

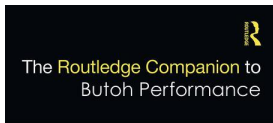
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MICHAEL SAKAMOTO AND THE BREAKS

Revolt of the head (MuNK remix)

Michael Sakamoto

A monk asked Joshu, “Does a dog have Buddha nature?” Joshu replied, “Mu.”¹

– *Zen koan*

Not knowing is most intimate.

– *From the Zen koan collection, The Book of Equanimity*²

Revolution

Play.

I’m facing an opponent, about to battle.

As the bell rings, an overhead circle of light appears. We step into the cypher.³ The music swells as the beats pump. Each body sways . . . and attacks.

Rennie Harris and I – a hip-hop artist and butoh artist respectively – are onstage, mimicking a street dance battle for a paying, contemporary performance audience. In a *real* cypher, however, this would be the moment alliances form, lines are drawn, rules disappear. These are the breaks,⁴ and if the stars align, and the DJ is hot, and the dancers have nothing to lose, then nothing will go as planned.

Rewind.

In the decades following World War II, nothing went as planned in the daily lives of a handful of artists who developed the corporeal artistic practices that eventually coalesced into and became labeled as butoh and hip-hop dance. On the one hand, Japan experienced massive upheavals, swinging wildly from the anarchic consequences of wartime devastation to become a globally dominant, socio-economic oligarchy, Western in orientation and American in style (Dower 2000). Avant-garde artists in all media in the postwar era reflected these rapid changes, including modern dancer and butoh founder, Hijikata Tatsumi, who infused the Tokyo arts scene with a ruralist aesthetic from his native Tohoku, the marginalized northeastern area of Japan. Butoh artist Murobushi Kō, who worked with Hijikata in the late 1960s, explains, “I always say after the Second

World War . . . our ground became zero. And Hijikata had to start, to stand, with this condition, because he began to think about the crisis of existence, the crisis of standing” (Murobushi 2012).

In the 1960s and 1970s, the northeastern margins of New York City were also transformed by American-ness, but of a more archetypally insular and hermetic expansion: namely, postwar suburbia. Urban planner Robert Moses’ Cross-Bronx Expressway both provided an efficient avenue for the worker bees residing in those upwardly mobile vistas, yet it also effectively isolated thousands of immigrant families in the gang-infested and actual inferno of the South Bronx. Benjy Melendez, founder of the Ghetto Brothers, one of the largest gangs of the period, compared it to World War II’s aftermath: “We lived in a very dangerous time. The buildings were burning – it was like Germany after the war” (Sullivan 2012).

In such threatening, chaotic environments, there was the necessity and desire to devise solutions for daily survival. Butoh and hip-hop practitioners learned to make it up as they went along, quickly and stealthily. As Hijikata characterized his performers, “Butoh dancers have got to position their bodies so that no one is able to guess their next movement” (Hijikata 2000c, 50).

Rennie Harris speaks of the confluence between hip-hop and butoh in terms of dancers from marginalized populations expressly engaging with an urban body in crisis:

The idea of it [hip-hop] is always being in crisis, and that’s why it’s important to propel forward and always be progressive and think out of the box, cuz we’re always in this sort of situation that we need to move out of, so I get that in regards to the connector between butoh and, so to speak, neo-Japanese culture.

Harris 2012

Butoh and hip-hop dance both attach to and make a friend of an ambivalent corporeality between pleasure and pain, joy and despair. They are each a consequence of disfigured landscapes, tracing psyches afflicted with chaos and contradiction (George 2002; Barber 2005). And in practice together, aesthetically and philosophically, they may operate as twin suns in metaphorical orbit around each other.

And they have both defined my life as an artist.

Play.

I’m watching Star Trek circa 1969. Intimidated by the multi-hued close-ups, the camera intimate with characters’ faces, their psyches, I gaze anxiously, imagining a camera inside the screen staring back. In the center of our Philco entertainment console, the TV and turntable sit in the same box, a single sound and vision device for capturing and expressing music and the mediated body. Decades later, every time I dance, I still feel both the expectant, electric tension from flipping an LP and the thought, “Is someone watching me?”

Rewind.

Even one glance, it’s something. Revolution can start.

– Nakajima Natsu, *butoh artist (2011)*

With this album, we dedicate ourselves, our futures and our energies to the people of the revolution . . .

– *Chicago II album liner notes (1970)*

I’m waiting for the break of day . . .

My earliest music memories are the 8-track cartridges in our 1970 Dodge Charger. I would sing along with Three Dog Night’s *Joy to the World*, maybe cuz I was more Jeremiah than Kermit,

more about who we could be than who we were. And I've always remembered another tape by a group of funky white rockers with horns.

"What?" Rennie blurts at his university dance students as he cues up "25 or 6 to 4." "You guys don't know Chicago? Y'all got to get with Chicago. That's where it's at. What do you think we danced to?"

In the 1960s to 1970s, the diverse foundational dances of what later coalesced under the "hip-hop" tag developed at parties, in backyards, and on street corners to any appropriate tune; whatever had a groove for the crowd and a solid break-beat for the street dancers, and a positive message didn't hurt. Afrika Bambaataa, one of the original holy trinity of foundational hip-hop DJs (along with DJ Kool Herc and Grandmaster Flash), co-founder of the hip-hop cultural organization, the Universal Zulu Nation, and designator of the original four elements of hip-hop culture (graffiti, MC-ing [rapping], b-boying [dancing], and DJ-ing), was especially eclectic in his turntable tastes, broadening hip-hop's subsequent global genetics.

"Bam would be playing the break-beats and then would jump off and start playing some calypso, or playing some reggae, or playing some rock," remembers promoter Van Silk. "I was like, 'What is Bam doin?'" But Bambaataa's mindset is that hip-hop was an open field of music" (Fricke & Ahearn 2002, 49). On the deepest level, Bambaataa as DJ was responding to the economically devastated and violence-ridden landscape of hip-hop's birthplace of the South Bronx and neighboring hoods. He juxtaposed musical genres and forms, attempting to demonstrate music's potential to integrate ideologies and thereby move the gangs to lay down arms.

Outlaw bodies

Butoh, if necessary, it's resistance. Of course, it's political dialectic action. It's impossible.

– Murobushi Kō (2012)

Oftentimes in the midst of large-scale social transitions, there is a tipping point, when suddenly everything seems possible, though a harsh, even cruel, edge may be considered necessary to pull it off. Hijikata Tatsumi perceived as much after the 1950s. With Japan emerging from years of American occupation, deteriorated social strata, and rapid Westernization and commercialization of all major socio-economic aspects of daily life, Hijikata identified with artists who rejected complicity with the new privileges of late capitalism: "This big Tokyo is rotten with bodies. There is a lethargic generation arrogant with fat and I vomit on its lotioned and powdered pale effeminate skin" (Hijikata 2000c, 40). Hijikata's mode was oppositional, externally needing to fight against an authority to which he could only provide a poetically Sisyphian revolution, but also internally, crafting his socialized body in crisis within a subculture electrified by subjectivity, flesh, and despair.

Similar conditions existed in the Bronx and beyond a few years later, where hip-hop culture evolved in the midst of a wholesale breakdown of civil order. As Nelson George describes, "The sound-system battles in city parks and school yards would have been impossible in a city that strictly enforced 'quality of life' crimes against loud music and after-dark use of public space" (George 2002, ix). Concomitantly, B-Boy Alien Ness speaks of the resulting long-term effect on hip-hop dancers: "You could take the b-boys back to the outlaw gangs of the late '60s, '70s. They were the original b-boys, and it was part of their war dance. That's why the competitive level is always going to be there with the b-boy" (Fricke & Ahearn 2002, 9).

This aggressive atmosphere drove the four elements into a mode of direct assault. The graff writer's dream was for their subway tags to go "all-city," witnessed by thousands. The DJ was expected to move hearts, minds, and behinds, flipping the switch on whole neighborhoods. The MC's very

raison d'être was to get the crowd to raise the roof. And in the cypher, the b-boy was a down-low centerpiece onto which partiers could focus their spirits, a collective trophy of psycho-physical transcendence bringing what Bambaataa later identified as hip-hop's fifth element – knowledge – from the funk.⁵

Butoh, however, despite its transgressive tendencies, was not there to get any party started, let alone be the life of it. Hijikata and butoh co-founder Ohno Kazuo cultivated a rather insular universe: hidden, menacing, perhaps awe-inspiring at times, but never taking you out. While hip-hop dance, like funk music before it, rocked the house in order to transform your inner world, butoh awoke within that insular zone, shaking the walls of body and mind. If hip-hop is the club, then butoh is the back room that only a self-selected few know about and are dying to enter.

Like b-boys being largely defined via the criminality of gang culture, Hijikata imagined such marginalization as likewise requisite for authentically non-commodified behavior in his dancers. In his essay "To Prison" (1961), written halfway around the planet from New York just before the completion of the Cross-Bronx Expressway, Hijikata asserts:

Human remodeling is accomplished only in connection with young people who unceasingly experience the natural movements that kick the matrix of today's good sense. I dream of such a criminal dance. There will no longer be any hesitation over torching theatres.

2000b, 45

In such environments, both Hijikata and Bambaataa, the progenitors of their respective sub-cultures and future transnational creative movements, each fixed their mental lens on wanting to be starting something with a faction of abject, like-minded bodies. Amidst a plethora of black racist stereotypes permeating mid-20th century mass media, Bambaataa had been inspired as a teenager by the big-budget war movie *Zulu* (1964). While reifying the heroism of British imperial soldiers in 19th century South Africa, the film also depicted the Zulus as a well-organized, powerful social force:

We was busy watching Heckyl and Jeckyl, Tarzan – a white guy who is king of the jungle. Then I see this movie come out showing Africans fighting for a land that was theirs. . . . I said when I get older I'm gonna have me a group called the Zulu Nation.

Chang 2005, 94

At the same time, Hijikata set himself to recruit dancers whom he could mold into shape: "I am dumbfounded by the bodies of young creatures who, bereft of any ethical echo, overrun the streets. . . . I believe . . . that they can be perfected as my naked soldiers" (2000b, 48).

From 1959 through the early 1970s, Hijikata accumulated his artistic militia through experimental group performances in defiance of any normative conception of the Japanese dancing body. In 1972, he presented "27 Nights for Four Seasons," a month-long performance series by his new company, *Ankoku butoh-ha* (Darkness Dance Group). That same year, the house band of the Ghetto Brothers gang,⁶ whose rockin' but sweet tunes had been cooling barrio heads for years, recorded a socially-progressive party album, *Power-Fuerza* (1972), and Bambaataa was DJing and amassing his pan-cultural vinyl stock. Such progressions within and away from the Bronx gang culture set the stage for a new youth generation of not simply the disaffected and poor, but those "obsessed with flash, style, *sabor*. For them, the block party – not the political party – was the space of possibility" (Chang 2005, 65).

Those who grow up where the party's in the street, however, also know that the street never leaves the party.

Inner images/images

Play.

I don't know what's happening. It's a moonless, pitch black night in 1972. I'm a five year-old, only child awakened by the distant whirr of blades approaching, circling my family home in El Sereno, a working class, high-crime borough in northeast Los Angeles. As it has since my earliest memories, ghettabird⁷ moonlight bright as day suddenly shoots down from the skies, flooding my room. My knees buckle as I try to stand. I'm suspended between rise and fall. Is this how my uncles felt in Vietnam, dropped on a dusty road or in a rice paddy to fend for themselves? Are they looking for me . . . ?

Play.

I'm 17, working the door at a high school dance. I stop a kid trying to sneak in. He gives me that stone cold glance that says, "Man, you know I'm in the Wah-Chings, and I can fuck you up any time."⁸ As he disappears into the night, I slip back into the darkness to dance away my fear. I find my footing, the steps, the stomp, with The Brothers Johnson, Zapp, the Bar-Kays, and chase the colors with Tears for Fears, Eurythmics, David Bowie. And one man-child from Minneapolis brings it all the way in for me, tellin' me if I feel alright, I should scream . . . "Yeeeahh, yeah!"

But I'm not really there yet. No matter how many times I let the words to "DMSR" or "Lady Cab Driver" pump my brain while I practice waving, tutting, ticking, and puppet⁹ in my bedroom mirror, I won't know what Prince is really gettin' on about until years later as a grown man. Meantime, this Saturday night, I can't stop jumping, turning, flirting between the grooves and the lights. I laugh, I smile, I Smurf, but I'm not satisfied. I want to hear – to *be* – every song, and all at the same time. I want to be something impossible. I need my whole mixtape to play at once, cuz that's the only thing that makes sense to me, that's all that, cuz each of us is all that. And it'll take at least two turntables, a few microphones, and a lot of life experience to help those tunes converse, to find their middle path. And after a certain point, someone not black, brown, or even yellow is going to find a way to bottle and sell it all straight back to the five boroughs and beyond . . .

*Why's a pity that we're so dirty?
'Thout dancing we can't be pretty?
Pretty enough to make 'em loco? (as if . . .)
Skin too pretty to blush like so . . .*

I record Malcolm McClaren's "Buffalo Gals" video from TV on our home Betamax and copy Rock Steady Crew popping moves revealed between the models and Malcolm's obnoxious duck-walk. I mostly keep things to myself, though, only going out in a cypher at a church party and a Sadie Hawkins dance. There's something deeper, heavier, weighing me down, that refuses to reveal itself for another decade.

Cue.

A Monday night in Spring 1994, at Espace DbD, the studio theater of performance artist Rachel Rosenthal, six months after she took me to see Ohno Kazuo in "Admiring La Argentina." Witnessing an 87 year-old man dance butoh for over an hour infected me with the urge to perform, to move my body through a hidden reality. I've accepted Rachel's barter of me producing her

promo video in exchange for taking her classes. I don't know why. I'm just a wannabe media artist who hasn't danced in public for a decade. But here I am preparing for my first-ever improvisation on the first night of class.

I ask for a single overhead circle of light. No music.

I step tenuously on the edge between light and dark . . . as I let myself stumble into the center, I glance up into the fresnel, blinded, suddenly releasing my ankoku . . . eyes surrounding, peering into me from the shadows . . . I gradually climb to standing with dense, methodical pops, ticks, waves . . . finding my performative body in solitude . . . battling my own reflection . . .

Body is the weapon

Play.

December 2014, exactly 20 years after my first stage performance with Rachel, and an hour before Rennie and I perform the Philadelphia premiere of our butoh/hip-hop dance theater duet, *Flash*. Rennie hasn't performed here for a decade. I've never performed in Philly, and my teenage voice tells me I better bring it for his sake. I think about Dr. J and Andrew Toney being the only ones in the NBA who could be counted on to shred the Lakers defense. TSOP is on the box, but Prince's beats are in my DNA, so I switch to his latest joint for confidence's sake. Rennie notices and livens up, and so do I. Most butoh practices have no required soundtrack, but mine does.

I really wanna find the answer to this cancer so I must rewind . . .

Bruce Baird argues that Hijikata's early dances employed interpersonal struggle as a mode of growth, that they "were structured as competitions for artists to write themselves into each other's psyches. In the best-case scenario, there was also a concomitant willingness to see one's self or one's own art transgressed by others" (Baird 2012, 12). Joseph G. Schloss explains this approach is also in the nature of the b-boy cypher: "Ultimately, battling teaches its disciples how to use style to reconcile opposing forces, a skill that may well be at the heart of hip-hop itself" (Schloss 2006, 27).

Would I run to you if somebody hurt me, even if that somebody was you?

As my warm-up builds to a frenetic pace, I'm still second-guessing myself, but it's become a reflective practice. With every beat, snap, and pop, each joint moves independently yet balances every other. By the last scene, Rennie and I are unmoored, navigating with elbows, knees, fingers, spine, neck, eyes, lips, and tongue. Demonic passion lies beneath my ambivalence, with catharsis hidden in the map of Rennie's psychic battle scars. When we fade to black, the audience is silent, questioning, or processing, before applause and the talkback, during which we have no definite answers; only experiences and further questions.

*No more pretending I'm blind / A ritual of affliction brought on by a dancer's curse . . .*¹⁰

Who am I?

Back in the day, you always had a meaning for your name.

– Anthony Colon, b-boy and graff writer (Schloss 2009, 75)

Who . . . are . . . you?

– Tamano Hiroko, butoh artist, on the definition of butoh (Tamano 2010)

Every time I dance, in my mind, I enter the cypher, a space as virtual as it is physical, similar in nature to what Jeff Chang describes in hip-hop music: “In the loop, there is the alpha, the omega and the turning points in between. The seam disappears, slips into endless motion and reveals a new logic – the circumference of a worldview” (Chang 2005, 85). Likewise, when I reach my hands and face toward the audience through the space between, I am grasping for my self-identity – a singularity defined by a tenuous balance between knowing and unknowing, light and dark, life and death.

Such perennial irresolution lies at the roots of butoh’s fraternal twins, the inseparable opposites of Hijikata and Ohno. To this day, some artists debate their meaning, conjecturing around the nihilism of the former or the devout religiosity of the latter. For me, however, they are equal: yin and yang. Hijikata’s hedonistic anarchy in awe of Ohno’s eternal God light. Ohno’s flame, choreographed by Hijikata for decades, a bare whisper in the dark night of his soul, after surviving island warfare, POW camps, and postwar austerity. Late in life, playing to sold-out main stages, the modest prayer Ohno danced did not so much fill a cathedral as the very private altar of his heart. One of Hijikata’s earliest inspirations was, as he called it, the “deadly poison” of Ohno’s dance (Hijikata 2000a, 36), while Hijikata’s dying vision, according to first-generation butoh dancer, Ohno Yoshito, was the opposite of ankoku: “In my last moments, God’s light . . .” (Ohno & Ohno 2004, 137).

Or maybe, as I stomp into my own future butoh, I just want it all to be true. Maybe the ghet-tobird moonlight that filled my childhood bedroom was a visitation by my own internal yin and yang, as angelic as Ohno’s deathbed hands¹¹ and as devilish as Hijikata’s red satin dress,¹² now remixed later in life by my hip-hop head as one and the same. Regardless, my body has always wanted to taste them both – to taste everything – and then dance it like it is.

Like the novice monk asking zen master Jōshū, I keep wanting to ask Rennie if a street dancer has butoh nature, but he’ll probably just say what he usually does when I ask too many questions: “I don’t know. Can we just dance?”

And then . . . I got nothin’.
Mu. Not Knowing. The Funk.
MuNK.
I guess that’s my name.

Play.

Notes

- 1 “Nothingness” in Japanese. For analysis of this koan’s complex circulation and mythology, see Steven Heine, “Four Myths about Zen Buddhism’s ‘Mu Koan,’” 2012, Oxford University Press Blog, <http://blog.oup.com/2012/04/four-myths-about-zen-buddhisms-mu-koan/>.
- 2 For analysis of the non-dualistic nature of this koan, see Zenkei Blanche Hartman, “Beginner’s Mind,” 2001, www.chzc.org/hartman4.htm.
- 3 The cypher is the hip-hop iteration of a circular formation commonly found in Africanist ritual contexts. Rennie Harris states, “We call it a battle as if we’re going to war, but this is all just language and jargon used from the gang period before hip-hop. So really, we’re actually pushing each other to the next level in the cypher. Which protects everyone, right? Because as long as you’re in the circle, you’re protected” (Harris 2012).
- 4 Originally referring to the instrumental breaks in songs with which early hip-hop DJs and dancers performed, “the breaks” as a term in hip-hop culture generally are a nexus of physicality, time, space, spirituality, and style (Schloss 2009: 19).
- 5 For a broader exploration, see Travis L. Gosa, 2015, “The Fifth Element: Knowledge” in *The Cambridge Companion to Hip-Hop*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, pp. 56–70.

- 6 The murder of Black Benji, Peace Counselor of the Ghetto Brothers, was the catalyst for a consequent all-gang meeting that began the end of a five-year internecine war.
- 7 “Ghetto-bird” is common American urban street lingo for police helicopter.
- 8 The Wah-Chings are a powerful Asian street gang from California.
- 9 Various street dance techniques often grouped under the general category of “popping.”
- 10 Victor Turner defined a ritual of affliction, in which “there is a strong element of reflexivity, for through confession, invocation, symbolic reenactment and other means, the group bends back upon itself . . . not merely cognitively, but with the ardor of its whole being, in order not simply to remember but also to remember its basic relationships and moral imperatives, which have become dismembered by internal conflicts” (1985: 233).
- 11 In his book, *Butterfly Dreams* (2010), Japanese photographer Hosoe Eikoh published a photo series of Ohno in bed in the last years of his life.
- 12 Hijikata infamously danced in this dress in his seminal 1968 solo performance, *Hijikata Tatsumi to Nihonjin: Nikutai no Haman* (Hijikata Tatsumi and the Japanese: Revolt of the Flesh).

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