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To whom it may concern:

Thank you for taking an interest in my work and downloading my media packet. Attached you will find the following items:

1) **Résumé**

2) **Letter of Recommendation:** Tom Bissell, author & contributing editor to *Harper's*

3) **Four writing clips** illustrating different aspects and strengths of my writing:

- **Drinking Beer at Café Military:** Nonfiction, travel narrative

- **Road Map to a Branded Mumbai:** Published 11/15/08 as "Top Letter." Written in response to a recently published article asking how to recreate Mumbai as a "branded city". Italicized text indicates sections edited from print version.

- **I Saw Her Eating Doner Kebab:** Flash fiction, humor

- **Let's Make Out on the J Train:** Ode to the "missed connection"

Additionally, there is a longer piece, a photo-illustrated essay titled "Accelerat" available online where this packet was downloaded at <http://defeats.us>. If you enjoy the work and believe that we could have a future working together, please do not hesitate to contact me.

Yours,

Jon M. Anzalone

This packet was downloaded from: <http://defeats.us> or received from jon.anzalone@gmail.com

Jon M. Anzalone - 1

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Education

2001 - 2005: SUNY Purchase, BA - History, 3.63. Presidential Scholar, six-semester awardee of presidential honor list.

Work Experience

2009 - Present : Trapeze School NY (TSNY), Staff photographer. Currently training as instructor.
2005 - 2008: P Wolfe Consultants, Inc, Project Coordinator. Managed and expedited construction, architectural, and engineering projects.

Skills & Notes

- Independently traveled, with experience in Eastern & Western Europe, North & South America, Middle East, South Asia
- Skilled and competent in various styles, voices, and writing formats
- Experienced with modern web applications, blogging, networking
- Speaker of Mandarin Chinese, intermediate-level
- Award-winning photographer (*Pilsner Urquell Lucie Awards*, 2008)
- Culturally-aware, sensitive, and adaptable

References

Writing

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April 22, 2009

To whom it may concern:

Jon has been a reader of my work and we have been acquainted for some time, but we were able to spend some serious time together in January 2009, when circumstance brought him to Tallinn, Estonia, where I had been living.

Jon impressed me immediately. He is a very good writer--smart and funny--and also, and most important, curious. He does not hesitate to investigate and see for himself, one consequence of which is his impressive collection of passport visas. The time he has spent traveling makes him a sensitive analyst of culture and people. His firsthand experience with the joys and troubles of the world--I am thinking here of his extremely valuable and harrowing emails sent from Bombay during the terrorist attacks there of last year--has burnished his work. (And from Jon I learned that "Bombay," rather than "Mumbai," is still preferred term among many Indians.) Rather than trying to push an idea, Jon is more concerned with questions. It's an admirable trait, and, thus, I would like to recommend him to you for consideration.

He is a young man, of course, and needs the opportunity to grow. I have faith that, with the right direction, he will be someone you will be proud to have helped along. He is an interesting, talented, and passionate writer, and a fine and decent person.

Very sincerely yours,

Tom Bissell

Jon M. Anzalone - 3

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About 1,200 words

Drinking Beer at Café Military

by

Jon M. Anzalone

It's a good question why I was spending my first days in Mumbai, India sitting in cafés and reading *Istanbul*, Orhan Pamuk's love letter to his home city. I had been in Istanbul myself about a year earlier. I'd made my trips to Spain, France, Iceland, even Romania in the past and Istanbul was certainly a different place than all of them. Was it that fabled "East"? At the time it could have seemed so with its minarets and bazaars. Now that I had arrived in Mumbai I could see just how European Istanbul was, and being in a city more distinctly "Eastern" I understood better the Turkish conflict and spirit that Pamuk describes so well which he says arises from whether Istanbul wants to be a part of the East or West. Having learned that

lesson, I was soon to learn a new one about India, only independent for so many decades from its colonial past and rapidly—very rapidly—dealing with innumerable elements which were trying to carve out an identity with a conflict and spirit all their own.

I put my book into the bag slung over my shoulder and finished off my Thum's Up, India's cola of choice (sweet with a little ginger bite to it). It was easily 100 degrees if not 110 that day in October, one of the hottest months of the year after the cooling monsoon tapers off and the sun goes to work to dry up all the water as quickly as possible. A "coldrinks" store was the best refuge, a seat where I could watch the motorbikes weave through crowds while sitting in range of a huge whirring ceiling fan muting out their blaring horns.

I had been ambling around the old Fort district for hours taking in the architecture. Beautiful, massive constructs of Gothic stone and sagging wood looking as if they'd been fixed-up thousands of times but never repaired, the earth and trees and weather trying to reclaim their precious resources yearning to pull them back into the ground or sweep them into the Arabian Sea; silver-feathered crows, the little commanders, squawking orders and directing nature's reconquista. Out of the windows of even the most stately building, colorful sheets and fabrics and

saris wave in the sun, glorious flags proclaim the divinity of the nation of Life-Absolutely-Everywhere and declare in defiance that there will be some resistance to nature's recursion.

One street of lovely homes has a posted notice, "No hawkers! We will not let our block become a fish market!" The next street of lovely homes, a fish market. Down the way and around the corner a goat sits at the top of a staircase, and somehow in a way that I had expected to be exaggerated and romanticized in other accounts, he looks beautiful, proud and holy, before the patriarch of the family chases him away to descend the stairs and get himself onto a bright red motorcycle with three children sandwiched between him and his wife sitting side-saddle.

I had gotten hungry quickly, as you do covering those unthinkable distances as you first discover a city, mapping out its streets and finding the places of future memories. I came to one Café Military, a more-or-less empty corner restaurant, walked in and took a seat. Welcomed immediately by the host, he points to the menu which is tucked under the table glass. I realize that I've made my way into one of the few "non-veg" restaurants, unsuitable for my diet, as explained by a menu with such items as: Fry Fish, 20 Rupees; Omlet (2 eggs), Rs. 25; Fry Fish, Rs. 45; Fish Fry, Rs. 55; Brain Fry, Rs. 45.

"Do you have anything to drink?"

"Foster's, Kingfisher, Budweiser, Tiger..."

Earlier I surveyed the room, Tiger beer ads on the wall, under the table mat. I hadn't tried Tiger before. "Okay. Tiger, please."

"What?"

"Tiger."

He flashed a confused look, as I glanced back at the poster and table mat he says, "What? No."

"Kingfisher?"

"Achha, yes yes!"

I opened the tremendous bottle of Kingfisher and took out my book, *Istanbul* once again. Pamuk describes a concept of *hüzün*—a collective melancholy about living in a place declining from a grand past—while another glance around the room shows that Café Military is adorned with fading wall posters of Venetian canals, Swiss mountains, Paris, placed between similarly-sized mirrors reflecting back out into the streets of Fort.

The Shiv Sena, a right-wing nativist political party with great sway in Mumbai and its state of Maharashtra in general, renamed the city (from Bombay) and many of its great sites (including my next stop after the Kingfisher): Victoria Terminus became Chhatrapati Shivaji Terminus named after the recently exalted 17th century Marathi empire-builder; Sahar International

Airport and the Prince of Wales Museum similarly renamed after Shivaji; other sites and streets renamed after revolutionary figures who fought in wars distant from and unassociated with Bombay. By declaring that South Indians and, later, Muslims were job thieves, the Shiv Sena rose to power among the local Marathi population and countered any argument with claims of persecution. In doing so, they stoked ethnic tensions and riots and chased out businesses.

Victoria Terminus stands as a piece of joint heritage, both Indian and British. An Indian friend of mine who had walked me through the area days before said about this, "when one culture tries to seduce another, there is something beautiful to it." Victoria no longer stood as the name of a long-dead monarch, but of the beloved and iconic train station. When India became independent, Victoria Terminus became a piece of heritage that belonged to India; when it became Chhatrapati Shivaji Terminus, it was colonized from within.

For a little while I wonder if it is anything like Pamuk's *hüzün* that most people here still call it "VT" 12 years after it was renamed, or if it is a force of habit, or as a casual revolution against racism in a cosmopolitan city, or if it is something that I cannot yet understand since I haven't been here the necessary thousands of years to understand such a vast and

complicated network of cultures.

By now my mind is joyfully clouded by the beer, and I make my way back up to VT, one of many hundreds of thousands who cross its entry every day wearing deep indentations into its marble steps. Running alongside the red metal husk of a rattling train car, I reach out my hand and I'm pulled in by a mustachioed gentleman who disappears as quickly as I do into the impossible mass of bodies returning home to see their families, together sweating as one in the heat.

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About 700 words

ROAD MAP TO A BRANDED MUMBAI

by

Jon M. Anzalone

As a former resident of New York City and a current resident of Mumbai for several months, I have been following the discussion of branding this city for improving international tourism. There is much work to be done, some very minor and some very major. These are all hurdles which must be overcome in order to establish Mumbai as the world city it deserves to be.

1) Protect and promote the city's heritage neighborhoods.

Walking through Pydhonie and Bhuleshwar, I first discovered Mumbai. The old, beautiful architecture of this area must be preserved and recognized as the heritage site which it is. [As a witness to rabid urban redevelopment, I say without hesitation

that these two neighborhoods are the future of the city's progress. Provide tax incentives to buildings owners for repairing buildings and preserving the area. This will someday be your Greenwich Village. Appreciate it as such.]

2) Despite what is stated commonly, Mumbai is not a cosmopolitan city. Do not take this the wrong way: it has the leanings of cosmopolitanism, but in the range of South Asian cultures.

[There is no Chinatown, no Little Italy, or other major recognizable world cultures which are marketed by other branded cities. There are however enclaves of Marathis, Bengalis, Goans, Malayalees, Biharis, Punjabis, etc. The Western tourist is generally ignorant of the differences between these cultures and will only see "Indian culture" until it is illuminated for them.] Mumbai's cosmopolitanism is South Asia-centric, so brand it as such and you will see an increase in interest for the variety of unique cultures that exist.

3) Add a tourist seating area in the local trains. I understand how crowded the trains already are to consider taking away more space, but they are one of the biggest and most intimidating hurdles to visitors who want to see outside of South Bombay. Use a small section of one car, keep a ticket checker in it to make

sure it is being paid for, and as money flows into the city add more trains.

4) Establish a hawker's bazaar in the tourist districts and create a general non-hawking zone there. It is impossible to walk through Colaba without being harassed to buy a drum or a giant balloon. However, if there were a designated bazaar for this kind of merchandise it would attract buyers as a destination to visit rather than chasing them away from popular areas. [If want to exploit the wallet of the Western tourist, play up and sell them exoticism of the bazaar.]

5) Enforce laws against spitting and using the streets as a bathroom. [Stop the burning of garbage on the roadside and improve municipal waste collection. Put fines levied against people who abuse the city directly into cleanup efforts.]

6) Fix the sidewalks and open manholes. [Require all barbed-wire fences to be raised to a minimum of 7 feet high. If you have an increase in tourism and there are troubles such as this, you will similarly see an increase in litigation for everyone who injures themselves in those pitfalls which we have all memorized and know how to avoid.]

7) Utilize tourist interest in Dharavi and promote the growing movement of responsible tourism by furthering the development of practical infrastructure for the people in those neighborhoods: [access to water, bathrooms, and so forth. If the slums are legalized construction they will be there forever. Use foreign interest to make life better for the people who live in them.]

[8) There is a serious and obvious problem which I will not speak of for fear of reprisal. In effect, this is two major issues: the one which I cannot speak of, and the fact that I cannot speak of it. The complexities will take time to work out, but the answer is obvious: This is the 21st century. Grow up.¹]

Mumbai deserves to be a world city and has everything it needs: entertainment, culture, history, nightlife, economy, sightseeing, and a unique flair that sets it apart from the nation. But take care of the wonderful place in which you live. To brand "I Love Mumbai", you must first love Mumbai.

¹ Refers to the actions of Hindu nationalist party MNS and, to a lesser extent, Shiv Sena. These groups for riots, violence, and forced strikes as well as racist actions against North Indians, South Indians, and Muslims. This is a sensitive situation that everyone in Mumbai knows about.

Text within [brackets] indicates sections edited from printed letter.

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About 450 words

I Saw Her Eating Döner Kebab

by

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It was just days ago that I saw her.

Her, yes, her with flaxen hair draped down about her shoulders, shimmering eyes of silvery blue, and that mouth—that fair mouth I longed to kiss—taking a deep bite of her döner kebab. Was it fate that I too stepped into Ahmet Bey's Taksim Döner & Wet Hamburger just as she was leaving?

It was noon. I had not eaten yet, and I knew if I were to pursue her now I would surely collapse upon my own efforts at following her. "Quickly Pasha, my shashlik!" I handed him 3 Lira, and shoveling the fine meats into my ever willing jaw I ran out the door after her.

All down Beyoğlu I ran, through the crowds, the grinning

Turkcell figurines suspended above me and the taunting of the muezzin from the minarets, they could all find me, what of her, what of her?

Quickly I approached the Galata Tower standing erect on the hill and saw her again, peering down at me from its 13th floor terrace. I noshed a quick bite of the kebab and darted inward, racing past the stray dogs and oud players, the meal's fragrant gravies staining my shirtsleeves silken from sweat. Into the elevator, and up! up! up, I say! To the topmost floors, around the staircase, and to the balcony. Girl, my darling, where have you gone! I looked down, and upon the ground: her kebab wrapper! I picked it up and tucked it into my breast pocket. Fate of fates, as she exited the tower I nearly fainted. Had I only chosen the other elevator, we could have been locked in embrace in an eternal twelve story descent, her, I, our döner, with no onlookers save perhaps some school group of Persian youths.

I went down and gave chase, but there was little more I could do. Into the crowds beyond the Golden Horn, over the bridge and beyond, the girl with the flaxen hair had departed from me. I touched the kebab wrapper held close to my heart—I knew it may not have even belonged to her, a girl so fair would have had the care not to drop her wrappers—but I had to believe

it just to know that image of perfection existed. Much like the flow of the mighty Bosphorus, it shall always be. That moment in Ahmet Bey's Taksim Döner & Wet Hamburger foretold the story of my life, it was a sign that I would always be coming, and her, always going.

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About 350 words

Let's Make Out On the J Train

by

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I know you. No, I don't know your name, I don't know your face. I don't know your style, nor your pleasures, nor your vices.

But I know you as you watch the window, waiting for daybreak in through scratched plastic-glass. I know you as quick glimmered lights give way to graffiti, tags and trash and epics on rail walls. I know the water under the line made us nervous as children and still does. As the car crowded roadway is given glance through steel-lattice skeletons and flickered still frame animations between support beams, I know you and I know your heart.

You know me. I have been here, quiet and anxious, eyes on a

book or tuned to some thought in my head, staring away at the river, looking inward. I'll take my time and draw a breath as I flinch at the rush of the other line passing, or ears blasted by the mad squawked cackle of the conductor and his warnings of our impending demise. You know me. We have been here before. We know this place.

Let's make out on the J Train: for the time until Marcy, or Halsey, or Broadway Junction. Let us ride the rattle and the rumble over homes and halfways, galleries and ghettos, past friends and families, colleagues and cohorts, strangers and urban soldiers.

Let's make out on the J Train: to Queens, to Jamaica, to the end of the line. Let the tunnel cover us, and the conductor pass us by, sprawled and awkward like the vagrants and bums as we turn around and resurface.

Let's make out on the J Train: let's stay unmoved and ride back over battered Broadway, and back over the Williamsburg until the great seas swell, the tidal estuary lifts past the shoreline, and the rusted bridge crumbles into that feared and blessed blue as we blend together, fused in embrace as we were before time was counted in minutes until the next train arrived.