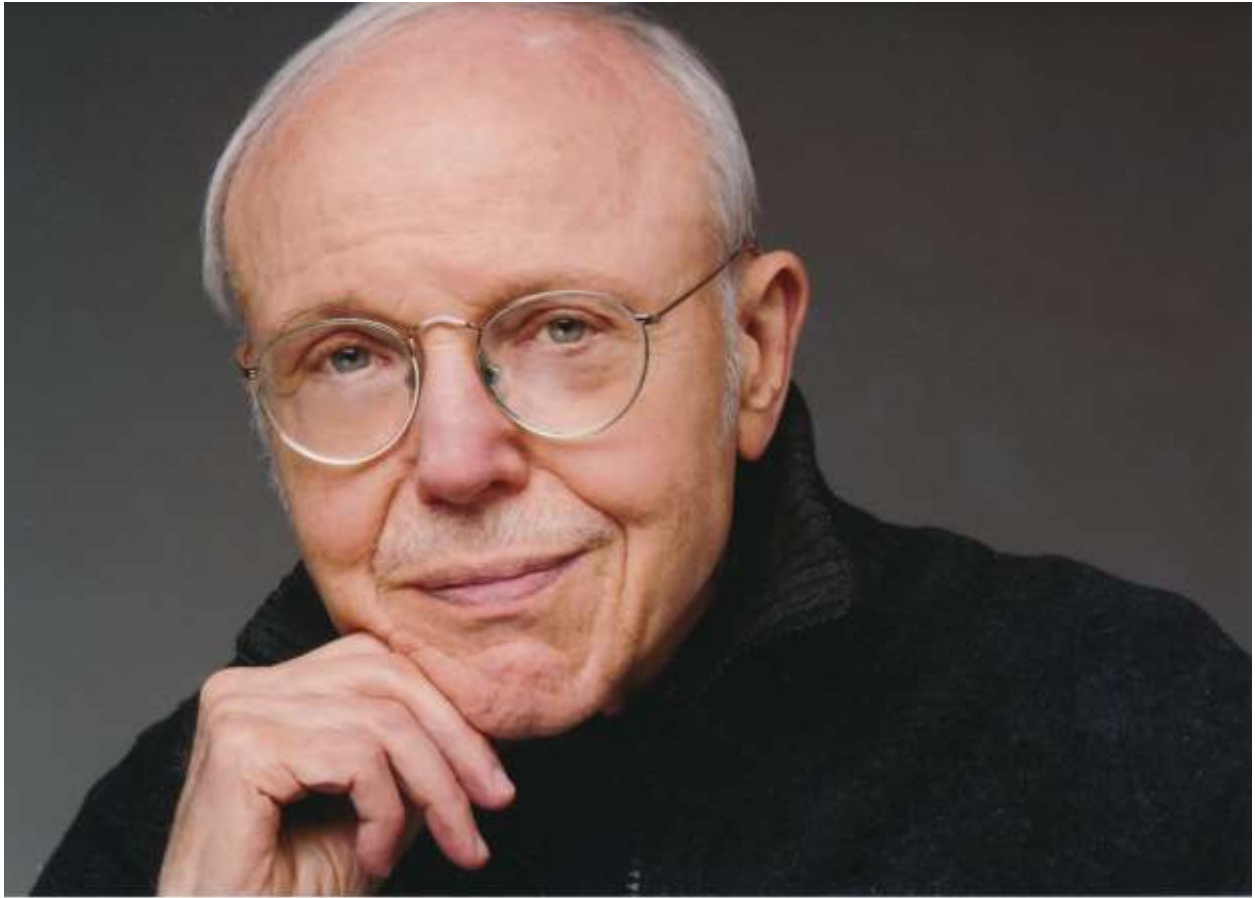


[Explicit permission is pending from many contributors for inclusion of their tributes – SV]



Celebrating the 90th Birthday  
of  
McKim Marriott

The David and Alfred Smart Museum of Art  
The University of Chicago

April 12, 2014



**“Baby Elephant” by Kim’s grand-daughter Cara Dolan**

## ***Marriott Mandala by Tina Furness-Ullrich, PsyD***



Inscription:

*"On the seashore of endless worlds children meet" and "Children have their play on the seashore of worlds." (Tagore 1912, Verse #60)*

*Thank you Kim for who you are...; Marriott Mandala For McKim Marriott on his 90 years here...; With Love from Tina Furness-Ullrich.*

[“When Kim and Barb married I created a Marriage Mandala for them that I believe they have enjoyed over the years--Kim's 90th felt to be another time to celebrate with a special mandala...” – Tina, who went up to Kim at the podium to present the framed mandala in person after his closing speech.]

## **A Poem for Grandpa Kim**

Tall skyscrapers, skimming fluffy clouds in the sky.

Long skylines, glistening, reflecting on the aqua blue waters of Lake Michigan.

Colorful billboards, flashing on massive building walls.

Countless stores, mesmerizing tourists, greeting them inside.

Exquisite pieces of artwork, drawing attention from people from around.

The Bean stands, in downtown, like a lima bean, only much bigger, shiny, metallic.

The former “Sears Tower”, stands upright, like a basketball player surrounded by a group of pre-schoolers.

Oh Magnificent Mile, oh river, museums, theatres, lake shore drive.

Oh parks, oh restaurants, oh bustling city ...

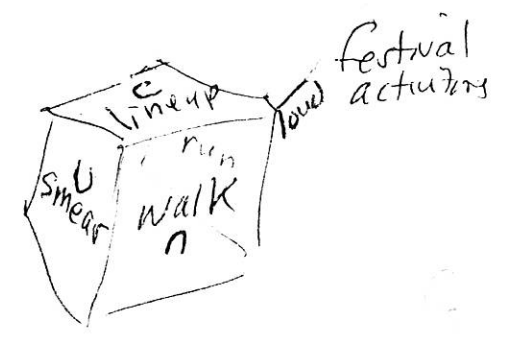
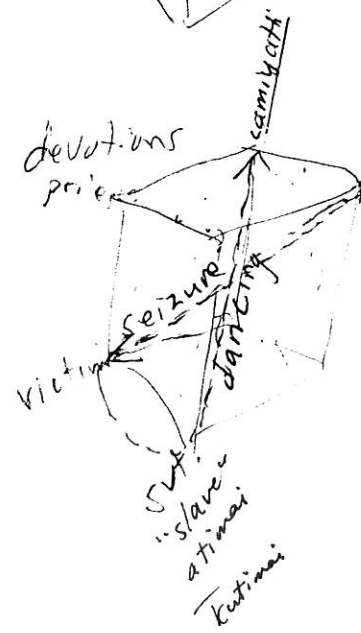
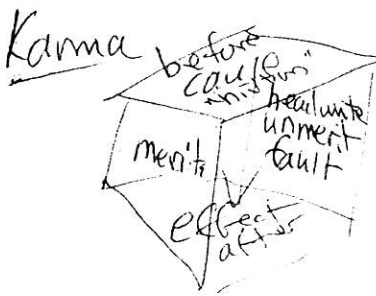
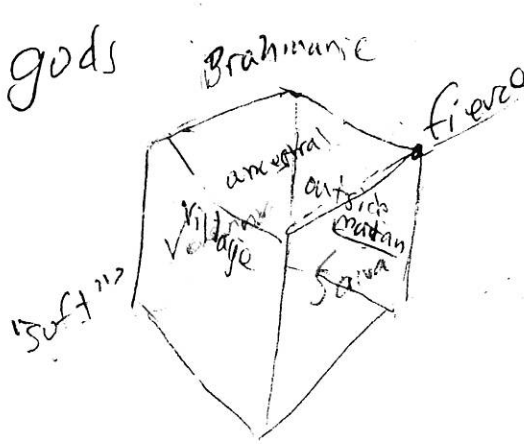
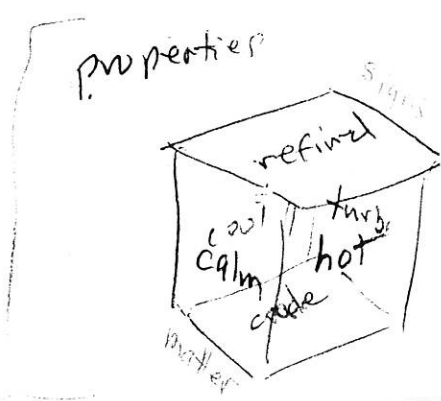
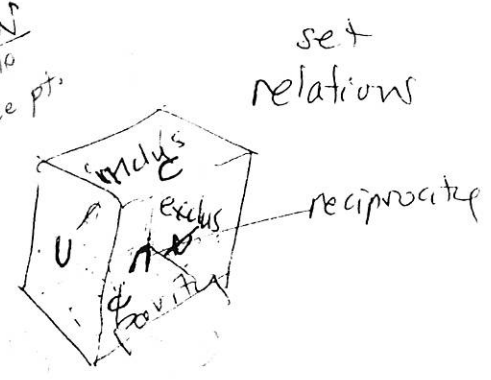
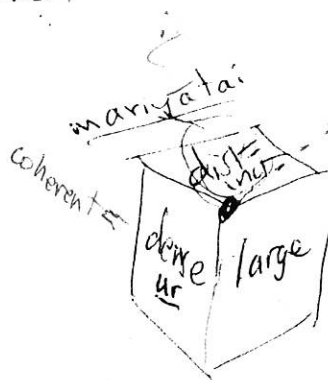
You beckon me! Time and again. Hello.

By: Bianca Dolan

PARADIGMS  
for D. Mines

3/21/95

"Values"  
GAR



## **Joseph Alter**

Anthropology, University of Pittsburgh

*Prasad*

As some of you know I am not one of Kim's students and did not study at the University of Chicago. You could therefore say I am an outsider, but the range of Kim's influence really makes that quite impossible. In any case, to avoid wearing the cloak of an itinerate imposter I will only claim to be a stranger, in the sense of the term as it was used by Simmel, and as it relates to the following short story.

After earning our degrees from Berkeley, my spouse got a full time position in Michigan. I did what countless other fresh PhDs have done – picked up teaching positions here and there and tried to make a go of it, hoping that sooner or later something permanent would come my way. I am sure many of you have been in that position. But hopefully not for very long! The longer that time of wandering extends, the further hope recedes.

It was at some point – quite far along -- that Kim invited me down to Chicago to give a talk in the Department.

It is important to remember precisely how important small gestures like that are in helping out young, struggling scholars, .... especially when they are teaching eight preparations and commuting 120 miles three times a week across the shifting time zone between Michigan and Indiana in a winter like the one we just had! Only one speeding ticket, mind you! And that was right after my son was born, and my spouse and I decided – with the blind faith of youth -- to add another ball to the juggling act of two increasingly precarious and perilously balanced careers.

It must have been in January that Kim invited me down, and he was, as he is, extremely generous, gracious and encouraging. I was star struck! In any case, after the talk we had a very pleasant dinner, and then headed out. Unfortunately the car was covered in thick ice. Despite the wind, the snow and the cold, we tried to continue the conversation about my work on physical fitness and sexuality, shouting to one another across the hood as I chipped away at the windshield.

Now, don't ask me why, but for some reason I took this moment to suggest that the wrestlers of Varanasi, about whom I had been talking, embodied their "individuality" in a manner similar to world renouncers, similar, that is, to sanyasis and sadhus. Mind you, the wind was howling. But, in retrospect, all I can remember hearing was dead silence!

You could hear the proverbial drop of a "dividual" needle!

And then --

"Young man, what, exactly, do you mean by "individuality?"

I busied myself with the ice on the windshield, and have no memory of what I said! But, most certainly, I have many fond memories of ongoing, inspired conversations with Kim over the years.

----

This past year I was in the Himalayas and will tell you a story to give meaning to the substance of a small gift I brought back for Kim: A token of respect, and a gesture of thanks.

I was trekking to Gaumukh, the source of the Ganga. My two sons were with me, and we were on the trail with thousands of rowdy young men, Kanvaria pilgrims, mostly from rural Haryana. They were fulfilling vows to carry water back home from the source, making the journey on foot without letting the holy water touch the ground. Almost everyone was smoking Shiv buti; potent hashish prasad of the Lord whose home is the Himalaya.

I had hired a guide to show us the way up and over the glacier to Tapovan, above the source at Gaumukh. Further up and further in, to mix mythologies!

As dusk began to fall we came around a bend and saw a small, shrunken old sadhu feeling his way down the trail with a bamboo staff, moving slowly against the tide of epic, ritual pilgrimage. He was blind, seemed very tired, and had a long way yet to go.

Our guide helped the old sadhu onto a comfortable rock to rest. We chatted, and fixed him a chillum of prasad. As it began to get dark, the sadhu thanked us and headed off into the night, as only we could see it falling. We watched him go, taping his staff in front, and then on the inside of the trail, before taking each step forward, further down and further out. We sat for a few minutes as the last rays of the sun lifted off Shivling, the sign of the dark Lord above us.

And then our guide said something quite remarkable.

“You know, all of these pilgrims come up here thinking that they will find god in the mountains. They come all the way up here to collect water they think is the goddess herself. What they don’t realize is that god is not here in these things. God is in the act of kindness extended to a stranger.”

Our guide’s name was not Émile Durkheim, but it could have been!

I have brought back a small gift for Kim from the source. It is holy water from that point at which Ganga crosses over from the other world into ours; from mythology into to the meaning we give to the fragments of material things that bind us together and make us whole.

It is, one might say, a very, very heavily marked substance! Wherever you want to place it in the cube, I can assure you, with the false bravado of baked Kanvaria: it has not touched the ground! But getting it past the NTSB at the airport required divine intervention!

In essence, though, what I would really like to say is that substances only take on meaning in relation to the stories that are told about them. As all of you know Kim is a master of telling us the stories we have learned to think by. So what this really is, is a kind of *prasad*: the mixed substance of an offering -- a token of gratitude and a gesture of thanks in return for the kindness that Kim extended to me, a stranger struggling down the path.

\* \* \* \* \*

**(Lawrence) Alan Babb**

Anthropology, Amherst College

As you know, I wasn't actually a University of Chicago student at all, to say nothing of being one of your own graduate students. I was a University of Rochester student and was lucky enough to get support for specialized South Asian language and area study for the academic year 1965-66. That's what brought me to Chicago. I mention this detail only to highlight the reception I got from you, which was cordial and inclusive from start to finish, and this included a lot mentoring, then and later—indeed, much later. Never—not once, not ever—did I feel that I was in any way excluded because I happened to be a temporary sojourner. I was deeply grateful then, and I remain grateful now.

I had two courses with you. One was a seminar on caste; the other a seminar on religion in South Asia taught jointly by you and Nur Yalman. They were immensely valuable to me and quite literally became the platform on which I began my career as a South Asianist anthropologist. If I've accomplished anything in my career, it began with those two courses. Adrian Mayer's *Caste and Kinship in Central India*—then relatively new and to this day (I believe) the best of the village monographs—made a tremendous impact on me. So did Morris Carstairs' *The Twice Born*. And so, too, did Louis Dumont's writings in *Contributions* (*Homo Hierarchicus* had yet to appear). And much else besides. But above all, I was tremendously interested in the ideas you were developing that ultimately became the foundation of "Hindu Transactions" and "Constructing an Indian Ethnosociology." These two essays are two of the most interesting and intellectually stimulating ever written by an anthropologist of South Asia, and the glimpse that I had of how they took shape was a hugely valuable part of my education.

Alas, I wasn't around when "Samsara" came on the scene. Perhaps I can learn to play it in my retirement!

There was something else of great value that I learned in your classes, and that is to take teaching seriously. The classes were wonderful, with readings that took us right to the leading edge of the issues of the period. Here, I came to see, is what it means to live for ideas. I wish to this day I had given as much as I got, but I was never much of a classroom discussant (pure fright, I'm afraid). But I assure you, you had no more attentive listener. A big part of the learning experience for me, by way, were the papers we were required to submit at each and every class meeting. It was our "ticket of admission," as I believe you put it then. Writing them was



definitely not always convenient, but no matter, write them one did, and doing so required serious engagement with the readings, which of course was the point. But more, you not only required the papers but read them and commented, sometimes extensively. Where did you find the time?

I had had so many teachers at that point in my life, but none, before or since, who made as much of an impression on me or contributed as much to my education as you.

Happy Birthday, Kim. And my warm thanks for so much. Alan (Alan Babb)

\* \* \* \* \*

## **Janet Barkley**

I am sitting on the front porch of a cabin in southern Illinois. The sun is shining, and all I can hear is the breeze in the trees and the call of the birds. It is a lovely place to contemplate about McKim Marriott, a man for whom I have the highest respect and affection. In February this year you, Barb, and I celebrated your 90th birthday and my 74th over a wonderful French dinner in Hyde Park. I felt blessed to share that event with you, in fact blessed to have your friendship.

One of the first times I remember being in your company was at a Christmas Party at my house in 1999. Who is this wiry man with the ready smile, the inquisitive, observant eyes behind the round specs, and the obvious air of confidence? I know he is special because my dear friend Barb loves him.

You are the man who looked handsome in his tuxedo with the lei around his neck when you were groom to Barbara's bride on your wedding day. The chapel at U of C was the perfect setting for your nuptials, attended by friends, family, and colleagues. I loved meeting your children at the reception in the Smart Museum. And now we come full circle as you are toasted in that same museum as we celebrate your life and your career.

Awed by your intellect and accomplishments, I have enjoyed learning about your times in India; I can picture that village and its people where you spent so much time and where you became a working and respected member of their culture. Those experiences fueled your long career, your writing, your teaching, and your nurturing of your students for all these years. How wonderful to have touched and influenced so many lives.

I worked with a history teacher who sometimes used the expression "renaissance man" to describe an outstanding young man who was academically and socially gifted and who knew both the arts and the sciences. You are the best example of that renaissance man that I have had the privilege to know. You are a man of anthropological science and a lifetime student of the arts. I am aware of that every time we attend a play together which is often. Your incredible memory comes into play when you tell me that you saw a play 50 years ago, how it was received then, and your present critique of the play and the playwright. And when you compare two

classical composers and reveal that you heard someone like Pablo Casals play a particular concerto at Carnegie Hall I experience vicariously your pleasure.

For the last 14 years we have shared theater at the Stratford Shakespeare Theater in Canada. Ten or twelve people around the breakfast table at our B and B discussing the productions we've seen the night before is nirvana. I look forward to the trip again this August. And I will even remember my passport.

Kim, I loved watching your recorded interview in which you told your life story, which is exceptionally fascinating. I admire and appreciate what your 90 years have sown and reaped. I look forward to sharing many more plays, many more conversations, and years more friendship. You and Barb have at times been my "port in a storm." I am grateful for that and for our kindness and affection. Congratulations on a life well-lived, my dear friend. Continue to dine from life's bountiful harvest and save me a place at your table.

With much love to Kim from Janet

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## **Brenda E. F. Beck**

Anthropology, University of Toronto, Canada

### Homage to McKim Marriott – Fifty Five Years Of Mentorship and Still Counting

McKim Marriott has been an inspiration and a guide to me for at least 55 years. My first encounters with him were as an undergraduate at the University of Chicago where I took several of his courses between the fall of 1958 and the spring of 1962. I remember reading his *Village India: Studies in the Little Community* during that period, and especially his story about his fieldwork during Holi when he had a garland of sandals placed around his neck! I was astonished and overjoyed to meet him in person once again just last spring, when he came to a lecture I gave at the University of C describing my current work. I could not believe how well, healthy and familiar he looked. He was the same Kim I remembered from half a century earlier, and as I learned on that day, he was still riding his bike!

Kim was largely responsible for my first job after completing doctorate in social Anthropology from Oxford, in a place an ocean and more away from Chicago, not just geographically but also in terms of interpretive theory. Marriott had helped me return to North America by arranging a position for me as a UofC Lecturer. It felt wonderful that he had not forgotten me after my long years abroad, not just in the UK but also in South India. Indeed, both my B.Litt. and D.Phil. theses had used his work on caste hierarchies and food exchange as a fundamental starting point. A few years later, after my doctoral dissertation had been revised to highlight the difference between right and left hand hierarchies Kim stepped in again to help me find a publisher. Both of these generous moments of assistance helped lay the core foundation stones on which my later career would build. I will be forever grateful to him for this.

Since 1969 I have spent my life in Canada. Nonetheless, Kim's profound influence on my research interests has never ceased to find its own special place. I was amazed, just a year back, to discover that he had designed an elaborate game for teaching about the Hindu concept of birth cycles in 1991 which he had called Samsāra.<sup>1</sup> I had recently designed a similar game of my own as a Flash application, based on a game that the key heroes in *The Legend of Ponnivala* play between themselves.<sup>2</sup> What a coincidence that I should have come up with a very similar teaching concept without ever knowing that Kim's work on this topic existed! Surely his influence under lies this parallel work of mine. After learning about his game, I was reminded once again of the connection and the impact his teaching and course work actually had on me so many years back.

And even today, as I write now, we have not reached the end of this tale of intertwined lives. Just a few months back I began to discover a number of traces of Tantric thinking hidden deep inside the medieval Ponnivala epic I am still struggling to deeply understand. These influences have to do with the flow of substances and of mystical forces between the bodies of the various characters that populate this huge and amazing story. I started to rethink the significance of these subtle exchanges only recently. And again they have led me right back to McKim Marriott's foundational principles of Hindu thought, ideas he has spent so many years trying to elicit in ever new ways. It is wonderful that Kim is still so energetic and still so full of new thoughts. He has always been, and always will be, one of my great teachers and role models. It was my good fortune that I encountered him so early on, so that he was there to help shape my career from its very start.

<sup>1</sup> McKim Marriott, *A Description of Samsara: A Realization of Rural Hindu Life*, Civilizations Course Materials Project, Social Sciences, Collegiate Division – The College, University of Chicago, 9/28/1991.

<sup>2</sup> An abbreviated version of this game, called *Ponnivala Parcheesi*, can be found on the internet at [www.annanmarkathai.com](http://www.annanmarkathai.com) Click on "games" and verify that you are age 13 or older to enter the site and play! More general information about this huge Ponnivala epic story can be found at [www.ponnivala.com](http://www.ponnivala.com)

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### **Robert D. Burness, Jr.**

Lawyer, Chico, CA; Fellow Student in the Japanese Language School, WWII

I received your email about the birthday party. I don't think I will be able to come to Chicago. I had my 90<sup>th</sup> birthday last July, and while I get around fairly well, I am afraid my traveling days are in the past.

Kim and I started out in the Japanese code reading at Stanford University in Palo Alto in 1944. I think there were 15 of us and the Army told us that 10 would graduate and the other 5 would be sent back to the infantry. We all worked hard, even staying up nights studying after lights out in the bathroom at Encina Hall. They told us that we would eventually be made captains if we graduated – I think we eventually made corporal.

When we arrived at Arlington Hall in Virginia we were not supposed to take pictures on the post, but I have a few of the barracks area and several others of myself and other soldiers.

We were all doing tremendously important work yet the commanding officer, Col. Corderman, insisted that we take a day every 3 weeks or so to spend the day doing KP – the Army mentality!!

What we did at Arlington Hall was probably the most interesting thing I have ever done and by far the most important. What we did literally saved tens of thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of American lives in WW2. In fact, I wonder sometimes if the US would have won the war without reading the Japanese codes. I remember, as I am sure Kim does also, the many instances of where we literally “saved the day” as it were.

War is such a terrible thing, which, if you are not directly involved, you may fail to appreciate.

So, that is about it for now.

Wish Kim a happy birthday for us.

\* \* \* \* \*

## **Al Collins**

Psychologist, Anchorage, Alaska

I was McKim Marriott’s student in 1964-1965 in “Indian Civ” at the University of Chicago. My favorite course in the College, the three quarter sequence officially known as “ Introduction to the Civilization of India” (now, of course, it is “South Asia”) had a reputation among friends who had taken it already as one of the most fun and stimulating offerings at the U of C, and I was eager to get into it. Dr. Marriott was about 40 years old at the time, but I recall him looking younger. A thin, wiry man, I believe he lectured to us mostly in the winter quarter, which was devoted to anthropology and sociology (fall was Indology; spring, history, politics, and law). His book *Village India* (I still have my old, hardback copy) provided much of our readings, but surely the high point was his lecture on the Holi festival in his village of Kishan Garhi, later printed in Milton Singer’s edited volume, *Krishna: Myths, Rites, and Attitudes* (1966). We had, as I recall, a mimeographed version of the paper, and also heard Dr. Marriott talk about it: one of the most amusing examples of participant observation I know, with the young anthropologist struggling to apply ideas from Evans-Pritchard and Malinowski as he was pelted with cow dung and made to recite songs to Krishna with a brace of shoes knotted about his neck. A classic in the literature of ritual bouleversement (or “transgressive sacrality”), the Holi paper has recently been discussed by Sunthar Visuvalingam on his Svabhinava.org listserv.

Later going into Indic Studies myself at the University of Texas, I fell for several years under the influence of Louis Dumont, Marriott’s admiring colleague (see the preface to *Homo Hierarchicus*) and rival. As late as 1976 I was struggling to refute Marriott’s criticisms of

Dumontian “encompassment” theory. Only around 1980 when Prakash Desai reintroduced me to Marriott and I became a member of a group meeting regularly with him for psychoanalytic discussions of India did I convert to his ethnosociological approach. For years I have used Kim’s “3-M” theory (as it was called then) along with Heinz Kohut’s psychoanalytic self psychology, and in 1991 published a paper in the *Journal of Indian Philosophy* attempting to integrate them both with Samkhya-Yoga psychological theories. Visits with Kim are always occasions for insight, and I look forward particularly to the latest “cube,” his diagrams of Indian phenomena interpreted within three dimensional grids of ethnosociological categories.

Happy birthday, Kim, and many more! The present most desired by your intellectual admirers, if such a reversal of birthday etiquette can be countenanced, would be a full-length and updated version of the 3-M theory (with its name also brought up to date) complete with as many cubes as possible. Along with your game Samsara, these visual diagrams are an enormous help in understanding Indian society and thought. May it come soon!

\* \* \* \* \*

## **Richard Davis**

Religion/Asian Studies, Bard College

Wow, Kim is 90! I do have a reminiscence which Kim will not remember, but I do, as it was his simple act that really made a difference to me. I arrived back at Chicago in 1978, as a South Asian Studies grad student. At that time, Kim and Raman were teaching an advanced seminar they called the "Person" seminar. I quickly sized that up as the hottest course to take. But as a new grad student, I had very little claim to get in. I went and tried to talk my way in with Professor Marriott. He remained a bit inscrutable, so I figured I wasn't going to make it. But that evening, the Professor called me at my apartment and wanted to recommend I read something by David Bakan, an article whose title I have now forgotten, based on our earlier conversation. That was one of the best acts of intellectual welcoming I can remember. Happy Birthday, Professor Marriott!

\* \* \* \* \*

## **Ken David**

Anthropology, Michigan State University

Here is a well-known recent photo of you (via youtube).



And here is a photo of you at the time we met during my first year of graduate school in 1965.



Other students and I soon learned to disregard the resemblance to Mr. Peepers. Papers graded by Kim resembled fall foliage; your text was surrounded by forest of comments (always

in red pen), questions, and pertinent references to be consulted. Unlike many professors who you had to track down in the afternoon tea, Kim would make and keep appointments. Discussions in his book-lined office on the second floor of Soc Sci were lengthy and detailed. This man took you seriously.

My main impression of Kim from that period was a person who was methodical, careful, and precise and well-informed. The one break from this image was his account of the celebration of Holi in Kishan Garhi, Uttar Pradesh. Kim accepted a festive breakfast from his ally, Kishan Singh, and got stoned from drinking fruit juices laced with bhang: “the rest of the day was a brilliant smear...” I have told this story to generations of students. It humanizes the role of the anthropologist doing field research.

The most intensive interaction took place in the period leading up to the proposal defense. He debated every word for its contribution to the rationale and method. This preparation was appreciated because the Chicago Anthropology proposal defense was one of the sharpest intellectual challenges I have faced; the dissertation defense was a breeze by comparison. Before departure for Jaffna, Sri Lanka, to study variations in social structure among agriculturalists, fishermen, and artisans, he gave me a self-deprecating method for the part of the study requiring a delicate touch: the ranking transactions study. Picture asking people (from Pariyārs to Brahmins) to arrange a set of cards; the arrangement indicates the relative rank of all the castes. His suggestion was to enlist sympathy by telling each person that my teacher was a tyrant who ordered me to do this study. His suggestion worked so well that I have been using it for over 40 years when my students are faced with a tough task.

Roles changed during that period in the late 1960s. The Anthropology department had an uncoordinated set of people whose work overlapped on code and substance: Akos Ostor in Calcutta, Steve Barnett in Madras, and me in Jaffna. Kim was faced with reports from South Asia that he could have ignored but (along with Ron Inden) instead developed into the pursuit of Ethnosociological studies. Many academics are superb in educating their students to produce knowledge; Kim was also able to learn from his students and shift his intellectual course. I can think of no higher compliment to a teacher.

\* \* \* \* \*

## **Prakash Desai, MD**

Clinical Psychiatry (Emeritus), University of Illinois, Chicago

When I first returned from India after an almost two year stint at a psychoanalytic psychiatric clinic a friend of mine (late Anil Bhatt, a graduate student then) persuaded me to come to U of C to talk about my experiences in India as a psychiatrist. To my surprise the informal Friday afternoon talk attracted a large audience and a very lively discussion ensued. After the talk Anil not only expressed his satisfaction but pointed out that one of the famous UC professors McKim

Marriott was there and was the one who asked a certain question and that meant that my talk was very well received. Such was my introduction to this towering figure in Indian Studies.

After a few more meetings I became an infrequent participant in Kim's graduate seminars. He never missed an opportunity to tempt my attendance with a graduate student's presentation that somehow touched on psychiatry, and informal as well as formal presentations of his former student. He included me in important meetings, gatherings, lectures by visiting faculty and special seminars touching on his project on the Hindu person. Kim opened my eyes and my mind. He accurately observed that I tended to look at pathology and pathologies behavior, the curse of my discipline. But slowly under his careful eye, and scrutiny of my scribbles, I began to learn how to understand Indian behavior in Indian terms. In no small measure my development from a rather narrowly oriented psychiatrist into a more perceptive student is because of Kim Marriott. In his very humble and gentle way he corrected and shaped my thinking and also strongly encouraged me to become more familiar with diverse literature on the Indian mind. He took me under his fold and treated me as one of his graduate students, always mindful of my self-esteem. One sees in him a constant desire and a persistent effort to shape growing minds, truly a teacher to the core.

How does one celebrate a man who has produced dozens of students who hold prestigious positions across the land and overseas but contributed to the development of those who came into contact with him over decades, and one who continues to be productive, creative and one who seeks to constantly improve on his own insights? I recently saw a grant proposal that he was working on, at his age, an amazing feat! I salute him.

I wish I could have been personally in attendance at the celebration of this brilliant career and shake his hand to thank him for his contribution to my seeing things better and understanding my own culture in a more appropriate and original perspective. Kim, I owe a debt of gratitude.

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## **Wendy Doniger**

Divinity School, South Asian Languages and Civilizations, Social Thought  
University of Chicago

[Removed at contributor's request – SV]

\* \* \* \* \*

## **Van Dusenbery**

Anthropology/Global Studies, Hamline University

[Reproduced with contributor's permission– SV]



I am delighted to be able to return to the U of C to help celebrate McKim Marriott's 90th birthday and to attest to the important role Kim has played in the discipline of anthropology and the field of South Asian studies as well as his impact on my own development as an anthropologist and Sikh studies scholar.

My relationship to Kim as an intellectual mentor is probably quite different from that of his other Anthropology and South Asian studies students. While Kim was the main theoretical influence on my Anthropology dissertation ("Sikh Persons and Practices: A Comparative Ethnosociology"), Kim was not on my dissertation committee and I took only one formal course with him (and, that, only after returning from the field)!

I came to the U of C not as a South Asianist but rather as someone interested in American new religious movements and utopian communities, having done undergraduate research with a group called the Healthy, Happy, Holy Organization (3HO). Only gradually did my continuing work with 3HO lead me to Sikh and Punjab studies, as it was leading 3HO members to begin see themselves as Sikh converts and to bring them into contact with Punjabi Sikhs. And it was only after returning from fieldwork in Vancouver, BC, and trying to make sense of the conflicts and mutual misunderstandings arising between these North American Sikh converts and the Punjabi Sikh immigrant community in North America that I found that South Asian ethnosociological writings of Kim (and his colleagues and students) helped to explain the different understandings of persons and practices upon which my informants' actions and judgments were predicated. Thus, I began to work with Kim directly only as I was writing up after my dissertation fieldwork.

While those on my dissertation committee wanted a completed draft to read (and waited for many years to get one!), Kim was a generous reader of chapters of my dissertation as they emerged from my typewriter and, eventually, my computer. I could always count on Kim's red pen comments to spark additional thoughts and to send me back for more reflection and revision. Eventually, I came to understand that there would never be a draft that returned without MM comments as some final, finished product. There were always, for Kim, more questions that could be asked, more facets of the material that could be explored.

I found Kim's South Asian ethnosociological project intellectually exciting. And I have long felt that it was unfairly labeled as neo-Orientalist, coming as it did at the height of the postcolonial critique of anthropology. For me, the value of insights generated through Kim's approach was less in the formal properties, models, and categories it was generating (in Kim being "the Talcott Parsons that India hadn't had"), compelling as that was, but rather more in how thinking in terms of alternative ethnosociologies can help in making sense of real-world social interactions across difference – like the collision of ethnosociologies that I was witnessing between Gora (white) Sikh converts and Punjabi Sikh immigrants in North America.

I also came to appreciate the dynamic aspect of Samsāra, the role playing game that Kim developed, which I successfully played with my students at Carleton and at Reed – both with and

without Kim's presence, but always with his ever-expanding Saṃsāra guide. Playing Saṃsāra, my students and I agreed, was a productive exercise not only for illustrating 'mixing', 'matching', and 'marking' but also for understanding structure and agency.

Recently, I've had to smile about the much-discussed "ontological turn" in Anthropology. In my Anthropological Thought & Theory course, I've long taught Kim's article "Alternative Social Sciences," which way back in the early 1990s critiqued the Euro-centrism of western social science and gave us the following advise: "rather than continue to endure the absurdities that come from applying just their own tribal paradigms to other peoples who do not share them, researchers might well seek to investigate, before they attempt to interpret behavior in another culture, *the ontology of that culture*" (1992:269; emphasis added). When I read some of the current hype about the "ontological turn," I keep thinking that Kim turned the attention of many of us in that direction decades ago!

In short, Kim has made innumerable contributions to Anthropology and to South Asian studies and invaluable contributions to my own growth as an anthropologist and late-arriving South Asianist. I'm proud to claim him as a mentor, and I'm happy to be able to share in this celebration of his 90th birthday.

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### **Joan Erdman**

Anthropology and Cultural Studies, Columbia, College, Chicago

As a first year graduate student, I didn't fully understand Kim Marriott's amazing ethnographic skills until I attended a gathering for faculty and students one evening. When I arrived Kim was talking with a student from my Hindi class, a very quiet and private person, who had not shared any personal stories or information about herself with any of us in the class. Naturally we were curious, but no question or hint yielded anything at all. I joined them, and found that this student was pouring out her personal story to Kim, revealing all kinds of things about herself. I listened, fascinated, and when she moved on, I asked Kim how he had gotten her to tell him so much. I just asked her to tell me about herself, he said. And that was that.

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### **Raymond Fogelson**

Anthropology, University of Chicago

I consider Kim to be a valued mentor and colleague. Others will highlight his depth of knowledge of and innovative approaches to South Asian studies. I want to draw attention to his unique accomplishments as a teacher. Besides influencing a strong and varied cohort of graduate

students who went on to successful careers in anthropology, he also had an important impact on undergraduate education.

When I joined the Department in 1965, we had no undergraduate program, as such. In those days the College was much smaller and less structured. Soc II was already established, but had not yet become a branded, and fossilized, Core component. Much more experimentation was possible, and co-teaching was not viewed suspiciously as a conspiracy to complicate the lives of College administrators. In addition to his many contributions to the non-Western Civilization sequence, Kim also created the format for the “Intensive Study of a Culture” class that later became the mainstay of our undergraduate Concentration Program.

According to one legendary account, Kim once arrived in his Soc II section of about 25 students and sat quietly in the back of the room. He was much younger then and probably could pass as a slightly older undergraduate. The class became restless and rudderless without an instructor, but Kim said nothing for the whole period. It was the same at the second class session. Some class members became angrily outspoken, others became withdrawn and sullen, still others departed. Finally, near the end of the second class, Kim broke his silence and presented the class with a detailed sociometric diagram of their frustrated interactions. It was a memorable first lesson in social science. Kim’s creative skills as a teacher were duly recognized with a well-deserved Quantrell Award.

I can personally vouch for his pedagogic imagination and collegiality. Together we taught a successful course on our convergent but distinctive interests in ethnopsychology. Our topic was quite radical and edgy for the time. We offered a serious critique of Western notions of personality and psychology more generally, as well as using the class as a kind of laboratory to compare and contrast Native American and South Indian orientations to the self and non-self. It was a positive teaching experience for us and for our highly challenged students.

Perhaps we can collaborate once again in a future course in ethno-gerontology.  
Happy birthday, Kim.

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## **Edwin Gerow**

Religion & Humanities, Reed College

Kim — congratulations and a « chapeau » for reaching such a milestone! It gives your old friends and colleagues (many of whom are not far behind you), hope and encouragement. I regret that distance and increasing infirmity of purpose keep me from extending my felicitations in person.

Kim has been a friend and mentor for most of my adult life, or even my pre-adult life, if my days as a *brahmacārin* at the University are counted. Kim was a core figure in the development of the

first Indian Civilization Course, which served as a model in the 60's and 70's for many other schools caught up in the need to broaden their offerings beyond the traditional focus on Western values and traditions. As one of the course's original interns I was well equipped to spread the good word elsewhere. Our paths have crossed in later years at the University and we have collaborated on interesting « anthropo-philological » projects, some of which even came within the purview of the Journal of the American Oriental Society during my editorship, considerably broadening the scope of that august publication.

Kim's persistence in discovering ways of talking about Indian society through "Indian" categories of analysis and discourse places him in territory long cultivated, *faute de mieux*, by philologists and literary historians. Not to speak of Indians themselves, who had little choice. The interesting cross-cultural issues that are raised by this sort of endeavor, whether "natives" or "outliers", lie at the heart of Kim's work, which remains a constant challenge to those who would free themselves, at least academically, from the naive solipsisms that time and place impose on each of us. *Gratias agimus tibi, Vale!*

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## **Gautam Ghosh**

Social Anthropology, University of Otago, New Zealand

Professor McKim Marriott studied at Harvard, Stanford and Chicago. And yet, from such humble beginnings....

Perhaps something more personal is more appropriate for the occasion.

My earliest memory of Kim was the first day of lecture in one of his courses when I started my UC Anthro PhD, in 1990. He walked into the room and then immediately left, without a word in between. But he mediated these dual actions with an audio cassette player (so 'mediated' quite literally too) that he put on the desk at the front of the room and turned on, leaving us students listening and curious. I still wonder where he went (perhaps I have too much time on my hands) and what he left us listening to for those long, intriguing minutes? In any case, the message seemed to be: ethnography first.

Of course Kim later returned to the lecture room, and then proceeded to have a significant impact on my thinking from then until now about, in particular, Hindu models of the world.

Ah – was the cassette of Suyá singing? I do remember reading Seeger's *Why Suyá Sing* for that course, and reading it as an amazing ethnographic initiation to structuralism. The idea was,

seemed to be, to show the power of structuralist analysis ... as a way of then clearing the field for making structuralism multidimensional and fluid. It was not the structuralism of *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose* (indeed I don't recall any French readings in that course...). But, rather, a structuralism of flux, ripened by ethnography and Indology so that those worlds, and the study of them, would better match. No less memorable than the intellectual innovation was the unwavering excitement.

His ideas had and have depth and reach – the last also quite literarily: I recall I was away from Chicago, doing fieldwork in Kolkata I think, when I received a letter from Kim including an article about household living deities, about which I was writing at the time. “Gautam, this seems your cup of tea,” he wrote, about the article. I guess I remember that as a way of reflecting that Kim has come to me in many ways, not least through those who have channeled and elaborated his ideas, explicitly or otherwise.

Happy 90th, Kim, and thank you. Here's to an auspicious ascent to the 100<sup>th</sup>.

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## **Beatrice Jauregui**

Criminology/Sociolegal Studies, University of Toronto

Happy 90<sup>th</sup> Birthday! Among your many other accomplishments, this is an impressive one. I am sorry that I cannot be in Chicago to celebrate with you and everyone else. In lieu of attending the party, I figured I would send on a birthday missive, thanking you for being a part of my training and ongoing development as an anthropologist working in India.

I remember first hearing about you and your work from your student, Usha Menon, whom I met in 1999 as an undergraduate at the University of Pennsylvania, not long after she started teaching at Drexel. This was around the time that I became generally interested in ethnic conflict and South Asian political and legal history; and after completing my BA in 2000, I went to India for the first time on a small research grant from Penn, to study inter-community marriage (which eventually resulted in my first published article in the *Journal of South Asian Studies*, 2003). I believe it was at that time that Usha recommended I read your article on Constructing an Indian Ethnosociology, and emphasized to me the importance of trying to understand things first and foremost in terms of local conceptual categories.

A couple of years later, after working at the Center for the Advanced Study of India in Philadelphia, and eventually being accepted into the University of Chicago Department of Anthropology PhD program, to start in Fall 2002, Usha told me again to look out for you when I

arrived on campus... which I did, and believe I first saw you when you rode up to Haskell on your bicycle one fine fall afternoon (not long after my own had be stolen while attending my first Systems class!). I remember being impressed that you got around this way; and I subsequently enjoyed meeting you and running into you in the hallways of our department home as I progressed from first year graduate student to PhD candidate.

I remember one time in particular, when you were doing some reorganizing of your office (on the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor, right?) and cleaning out some old files, and you showed me a bunch of old documents and draft diagrams of your Indic ethnosociology and ethnopolitical models, which I found fascinating to think with as I prepared to do my own ethnography of police practices in Uttar Pradesh. I remember you sending me a bibliography you had compiled with sources on Indic assumptions about law (*artha* vs. *dharma*) “in action”, and took it with me when I began my fieldwork in March 2006. Our discussions of village life in northern India and Indic cultural categories of practice stuck with me as a kind of guide while I navigated the murky work of doing participant observation with police in the rural areas outside of Lucknow city.

After returning to Chicago in late 2007, and trying to think through the mountain of material I had brought back with me from UP, I recall another fruitful conversation that led to your sending me some diagrams of Indic homologies of power, political roles, *varna*, etc. These helped me to think my way through some of the contradictions I had witnessed among everyday practices and expressed evaluations or explanations of said practices by their practitioners, especially the idea of *jugaad* that kept coming up, which you very helpfully suggested I consider in terms of multi-dimensionality as well as, or more than, in terms of Levi-Strauss’s concept of bricolage and the Chinese notion of *guanxi*, with which I still think there are strong analogies.

As you may recall, I ended up making the practiced concept of *jugaad* central to the first substantive chapter of my dissertation, which I eventually defended in late 2009, and later began re-writing a portion of that chapter as an article, in an attempt to relate this distinctly Indian category of practice to a wider audience of anthropologists and social scientists interested in how people conceive of actions that are often glossed as “corruption” as, well, something else. The best cultural-linguistic “translation” I could come up with, for the moment anyway, is what I’ve called “provisional agency”, which I argue people in northern India who deploy *jugaad* understand as both a capability to provide a social good and a temporary means of mobility geared toward a better future.

As you know (since I sent you an electronic copy), this article, titled “Provisional agency in India: *Jugaad* and legitimation of corruption” was just published in *American Ethnologist* Volume 41, Number 1 (February 2014). Though I’ve published other articles and book chapters on my ethnography with UP police, this is the first of my pieces to appear in a flagship anthropology journal. Its publication coincided with my receiving an offer for a tenure track position as Assistant Professor of Criminology and Sociolegal Studies (cross-appointed in

Anthropology) at the University of Toronto, which I will begin in Fall 2014. You have been no small part of helping to move all of this forward. Thank you.

I was very interested to learn in our most recent correspondence that you think my published thoughts on *jugaad* “fit very nicely in the ‘subtle’ corner of [your] *Samkhya* cube—the corner for all superior and cool, but noncoherent Hindu phenomena like play laughter, magic, the arts, philosophy, gods, ghosts, and hallucinogens”. I will have to think further on this, and invite you to share any and all other references you may have related to these ideas—I also look forward to reading the essay you mentioned you are writing on the *Samkhya* paradigm of 20<sup>th</sup> century Indic civilization. I would be honored if my work played some small role in helping that essay come to light,

Our discussions in general—in person, via email and on paper—and particularly your thoughtful and generous critical readings of my work on *jugaad* have been immensely constructive and crucial to my thinking as I progress in my scholarly career. Next stop: revising parts of the dissertation and writing at least one or two new chapters to publish in the form of my first monograph, the draft of which I hope to complete in the next year or so. I will look forward to future correspondence, and really cannot thank you enough for all of the time and energy you have given to helping me with my work.

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## **Ernst Karel**

Sensory Ethnography Lab/Anthropology, Harvard

Despite the fact that I was in the Committee on Human Development (PhD '03), and not in Anthropology, McKim Marriott was a central figure in my graduate school experience. Although I had a background in studying Indian religions, I didn't enter U of C intending to do fieldwork in India. Looking back, it seems clear that key among the reasons why I ended up doing so was the way Kim points out what's at stake in understanding the kinds of categories that underlie our experience of the world. I had developed an interest in the anthropology of sound, and in the ways in which sounds might be experienced in South Indian cultural contexts, and I felt lucky that Kim found this particular angle very interesting. Though he retired while I was a student, he remained incredibly active as professor emeritus in the life of the university, and I benefited from this beyond measure. I had the opportunity to attend various mind-opening presentations he gave (with multiple overlaid transparencies on the overhead projector), including in the basement of Human Development's building on Woodlawn, and I participated in a stimulating experimental class involving role-playing the game of Samsara, which I seem to remember meeting on the weekends. Most fortunately for me, we had many conversations in his office, during which I remember being impressed by the slowing down of time, of allowing space and time for thought; he would close his eyes sometimes in careful consideration of the matter at hand. Witnessing the strength of his patient concentration served as a potent example to me, and

I knew how fortunate I was that he was directing it towards matters that I was investigating in my research. I am ever grateful to him for serving on my dissertation committee, and indeed, for reading drafts of my work far more closely than anyone else; the subsequent conversations with him were always challenging, supportive, and enlightening. In these conversations he would share with me not only his own work but also the work of previous students, and in the work of these students I felt the refracting radiance of his carefulness shining through. The combined ideas and approaches of Kim and his former students would shape my thinking as much aesthetically as intellectually – and here I began to realize that these two aspects are inseparable.

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**John Kelly**, Anthropology, University of Chicago  
**Martha Kaplan**, Anthropology, Vassar College

We have known Kim Marriott for more than thirty years and have a remarkable range of memories. Kim has been a teacher and a colleague and a friend. Martha is particularly grateful for Kim's gracious and thoughtful guidance when she prepared to go to India for the first time, pursuing research on Mountstuart Elphinstone and British colonial ideology, not exactly Kim's favorite topics. John remembers spending intense and wonderful hours in Kim's office as a graduate student, with Bo Sax, Vish Pandya and of course Kim, comparing Sanskrit categories across a range of ritual and philosophical texts, Sankhya, Nyaya, Mimamsa and Buddhist. We are sorry we cannot be with you tonight to share Kim's birthday. And above all we want to share one particular memory.

It comes from before Martha had ever heard of Kim Marriott, or of John Kelly for that matter, from when John was in his junior year of college. John's brother was due to begin graduate school in Arizona and John was driving with his brothers across the country for the first and only time. They came through Chicago and visiting family friends in Evanston, and then John convinced his brothers to come take a look at the University of Chicago before they went west.

John remembers several things very vividly about that trip. The first was the five miles south from the loop to Hyde Park. It was hard to believe that it was still Chicago. Second was the gothic shade of the run of buildings on 59<sup>th</sup> Street, and the dim interior light after the brilliant outdoor sun. Entirely by accident, John walked in to the Social Sciences building, given five minutes by his brothers, and changed his life. He had just begun studying anthropology as part of 'Social Studies' at Harvard, and there on the building directory were the names of several of the U of Chicago anthropologists. He didn't know that he was looking at less than half of them, that most were moved to Haskell Hall by then. Didn't recognize most of the names anyway, couldn't spot Marshall Sahlins' name.



But he remembers well seeing the name McKim Marriott. It fit the place, completely. John already knew who McKim Marriott was. He was the best anthropologist of India anywhere in the world. John had read some of Kim's debate with this eminent French guy Louis Dumont. Kim was right. Tambi said so. By the time John actually met McKim Marriott, Kim was already the teacher of a generation of extraordinary South Asia ethnographers, mentor of a network of outstanding field researchers whose collective contribution to South Asian studies may never be equaled. It has been an honor to be his student and colleague.

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## **Ravindra S. Khare**

Anthropology, University of Virginia

### **Images and Influence: Reminiscent Notes**

#### **Prologue**

What follows is the way I recall Professor Kim Marriott from where I am now, *unaided* by any previous notes, written letters, or diaries in my possession. Recalling R. K. Narayan's style in *My Dateless Diary* on his 1956 American visit, I open with my experiences as a postdoctoral student who had flown from Lucknow to Chicago in the fall of 1963. My memories of that travel were closely intertwined with Kim Marriott.

Given this occasion, my writing is celebratory, reminiscing rather informally about Kim as a scholar and a friend.

#### **I First contact**

In spring of 1962 in Lucknow I had received an eagerly awaited evaluation letter from Professor McKim Marriott, my "external" American Ph.D. dissertation reader. The report was a part of the Lucknow University's requirement that a Ph.D. student's written research should be examined by an "external" expert qualified on the topic and discipline of research. With no easy access to a typewriter, I had promptly thanked Kim Marriott by a handwritten "airmail" letter, and he had replied.

A follow-up letter exchange had encouraged me to seek his advice on furthering my research in anthropology. His short, to-the-point reply also indicated that he was a rather reserved yet prompt correspondent. His encouraging remarks on my village study (of "domestic sanitation in a north Indian village") were reassuring to me another way: my research topic was not "too applied." An indifferent response from him, I knew, could have had a very different impact on my career.

Supported by Kim, I had sought to spend a postdoctoral year in anthropology at University of Chicago, and had received initial stipend for an academic year (1963-64) from the International House of the University of Chicago.

## **II Opening meeting**

Lucknow and Chicago, in 1963 fall, were in myriad ways two strikingly distant, different cultural worlds. Until then, I had lived a rather socially sheltered, personally reserved life in Lucknow and at Lucknow University. “Going to America” was a socially noticed event at the time; it meant going to a “distant foreign country.” Armed with the University of Chicago’s air mailed admission and other letters and brochures, and after a long flight to Chicago via London, I entered the shiny sprawling Chicago as my first introduction to America, American culture, and an American university.

My first meeting with Kim Marriott was at his office in the Anthropology Department. I still clearly recall meeting an energetic, bespectacled, politely smiling scholar, who was attentive and caring toward a first time diffident Indian visitor. More important, I had found him deftly attentive to both the American and northern India learned cultural sensibilities. During our opening conversation, I had told him I was a vegetarian and needed his pointers to navigate through the foods the two cafeterias feeding me at the International House and the Billing’s Hospital served.

Next: He had declared he would be “Kim” for me. I had hesitated, saying “Kim” was too personal and informal for a junior person like me. Conforming to the Indian ways, I had requested that he call me “Khare.” And so he did. In published references, however, I had noticed he would spell my full name (rather than use “R.S. Khare”). He perhaps wanted to register my “individuality” American style.

With disarming simplicity and clarity, he had encouraged me to keep working on the research topics/writings I had brought with me from India.

## **III Images and Influence**

I remember Kim as my primary American academic guide and supporting referee, especially until the late seventies. He had influenced me since the early sixties by being a highly disciplined intellect and a mentoring friend. His distinctly focused researches and writings on India stood out for me. Kim wrote only on very carefully selected topics. His publications showed thorough systematic literature research, often accompanied with distinct diagrammatic representations, and a distinct theoretical explication. For some, he wrote far too little, keeping so much more implicit for his readers. During the early seventies, for example, Kim’s two well-known but different papers (i.e. “The Feast of Love” and “Caste Ranking and Food Transactions: A Matrix Analysis”) had stood out. Perhaps these had represented “two” different sides of Marriott. Though his “feast of love” has long remained a gem, he never returned in print to this kind of

writing. Instead, “social science” pursuing Marriott, who had started with his transactional analyses of the inter-caste “matrices,” would take over. This analyst would transform, for instance, into a four dimensional transactional “cubist” for explicating how the Hindu cosmology, with its distinct fluid constituents and constructions, ran. He would finally deliver this way in 1989 “ethnosociology” of the “Indian categories” and “Indian realities.” The inventor of the “SAMSARA” classroom game (1987) had also appeared in between.

#### **IV Revisiting two writings**

I have juxtaposed, during teaching, Marriott’s two major writings: “The Feast of Love” (1966) and “Constructing an Indian ethnosociology” (1989). Once we linger on them, they show how meaningfully they interrelate. They record Kim’s two—opening and concluding—methodological locations as faithfully as also where and how he concluded with a plea for ever deeper India-West epistemological explorations. Thus:

“The social meaning of Krishna’s doctrine [of love] in its rural north Indian recension is not unlike one conservative social implication of Jesus’ Sermon on the Mount” (my interpolation; “The Feast of Love,” last page). “Western and Indian sciences cannot be easily made one, yet they are enough alike that those who practice both can heighten their awareness of common underlying issues, such as equivalence and anti-equivalence relations, or context-free and context sensitive variations.... Deep comparisons are possible. (“Constructing an Indian ethnosociology,” conclusions).

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#### **Nisha Kommattam**

South Asian Languages & Civilizations, University of Chicago

[Removed at contributor’s request – SV]

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#### **Nita Kumar**

South Asia History, Claremont McKenna College

[Reproduced with contributor’s permission – SV]

I want to share a truth with you that will be less news to some of you than to others. Ethnosociology is correct. That is, people in South Asia, as all people everywhere, do have a different way of thinking to that of the normative West. Now, there has been sufficient intellectual discussion of the position, from supporters and critics alike, from insiders and outsiders, for me to preferably not go into the matter here. I am speaking *fondly* and *personally*

when I say “Ethnosociology is correct.” I am speaking of my fondness for Kim as a teacher and a person, and I am speaking personally of the many ways I came to understand my society, history and culture thanks to his teaching, out-of-class discussions, and many friendly conversations.

Kim Marriott is obviously and has always been an idiosyncratic person. Some of his body language habits were so unique and charming that I found, to my bemusement, that they were catching, and that I had acquired them, as is the manner of idolatrous students. His rapt attention to a speaker in a seminar, head cocked to one side, pointed chin sticking out, a faint smile playing on his lips which a moustache shadowed, while snugly clad against Chicago weather *always* in a high necked dark-coloured jersey—is a pose internalised by some of us. His quiet amendments to your sloppiness of speech by suggesting a gentle comparison with more precision, “Some people would say..... But that’s not *your* position, is it?” His spontaneous, even childlike, display of pleasure as he broke out into a surprised and delighted smile because you had obviously struck a chord with your analysis or fact. His physical twitch of excitement as an idea registered was presented or received—these are bodily and vocal habits that make Kim memorable.

Teachers should always be strict and particular. They must know what they believe and what they think. They are who they are because they have thought of big ideas in big ways and you have come across the world to study at their feet. Nothing can shake me—no amount of teasing about beliefs in *gurus* and *gurudom*—from holding on to this faith. For me, indeed for quite a few of us at Chicago in the seventies and eighties, nothing was bigger a pronouncement than Kim Marriott’s ethnosociological linking of different aspects of South Asian life. He was persuasive. He was strong-minded. In that he called some of us—me—‘obstinate’ because our questions did not cease, *he* was obstinate. But I did not ever judge him against the ideal of what teachers should be. I judged teachers against the ideal *he* presented.

I realise now that I played my own games and tricks on you, Kim. When you went to India for a conference, I asked my husband, based in Delhi, to meet you in your hotel with something to bring back to me. That shawl was an excuse, duly delivered to me by you in a Crate & Barrel bag. What I had successfully plotted was that two charming men would meet each other and get along fabulously. Kim said to me, delivering the bag, with a matchless smile, “I was with Som just the day before yesterday.” Som said to me later, with a similar smile, “So! I met your Professor Marriott.” But nothing else is, strictly, a trick. When you work harder to satisfy your teacher, when you pick and choose topics and materials because such is his own bent, when you dissect further knowing that he will see through weaker, half-hearted attempts—these things are not meant to just please him, but you know that somewhere he is right and you must get it right too and the rightness will be demonstrated in his pleasure—why these are exactly the heart of the process of teaching and learning, and are not games at all.

Speaking of games. I wish Kim had the personality to perfect and market his Samskara: A Game of Hindu Life. In today’s time, were he different, it could have been a start-up venture.

Global companies and advertisers would have lapped up this latest postcolonial comment, as they have the works of Salman Rushdie and Arundhati Roy. The actual game was never used by me outside of his class, perhaps because of its explicit forays into hierarchies I found distasteful, but there were many, many adaptations of the game that I did use and continue to use.

Then there is the cube. Why not a lotus shape; why a cube? A fellow student once asked. Well, Kim likes straight lines and angles. He is not a lotus-type person, his yoga and gentle body and vegetarian diet notwithstanding. He is a product of Cartesian Europe, together with the discipline, the expectations of others, the rationality and punctuality of his own life. No, a cube made perfect sense to me, and I have always gazed at Kim's endless explorations of its many possibilities with fascination.

But it is time to be serious. I want to plead with you to excuse any trace of bombast when I say that, after sitting at Kim's feet, I learnt to understand myself, my body, my practices, my surroundings, and the trembling, dialectical, multi-shaded thing that was called India, that I had grown up in. I understood why touching something could be bad. Why a counter-touch of water was essential. Why you did not offer some things, why you did not accept some other things. Why my grandmother did what she did. Why my husband, even, loved or abhorred certain practices. With Kim I experienced a somersaulting into vast intellectual spaces that were then forever, endlessly available to explore into infinity. Spaces that are themselves vaulting around, revolving with the seasons and moving around in time.

Thank you, Kim. My deepest regards and love to you.

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## **Richard Kurin**

Under Secretary for History, Art and Culture, Smithsonian Institution  
Member, Visiting Committee to the Division of the Social Sciences,

### **For Professor McKim Marriott and his 90<sup>th</sup> Birthday Festivities**

It was Kim Marriott's festivities that truly brought me into anthropology. Not a birthday celebration in Chicago, but rather his account of Holi festivities in his first fieldwork village in India.

As a somewhat naïve New Yorker and sophomore in college, I had learned some Hindi and then went off to India in 1970, traveling around the country, living in a Punjabi village, and doing some artifact collecting for the American Museum of Natural History. I modelled my amateur attempt at ethnography after some of the extant village studies of the time, and quickly realized that I was sorely lacking in background knowledge on Indian civilization and cultures. But I was intrigued with the challenge of trying to understand the social and cultural life I observed and participated in. The question for me was how to do that?

Back in the U.S., the answer came as I flirted with anthropology and read Kim's "The Feast of Love," an insightful though wonderfully personalized account of his participation in the annual celebration of Holi. It was a turning point. Here was a distinguished scholar writing in a dispassionate, yet honestly self-deprecating way about this joyous rite of social inversion and boundary-breaking. I was so impressed by Kim's sense that he had a duty to participate in the villagers' activities as a means of understanding them. For him, this form of cultural empathy extended somewhat inadvertently to drinking a large, intoxicating *bhang* milkshake, dancing—one imagines quite awkwardly—with a garland of shoes, and playing the village bumpkin. Here was scholarship and humility, an inversion of sorts in its own right—and besides, to me, a child of the 60s Kim sounded "cool." I just had to study at Chicago.

I did, with Kim, and Ralph, and Ramanujan, and Naim, and Tambiah and Frank Reynolds and other great guides. Of course, upon meeting Kim I was immediately disabused of the notion that he was in any sense "cool"-- in the hip sort of way. I was though thoroughly convinced of his brilliance.

The large and important lesson he taught me, and so many others, was one of intense intellectual engagement with the culture of those we seek to understand and represent. Kim's work on ethnosociology opened up a whole world of inquiry. His drive to understand India's social metaphysics, its categories, classifications and ways of framing knowledge was to me the ultimate demonstration of cross-cultural respect. This was a most significant turn in the anthropological tradition of participation and observation.

Kim's work has provided valuable interpretative insights into understanding South Asian social life—and dramatically exposed our own assumptions. He's influenced many. And though a number of scholars, including his students, have taken issue over some of his findings, I think many have internalized the seriousness of his quest for cultural understanding, a methodology that starts with the local or indigenous conceptual framework, and a genuine respect for the diverse philosophical creativity of human beings. Nothing better exemplifies our scholarly practice.

With utmost respect for a great anthropologist and inspiring teacher, and wishes for a very happy birthday!

\* \* \* \* \*

## **Sarah Lamb**

Anthropology, Brandeis

McKim Marriott taught me how to be an anthropologist. A prodigious scholar whose impact on the field of the anthropology of South Asia is immeasurable, Kim gave hours and hours of his time and mentorship to his students.

So, one day when I arrived in Chicago from where I had been writing my dissertation in Berkeley, I turned up at the appointed time of 8:30 a.m. in Kim's book-lined office. He pulled out my dissertation chapters covered with his penetrating marginalia. As most professors—I now fully realize, having become one myself—can only spare at most thirty to sixty minutes with each student, I had arrived at my morning meeting with Professor Marriott that day expecting to be free well before lunch. But when lunchtime came around, Kim pulled out his modest paper sack and proceeded to split each item with me so we could continue our meeting. We talked and talked until 5:00 p.m., when he invited me to return the next morning. Again, we talked over my materials from morning until evening.

Finding that Western categories often present obstacles to understanding differing cultural realities, Kim increasingly sought to employ South Asian civilization's own analytic categories and logics, developing an Indian ethno-social science. Even those among his students who didn't really "do" "the cube" found the elaborate models and multidimensional graphs he would devise after reading our draft dissertation and book chapters startlingly astute and constructive. Kim pushed us to question each term we used, to uncover each unrecognized assumption we brought to our fieldwork data—pushing us to come as close as possible to understanding the intricacy and richness of local realities.

Marriott was also the first to posit more or less "open" persons whose capacities for exchanging properties make them composite and "dividual" (rather than individual)—a suggestion that spread in Melanesian as well as in South Asian studies. This notion of fluid and open dividual persons became tremendously valuable and resonant in my own attempts to understand how Bengalis view and experience aging, gender, families, and what it means to be a person.

Kim's wisdom and insight illuminate every page of my two books—*White Saris and Sweet Mangoes*, and *Aging and the Indian Diaspora*—and persist in my ongoing scholarship. Words cannot convey how tremendously grateful and honored I am to be and to have been McKim Marriott's student.

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## **Usha Menon**

Culture and Communication, Drexel University

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### *A Tribute to McKim Marriott, Mentor and Friend*

McKim Marriott has had a huge influence on my life and in my thinking. He has played a central role in the intellectual growth and personal transformation that I experienced in the five years I spent at the University of Chicago. When I arrived at the University in September 1990, I was,

despite being 37-years-of-age, rather callow and relatively untrained in the practice of anthropology. I still remember very clearly my first meeting with Kim. Betty Cawelti, at the Committee on Human Development, felt she needed to introduce me to faculty and students who shared my research interests, and so had arranged meetings for me with various people on campus. I had read *Village India* while doing my master's in India but I was quite unfamiliar with much of Kim's work and so it was with some trepidation that I went to meet him. When Kim asked me what he could do for me, I had no reply for him. All I could blurt out was that I had come to receive his *darsan*. I said it because it was the truth, and Kim, familiar as he is with Hindu meanings, understood exactly what I meant.

Kim's influence on me has been two-fold—first, as a scholar and, second, odd though it may sound, as a Hindu. Whatever skills or expertise I may possess as a professional anthropologist have been largely shaped and molded by my interactions with Kim. I remember, in 1994-'95, while writing my dissertation, I would send a completed chapter to Kim every two weeks or so. And then, within a couple of days, we would meet in his office and have these marathon sessions in which Kim would meticulously and with painstaking attention go through literally every word that I had written. I remember, as if it were yesterday, his comments, his copious notes in the margins, his careful weighing of the connotations of different words. As with all good teachers he was as demanding of himself as he was of his students, making his displeasure clear when he thought I was being lazy or slipshod in my work. But the goal was always the same: to make me a better scholar. I also learned, through Kim's insistence, how problematic it is to use an alien, Western-derived epistemology to understand Hindu cultural reality, how critical it is to be fluent in the language of one's participants and how essential it is to know the basics of ancient Hindu philosophical systems. Suffice it to say that the lessons I learned then—nearly twenty years ago—are still with me. Even today, when I write, Kim is sitting inside my head making sure that the words I use are precise and my logic consistent.

More importantly, from a very personal perspective, Kim re-introduced me to my own cultural traditions. When I met him I was a fairly typical product of Westernized, urbanized, post-Independence India. It was Kim, with his profound knowledge of Hindu cultural meanings, his cube—esoteric though it may be to many—and the three-dimensional graphing that it allows, who taught me what it means to be a Hindu. His work, including his postulations about the Hindu processes of 'mixing', 'unmarking' and 'unmatching', explicated beliefs and customs that had either been opaque to me or that I had unthinkingly taken for granted.

I end this very brief tribute by quoting a couplet from Kabir, the medieval Indian mystic, because it expresses exactly what Kim means to me as a mentor. Writing in Braj *bhasha*, Kabir says:

“Guru Gobind dou khade, kâku lâgu pãû  
Balihâri guru âpne Gobind diyo batây”



Words that can be translated as:

Guru and Gobind both are present  
Whose feet should I first touch?  
All glory be unto you, my guru,  
Because you showed me the path to God.”

\* \* \* \* \*

## **Joan Miller**

Psychology, New School for Social Research

It is with pleasure that I write this reflection about my experiences with McKim Marriott --- a mentor whose life long impact on my thinking may have gone unnoticed by him – but has been salient and heartfelt for me.

I was a doctoral student in the Committee on Human Development at the University of Chicago, working under the supervision of Rick Shweder. My dissertation research involved a cross-cultural study in which I compared modes of everyday social explanation among samples of children and adults from Mysore, India, and samples of children and adults from Chicago. Kim served as an outside reader on my dissertation – but also was so much more than that.

During my time in graduate school I sat in for several semesters on the ongoing seminar on South Asian conceptions of the person that Kim was holding with faculty and graduate students from Anthropology and Social Thought. I greatly appreciated the way Kim welcomed me into the seminar – making it a setting in which, despite my contrasting training and assumptions as a psychologist, I could feel comfortable and could learn. The ideas raised and Kim’s insights into ways that the social sciences could be transformed through incorporating South Asian cultural sensibilities made sense to me --- and greatly impacted how I have done my own research ever since --- even if I have not been able to fully incorporate these insights.

One of the rare and special things about Kim was his way of being both supportive and intellectually challenging. This was especially impressive to me not only as to what it says about his humanity but also because, in my experience, it is a rare occurrence in interactions between anthropologists and psychologists – with anthropologists typically dismissing the perspective of psychologists out of hand as of little value. I know that, in approaching other faculty in anthropology at the time about my plans to do research in India, I was summarily dismissed – as though the only advice one could give to a psychologist planning to pursue a project that was both comparative and empirical in India was not to do it – i.e., that nothing of value could come out of such an endeavor. However, Kim never adopted such a stance – but rather, in a supportive yet challenging way, exposed me intellectually to new ways of thinking about culture in general and Hindu Indian culture in particular.

These characteristics of Kim's approach were perhaps best illustrated for me in the feedback that he gave to me on my dissertation. My dissertation research involved coding open-ended responses given by Indian and US respondents, with the findings pointing to culturally variable developmental trends – with US respondents showing an age increase in emphasis on personality dispositions in explanation, and Indians showing an age increase in emphasis on contextual considerations, such as seen in attributions to role related expectations. Seen in terms of the context of contemporary social and developmental psychology, my research called into question past findings indicating the inevitability of an age increase in dispositional inference and an adult bias to weight dispositions more heavily than contextual factors among adults. A few days after having completed my final dissertation defense, I received a single spaced page of typewritten comments from Kim. In this note, he reminded me of my long term participation in his seminar and indicated (which was accurate) that I should recognize that how I had coded the open-ended data did not reflect the type of monistic perspective that characterizes Hindu Indian outlooks – but instead embodied dualities found not only in social psychology but in modern Western thought more generally. He urged me to think about recoding my data in a way that was more reflective of Hindu Indian outlooks – i.e., to devise categories that were non-dualistic and that recognized, for example, that a designation such as one's *dharma* represented simultaneously a natural and social category and could not accurately be coded as either solely a person or a situational attribution.

I am not sure if Kim actually meant for me to do this recoding; the fact that he did not raise this issue in the final dissertation meeting suggests he did not. I never did retake this alternative coding --- recognizing that if I had done it I would not have a dissertation which would make an impact on social psychology. Rather, I would have produced a coding that, while it would better capture Hindu Indian sensibilities, would do so at the price of more poorly capturing US outlooks. However, I greatly appreciated Kim raising this point and both understood its importance and have since kept in mind its message. I recognize the tradeoffs in all research – with the value in – but also limitations associated with cross-cultural comparison.

In my own research over the years as I have continued to pursue studies in India, and now more recently also in Japan, I have kept Kim's important messages in mind and have worked to more fully capture local cultural sensitivities, while recognizing respects in which this remains an ever elusive goal. McKim Marriott was one of the most important influences on my education and training at the University of Chicago and also someone whom I came to admire greatly both as a person and a scholar.

\* \* \* \* \*

## **Diane Mines**

Anthropology, Appalachian State University

I have three small gifts for you. Very small. Just images. Each one carries back some substance to its source. (Images appended.)

Gift 1. A Photograph of Viran.

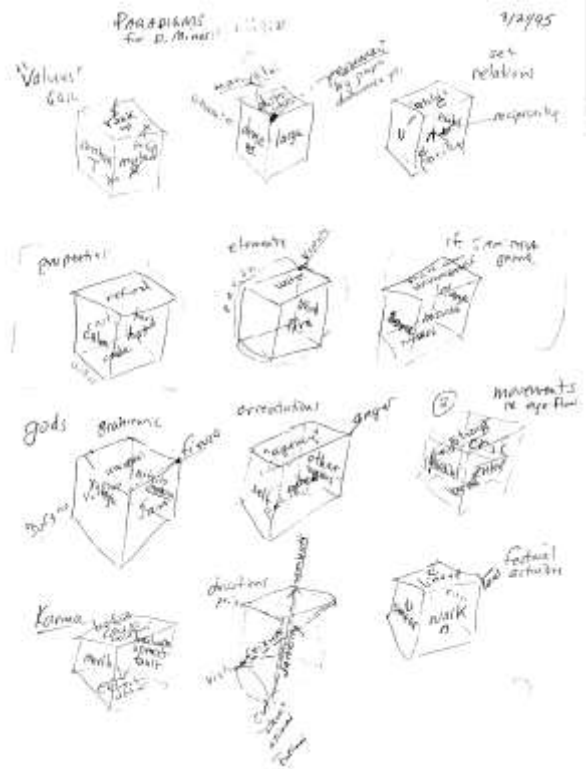
Viran is an old man, a minimalist who eats only at home, focuses on his family deity, wears only a lap cloth and shoulder towel, and lives with his wife in a shabby lean-to of gleaned materials. Viran ekes out a living by collecting and selling medicinal and edible plants from a forested hill behind his house. His house encroaches on state lands wedged between The Forest Department that patrols the dried up and shriveling forest and The Highways Department that claims the margins of an expanding highway. I walk with him while he collects plants. He smashes them in his hands, or cuts them open with his machete, and he smears pastes and plant “milk” on my blisters, bites, scrapes, and acne. He invites me to eat healing plants that taste bitter or sweet or salty. “Without plants I could not exist,” he says. He is a dividual. He is entangled with the forest and he lives transacting and aware of the many dimensions of things (flavors, tastes, textures, places, bodies, gods, snakes, their collocations and transactional potency). In a limited way, he reminds me of you.



Dividuality is just one of many words you have gifted me over the years. (Dividuality’s cousin, “collocation,” was another; you said, “I give you this word.”) Dividuality is a concept I use often to think through many things. I use it in class when my students reify the individual (almost daily). I use it to think about people as “outreaching selves,” their being “signs” in the Peircian way (Val’s influence, and Milton’s). I nod in recognition when I read the latest works on “thinking forests” or “ontological turns” or “decenterings of the human.”

## Gift 2. Cubes you made for me.

This page of cubes still hangs by my desk. In the early years, I attended a series of seminars you ran to explain The Cube. Gloria was there arguing with you as you used her data to illustrate the cube's interpretive power. As much as I sometimes balked at seeing my own data squeezed into the cube with its seemingly constraining walls and ceilings, in fact every cube you made with my data opened up new relations I hadn't quite seen, new avenues to push further my thinking. Just when I thought I'd worked out something quite nicely, in snuck that pesky third dimension throwing a wrench into the analysis. This is the great gift the cube represents to me: the push to continue looking for more relations, and more aspects of those relations.



The cube also represents the value of craft that you promoted more generally. Lee Schlesinger pointed out to me recently the acronym of the title of your famous article on food transactions: **CRAFT** (Caste **R**anking **A**nd **F**ood **T**ransactions)! Lee told me this as a criticism of something sloppy I had written, and to remind me of my intellectual roots! Craft! You cared a lot about all your students' work. This care is exhibited not only in all these little cubes, but also in so many penciled ornamentations you made on each and every page of everything I ever turned into you as a student. These comments were always asking for more accuracy and further thinking, always asking me to craft.

## 3. Beans (pretend ones).

And what about all those little paper cups of beans that constituted my families in Samsara? Sometimes well-fed, sometimes starving, sometimes growing, sometimes shrinking...so many people and lands lost and gained through so many rounds of death and rebirth! I remember you walking around looking in players' cups and congratulating them, admiring their children—with glee!—and often suggesting other courses of action, hoping for better karmic returns, and so on. So, I'd like to give you some imaginary beans (can't fit them into a booklet!); think of them as your grand-student-children coming to see you!

Beyond the game of Samsara, it seemed there were other subtle tropes of kinship that worked their way into your relations with students. They come to me in fragments. I remember when,

the second time I met you, as a nervous newly admitted student, you called me your “grand-student” (the student of your student, Val Daniel). It eased things a bit.

But how should one address a fictive grand-professor-father? I remember once when Sarah Lamb and I were looking for you and we found you down at the mailboxes in Haskell Hall, poring over a pile of letters with your back turned towards us (bike helmet on, no doubt; windbreaker, pant clips, leg light). We wanted to say something to you, but didn’t know how to address you, so we just huddled there waiting for you to turn around. Neither “Mr. Marriott” nor “Kim” sounded quite right to us then. So finally Sarah solved the dilemma with intimate avoidance. She tapped you on the shoulder, and you (pretended) to be surprised to see us.

And I remember the first time I went to your house. It was a Saturday, mid-day, the day before I was leaving for India to start my fieldwork. I was delighted to be invited to your house. What an honor, I thought! I have really arrived! And when I did arrive, well, I did not quite expect you to be in your pajamas. At noon. Nor did I expect to hear about you getting a haircut. You looked through a box of old letters and you pulled one out and read from it. It was the first letter you had written to your mother right after your own first arrival in India. You had disembarked at Bombay harbor, and had found a place to have your hair cut.

That day, you gave me some advice about fieldwork. “Pay attention to words,” is what you said. And that’s what I did, and what I still do.

**Thank you Kim for those aspects of you that “marked” me, and Happy 90<sup>th</sup> Birthday!**

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## **Ralph W. Nicholas**

Anthropology, University of Chicago

### **80 year-old Student Thanks 90 year-old Professor**

When *Village India* was published, in 1955, I was an undergraduate in Detroit. I was studying anthropology and I wanted to go to India. This book, edited by an unknown person with an odd given name, landed on me—or I on it—at just the right moment. Here was what I aspired to do. So, in the Autumn of 1957 I entered the Department of Anthropology at the University of Chicago intending to fulfill my aspirations.

I did not have to wait long to meet Kim. All of the new graduate students were expected to take a course called “Anthropology 220: Social Anthropology.” There were two lectures each week and one discussion class. The first lecture each week was given by Robert Redfield, who spoke about the theoretical topic of the week. The second lecture was by Kim, who put the theoretical topic into an ethnographic context . . . in India, which was exactly what I wanted. And I was assigned to a small discussion class led by Kim, which seemed even better.

I don't remember now whether it was the first week or the second week of the quarter when *The Elementary Forms of Religious Life* was the text, and I confess that I also don't remember much about what Robert Redfield told us on Tuesday. But I will never forget Thursday, when Kim lectured. His lecture was the first incarnation of a paper for which he later became justly renowned, "The Feast of Love." Bear in mind that I was a new student thrust into a heady intellectual milieu quite different from anything I knew from Detroit. Always straight-faced and serious, Kim got further and further into the hilarious account of his experience of Holi in a North Indian village. There were others in the class who started laughing before I dared to, but in the end there was no one in the room who was not convulsed. Ethnography never seemed more interesting.

I am still very thankful for that experience. I was not so thankful at the time of the discussion class when Kim looked at the class and asked, "What is Durkheim trying to tell us?" I did not know where to begin: totems? clans? collective effervescence? I was not alone. The rest of the class was also silent. And so was Kim. He as a Socratic teacher who was prepared to wait for the students to begin the exploration.

I learned a great deal from Kim over the next couple of years, but I will skip ahead to my next moment of high anxiety, which was getting ready to go to India for the first time. For me it was not just India; it was the first time I had been anywhere outside the U.S., other than Canada. Kim's well-known kindness and generosity stood me in good stead in 1959. He helped me enormously with my research proposal, of course, but I have not forgotten the guidance he gave me when I was trying to decide whether to include what seemed to me at the time to be an expensive camera in my grant budget request. Kim told me, "They don't judge you on your greed."

When I returned from India in 1962 Kim was at the Center for the Advanced Study of the Social Sciences in Palo Alto. When he came back to Chicago he had a new armamentarium: non-parametric statistics. I am not going to tell you about that subject or about the caste-ranking study that we undertook making use of this new statistical method. I think we, and our other collaborators, learned a lot from that work, although it proved to be wrong-headed. And, much as I regret that it did not pay off, I think we have been headed in the right direction since then. Kim, it's been 57 years, but I think I am ready to answer the question about what Durkheim is trying to tell us.

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## **Suzanne Oakdale**

Anthropology, University of New Mexico

Thinking back on the many years that I spent as a student in the Anthropology Department at the University of Chicago, your classes were some of my very favorites. When I was an undergraduate, it was your class in ethnopsychology that inspired me to major in anthropology. I

have all the books that you assigned still on my bookshelf and each one has a kind of magic for me. Of course they are all very good books, but I think their special aura for me comes from the fact that they are a link to you and your inspired teaching. Even now teaching my own anthropology classes, I think often about the care you took in teaching yours. Although I chose to study indigenous Brazil and our paths did not cross very much when I was a graduate student, I was always aware too of the thoughtful guidance you gave to your graduate students and I can say without a doubt that you have provided a lifelong model of how to be a teacher for me. Wishing you the happiest of birthdays.

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## **Judy Pugh**

Anthropology, Michigan State University

I have endless respect for Kim as a scholar and great affection for him as a person. His supervision of my doctoral study was truly a gift. He guided me toward a broad frame of reference for major questions and big-picture perspectives on South Asia, while he also helped me develop my own topical interests and specialties. I always felt assured of his support, and I always understood from him, in his often quiet way of interacting, that there was much more to be done and many more questions to be pursued.

His scholarly work and his contributions to South Asian studies have continued to inform my academic endeavors over the decades. I periodically look back at his articles for insights into a whole variety of issues, such as the landscape of traditional and modern medicine in Kishan Garhi, the dynamic relationship between local and regional deities, the transactional arenas of caste and other forms of hierarchy, and the playful expressions of love at the festival of Holi.

What endures most thoroughly for me is Kim's ground-breaking contribution to the study of indigenous conceptual systems. His work embeds a vision of the density of social life and its multifaceted cultural frames, and it has shaped a central orientation in my own writing and teaching. The creative journey that he takes into Indian life, famously reflected in his charts and diagrams, reminds one to experiment (and experiment boldly) with new representational techniques, question basic descriptive and analytic categories, and expect surprises around every ethnographic bend in the road.

No doubt we all have many amusing and endearing anecdotes about Kim and about being in his company. I recall, for instance, how he saved wine remnants in small jars filled to the brim with marbles, how he could sing lively French songs and ditties, and how he generously distributed his garden produce to office visitors. These and numerous other recollections bring to mind his inimitable style, or what one might call his own (in)dividual way of being, and it is this, I think, that reflects brightly in the wisdom and good cheer he has shared with us as mentor, colleague, and friend.

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## **Gloria Goodwin Raheja**

Anthropology, University of Minnesota

I first heard Kim's voice in 1971, on the phone when I was a twenty year-old senior in college and waiting to hear if I'd been admitted to the University of Chicago. He called me at my dormitory. Okay, so the thought crossed my mind when he announced himself that they must believe in torture in Hyde Park, they believe not in the thin envelope of rejection but in the orally delivered rebuff. I have to say I don't remember much of what he actually said during that call, except that I had been admitted to the program and I had a fellowship and he inquired if I might be inclined to accept the offer. It was one of the least enigmatic conversations I ever had with Kim.

In college I had read "Little communities in an indigenous civilization," I had read "Caste rankings and food transactions: a matrix analysis," and I had read "Caste ranking and community structure in five regions of India and Pakistan," a copy of which had somehow or another made its way to our tiny college library. And such was my *naïveté*, *I thought I had achieved some clarity of vision before I arrived in Hyde Park.*

I turned out to be a fugitive though, transferring from Anthropology to the South Asia department after only a quarter. Three years later, when Kim was the chair, I wanted to be readmitted to the fold. Kim invited me to his office to talk about it. I thought this would be easy, I thought it would take no more than five or ten minutes to explain myself. During my years in the South Asia department I had read Kim's review of *Homo Hierarchicus* (actually I think I must have read it at least ten times) and despite the fact that I thus knew perfectly well that he was highly skilled at eviscerating a weak argument I didn't do much by way of preparation for our meeting; I thought he was too busy as chair to waste much of his time on me and I'd be out in ten minutes, tops. Such again was my *naïveté*. I was there for two hours. Every detail of my thinking concerning the decision to return had to be gone over, and he had a counterargument for every one of my reasons. I thought I was doomed, I thought I was perhaps being skewered in the same way poor Dumont had been so definitively finished off. Finally Kim said, "well, I guess we're done now," and I assumed that I had been summarily rejected, and that I would get a formal letter via campus mail informing me of that decision. I got up the courage to ask when I'd hear from the department and he said, with that enigmatic smile we've all seen so often, "You might get some good news." Later on I was convinced that he had been



toughening me up that afternoon. Or else he was exhibiting what in “The feast of love” he had called the puckish ambiguity of Krishna, the presiding deity of Holi.

Whether the puckish ambiguity of Krishna or the inscrutability of Delphic oracles, so many were those enigmatic utterances that I was always trying to parse. I finished my MA paper in 1975, Kim praised it and nominated it for a prize and for at least five years he kept telling me I should publish it. I was reluctant, I thought it premature, based on way too little fieldwork and way too much speculation, so I sat on it. He kept pressing. Finally, after I had returned from my dissertation fieldwork, he brought it up again and I thought perhaps I should at long last capitulate, so I said “Okay, I’ll think about it.” And his response? “Well, I suppose there might be some point in publishing one’s juvenilia.” And of course the sentence was delivered as he smiled that enigmatic smile, but nonetheless I took him at his word, I was off the hook, and didn’t ever publish the thing.

I had returned from the field in March of 1979 and that spring quarter I was scheduled to be the intern in his quarter of Indian Civ course. During the weeks of that quarter, we talked for hours and hours about my dissertation, and about how I thought what I had found about prestation patterns couldn’t be explained in terms of caste rankings of any sort. I thought I might have convinced him, when he asked me to give a lecture to the class about what I’d worked on in Pahansu. I remember warning him that I might challenge some of what he’d been telling the students, by arguing that prestations were not about caste rank as such. On the scheduled day he was up in front of the classroom and he introduced my talk by saying “today Gloria Raheja will give us a talk on gifts and caste ranking” and he shot that enigmatic smile at me. The puckish trickster-like Krishna, or was he seriously telling me I was all wrong and needed to start over with my analyses? It took me a while to parse that one.

And later in that same semester, Kim divided the class into two groups and he charged me with being the Source Person in *Samsara* with half the students, while he played the game with the other half, in another room. Afterwards we compared our elaborate records and score cards. I was pleased with mine, the kids in my class had lined themselves up and ordered their samsarik lives as if they had pored over “Hindu transactions: diversity without dualism” with the express intent of replicating its multidimensional social outcomes. Kim’s outcomes, on the other hand, seemed quite disorderly to me, they were all over the place. I thought I had done well. But he glanced at the records from my classroom and said, with that enigmatic smile “It appears that you were, shall we say, an overly immanent Source Person.”

I spent a lot of time in Regenstein with friends who were also Kim’s students, parsing the advice he had given one of us in his office, parsing his comments on our papers and dissertation chapters, parsing tokens of the enigmatic smile type to figure out if it was an approbative or disapprobative one. And parsing, over and over again, all the things Kim had written too, that masterful review of *Homo Hierarchicus*, and papers he was writing at the time, like “Hindu transactions: diversity without dualism” and “Toward an ethnosociology of South Asian caste

systems.” But the thing is, as I was writing my dissertation he was always unstintingly generous in finding time to listen as I tried to bring order to the welter of observations and musings in my field notes, in writing copious comments on my chapters and talking with me about them enigmatically or otherwise, inviting speakers to campus with whom he thought I should be in touch, and so on. I heard many students in the department complain that their advisors didn’t give them enough time, and actually some of them are still saying that after all these years. And when I hear about their grievances, sometimes I recount this story. Once not long after I returned from the field I went to Kim’s office at maybe 3:00 in the afternoon, to talk about some bit of ethnography I was trying to figure out. I thought I’d be there an hour or so. While I was there I must not have even glanced out the window because suddenly at one point I realized that it was dark outside and I finally looked at my watch and it was 9:00 in the evening. He had given me an unanticipated six hours of his time. When I realized how late it was I got up to go because, I said, Raj would be expecting help with dinner and all. But Kim said “Oh, Gloria, sit back down. All you need for dinner is a baked potato and some peanuts.” After six hours, that’s what he said.

I hope Kim knows how much I value all the time he gave me, the unending support he provided, and yes even all those enigmatic remarks, maybe especially the enigmatic remarks. I was initially bewildered by them, and I worried about some of them at first, but at some point early on I looked up the word *enigma* in the OED to find the etymology and the original Latin meaning of *aenigma*. *“A short composition in prose or verse, in which something is described by intentionally obscure metaphors, in order to afford an exercise for the ingenuity of the reader or hearer in guessing what is meant.” Enigmas were to be read as challenges that encouraged listeners to exercise their own resourcefulness, to come to their own conclusions, and to come to their own ways of thinking. And that’s how I began to read them, as signs of encouragement and indications that he wanted me to think on my own and argue strenuously for my point of view. I was always grateful and still am grateful that Kim agreed to be my advisor.*

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## **William “Bo” Sax**

South Asian Institute, University of Heidelberg

### **Kim in Germany**

During my first three years at Chicago I was not really a part Kim’s “inner circle,” and that was just fine with me. For one thing, we were all a bit in awe of him. The first I heard of someone from my batch actually encountering the famous Professor Marriott face-to-face encounter was my friend Vishvajit Pandya, who returned to our dorm one day, elated by the prospect of having been invited by Kim to have lunch. Next day, Vish returned slightly downcast, and reported that when he showed up at the great man’s office, Professor Marriott very precisely and methodically

shared his lunch: dividing his banana in half, giving Vish three of the six peanuts in his bag, and sharing his cup of low-fat yogurt, 50/50.

When I returned from the field, Kim helped me a great deal, and his enormous intellectual influence on me stems from this period. I desperately wanted critical feedback on my dissertation and he was the only one to provide it, returning dissertation chapter drafts that were, as John Kelly put it, “so covered with comments and suggestions that you could no longer read your original writing.” Now that I have my own doctoral students, I understand what a precious investment of time this represented. It shows how dedicated Kim was to his teaching, and I will always be grateful to him for it. I have tried to pay my debt to him by doing the same for my own doctoral students.

After I left Chicago, I began what turned out to be a very “global” career. I spent two years at Harvard with my wife Sylvia and my daughters Lila and Sarah, followed by eleven years in Christchurch, New Zealand, followed by fourteen years at the South Asia Institute in Heidelberg, Germany. And in all those universities, as I reflected on what was important about anthropology, and how it should be taught, I found myself becoming more and more a *shishya* of my *guru*, McKim Marriott. This was not so much a matter of precisely implementing his paradigm – here again I had the advantage of never being one of the inner circle – but rather of being inspired by his skepticism about applying Euro-American theories to South Asian materials, and by his dream of developing a language and a way of writing that was consistent with, even based upon, Indian ways of thinking, both popular and learned.

My intellectual debt to Kim became stronger when I reached Heidelberg and had the luxury of working once again in a world-class university where I could specialize in South Asia. During my second year there, I taught a seminar on ethnosociology and invited Kim to come at the end of the term, give a lecture, and lead the students in playing Samsara. As most of you know, Samsara is a game created by Kim. As he once explained to me, its operating assumptions are intended to reproduce a Hindu cosmology, so that ideally, those who play actually re-create a form of Indian society, with its distinctive aspects.

A large group of undergraduates signed up to play the game, and we all went to a University hostel in a forest near Heidelberg, where we stayed overnight and were able to spend two full days playing samsara. Dr. Peter Fluegel, the expert on Jainism from London, even flew over to take part, and provided the photos that I will show you in a moment.

The students had never experienced anything quite like Kim. To understand why this is so, you have to understand the Habitus of a traditional German Professor: a large man with a booming and confident voice, who cultivates a great social distance from the students, and has an intense sense of his own dignity. What they got was Kim:

**Photo 1 (Kim with board hanging from neck)**



A slight, rather shy man with a soft voice, not at all reluctant to “mix and match” with the students, and quite prepared to compromise his own dignity with those silly boards we were all required to wear around our necks.

Even though he took the title of “General Overall Director” or “G.O.D.,” Kim’s typical reserve never allowed him to exhibit the kind of extroverted self-confidence typical of a German Professor.

And not only did his enthusiasm **MATCH** that of the students, he was also quite happy to **MIX** with them, and this was in **MARKED** contrast to the kinds of professors they were used to.

**Photo 2 (Kim with Bo at the opaque projector).**



Every single one of my PhD students in Germany has gone on to get an academic job: either a postdoctoral fellowship or an academic post: they are a brilliant and dedicated group. But of all those bright young *Doktoranden*, the very best group was the one that emerged from the Ethnosociology seminar. They have all gone on to have brilliant careers, and they have all been deeply affected by Kim’s ideas.

I recently discovered that the Samsara event has established itself in the collective memory of anthropology at Heidelberg. A few months ago, a first-year student asked me when we were going to play it again.

Kim, are you “game”?

\* \* \* \* \*

## **Richard Scherl**

Computer Science, Monmouth University

I was very happy to hear about the celebration in honor of McKim Marriott’s 90<sup>th</sup> birthday. Regrettably, in recent years I have not been in touch with Kim. I have gotten involved in other matters and essentially (but far from completely) changed fields. In spite of this, over the past several years, I found that I am still being influenced by Kim’s teaching.

Not very long ago, I was sorting through material from my dissertation and I came across a multi-dimensional diagram titled *Some Logics of Address Types in Ānaikuḷam Village* that Kim had sent me some 20 years back when I was working on the thesis. I was amazed at both how insightful this was and how I didn’t fully appreciate the insight at the time when I was under the pressure of finishing the thesis. It was interesting to watch Kim’s online YouTube interview where he explained how different aspects of his background went into his ability to produce such diagrams.

Additionally, I (in spite of the not complete career change) have in recent years found useful material that Kim introduced me to in the first course I took from him, almost 40 years ago. These pieces include the little pamphlet *Opposition: A Linguistic and Psychological Analysis* by Ogden and the work of Goodenough on *Rethinking ‘Status’ and ‘role.’* The work by Ogden is relatively obscure and if it were not for Kim emphasizing its importance, I would have never come across it. Also, I still remember in that course working long, but rewarding, hours to apply concepts from the Goodenough article to Firth’s ethnography of Tikopia.

I believe that was the course (or was it another) where I only came to class once without having done the readings for that class. Upon finding that most of the class had not done the readings, my recollection is that Kim simply left. After that, everyone came prepared. I’ve been tempted many times to use that same method, but never had the nerve. Perhaps I will one of these days.

In an event, Kim – I wish you a very happy 90<sup>th</sup> birthday.

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## **Arvind M. Shah**

Vadodara, India

My relationship with Kim began in 1955 when I was a graduate student in sociology at the University of Baroda, and he was already established as one of the leading transformers of sociology of India. I sent him, at my teacher M. N. Srinivas' suggestion, an offprint of my article "A Dispersed Hamlet in the Panchmahals" (*Economic Weekly*, January 26, 1955). He made an appreciative comment on it in his letter to Srinivas.

During Kim's visit to Poona in early 1956, he sent me his book, *Village India*, and an article. Soon thereafter, on 26 April, he wrote me a letter discussing the phenomenon of fictional village kinship and inquiring if it prevailed in Gujarat. I replied to it at some length. I have preserved these letters and will be happy to share them if Chicago is planning to organize a collection of Marriott archives.

A relationship of mutual respect had developed between us by the time I came to Chicago in June 1960 to work as a Lichtstern Fellow. I was deeply touched when Kim came to receive me at the railway station and drove me down to International House. During my six-month stay in Chicago we met a number of times at the University, and enjoyed many pleasant evenings at his home. We talked about many facets of Indian ethnography, and Kim was very keen on knowing my explanations. I enjoyed in particular my working with him in his renewed quest for understanding fictional village kinship. Subsequently, we corresponded continuously. Whenever I sent him the draft of a paper, or its published copy, he always responded with his incisive comments.

The climax of our close relationship was my stay with him at his country home outside of Chicago in 1985. I considered it an honour to be with him and his family, and enjoyed my stay thoroughly.

Some friends of South Asianists in Chicago have called them "Chicago Brahmins". I have respected two of these Brahmins as *Brahma-rishis*: Milton Singer and McKim Marriott. I convey my *namaskara* to Kim the Brahma-rishi on the occasion of his 90th birthday and pray for his long, happy and fruitful life.

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## **David Shulman**

Comparative Religion, Hebrew University of Jerusalem

Friendship and affection precede and also transcend my awareness that you have transformed our understanding of South Asian cultures with extraordinary insights. I'm grateful for these, and I come back to those insights again and again, year after year, watching them continually deepening and growing in my own mind and the minds of our colleagues, but first and foremost I offer blessings on your 90th. As the Veda says, may you flourish for [at least] 100 years.

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## **Richard Shweder**

Comparative Human Development, University of Chicago

McKim Marriott: More Native than the Native (and a Cubist Too)

Kim Marriott was the chair of the Department of Anthropology when I first arrived at the University in 1973. Despite the fact that my appointment was in the Department of Comparative Human Development he generously extended to me an invitation to attend the initial Monday lunch for Anthropology Department faculty held in that private room at the top of the stairs in the Quadrangle Club. Before coming to Chicago I had read Kim's work on village India and especially his seminal essay on food exchanges and status hierarchies, all in preparation for my own PhD thesis research in the temple town of Bhubaneswar. Even while in graduate school at Harvard one was aware of and impressed by the eminence of the Chicago school of anthropology.

But I was not fully prepared for the daunting experience of being seated at that table in the Quad Club, along with Kim Marriott and a veritable "who's who" of the anthropologists of that era. I walked in the room and there were Sol Tax, Fred Eggan, Bob Adams, Victor Turner, David Schneider, Norman McQuown, Milton Singer, Judith Shapiro, Michael Silverstein, George Stocking, Marshall Sahlins and Stanley Tambiah – Sahlins and Tambiah too had just arrived in 1973.

So did Ed Laumann, our colleague in sociology, who later became Dean of the Social Sciences and Provost of the University. I vividly recall meeting Marshall, Stanley, and Ed at the 1973 reception for new faculty hosted by the Edward Levi, who was President of the University at that time. I believe Kim Marriott might have been there as well in his capacity as department chair. Or at least I hope he was because Kim Marriott exemplifies something that Edward Levi said that day. The President not only welcomed the new faculty members but projected his vision of the University of Chicago as a maverick contentious enclave where the aims of the faculty were intellectual not moral, where the brain was an erogenous zone, provocation a virtue and blasphemy a foreign concept. I have it on good authority that during that time Edward Levi was approached by a distinguished member of our faculty with an offer of a gift of ten million dollars from a generous patron of the University to endow a school of public policy. Levi's response as reported by that faculty member went like this: "There will be a school of public policy at the University of Chicago over my dead body."

And that indeed is what happened. Those of you who attended the recent Quad club reception for our new Provost might have noticed that Edward Levi and his Socratic conception of academic values at the University of Chicago was invoked by each of our administrative leaders on that occasion – we all talk the talk – but it is Kim Marriott at age 49 (when I first met him) and at 90 (when we are all privileged to honor him) who walks the walk and exemplifies the spirit of free thinking and an undaunted life of the mind.



Our colleague and my fellow “Great Necker” Wendy Doniger (four members of the University of Chicago faculty who study India graduated from Great Neck High School on the North Shore of Long Island) has recently proved to the world that globalization has made blasphemy profitable. Kim’s writings (and his ubiquitous reduction of the philosophical and conceptual foundations of South Asian customs and thought to the structure of a cube) have been thought to be blasphemous too, although perhaps in a rather different sort of way. Kim’s great offense is to reject Western theoretical frameworks for understanding India and to go more native or indigenous than the native herself, or at least more indigenous than the cosmopolitan elites of India for whom the very idea of native modes of thought seems doubtful, or if not doubtful then simply alien. To quote Kim directly, “...the social sciences used in Indian today have developed from thought about Western, rather than Indian cultural realities. As a result although they pretend to universal applicability, the Western sciences often do not recognize and therefore cannot deal with the questions to which many Indian institutions are answers.” He goes on to argue that “All social sciences develop from thought about what is known in particular cultures and are thus ‘cultural’ or ‘ethno-“social sciences in their origins. All are initially parochial in scope.”

The affront in Kim Marriott’s approach, the transgression which has not gone unnoticed in India, is that he is an outsider who seems more appreciative of the indigenous perspective than are many so-called insiders who are members of the Westernized elite and are thus somewhat distanced from the cultural realities that Kim has tried to understand much as a linguist tries to explicate the implicit (although only intuitively grasped) grammar of a native speaker.

On the one hand there is a view shared by many members of the English speaking elite in India (who are Thomas Macaulay’s children and evidence of the success of his 19<sup>th</sup> century colonial educational program) who continue to engage in a type of discourse stunningly and candidly expressed by a senior government official who said to me when I was last in New Delhi” “If it were not for the British India would still be a land of barbarians.”

On the other hand there is Kim Marriott, whose goal has been to accurately describe “difference” rather than judge it and who might well find comfort in the observation by the ancients that there are some things about which even the Gods and Goddesses disagree. Kim - Thank you for so meticulously, persistently and effectively carrying forward the pluralistic tradition in American cultural anthropology and applying it to the details of customary life in South Asian communities. Thank you for being our colleague. Thank you for being here with us this evening. Thank you for embodying and hence reminding us of our academic ideals.

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**Peggy Trawick**

Anthropology, Massey University; Anthropologist, San Francisco Bay Area

You know, Kim, students are like children. They grow up and go away and you hardly ever hear from them, and you wonder what you did wrong. But, in truth, you did nothing wrong. You did what you were meant to do and they did what you raised them to do: be free of you, go beyond you, and do wonderful things that you never imagined were possible.

The batch of students that included me gave you a terrible time. We had just been out protesting a monstrous war, breaking the law, going to jail and all that, and we had learned, first to question authority, and then to fight the power, and we learned that some of us would die protesting, and that made us even angrier, but we believed we were making a difference.

Unfortunately for you, as chair of the department when we came in, you were perceived as the power that had to be fought.

You were and remain a brilliant man. You were more far out (in the language of the day) than anyone I had ever known, and that to me was cool.

Start with what you wrote about pindas in your article on caste. Pindas were tiny particles that carried not only substance but code, and could, you wrote, be passed from person to person, and this was why purity was so important to higher caste people in India. One had to be careful not to be infected by a lower person's pindas, because then one would become, both morally and biologically, like that person.

I think a Brahman taught you that, and Brahmans were natives, and, as one of your colleagues said, the native is always right. But there were other natives in India, who thought other things.

The concept of pindas led on to the concept of the dividual, which was and remains not only pan-Indian, but non-hierarchical, and universal in scope. A dividual is someone whose selfhood does not end with the skin enclosing her body. Thoughts and substances flow in and out. A human being, any being that is or was once alive, is not contained, but exists by virtue of relationships - communication and closeness with other sentient beings. An individual, by contrast, is a person who is whole and complete in himself. Yes, this is a gendered dichotomy. Individualism is a popular philosophy among some in the United States. But dividuality is a scientifically and socially understood and a necessarily lived reality.

Dividuality, by other names, or by no name because it is universal, has percolated through anthropology, biology, politics, and popular culture. At the same time as individuals are becoming dividualized, boundaries are falling - between mind and body, self and other, man and animal, animal and plant, between you and your environment. As knowledge grows, all boundaries disappear. Life is a vast universe of pindas, connected to one another by a vaster network of sentience. Many many many forms of sentience live in this world, and many more are

to be found.

Kim, you built the Cube, a Brahminical structure based on the three gunas Sattva, Rajas, and Tamas. Now, Brahmans are sentient creatures too. There is nothing wrong with loving them and building a conceptual temple in their honor.

I had trouble accepting the cube because it was, well, too square. Made of six squares representing the three gunas and their opposites. But why should this, too, not be a recognized form of cognition, which in its turn is a form of sentience?

There is a saying about some scholars and teachers, "He didn't catch the wave. The wave caught him." The wave of post-colonialism reached another of your colleagues. Now the wave of trans-individualism has come to you. But that's not exactly it, either. You are one of the forces contributing to the momentum of that wave.

Because of you as a teacher, or partly because of you, I have caught many waves, but have never stayed with any of them. To stay is to be left behind. You showed me Ayurveda. You showed me the beauty of two thousand year old Sanskrit thought. You showed me that the state of being pregnant caught my mind. I myself did not see the connection, but you did. In retrospect, how did I not see?

You were friends with A.K Ramanujan, who gave me a knowledge and understanding of Tamil, but who, too humbly, like you, said he admired how I wrote, how i integrated poetry with ethnography. You admired not so much how, as what I wrote. We three sat at a table together. Just the three of us in a restaurant, talking. How high I flew to have such great men speaking of me, to me, like that. And how low I fell, how dejected, how worthless I felt, when at last I had to live in the real world. And Raman has left us, and time has moved on.

You have lamented that you didn't help me enough. What did you mean? You strengthened in me an idealism I could never forget, even when I found myself helpless in the real world. It is true you did not teach me enough about academic politics, how to navigate its treacherous shoals. I became a hardened empiricist. Times got tough. I fled into a war because the surreality of war and the imminence of death were easier to live with than were the people in academia with whom i had to work. There were other reasons, too, but that one was on the top of my mind. I think many anthropogists find solace in the field, where they have friends and they don't have to tell anybody what to do, or be told. They have only to be part of what is happening around them, ask questions and find answers.

In Chicago, you were always a friend. You never told me what to do. You always had confidence in me. You gave me trust in myself. What more could anyone give?

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## **Sunthar Visuvalingam (with Elizabeth Chaliar-Visuvalingam)**

Chicago Desi Talk Community Editor

### **Partaking in Kim's Holy Grail of Understanding India on its Own Terms**

Elizabeth and I were properly introduced to McKim Marriott and his scholarly oeuvre only in June 2009 at Devon's India Garden Restaurant through our mutual friend from Alaska, Al Collins. Though we had seen and heard each other before then at various University of Chicago (UC) seminars and had been formally introduced at Swift Hall on April 1, 2004, this was the first time we were engaging in a direct open-ended discussion about our respective intellectual backgrounds and research paradigms. Curiously enough, that first get-together, on my own birthday, is being recalled, almost five years later, to celebrate Kim's 90th birth anniversary.

Since then we've been meeting often to discuss, exchange papers, attend academic seminars, enjoy South Asian cultural programs, meet each other's friends, and plan joint projects. I have been hosting much of Kim's ongoing research, including unpublished drafts and diagrams, at his dedicated homepage at our svAbhinava collaborative website. Beneath the serendipity of our encounter may be discerned underlying, perhaps preordained, necessity. Kim's anthropological attempt to understand and reformulate the worldview, values, and transactions of traditional India in terms intelligible and acceptable to the universalizing Western gaze has led him to focus on the Sāṃkhya categories that are (implicitly) accepted across all Hindu schools of thought and practical disciplines (such as medicine). Sāṃkhya cosmology has been fully integrated into the non-dual framework of the Trika, "Kashmir Shaivism" as it is loosely called, elaborated by Abhinavagupta, on whom I have specialized as a Sanskritist and student of Indian philosophy. While Kim has opened my eyes to the 'anthropological' potential of these now mathematized categories in interpreting Hindu society and behavior, I have been able to provide classical and textual inputs to confirm or help refine his disparate insights and evolving paradigm. Schooled in French Indological, ethnological, philosophical traditions (Dumont, Biardeau), Elizabeth has likewise found stimulating the competing attempt at "totalization" by the "Chicago school." We enjoy listening to Kim's reminiscences of India and comparing notes on scholars and books.

More portentous for 'Indology' than Kim's positive formulations toward resolving the Indian enigma is his thorough disillusionment with the mutually conflicting categories and 'dead-end' posed by the disparate Western 'disciplines' applied to interpret 'alien' cultures. Through Kim, we have come to better appreciate his collaborators—Ronald Inden, especially AK Ramanujan—in what had since become a solitary project. At this current juncture, when UC is drawing increasing flak from the Hindu community and its influential diaspora, for what is perceived to be misinterpretation and outright denigration of the traditions they hold sacred, it may come to many as a perhaps pleasant surprise that arch-critic Rajiv Malhotra's bestselling *Being Different: An Indian Challenge to Western Universalism* (late 2011) draws inspiration from Kim's oeuvre

and even claims to further its overall project. As community editor for the local South Asian media, I have been more directly involved in these debates than I would have been merely as an independent scholar, and it was gratifying to register the immediate rapport when they met face-to-face at Kim's home during the AAR Meeting here in November 2012. This had been preceded by proposals to collaborate on a collective volume to explore such convergence.

The most productive development to emerge from our intellectual symbiosis over almost five years derives, ironically enough, from Kim's earliest participant field work, interrogations, and tentative conclusions on the pan-Indian carnival, the Holi spring festival long since integrated into the Krishna-cult. His "Feast of Love" (1966) fits in so well with our own problematic of transgressive sacrality that my keynote-address (19 July 2013) at the international "Bakhtin in India" conference (Gandhinagar, Gujarat) took his findings for granted and Elizabeth's subsequent plenary paper concluded by citing Kim's closing ruminations in full. There was much reference to, public discussion and praise of Kim during that 3-week lecture tour of North India.

What has struck us most is Kim's unflagging curiosity, intellectual integrity, and dogged persistence in working out pristine intuitions well beyond the age of professional retirement, core perceptions developed from his initial exposure in and to India as a keen yet "unschooled" observer, hence without the attendant baggage of his subsequent 'Indological' training. Despite my own Hindu roots and the unashamedly spiritual motivation that impelled me to move to Banaras and to still continue 'inhabiting' India, it is the same challenge of making 'total' sense of the subcontinent that underwrites our friendship as fellow travelers on the same odyssey.

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**David Gordon White,**  
Comparative Religion, UC Santa Barbara

I still vividly recall my first meeting with Kim. It was the fall of 1980, and I was a newly arrived MA student at the Divinity School. I was somewhat intimidated by my new academic home in Swift Hall, but not nearly as intimidated as by the building next door, into which I had not yet set foot. That of course was Haskell Hall, home to the Anthropology Department, where my new friend Bo Sax was a first year student. From what Bo told me, anthropology students lived in abject fear of the rigorous and demanding Professor Marriott. So it was with some trepidation that I answered a message posted by Kim on a campus bulletin board offering a ride in his car to the upcoming South Asia conference in Madison, Wisconsin a few days later.

Night was falling as we drove out of Hyde Park and I believe it was also drizzling lightly, and so for the following three hours I found myself in a sort of cocoon, enveloped in the soft glow of the dashboard lights and the muffled hum of the little car. But I was also enveloped in another sort of cocoon, and that was the cocoon of conversation with the slight, soft-spoken man who in addition to doing the driving was also expressing great interest in who I was, where I had been, and what I wanted to be. I don't remember Kim telling me anything about himself. Rather, our

conversation was about ideas, great and small, mainly concerning South Asia, the part of the world we had in common. No doubt I talked about dogs, which were my obsession at the time. But what was said mattered far less than the thoughtfulness, the sweetness of the man beside me. And so it has remained. At some point, I overcame my dread of entering Haskell Hall to audit one of Kim's classes, where I glimpsed the brilliance of the scholar whose work I continue to teach and reference in my own professional life. But it is the calm aura (I now live in California, and so am authorized to speak of people's auras) of the man that will always stay with me. I treasure the moments I have spent with Kim, but none more than that first time, when he offered me his friendship.

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## **Phillip Zarrilli**

Theater, Performance Practice, Exeter University, UK; University of Wisconsin

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While on the faculties of Theatre & Drama, South Asian Studies, and Folklore at the University of Wisconsin-Madison between 1980 and 1998, I had the very good fortune of interacting with you both at the annual UW-Madison South Asian Studies conference in Madison, and at key events at the University of Chicago. Throughout the years in which my ethnographic research in Kerala was focused on issues of embodiment and experience, the paradigms and methodologies you developed were of immense help to me in finding my way into articulating how Malayali practitioners of *kathakali* dance-drama and *kalarippayattu* understand their embodied practices and their experience of those practices. Thanks so much for your imaginative approach to ethnographic research in South Asia!!!