JIVELANDIA

Decolonizing Nostalgia in the Goan Catholic Diaspora

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abstract

This paper is about a state of constant movement across the border in an effort to find JIVELANDIA; a subjunctive space where time, memory, characters and actions come together in unruly ways to give us a glimpse into a futurity on the horizon. I argue that practices of memory, play a significant part in processes of decolonization. I enact these practices by narrating the pieces of my family's journey across borders. I also offer a historical sketch of Portuguese colonization of Goa, which is our place of origin. Memory evokes borders. More than a delineation of nation-state politics, borders reflect the psychic and emotional boundaries that constitute our lives. Recognizing this can be highly generative for political and artistic practices. I take up the meaning of these ideas in my critical discussion of contemporary migrant justice movements, arguing for a recognition of the productivity of border thinking. In so doing, I hope to heed Raymond Williams call for an "openness" that "is in fact strengthening".[1]

[1] Williams, R., & Milner, A. (2010). Tenses of imagination: Raymond Williams on science fiction, utopia and dystopia (Vol. 7). Peter Lang. p.110

Acknowledgements

Performing the role of Master Candidate, I've entered into a long window of becoming. In the eyes of my im/migrant parents, this stage marks my transition from angry activist-drop out, to respectable, well-educated daughter—or so they hope. In my own eyes, this journey symbolizes a different transition; to what, I'm never sure. Pierced by the fractures of a migrant justice movement I'd been immersed in for over a decade, I entered the concrete dungeons of the university, where learning is said to happen. Carving out a meaningful space for reflection and reinvention, I have resisted the factory-like conditions imposed on students here. And so I refuse to leave with a fancy piece of paper and no imagination. Naturally, my defiance of deadlines and protocol, has landed me at the limits of inclusion and expulsion, of success and failure, unsure even as I write this of whether or not I will graduate. Coaching me on this journey, my friend Moyo tells me I have to be strategic. "We have to know our audience" he says, "and sometimes even cater to them". With his wisdom, I've come to regard the institution as a rude, disruptive member of my audience. Part of my task here, is to quiet him.

In the green room of certainty, I turn to the work fellow border-beings: Honor Ford-Smith, Toni Morrison, Junot Diaz, Dionne Brand, Gabriel Garcia Marquez, Eduardo Galeano and Arundnathi Roy. They remind me as Rushdie says, that "truth is slippery

and hard to establish"[2] when the freedoms one is searching for are freedoms free of hierarchy and exclusion.

Writing has be ugly, messy and trying, and I have to thank those who have stuck with me through it. First, my parents, Marge and Ferdi, for loving and supporting me even when they haven't always agreed with my life choices; for providing me with a place to live, and financial when I've needed it. These pages are a product of their love and labour. I also have to thank my brothers, Dayne, Jared and The Baby for their humour, wit and creativity, that has helped me navigate life's greatest challenges; and my sister, Steph, for her infectious positivity, and belief that I'd graduate, even when I didn't.

My family has grown tremendously over these last two years. I have my partner, Luca to thank for being an unwavering force of calm in my life. For patiently listening, editing, offering critical feedback, as I've worked through these ideas. I also have to thank Franca and Mel, my new parents, and siblings, Lisa, Erica, Fab, and Shahid, for their easy-going attitude; for not asking too many questions about my work, and allowing me to share it when I'm ready. You made it possible to plan a wedding, and write an MRP! Your warmth and generosity over these years will never be forgotten. I look forward to sharing this writing with you in the hopes that it will deepen our relationships with each other.

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[2] Rushdie, S. (2010). Midnight's children. Random House. p.141

I have Nonna Yole to thank for our time together in Italy; for nourishing me in that final stretch of writing. Cooking, she says, is about “fantasy, imagination and love”, lessons I’ve tried to apply to my writing. I also have Nonna Dina and Nonno Romano to thank. They are an example of what it means to live on this land, without taking more than one needs; they treat plants like babies, squirrels as friends; and treat their neighbours with kindness.

The family that I speak of is not nuclear, nor is it homogenous. It is a big beautiful multi-racialized family, that includes teachers, comrades, friends, artists, writers, even ex-lovers, all of whom have challenged me to think about what it means to undo colonial borders. Abeer Majeed, Alvaro Orozco, Amarna Moscote, Asha Jeffers, Craig Fortier, Edward Wong, Evelyn Encalada, Faria Kamal, Fariah Choudhury, Graciela Flores Mendes, Gloria Petrone, Karin Baqi, Kole Kilibarda, Leonardo Zuniga, Maggie Flynn, Mohan Mishra, Moyo Rainos Mutamba, Nadia Saad, Nahed Mansour, Navyug Gill, Parmbir Gill, Sarah Raeburn, Stella Petrone, Tara Atluri, Tings Chak, Vino Shanmuganathan, and Yen Chu, thank you for walking with me and asking questions.

My less than balanced approach to organizing, made me a less than stellar undergraduate student. I am privileged to have allies in academia. I have to thank David McNally, Nandita Sharma, and Alan Sears — their generous letters of support helped land me a spot in the MES program. I also have to thank Liette Gilbert, Deborah Barndt, Anna Zalik, and Justin Pour for their advocacy, and support; and the wonderful team of

administrators who helped me survive the bureaucracy, Josephine Campanelli, Teresa Masucci and Krystal Ramsay.

Aman Sium reminded me repeatedly, that “academia is game of smoke and mirrors,” and that I shouldn’t be intimidated by it. This assurance has been most helpful. More than a degree, what I’ve gained from my experience in this program is an inspiring network of artists and friends. Anique Jordan, Alexandra Gelis, Alvis Kernel Parsley, Camille Turner, Charmaine Lurch, Erin Howley, and Mosa McNeilly, and many others. I am grateful for their visions, critical support, and friendship.

I have Professor Jin Harithaworn to thank for their incredible course on *Social Movements*. Their readings and lectures provided me with the theoretical ground to reflect on my experience as organizer, and more specifically, on issues of antiblack racism within migrant justice movements. They are a wonderful example of what it means to produce critical, rigorous scholarship, while supporting critical spaces for political action, and research, led by racialized, disabled, queer, trans and gender non-conforming students.

I have my supervisor, Honor Ford-Smith to thank for introducing me to the field of cultural theory and performance; for encouraging me to deal with the questions I feared most; for encouraging me to write the way I speak; for giving me analytical tools and technical skills to engage in creative writing and performance. Each moment spent in the studio, in her office and in her classes, are moments I will treasure always.

Finally, I'd like to thank my Petrons, Stella and Gloria, for providing me with a home and office from which to carry forward the projects I began during this degree. Their kindness and generosity is unfathomable.

foreword

This is story of one family's movements across time and space, and it's slippery relationship with national borders. From the "vague and undetermined place"[3] of the Mexico-U.S border, queer, Chicana feminist, Gloria Anzaldua testifies to her life in the *borderlands*—a space created by the "emotional residue of an unnatural boundary".[4] Unlike Anzaldua, the physical borderland that I am dealing with is impossible to pin down. Between Goa, Bombay, Karachi, Mangalore and Mississauga, I was born a migrant. In a zone of petrodollars. On a yoyo between nation-states. My early years were marked by whispers of visas, immigration agents, and guessing games about where we'd head next. As Mum and Dad strategized about jobs, health, our education, and how to care for their aging parents, imperialist borders stalked them—dictating when and where we could move, and how. My parents, while good enough to work in Abu Dhabi, would never be good enough to stay.[5] Coveting that 'landed immigrant' ticket for more than a decade, they were finally able to buy it—"a colonial pathway"[6]—

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[3] Anzaldúa, G. (1987). Borderlands: la frontera (Vol. 3). San Francisco: Aunt Lute. p.25

[4] Ibid.

[5] Deepak Unnikrishnan describes his book Temporary People as "a work of fiction set in the UAE, where foreign nationals constitute over 80 percent of the population. It is a nation built by people who are eventually required to leave". As cited in Literary Hub. (2016). Announcing the Winner of Restless Books New Immigrant Writing Prize. Retrieved January 08, 2017, from http://lithub.com/announcing-the-winner-of-restless-books-new-immigrant-writing-prize/

[6] It is critical to note, as Tuck & Yang have argued in their article "Decolonization is Not a Metaphor," that "People of color who enter/are brought into the settler colonial nation-state also enter the triad of relations between settler-native-slave. (They) are referring to colonial pathways that are usually described as 'immigration' and how the refugee/immigrant/migrant is invited to be a settler in some scenarios, given the appropriate investments in whiteness, or is made an illegal, criminal presence in other scenarios."

Tuck, E., & Yang, K. W. (2012). Decolonization is not a metaphor. Decolonization: Indigeneity, Education & Society, 1(1). p.17

into the Canadian settler-state. I am not Indigenous to these lands that I am writing on. There is no 'post'[7] here, only colonization, with its ongoing legacy of disappearance and dispossession.[8]

This is a story about Jivelandia, the home that I have made between borders — Jivelandia is a subjunctive and hybrid space between desire and being. Welding pasts, presents and futures into a telling whole, it resists any model of change that imply closure.[9] In this sense, Jivelandia might perhaps be described by Jose Munoz as a queer utopia, a place that is not yet here but, nonetheless engages the present from the standpoint of desired futurity. Four theoretical allegiances underpin this imagined space decolonization, borders, performance and nostalgia—each of which offer contributions to my thinking on what it means to be "betwixt and between the positions assigned and arrayed by law, custom, convention and ceremony".[10]

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[7] 'Post' in post-colonialism suggests both a temporal and ideological aspect - the second is problematic, because a state "may be postcolonial [i.e. formally independent] and neo-colonial [i.e. remaining economically and/or culturally dependent]". It is also crucial to note that even where formal decolonization has happened, those states may still be dominated culturally and economically by others.

As cited in Loomba, A. (2015). Colonialism/postcolonialism. Routledge. p.7

[8] Amadahy, Z., & Lawrence, B. (2009). Indigenous peoples and black people in Canada: Settlers or Allies?. In *Breaching the colonial contract* (pp. 105-136). Springer Netherlands.

[9] Williams, R. (2011). :Culture is ordinary" (1958). *Cultural theory: An anthology,* 53-59.

[10] Turner, V. (1969). Liminality and communitas. The ritual process: Structure and anti-structure, 94, 130. p.95

haunting the death maps of empire

We live within fabricated borders,
within countries that were named
by Europeans.

—Seun Kuti [11]

Colonially drawn lines between *Portuguese* and *British India* and between *India* and *Pakistan* have severed my relations. Separating my grandparents from their siblings; my Mum and aunties from their cousins.[12] When spawned by colonialism, capitalism and imperialism, "borders work to contain, exclude, separate and kill"[13] They "appear in this world" as Nelson Maldonado-Torres puts it, "as the death maps of empire".[14] In 2016, more than 5,000 people "lost their lives on the Mediterranean…an average of 14 people every single day"[15] Migrant Files, a data visualization project that maps the deaths of migrants crossing Europe's borders, counted 29,000 deaths between 2000 and 2015. In the Sonoran desert, in the borderland between the US and Mexico, over "2,000

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[11] Trieman, T. (2013). Seun Kuti's music of resistance. Retrieved January 08, 2017, from http://www.dazeddigital.com/artsandculture/article/17784/1/seun-kutis-music-of-resistance

[12] "Wherever European colonization has burst in, [it] has led to the destruction or weakening of traditional ties, the pulverization of the social and economic structure of the community as well as the disintegration of the family," wrote Martiniquan poet, author and politician, Aimee Césaire.

Césaire, A. (1955). "Culture and Colonization." *Social Text.* Vol. 28. No. 2, 127-144. p.132

[13] Ritskes, E. (2015). Against the death maps of Empire: Contesting colonial borders through Indigenous sovereignty. Retrieved January 09, 2017, from https://decolonization.wordpress.com/2015/10/14/against-the-death-maps-of-empire-contesting-colonial-borders-through-indigenous-sovereignty/

[14] Maldonado-Torres, N. (2004). The topology of being and the geopolitics of knowledge: Modernity, empire, coloniality 1. City, 8(1), 29-56. p. 48

[15] as cited in Al Jazeera, (2016). Mediterranean migrant deaths in 2016 pass 5,000: UN. Retrieved from http://www.aljazeera.com/news/2016/12/mediterranean-migrant-deaths-2016-pass-5000-161223130357172.html

corpses, often desiccated… [were] recovered" between 2003 and 2013.[16] Migrant deaths "do not just happen; they are produced". It is important to note that migrations "do not involve just any possible combination of countries; they are patterned".[17] In 2014, the UN Refugee Agency reported that 59.5 million people were expelled from their homes. Penned by military intervention and the invisible hand of free markets, displacements are most staggering where maps have been redrawn by imperialist powers.[18] Interrogating the relationships borders have with neoliberal practices of empire, activist-author Harsha Walia

> calls attention not only to the ways borders are operationalized, but also interrogates the relationships they have with intensifying neoliberal practices of empire. The term 'border imperialism' urges us to think beyond national boundaries as mere delineations of territories and to make the necessary connections between borders and colonialism, dispossession, displacement and racism. Walia argues our understanding of borders are incomplete without a comprehensive analysis of how borders actually function, and in particular, the ways in which they govern, discipline, and oppress people who are traversing colonial territories, particularly Indigenous people and racialized people.[19]

In a world dominated by nation-states, the paradox of the border is that it is both flexible and rigid. With the allure of an Olympic acrobat, it can contort to meet the changing demands of capital and commodities, but remain cold and rigid towards people, especially the poor and working class. Robinson argues that "while transnational capital is free to move about world, to reshape world in its interests, transnational labor is

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[16] Helmore, E. (2013). 'Death map' of deserts aims to save lives of desperate Mexican migrants. Retrieved from https://www.theguardian.com/world/2013/jun/01/map-us-mexico-migrant-deaths-border

[17] Sassen, S. (1992). Why migration?. NACLA Report on the Americas, 26(1), 14-47. p.32

[18] Khiabany, G. (2016). Refugee crisis, imperialism and pitiless wars on the poor. *Media, Culture & Society*, 2016, Vol. 38(5) 755-762

[19] "Border Imperialism." (2015). Retrieved from https://globalsocialtheory.org/topics/border-imperialism/

subject to ever tighter and more repressive controls".[20] Imaging this reality, Tara Atluri writes:

> Abraham in Ethiopia cannot cross the border, but his beans carry the fragrant aromas of coffee down the sparkling Western city streets. The produce is picked by Mexicans, the children fed by a Filipinna, and the waiter is from Baghdad. To obtain a UK visa, one no longer talks to the British, but to "World Bridge," a private business that now processes all applications.[21]

Popped into being, like a Viagra induced erection, imperialist borders feed the insatiable demands of capitalism. Sorting migrants into bite-sized portions marked: "desirable and non-desirable, skilled and unskilled, genuine and bogus, worker, wife, refugee".[22] As Kenyan anti-colonial playwright, novelist and performance scholar, Ngugi wa Thiong'o puts it,

> the nation-state sees the entire territory as its performance area; it organizes the space as a huge enclosure, with definite…entrances and exits…[It] performs its own being hourly, through its daily exercise of power over the exits and entrances by means of passports and visas and flags. [And] within that territorial enclosure it creates others.[23]

Even the most violent and terrifying of borders, compels its victims to cross it. As performance scholar Berta Jottar puts it, "you need the crossing of bodies for the border to become real, otherwise you just have this discursive construction".[24] A national border as she articulates it, is a "highly constructed place that gets reproduced through the

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[20] Robinson, W. (2007). ZCommunications » Globalization and the Struggle for Immigrant Rights in the United States. Retrieved January 08, 2017, from https://zcomm.org/znetarticle/globalization-and-the-struggle-for-immigrant-rights-in-the-united-states-by-william-robinson/

[21] Atluri, T. (2013). "Imposter." Undoing border imperialism (Vol. 6). Ed. Walia, H., & Smith, A. Ak Press.

[22] Anderson, B., Sharma, N., & Wright, C. (2009). Editorial: why no borders?. Refuge: Canada's Journal on Refugees, 26(2). p.6

[23] wa Thiong'o, N. (1998). Penpoints, gunpoints, and dreams: Towards a critical theory of the arts and the state in Africa. Clarendon Press. p.52-53

[24] as cited in Biemann, U. (2002). Performing the border. In Globalization on the Line (pp. 99-118). Palgrave Macmillan US. p.1

crossing of people, because without the crossing, there's no border, right? It's just an imaginary line, a river or it's just a wall".[25] More like a stage curtain than a wall, a border is the pliable fabric through which culture itself is dramatized. Seemingly static, held in place by heavy iron rods, it is actually through motion that it gains its grounding.[26] Brought into being through performance, national borders can pull communities together, or slice them apart.

the colonization of story

> *Colonial domination, because it is total and tends to over-simplify, very soon manages to disrupt in spectacular fashion the cultural life of a conquered people. The cultural obliteration is made possible by the negation of national reality, by new legal relations introduced by the occupying power, by the banishment of the natives and their customs to outlying districts by colonial society, by expropriation, and by the systematic enslaving of men and women.*
>
> *—Frantz Fanon, Wretched of the Earth Earth*
>
> [27]

The main struggle in settler-colonialism and imperialism is over land. Said says it is about who "owned the land, who had the right to settle the land, who kept it going, who won it back, and who now plans its future".[28] He argues that these questions are

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[25] as cited in Biemann, U. (2002). Performing the border. In Globalization on the Line (pp. 99-118). Palgrave Macmillan US. p.1

[26] Rivera-Servera, R., & Young, H. (Eds.) (2010). Performance in the Borderlands. Springer.

[27] Fanon, F., & Sartre, J. P. (1963). The wretched of the earth. p.170

[28] Said, E. W. (1993). Culture and imperialism. Vintage.

"reflected, contested, and even…decided in narrative". Glen Coulthard, a member of the Yellowknives Dene First Nation, involved in the Dechinta Bush University, and a professor at UBC, articulates Indigenous relationships to land quite differently.

> Land is a relationship based on the obligations we have to other people and the other-than human relations that constitute the land itself…I refer to this ethical orientation to land and others as "grounded normatively" and it has served as a framework for many of our communities' struggles for self-determination.[29]

In this view, land is not a resource to be managed, but a system of interconnection. Michi Saagig Nishnaabeg story-teller, activist and scholar Leanne Simpson describes land as "the spine of [her] practice".[30] "Our lives," she says,

> are intertwined with the plant nations and the animal nations, the waterways and beneath our feet. I think we see a responsibility to act in solidarity with animals and plants and water and that comes from our stories, our ceremonies and our songs.[31]

Simpson's stories are rooted in Indigenous self-recognition and Indigenous land-based cultural practices that stand in sharp contrast to the stories the settler state tells itself. Sherene Razack describes the stories of the settler-state, as "deeply spatialized stories"[32]; where the land, prior to European contact, is imagined as devoid of inhabitants, erasing thousands of years of Indigenous presence, and thus exalting its

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[29] as cited in Walia, H. (2015). 'Land is a Relationship': In conversation with Glen Coulthard on Indigenous nationhood. Retrieved 2017, from http://rabble.ca/columnists/2015/01/land-relationship-conversation-glen-coulthard-on-indigenous-nationhood

[30] Leanne Betasamosake Simpson draws story from the land. (2016). Retrieved from http://www.cbc.ca/radio/unreserved/the-complicated-politics-of-identity-1.3833746/leanne-betasamosake-simpson-draws-story-from-the-land-1.3835164

[31] Ibid.

[32] Razack, S. (2002). Race, space, and the law: Unmapping a white settler society. Between the Lines. p. 3

'discovery' by Europeans; and their "hardy and enterprising"[33] settlement of the territory. Bonita Lawrence explains that for Canadians' to maintain their/our

> self-image as a fundamentally 'decent' people innocent of any wrongdoing, the historical record of how the land was acquired—the forcible and relentless dispossession of Indigenous peoples, the theft of their territories, and the implementation of legislation and policies designed to effect their total disappearance as peoples—must also be erased.[34]

Razack argues that "although the spatial story that is told varies from one time to another, at each stage the story installs Europeans as entitled to the land, a claim that is codified in law."[35] In this sense, it is a "single story". Alerting us to its dangers, novelist Chimamanda Adichie explains that "stories can be used to dispossess and to malign, but stories can also be used to empower and humanize. Stories can break the dignity of a people, but stories can also repair that broken dignity".[36] The single story dictates history; and history, is as Maori scholar, Linda Smith puts it, "the story of the powerful and how they became powerful, and then how they use their power to keep them in positions in which they can continue to dominate others."[37] Canada is itself a narration — its borders, imagined, layered and operationalized, by way of story-telling.

> Occupying the role of narrator, 'whiteness' seeks to set the stage of social meaning, deciding which characters to introduce and how. With unequivocal authority, it has shaped dominant narratives on residential schools, the slave trade and the Komagata Maru incident, on Japanese internment camps, and more recently on boat arrivals of migrants from Vietnam, China and Sri Lanka. Premised on a logic that renders whiteness natural and invisible, Indigenous people as

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[33] Razack, S. (2002). Race, space, and the law: Unmapping a white settler society. Between the Lines. p. 3

[34] Lawrence, B. (2002). Rewriting histories of the land: Colonization and Indigenous resistance in Eastern Canada. *Race, space and the law: Unmapping a white settler society*, 21-46. p.23-24

[35] Razack, S. (2002). Race, space, and the law: Unmapping a white settler society. Between the Lines. p. 3

[36] Adichie, C. (2009). The danger of a single story. *TED Ideas worth spreading*.

[37] Smith, L. T. (1999). Decolonizing methodologies: Research and indigenous peoples. Zed books.

> extinguished or extinguishable and racialized im/migrants as dangerous and deportable, it's the simplicity of this story and the consistency with which it is told that makes it so effective.[38]

Seizing this "power to narrate,"[39] the single story also tries "to block other narratives from forming and emerging".[40] Pushing against these blockages, I have chosen to write my Major Research Paper in the form of a critical memoir. Punctured with poetry, it is the most experimental form of writing I have engaged in. I write in order to locate my self within the theft of land and life from which I benefit, as the result of my "sanctioned and subjugated (im/) migration"[41] The anecdotes that surface in these pages seek to rupture mythologies of Canadian multiculturalism. This is important because multiculturalism, as Bannerji points out, with its neutralizing rhetoric of 'tolerance', 'diversity' and 'equality', obscures socio-political processes of racialization, and negates capacity for resistance.[42] As a racialized and gendered settler, the work of "decolonizing borders,"[43] is a process that involves "breaking (my) identity with and loyalty to"[44] Canada, its culture—its story.

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[38] Miranda,F. (2015). "Disfiguring Canada: Laying Siege to its Single Story." *In the Wake of the Komagata Maru: Transpacific Migration, Race and Contemporary Art.* p.58

[39] Said, E. W. (1993). Culture and imperialism. Vintage. xiii

[40] Said, E. W. (1993). Culture and imperialism. Vintage. xiii

[41] Patel, L. (2015). "Nationalist narratives, Immigration and Coloniality." *Decolonization, Indigeneity & Society,* Essay Series on Immigration. Online. Retrieved from https://decolonization.wordpress.com/2015/09/17/nationalist-narratives-immigration-and-coloniality/

[42] Bannerji, H. (2000). The dark side of the nation: Essays on multiculturalism, nationalism and gender. Canadian Scholars' Press.

[43] Fortier, C. S. (2010, September). Decolonizing borders: no one is illegal movements in Canada and the negotiation of counter-national and anti-colonial struggles from within the nation-state. In *workshop on 'Producing and Negotiating Precarious Migratory Status in Canada.'York University, Toronto: Research Alliance on Precarious Status* (Vol. 16).

[44] Derrick Jensen: Civilization & Decolonization. (2012, February 12). Retrieved from https://unsettlingamerica.wordpress.com/2012/02/12/derrick-jensen-civilization-decolonization/

This work also requires, as Derrick Jensen puts it, “a remembering my identification with and loyalty to the real physical world, including the land where (I) live. It also demands re-examining the premises and stories … handed down to me”[45] Most importantly, decolonization is about working to return the land to the people who’ve lived on, and protected it for thousands of years.[46] A self-identified “daughter of immigrants,” Leigh Patel outlines her refusal to participate in nation-building narratives that construct Canada as a “nation of immigrants”. Writing on the topic of “nationalist narratives, immigration and coloniality,” Patel cites Nigerian writer, Chinua Achebe assertion that:

> Belief in superior or inferior races; belief that some people who live across our frontiers or speak a different language from ourselves are the cause of all the trouble in the world, or that our own particular group or class or caste has a right to certain things which are denied to others…all fictions are generated by the imagination. What then makes them different from the beneficent fictions for which I am making rather large claims? What distinguishes beneficent fiction from such malignant cousins as racism is that the first never forgets it is a fiction and the other never knows that it is.[47]

Patel explains that, “the narratives of a nation are not malignant because they are narratives. Rather, their malignancy resides in their impenetrability and material impact”.[48] Most powerfully, she argues that

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[45] Jensen, D. (2012). “Civilization & Decolonization.” *Unsettling America.* Retrieved from https://unsettlingamerica.wordpress.com/2012/02/12/derrick-jensen-civilization-decolonization/

Tuck, E., & Yang, K. W. (2012). Decolonization is not a metaphor. Decolonization: Indigeneity, Education & Society, 1(1).

[46] Jensen, D. (2012). “Civilization & Decolonization.” *Unsettling America.* Retrieved from https://unsettlingamerica.wordpress.com/2012/02/12/derrick-jensen-civilization-decolonization/

[47] Achebe, C. (1989). The truth of fiction. *Hopes and impediments: Selected essays*. p.147

[48] Patel, L. (2015). “Nationalist narratives, Immigration and Coloniality.” *Decolonization, Indigeneity & Society,* Essay Series on Immigration. Online. Retrieved from https://decolonization.wordpress.com/2015/09/17/nationalist-narratives-immigration-and-coloniality/

> The nationalist narratives of immigrants building a nation through folksy determination, grit, and stick-to-it-ive-ness literally erase settler projects from view; in part, by making the appearance of access to material wealth seem both possible and somehow equally available. The appearance of access to material well-being is helmed by figurations of individualism and meritocracy, both of which work to obscure structures that organize swaths of populations.[49]

In her essay, "Decolonizing Together-Moving beyond a politics of solidarity toward a practice of decolonization," Walia cites German anarchist Gustav Landauer's notion of the state, as "a condition, a certain relationship between human beings, a mode of behaviour; we destroy it by contracting other relationships."[50] Decolonization, then is about the building of new relationships, particular kinds of relationships.

Raised in a very Catholic family, I have been taught to value charity. Uruguayan poet, novelist and journo, Eduardo Galeano, (who I suspect was fed similar values as a child) makes an urgent distinction between relationships of charity, and ones of solidarity. "I don't believe in charity," he proclaims — "I believe in solidarity. Charity is so vertical. it goes from the top to the bottom. Solidarity is horizontal. It respects the other person".[51] Echoing his argument, transnational, anti-capitalist, feminist, Chandra Mohanty defines solidarity as "mutuality, accountability, and the recognition of common interests as the basis for relationships among diverse communities".[52][53] In striving for these "common

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[49] Ibid.

[50] as cited in Walia, H. (2012). "Decolonizing together." *Briarpatch magazine.* Retrieved from: https://briarpatchmagazine.com/articles/view/decolonizing-together

[51] Galeano, E., Barsamian, D.(2004) Louder Than Bombs: Interviews from The Progressive Magazine. p. 146

[52] Mohanty, C. T. (2005). Feminism without borders: Decolonizing theory, practicing solidarity. Zubaan. p. 7

[53] Mohanty's definition of solidarity follows her critique of Eurocentric notions of "sisterhood" which she argues assumes too much homogeneity among women, and is seemingly "predicated on the erasure of the history and effects of contemporary imperialism' .p.7

interests," my experience within migrant justice organizing has been one of learning (through ongoing trying and making mistakes) not to overwrite the differences between Indigenous, Black and people of colour; between cis-gendered, and trans or gender non-conforming people; between heteros and queers; between able-bodied and disabled folks, and between poor and middle class. This, as Moraga argues, requires "building from the insideout, not the other way around. Coming to terms with the suffering of others has never meant looking away from our own".[54] Burgeoning Indigenous sovereignty and Black liberation movements, are giving "rise to a new rhythm of life,"[55] on this land. In writing this I reach for a way of supporting and building relationships with these movements. I desire to do this with my family, I am not referring to the nuclear family, but to the big, beautiful, multiracial, queer family that supports and sustains me—it includes people who aren't already immersed in social movements.

nostalgic writing as combat

As I sat to write, I found myself yearning for proof of freedom fighters in my family. Unlike many of my South Asian comrades, my parents weren't members of the Communist Party, they weren't involved in liberation movements of any kind, nor have they ever been to prison. To the contrary, Dad watched from the window in Margao, as Indian tanks "liberated" Goa. This, while Nana screamed at Papa to hide his Portuguese flag. While many young people around the world resisted settler-colonialism and

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[54] Moraga, C., & Anzaldúa, G. (Eds.). (2015). This bridge called my back: Writings by radical women of color. SUNY Press. p.258

[55] Fanon, F. (1963). "On national culture". *Perspectives on Africa: A Reader in Culture, History and Representation*. p. 274

imperialism in the 1970s, my parents, when they weren't out working and stacking loot, were out at discos and social clubs and church basements—under sloppily hung streamers— dancing, singing, and playing bridge.

Pressing them for traces of a libration story—something, ANYTHING, I kept coming up empty. In a fragmented world, marred by massive displacement, my longing for collective memory is not unique. With immense kindness and support, my Supervisor Honor Ford-Smith, suggested I make something out of this otherwise irretrievable story. She has reminded me that I'm not alone—and that for some of us of us, a single cohesive story, does not exist because our histories and knowledges have been broken by in colonialism and we don't have all the pieces.

As a way of dealing its impact on my life, I draw on what Taylor calls "the archive" of supposedly enduring materials, that is books, newspaper articles, letters, and other physical items; as well as "the repertoire" of memories, feelings, stories, songs, dances, and other gestures through which knowledge is transmitted and stored. I move between the archive and the repertoire, searching for find points of connection and opportunities for intervention.[56] Intervention is both urgent and necessary because the material and psychological impacts of colonialism persist.[57] As Maori scholar Linda Smith puts it,

> Imperialism still hurts, still destroys and is reforming itself constantly. The talk' about the colonial past is embedded in our political discourses, our story telling and other common sense ways of passing on both a narrative of history and an attitude about history. The lived experiences of

[56] Taylor, D. (2003). The archive and the repertoire: Performing cultural memory in the Americas. Duke University Press. p. 20

[57] Smith, L. T. (1999). Decolonizing methodologies: Research and indigenous peoples. Zed books

> imperialism and colonialism contribute another dimension to the ways in which terms like 'imperialism can be understood.[58]

Combining research with story I interrupt the idea of history as an all encompassing, universal and chronological discourse.[59] Steeped in patriarchy and colonial constructs of time and space, it is neither objective, nor innocent. Inspired by Leanne Betasmoke Simpson, Audre Lorde, Gloria Anzaldua, Saidiya Hartman, Frantz Fanon, Edward Said whose writings challenge imperialism but also demonstrate that history cannot be told in a single coherent narrative, I engage in a practice of embodied writing. For Cvetkovich, life writing "reveals the places where feeling and lived experience collide with academic (and activist) training and critique".[60] "Half the story (that) has never been told"[61] Bob Marley tells us and it is my effort to centre this half. It is in writing through the absences in narrative that we find potential to rupture the idea of truth with a capital ''T', transforming not only what we know, but how we know it, and what we do with that knowledge.[62] In the introduction to her book on "life-stories of Jamaican women" she explains that

> The tale-telling tradition contains what is most poetically true about our struggles. The tales are one of the places where the most subversive elements of our history can be safely lodged, for over the years the tale tellers convert fact not images which are funny, vulgar, amazing or magically real. These tales encode what is overtly threatening to the powerful into covert images of resistance so that they can live on in times when overt struggles are impossible or build courage in moments when it is. To create such tales is a collective process accomplished within a community bound by a particular historical purpose…They suggest an altering or re-defining of

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[58] Smith, L. T. (1999). Decolonizing methodologies: Research and indigenous peoples. Zed books.p.19

[59] Smith, L. T. (1999). Decolonizing methodologies: Research and indigenous peoples. Zed books.

[60] Cvetkovich, A. (2012). Depression: A public feeling. Duke University Press. p.80

[61] Marley, B., & Tosh, P. (1991). Get up, stand up. Tuff Gong.

[62] Alcoff, L. (1991). The problem of speaking for others. Cultural critique, (20), 5-32.

> the parameters of political process and action. They bring to the surface factors which would otherwise disappear or at least go very far underground.[63]

Sium and Ritskes argue that "stories in Indigenous epistemologies are disruptive, sustaining, knowledge producing and theory in action. Stories are decolonization theory in its most natural form".[64] A site of embodied knowledge, story-telling as a method of performance is critical to decolonization because without it "only the literate and powerful could claim social memory and identity".[65] In this chapter, I draw on oral, written and movement based approaches to tale-telling. Many of the anecdotes I evoke emerge from memory, some of them have been passed down orally. These stories, depending on where they are told and who is telling them can evoke a multitude of responses. As a writer, tone and cadence are more important to me than grammar. Moving between other voices and my own, I am conscious of how these words read aloud.

Chapter 1, *decolonizing nostalgia :: jiving with method* speaks is about my nostalgia for home that is connected to a vision dogeared by postcolonial failures. Emanating from the Greek words *nóstos (*return home) and *álgos* (longing), *nostalgia*, as it is defined by Svetlana Boym reflects "a longing for a home that no longer exists or has never existed.

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[63] Smith, H. F. (1987). Lionheart Gal: Life Stories of Jamaican Women. Sister Vision Press. p. 26

[64] Sium, A., & Ritskes, E. (2013). Speaking truth to power: Indigenous storytelling as an act of living resistance. Decolonization: indigeneity, education & Society, 2(1). p. 2

[65] Taylor, D. (2003). The archive and the repertoire: Performing cultural memory in the Americas. Duke University Press. xvi

Nostalgia is a sentiment of loss and displacement".[66] Here I colour in the spaces in Boym's map of loss, showing how nostalgia, when engaged with reflexively, rather than restoratively, may help "connect people across national and historical as well as personal boundaries, yet remains to be fully understood or explained".[67] I amend and extend ideas about nostalgia through the prism of de/colonization and offer this as a framework for thinking about what it means to decolonize a present whose edges are laced with legacies of expansive power. In doing so, I elaborate on my desire to cast my parents and other family members in the role of activist, and deal with the contradictions and challenges that this entails.

Chapter 2, *portuguese-goa :: a history in the hyphens* takes a look at the "cultural bomb"[68] planted in Goa - first by Portuguese colonialism, and more recently by Hindu nationalism. A bomb designed to annihilate my family's belief in our names, our languages, our environments, in our inherited histories of struggle, in our unity, in our capacities and ultimately in ourselves.[69] In the face of its particular experience of cultural bombardment, Goa performs the liminal. A port on the threshold between competing empires and nationalisms, it is outside the dominant experience of (British) colonialism on the subcontinent. It is also outside dominant narratives of anti-colonial

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[66] Boym, S. (2001). Nostalgia. Retrieved November 12, 2016, from http://monumenttotransformation.org/atlas-of-transformation/html/n/nostalgia/nostalgia-svetlana-boym.html

[67] Walder, D. (2009). Writing, representation, and postcolonial nostalgia. *Textual Practice*, *23*(6), 935-946.

[68] wa'Thiong'o, N. (1986). Decolonizing the mind. *London: James Currey*. p.28

[69] Ibid.

nationalism. And finally, when it achieves "independence"[70] Goa continues to perform the hierarchies inherited from colonialism and the caste-based oppression that preceded it.[71] A site of heated contestation between Portuguese and Indian nationalists, it has long been produced as not properly European, nor properly Indian. The failures of that anticolonial nationalism as experienced in Goa, and in many other contexts, are many. First, it tends toward homogenizing diverse groups and has no particular way of dealing with difference. In India, anti colonial nationalism has produced a dominant form of Hindu nationalism that overwrite the religious and cultural contexts of everyone else. By scorning imperialism as a thing of the past, this new form of domination impedes resistance to neo-colonialism. Anticolonial nationalisms have and continue to mask caste/class interests, ensuring that postcolonial nation-states only ever protect their elites. Furthermore, the investments that produce the nation-state, also reconstitute divisions and exclusions of groups that don't subscribe to dominant interests.

Against this sort of future heaven, I pose the idea of Jivelandia, an imagined utopian space. A space that does not reject bordering practices entirely, but seeks to reconstitute the way borders might be imagined. Chapter 3 *social movements and the*

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[70] "In 1961, following the Indian "liberation" of Goa and celebrations throughout Inida, journalists noted an unusual lack of enthusiasm among Goans. This indifference or apathy had been a source of embarrassment for everyone involve. The failure of nationalist rhetoric to persuade the local population of Goa is a useful case study to examine the relationship between history, nationalism and rhetoric" Bravo, P. (2008). The Case of Goa: History, Rhetoric and Nationalism. Past Imperfect, 7. p. 125

[71] Writing on Indigenous research methods, in her book Decolonizing Methodologies, Linda Smith says, "Our colonial experience traps us in the project of modernity. There can be no 'postmodern' for us until we have settled some business of the modern. This does not mean that we do not understand or employ multiple discourses, or act in incredibly contradictory ways, or exercise power over ourselves in multiple ways. It means that there is unfinished business, that we are still being colonized (and know it), and that we are still searching for justice". Despite achieving so-called 'Independence', the material, spiritual, and psychic affects of colonialism are on-going in Goa, and throughout its diaspora.

subjunctive world of jivelandia, offers a glimpse into some of the memories, and moments of activism that constitute my hope for *jivelandia*. It is about choosing my past, as Saidiya Hartman has said, recognizing that my inheritances, as much as they are handed down, are also chosen. “The past depends less on ‘what happened then’ than on the desires and discontents of the present”.[72] In writing contemporary struggles for decolonization into this chapter, I get at questions, inconsistencies, challenges and bursts of hope that have touched me. I have taken a break from social movement organizing. Hartman suggests that “what we recall has as much to do with the terrible things we hope to avoid as with the good life for which we yearn”.[73]

From Bandung to Civil Rights to Idle No More, Jivelandia reaches for the haunting desires of postcoloniality that have never been realized. Each of these chapters reflects a state of movement while rethinking notions of borders and boundaries. It is an effort to find *JIVELANDIA,* which is created in a subjunctive space where time, memory, characters and actions come together in unruly ways in an effort toward decolonization.

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[72] Hartman, S. (2008). Lose your mother: A journey along the Atlantic slave route. Macmillan. p.100

[73] Ibid.

decolonizing nostalgia: jiving with method

I believe that our particular cultures contain within them enough strength, enough vitality, enough regenerative power to adapt themselves, when objective conditions have been modified, to the conditions of the modern world, and that they will be able to bring valid and original solutions to all political, social, economic, or cultural problems, solutions that will be valid because they are original.

—Aimee Cesaire (Culture & Colonization)

Music was always blaring in our house. When you were home the music was on. When you were in the car the radio was on…We'd be chanting our Hail Mary's over the music.

— my cousin Annabelle

Born at Abu Dhabi's Corniche Hospital, nearly two decades apart, Annabelle and I are children of Goa's Catholic diaspora. Our mouths, memory and movement, tangled with sounds of the West. Like the potato chops and rock 'n' roll we grew up on; that's a kind of fusion food, and the music that White people stole from Black people in America; our articulations of cultural identity are a mash of rhythmic confusion. If identity is a fiction then I've spent most of my adult life reaching for the very thing I can't touch. When asked where I'm from, I often blurt out what feels like too much information. "I was born in Abu Dhabi. We came to Canada when I was six. My Dad is from Goa, and Mum is from Mangalore. Well, she was actually born in Karachi, but doesn't think of herself as Pakistani because she was a Christian minority there." In a sea of 'Indian accents' and Canadian politeness, Konkani for the most part, has escaped my tongue. I am what some academics might call, a post-colonial hybrid: "a subject whose identity practices are structured around an ambivalent relationship to the signs of empire and the sights of the 'native,' a subject who occupies a space between the West and the rest".[74][75]

Between lost and stolen languages and sofa sets pushed to the side, my late Uncle and Aunt steal the show. Uncle Joe with his Elvis-inspired chicken dance, and Aunty Lily with her cha-cha. Dad's style is a lot less upbeat. With his back upright and nose in the

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[74] Muñoz, J. E. (1999). Disidentifications: Queers of color and the performance of politics (Vol. 2). U of Minnesota Press. p.78

[75] Lawrence and Dua show fault with the "postcolonial approach to 'race', racialized identities and racism… the emergence of 'race' and racism is located in the historical appearance of the constructs of 'The West and the Rest'," arguing that such constructions, despite their strengths "fail to examine the ways in which colonialism continues for Aboriginal peoples in settler nations".

Lawrence, B., & Dua, E. (2005). Decolonizing antiracism. Social justice, 32(4 (102), 120-143.

air, he sniffs the traces of his childhood. His favourite song, *The Rock & Roll Waltz,* is reminiscent of periods, places and movements that don't match up. As it goes

There in the night
what a wonderful scene
Mom was dancing with Dad
to my record machine

And while they danced
only one thing was wrong
They were trying to waltz
To a rock and roll song [76]

Crossing geography and genre, the 1955 hit by Choctaw-Cherokee singer, Kay Starr, migrated through the airwaves of All India Radio, and into Dad's imagination. Born in Byculla, the year of its release, Dad, a cute baby, with big eyes and even bigger ears, entered the world in a strange kind of limbo. Papa, his dad, migrated to Bombay in the early 1930s. He was among thousands of single Goan men who left *home* to escape the economic and political brutalities of the colonial regime.[77] As Dad cried his first cries, India trotted into its eight year of Independence and Portugal's grip on Goan was finally loosening. Between 'Indian liberation' and Portugal's refusal to relinquish control of Goa's territory, a collective psyche ripened with anxiety.

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[76] Alfred, R. (1955). Rock and Roll Waltz. Recorded by Kay Starr. On B-side I've Changed My Mind a Thousand Times [45RPM 78RPM]. RCA Victor. (November 20,1955).

[77] Devika, J. (2015). "Community, memory and migration in a globalizing world: the Goan experience, c. 1890-1980. Migration and Development, (ahead-of-print), 1-2.

A pervert in the diasporic crawl space, I creep into a haze of family photos, peering under a-line skirts, black moustaches and bellbottoms, desperate for truths, too taboo to touch. Neither still, nor silent, images, like the wheels of a dusty cassette, roll to the sounds of a previous era. Between two seemingly fixed sides, I reach for Jivelandia, a never-never land of belonging.

nostalgia

Emanating from the Greek words *nostos* meaning 'return home' and algia meaning 'pain' nostalgia may be defined "as a longing for a home that no longer exists or has never existed".[78] "In extreme cases it can create a phanto meland, for the sake of which one is ready to die or kill. Unreflected nostalgia breeds monsters".[79] It is the lack of belonging and desire to belong that makes me an embarrassment to my mother. Boym suggests that paradox of nostalgia is that it can make us more empathetic toward others, yet "the moment we try to repair 'longing" with a particular "belonging' — the apprehension with a rediscovery of identity and especially of national community and a unique and pure homeland, we often part ways and put an end to mutual understanding".[80] Boym distinguishes between nostalgia that is restorative and that which is reflexive. Restorative nostalgia, she warns underscores *nostos* (home) and attempts to reconstruct it across time and space, whereas reflexive nostalgia thrives in

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[78] Boym, S. (2007). Nostalgia and Its Discontents1. Retrieved from https://pdfs.semanticscholar.org/cfcb/eba8cb80315ffebfcf16fe4d17fa6f31286e.pdf

[79] Boym, S. (2002). The future of nostalgia. Basic Books. pp.xvi

[80] Boym, S. (2007). Nostalgia and Its Discontents1. Retrieved from https://pdfs.semanticscholar.org/cfcb/eba8cb80315ffebfcf16fe4d17fa6f31286e.pdf

the longing itself. For Boym, “restorative nostalgia fails to think of itself as nostalgia, but rather as truth and tradition. (Whereas), reflective nostalgia dwells on the ambivalences of human longing and belonging and does not shy away from the contradictions of modernity”.decolonization must be both restorative and reflexive. Finally, Boym suggests that the

> only antidote for the dictatorship of nostalgia might be nostalgic dissidence. Nostalgia can be a poetic creation, an individual mechanism of survival, a countercultural practice, a poison and a cure. It is up to us to take responsibility of our nostalgia and not let others “prefabricate” it for us. The prepackaged “usable past” may be of no use to us if we want to concrete our future.[81]

But how do we put an end to those things that try to erase someone? Belonging, as Leanne Betasmoke Simpson cites Doug Williams, an Mississauga Nishnaabeg elder from Curve Lake First Nation who says—“our nation is a hub of Anishinaabe networks. It is a long kobade, cycling through time. It is a web of connections to each other…(it) is an ecology of intimacy. It is an ecology of relationships in the absence of coercion, hierarchy or authoritarian power”.[82] Here, we see a view of national identity is quite different. Simpson writes:

> I am not a nation-state, nor do I strive to be one. Our politics and our nationalism are not based on enclosures defended with violence, yet we still have homelands. We’ve had them for thousands of years. My nation doesn’t just radiate outwards, it also radiates inwards. .. I can build my nation from the inside out — that’s what that generation in the 1960s and 1970s were modelling to us. And along with that building, we have to also continually interrogate how colonial society constructs race, gender and sexuality. Many of our nations have more than two genders. Many of our nations do not have that rigid binary. Many of our nations have traditions of respect for all sexual orientations. Even in places and spaces that do not, we simply cannot afford to replicate the discrimination, violence and exclusion that has exiled too many of us for too long.

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[81] Boym, S. (2007). Nostalgia and Its Discontents1. Retrieved from http://www.iasc-culture.org/eNews/2007_10/9.2CBoym.pdf

[82] Simpson, L. B. (2013). I Am Not a Nation-State. Retrieved from https://unsettlingamerica.wordpress.com/2013/11/06/i-am-not-a-nation-state/

> There are many ways to articulate and embody Anishinaabeg nationhood as there are Anishinaabe individuals.[83]

Simpson engages past and present in a way that is both reflexive and restorative, enacting her sovereignty in the process. In doing so, she centres land, not as a possession to be owned, but as a web of interconnected networks that sees and values all life. To engage in both reflexive and restorative nostalgia, is to reach for the past and future simultaneously.

the twilight zone & tale-telling:

British Marxist historian E.J. Hobsbawm's describes the space "between the past as a generalized record which is open to relatively dispassionate inspection and the past as a remembered part of, or background to, one's own life," as the "twilight zone".[84] Here, "public and private destinies are… inseparable…mutually defining one another".[85] And while, "the length of this zone may vary and so too, will the obscurity and fuzziness that characterizes it".[86] He argues that this "no-man's land of time…is by far the hardest part of history for historians, or for anyone else to grasp".[87] "That is why we turn to writers to represent that zone for us — or artists,"[88] explains Dennis Walder (the first Afrikkans

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[83] Simpson, L. B. (2013). I Am Not a Nation-State. Retrieved from https://unsettlingamerica.wordpress.com/2013/11/06/i-am-not-a-nation-state/

[84] Hobsbawm, E. (1992). The age of empire. *London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. p.3

[85] Hobsbawm, E. (1992). The age of empire. *London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. p.3

[86] Hobsbawm, E. (1992). The age of empire. *London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. p.3

[87] Hobsbawm, E. (1992). The age of empire. *London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. p.3

[88] Walder, D. (2009). Writing, representation, and postcolonial nostalgia. *Textual Practice*, *23*(6), 935-946. p.936

writer to have his book banned by the South African government during the formal apartheid era). He says “it is often in visual representation or image that becomes the only remaining, half-remembered, trace of the point at which the past of the individual connects with the wider, collective pasts of family, society, and history.[89]

Jiving with nostalgic practices of story-telling and dance, I find new ways to make meaning. In doing so, I discuss some of the limitations and possibilities inherent in nostalgia. Colonization as Cesaire argues, “unsteadies the concepts on which the colonized could rebuild the world”.[90] Rebuilding for Cesaire, doesn’t mean returning to the the past as it was exactly—it can be about remixing and recreating from its ashes. He writes,

> In our culture that is to be born, without a doubt, there will be old and new. Which elements? Which old elements? Our ignorance begins only here. And in truth it is not for the individual to give the answer. The answer can only be given by the community. But at least we can confirm here and now that it will be given and not verbally but by facts and in action. But at least we can confirm here and now that it will be given and not verbally but by facts and in action.[91]

To write nostalgically, can be an act of creative and political agency. A way of — “selecting, ordering, editing, forgetting, embellishing… invent(ing),”[92] in the shards of memory. But embodied writing is not always radical, or liberatory. As Heddon notes, such writing can “instantiate an alienated or marginalized self”[93]; a rebellious self that

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[89] Walder, D. (2009). Writing, representation, and postcolonial nostalgia. *Textual Practice*, *23*(6), 935-946. p.936

[90] Césaire, A. (2010). Culture and colonization. *Social Text*, *28*(2 103), 127-144. p.140

[91] Césaire, A. (2010). Culture and colonization. *Social Text*, *28*(2 103), 127-144. p.142

[92] Heddon, D. (2009). One square foot: thousands of roots. p. 161

[93] Henke, S. A., & Henke, S. (2000). Shattered subjects: Trauma and testimony in women's life-writing. Macmillan. xv-xvi

defies values and practices of objectivity inherent in dominant culture. But in its most traditional form, autobiographical performance provides “a way of shoring up a belief in a ‘deep’ and ‘inner’ self”[94] — it is privilege that affords one such luxury. The danger of this kind of writing as Chicana feminist, Norma Alarcon points out, is that it can be wrought with liberal feminism’s obsession with the individualist subject — “an autonomous, self-making, self-determining subject who first proceeds according to the logic of *identification* with regard to the subject of consciousness, a notion usually viewed as the purview of man, but now claimed for women”.[95] Drawing on memory, I reach for what Alarcon and Ford-Smith describe as “the possibility, indeed the *necessity,* of conceptualizing notions of collective selves and consciousness as the political practice of historical memory and writing”.[96] Embodied writing, when taken up in this sense, is “an emotional process… that goes beyond, goes deeper, further than reason can reach”.[97]

Saidiya Hartman’s critical memoir, *Lose Your Mother* is a nostalgic text. Unsettling time, Hartman enters a murky zone between past and present, as she recounts her journey along a slave-trade route in Ghana. As taken up in this text, embodied writing provides a way of tracing slavery’s history; it is a radical response to “the slipperiness and

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[94] Heddon, D. (2007). One Square Foot: Thousands of Routes. PAJ: A Journal of Performance and Art, 29(2), 40-50.

[95] as cited in Mohanty, C. T. (2005). Feminism without borders: Decolonizing theory, practicing solidarity. Zubaan.

[96] Mohanty, C. T. (2005). Feminism without borders: Decolonizing theory, practicing solidarity. Zubaan.

[97] Sium, A., Desai, C., & Ritskes, E. (2012). Towards the'tangible unknown': Decolonization and the Indigenous future. Decolonization: Indigeneity, Education & Society, 1(1). pp.v

elusiveness of slavery's archive".[98] "It is hard to explain what propels a quixotic mission,"[99] she writes. "The simplest answer is that I wanted to bring the past closer."[100] Walder argues "the longing that drives nostalgia also drives writing."[101] But writing isn't the only way we tell stories. Stories can be passed down through spoken word. Ghanian story-teller Ama Ata Aidoo finds,

> One doesn't have to really assume that all literature has to be written. I mean one doesn't have to be so patronizing about oral literature. There is a present validity to oral literary communication. I totally disagree with people who feel that oral literature is one stage in the development of man's artistic genius. To me it's an end in itself… we don't always have to write for readers, we can write for listeners….All the art of the speaking voice could be brought back so easily. We are not that far away from our traditions.[102]

Literature is imbued with knowledge. It can be spoken, but it can also be performed. Its knowledges come to life in the songs we sing. Its hidden meanings bop in the rhythm of our dances.

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performing memory

Every Saturday like clockwork, I'd pick the crust from my eyelids, and curse Dad under my breath, for his god-awful rendition of "Please Release Me". Pulling the covers over my head, I dulled his loneliness — pretending not to notice what our migration to

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[98] Hartman, S. (2008). Lose your mother: A journey along the Atlantic slave route. Macmillan. p.15

[99] Hartman, S. (2008). Lose your mother: A journey along the Atlantic slave route. Macmillan. p.15

[100] Seidenverg, N. (2009). Rebel Methods: Activists, Historians, and the Needs of a Suffering World. ProQuest. p.30

[101] Walder, D. (2009). Writing, representation, and postcolonial nostalgia. *Textual Practice*, *23*(6), 935-946. p.938

[102] as cited in wa Thiong'o, N. (1973). Homecoming: Essays on African and Caribbean literature, culture and politics. Lawrence Hill and co. p. 23-24

"Canada" had cost him. The song (Nana's favourite) only surfaced in our house after we migrated here. It's off-key echoes entering an eight thousand mile void between Mississauga and Margao, between mother and son. It's been years since Dad and I have lived together, his horrible singing still haunts me. In the quiet of our suburban house, I miss him. Eerily, I find myself on Youtube listening to all the songs I once despised. Derrida might describe my compulsion as a "learning to live"[103]. He says that such learning, the kind that happens "between life and death, and between all of the 'twos' that one likes', is always facilitated by a ghost."[104] "The past," as Walder puts it, " is a host that untimely walks the battlements of our minds…posing questions that continue to alarm and trouble".[105] In this sense, "our material presence is never stripped, bare or alone. Neither is our subjectivity. We are always caught up in the invisible and intangible webs of the past, of the Other, of the future, of death".[106]

Before Dad lost his job and moved to Alberta, I'd sit at the kitchen table, basking in his favourite stories. The words that exit his mouth are often predictable, but the meanings they contain less so. Being a daughter is a lot like being an archeologist—searching the crevices of his smize[107] for meaning. With a scotch and soda in his hand, he'd serve up the same old stories into the night, taking me back through his childhood. I'd listen

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[103] Derrida, J. (1994). Spectres of Marx. New Left Review, 31.

[104] Derrida, J. (1994). Spectres of Marx. New Left Review

[105] Walder, D. (2009). Writing, representation, and postcolonial nostalgia. Textual Practice, 23(6), 935-946.

[106] Loevlie, E. M. (2013). Faith in the Ghosts of Literature. Poetic Hauntology in Derrida, Blanchot and Morrison's Beloved. Religions, 4(3), 336-350. p.337

[107] 'Smize' is a term coined by super-model Tyra Banks to refer to the action of smiling with one's eyes.

attentively, as though hearing them for the first time. They grew “more alive”[108] with each telling. In this “retelling of the past”[109] Dad “impos(es) an imaginary coherence on the experience of dispersal and fragmentation”.[110] Uncle Ashley who died of a heart attack when he was thirty-five — is a frequent guest in Dad's stories. Dad grins with fondness as he recalls his baby brother’s lies to their neighbours—Carmita and Manuela. As a teen, he tricked his neighbours into thinking he was leaving for Bombay. The sweet ladies baked him a cake. Before they could think twice, Uncle Ashley snatched the cake and sprinted off behind the house. Sinking his teeth into his sweet and spongy departure gift, he devoured every last crumb. My late uncle was always overturning rules, poking fun at his elders, duping them when he could, all while maintaining their respect. Dad's recollections of his brother always end with reminders of how good dancer of he was. “Everyone loved to watch him jive,” he says. The loss in his voice is palpable. Gloss smothers his eyes like a blanket. Far from conveying a single lesson, the stories Dad tells have as many meanings as they do listeners.

Unlike Dad, Mum, hates to speak about the past. Constantly cleaning, purging, while listening to Lady Gaga, and other pop sensations, she fights nostalgia like the plague. Yet, like Dad, she embodies the knowledge of “one life and also another life that displaces the first”.[111] Theirs is at each moment, a double, triple or quadruple vision—

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[108] Thiong’o, N. W. (2005). The language of African literature. Postcolonialisms: An Anthology of Cultural Theory and Criticism, 132-142. p. 133

[109] Hall, S. (1990). Cultural identity and diaspora. p.22

[110] Hall, S. (1990). Cultural identity and diaspora.

[111] Stewart, K. (1988). Nostalgia—a polemic. *Rereading Cultural Anthropology.* Ed. Marcuse, G. *3*(3), 227-241. p.261

multiple cultures differentiated through a lived experience of loss. Dad weaves old songs and stories through life's discontinuities. It is his way of coping. Mum just severs the thread. She resists talk of Goa or Mangalore, and has expressed emphatically on many occasions not wanting to move back, or even visit. She worries the gossip will make her mad, and turn Dad into an alcoholic.[112]

Mum is not the first to make the link between illness and nostalgia. In the 17th century, nostalgia was thought to be a curable disease, much like the common cold, they thought it could be treated by returning *home*. Boym argues that the sense of loss associated with nostalgia was not limited to personal history; it didn't have to be properly remembered, nor did one always know where to search for what was lost.[113] By the end of the 18th century, far from being a cure, doctors believed a return home might actually exacerbate symptoms of nostalgics, sometimes even killing them.[114] Susan Stewart describes nostalgia as "a social disease"[115]—its symptoms: a dampened spirit, pensive sadness, frequent bouts of weeping, a lack or loss of appetite for food, a

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[112] A hazardous of alcohol consumption in Goa (which focused on men doing industrial labour) reported rates of 2% for alcohol dependence and 21% for harmful drinking.

as cited in Silva, M. C., Gaunekar, G., Patel, V., Kukalekar, D. S., & Fernandes, J. (2003). The prevalence and correlates of hazardous drinking in industrial workers: a study from Goa, India. Alcohol and Alcoholism, 38(1), 79-83.

[113] Boym, S. (2007). Nostalgia and Its Discontents1. p.12

[114] Bissell, W. C. (2005). Engaging colonial nostalgia. Cultural Anthropology, 20(2), 215-248.

[115] Stewart, S. (1984). On longing: Narratives of the miniature, the gigantic, the souvenir, the collection. Duke University Press. p.23

general state of wasting away, and even attempts at suicide.[116] By the 19th century, the idea of nostalgia as physiological condition faded, as it came to be regarded as a common state of alienation—an essentially incurable condition.[117] This "global epidemic of nostalgia, corresponds with the desire for community, collective memory and a longing for continuity in a fragmented world. Nostalgia reemerges as a defense mechanism in times of accelerated life rhythms and historical upheaval".[118]

the jive: palimpsestic performance

My longing for continuity, collectivity is what drew me to social movements, writing and art. It is also drew me to the jive. Performed to music that is at least fifty years old, or meant to sound like its is, the practice of jiving which began in Harlem in the 1950s? has survived many spatial, psychic and temporal migrations.[119] It is the most long-standing feature of our parties. From crowded living rooms, to banquet halls, to dances at the Bandra gym, I've grown accustomed to brown-skinned bodies of all ages shapes and

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[116] Goa is ranked as the fifth in India for suicide related deaths, with 5 suicides a week, according to a study published in Lancet Journal in 2012. "What is clear is that despite its apparently privileged position in terms of its economy, environment and overall health infrastructure, mental illness is as much of a problem (if not more so) in Goa as elsewhere".

as cited in (2014). "'Five Suicides Every Week in Goa'". *The Pioneer*. Online. Retrieved from http://www.dailypioneer.com/nation/five-suicides-every-week-in-goa.html

[117] Bissell, W. C. (2005). Engaging colonial nostalgia. Cultural Anthropology, 20(2), 215-248.

[118] Koçak, D. Ö., & Koçak, O. K. (2013). Glorifying the Past on Screen. Bringing History to Life through Film: The Art of Cinematic Storytelling, 71. p.81

[119] More than style of dance, the word jive, is also a form of talk associated with African American jazz musicians. It originates from 'jibe', which means forcibly or suddenly from side to side, or "to change a vessel's direction when sailing with the wind so that as the stern passes through the eye of the wind the boom swings to the opposite side"

jibe. 2011. In Merriam-Webster.com. Retrieved Nov 11, 2011, from http://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionaryjibe

sizes, dancing to rock 'n' roll. Despite my immersion in this subculture, the jive didn't come naturally to me. It was only in my early twenties that I began to take it up. After a New Years Eve all-nighter with friends, I recall making my way to a family party at Sandra's house. It was where I asked my elders to teach me the dance for the first time. Delighted by my request, Aunty Lily, her hips shaking with their usual confidence, offered one simple instruction: "Just move baby, just move". Keith, a family friend, echoed her sentiments years later, instructing me not to worry about the steps, but to simply 'feel the music'.

Like oral and written traditions, dance also "has the capacity to be the muscle of imagination, a magical invitation through the creative process to reimagine new worlds… we can dance our stories".[120] Myths travel in the bodies of dancers. Dance has the power to uplift, to transform and transport, the dancer as well as their audience. As Zadie Smith puts it, in her novel *Swing Time,*

> there is a vitality, a life force, an energy, a quickening that is translated through you into action, and because there is only one of you in all of time, this expression is unique…. It is your business to keep it yours clearly and directly, to keep the channel open.[121]

Recounting his childhood in London, the late Goan cartoonist, Mario Miranda describes being dragged to village reunion parties by his parents, where singers would "belt out covers of Elvis and then move on to big band swing. (And) 'rhino-rumped' Goan matrons swathed in purple satin would dance with diminutive husbands to the cha-cha-

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[120] Snowber, C. (2012). Dance as a way of knowing. New Directions for Adult and Continuing Education, 2012(134), 53-60. p.56

[121] as cited in Messud, C. (2016, December). The Dancer & the Dance. Retrieved from http://www.nybooks.com/articles/2016/12/08/zadie-smith-dancer-and-dance/

cha and tango".[122] Though I entered the world a half century after Mario did, and in Abu Dhabi not London, I have similar memories of my childhood. In the haze of images and sounds, that come to mind, I hear Elvis. Revered, almost as much as Jesus and Mother Mary in our house, black and white head-shots of the singer appear in our box of family photos, and his songs into home videos. My middle brother Jared was only three when he began strumming his pink plastic tennis racket, singing "tie a plane around my neck and beat me anywhere, oh let me be, oh let me be — your teddy bear".

Born in Uganda of Goan and Malaysian ancestry, writer and literary critic Peter Nazareth seems to share in this Elvis obsession. A professor of literature at the University of Iowa, his most popular course deals exclusively with Elvis. Nazareth argues that "Elvis" acted "a bridge between cultures,"[123] and that the "crossing of bridges or opening of doors were very important symbols" to the star.[124] I found myself drawn to Nazareth's redemptive readings of the singer, but this impulse was quickly thwarted by Fanon's deciphering point on bridge-building. "If the building of a bridge does not enrich the consciousness of those working on it, then [do not] build that bridge, and let the citizens continue to swim across the river and use the ferry".[125] There are as many perspectives on Elvis' as there are sightings. On one hand, some argue that on stage, on screen and in his songs, the singer performed his resistance to racial

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[122] Fernandes, E. (2006). Holy Warriors. Penguin Books India. Chapter 8, second page.

[123] Nazareth, P. (2015) Elvis: Rewriting the World through Multicultural Movies. Goa 1556. Kindle Edition, Location 1608.

[124] Ibid.

[125] Fanon, F. (1963). The wretched of the earth: Pref. by Jean-Paul Sartre. Transl. by Constance Farrington. Grove Press. p.141

segregation. Others feel that he took more than he gave, calling him a racist; a symbol of U.S. imperialism, who stole and profited from Black music. Entering into the debate, music critic Stereo Williams explains:

> Presley had grown up on the "black side" of Tupelo, he'd run with the likes of Ike Turner in his early days as a musician and became close friends with B.B. King and eventually James Brown, Cissy Houston and Muhammad Ali. The racism that he's been branded with … seems to be a fabrication. But rock's legacy as a genre pioneered by black people before white artists discovered it, white media re-branded it, and white audiences embraced it means that despite Elvis not spouting racist ideas, his legacy is still rooted in racism, even if that racism isn't directly born of the man himself. He attained his stature because he was not black and in doing so, he opened the doors for a generation of his disciples to reap those same benefits. And when examining the histories of so many of those notables, there is a legacy that is as conflicted as it is confounding.[126]

Given this legacy, I've gone back and forth about whether or not to take up Elvis in this paper. Far from a simple choice, I found myself at the juncture of what Cesaire reminds me is "a false alternative".[127] On the subject of culture and decolonization, Cesaire writes:

> In our culture that is to be born, without a doubt, there will be old and new. Which elements? Which old elements? … in truth it is not for the individual to give the answer. The answer can only be given by the community. But at least we can confirm here and now that it will be given and not verbally but by facts and in action.[128]

Elvis' warm reception in the Goan Catholic diaspora is a fact, a fact I've thought long and hard about how to contend with. Said suggests that "hurling critical epithets at European or generally, Western art and culture by way of wholesale condemnation"[129]

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[126] Williams, S. (2016, June). "The Truth About Elvis and the History of Racism in Rock." Daily Beast Retrieved from http://www.thedailybeast.com/articles/2016/06/18/the-truth-about-elvis-and-the-history-of-racism-in-rock.html

[127] Césaire, A. (2010). Culture and colonization. Social Text, 28(2 103), 127-144. p.141

[128] Césaire, A. (2010). Culture and colonization. Social Text, 28(2 103), 127-144. p.142

[129] Said, E. W. (1993). Culture and imperialism. Vintage. p.12

may not be necessary. He prompts me to consider the modes by which cultural imperialism functions "beyond the level of economic laws and political decisions".[130] Migration songs, as Pistrick suggests have a

> powerful agency to generate continuous discourse and counter discourses … and play a role in what Stuart Hall calls the 're-telling of the past'; they impos(e) and imaginary coherence on the experience of dispersal and fragmentation; they refer to a coherent and lost 'origin' of all things. … Musical practice has for migrants the potential to negotiate, alter, or change their condition as a migrant".[131]

The challenge here is to listen and jive to Elvis differently. Jiving, as a mode of performance, demands a constant renegotiation of one's position in space. Pushing against individualist desire, we can spin towards mutuality, and interconnection instead. To defy colonialism's maps with our dances, calls for a different kind of listening. Music, as Valle suggests, "can play out the sounds of history, or mimic the affect associated with events in one's history with its own certitude".[132] If history is the sound of the powerful, then how do we interrupt, overpower and silence it? The jive, as with other forms of dance, cannot happen without listening. So what would it mean to listen beyond the surface? What if we think of sound as a palimpsest—that is a surface that has been inscribed over many times; having been erased imperfectly, the previous text is still at least in part, visible. Sound too, can be imperfectly erased. To listen to t the traces and markings that remain in the face of erasure is to engage in what Daughtry

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[130] Said, E. W. (1993). Culture and imperialism. Vintage. p.12

[131] Pistrick, E. (2015). Performing Nostalgia: Migration Culture and Creativity in South Albania. Ashgate Publishing, Ltd. p.4

[132] Valle, M. (2011). From Disease to Desire. Ecologies of Affect: Placing Nostalgia, Desire, and Hope, 30. p. 88

calls “palimpsestic listening”.[133] The sonic, the visual, and the performed, have as Stuart Hall points out,

> already appeared in some place—and are therefore already inscribed or placed by that earlier positioning They will be inscribed in the particular social relations that produced them…The vast majority will already be organized within certain ‘systems’ of classification. Each practice, each placing, slides another layer of meaning across the frame.[134]

Such “‘traces’ of past struggles do not guarantee future articulations but they do mark the ways in which the text has already been inflected”.[135] “Palimpsestic listening” allows us to listen to the

> hidden layers of agency and history and creativity and politics that underwrite and overwrite all sound experiences, and to understand that the acts of making and listening to music always involve both inscription and erasure, erasure and inscription.[136]

I’ve come to think of Elvis as the boundary, from which the ghosts of rock ’n roll begin their presencing.[137] Palimpsestic jiving is about dancing beyond the surface. It is a practice of connecting with the people and the conditions which “at one point in the 1950s seemed to herald the deterioration of racial boundaries, gender norms and cultural segregation”.[138] It is about the emancipatory politics of the blues. As sung by Gertrude “Ma” Rainey, Bessie Smith, and the other Black women who invented the genre. The blues as it first emerged in the United States, conveyed as Angela Davis

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[133] Daughtry, J. M. (2013). Acoustic Palimpsests and the Politics of Listening. Ann Arbor, MI: Michigan Publishing, University of Michigan Library.

[134] Hall, S. as cited in Grossberg, L. (1996). History, politics and postmodernism. Stuart Hall: Critical dialogues in cultural studies, 151-173. p. 158

[135] Grossberg, L. (1996). History, politics and postmodernism. Stuart Hall: Critical dialogues in cultural studies, 151-173. p. 158

[136] Daughtry, J. M. (2013). Acoustic Palimpsests and the Politics of Listening. Ann Arbor, MI: Michigan Publishing, University of Michigan Library.

[137] Heidegger, M.(1971). Building dwelling thinking. Martin Heidegger, Poetry, Language.

[138] Williams. S. (2016). The truth about Elvis and the History of Racism in Rock. *The Daily Beast.* Retrieved from http://www.thedailybeast.com/articles/2016/06/18/the-truth-about-elvis-and-the-history-of-racism-in-rock.html

puts it, “a collective experience of freedom, giving voice to the most powerful evidence there was for many black people that slavery no longer existed. Yet, the blues were also an expression of socially unfulfilled dreams”.[139] African-Algonquian jazz musician and educator Mixashawn Rozie points to “striking similarities (between) blues shuffle patterns and the two-step rhythms found in some Indian dance music,”[140] suggesting that blues rhythms are indigenous to North America and inspired by connections made between Black and Indigenous peoples. These blues and the historical and material reality from which they emerged, paved the way for rock ’n’ roll. In novelist Sherman Alexie’s *Reservation Blues,* it is said that Elvis was a student of Big Mom, a Spokane musical and spiritual figure. Alexis writes:

> “Ya-hey,” Indians whispered to each other at powwows, at basketballs, at education conference conferences, “Did you know Big Mom taught Elvis to sing?”
> “No way,” said the incredulous.
> “What? You don’t believe me? Well then. Listen to this”
> Indians all over the country would play a scratched record of Elvis… and strain to hear the name *Big Mom* embedded in the mix.
> “Didn’t you hear it? Elvis whispers *Thank you, Big Mom* just as the last note of the song fades.”[141]

Here, we see that Elvis is a palimpsest, a surface which we can scratch against to find and create new meanings. To jive palimpsestically is to dance, not only with the present, but with echoes that haunt it. In these echoes we may hear struggles that have been overwritten by rock ’n roll’s legacies of conquest. In listening to these hauntings makes me want to move differently, to forge a sense of interconnection and solidarity with Indigenous and Black struggles. When taken up in such a sense, music “‘does not act

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[139] Davis, A. Y. (1999). Blues Legacies and Black Feminism: Gertrude" Ma" Rainey, Bessie Smith, and Billie Holiday. Vintage Books. p.9

[140] as cited in Hoffman, E. D. (Ed.). (2012). American Indians and Popular Culture: Media, sports, and politics (Vol. 1). ABC-CLIO. p. 64

[141] Alexie, S. (2013). Reservation Blues: A Novel. Open Road Media.

precisely as music, but as a memorative sign".[142] There's a magic to it that allows us to slow time and breathe contrapuntally in the "rhythms of our dreams".[143]

Jiving with the shadows of memory, I find rhythm in the fragments. With every triple step, rock step, twist and turn, I grow more attuned to the violence. Appearing "out in front" of me at one moment, my partner then "comes back"[144] from behind at the next. And so I ask, "what does it mean to follow a ghost"?[145] Or to be "followed by it"[146], maybe even tormented—in this very dance I am leading? With limited moves in this sequence, repetition becomes unavoidable. Attaching itself to the idea of a first time, and a last, repetition lies at the heart of all "ghostly matters".[147] A state of temporal, historical and ontological disjunct, it is best described as hauntology. A term coined by Derrida, in *Spectres of Marx,* and extrapolated on by Davis, Gordon, Hatherley and others, *hauntology* replaces "the priority of being and presence with the figure of the ghost, that which is neither present, nor absent, neither dead or alive"[148]. Experience suggests that one need not believe in ghosts to be haunted. Derrida's spectre evokes the idea "that the living present is scarcely as self-sufficient as it claims to be; that we

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[142] Wise, T. E. (2016). Yodeling and Meaning in American Music. Univ. Press of Mississippi. p.50

[143] Boym, S. (2002). The future of nostalgia. Basic Books. xv

[144] Derrida, J. (2012). Specters of Marx: the State of the Debt, the Work of Mourning and the New International. Routledge. p. 10

[145] Gordon, A. F. (2008). Ghostly matters: Haunting and the sociological imagination. U of Minnesota Press. p.10

[146] Ibid.

[147] Ibid.

[148] Davis, C. (2005). Hauntology, spectres and phantoms. French Studies, 59(3), 373-379.

would do well not to count on its density and solidity, which may under exceptional circumstances betray us".[149] Judith Richardson asks us to consider the spatial and temporal architecture of haunting. "Always the subject of tremendous popular interest, hauntings demand deeper investigation because of what they reveal about how senses of the past and of place are apprehended and created."[150] Walder argues that nostalgia, "as a cultural phenomenon… is uncanny in that it can connect people across national and historical as well as personal boundaries, yet remains to be fully understood or explained. Estranging us from the present, it can evoke intensified feelings from the past,[151] conjuring feelings and emotions that can help us to cope with life's dislocations. In this regard, "nostalgia is not always about the past"[152]; it can also be about the future. Boym explains that fantasies of the past determined by needs of the present have a direct impact on realities of the future. [It is this] consideration of the future [that] makes us take responsibility for our nostalgic tales".[153]

Embracing fragments and inconclusive plots, in jiving we can stave off enclosure. Jiving as a practice, allows me to interrogate, re/vision, remix and recode[154] knowledges and create new visions that "confront colonialism by asserting the resilient continuance of

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[149] Davis, C. (2005). Hauntology, spectres and phantoms. French Studies, 59(3), 373-379. p.373

[150] Richardson, J. (2009). *Possessions*. Harvard University Press. p. xvii

[151] Davis, F. (1979). Yearning for yesterday: A sociology of nostalgia. Free Press.

[152] Boym, S. (2002). The future of nostalgia. Basic Books. xv

[153] Boym, S. (2002). The future of nostalgia. Basic Books. xv

[154] Martineau, J. (2015). CREATIVE COMBAT (Doctoral dissertation, University of Victoria). p.21

collective creativity and articulating lines of flight through and away from Empire's masked dances".[155]

[155] Martineau, J. (2015). CREATIVE COMBAT (Doctoral dissertation, University of Victoria). p.21

portuguese-goa:
a history in the hyphen

Colonialism is not satisfied merely with holding a people in its grip and emptying the native's brain of all forenamed content. By a kind of perverse logic, it turns to the past of the oppressed people, and distorts and disfigures it.

-Frantz Fanon, On National Culture

The port is detached form the city. An infected appendix, never quite degenerating into peritonitis, always there in the abdomen of the coastline. A desert hemmed in by water and earth, but which seems to belong to neither land nor sea. A grounded amphibian, a maritime metamorphisis. A new formation created from the dirt, garbage, and odds and ends that the tide has carried ashore over the years…"

-Roberto Saviano, Gomorrah: Italy's other mafia

A small state on the western coast of what is now called India, Goa, is sandwiched by Maharashtra to the north and Karnataka to the south. Despite being India's smallest state, it is also its wealthiest.[156] As early as third century BC, Goa has been a site for various competing colonial interests and has long been known for its multifarious population.[157] I have chosen to focus on Portuguese conquest in this section because, as Loomba puts it,

> modern European colonialism was distinctive and by far the most extensive of the different kinds of colonial contact that have been a recurrent feature of human history. By the 1930s, colonies and ex-colonies covered 84.6% of the land surface of the globe.[158]

Goa was conquered by Portugal in 1510. With ports in Zanzibar and Mozambique, Portuguese sea captain Alfonso Albuquerque sailed into Goa, massacring the Islamic population, and capturing the territory from the Adil Shah of Bijapur—massacring the Islamic population. Goa was Portugal's first land grab in India. Lucratively positioned, it provided commercial access to India's expansive interior. With shores facing the Arabian Sea, the region's ports also commanded access to strategic trade routes across the Indian Ocean, up the Red Sea to Europe, and around Africa.[159] A convergence point for goods headed to Portugal from places further east: Japan, Macao, Calcutta and the Spice Islands, otherwise known as Indonesia, Goa, as Wiarda

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[156] Mora, A. (2016). Dancing Where the River Meets the Sea: Ambiguous Sensuality and Liminal Cultural Geographies in Goa, India. p. 23

[157] Mora, A. (2016). Dancing Where the River Meets the Sea: Ambiguous Sensuality and Liminal Cultural Geographies in Goa, India. p. 23.

[158] as cited in Loomba, A. (2015). Colonialism/postcolonialism. Routledge. p. xiii

[159] Wiarda, H. J. (2014). Dispatches from the Frontlines: Studies in Foreign Policy, Comparative Politics, and International Affairs. University Press of America.

puts it, “was the jewel of a long necklace of Portuguese possessions on the coast of India”.[160]

old conquests

After capturing the Islands of Goa, Portugal later seized the coastal areas of Salcete and Bardez in 1543. Together, it named these takings the Velhas Conquistas—Old Conquests.[161] Instead of trying to expand inland, the regime bunkered down for 250 years, wielding its institutions and culture against the people.[162] Its main goal: to annex Goans from the rest of India. A precursor to the secular-state that would follow it, the Church played a monumental role in regulating the domain of culture. After all, it was culture that held societies together, and kept various social forces in their place.[163] Stripping the indigenous population of its customs and traditions, the administration bombarded them with a series of NO’s:

no dhotis for men,
no cholies for women,
no feasts for the dead.
no idols in the house,
or tulsi shrub’s near the home
those found would be uprooted.[164]

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[160] Wiarda, H. J. (2014). Dispatches from the Frontlines: Studies in Foreign Policy, Comparative Politics, and International Affairs. University Press of America. p.208

[161] Raut Desai, A. A. (2003). Voices in the Liberation struggle the case of Goa-1947–61 (Doctoral dissertation, Goa University)

[162] Raut Desai, A. A. (2003). Voices in the Liberation struggle the case of Goa-1947–61 (Doctoral dissertation, Goa University)

[163] wa’Thiongo, N. (1998). Penpoints, Gunpoints and Dreams: Towards a Critical Theory of Arts and the State in Africa. Clarendon Press. Oxford.

[164] Angle, P.S. (1994). Goa: Concepts and Misconcepts, Bombay: The Goa Hindu Association.

No government jobs for non-Christians, and though it wasn't banned formally "a tax was imposed on Xendi,"[165] a common hairstyle of men in those days. The promotion of intermarriage and concubinage muddied racial distinctions, producing an easy to control population.[166] Some spoke of this as a 'lack of racial feeling' on the part of the Portuguese, but the opposite was true. Race consciousness couldn't have been more pronounced.

> Albuquerque invited his men to marry 'the white and beautiful' widows and daughters of the defenders of Goa, making a distinction between them and the darker South Indian women whom he called 'Negresses'. The Jesuit priest Francis Xavier, who worked in both India and the Spice Islands, drew sharp colour lines even as he urged the casados to marry their local concubines, encouraging the men to abandon the dark ones and even offering to find substitutes for them.

Class also played a role in interracial marriages, as poorer casados maintained their marriages in Portugal. Loomba explains that similar conditions are evident in "Latin America where the hybrid population resulting from Spanish and Indian sexual contact encoded a complex hierarchy of colour, class and gender".[167]

Life under the Portuguese was most brutal from 1560 to 1812—due to the brutality of the Inquisition. New converts suspected of practicing old traditions were brutalized by a gang that called itself the Holy Tribunal. Both Christians and non-Christians said to be violating the terms of their religion, were punished with torture, banishment, deportation, lashes, and property theft. Not even language was spared. The regime set fire to Konkani. Books, and scriptures were burned. And mosques and temples turned to

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[165] Raut Desai, A. A. (2003). Voices in the Liberation struggle the case of Goa-1947–61 (Doctoral dissertation, Goa University)

[166] Loomba, A. (2015). Colonialism/postcolonialism. Routledge.

[167] Loomba, A. (2015). Colonialism/postcolonialism. Routledge. p. 118

ashes. Only wealth was preserved, so it could be confiscated by the regime. In the early years, many families converted to Christianity to retain their land. In 1541 new religious laws decreed that only those who were baptized could keep rights to their land—and so many families split apart.[168] Some fled Portuguese controlled territories in search of safety, while loved ones stayed behind in an attempt to hold on to their lands.[169] Those who remained and dared practice traditional ways of life, were severely punished.[170] As Berta Menezez Branca puts it, the Inquisition "murdered personality, national pride and dignity…. and brought about cultural, political and economic bankruptcy".[171]

a schizophonic sound

Music was a weapon in these murders. Starved of traditional Hindu music, "upper" caste male converts were swallowed up by the new parochial schools and forced through a Christianized tract of reading, writing, music and math. Music was the most sinister of curriculums. Pressed against the sharp strings of the violin, young minds emerged in pieces. Plunging into an instrumental abyss, long-faced fragments swayed to a schizophonic sound. Dislocation produced "a new musical universe"[172]. Circling around the mimetic, "a terrifically ambitious power [was] born. Born was the power to represent

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[168] Priolkar, A. K., Buchanan, C., & Dellon, C. (1961). The Goa Inquisition.

[169] Priolkar, A. K., Buchanan, C., & Dellon, C. (1961). The Goa Inquisition.

[170] Priolkar, A. K., Buchanan, C., & Dellon, C. (1961). The Goa Inquisition.

[171] Menezes Braganca, Berta (1992). Landmarks in My Time. Goa: Costa Carvalho House, pp. 27-28

[172] Sardo, S., & Simões, R. (1989). O Ensino da Música no Processo de Cristianização em Goa. Revista da Casa de Goa, Lisbon: Casa de Goa, 3-11.

the world, yet that same power is a power to falsify, mask and pose. The two powers are inseparable".

Liturgical songs masked the shrieks of The Holy Inquisition. In his book, *Artist as Ruler,* Okot p'Bitek suggests that the rise of the state has resulted in two types of rulers: "those who use physical force to subdue... and those that employ beautiful, sweet songs and funny stories, rhythm, shape and colour".[173] In Goa, the Portuguese used both. Beauty and brutality were brandished as two sides of the same sword. Thus, Goa became known as 'Rome of the Orient'. Sebastini, recounting his visit to Goa from Rome wrote,

> listening to very beautiful music for the feast days, especially that of St. Ignatius Loyola, which was celebrated with seven choirs and the sweetest sinfonie[174] … when I said that it was like being in Rome, I was told that I was not mistaken… I cannot believe how musically proficient are the Canarini[175], and with what ease they perform. There is no town or village of the Christians which does not have in its church an organ,a harp, and a viola, and a good choir of musicians who sing for festivities, and for holy days,Vespers, masses and litanies, and with much cooperation and devotion.[176]

With music as a key part of its colonial strategy, the State cultivated a high demand for musicians between 1550 and 1650.[177] At marches, processions, ceremonies and other functions,[178] it was typically played on reeds, brass and percussion instruments—and

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[173] as cited in wa'Thiongo, N. (1998). Penpoints, Gunpoints and Dreams: Towards a Critical Theory of Arts and the State in Africa. Clarendon Press. Oxford.

[174] 'sinfonie' is the Italian word for symphonies

[175] "Canarini"— a name given to the Konkani speaking people of Goa.

[176] as cited in Coelho, V. (1997). Portuguese Music in Renaissance Goa'. Borges and Feldmann (eds), Goa and Portugal: Their Cultural Links, 131-47.

[177] Coelho, V. (1997). Portuguese Music in Renaissance Goa'. Borges and Feldmann (eds), Goa and Portugal: Their Cultural Links, 131-47.

[178] Coelho, V. (1997). Portuguese Music in Renaissance Goa'. Borges and Feldmann (eds), Goa and Portugal: Their Cultural Links, 131-47.

usually improvised from memory.[179] But for feast days, at church, and for the daily office, music is said to have conjured an aura of sanctity.[180] And at the College of St. Paul, it formed a vital part of the curriculum.

Organs and harpsichords came to Goa for the first time in 1529.[181] Noticing the organ's rise in popularity, the regime cunningly placed one in every church. Poised beside the alter, these musical mammoths with their well tuned pipes, became an enticing element of each liturgical service. At Albuquerque's request, chant books soon accompanied each organ.[182] Most books and instruments were sent by ship, but the really big ones had to be ordered. Colossal books were all the rage in Europe's churches. Each celebration in the church calendar had a liturgical book to match.[183] Compelled by music's mesmerizing potential, the administration insisted that all Masses be sung rather than spoken. This swift shift in policy was backed by a strict program at the College of St. Paul, which trained boys in liturgical music.

Resisting Portuguese hegemony, "upper" caste converts subverted the music. Taking to the streets with wind instruments, flutes, drums, trumpets and indigenous instruments,

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[179] Coelho, V. (1997). Portuguese Music in Renaissance Goa'. Borges and Feldmann (eds), Goa and Portugal: Their Cultural Links, 131-47.

[180] Coelho, V. (1997). Portuguese Music in Renaissance Goa'. Borges and Feldmann (eds), Goa and Portugal: Their Cultural Links, 131-47.

[181] Coelho, V. (1997). Portuguese Music in Renaissance Goa'. Borges and Feldmann (eds), Goa and Portugal: Their Cultural Links, 131-47.

[182] Coelho, V. (1997). Portuguese Music in Renaissance Goa'. Borges and Feldmann (eds), Goa and Portugal: Their Cultural Links, 131-47.

[183] Coelho, V. (1997). Portuguese Music in Renaissance Goa'. Borges and Feldmann (eds), Goa and Portugal: Their Cultural Links, 131-47.

Goans played their music so loudly that Mass and other services were disrupted.[184] Parading the streets as buskers, the students of the College of St. Paul turned music from a missionary activity into a form of work.[185]

But as Wa Thiong'o puts it, "even where the state tries to use art as an ally, it is still suspicious of the reliability of that alliance".[186] With its coffers dwindling toward the latter part of the sixteenth century, the regime was quick to betray music, and quickly making it the scapegoat for rising debt and disappointment. Thus, several proposals for musical reform emerged from within the administration.[187] Some recommended that musical education be kept alive to help with India's Christianization.[188] But others weren't so sure. Rolling out a long list of 'abuses' within the institution, one critic proposed to slash acceptance rates in the College of St. Paul's music program, with the goal of shutting it down entirely.[189] Enraged that students were using their training to play secular songs, another blamed "the servants", suggesting that they too be purged from the college for influencing the boys with their Indigenous musical traditions.[190] Under growing pressure for musical reform, new measures were enacted. These included an outright ban on

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[184] Coelho, V. (1997). Portuguese Music in Renaissance Goa'. Borges and Feldmann (eds), Goa and Portugal: Their Cultural Links, 131-47.

[185] Coelho, V. (1997). Portuguese Music in Renaissance Goa'. Borges and Feldmann (eds), Goa and Portugal: Their Cultural Links, 131-47.

[186] wa'Thiongo, N. (1998). Penpoints, Gunpoints and Dreams: Towards a Critical Theory of Arts and the State in Africa. Clarendon Press. Oxford.

[187] Coelho, V. (1997). Portuguese Music in Renaissance Goa'. Borges and Feldmann (eds), Goa and Portugal: Their Cultural Links, 131-47.

[188] ibid.

[189] ibid.

[190] ibid.

organ music.[191] Many felt that this wasn't enough and demanded the regime ban the singing of Mass altogether. Emanate from this struggle around the music is an inherent antagonism between art and the state. wa Thiong'o who has written so beautifully on this topic, argues that art

> has more questions than it has answers. Art starts with a position of not knowing and it seeks to know. Hence its exploratory character. In fact art has hardly any answers. There may be answers implied in the questions. But they are often hinds, open-ended possibilities, and not certitudes… The main thing is that the answer is left to the recipient of the greetings… The state, on the other hand, has plenty of answers and hardly any questions. The more absolutist the state, the less it is likely to ask questions of itself or entertain questioning by others.[192]

We see in sixteenth and seventeenth Goa, the sole purpose of music was to indoctrinate the population. So, it comes as no surprise that the regime worked to curb all forms of improvisation. It is important to note, that the reforms enacted toward the end of the 16th century were short-lived. The College of St. Paul continued to thrive as a space where the classical repertoire of the Portuguese, upon contact with the musical repertoire of Indigenous Goans was remixed into a new sound. From it, a new universe was born—often referred to as Indo-Portuguese.

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[191] Coelho, V. (1997). Portuguese Music in Renaissance Goa'. Borges and Feldmann (eds), Goa and Portugal: Their Cultural Links, 131-47.

[192] wa'Thiongo, N. (1998). Penpoints, Gunpoints and Dreams: Towards a Critical Theory of Arts and the State in Africa. Clarendon Press. Oxford. p.15

ambivalence:

teetering on the hyphen
i try not to hurl
the sourness of not knowing

what is colonizer
and what is colonized?

teeth clenched
i cling to the see saw of memory
bile tickles my throat

if identity is an inalienable right
then I must be an alien
a brownish-blue martian
trapped between a desire to remember
and impulse to forget

tongue trouble

Radical changes in Catholic Goan gastronomy relate to the consumption of flesh.

-Stella Mascarenhas-Keyes

The regime imported food and alcohol from Portugal, and over time, "upper" caste Goan Catholics began to desire it. Catholics changed what they ate as a result of conversion. To keep up with demand, an increased supply of beef, pork and alcohol made its way to the territory.[193] In 1950, when minerals accounted for the most of the region's exports, visible imports were five times as high. Forcing their preferences onto the local population, resulted in a huge payout. This acquisition of foreign taste, resulted in a growing demand for locally made goods; which when taxed, created additional avenues of income for the state.[194] This was especially true for alcohol.[195] The overall picture, as Mascarenhas reminds us

> is that no opportunity to impose taxation was spared, and by the end of Portuguese rule, almost half of the State revenue was derived from taxation and the per capita tax revenue was approximately double the average for all the States of the Indian Union.[196]

In the aftermath of Christianization and the religious policy of the Portuguese, Goans fled their home/land in droves. Large numbers of Hindus went south to places like like Mangalore and Kanara. Catholic converts soon followed, fleeing "the zeal of the Holy

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[193] Mascarenhas-Keyes, S. (2011). Colonialism, Migration and the International Catholic Goan Community. Goa 1556.

[194] Ibid.

[195] Ibid.

[196] Ibid. p. 45

Inquisition".[197] I am convinced that my maternal ancestors were among these coverts. But Mum and Aunty Mary disagree. Shaking their heads in unison, they insist *their* ancestors were always from Mangalore. It seems that the brutalities of the Portuguese rule brought a turmoil and terror few remember. wa Thiong'o points to

> a devastating description of this process of the state trying to rub out the facts from history and memory in Gabriel Garcia Marquez's *A Hundred Years of Solitude.* About 3,000 striking workers who are massacred in the banana-republic phases of the fictional Macondo. But 'the official version repeated a thousand times and mangled out all over the country by every means of communications the government found at hand, was finally accepted: there were no dead'. Of course those who insisted upon talking about it have been housed into eternal silence by the military. To the relatives who witnessed the extermination, the army would insist, 'You must have been dreaming…Nothing happened in Macondo, nothing has ever happened, nothing will ever happen. This is a happy town.'[198] Even those who were present at the massacre begin to doubt if they have really seen it. State historians begin to immortalize the government version. Years later, the very few who talk about the massacre sound as if they are all talking about something that never really happened, as if they are telling a hallucinated version because it was radically opposed to the false one that historians had created and consecrated in the school books'"[199]

When I try to speak with relatives about Goa's colonial history, I'm often feel like I'm hallucinating, or boring them to death. Like the Inquisition never happened, or that exists only in my mind. So I go to my parents. Though they're also averse to engaging me in such conversations, my parents are so desperate to see me graduate that they often give in.

We were Desai's before we were Miranda's—I only know because Dad told me. He learned this from—Madrine,[200] Papa's sister. With fondness and disgust, I remember my last visits with her in Goa. From the toilet at her bedside, "her throne" as Nana liked to

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[197] da Silva Gracias, F. (2001). Goans away from Goa Migration to the Middle East. Lusophonies asiatiques, Asiatiques en lusophonies, 423-432. pp.423

[198] Ibid.

[199] wa Thiong'o, N. (1998). Penpoints, gunpoints, and dreams: Towards a critical theory of the arts and the state in Africa. Clarendon Press. p. 23

[200] Madrine was my paternal grandfather's sister.

call it, Madrine conducted all kinds of business. She'd boss around Rospitu, greet guests as they entered the house, and pray to her Lord. Bidding me goodbye as I left for the beach, she once warned me, in a mix of Portuguese, English and dramatic hand gestures, not to set even one toe in the water for fear of sinking sand. In her most decrepit state, Madrine managed an air of entitlement that was astounding. Summoning the priest to her chambers, she'd often confess her sins or receive Holy Communion while perched on her ceremonial chair.

Madrine and I share the same birthdate—a fact Nana's always been quick to mention anytime she was mad at me. Despite being sister in-laws who couldn't stand each other, Madrine and Nana spent more than fifty years living together, in the same monster of a house. Even when they barely spoke, their animosity crept through the walls, and was palpable anytime I visited. One day, I pressed Nana to explain the tension. She explained that Madrine didn't approve of her and Papa's marriage because she wasn't a Brahmin. A quick google search has revealed to me that 'Desai' is a Brahmin surname—given to feudal lords and revenue collectors. I went on to learn that Goan Catholics, even after conversion held on the caste[201] system followed by our ancestors. As the American Dailt Association points out, though deeply rooted in Hinduism, caste

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[201] The American Dalit Foundation's "2016 Survey of Caste in South Asian Diasporas" begins with a preamble that defines 'caste' as "an inherited system of social hierarchy that is pervasive throughout South Asia. At birth, every child inherits his or her ancestor's caste, through the Hindu varna system, which determines their social status and assigns them 'spiritual purity'"

Karunakaran, V. (2016, August 11). Spearheading a Survey of Caste in South Asian Diasporas. Retrieved October 06, 2016, from https://medium.com/@Bahujan_Power/pioneering-a-survey-of-caste-in-the-diasporas-6e5a27cd82ef#.w0nkmd384

continues to define South Asian[202] societies irrespective of religion.[203] As tends to be the case amongst those with caste-privilege, the issue of caste is a non-topic in Dad's family. Compelled to open up conversations about casteism and colonialism in my family, I decided to share this new-found information about our name with my cousins—three of them around my age. Most vividly, I recall the look of alarm on my Aunt's face upon overhearing our conversation. Darting out of the kitchen, with a mug in her hand, she exclaimed: "We aren't Hindu! Desai's a Hindu name! *We* are not Hindu!" "*Our* ancestors were," I launched back. "That was how many hundreds of years ago" she fired back, managing the last word. My aunt is not alone in her denial. Rajiva and D'Sylva argue that

> for some diasporic Catholic Goans, identity is shaped by a narrative of absencing: the history of Portuguese colonization in Goa, the 1960s 'liberation' of Goa from Portuguese rule by the Indian state, the contemporary hybrid spaces of Catholic and Hindu identity in Goa itself, and even the question of native tongue are all erased in favour of an origin myth of authentic Goan identity as Catholic, Portuguese-influenced and English speaking.[204]

On a strict diet of English and prayer, my parents deprived us of Konkani. Flaunting his Portuguese, Dad opened and closed our nightly prayers with "Em Nome do Pai e do Filho e do Espírito Santo" - the Sign of the Cross in Portuguese.[205] At other times, in the proudest accent he could muster, he'd remind us of his full name: *Ferdinando Pasqual*

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[202]'South Asians' are defined "as peoples with ancestral roots in Bangladesh, Bhutan, India, the Maldives, Nepal, Pakistan, Sri Lanka, Tamil Eelam, and the settled diasporas throughout Africa, Canada, the Caribbean, Europe, the Middle East, and other parts of Asia and the Pacific rim.

[203] Karunakaran, V. (2016, August 11). Spearheading a Survey of Caste in South Asian Diasporas. Retrieved October 06, 2016, from https://medium.com/@Bahujan_Power/pioneering-a-survey-of-caste-in-the-diasporas-6e5a27cd82ef#.w0nkmd384

[204] Rajiva, M., & D'Sylva, A. (2014). 'I am Goan [not] Indian': postcolonial ruptures in the South Asian diaspora. Canadian Ethnic Studies, 46(1), 145-167.

[205] Sign of the Cross in Portuguese

Antonio Miranda. Though they were both fluent in Konkani, Mum and Dad seldom spoke it. They only spoke it to Mama,[206] and to each other when they didn't want us to understand. I learned early on that Konkani was a language of secrets, so I worked hard to decipher it. A self-described "man of action", Dad inadvertently taught us that English was a language for boasting. "More than a language; it was *the* language"[207] believed to trump the rest.

Amidst the baroque churches of Old Goa, Papa too, spoke Portuguese. Though fluent in Konkani, he used it sparingly — speaking it only to the workers in the cool shade of the coconuts and in the concrete corridors of the house. In Goa, the linguistic policies of the Portuguese did much to complicate communication. "Those who were fluent in the Portuguese treated it as their primary language. And many[208] even came to think of it as their own".[209] In the company of family and peers, such people spoke Portuguese, reserving Konkani for Goans who hadn't mastered the colonial tongue. Konkani, amongst the elite was treated Konkani with contempt.[210] Mandated amongst the intelligentsia, military, civil servants and clergy; the Portuguese language quickly

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[206] Mama, our maternal grandmother was fluent in Urdu and Konkani, but barely spoke any English. Her disinterest in it is admirable.

[207] Mascarenhas-Keyes, S. (2010). Colonialism, Migration and the International Catholic Goan Community. Goa 1556.

[208] By 'many', Mascahrehas-Keys is referring primarily to "upper" caste Goans.

[209] Mascarenhas-Keyes, S. (2010). Colonialism, Migration and the International Catholic Goan Community. Goa 1556.

[210] Rivara, J.H.C. (1858). "A History of the Konkani Language, Goa". English translation in Priolkar,A.K. The Printing Press in India, Bombay.

became associated with knowledge, power and professional and white collar work.[211] Mascarenhas-Keys differentiates Goa from other colonial contexts where the language of the colonizer was regarded with higher status, what distinguished the Goan situation was the regime's systematic efforts to disparage the Konkani. State policy set the scene for upwardly mobile Goan Catholics to shrug off Konkani, or at least limit it to marginal use,[212] all while mastering European language.

Romanized words and a Portuguese syntax penetrated the Old Conquests, creating a creolized form of Konkani.[213] With the introduction of the printing press in 1556, the regime stripped Konkani of its devanagari script, and attached it to a Roman orthography. This forced Goan Catholics who learned to read and write in their native language, to do so in an alien font.[214]

switching sides

His language, so familiar and so foreign, will always be for me an acquired speech. I have not made or accepted its words. My voice holds them at bay. My soul frets in the shadow of his language. - James Joyce [215]

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[211] Mascarenhas-Keyes, S. (2010). Colonialism, Migration and the International Catholic Goan Community. Goa 1556.

[212] Mascarenhas-Keyes, S. (2010). Colonialism, Migration and the International Catholic Goan Community. Goa 1556. p.100

[213] Mascarenhas-Keyes, S. (2010). Colonialism, Migration and the International Catholic Goan Community. Goa 1556.

[214] Ibid.

[215]Joyce, J., Gabler, H. W., & Hettche, W. (1993). A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. Taylor & Francis. p.210

Only nineteen when he arrived in Bombay, Papa took on a second shadow—English. His work as a salesman demanded it. It was a period of personal and political flux, during which many Goans, “upper” caste migrated to British India, Africa or other parts of Asia. The turn of the century brought rapid changes in Goa. In 1908, the king and crown prince of Portugal were assassinated. In 1910, a military uprising overthrew the constitutional monarchy, replacing it with the first Portuguese Republic. With a radical nationalist republican movement gaining force, the Portuguese Republican Party won the first state election. Despite this victory, the government lacked stability. The period between 1910 and 1926 brought forty-five changes in government.[216]

Though Portugal had already eased some of its most severe religious policies, (banning Jesuit missionaries in 1759 and ending the Inquisition in 1774), Hindus were still not allowed to participate in commerce in the Old Conquests.[217] Unsurprisingly, these tough circumstances prompted a number of revolts, as local populations fought to free themselves from colonial rule. Among the uprisings, was an attempt by Goan-born priests to overthrow the Portuguese. Discovered during its planning stages, many of the leaders were tortured and killed, while others were jailed or expelled to Portugal. This

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[216] Sardica, J. M. (2011). The memory of the Portuguese first republic throughout the twentieth century. E-journal of Portuguese History, 9(1), 65-92.

[217] Matsukawa, K. (2002). Konkani and “Goan Identity” in Post-colonial Goa, India. Minamiajiakenkyu, 2002(14), 121-144.

proved that anti-colonial sentiment was not just limited to the Hindu population.[218] Over the centuries, even influential Goans living in Lisbon participated in resistance efforts.[219] When new taxes were imposed in the nineteenth century, Goans, again, largely the "upper" caste took to the press, as well as to the Portuguese Parliament, making their case for independence.[220] Confrontations involving both Catholics and Hindus were the roughest towards the end of the nineteenth century.

When the monarchy was overthrown in 1910, the new constitution gave Portuguese Indians the same rights and status as Portuguese citizens.[221] But Portuguese-Africans were not extended the same courtesy.[222] The Portuguese Republican Party (PRP), now in leadership, hinted to Goans that self-determination and an end to religious intolerance were within reach.[223] Many Hindus migrated from the New Conquests to the Old Conquests as a result[224] and tensions between Hindus and Catholics eased up. Hindus set up new schools, groups and media; and a young generation of Goan

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[218] Brettell, C. B. (2007/8). Portugal's First Post-Colonials: Citizenship, Identity, and the Repatriation of Goans. Portuguese Studies Review, 15(2), 1-28

By this point, recurring disease in Old Goa meant that most of its 200,000 inhabitants had abandoned it. Early in the 19th century, Goa's capital was moved to Panjim.

[219] Ibid.

[220] Ibid.

[221] Brettell, C. B. (2007/8). Portugal's First Post-Colonials: Citizenship, Identity, and the Repatriation of Goans. Portuguese Studies Review, 15(2), 1-28

[222]Africans were deemed "non-civilized" and had to first learn Portuguese and become Christians before they were considered "civilized". Goons were considered "civilized" without having to jump through the same hoops.

[223] Brettell, C. B. (2006). Portugal's First Post-Colonials: Citizenship, Identity, and the Repatriation of Goans. Portuguese Studies Review, 14(2), 143-170.

[224] Matsukawa, K. (2002). Konkani and "Goan Identity" in Post-colonial Goa, India. Minamiajiakenkyu, 2002(14), 121-144.

Catholics, primarily those with formal education, were learning about and identifying with the struggle to liberate India from British-rule.[225]

Despite staying out of the initial alliances that led to World War I, Portugal and Germany were involved in a number of skirmishes—most of these at the border between Portuguese-Angola and German-West South Africa. Motivated by its desire to keep control of Angola and Mozambique, and fend off threats of a Spanish invasion of Portugal joined the Allies in World War I. Germany declared war on Portugal in 1916, as a result. By the time the war ended in 1918, 12,000 Portuguese troops lost their lives, including many Africans who served on the colonial front. These deaths were accompanied by another 222,000 civilian losses—most due to food shortages and the spread of the Spanish Flu. Lack of national consensus about the war deepened ideological fault lines in the PRP,[226] leading the fall of Portugal's parliamentary in 1926.[227] On the heels of this chaos, Antonio Salazar was appointed Minister of Finance, and life in Goa began to tense up. The architect of the Colonial Act imposed in 1930, Salazar "confirmed the existence of an historical and essential role to possess, civilize and colonize the overseas territories".[228] Part of a clear imperialist strategy, the Act shifted Portugal's approach toward the colonies; recreating a Portuguese Colonial

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[225] Gaitonde, P. D. (1987). The liberation of Goa: a participant's view of history. Hurst.

[226] Sardica, J. M. (2011). The memory of the Portuguese first republic throughout the twentieth century. E-journal of Portuguese History, 9(1), 65-92.

[227] Sardica, J. M. (2011). The memory of the Portuguese first republic throughout the twentieth century. E-journal of Portuguese History, 9(1), 65-92.

[228] as cited in Brettell, C. B. (2007/8). Portugal's First Post-Colonials: Citizenship, Identity, and the Repatriation of Goans. Portuguese Studies Review, 15(2), 1-28 p. 7

Empire administered by Governor-Generals who answered only to Lisbon.[229] The Act also made Portuguese the exclusive language of instruction, not just in Goa, but throughout the colonies. Brettell says the new legislation

> encoded tensions between colonial identity and national identity, between subject and citizen, between economic exploitation and economic development. One of the key leaders of this movement and founder of the Goa Congress Committee, Tristao Braganca da Cunha, suggested that the Colonial Act established 'two different meanings for the nation and admitted two kinds of citizens, the possessors and the possessed'.[230]

Goa's economic deterioration, coupled with the era of censorship, propaganda and force, ushered in by Salazar, precipitated a mass exodus from Goa. Papa's migration to Bombay occurred in this context. While he, and others tried to establish new livelihoods away from dictatorial rule, Goan freedom fighters struggled on. The conditions in Goa were such that anyone caught meeting, organizing or speaking out against the regime, were swiftly arrested and deported to mainland Portugal and forced to languish indefinitely in Portugal's prisons. As a result, many freedom fighters migrated and continued to struggle for independence from outside Goa's borders.[231]

Following the establishment of the State of India in 1947, Salazar, under pressure from Nehru, refused to enter into negotiations. He knew that ceding Goa would result in the inevitable loss of Portugal's colonies in Africa. So, his line on Goa quickly changed. He argued that Goans, despite their geographical and historical ties to the India, were culturally and spiritually Portuguese. His rhetorical manoeuvre sought "to erase the

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[229] Brettell, C. B. (2007/8). Portugal's First Post-Colonials: Citizenship, Identity, and the Repatriation of Goans. Portuguese Studies Review, 15(2), 1-28

[230] Brettell, C. B. (2006). Portugal's First Post-Colonials: Citizenship, Identity, and the Repatriation of Goans. Portuguese Studies Review, 14(2), 143-170. p.150

[231] Those involved in Goa's freedom movement were largely "upper" caste Brahmins.

boundary between a Portuguese empire and an imagined pan-Lusitania nation".[232] Staving of Indian intervention for thirteen years, Portuguese reign finally came to an end in 1961, when Nehru sent 30,000 Indian troops into Goa to remove the Portuguese. This is how it happened. In the name of liberation one nation-state pushed out another. The problem was that many Goans did not feel liberated. Jason Keith Fernandes argues,

> Since Liberation, partly due to the propaganda of the *Estado Novo* prior to Indian action and party due to the nature of relationship between Goa and the nation-state it was integrated into, the Goan Catholic had acutely felt the sense of being a threatened, even persecuted minority. In the course of [one of his interviews, a Goan activist recalls] taunts directed to the Catholics, implying that collaborators with the earlier regime were nobodies in free Goa.[233]

The Denationalization of Goans by T.B. Cunha, published in 1944 by the Goa National Congress, echoes these taunts. Printed in a pamphlet and distributed amongst the Goan elite, the text condemns the failure of the Goan elite to identify with India's national liberation movement. Fernandes insists that such sentiments have since "been converted into a *deficit* denunciation of the Goan Catholic in general,"[234] an idea that has rooted itself in the Goan imagination, producing "a burden that politically conscious Goan Catholics come to realize they live with".[235] I am not defunct. It has taken me a long time to believe this. To accept that Goa, as I have experienced it, geographically, materially, psychologically and spiritually is a place of deep anxiety — the result of being

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[232] Peres, P. (1997). Transculturation and resistance in Lusophone African narrative. University Press of Florida. p. 8

[233] Fernandes, J. K. (2010). Invoking the Ghost of Mexia: State and Community in Post-colonial Goa. Ler História, (58), 9-25. p.24

[234] Fernandes, J. K. (2010). Invoking the Ghost of Mexia: State and Community in Post-colonial Goa. Ler História, (58), 9-25. p.24

[235] Fernandes, J. K. (2010). Invoking the Ghost of Mexia: State and Community in Post-colonial Goa. Ler História, (58), 9-25. p.24

"caught up" as Kamau Brathwaite puts it in his book *The Development of a Creole Society,* "in some kind of colonial arrangement with a metropolitan European power".[236] As a space of musical, linguistic and gastronomical experimentation Goa's culture is a site of heated contestation.

hybridity & struggle

Hybridity catches the fragmentary subject formation of people whose identities traverse different race, sexuality, and gender identifications.

-Munoz

Creolization comes about through a vicious fusing of borders. It is what Stuart Hall describes as "the exercise of a brutal cultural dominance and incorporation between the different cultural elements"[237]—not a "kind of bricolage that celebrates just any form of mixture or postmodern pastiche but a bricolage that is a tactical response to a situation of 'domination and conflict'."[238] For Hall, "creolization *always* entails inequality, hierarchization, issues of domination and subalternity, mastery and servitude, control and resistance. Questions of *power,* as well as issues of *entanglement,* are always at stake".[239]

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[236] Brathwaite, K. (2005). The development of Creole society in Jamaica, 1770-1820. xvi

[237] as cited in Lionnet, Françoise, and Shu-mei Shih. (2011). *The Creolization of Theory.* Duke University Press. p.25

[238] Lionnet, Françoise, and Shu-mei Shih.(2011) *The Creolization of Theory.* Duke University Press.

[239] as cited in Lionnet, Françoise, and Shu-mei Shih. *The Creolization of Theory.* Duke University Press, p.25

Power struggles in present day Goa have much to do with how the space and its people are imagined. Fernandes suggests that in the dominant imagination, Goa is constructed through competing nationalisms: "*Goa Portuguesa,* a strain of *Lusotropicalism,* and *Goa Indica,* a strain of Indian nationalism which is in turn a product of British Indian orientalist".[240] The first strand claims Goa as uniquely and culturally Portuguese, a claim has fuelled its becoming a tourist fantasy. Subrahmanyam argues that

> the very stereotype of Goa in the eyes of other Indians, as a land of lazy, musical, fun-loving, hard-drinking people, is itself the product after all of the crossing of two other stereotypes: the image of Portugal within Europe, and Portuguese images of Goa and what they imagined to be Konkani society.[241]

Emanating from anti colonial and postcolonial nationalisms, the idea of an Indian-Goa, builds on orientalist imaginings of the territory as an authentically Hindu space. This despite clear evidence of its Muslim population. Fernandes suggests that "because orientalist narratives are modernist constructions, and modernist narratives seek time as a linear progressive movement, the the introduction of Islam was and is seen as a further rupture of the progressive evolution of India".[242] In a move to return Goa to a space that is imagined to be "of and for Hindus and Catholics with purportedly Hindu pasts, it excluded quite substantially not only the metropolitan Portuguese, but also Luso-descendants and the territory's various Muslim groups".[243] This erasure and attempt at homogenization has furthered disparities knowledge, income, language access, and education, further entrenching caste-based practices of exclusion. The flip-

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[240] Fernandes, J. K. THE CURIOUS CASE OF GOAN ORIENTALISM1. p.156

[241] Ibid p.157

[242] Ibid p.158

[243] Ibid p.158

side to hybridity is that it can be turned into a form of resistance. Reassembling in the shards history, I seek to create something new entirely.

social movements and the subjunctive world of jivelandia

subjunctive: relating to or denoting a mood of verbs expressing what is imagined or wished or possible

The feeling of home is always fluid. Like a liquid longing under my skin—for Mama's chapatis dipped in the marigold yolks of Nana's hens. Sifting through the banks of memory, I hear the sounds of morning. Mama, my most trusted alarm clock, beckoning me to rise. The comb crunching through my knots, and the swish of fluoride against my teeth. Dressed in a white-collared shirt and crisp grey pinafore, my head is tilted to the side, as Mama ties my last plait. In those days, breakfast was a standard gulp of raw eggs sprinkled with salt, pepper and a little bit of haldi powder.

Dad worked nights at the Abu Dhabi airport, and Mum during the days, as a secretary for Bechtel, an American corporation. That's where my maternal grandmother came in. For Mama, her saris and her box of tablets it was the second of three migrations. She made it to take care of me.

Despite the precarity that came with being temporary migrant workers in the Gulf, my parents managed a lot of privilege. Both were fluent in English. Dad worked in the airline industry, and his benefits with Gulf Air allowed us to travel often. My favourite of all our trips were the ones we made to visit Nana in Goa. Between the stone walls and long narrow passageways of her 400 year old house, I found a steady bright spot: in the deep orange yolk of a freshly laid egg that greeted me every morning. Entranced by its wholeness, I hesitated to prick the centre. Maori scholar Linda Smith says, "the 'centre' is important to the spatial vocabulary of colonialism … because orientation to the centre was an orientation to the system of power"[244]. Unperturbed by its slimy constitution, I

[244] Smith, L. T. (1999). Decolonizing methodologies: Research and indigenous peoples. Zed books. p.55

admired the round block of orange on white; paying little mind to its crisp brown edges or to the 'servant girl'[245] who fried them. Though we lived under the same roof, I'd somehow relegated her to the outer limits of my mind. The 'line' and the 'outside', are also integral to the spatial vocabulary of colonialism[246]. The line maps territory. It surveys the land. And erects boundaries that "mark the limits of colonial power".[247] The 'outside' is crucial because it pits territory and people against the colonial centre. To push a person into 'empty space' — beyond the limits of one's imagination, is to pretend they don't exist.[248]

Etched in the rules of the house, the line re inscribed itself daily. We ate first, the "servants" second. We dined at the table. They ate out back. We slept on beds. They slept on the floor. Our clothes were new. Theirs, second hand. Through everyday acts that scream i'm-better-than-you, we distinguished ourselves from the *Other* humans in the house. These performances were not unique. Entire countries are built on them. Producing members, outliers and various categories in between, the nation-state ranks people on a scale of belonging. Through this process, a select group comes to imagine itself as national subjects, exalted above the rest.[249]

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[245] Nana often referred to the live-in domestic worker in her house as the servant girl.

[246] Smith, L. T. (1999). Decolonizing methodologies: Research and indigenous peoples. Zed books. p. 55

[247] Smith, L. T. (1999). Decolonizing methodologies: Research and indigenous peoples. Zed books. p. 55

[248] Smith, L. T. (1999). Decolonizing methodologies: Research and indigenous peoples. Zed books. p. 55

[249] Thobani, S. (2007). Exalted subjects: Studies in the making of race and nation in Canada. University of Toronto Press.

Aunty Flo and I would sit on the floor for hours, stacking playing cards—our goal: to build a house. A careful and cautious game, it taught me about balance, friction, layering and loss. The more cards in a house, the less likely it is to fall. The more time we spent building it, the more disappointing the crumble. The game called for integrity. It entailed treating the cards gently; never bending or breaking them to our will. An exercise in hope and intimacy, it was about reaching for something, we knew we might never touch.

Like the house of cards I dreamed of as a kid, Jivelandia is not here yet. It is as Munoz puts it, "the warm illumination of a horizon imbued with potentiality".[250] An imagined space "distilled from the past and used to imagine the future". For Munoz, "the future is queerness's domain. Queerness is a structuring and educated mode of desiring that allows us to see and feel" and I would add taste and listen "beyond the quagmire of the present".[251] There is no linear path to Jivelandia, just as there are no linear moves from the colonial, or settler colonial into the post. It is this desire for a decolonized future that "rescrambles the 'here and now' (to) mak(e)" visible what Payal Banerjee calls the ideological traffic between and among formations that are otherwise positioned as dissimilar".[252] To reach for Jivelandia is to grapple with Kruger's question: "What Time is This Place?"

> Because the ideological representation of conflict as though it were continuity involves burying inconvenient histories as well as the the structures that housed them, the full understanding of the

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[250] Muñoz, J. E. (2009). Cruising utopia: The then and there of queer futurity. nyu Press. p.1

[251] Muñoz, J. E. (2009). Cruising utopia: The then and there of queer futurity. nyu Press. p.1

[252] Alexander, M. J. (2005). Pedagogies of crossing: Meditations on feminism, sexual politics, memory, and the sacred. Duke University Press. p.191

> politics of space requires attention to the politics of time and, in particular, the politics of choosing the past that might reshape the present.[253]

Here, as I have done in my previous chapters, I knock at the doors of memory, summoning scenes. And while these may not be obviously performative, they illuminate the social and dream-like acts that make me believe not only that "another world is not only possible, (but that) she is on her way".[254] Reappearing in the present, these scenes reflect as Kershaw puts it, that "the past is neither inevitably nor wholly the past".[255] In recovering these traces, and reanimating them in the present, I seek to as Kruger says, "not only to understand the past but also to understand (my) understanding as an active performance of a usable past in the present that might help to illuminate the way to the future".[256] Despite sounding abstract, Jivelandia remains concrete, —and "historically situated (in) struggle".[257] Like many novels, sculptures and even songs, the performances that light the way to Jivelandia are imbued with what artists Ghani and Ganesh call "warm data".[258] These performances make visible that which has previously been made materially and discursively invisible.[259] The utopian force of these

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[253] Kruger, L. (2013). 3 What Time is This Place? Continuity, Conflict, and the Right to the City—Lessons From Haymarket Square. Performance and the Politics of Space: Theatre and Topology, 46. p.48

[254] Roy, A. (2003). Confronting empire. *Nation-New York.* 276(9), 16-16.

[255] as cited in Kruger, L. (2013). 3 What Time is This Place? Continuity, Conflict, and the Right to the City —Lessons From Haymarket Square. Performance and the Politics of Space: Theatre and Topology, 46. p.49

[256] Kruger, L. (2013). 3 What Time is This Place? Continuity, Conflict, and the Right to the City—Lessons From Haymarket Square. Performance and the Politics of Space: Theatre and Topology. p.49

[257] Staiger, J., Cvetkovich, A., & Reynolds, A. (Eds.). (2010). Political emotions. Routledge.

[258] as cited in Gopinath, G. (2010). Archive, affect, and the everyday: queer diasporic re-visions. Political Emotions, 165-92. p.184

[259] Gopinath, G. (2010). Archive, affect, and the everyday: queer diasporic re-visions. Political Emotions, 165-92. p.184

performances draw on what Raymond Williams has called “the subjunctive dimension of performance as the imagination through enactment of possible futures.”[260]

My cousins Jonathan and Acklin kept a monkey puppet in their house. Each time I visited, the monkey would poke it’s head out from behind a wall and speak to me. Playing similar tricks on my mind, my cousin Keith would ring the doorbell. Sent to answer it, I was confronted with a life-sized inflatable bunny bouncing between the apartments Messing with my everyday experience of space, my cousins taught me to imagine it differently; “to glimpse the worlds proposed and promised by queerness in the realm of the aesthetic. The aesthetic, especially the queer aesthetic, frequently contains blueprints and schemata of a forward dawning futurity”.[261]

Before our flight across the Atlantic, we made the rounds to Karachi, Goa and Bombay to say final our final goodbyes. The house of cards disappeared, as did the fairytales, cute outfits and feelings of being doted on. New were hand-me-down corduroy’s, television shows and fights with my cousins. The leather jackets Mum and Dad bought us in Karachi were no match for the chilling shock of 89. Near Victoria Park and Finch, at my uncle and aunt’s place, we watched WWF and practiced wrestling moves with our cousins. While we were tuned in to the so-called history-making match between Hulk Hogan and Randy Savage, there were other, actually important struggles, being waged.

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[260] Kruger, L. (2013). 3 What Time is This Place? Continuity, Conflict, and the Right to the City—Lessons From Haymarket Square. *Performance and the Politics of Space: Theatre and Topology*, 46. p.49

[261] Muñoz, J. E. (2009). Cruising utopia: The then and there of queer futurity. nyu Press. p.1

Like those of the Algonquins of Barrier Lake, for example, fighting to stop extractive logging practices on their territory.[262]

Within months of our arrival, my parents bought a place, settling on the traditional territories of the Mississaugas of the New Credit. When the winter melted and the bushes bloomed, my brothers and I took to our backyard swing set, a rusty blue and white contraption, left to us by the previous occupants. Many were calling that summer of 1990, the “Indian summer”. Set to bring Quebec ‘in’ to the constitution, a set of legal amendments were dangling in the national air. But these changes were halted by an act of legislative defiance by Elijah Harper, a Cree Manitoba Member of the Legislative Assembly. Weeks later, a 78-day armed stand-off ensued near the town of Oka, Quebec where the Mohawks of Kanasatake faced down Quebec provincial police, and Canadian armed forces. Setting up barricades, the Mohawks sought to protect their sacred grounds from ongoing infringement by land developers. Within two weeks, a gang of heavily armed riot cops invaded the community. In a show of solidarity, the neighbouring Mohawk Nation of Kahnawake put up barricades of their own, blocking the Mercier Bridge to Montreal. As Coulthard reminds us, it was a time when Indigenous peoples across the continent were showing their support by engaging in a variety of “solidarity actions that ranged from leafleting to the establishment of peace encampments to the

[262] Coulthard, G. (2014). # IdleNoMore in historical context. The winter we danced: Voices from the past, the future, and the idle No more movement, 32-36.

erection of the blockades on several major Canadian transport corridors, both road and rail".[263]

Cycling from one job to the next, Dad landed in the hotel industry where he remained for most of his career. From the front desk, he moved to night auditor, assistant manager, and various other positions, until, some fifteen years later, he became the GM. Without my grandmother here in the beginning, Mum stayed home with us kids. I had few friends then, got called 'Paki' at school, and went hungry most afternoons; too ashamed to eat the chapatis my Mama lovingly packed for me. I thought 'Paki' meant 'stupid' or 'idiot' or something, so I'd call the white kids Paki back. I looked forward to coming *home*, to Campbell's tomato soup, sprinkled with artificial bacon bits; and to moping in my room. 'If only my hair were straighter, my skin lighter; if only my parents could buy me New Kids on the Block cards, and pack me Wonderbread and Jello lunches …" Like a scroll looped around my imagination, my list of 'if only's' was suffocating. My bedroom was my domain. I shut the door and kept my brothers out. To piss me off, Dayne would crumble crackers under my door and with his mouth, blow them into my room.

I came of age in the late 90s. Instead of controlling mess, I felt inclined to create it. It was a tiny Italian woman with a chin length bob and glasses that inspired me. I found her on the first day of my grade eleven World Relgions class. Once all the students had taken a seat, she climbed on top of her desk."I am god," she declared. A string of lights twinkled around her, the only illumination in an otherwise dark classroom. Queering

[263] Coulthard, G. (2014). # IdleNoMore in historical context. The winter we danced: Voices from the past, the future, and the idle No more movement, 32-36.

theology, her performance to me signalled resistance to the image of Man as God, a notion that'd be drilled into my head since birth. I took a keen interest in Ms. Petrone, Stella I now call her. I'd watch her push a cart stacked with cardboard boxes through the halls. Overflowing with file folders and homemade signs, her box carried the kind of learning that I came to value most. Learning outside the classroom Learning through performance. Learning through action. Taped up in every stairwell and corridor of our otherwise sterile school, her signs dispensed pertinent facts. Facts that made visible the otherwise invisible injustices of capitalism. I read that 'Disney pays workers in Haiti 28 cents an hour' hundreds of times on my way to her class. Her interventions in the domain of space, were reminiscent of my early days in Abu Dhabi — except these performances were political.

For following Stella's example, I received the Archbishop Oscar Romero Award 'for challenging the status quo'. I had a lot of angst about what to do with my prize money. I knew that, Romero (a priest of the poor) was gunned down while saying mass in El Salvador. I learned that the paramilitaries who killed him, were trained at the School of the America's (now the Western Hemisphere Institute for Security and Cooperation). Looking into the school more closely, I learned of a protest that takes place every year in Georgia. The people who attend, carry the names of Latin America's dead. With Ms. Petrone's help, I connected with some people from Romero House[264] —that was driving down to the protest. Mum and Dad were livid at the thought of me going. They forbid it. But I wouldn't listen. A week later, an large windowless van pulled up on our driveway.

[264] A space started almost 25 years ago when a small group, took over a refugee shelter threatened with closure and welcomed refugees to stay in apartments, as neighbours rather than simply clients"

Reluctantly, Mum kissed me goodbye and with panic in her voice, she begged me not to get arrested. In a discussion that happened en route about what kind of actions we would take when we arrived, I decided I wanted to trespass onto the base in an act of civil disobedience with hundreds of others, carrying the names of the dead. The people from Romero House made me call my parents to get their permission. I could hear Mum's blood boiling through the phone. "What, do you want me to do— go against my conscience?" I asked them rightgeously. Singing "We Shall Not Be Moved", I was arrested and banned from Georgia for five years. On the way back, everyone in the car was talking about the WTO, the IMF, the Zapatistas and the FTAA. I was intrigued.

In the mid to late 90s movements against neoliberalism in the Global South ignited a global justice movement in the North. Still in high school, I was on its periphery. I opted out of school credit for organizing the fashion show and decided to learn about EZLN instead. The principles and practices of the Zapatistas were a major source of inspiration for anti-capitalist convergences around global economic summits. With five others from my high school I traveled to Quebec City to protest the Free Trade Area of the Americas. Our contribution to the protests was the giant paper mache pig dressed it in a business suit. We made it with supplies we found in our school's art room. Leading up to the protests, police warned that they'd be armed with riot gear and tear gas. Mum, again told me I couldn't go. But as I was getting ready to leave, she stuck a water bottle filled with vinegar and a bandana in my backpack.

In both Georgia and in Quebec City, there weren't many other people of colour to be seen. Upon entering organizing spaces some years later, I learned that despite its powerful presence, the movement was critiqued for its overwhelming whiteness. Jinee Kim, a youth organizer based in the Bay Area said,

> I was at the jail where a lot of protestors were being held and a big crowd of people was changing 'This Is What Democracy Looks Like!' At first it sounded kind of nice. But then I thought: is this really what democracy looks like? Nobody here looks like me.[265]

Although some Black, Indigenous and People of Colour were present at these action, we/they were a small minority. There are many reasons for this. As Martinez points out, some racialized organizers expressed concern about the likelihood of police violence. Others simply couldn't attend because they lacked funds, or were unable to get time off work, or find child care. In the Bay Area, many activists of colour, even those who were offered scholarships refused to go, feeling they lacked information about the WTO. This lack of familiarity was exacerbated by lack of Internet access, particularly among Black and Latino communities. This difficulty I had connecting my family's lived experience with the policies and practices of global financial institutions was a problem that was widely felt.

In Quebec City, the streets were murmuring with news about Jaggi Singh, a young brown anti-authoritarian organizer arrested on day one of the protests. Featured prominently in the mainstream press, he became a constant source of Mum's worry. Any time I went to Montreal after that, Mum would suspiciously ask, "Are you going to meet

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[265] Martinez, E. B. (2000). Where was the color in Seattle? Looking for reasons why the great battle was so white. Monthly Review, 52(3), 141-141.

with that Jaggi Singh?" Reflecting on the global justice movement, Singh says, "It's not enough to talk about capitalism you have to also talk about the colonial reality. Colonial reality is not simply some historical eccentricity — it's actually describing the realities that we live in today."[266] Parallel to convergences in Seattle, Washington, Vancouver and Quebec City, Indigenous nations were also rising up, building on the powerful resistance mounted in the early 90s. "It was hard", as Fortier puts it "to miss the resurgence of land-based resistance". Coulthard reminds us of "widespread economic disruption unleashed by Indigenous direct action".[267]

I moved into residence at the University of Toronto Scarborough Campus in the Fall of 2001. On tv in common room of my residence, I watched with other students as the World Trade Centre collapsed. Homogenizing all those who died as "American" I refused empathy for the victims. In the months that followed, millions around the world took to the streets to protest the U.S. led invasions of Afghanistan and Iraq. I joined in the protests. Even Mum and the baby (my youngest brother) came to one of these.

After a couple of years in res, I moved to my first apartment in Toronto's Kensington Market. Between the eclectic storefronts, and graffiti-filled alleyways I saw a poster, advertising a public forum organized by the *Project Threadbare Coalition*—a group that formed in response to the apprehension of 23 South Asian men on false "terror "allegations". Attending this forum, I learned about the lack of evidence in the case. A

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[266] As cited in Fortier, C. (2015). Unsettling Movements: Decolonizing Non-Indigenous Radical Struggles in Settler Colonial States (Doctoral dissertation, YORK UNIVERSITY TORONTO).

[267] Coulthard, G. (2014). # IdleNoMore in historical context. The winter we danced: Voices from the past, the future, and the idle No more movement, 32-36.

picture of one of the men in front of an airplane, a touristy shot of another in front of the CN tower, and smoke from burnt meals cooked in their tiny apartments were used to suggest they posed a threat to national security. Given the lack of evidence no charges were ever laid, yet all of the men arrested faced detention and deportation.

Deciding to act in the face of this injustice, I got an asymmetrical haircut, pierced the left side of my nose and traded in my Silver Tab jeans for an assortment of ill-fitting clothes from Value Village, mimicking the white anarchists I'd come to admire. With this new look, I entered the Project Threadbare Coalition. In this intergenerational, primarily South Asian group, I identified most with its younger members, many of them were also students. I found myself skipping class to visit the men at Maplehurst, a maximum security prison in Milton. It was during these visits that I learned about Canada's immigration system. Debates over tactics and messaging emerged within the coalition contributing to tension amongst organizers. Some wanted to frame the issue as an attack on civil liberties; while others wanted to highlight the plight of people with precarious immigration status. I joined the latter camp. Ultimately, most of the men arrested under the Project Thread investigation, were deported. Over the course of a year, the group coordinated press conferences, case support, demonstrations, petition drives, and when these tactics seemed to fail, some of us occupied the Immigration Minister's office. Following my arrest, which happened to be documented on television, Mum received a stream of calls asking how I was doing. She was ashamed, and terribly upset that year, not about the deportations but because she felt I was being brainwashed by Muslim men. "Why can't you just help the homeless?" she'd plead.

But help was becoming less a part of my repertoire. As the tensions between us mounted, I joined No One Is Illegal, a decentralized network of migrant justice groups organizing out of cities across Canada. The Toronto group of which I was a member, sought to understand and respond on a local level, the challenges and barriers facing migrants with precarious status. One of the group's members, was already doing some work in a detention centre in the north end of the city, and she managed to get a small group of us in. We pitched ourselves as students, interested in art as a means of therapy, meditation and relaxation for stressed out detainees. We made no mention of No One Is Illegal, of course. Knowing less about art than I did about detention conditions, I quickly realized its power. Learning that many women were reported to immigration authorities by police, employers, shitty landlords and abusive cis-men, my conception of the border changed. Instead of imagining it to exist only at ports of entry, I began to see its impacts within the city.

In 2004, No One Is Illegal launched an Access Without Fear campaign which insisted that all city services be made available to people without immigration status. Mobilizing workers, service users, and undocumented people at various city sites this campaign sought to undo the localized manifestations of the border, and to stop immigration enforcement in "our" city. Similarly, "Stop the war abroad / stop the war at *home*" became the slogan we mobilized around in the context of the antiwar movement. Evident in these articulations of *home* and belonging was a clear disjunct between the organization's stated support for Indigenous sovereignty, and claims to territory as *ours*.

Craig Fortier, another long-time organizer with the group, recalls our chants back in those days: “No borders / no nations / stop the deportations!” Such slogans, as he points out became a site of much debate within the organization. The anti-nationalist call for “open borders” was at odds with the idea that migrants were indeed part of the settler-colonial project and complicit in the ongoing dispossession of Indigenous peoples from their lands, cultures and livelihoods. Indigenous self-determination. In an article entitled “Decolonizing antiracism” Bonita Lawrence and Enakshi Dua suggests that “people of colour are settlers”, encouraging non-Native folks engaged in antiracism movements “to acknowledge that we all share the same land base and yet to question the differential terms on which it is occupied is to become aware of the colonial project that is taking place around us”.[268] Taking issue with the idea of all non-Natives as settlers, Sharma and Wright contend that “decolonization projects must challenge capitalist social relations and those organized through the nation state, such as sovereignty. Crucially, their goal must be the gaining of a global *commons”*.[269] Yet, this approach to commoning can overwrite the differences between Black, Indigenous and People of Colour in the context of decolonization struggles. Leanne Simpson, a writer and academic of Mississauga Nishnaabeg ancestry emphatically writes,

> I am not a nation-state, nor do I strive to be one. Our politics and our nationalism are not based on enclosures defended with violence, yet we still have homelands. We’ve had them for thousands and thousands of years.[270]

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[268] Lawrence, B., & Dua, E. (2005). Decolonizing antiracism. Social justice, 32(4 (102), 120-143. p.126

[269] Sharma, N., & Wright, C. (2008). Decolonizing resistance, challenging colonial states. Social Justice, 35(3 (113), 120-138. p.131

[270] Simpson, L. (2013). “I am Not a Nation-State.” Retrieved from https://www.leannesimpson.ca/writings/i-am-not-a-nation-state

Moved by such assertions of Indigenous sovereignty, the group began to pay more "attention to the conditions and contingencies of settler colonialism"[271] and began organizing support for resistance efforts organized by Indigenous Nations. This included support for the Algonquins of Barriere Lake, who after exhausting all political avenues, set up a peaceful blockade to demand that both Canadian and Quebec governments honour signed agreements that would allow co-management of their traditional territory, resource revenue sharing, and respect for their leadership customs. Similarly, we showed up in support of the Haudenosaunee Six Nations Confederacy as it organized against the encroachment of land developers on their territory. And in support of the Mohawks in Tyendinaga in their struggle against illegal dumping of toxic waste on their lands.[272] As the group continued to build relationships and organize solidarity actions in support of Indigenous nations, I was unable to convince my family members to participate. While my ability to engage them around issues of war, occupation, gender violence, labour justice proved more feasible, support for Indigenous sovereignty was not. On one occasion, trying to avoid another argument, I took Mum through a No One Is Illegal workshop - the kind I would present to high school students. I was only a few minutes in, when she began to cry, saying "It seems like you think Canada shouldn't exist". I agreed, thinking she was finally getting it. But she picked up the phone to call the real estate agent, saying that she wanted to move as far away from me as she could. The tensions between Mum and I about settler-colonialism were not simply the

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[271] Snelgrove, C., Dhamoon, R., & Corntassel, J. (2014). Unsettling settler colonialism: The discourse and politics of settlers, and solidarity with Indigenous nations. Decolonization: Indigeneity, Education & Society, 3(2). p.4

[272] Fortier, C. (2013). No One Is Illegal Movements and Anti-colonial Struggles from within the. Producing and Negotiating Non-citizenship: Precarious Legal Status in Canada, 274.

result of her conservatism, but also a reflection of my inability to connect these struggles to our own histories of conquest and dislocation.

Cruising these snapshots, I reach for Jivelandia, that which is not here yet. Munoz says this “not-yet-conscious is knowable, to some extent as a utopian feeling”.[273] We may think of utopia as more than “a sentimental ‘desire,’ (or) a mode of living with alienation”, but as a “strength of conviction that the world really can be different” if we organize to make it so. Yet organizing, spaces tend to be cynical towards those who aren’t already members of them. There is also a tendency within these spaces toward joylessness. It is in my failure to engage my family in practices decolonization, that I find hope. Hope emerges from struggle and defeat, yet it also provides an opening something else. The “openness” as Raymond Williams puts it, “is in fact strengthening; indeed it is probably only to such a utopia that those who have known affluence and known with it social injustice and moral corruption can be summoned. It is not the last journey”.[274] It is not the journey of those who feel the impacts of settler-colonialism and imperialism’s violence most directly. But it is “where within a capitalist dominance, and within the crisis of power and affluence… the utopian impulse now warily, self-questioningly, and setting its own limits, renews itself”.[275]

conclusion

[273] Muñoz, J. E. (2009). Cruising utopia: The then and there of queer futurity. nyu Press. p.3

[274] Williams, R. (1978). Utopia and science fiction. Science Fiction Studies, 203-214. Retrieved from http://www.depauw.edu/sfs/backissues/16/williams16art.htm

[275] Williams, R. (1978). Utopia and science fiction. Science Fiction Studies, 203-214. http://www.depauw.edu/sfs/backissues/16/williams16art.htm

The structures of memory, even if they are not alive in an ecological sense, are repositories that hold traces of what was. Scratching against its surface, rejigging and reassembling its fragments can help to produce new meanings. In this paper, I argue that practices of memory, and memory-making can be integral to decolonization. If decolonization is about a dramatic reimagining of our relationships to the land and to each other, then working with memory, allows us to forge new relationships that relate to the historical and material conditions we find ourselves in.

Chapter one looks at the radical potential of nostalgia. In doing so, it accepts Boym's notion that, nostalgia is comprised of a longing for a lost home that can lead to the production of 'belonging' and identity. Making the distinction between what she calls 'reflexive' and 'restorative' nostalgia, she argues that restorative nostalgia reifies the problematic and violent exclusions imposed by dominant nationalist ideologies. She calls on us to engage in reflexive practices of nostalgia that reach beyond fixity and towards distance, even irony. Intervening this binary, I call attention to Simpson's assertions of Indigineity and Indigenous nationhood, which restores identity and cultural pride in the face of its erasure, while simultaneously resisting the enclosures and exclusions of the nation-state. In recalling nostalgic performances of story-telling, not only through writing, but by way of analyzing practices of oration, as well as dance, I demonstrate, as Walder argues, that

> it is not enough to simply recall the past and turn it into a personal narrative. Recalling involves coming to terms with the past in an ethical as well as heuristic sense; it is to connect what you

> remember to the memories of others, including the memories of those with whom you share that past".[276] Avishai Margalit has referred to this kind of practice as an "Ethics of Memory".[277]

Here, I call for a practice of palimpsestic jiving, a method that listens to and dances with the past. As Walder argues "it is not enough to simply recall the past and turn it into a personal narrative. Recalling involves coming to terms with the past in an ethical as well as heuristic sense; it is to connect what you remember to the memories of others, including the memories of those with whom you share that past".[278] Avishai Margalit has referred to this kind of practice as an "*Ethics of Memory".*[279]

My final chapter, 'social movements and the subjunctive world of jivelandia' engages with memory as a relational practice. In doing so, I create a subjunctive space, where disparate memories come together. Intervening in what performance theorist Barbara Kruger calls "the politics of time", this chapter takes up what Papaschase Cree scholar Dwayne Donald calls "an ecological understanding of human relationally that does not deny difference, but rather seeks to more deeply understand how our different histories and experiences position us in relation to each other". Weaving disparate memories into a telling whole, I create a subjunctive space that bridges my family life with my political life. In doing so, I make visible certain historical, cultural and social contexts that are

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[276] Walder, D. (2009). Writing, representation, and postcolonial nostalgia. Textual Practice, 23(6), 935-946. p.938

[277] Margali, A. (2002). *The Ethics of Memory.* Cambridge M.A.; London: Harvard University Press, 2002).

[278] Walder, D. (2009). Writing, representation, and postcolonial nostalgia. Textual Practice, 23(6), 935-946. p.938

[279] Margali, A. (2002). *The Ethics of Memory.* Cambridge M.A.; London: Harvard University Press, 2002).

often, invisible.[280] In considering my own practice as a migrant justice activist, I break down the category of the migrant, I engage the politics of individual as well as collective memory and desire for a decolonized future. This future is utopian in the sense that it is not here yet.

In each of these chapters, we see as Concordia University's Centre for Art and Memory puts it, that border is a "complex" concept imbued with multiple meanings.

> It can refer to the demarcation of geographical space by the nation state and so speaks to processes of nationalism, immigration, self-determination and cultural belonging; but it can also refer to the strange geography of psychic life where questions of memory, repetition, and the belatedness of traumatic experience challenge our understanding of the border between conscious and unconscious life.

Yet boundaries, remain critical to decolonization. Boundaries allow for the construction of identities, where those identities have been erased by the forces of colonialism, capitalism and imperialism. Indigenous epistemologies have greatly informed my thinking around borders and boundaries. Browns Childs' considers

> 'woods edge,' the English translation of a Haudenosaune term, envisions borders as a site through which other Indigenous nations and communities stop, state their desire to communicate, and come to a mutual understanding of what their passage through the territory might look like. These borders, Childs argues were "a place of negotiation, reciprocity and mutual respect among peoples coming from different locations".[281]

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[280] Donald, D. (2009). Forts, curriculum, and Indigenous Métissage: Imagining decolonization of Aboriginal-Canadian relations in educational contexts. First Nations Perspectives, 2(1), 1-24. p.6

[281] as cited in Ritskes, E. (2015). Against the death maps of empire. Decolonization: Indigeneity, Education & Society. Immigration and Borders issue.

Boundaries in this sense are imagined as a space of mutuality, of cooperation and working across difference. Such notions stand in sharp contrast to dominant constructions of borders as a vehicle for extraction.

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