just another “Yankee” bent on insulting “Southern heritage.” The classroom may acquire an “edge” that impedes learning. Yet that is the risk that I will always take, for I cannot yield on the issue of cultural relativism.

Rather than lecturing continuously, I occasionally have my students teach one another by way of their own ethnographic research. We read and analyze our own texts, a strategy that has much to commend it. The experiences we draw upon are local and contemporary, thus relevant, and relevance is one of the keys to learning. By honoring students' work

this way, I am able to turn their pride to my advantage: gratified that their heritage is being earnestly studied, they are ready to look at the familiar in new ways. The result is . . . learning! A description of wild boar hunters, for example, yields wonderful insight into gender and social class. A video of a Pop Warner football game allows us to examine socialization. Observing a City Council meeting helps us understand the workings of the local political economy. And students' personal reflections on racism permit honest consideration of a topic that is taboo. In short, treating local topics, including racism, as serious epistemological problems builds trust and redefines the dynamic of the classroom in constructive ways.

Another reason that I ask students to write about racism is due to my own fascination with people's representations of their history. “Ethnohistory,” history “from within” (or “below”), “people's history,” the “little tradition”—call it what you will, there is nothing so vibrant, so vital, so urgent as the unrehearsed voices heard in narratives like these. The simple explanation is that they bring together Anthropology and History in extraordinary, even unique ways. The contrast to “secondhand” texts, whose stories have had the vitality distilled out of them, is stark.

This brings me back to the classroom and my contention that there is no better way to learn about a place and its people than to revisit its past by way of those who have lived it. Students listening to these accounts recognize and identify with what is being retrieved and re-presented by their classmates. The familiarity of the data—now considered in the context of the classroom—fosters critical thinking

which, in turn, allows for subsequent abstracting and model-building (see also conclusions). Let me demonstrate by picking up Maria's story and then commenting briefly:

"... Mamma asked me who I wanted to spend the night, and I told her Amber. She told me that my daddy would not allow that. I didn't understand. I asked mamma why. She told me that Amber was black and that daddy would not go for that at all. I was so disheartened. I knew it would break Amber's heart when she found out. I told mamma that I didn't feel daddy was being fair; that it didn't matter to me the color of Amber's skin..."

The minute, but meaningful details that live on in Maria's and other students' memories stir up emotions and promote understanding—for example, on questions of societal stasis and dynamism—in ways that more formal accounts (history "from above") do not. In their narratives, meanings and beliefs play out. The driving force, or agency, of the players, or actors, is readily apparent, and we are able to behold the consequences of their actions. Parents prescribe racial separation, for example. Their children either comply with their parents and act accordingly (i.e., they don't mix), and the outcome is stasis. That is, racism persists. Or they defy their parents and mix, thus instigating change.

By means of this "structuration" perspective (Giddens 1979; Ortner 1984), oft-perplexing cultural patterns can be seen to consist of sets of discrete practices. Traditions, that is, practices that endure, take shape or are reproduced through the actions of social actors, although we may also see the beginnings of structural change from one generation to the next; what amounts to new traditions in formation. In sum, through these narratives the past connects with the present in a more comprehensible manner. Gone is mystification. In its place is luminous causality. We now understand better why people do the things they do.

The following ten stories were selected from dozens that I have collected over the past two years (1999-2000). The names of all of the people involved, as well as those of cities and towns, have been changed to protect the identities of the subjects.

Beth's Story

The earliest experience of racism that I recall dates back to when I was about five years old. It was a bright sunny day, and as with so many before it, I was playing in the front yard, making mud pies. Our front yard abutted a busy street, and a sidewalk cut through part of it for passers-by. People were always walking past.

This particular day, I was excited about my mom's birthday. I knew we were going to have a big party for her, replete with cake and ice cream, and we were going to have fried chicken for supper, one of my favorites. This was a big deal for us because we were poor, and with six kids, springing for birthday cake and ice cream wasn't exactly a commonplace.

While playing in the front yard that day, a man—a black man—came walking by like he had done many times before. When he approached me and asked what I was making, I told him, "A pie for my mom; it's her birthday today. You should come to her birthday party," I added. He seemed pleased that I had invited him, and wanted to know what time the party was. I'm not sure what I told him, but he showed up around supper time. I don't remember if I told anyone I had invited him.

A knock came at the front door and my dad went to see who was there. I thought it might be my new friend, so I peeped around the corner. Sure enough, it was my new friend and invited guest. I could hear voices but couldn't make out what was being said. I could see that the man had brought my mom a gift and it was wrapped up very nicely, I might add. I kept wondering why he wasn't coming in, and the next thing I knew, he was walking off the front porch with his head hung low, gift in hand. I could

not believe we were not letting this man in our home. I invited him, for goodness sake. We weren't letting him in simply because "He is a black man," as I was quickly told by my father.

My father was furious with me and I was sent to bed that night without supper. So much for that fried chicken I had waited so patiently for all day, not to mention the cake and ice cream, I cried myself to sleep that night. But even at the young age of five, I remember crying more for the black man and how he must have felt, than for the fact that I missed my favorite meal. And to a five year old, missing cake and ice cream is pretty serious business.

That incident is just the first of many that I experienced as a child. However it is that I managed to escape doing so, I am thankful that I did not adopt the same prejudices my father so deeply harbored and still does to this day.

David's Story

The earliest memory I have of racism occurred when I was seven years old—the day that I was baptized at First Baptist Church. I brought home new found friends, and while playing on my parents' front lawn, Clem, another boy I played with during the week, walked up. One of my new friends told us that he was not allowed to play with "niggers." We huddled together and decided to run off this "nigger" by throwing rocks at him and calling him names. I cried myself to sleep that night, remembering how Clem looked at me. I tried to apologize later, but he would never speak to me again, and out of all the children there that day, his name is the only one I remember.

Later, in the fourth grade, I was chosen to be the father in 'Twas the Night Before Christmas' school play. The girl who was to play my wife was a colored girl named Tiffany, a good friend. My father was infuriated when he heard that his son would have a colored wife. The only way to stay in the play was to tell him a lie: that Tiffany had dropped out of the play, and that I now had a white wife. He punished

me after the play and ridiculed me for months for being a "nigger lover."

Lydia's Story

Racism has always been a part of my life. It infected the small southern town I was born and raised in, and it permeated my all-white private elementary and high schools. I have had to fight racist mind sets and I cannot honestly say that I have always been as tolerant as I am now. I do not consider myself racist or prejudiced. I believe that all cultures lend beauty to the human race, and we should rejoice in that. That attitude, however, is neither common nor condoned in the environment I grew up in, and it has been very difficult to break out of.

My first shock of racism came in Kindergarten. I went to a public Kindergarten, and I was in a diverse class. There was Pablo, the Mexican boy, who was always smiling and teaching me new ways to high five. There were Diamond and Pearl, two Black twins, who amazed me with the magic tricks their grandpa had taught them. And then there was my best friend, Estelle. Estelle had beautiful, glowing skin and thick braids that always had colorful beads woven into them. I loved her beads. Estelle and I were complete opposites. She was chubby, bold, and black. I was skinny, shy, and white. But we worked.

One day my mom told me I would be going to a new school the next year. It would have smaller classes, a better playground, and she thought I would learn better there. "Cool," I thought. "Estelle and I can have better swings, and we can spend even more time together. Maybe we'll be in the same reading group." I rushed to school the next day and told Estelle all about it. We were both excited. We even planned what we would wear on our first day. It never crossed our minds that we wouldn't be going there together.

I told my mom about our school plans and

she got very quiet. She stopped me as I began to tell her how Estelle and I planned to put pin^{ts} shoelaces in our Converse sneakers. "Honey, I don't think Estelle can go to your new school. She probably wants to stay at the school she's at now. We don't want to make Estelle leave, do we? Besides, it costs money to go to your new school, and Estelle's mom may not be able to afford it."

I thought about it and decided I would go to the battery section of the supermarket the next time Mom went shopping, because Estelle's mom worked there and I could talk to her. I found Estelle's mom and started telling her about the pin^{ts} shoelaces and our other plans. Mom walked up, grabbed me by the arm, and whispered, "She doesn't understand."

When we got home, we had to have a long talk. My mom told me that the real reason Estelle couldn't come with me was because she "wouldn't fit in." I was going to an all-white school where the "nice" children went, and Estelle would not be joining me. Mom apologized but ended her speech by saying, "I'm sorry Lydia. One day you will understand that this is how the world works and it may not be fair, but we can't do anything about it. We all have certain roles to play in life, none more important than another, just different. Black people can't go to your new school, but I guess you and Estelle can still talk on the phone. But you can't go over to her house because you're getting to the age where we have to start thinking about what people say. And we must always be careful to protect our reputations. Do you understand?"

I nodded because I was tired and I was sad. I didn't understand, and I probably never will. I went to call Estelle, but her mom said she couldn't talk. On the first days at my new school, I was withdrawn and quiet. I didn't want to put together puzzles with the new kids. I wanted to be back with Pablo, and his high fives, the twins and their magic, and most of all, with Estelle and her braids. But I learned to adapt and soon I became just what Mom had wanted: a "nice" white girl in a "nice" southern town, who

threw just when to cross my legs and just how long to continue the conversation before bidding goodbye.

One day, years later, I saw Estelle by the battery section of the supermarket and I did just what I had been taught to: I said hello, how are you, good to see you, take care, and goodbye. And that I regret.

Rachel's Story

Growing up in the South has corrupted my mind into believing that racism is inevitable. The scary thing is that racism goes unnoticed because we southerners are so used to it. Being African-American, I have ruled out being hired for particular jobs while living here. This comes from the way I grew up. My parents taught us to stay away from whites. "Do not make enemies of them. But do not trust those blue-eyed devils, either." After hearing it for so long, it sunk in and I began to live accordingly.

One memory of racism is of walking home from elementary school. A car full of Caucasian males rode past me yelling out "go home nigger." I was so afraid, I did not know whether to run or to scream. School was only a block from my house, but that day it seemed so far. There were other children walking home but they were far behind me. When I arrived home, I ran to tell my mother what had happened. Being only a third-grader, I did not understand the hate or why anyone would call me a name. I had heard about night riders and other groups such as the Ku Klux Klan, and from that day forward, I grew even more afraid of Caucasian people. My mother had to pick me up from school after that, and even to sleep with me at night due to my fear. That incident left me afraid of walking in my own neighborhood or even enjoying myself with my friends. The very thought of walking home from school alone afterward was out of the question.

Leslie's Story

I grew up in a really small town in south

Georgia, so, as you might imagine, my experiences with racism are many. The one experience that made the biggest impression on me was one that took place during the four years that I was in high school. It involved two of my best friends, John and Delores. My family was close to John's family over the years, so I knew his parents and I spent a lot of time with John. We always laughed because his parents wanted John and me to date. We stayed just close friends, however.

At the beginning of ninth grade, John told me that he had developed a crush on our friend Delores. I thought this was the greatest thing in the world because I knew she felt the same way. She had just been afraid to say anything. Delores is not a shy person, but she had grown up in the same town that I had. We all knew there would be problems if she, a black girl, started to date John, a white guy. At first they kept it a big secret. We all hung out together all the time anyway, so there was no problem in their seeing each other, and I was just thrilled to see my friends happy. After a while, however, it became known around our school, which made us all nervous. Our high school consisted of only about 150 students, most of whom wore Wranglers and "dipped" in the back of the classroom. Surprisingly, no one said anything, or at least they kept things to themselves. Things were working out well.

Then John's mother found out. That's when all hell broke loose. His mom cursed him and told him he was going to hell for dating a nigger. She called his brother, who was a Sunday School teacher at a local church, and asked him to come over and quote some verses to support her claim. He told John that God had never intended the races to mix or associate, and that what he was doing was wrong. John and Delores had been together for about one year at this point, and as you can imagine, John was furious. They were serious about each other, and he tried to make them understand how he felt for her. His mother simply told him that if it did not stop, not only would God punish him, but she would tell his

father. I understood that threat as much as John did, because growing up, I had often been warned that I should not be with certain people in public because my dad might find out.

After this, they tried to date in secret, like they had in the beginning. John and I even pretended to be a couple so that his mother would not pursue the matter any further. He did not have a car, so I would go and pick him up. We would act like we were a happy couple, then we would go pick up Delores. This worked for a while because his parents were so happy to see him with me they left him alone. After a while, we all relaxed a little. Then it happened again. This time, his mother told him someone at our school called and informed her that they were together. She did not limit her lecture to John this time. She called Delores's parents, too. Delores's family did not care that she dated a white boy. Their concern was that she was being kept a secret, which they interpreted as John being ashamed of her. Until he could keep it in the open, he could not see her.

This continued throughout high school, with John having just girlfriends and sneaking around, and his mother finding out. One day, she made good on her promise and told his father. First, she complained to him that Delores had let a demon into their house, and that she was trying to rip their family apart. She told him that John would never be happy with Delores because "her kind never stay faithful," and that his family would never accept "a milkshake baby." This broke John's heart. Then, his father warned him that if they were ever caught together he would beat them both black and blue, because that was what they deserved.

It was horrible after that. Delores's parents were called again and she was put on lockdown. Literally. She was driven to and from school, and under no circumstances was she allowed to stay after. Her parents would sooner have had her fail a class than stay after for help and have a possibility of seeing John. She was not allowed television or

phone calls, and could not go out of the house, except for school and church. Her life was basically miserable for her entire junior year.

When, finally, she was allowed to go out again, it was under the condition that she not see John. Of course, she did anyway. When her parents found out they got into a huge fight with her, and I still remember how awful we felt when she wore sweaters to school for three weeks in May to cover up all of the bruises on her arms and back. She didn't talk about it much, but I think that was the point when everyone realized the severity of the situation, and the lighthearted jokes everyone made about the situation didn't seem funny anymore.

Fortunately, John and Delores did not let this destroy what they had. John moved in with his oldest sister, who supported the relationship, then he moved out on his own, where his parents could not reach him. They stayed together the four years we were in high school, even through the roughest of times. And now they are engaged. They were both permanently hurt by the things that happened, and both feel that their families turned their backs on them. John used to always tell me that the worst part was having the wonderful image of his parents destroyed. Both he and Delores came to realize, just as I have, that it is impossible to completely love and respect someone who refuses to view the world impartially.

Carla's Story

Since the beginning of time, racism has reared its ugly head in one form or another. It might have been not drinking at the same water fountains, not eating at the same counters, or riding on the same bus. It might have been that I was too black to play with another child.

Elsie Hartin was my sunshine and my rain. We grew up in close quarters of one another. I in the project, she in the trailer park. We had all the

makings of great friends. Our mothers were co-workers at the hospital. And my grandmother was her nanny. We began Head Start together at Maurice Brown Elementary School. She was my best friend. We did everything together. She was my sunshine because when I was upset, she brightened my day with her beautiful wide smile. Her smile could touch your soul and force it to be happy. When I was hurting, she was my rain, 'cause she cried as if she could feel the pain.

On my eighth birthday, she baked me a birthday cake. It was the most beautiful cake I had ever seen (even though it was sunken in the middle, I was just glad she baked it). Our friendship was growing tremendously. I braided her hair, painted her toenails, and taught her some of the old Negro hymns 'cause she wanted to learn.

One day I got worried because she did not get on the bus. No one knew where she was. I got scared, so I jumped off the bus and ran to the office, only to find out that her mother picked her up because they had moved. They moved while we were in school, Elsie's father had gotten a promotion. They now could afford to live in the suburbs. My grandmother moved and continued to work for the family, but I was no longer allowed to visit. At school, Elsie would wave when no one was looking. She would smile and lip synch "I MISS YOU." On my tenth birthday, she gave my homeroom teacher a candy bar and birthday card addressed to me. I cried all day, because we had shared our birthdays for four years. She had no understanding of what was going on, but she knew we could not play together any more, and that I did not fit into her new world.

Motor blaring, lights blashing, and sirens screaming, the ambulance arrived at school. The kids were so excited, we could hardly be still. Then the EMT's jumped out with a stretcher. We knew then that this would not be a show and tell day. They emerged from the office with Elsie on the stretcher. Her face was very pale and she seemed unconscious. I broke through the crowd, grabbed her hand, and

begged her not to die. Mrs. Davis, my homeroom teacher, lovingly took me in her arms and said, "God will take care of her." Elsie was diagnosed with a rare blood disease and she needed a transfusion. None of her parents' friends came forward, but the poor blacks and whites from the project and the trailer park led a blood drive, spearheaded by me. The blacks knew their blood would not "match" (that is, it wouldn't be accepted), but they still held out small hope that another donor would be found. To God be the glory! The donor was Suzanna, a white girl whom Elsie and I played with occasionally when we were younger. Elsie was not allowed to play with her anymore, either. Suzanna had a kind heart and good upbringing, so she knew that she must attempt to save Elsie's life. And that's exactly what she did.

Elsie's father had a big celebration in honor of his daughter's recovery. But I was not invited. Suzanna was. Elsie and Suzanna refused to go without me, however, so I was invited after all. It was a true celebration of life and of old friendships renewed. This was the turning point in Elsie's life. She started to defy her father in every way. He no longer chose her friends. She came to school and reunited with Suzanna and me. Instead of two good friends, there were now three.

On August 11, 1998, I lay in ICU at the Medical College of Georgia in Augusta, fighting for my life from a disease called Myasthenia gravis. I could not breathe on my own. The monitors continually went off, and nurses and doctors ran in every few minutes. I felt a gentle tug on my hand and light breath in my ear saying, "Please don't die. Breathe. Please breathe." I opened the one eye that the disease had not damaged and the rays of her smile blinded me. Elsie—my sunshine—missed her own graduation at the University of Florida to be by my side.

Walter's Story

My early encounters with racism were

pivotal occurrences in my life. I was born in the 1950's in a small, rural, southern community. My most vivid memory of discrimination goes back to when I was six years old. I was very sick and my mother took me to see a doctor. We arrived before the start of business to ensure that I could be examined first thing that morning. We had to enter through the backdoor and wait in a small room. I could see down the hallway where the white patients were in a large room with books, magazines, and comfortable chairs.

Five o'clock in the afternoon arrived and we were still there. The doctor was leaving and told us it was closing time. We would have to return the following day. The look of hurt in my mother's eyes was more painful than the sickness I was feeling. My mother had nursed and raised this doctor when he was a child. Needless to say, she did not take me back to that office.

As a black male, I have experienced many instances of racism: school segregation, housing and employment discrimination, discrimination in the armed forces. I have also seen some progress. I pray that my children will not experience a biased world, but for myself, being judged by skin color is a reality I will bear forever.

Paula's Story

As a child, I owned many Barbie dolls that I loved to play with. My childhood years were fun. My family was middle-class and I had no worries. I always got what I wanted.

On the day before my eighth birthday, my mom asked what special thing I wanted as a gift. Days before, I had seen a particular Barbie doll that was unique. I told my mom that I wanted something very special. "What's that?" she asked. I told her, "I want that beautiful black Barbie doll that I saw the other day. Please get it for me, mommy." My mom did not answer. She had an odd look on her face. But I knew I would get it; as I said previously, I

always got what I wanted.

My birthday arrived and I was excited. Before my friends' arrival, my mom came to my room. I was all dressed up and she was happy to see how much I had grown. She took a gift from behind her back and gave it to me with a fess. I opened it hurriedly, and to my surprise I saw . . . a Barbie. Not the one I had asked for; instead, it was similar to those I already had—white, blonde Barbies. I was disappointed and I said to my mom, "Thank you, but this is not what I wanted." My mom looked at me and said "Sweetie, this Barbie is much prettier. The other is ugly. She is black and scary. And black is bad luck!" I started crying. All sorts of things went through my mind. I got a pretty doll, but I was so hurt by what my mother told me. My birthday was ruined. I did not want to eat my food.

Her words are still with me today but I now know that the notion that black people are inferior is a myth. I have black friends who are no different from me. Color makes no difference, but a mother's words can sway a child's mind and produce a strong impact. For a long time, I thought that black people were evil and dangerous to me. With experience, however, I no longer do.

Katie's Story

My earliest experience of racism was when I was in first grade. One of my best friends at the time was a black girl named Gladys. My family used to attend all the Kent County High School football games. I would often meet up with Gladys at the games and hang around with her. I don't remember a conversation between me and my parents about us being friends, but I remember my parents got upset when she called me at my house and I went to call her back. It was hard to understand this because I was so young and I had never thought of her as being different. Needless to say, Gladys and I did not stay close friends for long.

In middle school, people really started behaving as racists. I went to Kent Middle School,

which is a complete redneck school and very few students actually go on to high school. There were racially motivated fights constantly, and at least once a year everyone had to be locked in their classrooms all day. My band teacher was a black man named Mr. Martin. He was one of the nicest men I'd ever known, and I never thought of him as different.

I went to a football game with my parents one night and I saw Mr. Martin. Without thinking, I ran up to him and gave him a hug right in front of my dad. My dad got very angry and told me I didn't need to be hugging a black man in public. I got angry then because I didn't see anything wrong with it at all, and I told my dad that it was wrong for him to think that. But my parents have always had racist attitudes and they've always made comments to me about how black people are not as good as whites.

I dated a guy last summer from a mixed family. My parents were highly irritated, but they came around after meeting him. Still, they make jokes about us, which really bothers me. Most recently, their comments have concerned my friend, Anton. He is one of the most caring people I have ever met. He is always there for me with advice or a hand word, a shoulder to cry on, a favor (eg, getting my keys out of my locked car at 3:30 a.m.). I went by his house one afternoon last month to see what he was up to. He lives with three other guys, all of whom are white. I told my mom that I went to see him and she flipped out. She told me not to let anyone ever know that I went to visit a black guy. She said people would think poorly of me, and that guys would not date me if they heard I associated with black people. This infuriated me. I don't see color when it comes to my friends. Yes, there are bad black people; but there are bad white people, too. My parents were brought up in Kent County and their parents and their society shaped their negative views. It's what they were taught. I hope they will change their ways more in the future, and I am happy that I don't have the same thoughts about race that they have.

Tim's Story

Growing up in a small town, I was sheltered from the metropolitan lifestyle that glamorizes the temptations of our modern day life. Of the 10,000 people who inhabited Kensington, Georgia, well-to-do Caucasians attended the First Baptist Church as religiously as they pulled for the Georgia Bulldogs on game day. I was held to a strict bible-beating upbringing. No cussing, no talking back. I had to respect my elders. The God that was preached about in my church was Lord, and that seemed to be the bottom line in everything that was done by every citizen. To increase my protection, I was sent to Marshall Academy. Here, four hundred of the whitest, wealthiest children were sent to "gain the advantages of higher learning." At least this was the myth. But I knew nothing else and I lived my life segregated in an integrated world. Segregated until my third-grade year.

Hard times hit my town. A drought dried up the crops that surrounded it, and money seemed to stop at the city limits, just as the blacks did at the doors of my church. My father, a small town lawyer, made his living representing these farmers who were claiming bankruptcy left and right. The problem seemed to be that as the farmers couldn't pay the mortgage, as legal clients they could not pay my dad. To be able to feed the family and to pay the house payment, my father turned to more indigent defense work. During this time period, I was only eight years old and I understood nothing except that my father was "defending the niggers," as I heard his friends occasionally say. As my father's clientele began to change, so did my life.

My father defended a black man in a matter and got to know him and his wife very well. His wife made extra money as a house cleaner, and my family hired Mrs. Beatrice to clean and cook on week days at our house. Of course, I had seen black people before, but Mrs. Beatrice was the first African-American person I had ever interacted with. I didn't know what to expect at first, but she turned out to be as sweet as

the cornbread she would make for us. In fact, she was one of the nicest ladies I had ever met. My favorite meal was fried chicken, and she would often cook this for me when I had a big T-ball game, or if I got all "S's" and "E's" on my report card. The experience I obtained through knowing her helped me in the transition I was about to go through.

In the summer after third grade, instead of playing church league baseball as I usually did, I was signed up to play in a league that met on the other side of town. My father had gotten to know several black people through his work and one of them happened to be the principal of Oxford County Elementary School. He and my father had become friends, and my father became the attorney for the Oxford County School System. This was a school system drained of its small amount of white kids by the private schools, and subsequently it had a nine-to-one black-to-white ratio. The principal headed up this baseball program. I remember wanting to be with my friends from the church, but not minding so much as long as I was able to play. I can remember climbing into my father's Chevrolet and burning my legs on the leather seats as we headed to the first day of practice. I was dropped off at a tall, dilapidated building surrounded by a concrete parking lot so split that it needed to be mowed due to all the weeds that had broken through trying to find sunlight. I could hear the pounding of the baseball as I approached the open doors and made my way to the entrance. Crossing the threshold, I paused to find that I was the only white person in the crowd of fifty young boys. I was not bothered so much by the fact that I would be playing baseball with these people as I was by the fact that I was alone. I was outnumbered, but baseball in hand, I joined the boys and tried to play with them and fit in. All through this day and for about a week I was picked last and not really given a chance to play. Through time, though, I proved that I was good enough to play and was accepted, as I had accepted them.

This summer was probably one of the best

summers I experienced in my childhood as I met so many new friends. The differences between us faded the more we played together. I began to see these boys as no different than I, even though their skin color differed. I can remember being so excited about what I was doing that I would invite some of my white friends to come play with us. One day, my invitation was accepted, and Rhett Davidson came with me to the other side of town. What happened that day was the first experience I ever had with racism. I was dropped off as usual and walked in the door wanting to introduce Rhett to all of the friends I had made. The second we walked in the door, Rhett became real quiet and refused to talk or play with anybody but me. While I was on the court, Rhett went and called his dad on a pay phone and asked him to come and pick him up. As I was standing on the sidelines, my friend's father walked through the doors. Anger shot from his eyes, and his strides were long and quick as he approached us. Mr. Davidson grabbed Rhett's hand and took him out of the gym, yelling for me to have my father call him as soon as he could. I didn't know what had happened really, and continued to play as usual, puzzled by what had just taken place. That night my father called Mr. Davidson as I told him to. I can remember hearing the loud voice coming through the telephone addressing my father in angry tones, the words "nigger" and "black" being said repeatedly. My father apologized, but I don't remember an occasion that he spoke to this man again. I continued to play for the same league, though, and changed over to public schools the next year. I missed my friends, but fit in fine where I had been moved, I didn't see much of my former friends from school anymore after that summer. I stayed in the public school system and moved the following year.

Conclusion

Here in south Georgia, as elsewhere in America, racism is a prominent part of our everyday

lives. Hardly a day goes by that race is not alluded to on the Valdosta State University campus. Recently, in fact, three young men—all African-American—were called racial epithets as they jogged past a fraternity house. Soliciting students' stories of their formative experiences with racism is one way that I attempt to deal with this problem. The stories help to raise awareness. They are relevant. And they lend themselves well to social scientific analysis.

I use student narratives to help me elucidate three theoretical principles: (1) social constructionism; (2) the socialization of children; and (3) structuration of society. Together, I believe that these tools deliver on Anthropology's promise to explain why human beings do the things we do. Understanding a problem is the necessary first step to changing it.

Briefly, Social Constructionism asserts that society is actively and creatively produced by human beings. It is less a natural phenomenon than a social one. In fact, with the passing of time, it is less and less a product of nature. Humans invest nature with meaning, and in so doing, invent culture. We assign meaning to skin color, for example, such that "white" skin is fetishized as ideal (among some "Europeans"). We transmit our beliefs and values to our children via socialization, the process by which children acquire the knowledge necessary to become competent adult members of society. Competency is achieved as children learn and use the patterns of cultural behavior prescribed by culture. Both formal (i.e., education) and informal (child rearing) means of socialization are required. Once forged, cultural patterns are resilient, and they offer members of society a ready-made behavioral template. Most of the time, most of us adhere to the norms. Our habitual actions (e.g., racial separation) and speech acts (derogatory remarks or epithets)—what Giddens (1979) calls our recursive and discursive practices, respectively—keep the social order intact. Only by departing from the norm with a novel or creative assertion of agency—what Giddens calls a generative

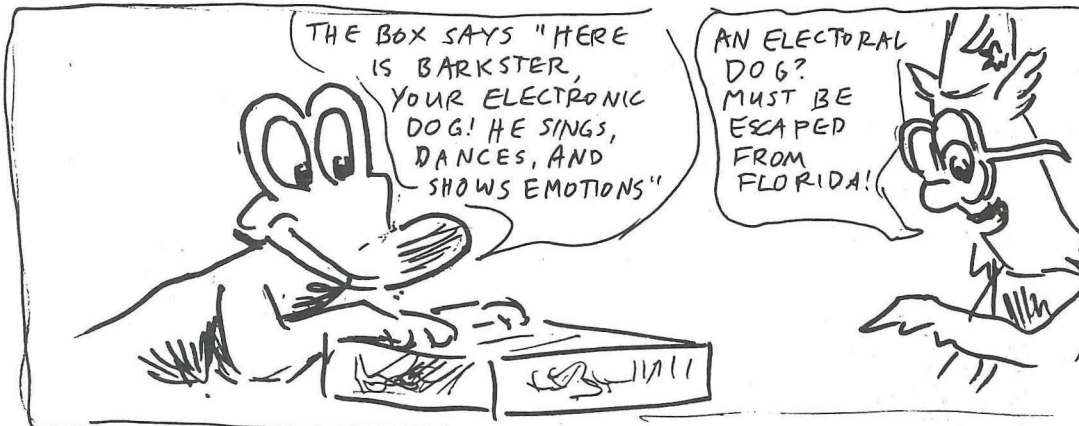
action—is racist structure liable to change (when, for example, Elsie and Suzanna of Carla's Story, refused to attend a party held in their honor unless Carla was likewise invited). If such generative acts of anti-racism become recursive, then a revolution in culture will be achieved.

One recalls the Civil Rights Struggle of the 1950s and 1960s, and leaders like Rosa Parks, Medgar Evers, and Martin Luther King, in this very light. Following the racist incident on our campus, Black and White students and professors staged a symbolic jog past fraternity row, hoping to effect a similar change in our own community.

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POLO (With apologies to Walt Kelly)





CHEROKEE WOMEN

Gender and Culture Change, 1700-1835

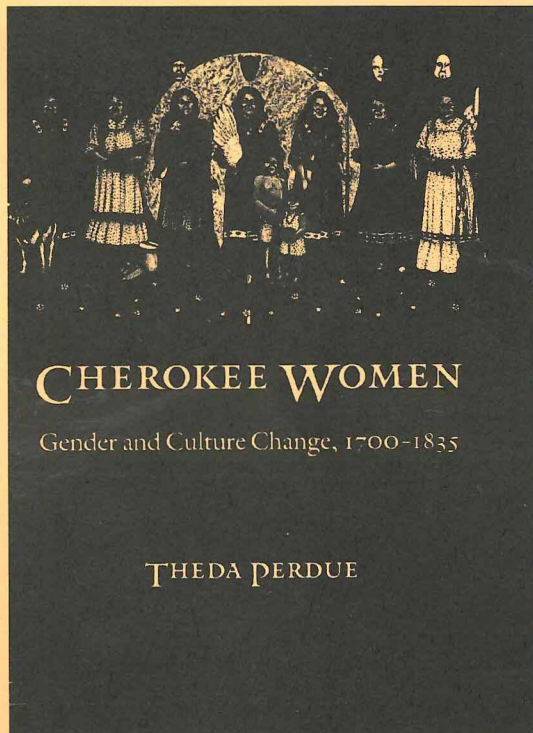
By Theda Perdue

Winner of the Julia Cherry Spruill Prize for the best book on southern women, sponsored by the Southern Association for Women Historians. Winner of the James Mooney Award of the Southern Anthropological Society recognizing and encouraging distinguished anthropological scholarship on the South and Southerners.

"A fascinating book that truly breaks new ground in the study of Cherokee history, women's history, and American history in general. Exemplifies women's history at its best. She neither concentrates only on so-called notable women--those Cherokee women who are supposedly worthy of historical study because they acted like white men--or on inserting Cherokee women into an already existing narrative of Cherokee and American history. Instead her work challenges the existing narratives and suggests an alternative reading of history. By characterizing women as agents of cultural persistence, Perdue makes a case that we should not see American Indian women as bit players but as 'major players in the great historical drama that is the American past.'"--Margaret Jacobs, *The Journal of Southern History*

"An interesting and effective overview . . . It is to the author's considerable credit that she is able to re-create the values and behavior of Cherokee women through court records, myths, and observers' accounts. By examining women's roles in farming and community life, Perdue argues that women were coequal contributors to Cherokee culture."—*Choice*. "A well-documented, carefully argued book written in lively and engaging prose. It deserves a wide audience. . . . An exceptional piece of scholarship."—*William and Mary Quarterly*. "Gracefully written and convincing."—*H-Net Reviews*.

Theda Perdue examines the roles and responsibilities of Cherokee women during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, a time of intense cultural change. While building on the research of earlier historians, she develops a uniquely complex view of the effects of contact on Native gender relations, arguing that Cherokee conceptions of gender persisted long after contact. Maintaining traditional gender roles actually allowed Cherokee women and men to adapt to new circumstances and adopt new industries and practices. Theda Perdue is a professor of history at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. Her works include *Slavery and the Evolution of Cherokee Society, 1540-1866* and *Native Carolinians: The Indians of North Carolina*. \$14.95 paper / \$50 Cloth



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