



**NEWS FROM THE NINTH FLOOR**  
**ANTHROPOLOGY**

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**DISPATCHES FROM NEW YORK CITY:**

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**TWO DECADES AFTER 9/11 + A GLOBAL PANDEMIC**



City Revamped: the Manhattan skyline viewed from the same corner in northwest Queens in the fall of 2001 and 2021.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**

**Reflecting on the Uncanny: Shock, Uncertainty and Fear Turn 20**

By **Melissa Zavala**

Drawing from Marx's innovative work on the business cycle, Joseph Schumpeter's popular concept of *creative destruction* has been useful for

articulating the incessant drive under capitalism to create new economic structures out of older ones. This process of annihilation, devaluation and reconfiguration is especially visible in New York City as new crises increase turbulence. The city was the site of the most damaging terrorist attack in U.S. history at the turn of this century, later becoming the initial epicenter of the global pandemic 20 years later. It is also the seat of Wall Street, a powerbroker in the political arena, and a critical site for innovations in technology and culture. It is an important port, and both representative and unrepresentative of the rest of the country. As a result, NYC offers anthropologists productive avenues for exploring socio-political and ecological changes to landscapes disrupted by devastation and urban redevelopment. The city represents a laboratory for understanding global processes at the local and international levels. This special issue thus reflects on this late cycle of destruction and renewal through an exploration of the strangeness of what has become ordinary: everyday experiences of awe, fear, grief, loss, shock, and terror, now normalized from a young age over lifetimes for many New Yorkers. The narratives contained here follow a familiar trajectory. Beginning with shock and fear, this issue opens with a memory from a recent alumnus of the department, then a young boy experiencing historical change he could not immediately assimilate. That confusion is followed by recollections from a college student learning abroad at the time of the attacks who must piece together a seismic shift personally from afar and a new mother filled with fear but now reflecting on what followed. Punctuated by an exploration of grief through poetry, the issue considers the aftershocks of death and threats to health from the perspective of students with no first-hand memories of 9/11 now adapting to virtual worlds and what they have lost, concluding with a fictionalized tale of love and loss during the pandemic. The images included in this issue feature some all-too familiar scenes from the past two decades of changing skylines, displacement, and protest in search of hope and justice in the city.



What's in a name? Recreating the city anew out of the old in the 21<sup>st</sup> century: 5-Pointz then and now.

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# NY State of Panic

By Rob Torres, Jr.



When I think about September 11, 2001, I try to remember where I was and how I felt. That morning I was in science class being taught by Mr. Schatt, a brown-haired stoic teacher who would deliver the shocking truth to our class. I remember I was sitting in the far-left corner of the classroom and a distance from the windows on the right side of the room where we could see the smoke coming from the World Trade Center. We continued to stare in confusion as Mr. Schatt left the room to get answers as to what was going on. When he returned, he stopped just at the doorway, looked at us and said: “I have just been told that an airplane crashed into the World Trade Center”. If he said anything after that, I honestly don’t remember what it was. I remember getting bits and pieces of information as the day went on in school and learned that it was an act of terrorism. I can remember seeing my friends being picked up one by one as the day continued and I remained in school for the rest of the day. I felt uneasy walking home, as if there were more planes to come. What did I know? I was an unformed 12 year old and before any of this was only concerned with my upcoming birthday.

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***The attacks on September 11, 2001, left me feeling afraid and vulnerable.***

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I remember when my mother got home, I asked her why she didn't come and get me. Some of my cousins were home and I felt slighted. “*They* said school was the safest place for you to be,” my mother replied, and I understood. When I asked her what her day looked like she recalled it this way: “It was

such a weird day. It was just unreal and hectic.” At the time, my mother worked for Metrocare as a call dispatcher and that day she was responsible for sending ambulances to the WTC. My mother remembers that an EMT for Transcare unfortunately passed away that day, but she did not know her. My mother’s partner, Ed, did, however. He trained her and was dispatched to the WTC as a member of the National Guard. My mother filled in the blanks for me as far as what the rest of the September 11<sup>th</sup> evening looked like at home. She remembers a candlelight vigil the city participated in at 8 p.m. as the shock was impossible for her to ignore.



One of the many spontaneous shrines at precincts and firehouses around the city following the attacks on September 11, 2001, this one from the 14<sup>th</sup> Street-Union Square subway station.

The attacks on September 11, 2001, left me feeling afraid and vulnerable. To think that a group was so angry they saw fit to murder thousands of people and crumble buildings frightened me to my core. I couldn’t think about how I was going to turn 13 in a few weeks. No, my thoughts only focused on my lack of safety in the city where I was growing up. When the Twin Towers fell, my home lost television reception, forcing my family living upstairs to watch our news downstairs with my grandparents and we

huddled together learning what had happened and why. My family always had a hard time coming together, but not then; we were closer than ever before as I'm sure was the feeling in the rest of the city and the country. I couldn't even tell you what I got for my birthday that year, gifts serve as totems in order to recall my childhood, but I've got nothing but anxiety to show for that year. I only remember living looking at the sky, worrying that a day like 9/11 could happen again.

As the weeks passed, September turned to October and into November. The world had changed. I remember the threat level being implemented: green meant safe, yellow meant stay vigilant, orange meant more concern than normal, and red was high alert. Color-coded fear only left me with more anxiety as to how safe I could feel growing up in New York. Then on November 12, 2001, that fear that I can only feel but not describe as experienced on September 11, returned. A commercial plane went down in the Queens neighborhood of Bell Harbor two months and a day after the 9/11 attacks. As a kid growing up in New York, all I could think was "They're attacking us directly". I would pay great attention to the news that day and learn that it wasn't a malicious attack but an error having to do with the plane and pilot combined. Those families' losses were not eased by this news, 9/11 taught me that life and moments that might seem inconspicuous are worth cherishing.

It's hard to understand what's going on around you as a kid when you're going through it, like trying to explain to someone who's drowning how to swim from the shore. I'm too busy keeping my head above water to learn how to survive. It took time—it's taking time. When safety is shaken, that is something else. Since then, I have walked around the city with a sense of hyperawareness. The truth about New York City is that as wonderful as it is, it can be just as treacherous, and I've adapted in a way that has shaped me since September 11. Is it for the better or worse? I believe it's neither. I've simply known that to be a New Yorker is to know how to survive.

**Rob Torres, Jr. graduated this year from John Jay College with a degree in Anthropology.**

# Reflections on the Grave in Lower Manhattan from the “Cradle of Humanity” in East Africa

By Clate Korsant

It was Tuesday, and I was preparing to hike through a bamboo forest on Mt. Kenya. There weren't any cut paths or trails through this forest, so my companions and I followed animal tracks that had pushed down the thick bamboo—which inevitably meant we also followed animal dung. I don't know if it belonged to an elephant, rhino, or buffalo, but my hand was thrust towards the ground landing directly on one mushy pile after a wayward branch wedged itself between my 50 lb. backpack and the back of my head. I overdressed that chilly morning and remember shedding layers once I became a bit dehydrated, overheated, and dizzy. These were the extent of my concerns hours before nearly 3,000 people would be killed during the worst terrorist attack in US history.



Ancient canyons containing deep history and hominin remains.

We—the students and instructors on this National Outdoor Leadership School (NOLS) semester in East Africa—would not find out until Saturday that September 11<sup>th</sup> meant so much more than “last Tuesday”. We only discovered the real significance of the day because we were being re-rationed with ten more days of food. This rationing came with Kenyan newspaper articles listing incorrect numbers of those dead, injured, or missing. The total number of employees (some 30,000) who worked in the World Trade Center were reported as missing. We were shocked and lost without much of an idea about what was going on. Instructors separated our group into two: some would stay on the Mountain and others would return to base camp to call home, reassess options, and rejoin us later. Along with the newspapers, I received a brief email from my father, straightforward but reassuring. I decided to stay the course on Mt Kenya. I thought of my family in New York City; my cousins from Staten Island who work for the NYPD; the EMTs and the fire boat captain. I would later learn about their responses on that day, and how two brothers embraced when they found one another amidst the devastation. I'm proud of my cousins.

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***We were so far away from the lived reality of most Americans—of most citizens of the world, for that matter.***

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Contemporary chasms containing current history and human remains: the Grave Downtown.



Across the continent of Africa and the Atlantic Ocean, the 18-year-old version of myself had a completely different experience than most people of the attacks on September 11<sup>th</sup>, 2001. Yet somehow it was intimately felt. The Twin Towers were iconic and representative of New York City. After that Tuesday, they were

transformed into icons of loss—buildings that, like so many loved ones, no longer stood. For some reason I had thought of the last time I saw these buildings and told that story to the group before we split up. Only a few things really changed for those of us during our semester in Kenya: we noticed anti-American graffiti and we avoided staying in Lamu, opting for a guarded camp not far away. Most of the Swahili coast of Kenya is Islamic, and as a bunch of backpacking students, we were in quite a bubble. We were so far away from the lived reality of most Americans—of most citizens of the world, for that matter. We were especially removed from those lived by New Yorkers in the city where I was born. One of my favorite memories from that semester is playing soccer at sunset on a tiny sandy island in the Indian Ocean with a bunch of Swahili sailors and fisherman. Very far, indeed.



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# On a Balcony in Civitate Camuno 9.11.21

By Barbara Cassidy



Time is a weird thing. I am not the first person to say this. When I was a kid, the time from September to Christmas felt like a lifetime. When my mother said, “You will be grown up before you know it,” it felt like a cruel joke. And then the last twenty years as an adult seem to have elapsed outside my watch. Wait, what? When and how did things happen? Could it really be twenty years since that day in New York?

It is said that our relationship to time is all perception. If you have only lived a short amount of time, a year is a larger percentage of your life and thus, it feels longer because of this percentage. When you are older, a year is an increasingly smaller percentage of your existence, and thus it feels shorter. I find this interesting. I don’t know if it’s true or not. What if there is actually something that does make time go faster the older you get? I sometimes hear from people that time is not real, it is a construct. But my twenty-year-old daughter is not a construct. She is real. She is twenty and I can see her being twenty, looking twenty, living twenty.

So there.

I remember having a recurring dream of carrying her in my arms as I ran through the streets of New York City, skyscrapers crumbling around me. I am trying to protect her from the apocalypse. I remember waking up in the middle of that first night after, thinking my apartment building was on fire because the burning smell from Manhattan had wafted over to south Brooklyn. I remember this heaviness, a hopelessness, and thinking the world will never recover, I will never feel happy again. There was a naivete in that thought, for the world has dealt with many similarly horrible things throughout history and continues to do so. My little world as a provincial New Yorker hadn’t gotten hit this hard before.

That kind of thing smacks you around. I had felt so desperate. I wanted to work at the site, but I didn’t have any of the skills needed. I was no iron worker or construction person. People like me were not

needed. My husband kept saying, “But we have to take care of the baby”. I thought, what about the people who were suffocating underneath the pile? I can pull them out and save them. Someone, let me. Someone, let me do my job.

It was not my job. Or if it was, I didn’t do it. It was an impossible job.

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***We must never forget ... [t]he horror that was created in the name of the original horror.***

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For the twentieth anniversary of this date, I was in the Italian Alps, or the Pre-Alps as Italians call it. I was at an artists’ residency (RUC), a beautiful welcoming place where I could devote some precious time to writing. Focused time. The pandemic seemed to sap my writing self, and somehow I was not able to do what I wanted to do. I left with an idea and a passed deadline, a deadline that nobody really cared if I made or not.



A room with a view, perfect for a writer.



The view: the Italian Alps, a world away.

None of the artists at the residency mentioned the date at the communal dinner.

I said, “It’s been twenty years. It’s the anniversary.”

“Wow. it doesn’t seem like twenty years.”

“No.”

“And all that was done in its name.”

“Yes.”

“Imagine if something different happened.”

“After?”

“Yes.”

We ate and I left early, returning to my room to be with my New Yorkers on this day, to listen to the names of the dead, and try to feel alive again.

It is right to think of another “after”, the after we created was/is criminal and horrific. We must never forget that. The horror that was created in the name of the original horror.



A view from South Brooklyn of the Freedom Tower under construction, dwarfing all else in a show of might.

But at this moment, in a time that did seem finally frozen, in Italy, on 9/11, I wanted to go back and try to feel that horror again.

Because I forgot something about it.

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# Two Life-changing Events, 20 Years Apart: On the Impacts of 9/11 and the Coronavirus Pandemic

By Osmeily Luna



September 11, 2001, is one of the most heartbreaking and unforgettable events to ever occur in the United States—and to the world considering all felt the sadness that followed. The 9/11 tragedy affected thousands of families, paramedics, firefighters, citizens, civilians, workers, cops, and children. It made widows and widowers, children were partly or wholly orphaned, and it cost 2,997 people their lives. While that number seems small against the losses resulting from the pandemic, that total seemed endless that morning. Those who survived have ongoing fear and anxiety; many were mentally and physically affected. As a result, 20 years later, some survivors are still suffering from PTSD and trauma. At the time of the event, which was a

month and ten days before I was born, I can't say I experienced the day firsthand. My mom and some of my family members worked at the Towers or nearby, though luckily none had gone to work.

Some people say babies can feel emotions in utero, and I like to think that I knew the sadness my mom felt before I was born.

In contrast, Coronavirus is something I have experienced and continue dealing with every day. A virus took everything I was used to, including my everyday routines. My “normal” day-to-day schedule included being on campus with my friends, going to my dance company, going out to eat, and

other everyday activities. Then, from one day to another, a virus called COVID-19 took normality



The Survivor Tree - charred and bent by the devastation on 9/11 now stands restored, a symbol of resilience at Memorial Park.

away from me. As if it was yesterday, I remember how March 9<sup>th</sup>, 2019, was my last day on campus. I thought it would be a two-week or two-month interruption, but here we are, almost two years later, fighting to get back the life we once knew as “normal”. I know many of us had doubts, especially students, since many were not only worried about being exposed to a virus that kept spreading quickly but thinking of how schoolwork would work online. Everyone is different; some can learn hands-on, virtually, and in-person, and some through explanatory videos. I don’t fit these learning styles. Still, thankfully, I’ve pushed through four semesters, including this Fall, with excellent grades and have not been exposed to the virus. What helped me get through those semesters has been the return to dance rehearsals with all my team members. Dance has always been my escape, and the dance studio has always been where I can express myself through movement and get rid of all the pressure and moments of sadness. To have that back after four to five months of quarantine helped me.

As I reflect on both events, even though I’ve only lived through one, I’d like to think it has helped me view the world from new perspectives. This year, the country mourned the 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the 9/11 tragedy. We reflected on the many heroes who died trying to save others, the heroes who survived but lost a part of themselves that day, the families who mourned a loved one who couldn’t be buried traditionally with a memorial. In sum, we mourned for all we wish could have got out in time.

If there is anything these two events have taught me, it is to cherish everything and everyone around me more. The privilege that we have to see our loved ones leave and return home, along with the ability to be outside, is something many individuals have taken for granted. After months of finally being able to roam the streets, see my friends and family, and have access to things around me, I feel more grateful than I’ve ever felt before. The feeling of the sun against my skin, the wind blowing through my hair, and socially interacting changed my perspective in life. I started seeing beauty in everything around me, for example, trees. That may seem silly, but before COVID-19, I saw trees as this woody plant with green leaves, and all looked the “same”. However, when I was able to return outside, I noticed how even the same types of trees grow differently—in different shapes, heights, patterns, and are distinctive one from the next. This is not to say I haven’t cherished life before, but rather to praise the things I’ve failed to notice before I got my “normal” life taken from me.



Praise to the beauty in all things.

**Osmeily Luna is now a student in the Ph.D. Ronald E. McNair program at John Jay College of Criminal Justice, 2021.**



## I WRITE DOWN THESE WORDS

**Sofija Grandakovska**

Дали некогаш ќе знам на кој јазик  
зборувал предокот на дедо ми? Ниту  
баба ми не ми кажа. Нив двајца  
сега повеќе ги нема. Се уште  
погодувам во празно. И мислам силно.  
На нив.

(Епиграми, 2011, *SGrandovska* -)

“Epigram 1”, Handwritten verses in Macedonian by Sofija Grandakovska.

—An ethical will letter-poem to my mother

I write down these words  
for the weakness—  
slender and thin,  
strained as a fog  
it slowly stretches  
in a luminous  
and light air.

I write down these words  
for the image—  
that as a pedestrian tries slowly  
to approach  
from its only known destination  
as if invited for a kiss  
it arrives  
along with the spring  
that is about to begin  
in a month or two.

I write down these words  
to sustain your speech—  
that quietly renounces its survival here,  
for all eternal times  
and for all the other times  
once born by one bright beginning and  
a typically human end.

I write down these words  
to honor Your voice worthy—  
first among the first  
open and alive  
unwavering  
as a property that does not cease to endure  
before each new replacement of what lapses by  
and leaves this world without any greeting.

As I continue  
to write down these words  
my longing—  
exhausted and deeply higher than I myself am  
torments as a sinner  
to give a try of all that  
of what I want to simply tell only to you

—

that with the arrival of each new temporality  
every replacement of the garment in a new disguise  
remains foreign  
to the freshness of the source,  
to the always welcoming and enduring mother.

I write down these words  
to testify—  
permanently and clearly  
like the moon and  
by the force of a muur-seal  
that

—

no subtle weakness  
not a single image that moves like a pedestrian  
to approach as if kissing  
do not go along with any deprivation of power,  
oh, my dear,  
being in a lasting dissonance with the tears  
secreted like a shield  
and do not give in to the pain at all

to enclose in my heart.

We are bound by love—  
my mother.

I write down these words  
though the—letters—  
are a long-abandoned manner  
for you.

I still remain a word  
—oh—

but how *oh* could be a word,  
may be honest at least  
*oh* is rather a cry for knowledge  
*oh*, that primal longing  
with a sorrow and poetry  
until the hour  
when one day  
*oh*, if I become a poet  
if my words become  
muur-seal of the colorless color of light,  
of my beginning, *oh*, of my world itself.

*Oh*, my mother,  
we are profoundly bound by love.

That is why I leave these words written down here.

— from the book of poetry *Seal*  
(original in Macedonian: Myxyp (Muhur)(2021)

Има една желба

Секогаш поубава и од убавината е таа,  
желбата - која домот на срцето твое е,  
Ти - види бескрајна радост.

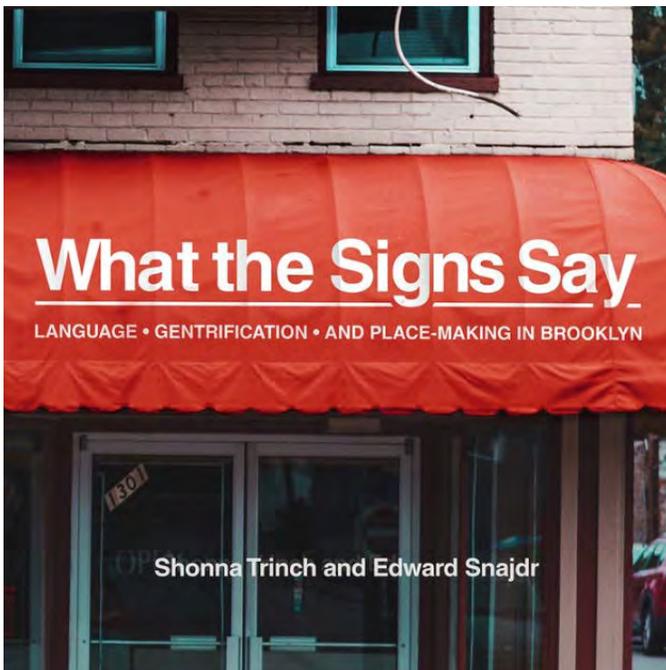
“Epigram 2”, Handwritten verses in Macedonian.

**Professor Sofija Grandakovska teaches comparative literature and anthropology of genocide in the Department of Anthropology. She is also a poet and the author of three books of poetry: *Seal*, *The Burning Sun*, and *The Eighth Day* - [sgrandakovska@jjay.cuny.edu](mailto:sgrandakovska@jjay.cuny.edu).**

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## DEPARTMENT NEWS: AWARDS AND RECOGNITION

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Congratulations to Professors Shonna Trinch and Edward Snajdr, winners of the 2020 Norman L. and Roselea J. Goldberg Prize from Vanderbilt University Press for the best book in the area of art or medicine, for their book [\*What the Signs Say: Language, Gentrification, and Place-Making in Brooklyn!\*](#)

Their creative analysis of storefront signs has now reached the Asian continent.

# Reflections on 9/11 and the COVID-19 Pandemic

By America Rivera



The simple mention of topics like 9/11 and the pandemic makes one sympathize with the many who have lost their lives, overall, with those whose families have been affected, who have lost jobs, and with society as a whole. Though I can't share my personal experience of 9/11 because it occurred only four months after I was born, based on the stories I have heard from my parents I can visualize how terrifying

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***Both of these moments in history were not easy for anyone and we should never forget all the lives lost ...***

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this day was for everyone. When I asked my mom to elaborate on the morning of September 11<sup>th</sup> of 2001, her mood instantly changed because she remembers standing at the park with me in her arms and only seeing smoke coming from Manhattan. She was in Sunset Park in Brooklyn, which has a hill where one can see all of Manhattan from Brooklyn. When my mother saw all of that smoke, she panicked and told me that others in the park began yelling: "A war might begin" and "They are attacking us". I can't imagine even seeing the Towers collapse myself

or imagine how those working in the area might have felt. My friend's father also shared his experience of reporting live in front of the Towers for the news, and how he saw people jumping out of buildings with his own eyes which was such a traumatic story to share.

On the other hand, I most definitely experienced the COVID-19 pandemic and I have so many thoughts on what has happened over the past two years. I remember it was my freshman year in college and I was so excited because it was a great first experience meeting new people and joining the softball team. As a student-athlete the pandemic took away my very first college softball season, along with my second semester in college which left me devastated. The pandemic actually hurt me mentally because I was stuck at home, upset about my season being cancelled, along with trying to adapt to online classes. I'm sure that I wasn't the only one upset about school closing down because as much as we all say we don't like school, after the pandemic, we have realized just how important it is to interact in person.

In addition, the pandemic did not only cause schools to close down, but jobs as well, leaving so many hopeless without any help. In my experience, I will always be grateful that my parents were financially ready for emergencies and had money saved up because they also lost their jobs. Though the government offered unemployment, undocumented people like my parents couldn't receive or apply for any funds, leaving us worried, just waiting for the pandemic to be over so they could go back to work. Overall, it can be difficult for me to explain 9/11 because I only know stories I've been told, but the pandemic has been a very personal experience. Both of these moments in history were not easy for anyone and we should never forget all the lives lost 20 years ago, or those lost now.

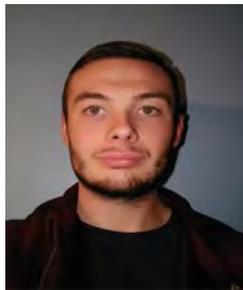


John Jay's Softball team, reunited.

**America Rivera is a second-year student athlete enrolled in Prof. Sofija Grandakovska's class ANT 230-96 Culture and Crime, Fall 2021.**

# The Coronavirus Pandemic and the Future of Education

By Daniel Seringer



When I first heard about the Coronavirus, I didn't think that much of it. I was a senior in high school learning about it in my science class. At that point in time, all anyone knew was that

there was a virus in China that was very serious with the potential to wreak havoc. In all honesty, I didn't believe that I or anyone else in my class, or anyone in the United States, was at serious

risk. In hindsight, I couldn't have been any more wrong.

After a while, my high school stopped having any in-person classes and made the slow transition to online courses. As a result of virtual classes, my fellow classmates and I lost many things—one of the most important things being the ability to be in the same class together and to walk the halls. I know this doesn't seem important, but it is. Just being able to walk around in school with friends is an important experience. I really missed hanging out in school with my friends and being able to talk face to face. Once in college, I really wasn't able to make any new friends there either as a result of the pandemic.

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***This pandemic has drastically changed how students, parents, and schools have approached teaching and the field of education as a whole.***

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Not being able to go to campus in person really hurt my chances of making new friends. The memories that I will have of these troubling times are plenty. I will remember the countless hours on my computer in virtual classes and writing essays without the ability to talk to friends or professors if I had any questions. These experiences are really sad because college doesn't last forever, and every moment spent not meeting new people and having fun is a moment

you'll never get back. This pandemic has made communicating with other students very difficult. While students communicate through email and text, it makes working on group projects very complicated and stressful.

I honestly don't know what the future of education will look like, but I don't think it will be like it used to be. This pandemic has drastically changed how students, parents, and schools have approached teaching and the field of education as a whole. In-person classes are extremely important for a multitude of reasons. One major reason is for younger kids learning how to communicate with others and forming relationships that will last a lifetime. Schooling will never be the same. Everyone will remember what is happening today, and the future of education will be shaped by this pandemic, for better or worse.



How will remote learning affect young students in special need of social contact?

**Daniel Seringer is currently an undergraduate in Professor Sofija Grandakovska's course ANT 230-Culture and Crime, Fall 2021.**

# More Than a Plague

By Richard Carolina

*“Life comes at us fast and there is no time to grovel in sorrow”* (Anonymous)

It was the final chapter of 2019. He was overjoyed, ready to begin the rest of his life with her. Each day he would play the narrative over and over in his head, *Will you marry me?* Leaving for a mission, he knew it the was last time he had to say goodbye. Eight years she stood by his side while he served his country in some foreign territory. She was his direction, his muse. *“I love you”* She would tell him. ***“Our life will start soon. A few more months.”***

*Hard times create strong men*, he told himself. No one knew why his father hid the news. Maybe to avoid hurting them? Amidst the chaos in the world, there was no reassurance of what the future held, no timetable for the chemotherapy, and no promise of good health. The timing could not have been worse.

The world began to shut down and no one could offer any answers. If any were offered, they led to more questions. The virus entered people’s homes like an assassin. He couldn’t smell, taste, or breathe. The aches felt as if he was stabbed relentlessly, with no signs of stopping. It didn’t matter, he put on his mask and gloves, nursing his ill mother. Unexpectedly, she suffered a broken knee. There was fear of getting her sick, but she could not manage on her own. Turns out

she had been more ill than anyone expected, amplifying the anxiety. The cancer treatments began shortly after her knee healed. The silver lining was that she would not have gotten evaluated if it wasn’t for her husband’s surgery. It was hard to find optimism but somehow, they did.

*“My heart’s just not in it. I don’t want to string you along.”* Confused and devastated, he felt empty for the first time in his life. She abandoned him at his lowest with no regard for anyone but herself. Vile. Malicious. Repulsive. Before he had the opportunity to cope, the riots began, and he was on the front line. He thought to himself, *we signed up for **this**?* Seemingly overnight, he became public enemy number one. The department became the center of attention for a terror across the country. *What is wrong with you? Why would you do that, your training taught you better.*

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***Surviving became routine.***

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The days grew harsher, abnormal became normal. Surviving became routine. It was better to be out there than at home, where he was alone with his thoughts. *I should have been home*





World Economic Forum, 2002 – one of many protests in NYC following 9/11.

## Contact Us

### *News from the Ninth Floor*

Fall 21, Vol. 4 No. 1  
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## UPCOMING EVENTS

The Anthropology Department is working to establish a student-led anthropology club! A formal application and constitution are currently under development for submission to the Student Council. This is a student-led and student-run project. To get involved in establishing and growing this club, contact the two Anthropology Majors initiating the club, Marco Alba and Natasha Santana at [marco.alba@jjay.cuny.edu](mailto:marco.alba@jjay.cuny.edu) and [natasha.santana1@jjay.cuny.edu](mailto:natasha.santana1@jjay.cuny.edu) to participate!

The Faculty Advisors for the club are Veroni Antoniadis, Anru Lee, and Department Chair, Ed Snajdr.

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## NEWS FROM THE NINTH FLOOR

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the anthropology@johnjay newsletter

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