The Concept of the Foreign

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Chapter Five

The Exile of Anthropology

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Even from the simplest, the most realistic point of view, the countries for which we long occupy, at any given moment, a far larger place in our true life than the country in which we may happen to be.

— Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*

When published in 1967, well after his death, Bronislaw Malinowski's *A Diary in the Strict Sense of the Term* caused quite a scandal. Its pages, laboriously translated from a scribbled Polish sprinkled with other tongues, revealed that a master figure of anthropology, the mythic father of ethnography, had had impure thoughts. Amid his recounting of daily routine in his field site in the Trobriand Islands, Malinowski recorded his memories of the lives he had left behind in Poland, England, and Australia, his shifting tides of passion and lust, his longings for civilization, his indulgences in novel reading and other signs of laziness, his anxieties about his work, his petty irritations, and his occasional revulsion for the people he was studying. While this last feature provoked the most controversy, the general lapse from the austere life he sought to lead and the multiple signs of his active struggle all contrasted sharply with his received legacy.[1] Had Malinowski really "been there" when he was in the field, the first of a new breed of engaged explorer, or had he only lived like any other expatriated exile?

The following essay will focus on the tradition of ethnography in anthropology, comparing it to the condition of exile, particularly as represented in Eastern European literature. The comparison is intended as a heuristic exercise engaging abstracted conditions, but one which retains a foothold in historical particularity in its effort to understand intersections between place, politics, and cultural representation. Taken broadly, these two varieties of displacement—ethnography and exile—present inverted patterns of experience; opposite ends of a common condition of displacement. Both have created traditions of representing culture at a distance, be it the lost homeland (site of reinvented cosmopolitan high Culture) or the "field" (site of appropriately exotic others). In each case, authority depends on a trivialization of immediacy and a relegation of meaning to everyday experience that lies over a horizon. It is precisely this motion—from the familiar to the foreign, from the present to the past—that has distilled concepts of culture derived from the writings of exiles and anthropologists, purifying them with an effect of distance. In remaining attached to such purity, we forget more common displacements, the partial travels of daily life across small divides, and our own active, imperfect sensibilities. Thus, while a condition of foreignness reveals the outlines of cultural forms most acutely, it also removes them from the foreground of experience.

Our purpose in pursuing this heuristic comparison between ethnography and literary exile is not to reiterate two decades of criticism of the authorial strategies of anthropologists (although, in the curious circularity of interdisciplinary influences, reiteration might benefit some ends of cultural studies).[2] Rather, our point is to take metaphorical allusions to exile seriously, furthering an interrogation of anthropology's long romance with the foreign and the manner in which writing about elsewhere in space and time deferred the discipline's engagement with more immediate milieux. Recent shifts in global circumstances and academic frontiers present anthropology with suddenly foreshortened horizons, something not unlike the excitement and pathos of an exile suddenly free to return. It is our contention that this loss of sure estrangement—the certainty of measured distance—can be beneficial as well as painful, and that the resulting disorientation offers the possibility of recalibrating scholarship around less perfect placements and engagements in the world.

Displacement and the Literary Hero

To begin the discussion, let us sketch the figures before us, starting with the elder, that of exile. We could propose a number of genealogies for the condition we call "exile." One account would track it to ancient Israel and Greece,[3] where another would locate a point of origin in the banishment of Ovid to the Danube in A.D. 18, outside the magic circle of literate Rome.[4] A generalizing anthropologist, unwilling to anchor origin so comfortably to the narrow band of classical history, might describe exile as a condition of expulsion, of enforced foreignness, and suggest a probable, sporadic pattern of this practice since the emergence of complex polities, if not earlier. A critically minded historian might caution against projecting conditions common to modern nation states back before industrialization. Nevertheless, we can identify certain principles for the purposes of our analysis, and distinguish the condition from a number of close relatives. The key ingredients of exile are a sense of homeland and of political significance; one must both define identity in terms of place and be elite enough to have one's individual displacement be recognized, ordered, and enforced. The "refugee," the "expatriate," and the "émigré" experience related conditions, but do so in ways distinct from the "exile." For the refugee is a mass object, the expatriate a free adventurer, and the émigré a permanent graft. Between them we find the exile, like the refugee a figure of temporary suffering, like the expatriate and the émigré a solitary being. As Joseph Brodsky bluntly reminds us, Turkish *Gastarbeiters*, Vietnamese boat people, and Pakistanis in Kuwait are never invited to conferences on the exiled writer.[5] Rather, in the twentieth century, the political flight of those without aesthetic stature has become a staple of bureaucratic calculation and photojournalism.[6]

Dislocation marks the essential condition of exile, a status attained between place and loss. Randolph Starn points out at the beginning of his study of exile in medieval and Renaissance Italy that the issue is "fundamentally a matter of location and defined positions in space."[7] While the word *exile* may derive from the Latin *ex* and *salire* (to leap out of), the movement itself implies a site of departure, a ground below the flight.[8] An alternative seventh-century etymology connects the Latin *exsilium* to *extra solum* (outside the soil) or, in Starn's case, beyond the city-state.[9] Starn follows these connections to urban life, crucial to so much of our political vocabulary (e.g., *citizen*, *politics*), to suggest the figure of the exile as an inverse of the citizen, and to describe the shadowy world of the refugees of politics as a "contrary commonwealth." Thus, the lost world of the exile is not simply removed, but constantly reimagined, a realm of possible pasts and futures, and of justice literally defined in geography. Exiles are irritable, potentially dangerous, and usually left with plenty of time on their hands (in the twentieth-century landscape one usually imagines them in a café); as they begin to write, they become difficult to ignore for those in power and for chroniclers alike. Their revenge is to wander in visible righteousness, appearing across the historical record.[10]

The link between exile, political romanticism, and writing in European history becomes all the more clear as we move closer to the present. The tumultuous upheaval of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries in Europe produced a range of displaced writers, Rousseau on. The figure of the gloomy exile invaded literature, even as failed revolutionaries and defeated nationalists began to flee across borders and regroup in foreign cities, usually London or Paris. In the twentieth century, the tragic heroism of the vagabond of conscience still stood out against the ever increasing blur of migrants and refugees, coalescing around intellectual culture bearers, the repositories of refinement, fleeing the

implosion of European political extremism. One such group, only recently vanished, was comprised of the *literati* of Eastern Europe. Here we will focus on this last group of exiles, near enough in memory to be familiar, while prominent enough in Cold War politics to provide a particularly telling illustration for our comparison.[11]

In an article that presciently appeared in the crucial political divide of 1989, Ewa Thompson examines cracks in the facade of the pure victims of crude and corrupt regimes of the former communist bloc. She assures us that the writer in exile has fared far better of late than in times past, noting that "[t]oday, it seems to be a rule that writers from the smaller or less developed countries go to the larger or more advanced ones, rather than, as in antiquity, abandoning the circle of civilization and going to an unlettered region of the world."[12] Exile these days can actually represent an increase in visibility. In the case of Eastern Europe, the very displacement of intellectuals (whether physical or psychological) allowed them to reimagine the European map, expanding a world of lost civic virtue eastward. To a certain body of intellectuals East and West, dissident culture represented high Culture, the possibility of civilization and a virtuous opposition to evil. In the stark light of crude oppression, noble forms emerged, all the more noble when viewed from afar.

The figure of the exile, then, gives us the displacement of high culture and the most pure of literary heroes: authors who live as characters in their own transplanted epic. For unlike the common refugee, the exiled writer flees not simply to save a humble body, but also an exalted soul, and the very possibility of moral life. Named enemies of corrupt regimes can claim the mantle of Zola when deported for speaking something feared as truth. Where women and children arrive *en masse* at the border with hastily packed bags and their small hopes of everyday pleasures, the exiled writer carries the weight of a language on his back, as well as the lonely consciousness of grand responsibilities.[13] The frequency of masculine pronouns in writings on exile should not surprise us; gendered expectations of public life (especially in Eastern Europe) as well as greater male mobility across social boundaries and away from social ties produce a stream of great men in poor suits, forever writing letters of protest. Leaving the literary hero in some shabby hotel room surrounded by empty bottles and the stale odor of cigarettes, let us now turn to the anthropologist, the author of exotic common culture and scientific travel.

Exotic Culture and Scientific Travel

Of all academic disciplines, anthropology is the most intimately associated with elsewhere. A sense of the foreign pervades the formal study of humanity; every direction one looks lies a horizon. The unlikely sprawl of the classic American tradition of the discipline (mixing primate teeth with polygyny) frames itself with distances traveled in space and time. To trace the outline of *homo sapiens*

sapiens, one heads for every border and the limits of human existence, recording distant cousins, forgotten ancestors, and the country of first and last things. The key methodological tradition of social and cultural anthropology, the research experience known as "ethnographic fieldwork," incorporates foreignness into the essence of the discipline, institutionalizing travel as the basis for knowledge of humanity. The authority to write about another culture rests on an extended stay, knowledge of the vernacular, and engagement with everyday practice—on the elusive experience of "being there."[14] Anything less risks superficiality, the contamination of unreliable witnesses citing mere travel or journalism; anything more risks a loss of perspective, the taint of unreflective natives deceived by familiarity.

In internal myths of anthropology's legacy, the totemic figures of Bronislaw Malinowski and Franz Boas serve to mark the turning point whereby the practice of the discipline shifted from gentlemanly rummaging through reports gathered from all manner of travelers past and present (in the manner of James Frazer or E. B. Tylor) to the direct collection of information "in the field." While the historical record may indicate a more complex heritage, Malinowski's name in particular remains attached to the adoption of an adventurous foray into the lives of distant people as the hallmark of ethnographic method.[15] In the introduction to his 1922 classic, *Argonauts of the Western Pacific*, Malinowski lays forth the criteria under which a proper study can be conducted. One is exhorted to work directly with the people in question, without intermediaries and in their native language, and cautioned against associating too freely with other expatriates. To function as an observer of the sort that Malinowski deems superior to traders, missionaries, and other potential rivals, one must go further than they have, displacing oneself more violently from ties to home while simultaneously maintaining purity of purpose. In essence, one must become a more distant exile, and yet an exile whose gaze focuses ahead rather than behind. For an ethnographer travels into foreignness to interrogate foreign life, not to lament home.

At times, Malinowski's scientific traveler may even play native, trying on strange habits in the hope of understanding them. In one of the most famous passages from *Argonauts*, the author calls for a degree of participation on the part of the observer, for an engagement with the flow of life sweeping by:

> Again, in this type of work, it is good for the Ethnographer sometimes to put aside camera, notebook, and pencil, and to join in himself in what is going on. He can take part in the natives' games, he can follow them on their visits and walks, sit down and listen and share in their conversations. I am not certain if this is equally easy for everyone—perhaps the Slavonic nature is more plastic and more naturally savage than that of Western Europeans—but though the degree of success varies, the attempt is possible for everyone.[16]

The passage is doubly interesting to us in that at the very moment Malinowski self-consciously announces the birth of the participant observer, he acknowl-

edges his own displacement as a Slav amid Western Europeans in an ironic aside. For him, the British academy represents exile and emigration, not home. But he will turn that condition—in both humor and practice—to his advantage; if uncertain of his status in the civilized center, he is one step closer to the savage margin, and hence a more natural ethnographer. The "plastic" nature of a Pole, properly educated and positioned, can bridge the gap between the high culture of science and the low culture of the primitive.

Since the era of Malinowski, the practice of social and cultural anthropology has consciously centered on fieldwork and the production of ethnographies, monographs written on the basis of direct experience with a particular group of people. The slow dissolution of ties to other subfields in the American variant of the discipline, a series of crises in response to decolonization, social turmoil, feminist and textual criticism, as well as the emergence of new interdisciplinary domains and exchanges within the academy, have only heightened the identification of anthropology with ethnographic fieldwork. Anthropologists sought to solve methodological issues of boundary definitions through the study of sharply defined communities, anchoring general assertions about humanity with specific knowledge of a people in place, by choosing a site and "being there." To know a community, went the logic, is to know its language and customs. In practice this principle translated into knowledge of a community in geographic terms, the ability to locate it and map its boundaries within a larger area. Particularly with the vast expansion and increasing degree of specialization within anthropology following the Second World War, and the rise of area studies, one was expected to master one's village and report back from it into a greater surrounding literature, becoming an Africanist or a Latin Americanist as the case might be, amid a community of scholars. Despite historical and political questions one might well begin to raise about the structure of such a system as a whole, and about the effects of scholarly knowledge in relations of power, from a technical and methodological standpoint, the move was a strong one.[17] Detail makes the everyday convincing, and localized knowledge comes from the ground. As its increasing diffusion into other domains suggests, the practice of ethnography retains a vital allure, that promise that, if well done, it will offer rich rewards: moments of experience, an echo of different voices, and that crucial reminder that things could be otherwise.

Inverted Patterns, Temporary Distances

Before us then, we have two figures: the exile attached to a homeland and the ethnographer attached to the field. Identity in the first case is ever removed, a distant familiarity presented in foreign surroundings. Identity in the second case is also ever removed, a foreign familiarity presented in familiar surroundings. These two figures form an inverted pair, with the ethnographer serving as a kind of voluntary exile and the exile as an involuntary anthropologist. Beyond intentionality, they differ with regard to motives and audience. Culture shock constitutes a purifying fire of purgatory for the exile and the basis of insight for the ethnographer. Yet both ends of this inverted pair derive their status from displacement, and their authority remains a function of distance. The space of exile and the space of ethnography both involve mobility, the masculine freedom to travel at will. The place, the people, the ways of life they represent are over the horizon, not immediately available. "Culture," a key term for each of these figures, is culture at a distance. Whether high or low, it lies tantalizingly beyond grasp. In both cases, the author depends on notes and memory, the audience on the author's knowledge of an impenetrable regime or inaccessible people.

The sense of culture involved in what we are calling "culture at a distance" may be fixed, but it simultaneously remains subject to constant tension. For both exile and ethnographer are temporary foreigners, their status liminal. Whether or not an end is in sight, the very condition denotes transience, and the possibility of other states. To resign oneself to life in another land means a loss of virtuous exile; to settle in a field site means a loss of ethnographic authority.[18] Neither figure can "go native," even as neither can simply "go home." To better illustrate the significance of these points, we review a few examples drawn from Eastern European exile and anthropology.

Culture at a Distance

Part way through Milan Kundera's work, *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting*, the narrator introduces a central character, a woman who will represent exile in the form of a café waitress, mourning love lost at a distance. He calls her Tamina, a name no other woman has ever borne, in order to make her more perfectly his own creation.[19] She, we are told, means more to him "than anyone ever has," and he pictures her as "tall and beautiful, thirty-three and a native of Prague."

> I can see her now, walking down a street in a provincial town in the West of Europe. Yes, you're right. Prague, which is far away, I call by its name, while the town my story takes place in I leave anonymous. It goes against all rules of perspective, but you'll just have to put up with it.[20]

We do indeed have to put up with it, for Tamina is exile embodied, a figure living her life in relation to elsewhere past. She cannot help herself; all her energy is displaced. Her schemes and actions constitute efforts to connect with remnants of her vanished happiness (a packet of love letters) or to escape her increasingly alien surroundings. The coherence of her being comes into focus in the distance, in Prague, in the past, not in the nameless, provincial present. As the work progresses, her ties to everyday life unravel and by the end of the novel she voyages to an allegorical island populated by children. Reality lies both spa-

tially and temporally elsewhere for the exile, whose present experience constantly dissolves into the lost past or defers into an imagined future.

The point becomes even clearer in a self-parodying passage taken from Vladimir Nabokov's memoir, *Speak, Memory*:

> As I look back at those years of exile, I see myself, and thousands of other Russians, leading an odd but by no means unpleasant existence, in material indigence and intellectual luxury, among perfectly unimportant strangers, spectral Germans and Frenchmen in whose more or less illusory cities we, émigrés, happened to dwell. These aborigines were to the mind's eye as flat and transparent as figures cut out of cellophane, and although we used their gadgets, applauded their clowns, picked their roadside plums and apples, no real communication, of the rich human sort so widespread in our midst, existed between us and them. It seemed at times that we ignored them the way an arrogant or very stupid invader ignores a formless and faceless mass of natives; but occasionally, quite often in fact, the spectral world through which we serenely paraded our sores and our arts would produce a kind of awful convulsion and show us who was the discarnate captive and who the true lord.[21]

The exile clings to elsewhere, for without it, significance vanishes. The present, and its reminders of immediate context, are consequently dangerous. For in the present, all the exile holds near and dear is of little consequence. Nabokov's émigré circles would have to admit that the Russian revolution fails to preoccupy the surrounding French and German citizens, that it is fading into history, and patience for its refugees grows thin. Furthermore, they would have to admit that they are powerless refugees, in the midst of other systems of documentation and rule, not to mention languages and histories.

Beyond painfully small suitcases, new exiles carry with them the habits of their lives, and it is this heavier cultural baggage that marks the most precious tie to former identity. Politics, language, customs, delicate treasures made of fierce conviction and wry humor fade if exposed to the bright light of a foreign sun. Jokes and poems pose the most difficult problems to translation, Stanislaw Baranczak reminds us, and the subtleties of style crucial to eloquence the least likely elements to be mastered in a foreign tongue. In exile, a writer's gag may be loosened, but his tongue is tied. The retention of identity demands a retention of the past, a careful conservation of experience slowly growing obsolete.[22]

In the case of the former Eastern Europe, the object of loss was not so simply a nation or native tongue. Rather, in a region composed of complicated, conflicting, and overlapping ethnic histories, artificially clarified by the authoritarian rule of Communist regimes, the loss was filtered by an educated elite mourning the absence of civic freedom and yearning, as Ewa Thompson reminded us earlier, to assert their identity as Europeans. Thus, the focus shifts to cities and cultivated language rather than a country. Witness the following two quotations from a Czech collection on exile:

> I don't miss Czechoslovakia, it's a chimera, unfortunately I don't miss Bohemia either; the spine of this country has been broken several times virtually topographically; but what I will always miss is Prague, the irreplaceable city. My library has numerous volumes about Prague that I don't dare to open; recently I received a heartbreaking present—Soudek's *Panorama of Prague*; I started to leaf through it, became faint, and shut the book. Prague is even in my dreams, entirely non-émigré dreams, since I am always happy in them that I can walk around the city, and even in the dream I realize that it is merely a dream but I am grateful even for that.[23]

> The territory of literature is different than the territory of any government. The territory of Czech literature extends for a thousand years on the map of Europe. Its border stones are legends and songs, chronicles and royal decrees, names of villages, towns, rivers, and names of lineages. But also stakes at which people and books were burnt. Our law is old and independent. While temporary governments here came and went in various ways, the rule of the Czech thought and word persists.[24]

In the first case, Prague constitutes the site of dreams and desires, a national capital to be sure, but rather more as the writer indicates: an ancient city of books and cultivation, less ephemeral than a country or a region. In the second case, literature represents the essence of Czech virtue, the accumulated thought and word of a thousand years whose wisdom endures the rise and fall of "temporary governments." The object of loss here is the seductive combination of urbanization and literacy once commonly described by the term "civilization." Beset by oppressive regimes, driven from familiar landscapes, Eastern European exiles claimed their birthright in the Enlightenment by lamenting its loss.

Turning away from the city to the country, we observe parallel patterns in the inverse figure of the ethnographer. Anthropological authority lies in explicating otherness, humanness at the far end of the spectrum from the immediate. Michel-Rolph Trouillot suggests that anthropology grew to occupy a "savage slot" in Western imagination, explicating a previously defined form (the savage) that had already been carefully separated from denizens of the civilized West.[25] It was only natural, then, that anthropology sought the savage in out-of-the-way places. The social life of interest, "real" culture, lay as far from the center as possible, for, from the perspective of anthropology, the center represented the contamination of civilization, and hence the corruption of the primitive. When our mythic protagonist, Malinowski, set forth to gather data on the human condition, he, like his forebears and successors, sought the margin. The Trobriand Islands, a minor archipelago off New Guinea, offered our London-based Pole an appropriate tableau of qualities then understood straightforwardly as "primitive." His work subsequently lent a limited measure of fame to the area (destined to be far more familiar to a small circle of anthropologists than to colonial administrators or historians of world events). Moreover, it reinforced a set of prescribed methods for proper fieldwork with an implied setting for their enact-

ment. Anything less remote was less authentic. Thus the central method of the discipline came with a measure of distance built in, as did the concept of culture it produced.

A less comfortable landmark in the anthropological canon, Claude Lévi-Strauss's unconventional travel memoir, *Tristes Tropiques*, illustrates the intersection between distance and culture in its narrative trajectory. Here the anthropologist reluctantly sets himself in motion to seek knowledge of otherness, across the cultural cauldron of coastal Brazil, through disappointing encounters with partly assimilated Amerindians. The pure savage remains always over the horizon, appearing only to vanish in twilight, leaving a deep sense of loss behind. In comparison, modern reality (Brazil, circa 1930s) appears pale and empty. *Tristes Tropiques* is a famously despondent work, a vision of loss and regret in the wake of modernization that inspired Susan Sontag to portray Lévi-Strauss as a kind of literary hero, and describe his profession as a "total occupation," an all-consuming spiritual commitment similar to the work of an artist. She concludes her essay with a description of alienated scholarship deep in the museum of reason:

> The anthropologist is thus not only the mourner of the cold world of the primitives, but its custodian as well. Lamenting among the shadows, struggling to distinguish the archaic from the pseudoarchaic, he acts out a heroic, diligent, and complex modern pessimism.[26]

Lévi-Strauss himself portrays the matter even more starkly, suggesting that the voyage to the primitive is most often made by those fleeing the modern:

> For many anthropologists, perhaps, not just myself, the ethnological vocation is a flight from civilization, from a century in which one doesn't feel at home. That is not the case for everyone. Margaret Mead, for example, felt a part of her society and her time. She wanted to serve her contemporaries. If I have occasionally made similar statements I was not speaking from the heart.[27]

This anthropologist, at least, would speak as a metaphorical exile, passing judgment on the current century from a vantage point elsewhere in time, finding vision in a view "from afar."[28] The infamously self-proclaimed reluctant traveler of *Tristes Tropiques* finds comfort ever at a remove.

Lévi-Strauss's caveat about Margaret Mead notwithstanding, distance has permeated the defining image of the discipline and its subject matter. Despite the efforts of a number of significant early practitioners (Boas and Malinowski among them, and not forgetting Benedict in addition to Mead), modern life eluded anthropology to the extent that, in the postwar era, conducting research in the United States became nearly unthinkable within American anthropology, and the thought of "studying up" (examining home elites and institutions along with less privileged foreign groups) a radical act of re-engagement.[29] The map of social science represented outlines of old and new empires, with anthropology in

charge of outlying districts.

For all that the monograph form may have grown to be an anachronism, the essence of ethnography has remained the same: in order to understand, one must first displace oneself, and then engage. The method requires motion and alienation. While increasing numbers of anthropologists work on topics near at hand (as some national traditions have since their inception), the dominant American field retains a bias against working too close to home in favor of exotic distance.[30] While one may shift interest later in a career, fieldwork remains the essential rite of passage, invoked constantly in the maintenance of disciplinary identity.

Yet as the author of *Tristes Tropiques* himself reminds us, travel is not only a displacement from here and now, but also a matter of social rearrangement: "A journey occurs simultaneously in space, in time, and in social hierarchy."[31] We should therefore also read his metaphor of exile in reverse, and not forget that quite a few of the prominent early figures in anthropology were displaced or marginal characters in their own right. Women, Jews, and immigrants take their place beside more conventional male authors well back in the lineage. Such ethnographers achieve their professional detachment naturally, for they are, in Malinowski's sardonic terms, more "plastic" and "savage." Both canonical authors we have briefly examined exhibit slightly off-center profiles. In addition to his tour of duty as a sociology professor in Brazil and as lonely fieldworker (wife and entourage notwithstanding), Lévi-Strauss experienced literal exile during the Second World War, as a Jewish refugee in the United States. And of course the figure with whom we began, Bronislaw Malinowski, illustrates the complexity involved quite well. The son of an eminent linguist, he left Krakow at the age of twenty-six after training in physical science and moved to England. He conducted his definitive fieldwork in Melanesia as a foreigner within the very empire his presence represented. He cursed in English and counted in Polish, all the while defining a neutral scientific method for examining distant societies.[32] The real shock of the publication of his diary then, was that it revealed a different stylist: the erratic voice of a frustrated exile within the steady, dispassionate tones of anthropology.

Style matters in cultural terms, particularly when calculating distance. The concerns of exiled writers over language and translation echo through ethnography, where a command of the vernacular has constituted an accepted precondition of serious work since Malinowski's day. Our cosmopolitan son of a linguist was at least as clear about this point as he was fond of laboratory metaphors as a onetime science student, and he dismissed his hired translator to struggle forward on his own. Rather than seeking to preserve a transported heritage as a key to identity, here the obverse prevails in an effort to mine another tongue for trade goods. A hallmark trope of anthropological presentation is to incorporate fragmentary pieces of field languages, however incomprehensible they may be to a home audience. Translation here is a double game, from foreign to familiar and then to familiar foreign, in an effort to represent another cul-

tural code while establishing the authority to explain it. The further the language from the researcher's own, the greater the status in mastering it, although in the case of classically remote field sites, any test of mastery itself remains comfortably distant. And yet, under scrutiny, the fluid ease of movement between worlds breaks down. Not only are many ethnographers imperfect linguists, but they cannot reveal themselves as native at either end of the translation. Lévi-Strauss's admission to linguistic limits is matched by Malinowski's revealing diary; where the latter may have achieved fluidity in English rivaling his fellow émigré Conrad (if not the equivalent in the Kiriwinian of his Trobriand informants), he could never expose the imperfections of his historical position without threatening his authority as the archetype of a purely scientific traveler.[33] Alone in his tent, beset by anxiety and depression, the tone of his private writing in the field often echoes that of an earlier letter to Poland from his first days in England: "Today I am suffering from a fit of deep nostalgia, which I never knew before but which now occurs frequently. . . . I am completely alone here and especially on account of the great stiffness of the Englishmen I feel lonely, and rather abandoned."[34] Such common discomfort deflates the anthropologist as hero; he becomes an exile, and, hence, a displaced native. In Baranczak's exile metaphor, an ethnographer at home is neither gagged nor tongue-tied, but only ordinary, and as such not foreign at all.

The End of Exile, the Return of the Present

The introduction of *Argonauts* recasts Malinowski's exile, transforming the strictures of quasi-internment as a foreign national during wartime into the virtues of a research method.[35] By largely evacuating his biography from his narration and appealing to his background training in natural science, its author repositions himself as an authoritative witness of the distantly foreign. However questionable in absolute terms, we should not forget that the immediate, situational effects of this move were liberatory. Just as the title of his work imbues his non-European subjects with the reflected nobility of Greek myth, Malinowski's appeals to the rigor of neutral method allowed him to sufficiently overcome his own foreignness (relative to both England and the Trobriands) to translate and testify about Kiriwinian humanity. Combining crafted style with a faith in objectivity, he was indeed able, as he once reportedly boasted, to become the Joseph Conrad of anthropology, the native ancestor of a discipline.[36] This achievement came at a personal price, as the anguish of the diary attests. But the real mistake would be made by his followers, particularly those who felt no tension of a double displacement, and who left no diaries. Among them, objective observation would become a project of purification, detached from all contingencies and institutionalized as a method for mapping alterity. They would forget its origins, even while venerating its early prophet and his call for studied participation. How else could they be shocked by the revelation of his

private turmoil, the scope of his distractions, and his irritated sense of a "surfeit of native"?[37]

"Critical substance," argues Joan Vincent, "requires that Malinowski be restored to the cosmopolitan European intellectual tradition in which he was raised, and to Cracow and Leipzig in which he lived, once sitting across a café table from the exiled V. I. Lenin."[38] Reuniting the figures of the ethnographer and the exile, however, is not simply a matter of history; it is the only way to acknowledge the nostalgia embedded in their mutual, if inverted, displacements and the instability of their identities. For banishment can come to an end and the gap between "field" and "home" grow perilously thin. At such points purity becomes impossible to sustain; one must move in the uncertainty of an ever-reconfiguring present. Malinowski the ethnographer is also Malinowski the displaced Pole; the ambitious scholar is also the tormented lover, reading novels, sleeping badly, and practicing Swedish gymnastics on the beach. It is only when dressed in stark white, head crowned by a pith helmet as he surveys a native village, that such a complicated figure could translate simply into a model European facing the foreign.[39] Lacking such accessories, along with the confidence in civilization that they signify, his disciplinary descendents are at the mercy of their own complications.

In 1989, the harsh certainty of "Eastern" Europe ended. Beyond transforming the conditions of everyday life for citizens of former Soviet satellite regimes, the fall of the Berlin wall and associated events marked the end of the political clarity that had sustained political exiles abroad. Suddenly, they were free to return. To stay away was now a choice, no longer an act of enforced virtue. Moreover, authority derived from virtuous resistance faded with the power of the collapsed regimes, even as the thin facade of Enlightenment heritage eroded with the triumph of mass consumption. In the face of emerging markets and reinvented nationalisms, the gas lamp of civilization grew harder to imagine (from the West as well as from the East). After the first flush of revolution, intellectual political parties tended not to do well, and new sufferings replaced the old, together with new nostalgias. The confused ethical terrain demanded other stories. One that emerged now privileged artistic integrity over political commitment:

> In his article "Liberating exile," Milan Kundera asks why not one of the great émigrés returned to his homeland after the fall of communism. . . . An artist cannot return, cannot cancel the distance that he overcame, neither in the geographic nor in the social sense; he does not have to, maybe he cannot, separate the spiritual journey from the earthly one: he is going somewhere and reaching for a destination; and the meaning of this direction can be seen only through his work.[40]

The creator of Tamina, exile embodied, tells us that he and his brethren no longer yearn with her for Prague. The Prague perfected in memory was but a way station; it has vanished along with the border controls from Paris and he cannot return, for to do so would be to betray what he has become. In the very

moment of political triumph, the act of return loses its personal meaning. An exile cannot simply "go home."

Nor can anthropology ignore the collapse of its former boundaries. In the disruptions of discipline in the contemporary academy, it has perhaps gained and lost the most; not only have marginal heritages lost the certain protection of obscurity, but low culture of all provenances has infiltrated the high. Moreover, the practical geography of the world is in flux; amid global configurations of high speed cultural exchange done in light wash, both the ethnographer's tent and the exile's café table become increasingly difficult to isolate in pure form. "Anthropology begins at home," Malinowski reiterates in his introduction to Jomo Kenyatta's 1938 monograph, *Facing Mount Kenya*, noting that the phrase should be as obviously true in Africa as in Europe.[41] Home, of course, may not be a fixed location; Kenyatta, Malinowski's onetime student in London, would not only function as an ethnographer of his own people, but later play a significant role in the decolonization of Kenya and emerge as its leading political figure. As the political, economic, and ethical basis for neutral observation at a distance erodes, the continued exile of anthropology has grown increasingly difficult to sustain.[42] This is not to claim the end of the foreign, but rather its opposite. Late and modern, exiles and ethnographers, we are no longer sure of what we have lost or where we stand, surrounded by qualifications. As the quintessential agonized voice of modern literature, Franz Kafka, wrote to his closest friend, "I am away from home and must always write home, even if any home of mine has long since floated away into eternity. All this writing is nothing but Robinson Crusoe's flag hoisted at the highest point of the island."[43] In the end, the internal exile of everyday moderns may prove the most uncomfortable anthropology of all. How might one proceed, when faced with such a challenge? The dream of elsewhere, of culture at a distance, is the addiction of pure identity. It's an old habit. And habits die hard. The slow withdrawal to the colder light of immediate reality is as painful and messy as any withdrawal must be, yet it remains the only tangible acknowledgment of our condition, of what it means to live both in awareness—and in partial, nagging uncertainty.

This generation of scholars now has the benefit of quite a few works to assist in decentering visions of culture and identity. Circulating through regions of anthropology, Arjun Appadurai's *Modernity at Large* notes discontinuities between people, land, and ethnos, revealing processes of localization with globalization, while Homi Bhabha's *The Location of Culture* suggests to cultural and postcolonial studies that complex figures of difference and identity unfold from boundaries, and not within them.[44] The legacy of feminism inflects gender as a crosscutting tension within any geography of subject positions, only further destabilized by queer theory. In place of Malinowski's prescriptions for objective vision stands Donna Haraway's injunction to present "situated knowledges" and a heterogeneous gesture towards reflexivity in ethnography.[45] Against the background of such work we have focused this short sketch at a more particular level around the legacy of ethnography within anthropology. Our aim has been to

highlight the way in which an algorithm of distance has been inscribed into the historical object of the discipline, and lingers in the intellectual and emotional sensibilities of practitioners as their particular weaknesses for something far away.

Near the end of his essay "Reflections on Exile," Edward Said quotes a twelfth-century monk named Hugo of St. Victor: "The man who finds his homeland sweet is still a tender beginner; he to whom every soil is as his native one is already strong; but he is perfect to whom every soil is as a foreign land."[46] If we take the multiple legacy of Malinowski seriously, this stern monastic path to cosmopolitan virtue is not unfamiliar to the anthropology of a circular world. One travels the farthest only to return, having lost both "home" and the "foreign." Beyond exile, beyond ethnography, lies the impure present, and it is there we are condemned to live, aware or not, with our inherited forms and imagined futures. Abandoning the purity of culture requires accepting partial exiles and homecomings, less comfortable motions of uncertain distance. To study other restless moderns, partial natives and strangers inhabiting different, but imperfectly artificial worlds, anthropologists must relinquish the certainties of field and home, accepting every soil as foreign land. In doing so they actually recall the older promise of anthropology behind the tradition of ethnography, the legacy of estrangement that shifts horizons of habit, wherever they may lie, in order to glimpse that which has been, and that which is. To echo our onetime displaced Pole: "though the degree of success varies, the attempt is possible for everyone."

Notes

This essay itself has been displaced by our other work for many years since we first produced a sketch of it for a conference on "Culture and Addiction" held at Claremont Graduate School in 1996. During that time we have received helpful readings from a number of people, including Judy Farquhar, Mike Fischer, Richard and Sally Price, Marc Redfield, Rebecca Saunders, Patricia Sawin, Dan Segal, Katie Stewart, and Kamala Visweswaran. The remaining deficiencies of this installment are no fault of theirs.

1. Bronislaw Malinowski, *A Diary in the Strict Sense of the Term*, trans. Norbert Guterman (New York: Harcourt, Brace, and World, 1967); see also George W. Stocking, Jr., *The Ethnographer's Magic and Other Essays in the History of Anthropology* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1992).

2. For the outlines of some of this literature, see James Clifford and George E. Marcus, eds., *Writing Culture: The Poetics and Politics of Ethnography* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1986); as well as Ruth Behar and Deborah A. Gordon, eds., *Women Writing Culture* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1995); James Clifford, *The Predicament of Culture: Twentieth Century Ethnography, Literature, and Art* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1988) and *Routes: Travel and Translation in the Late Twentieth Century* (Cambridge, Mass: Harvard University Press, 1997); Richard

Fardon, ed., *Localizing Strategies: Regional Traditions of Ethnographic Writings* (Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1990); Richard G. Fox, ed., *Recapturing Anthropology: Working in the Present* (Santa Fe, N.M.: School of American Research Press, 1991); Clifford Geertz, *Works and Lives: The Anthropologist as Author* (Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 1988); Akhil Gupta and James Ferguson, *Anthropological Locations: Boundaries and Grounds of a Field Science* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1997); Dorinne Kondo, "Dissolution and Reconstitution of Self: Implications for Anthropological Epistemology," *Cultural Anthropology* 1 (1986): 74-96; George E. Marcus and Michael Fischer, *Anthropology as Cultural Critique* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1986); George Marcus, ed., *Critical Anthropology Now: Unexpected Contexts, Shifting Constituencies, Changing Agendas* (Santa Fe, N.M.: School of American Research Press, 1999); Kirin Narayan, "How Native is a 'Native' Anthropologist?" *American Anthropologist* 95 (1993): 671-686; Sherry Ortner, *The Fate of "Culture": Geertz and Beyond* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1999); Paul Rabinow, *Reflections on Fieldwork in Morocco* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1977); George W. Stocking, Jr., ed., *Observers Observed: Essays on Ethnographic Fieldwork*, (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1983); and Kamala Visweswaran, *Fictions of Feminist Ethnography* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1994). While the hysteria over "postmodernism" in the discipline partly emanated from the methodological concerns raised in reflexive questions by a small (if professionally well-situated) group of practitioners (and partly from a series of political assaults on neutral authority, led perhaps most successfully by feminism), anthropologists of varying persuasions tend to unite in finding other cultural studies insufficiently engaged with the details of everyday practice beyond formal representations. Here we should also note that when we write "anthropology" we generally mean the North American configuration of the discipline, which, in the international relations of the contemporary academy, represents an imperial center of power and influence. Like our illustration of "exile" with the Eastern European case, not every general remark made would apply to every particular case worldwide and through time; our purpose is not to make universal claims but rather to expose connections between very visible sites of representation (ones, furthermore, whose gender is neutralized in masculine norms). To that end, wherever possible we have used sources available in English, the metropolitan language of this essay. Rather than deploying frequent translations as an authoritative device, we will admit jointly implicated identity as a sometimes displaced Anglophone anthropologist and a Czech-Slovak émigré Canadian archaeologist resident in the United States.

3.Yossi Shain, *The Frontier of Loyalty: Political Exiles in the Age of the Nation State* (Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan University Press, 1989), 1-2.

4. Ewa Thompson, "The Writer in Exile: The Good Years," *Slavic and East European Journal* 33, no. 4 (Winter 1989): 499.

5. Joseph Brodsky, "The Condition We Call Exile," in *Altogether Elsewhere: Writers on Exile*, ed. Marc Robinson (Boston: Faber and Faber, 1994), 3. For distinctions between categories of displacement see Liisa Malkki, "Refugees and Exile: From 'Refugee Studies' to the National Order of Things," *Annual Review of Anthropology* 24 (1995): 512-515; Mary McCarthy, "A Guide to Exiles, Expatriates and Inner Émigrés" and Edward Said, "Reflections on Exile," in *Altogether Elsewhere*, 49-54, 143-4. Also see the critical discussion of the term in Caren Kaplan's *Questions of Travel: Postmodern Discourses of Displacement* (Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press), especially 101-142.

6. Liisa Malkki's *Purity and Exile: Violence, Memory, and National Cosmology among Hutu Refugees in Tanzania* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1995), a study of Hutu refugees in Tanzania, provides a vivid reminder that displacement plays an active cultural role for masses represented as a distant object of suffering. Also see Michael Fischer, "Starting Over: How, What, and for Whom Does One Write about Refugees? The Poetics and Politics of Refugee Film as Ethnographic Access in a Media-saturated World," in *Mistrusting Refugees*, ed. E. Valentine Daniel and John C. Knudsen (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1995), 126-150; and Luc Boltanski, *Distant Suffering: Morality, Media, and Politics* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1999).

7. Randolph Starn, *Contrary Commonwealth: The Theme of Exile in Medieval and Renaissance Italy* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1982), 1.

8. Michael Seidel, *Exile and the Narrative Imagination* (New Haven, Conn: Yale University Press, 1986), 1.

9. Starn, *Contrary Commonwealth*, 1-2.

10. Starn, *Contrary Commonwealth*, xv.

11. By "Eastern Europe" we mean the political empire and satellite states of the former Soviet Union, as experienced by intelligentsia living in Central European and Russian urban centers, revolving linguistically around a core of Slavic languages. Our focus rests on the post-Stalinist period when, especially after the events in Hungary in 1956 and those in Czechoslovakia in 1968, the ideological bankruptcy of state socialism became more apparent to erstwhile sympathizers in the West. Eastern European émigrés came to occupy a morally privileged position, representing the virtue of idealism to many would-be radicals as well as would-be conservatives, uniting the disparate inheritors of the Enlightenment. Moreover, for intellectuals they held out the appeal of political relevance in writing. In the context of an authoritarian regime, literature cannot help but be political; the term *samizdat* ("self-published") could never be translated literally from a system where the act signified a crime against the state to one where it signified an inability to find a commercial publisher. This fact cloaked otherwise sardonic works in a mantle of virtue, e.g., Josef Škvorecky's *The Engineer of Human Souls* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1984). In contrast, the redemptive tone that pervades current discussions of identity in anthropology—in which metaphors of "exile" are often invoked (see, e.g., Behar and Gordon's *Women Writing Culture*)—depends on earnest liberatory politics and more diffuse formulations of oppressive censorship. For a comparative, ethnographic study of East and West in this context, see John Borneman, *Belonging in the Two Berlins: Kin, State, Nation* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1992).

12. Thompson, "The Writer in Exile," 513.

13. The responsibility of testimony for a would-be writer would apply, regardless of the extent to which exile is a result of state oppression, although its political inflection (and reception) might vary accordingly. On the limits of Aijaz Ahmad's criticism of the postcolonial expatriate, see Kaplan, *Questions of Travel*, 105-110.

14. See Geertz, *Works and Lives*, as well as Gupta and Ferguson, *Anthropological Locations*, on the significance of this expression and its implication of presence within the ethnographic project. For further background on the legacy of natural history, see Henrika Kuklick and Robert E. Kohler, eds. *Science in the Field* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1996).

15. See Stocking, *Ethnographer's Magic*, for a more careful account of the rise of fieldwork in anthropology. Here we are privileging the received folklore, on the simple grounds that the selective, progressive narratives of "Whig" history are crucial to the construction of disciplinary boundaries and identity.

16. Bronislaw Malinowski, *Argonauts of the Western Pacific* (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1961), 21.

17. Talal Asad, ed., *Anthropology and the Colonial Encounter* (New York: Humanities Press, 1973) and Edward Said's *Orientalism* (New York: Vintage, 1979) represent two sources of criticism. George Stocking's *Ethnographer's Magic* provides a more detailed and historically nuanced account. Arjun Appadurai's *Modernity at Large: Cultural Dimensions of Globalization,* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1997) and Akhil Gupta and James Ferguson, eds., *Culture, Power, Place: Explorations in Critical Anthropology* (Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press, 1997) render the spatial logic transparent, while Fardon's *Localizing Strategies* sketches a number of different area genealogies. See also Edwin Ardener, "'Remote Areas': Some Theoretical Considerations," in *Anthropology at Home*, ed. Anthony Jackson (London: Tavistock, 1987), 38-54; Melville Herskovits, *Franz Boas: The Science of Man in the Making* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1953); Carl Pletsch, "The Three Worlds, or the Division of Social Scientific Labor, circa 1950-1975," *Comparative Studies in Society and History* 23, no. 4 (October 1981): 565-590; Han Vermeulen and Arturo Alvarez Roldán, *Fieldwork and Footnotes: Studies in the History of European Anthropology* (London: Routledge, 1995); and Noam Chomsky, Laura Nader, Immanuel Wallerstein, R. C. Lewontin, Ira Katznelson, and Howard Zinn, *The Cold War, the University: Toward an Intellectual History of the Postwar Years* (New York: New Press, 1997).

18. See Robinson, *Altogether Elsewhere*, and Clifford and Marcus, *Writing Culture*, for testimony.

19. Behind its originality, the name "Tamina" contains linguistic resonance lost in translation, since in Czech *tam* means "there" and *jiná* is the feminine form of "different."

20. Milan Kundera, *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1981), 79.

21. Vladimir Nabokov, *Speak, Memory* (New York: Mentor, 1966), 203-204.

22. Stanislaw Baranczak, "Tongue-tied Eloquence: Notes on Language, Exile, and Writing," in *Altogether Elsewhere*, 242, 251. Jan Novak's "The Typewriter Made Me Do It" provides an amusing and insightful account of the pressures contributing to the preservation and gradual loss of language in emigration, culminating in the crucial lack of a typewriter equipped to make diacritical marks. Novak, "The Typewriter Made Me Do It," in *Altogether Elsewhere*, 261-266. For amplification, see Eva Hoffman, "Obsessed with Words," in *Altogether Elsewhere*, 229-233.

23. Ivan Diviš (selection in K. Hvížd'ala, *České rozhovory ve světe*. Index: Köln. BRD, 1981), 228, our translation.

24. Ludvík Vaculík (selection in K. Hvížd'ala, *České rozhovory ve světe*), 7, our translation.

25. Michel-Rolph Trouillot, "Anthropology and the Savage Slot: The Poetics and Politics of Otherness," in *Recapturing Anthropology*, 17-44.

26. Susan Sontag, "The Anthropologist as Hero," in *Claude Lévi-Strauss: The Anthropologist as Hero,* ed. E. Nelson Hayes and Tanya Hayes (Cambridge, Mass.: The MIT Press, 1970): 185, 196.

27. Claude Lévi-Strauss and Didier Eribon, *Conversations with Claude Lévi-Strauss*, trans. Paula Wissing (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1991), 67.

28. Claude Lévi-Strauss, *The View from Afar*, trans. Joachim Neugroschel and Phoebe Hoss (New York: Basic Books, 1985).

29. Sherry Ortner, "Reading America: Preliminary Notes on Class and Culture," in *Recapturing Anthropology*, 163-189; Laura Nader, "Up the Anthropologist: Perspectives Gained from Studying Up," in *Reinventing Anthropology*, ed. Dell Hymes (New York: Pantheon, 1972), 284-311. The estrangement of anthropology from its immediate surroundings has perhaps been more distinct in the British variant; in the early American context, the "field" was never as conveniently separated from home by oceans (see Fox, *Recapturing Anthropology*, and Fardon, *Localizing Srategies*). Ruth Benedict and Margaret Mead—publicly central and yet relatively marginal in institutional terms—would demand attention in writing a more complicated history of foreignness in anthropology, as would the variegated identity of early practitioners beyond Boas and Malinowski (e.g., Lloyd Warner, Hortense Powdermaker, or the ever difficult to locate Zora Neale Hurston). Here we simplify to highlight a suggestive pattern, one that would translate into received wisdom for an expanding postwar generation of anthropologists who, with the assistance of greatly increased funding for social science, institutionalized disciplinary norms. See George W. Stocking, Jr., *Anthropology at Chicago: Tradition, Discipline, Department*, an exhibition marking the fiftieth anniversary of the Department of Anthropology, October 1979-February 1980, the Joseph Regenstein Library, the University of Chicago (Chicago: The University of Chicago Library, 1979).

30. Witness the recent admission of one established practitioner: "After I finished the project on middle-class London magic, it was quite plain to me that to sustain an identity and a salary as an anthropologist I would have to do some fieldwork in the exotic third world." T. M. Luhrmann, *The Good Parsi: The Fate of a Colonial Elite in a Postcolonial Society* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1996), ix. We should also not forget that disciplines are externally as well as internally defined; the expectation of practitioners of other academic disciplines (not to mention the reading public) is often even more rigid on this point, and the romanticization of exotic experience more extreme.

31. Claude Lévi-Strauss, *Tristes Tropiques*, trans. John and Doreen Weightman (New York: Penguin, 1973), 85.

32. Raymond Firth, "Bronislaw Malinowski," in *Totems and Teachers: Perspectives on the History of Anthropology*, ed. Sydel Silverman (New York: Columbia University Press, 1981), 110.

33. See Stocking, *Ethnographer's Magic*, 40-51; and Lévi-Strauss and Eribon, *Conversations*, 87-88. At the end of the century it is precisely such imperfections of historical position that preoccupy Malinowski's intellectual descendents.

34. Letter quoted in Grazyna Kubica, "Malinowski's years in Poland," in *Malinowski between Two Worlds: The Polish Roots of an Anthropological Tradition*, ed. Roy Ellen, Ernest Gellner, Grazyna Kubica, and Janusz Mucha (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1988), 96.

35. Stocking, *The Ethnographer's Magic*, 44.

36. Stocking, *The Ethnographer's Magic*, 51. For background on earlier social history of scientific witnessing, and who could and who could not fill the testimonial role, see Steven Shapin, *A Social History of Truth: Civility and Science in Seventeenth-Century England* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1994). While Malinowski was indeed a member of the cosmopolitan European intellectual elite of his day, he was born to a subordinate branch, and had to master a dominant language to achieve authority and recognition.

37. In *Argonauts*, Malinowski writes, "It is very nice to have a base in a white man's compound for the stores, and to know there is a refuge there in times of sickness and surfeit of native. But it must be far enough away not to become a permanent milieu in which you live and from which you emerge at fixed hours only to 'do the village'" (6-7). The *Diary* makes explicit the frustration and sometimes revulsion behind the phrase.

38. Joan Vincent, "Engaging Historicism," in *Recapturing Anthropology*, 57.

39. In addition to the plates published in *Argonauts*, see Michael W. Young, *Malinowski's Kiriwina: Fieldwork Photography 1915-1918* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1998) for images of the ethnographer in the field.

40. Sylvie Richterová, "Nezávislá literatura a závislá kritika," in *Česká nezávislá literatura po pěti letech v referátech* (conference proceedings), ed. František Kautman (Prague: Primus, 1995), 38, our translation.

41. Malinowski, introduction to *Facing Mount Kenya: The Tribal Life of the Gikuyu*, by Jomo Kenyatta (London: Secker and Warburg 1956), vii-viii. Recent literature on "native" anthropology—variations on the theme of studying one's "own"—helps return ethnography to the complicated moment of Malinowski's definition of method. See Narayan's "How Native is a 'Native' Anthropologist?"; Visweswaran's *Fictions of Feminist Ethnography*; and Lila Abu-Lughod's "Writing Against Culture," in *Recapturing Anthropology*, 137-162.

42. See Appadurai, *Modernity at Large*, for a sketch of emerging global topography and George Marcus, "Ethnography in/of the World System: The Emergence of Multi-Sited Ethnography," *Annual Review of Anthropology* 24 (1995): 95-117, for some of the methodological issues involved. Richard Price and Sally Price's *Equatoria* (New York: Routledge, 1992) blurs diary and ethnographic insight in describing contemporary variations on the nineteenth-century tradition of museum collecting.

43. Cited in Leopold Damrosch, Jr., "Myth and Fiction in Robinson Crusoe," in *Daniel Defoe's Robinson Crusoe*, ed. Harold Bloom (New York: Chelsea House Publishers, 1988), 109.

44. Appadurai, *Modernity at Large*, and Homi Bhabha, *The Location of Culture* (London: Routledge, 1994).

45. Donna Haraway, "Situated Knowledges: The Science Question in Feminism and the Privilege of Partial Perspective" *Feminist Studies* 14, no. 3 (Fall 1988): 575-600. For further confusion with the categories of situation, see Judith Butler's *Gender Trouble: Feminism and the Subversion of Identity* (New York: Routledge, 1990). For a rendition of hybridity different from Bhabha's, see Bruno Latour's *We Have Never Been Modern* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1993).

46. Said, "Reflections on Exile," 147.

Chapter Six

Foreign Bodies: Engendering Them and Us

Margot Badran

How is the foreign created? How is it gendered? How is it experienced? I shall consider these questions in the context of the Arab world and especially of Egypt and Islam. It is important to foreground that we always experience the foreign through gender. Thus we cannot fully chart and analyze the foreign without attending to its gendered manifestations. National and cultural contexts influence the articulations of gender. Thus to live as a foreigner in (other) national and cultural contexts is to live one's gender differently. The foreign is difficult to define, to pin down; it is slippery and elusive. Yet, it is insistently present. The foreign is like a shadow; it moves with one, is outlined by one, it only has its existence in relationship to the thing it silhouettes.

One way to begin to chart the foreign is to describe how it is experienced. Such a description assists us in seeing the uses to which it is put and the ends it is made to serve. Also, attending to names for the foreign—how they are constructed, when and by whom, how they are deployed—offers insights into the life of the foreign and the lives of foreigners. In this paper, I thus draw upon my own experience of the foreign, of living in Egypt as a foreigner, as well as upon my academic study within the disciplines of women's studies and history, to explicate and theorize the constitution and deployments of the foreign. This is in part, then, an autobiographical project, but one that my research suggests extends beyond a single experiencing self, having multiple echoes in the lives of