

Chapter 1 : Hustling Is Not Stealing: Stories of an African Bar Girl, Chernoff

Hustling Is Not Stealing has 83 ratings and 9 reviews. Nathaniel said: I expected this book to be full of comic, unabashedly sordid tales in some variety.

Letting a West African woman speak. Probably no other person has been as silent. Finally, a West African woman tells her story, in the form of a "bar girl" named Hawa. The problems begin with the tedious introduction by Mr. He adopts a pose of knowing cynicism about Western development, which would be fair if his predictions rang true. But a claim that HIV drug treatments will only be available to rich Western countries while "people in the Third World will be dying" is belied by the hundreds of millions of dollars devoted to HIV drug treatments in the past decade that have saved hundreds of thousands of lives. Swing and a miss. Or that hair in the style of Bob Marley is dreadlocks? Other times Hawa herself does an adequate job of explaining certain Ghanaian-English terms, like "bossing", yet Mr. Chernoff still apparently feels the need to chime in with his own professorial explanation. Even more maddening is the games the author has played with place names. For the names of bars, the author admits he makes up some names, switches others, and in certain cases makes "substitutions within a country on the basis of comparable factors, so that although the name of place or enterprise may exist and may seem likely as a venue, that particular name probably does not represent the actual name of the place or enterprise depicted in the book". But perhaps my biggest issue with the book is the "author" himself. Why is the man with the tape recorder given all of the credit and presumably, royalties? Maybe the West African woman is still silent after all. I suppose he was preparing a potentially critical audience who would judge a woman with an "alternative" lifestyle. Perhaps that kind of explanation or the whole introduction! It could not exist apart from a normal system of patronage and exchange that occurs between friends, family members, and spouses. Hawa even describes a relationship where she never sleeps with this Nigerian man and yet he pays for her to live in a fancy hotel. I could see that outsiders would be baffled by these arrangements. And this all makes the introduction worthwhile in the end, but I also think that Hawa does a good job of painting these relationships. That being said, I cannot help but see that Hawa is still playing into a male chauvinistic attitude, one where a kept woman is a status symbol and places her in a servile position to a man. As an American woman who has lived in W. Africa including Ghana, this was a characteristic of male-female relationships that I could never comply with. But I have to remind myself that as an outsider, I have different ideals and expectations, and do not understand the normalcy of such a relationship. As Americans we are quick to break of ties with family or friends on whom we depend worried that we are dependent and weak. This would never occur to someone in W. All in all, Hawa will show you a great deal about "normal" urban life in W. Africa, and I think the method of auto-ethnography is extremely valuable and one that should be used more often. The division between this book and the second, "Exchange is not Robbery," is merely for the purpose of not having one extremely long volume, which seems to necessitate reading both if you want the whole story. If you are looking for a scholarly penned, unfiltered autobiographical account of modern West Africa through the lens of a cultural anthropologist, this is the book for you! It was a long drawn-out study of mini half stories told in a ramshackle, multilingual mosaic of thought and ideas. Useful for insight into a fledgling, third-world society not often written about but very difficult to enjoy for the average reader. It is a story about Hawa, a Ghanaian prostitute. Footnotes add historical and linguistic insights.

Chapter 2 : Project MUSE - Hustling Is Not Stealing: Stories of an African Bar Girl (review)

"Hustling Is Not Stealing: Stories of an African Bar Girl" by John M. Chernoff is a compilation of interviews with a woman named Hawa living and working in s Ghana, Togo, and Burkina Faso as a bar girl, or prostitute.

Her family were emigrants from Upper Volta, which is now called Burkina Faso. When she was three her mother died, and this was the beginning of her misfortunes. But with middle childhood, indulgence ran out. Her father, a cocoa farmer and a polygamous Muslim, passed her around the extended family. Hawa never stayed anywhere for long. She was lippy, pert and contrary. If you told her not to do something, it was the very thing she would go and do. She made friends with a local witch. Told to avoid a certain tree, she climbed it, and was stung by a swarm of bees. Staying with her grandfather, she was discovered crouching in long grass to watch a secret all-male ceremony. When Hawa was bad, her relatives beat her and rubbed into her eyes a mixture of ground ginger and pepper. She must suffer, she was told; that is the nature of childhood, the nature of womanhood. When she was 15, an Indian man, brother of a cinema owner, got her drunk and raped her. The following year she was married to a Muslim who already had two wives. It was the custom for the youngest wife to do most of the chores, but Hawa soon downed tools. Faced with rebellion, the first wife said: Some negotiation ensued, and some toing and froing, but Hawa could not be persuaded to stay with her husband. Aunt had a Lebanese lover, and a houseboy did the work while Hawa played. But I will show you the way. Travel to where you want. When John Chernoff met Hawa in Ghana in , she was a round-faced doll-woman who spoke ten languages. She entertained her bar and nightclub companions with stories of her life, punctuated with bursts of laughter. Chernoff heard such laughter everywhere. How was he equipped for this? Did he think the drinkers would pursue him through the US courts, or that the proprietor of the Pussycat would hound him down the years? There was a military dictatorship. The clubs were still functioning, but sometimes there was no beer, which dampened the atmosphere somewhat. Fortunately, he had daytime contacts, and one of them was Hawa. She had left Ghana, but he followed her to Togo and to Burkina Faso, listening to her stories and recording them over a five-week period in and a seven-week period in They gave him everything he had hoped for as a researcher, and more; Hawa was street-smart and well-travelled, and had moved through all sections of society and among all races. She was observant, intelligent; she was able to reflect on her circumstances. The advantages of the relationship, he believes, did not just flow one way. All the same, the introduction to his first book quakes with intellectual anxiety: Chernoff rejected this prospect. Not because his material was suspect, he having been drunk at the time "if such strictures were applied, there would be many fewer novels. Not because such a novel would have been a piece of brass-necked theft, or a massive act of cultural appropriation. But because he found the implication demeaning: So after this piece of sternness, Chernoff is honour-bound not to fantasise and not to mythologise, though he is gathering his material from a woman who may not feel under the same constraints. Within a page or two he is mythologising away. Not that Hawa is marginal or outcast; she moves freely, it seems, in and out of societies, over borders, while retaining, like other urbanised drifters he meets, a set of cultural values that insist: The ordinary people of West Africa are just getting on with their lives. We see his difficulty. What does he want Hawa to be? What must she be, to satisfy his research demands? We associate marginality with self-consciousness, with the possibility of critical distance; the outsider becomes a sociologist. Yet Hawa cannot be placed: It is all rather a puzzle; in his introduction he puzzles for almost pages. What does make her special is her encounter with a man with a tape recorder who needs to feel he has contact with someone authentic, someone valid. There is more to poor people than their poverty, as he says, and more to Africa than disease and want. The trucks cruising the dust roads were painted with a slogan: It is not revolutionary. It admits personal envy. It has trouble with the idea of progress. Sometimes they have that surreal edge that narratives take on when people are desperate. What lies behind even the most confusing and convoluted tales seems to be a project Hawa has, not just of surviving, but of retaining integrity. It is her sense of self-worth, her touchiness, her resistance to exploitation within her family, that leads her into the wider world; where, as Chernoff would have it, she leads an existence that is precarious but free. In Accra she joins the ashawo life

â€” part-time prostitute, occasional concubine, all round good-time girl and the life and soul of every party. Ashawo is a Yoruba word that has found its way into the languages of the region. It has connotations of sex for sale, but also of independence, freedom from traditional ties and family obedience. An ashawo woman is a woman alone; under her own control, not the control of a man. Some of the girls take to the life to save up for their marriage, so that afterwards, if the husband behaves badly, they have some money of their own. No one exactly plans to live this life. Story by story, the ashawo life unfolds. But she has bad dreams, in which Henrik has the head of a man but the body of a snake, so she leaves him to try her luck with casual clients. The ashawo art of negotiation is a delicate one. She seldom knows, before the act, how much money she can expect from a client; by naming a price, she says, you can lose out, as he might want to show his appreciation. If the clients insult her with a paltry sum she throws it back at them, saying: Sometimes the clients try it on â€” beware of the Lebanese identical twins, who try to go two for the price of one. In these cases Hawa runs out into the night, sometimes in her underwear. If they help her get money from her clients, they take a cut. So if you have dealings with Hawa, expect an officer at your door, kpam, kpam, kpam, beating it with his police stick. It is clear to the reader that Hawa has no freedom. The lack of a tariff makes her seem less of a hardened professional, but the complicated, contrary expectations of her customers usually end in a dispute which involves Hawa being beaten up, or dumped in the bush and left to make her own way home. In the second part of her adventures, Chernoff claims, Hawa is more in charge of her life. It is difficult for the reader to share his faith. It is true that Hawa is endlessly inventive. She has a legend to live up to; her own comic persona is sustained by escalating levels of complication. She has more experience, but she never learns from it. What the reader learns, with a sinking heart, is more about the ashawo economy. The girls operate a sort of reverse banking system, in which they hand over their earnings to a money-minder, a walking safe, who takes a percentage at the end of the month. Hawa reckons she manages her body well, fitting it for the demands of the trade. She has been pregnant three times. Once she had a hospital abortion, twice she got rid of the child by, in effect, poisoning herself. She has known many girls, she says, who die in trying to abort. Is there a way out of this life? If you divorce, the man will often take your children. Because Hawa is telling him clearly: He can go out and do whatever he likes. Sometimes it turns into a lengthy relationship. He opens a bank account for her, pays school fees for her younger brother and sister; she is able to send money home to her village. But she should have been smarter, she says, and saved some for herself. Nigel goes home to London, intending, he says, to send for her; the next thing she hears, he is dead, and Hawa is on the road again. She lives with a German called Max in a white compound in Togo, and is sucked into a series of murky episodes involving pornography, imprisonment and sudden deaths. As for her dealings with the French people she encounters: The past makes a few claims on Hawa. She is obliging with what the visitor to an African culture usually wants: To teach children, you hurt them; it is your duty. Then he started to shout on me to shut up, to swallow up my crying. This went on for three days:

Chapter 3 : Read Hustling Is Not Stealing: Stories of an African Bar Girl Ebook Online - Video Dailymotion

Part coming-of-age story, part ethnography, and all compulsively readable, Hustling Is Not Stealing is a rare book that educates as thoroughly as it entertains.

Claire Robertson John M. Hustling Is Not Stealing: Stories of an African Bar Girl. University of Chicago Press, As such, it has a certain picaresque flavor deriving from the adventures of "Hawa" a name given to her by Chernoff to conceal her real name in several West African countries: Ghana, where she grew up and worked; Togo, where she worked for a time; and Upper Volta as it was called then, where her family came from and where she also worked. In some ways the stories are predictable. Hawa tells of constant efforts to assert her autonomy by fleeing the control of her husband, her father, her cowives and senior female relatives, as well as certain friends, male and female, European and African—to say nothing of the state in the form of the police. Her goals are to maintain her independence and support herself, to obtain certain prestigious consumer goods, to avoid menial work for others, to sleep late, and to indulge her addictions to alcohol and marijuana. Along the way she helps her family and friends when possible but not without complaint, demonstrates kindness to sister workers on occasion, and charms a variety of men who support her in various ways and help her to circumvent the law. They also embroil her in some risky ventures. Many of the tales she recounts are complicated, and all vividly illustrate the perils of a life led at the boundaries of cultures she has many liaisons with Europeans and laws. Some of her stories are funny, some pathetic. One that shows the tragic-comic nature of many of them concerns a porn scandal in Togo in which a Swiss man photographed young girls in sexually explicit positions and sold the pictures. This landed him, along with his business associates and their local girlfriends, afoul of the law. The upshot [End Page] was that one of the Europeans committed suicide upon being deported, the rest were expelled, and the local women and girls were reprimanded in some cases, jailed in others. Her characters are mainly amoral, struggling to survive in whatever ways they can. Some cheat their friends as well as their customers, but others are more scrupulous. Altogether they present a fascinatingly textured palette of experiences and qualities that challenges any simplistic attempts at generalization. These are the strengths of this book. Unfortunately, the weaknesses are also many, to the point that this source should be cited only with extreme caution. First, although Chernoff opted to publish this as a scholarly work, it manifestly does not meet current scholarly standards for ethnographic work in terms of methodology. We are not told many things necessary to establish the reliability of the text. There is no bibliography and few references; we are not told how many interviews took place or given any specific information about either transcripts of tapes or tapes themselves, nor where the tapes are on deposit and whether they are available for other researchers who might wish to use them. Second, Chernoff does not give Hawa credit for authorship; he is listed as the sole author, not the editor, which is confusing to the reader. Presumably, therefore, she does not receive royalties. Chernoff disguises both the names of protagonists and the specific places involved to preserve anonymity, but we are not told if that is the way Hawa wanted it. Informants in my experience have taken many different positions on this issue, which should be respected, as well as their rights to royalties. And he purposely withholds knowledge about where Hawa is now, surely something of great interest to most readers. Third, there is a very long pages out of a total of of text and repetitive introduction by Chernoff that not only leaves out the critical information listed above, but also offers sententious homilies on a variety of topics with no new insights for a scholarly audience. In fact, it is not clear [End Page] who the audience is supposed to be: It is most useful from page 45 on where he finally provides some key details about the generation of the text. The best writing—an eloquent section about AIDS—seems to be the most recent, but that is irrelevant to Hawa, whose account dates from the s. Under the guise of imparting wisdom, Chernoff gives us trite gems such as this one from the longest disquisition eight pages on the topic of culture: In the introduction we discover, further: Although by now there is a large life-history literature about African women, none of it is cited—Chernoff even claims that it is difficult to find a good "slice-of-life drama" out of Africa Apparently he is unfamiliar with the abundant literature on African women, including studies of prostitution, his only references being two relatively dated sources

written by white men 86n. Finally, although he has a section including feminism in the title, he ignores the extensive corpus of scholarship on the interior workings of male dominance—he simply equates "family" authority with that of men. Indeed, the monumental omissions from the introduction suggest that the well-attested form of male dominance that involves withholding knowledge is being practiced right here. That in the present climate such a long, undisciplined, and relatively uninformed editorial effort can be published by a prestigious press is puzzling; one can only speculate that the topic of prostitution was thought to make it marketable. If Chernoff has brought us stories that should be heard, our ability to hear them is profoundly impaired by serious scholarly concerns.

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Part coming-of-age story, part ethnography, and all compulsively readable, Hustling Is Not Stealing is a rare book that educates as thoroughly as it entertains. You can see some people outside, and you will think they are enjoying, but they are suffering.

But if shes got a hell of a lot of nerve and a knack for finding the funny side in even the worst situations, she just might triumph over her circumstances. Our heroine Hawa does, and she did. In the s, John Chernoff recorded the story of her life as an ashawo, or bar girl, making a living on gifts from men and her own quick wits, and here presents it in *Hustling Is Not Stealing*, one of the most remarkable autobiographies you will ever encounter. What might have been a sad tale of hardship and exploitation turns instead into a fascinating send-up of life in modern Africa, thanks to Hawas smarts, savvy, and ear for telling just the right story to make her point. Through her wide-open and knowing eyes, we get an inside view of what life is really like for young people in West Africa. We spy on nightlife scenes of sex and deception; we see how modern-minded youth deal with life in the cities in villages; and we share the sweet and sometimes silly friendships formed in the streets and bars. But mostly we come to know Hawa and how she has navigated a life that few can even imagine. The first of two funny, poignant volumes, *Hustling* starts with an in-depth introduction by Chernoff to Hawas Africa. From there the book traces her remarkable transformation from a playful warrior struggling against her circumstances to an insightful trickster enjoying and taking advantage of them as best she can. Part coming-of-age story, part ethnography, and all compulsively readable, *Hustling Is Not Stealing* is a rare book that educates as thoroughly as it entertains. You can see some people outside, and you will think they are enjoying, but they are suffering. Every time in some nightclub, you will see a girl dressed nicely, and shes dancing, shes happy. You will say, Ah! You dont know what problem she has got. Some people say that this life, its unto us. Yeah, its unto me, but sometimes its not unto me. When I was growing up, I didnt feel like doing all these things. There is not any girl who will wake up as a young girl and say, As for me, when I grow up, I want to be ashawo, to go with everybody. Not any girl will think of this. This time is necessary for searching and sorting links. One button - 15 links for downloading the book "Hustling is not Stealing: Stories of an African Bar Girl" in all e-book formats! May need free signup required to download or reading online book. A few words about book author John M. Chernoff, the author of *African Rhythm* and *African Sensibility*, studied drumming in Ghana for seven years. He was also associate producer on two internationally distributed films, *Drums of Dagbon* and *Africa Come Back*. *Not Stealing*, one of the most remarkable autobiographies you will ever encounter.

Chapter 5 : Hustling & Exchange portal | awards

Hustling Is Not Stealing: Stories of an African Bar Girl, Paperback by Chernoff, John M., ISBN , ISBN Part coming-of-age story, part ethnography, and all compulsively readable, Hustling Is Not Stealing is a rare book that educates as thoroughly as it entertains.

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Chapter 7 : Hustling Is Not Stealing: Stories of an African Bar Girl - John M. Chernoff - Google Books

Hustling is Not Stealing by John M. Chernoff (Chicago; \$) While studying West African music in the early seventies, Chernoff befriended Hawa, a high-spirited, illiterate Ghanaian woman whose.

Chapter 8 : calendrierdelascience.com | Hustling Is Not Stealing (ebook), John Miller Chernoff | | Boeken

Hustling Is Not Stealing is the first volume of stories told to John Chernoff by a Ghanaian/Haute Voltaique prostitute/bar girl about her experiences in the s.

Chapter 9 : Hustling Is Not Stealing

Hustling Is Not Stealing is the first volume of stories told to John Chernoff by a Ghanaian/Haute Voltaique prostitute/bar girl about her experiences in the s. (The second volume, also from the University of Chicago Press and equally lengthy, is called Exchange Is Not Robbery.).