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Moving Images of Home

A thesis presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of
Doctorate in Philosophy at Massey University, Wellington, New Zealand

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[ABSTRACT]

Moving Images of Home is a practice-based thesis that examines shifting concepts of home and belonging within the context of transnational migration. It extends contemporary notions of diaspora by examining the complex construction of affiliations between ethnic, national and sexual identities.

The video (creative component of the thesis), You Are Here, is an autobiographical, essayistic work which constitutes the main research. It is at once a partial historical record of my—and my family’s—on-going experiences of migration, and a critical reflection on the intricate articulations of displacement and belonging today. The video attempts to locate home both physically and symbolically by foregrounding the camera’s role in the construction of narratives of belonging. It considers the material generated by the camera as well as the camera’s performative role as witness to unfolding narratives of displacement. Using the family archive, the video re-reads and retraces pivotal events in my life that have been recorded by the camera in order to uncover hidden or forgotten meaning and memories. In so doing, I suggest that the camera can act as a potentially transformative device within the discourse of belonging, and serve to reconcile the personal with the social, the everyday with history.

The written component of the thesis is a critical and reflexive analysis of the creative process which produced You Are Here, providing a contextual framework for the video. The writing is structured as a parallel text to the video. It unpacks the filmic text by exploring concepts of betweeness as it relates to notions of transnational belonging by firstly looking at linguistic and cultural translation as experiential modes of “between-belonging” for the migrant. This is then considered in relation to mobility and transit and their relation to geography and locations of belonging with particular attention to homeland. Finally, the notion of “queering” home-movies is posited as a means of further considering betweeness and offering an alternative reading of the narratives of familial belonging.
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The Di Stefano and Di Vincenzo families.

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The staff at the Rymer Gallery at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago for their assistance with the exhibition *Not on any map* (1999).
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All other images are stills from:

John Di Stefano, You Are Here (2010), New Zealand/Canada, 62 minutes. Chicago: Video Data Bank.
[INTRODUCTION]

The thesis is comprised of two parts: (1) the creative component, the video entitled You Are Here [see Appendix I]; and (2) the written component, entitled Moving Images of Home. The creative component is the primary component and forms the principle argument of the thesis. The secondary component is a written exegesis which critically analyses and contextualizes the creative component.

In this introduction I wish to outline the structure and the function of the written component of the thesis. The written component takes the form of an extended textual analysis of the video itself, and is formatted to follow the actual structure of the creative component (video), unpacking, elaborating and analysing it in chronological sequence. The written component is structured in seven “movements”, or sections, paralleling the seven sections of the video. Although independent of the video, the written component is intimately connected in both structure and content and functions as a parallel text.

An additional written text that must also be considered is the narration script of the video. The narration script is a discrete piece of writing that is an integral part of the creative component also incorporated into the exegesis, serving as a structuring device for the textual analysis. The narration script is also included in its entirety as an appendix [see Appendix II]. Finally, stills from the video are also included in the textual analysis as a further means of extending the filmic text into the written component paralleling the script. Like the narration script, the video stills from You Are Here progress chronologically throughout the written component. Additional visuals not from You Are Here are also included as supplemental material illustrating other creative works cited throughout the text.

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The title of this text, Moving Images of Home, plays on the discrete yet interrelated meanings of the words “moving”, “image” and “home” themselves at the core of this research. In the first instance, “moving images” is synonymous
with the moving image media of film/video. Another meaning is of images that are moving, otherwise understood as poignant, evocative and meaningful. In this second instance I wish to highlight the affective aspect of images and their ability to evoke meaning through empathy and identification. Thirdly, the term “moving” is meant to describe images of “home” that are at once mobile, in transit, unfixed, uprooted, in flux and thus in movement, which engage in the act of displacing fixed images (or notions) of “home”. This final meaning resonates most directly with notions of displacement—in this case specifically in relation to (im)migration. Evoked here too is the notion of diasporic film/video practices that Hamid Naficy describes as “accented” cinema. I would like to suggest that these three meanings be considered as interwoven so as to articulate a more complex and nuanced notion of the topic of research I have undertaken. Indeed, this multiple understanding can form a larger framework from which to view and engage with the filmic text.

This research project is an exploration of how one finds one’s place in the world when one is displaced. It’s about orientation, disorientations and reorientation understood in both a spatial/physical sense, and in a broader social and historical one. By considering notions of orientation, implicitly, notions of belonging are also examined within the concept of home. Although the spatial/physical house as home is foregrounded, other notions of home and the “homely” are posited, with particular emphasis on how the moving image may function in manifesting varied senses of belonging. This project explores spatial metaphors and concepts in its inquiry of how displacement forms the dynamics of reorientation based on the experience of being immigrant and gay. I wish to extend and relate these as a working platform from which to think about notions of agency in relation to reconciling the personal with political, the everyday with the historical.

Theoretically much of my inquiry can be situated within spatial and phenomenological discourses relating to autobiography and identity; by examining displacement as it relates to the immigrant/diasporic subject; and considering it in relation to sexual orientation. My theoretical inquiry is also

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engaged with discourses around Gilles Deleuze’s notions of the cinematic,\(^2\) and theories of intercultural filmic practices.\(^3\) Here, I am particularly interested in thinking about how memory functions as a modulating factor in the shaping of filmic practices. Formally, this research can be situated between two established fields: contemporary documentary practices, and avant-garde film/experimental video art.\(^4\) From this, I wish to propose a new way of thinking about “home movies” as a mode of inquiry.

**Autobiographical inscription and the essayistic form**

*You Are Here* is an essay film, a form of filmmaking that sits at the intersection between documentary, avant-garde and experimental film/video practices.\(^5\) The essay film is akin to the cinematic forms of the essay, where the evolution and articulation of a theme or idea is the main ordering and structural element of the film/video, and the argument posited is in the form of an idiosyncratic assemblage of elements that do not often fall within a linear or overtly causal form. The essay film is distinguished first and foremost by a personal address on the part of the filmmaker, relying on a subjective form of commentary foregrounding the signature of the maker coupled with documentary-based visuals to create a cohesive cinematic thesis.\(^6\) One important feature of the essayistic form is that, despite presenting an argument, it does so within a framework that is open and reliant on the viewer to make necessary connections and associations. In this way it is less explicative and more associative. It can also be positioned within the realm of the “open text” which often is as dependent on the affective currency of the material it presents as on the more quantitative. In many instances the essay film is heterogeneous and requires the viewer to read across varied and various textual elements.


\(^3\) In addition to Naficy’s work already cited, see also Laura U. Mark (2000) *The Skin of the Film: intercultural cinema, embodiment, and the senses*. Durham: Duke University Press.


You Are Here is also autobiographical and in this sense the filmmaker is at once the “subject” and the “object” of inquiry. As a diasporic subject, the focus of my research inquiry is the relationship between the public and private articulations of displacement. You Are Here is thus a work that can be described as intercultural cinema, a term coined by Laura U. Marks to describe a type of cinematic practice that confronts the phenomenological problems of homelessness, the politics of place and displacement, and the experience of exile and diaspora. According to Marks, the term “intercultural” has the power to designate the mediation between at least two cultures, and inscribes the memory and the history of the diasporic. Marks is particularly sensitive to the “tentative” and “open” nature of the essayistic:

“In Foucauldian terms, intercultural cinema works at the edge of an unthought, slowly building a language in which to think in. What can already be thought and said threatens to stifle the potential emerging new thoughts. The already sayable against which intercultural cinema struggles is not only official history but often also identity politics, with their tendency towards categorization … Intercultural cinema is not sanguine about finding the truth of a historical event so much as making history reveal what it was not able to say.”

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8 Marks, 29.
[FIRST MOVEMENT]

“What does it mean to be oriented? How do we begin to know or to feel where we are, or even where we are going, by lining ourselves up with the features of the grounds we inhabit, the sky that surrounds us, or the imaginary lines that cut through maps? How do we know which way to turn to reach our destination? …It is by understanding how we become reoriented in moments of disorientation that we might learn what it means to be oriented in the first place.”

In her study on queer phenomenology, Sara Ahmed proposes a way of thinking about one’s place in the world by considering notions of how one orients oneself. Rather than focusing on the fixity of time and space, Ahmed suggests a fluidity and non-fixity of belonging, one that follows idiosyncratic routes and trajectories of being and becoming. Central to Ahmed’s discussion is the Heideggarian notion of familiarity as a determining feature of orientation. “Familiarity is what is…given, and which in being given ‘gives’ the body the capacity to be orientated in this way or in that. The question of orientation becomes, then, a question not only about how we ‘find our way’ but how we come to ‘feel at home’.” It is from this notion of home that I wish to situate, and orient my inquiry. This project is concerned with unfolding notions of home as belonging, and endeavours to think through aspects of home from the perspective of displacement, specifically from the position of the migrant but also, as an extension, into the realm of sexual orientation.

Orientation also has to do with how one proceeds from one’s starting point “here”, which affects how what is “there” appears. Merleau-Ponty suggests that the body is the starting point “here” from which the world unfolds towards the “where” of its dwelling. Orientations are thus “about the intimacy of bodies

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10 ibid., 7.
11 ibid., 8.
12 Merleau-Ponty, M (2002) *Phenomenology of Perception*. London: Routledge. The basis of phenomenology is the belief that experience is the source of all knowledge. Central to Merleau-Ponty’s elaborations is the central role of the body in experience based on the notion that we perceive the world through our bodies and are thus embodied subjects. This way of thinking about experience and the body blurs the fundamental distinction between subject and object, suggesting that we ambiguously exist as both.
and their dwelling places”¹³ which suggests, as Ahmed posits, that orientations have to do with feeling at home as much as about finding one’s way. It is then important to consider the “homing devices” in play when one is finding one’s way, since one can only learn what home means, or how one occupies space at home and as home, when one leaves home. Migration then can be considered a “process of disorientation and reorientation: as bodies ‘move away’ as well as ‘arrive,’ as they reinhabit spaces.”¹⁴ For the migrant, “finding ones way” has to do with negotiating the spatial dimensions of displacement, and how one embodies these negotiations. It also has to do with the ways in which one reconciles the past and the present, the private and public, the personal and the political.

We begin with a title: You Are Here. An affirmation, a declaration, perhaps a description, and an attempt at situating and orienting the viewer. The title appears on a black backdrop, a ground from which it is visually difficult to situate oneself and which suggests the negation of any real location or place. Who are “you”, and where is “here”?

¹⁴ Ahmed, 9.
The sound of waves fade up over the title and begins to indicate where “you” might be. An image of waves on a shoreline slowly fades up from the black ground and begins to situate the viewer at a space of juncture—the shoreline—the border where land and sea overlap. The viewer is also provided with a horizon from which to better gauge the depth of space and from which to orient himself. Beyond the horizon is an infinite distance that we know is there even though we cannot actually see it. The ability to orient oneself is dependant on the certainty in the belief that there is something beyond that which is actually seen, and it is from this blind belief in the logic of a visual image that the viewer also situates himself and begins to make sense of the world. This belief in an unseen place beyond the horizon evokes the immigrant’s need to believe in the unseen and trust in the unknown.

The ambient sound of the airport is slowly superimposed over the sound of the waves. The image of the shoreline fades into the image of people on a platform that we come to understand as being an airport jetty, a contemporary space from which to observe arrivals and departures. People on the jetty look toward something outside of the frame, and seem to orient themselves in relation to
something or somewhere beyond the horizon. They seem to be waiting for something to emerge from the horizon, from a place beyond what they cannot see, or, they are watching as something moves away towards the horizon, disappearing into the distance. Ahmed reminds us that in phenomenological discourse, “spaces are not exterior to bodies; instead, spaces are like a second skin that unfolds in the folds of the body”, and suggests that “migration involves reinhabiting the skin: the different ‘impressions’ of a new landscape, the air, the smells, the sounds, which accumulate like points, to create lines, or which accumulate like lines, to create new textures on the surface of the skin.”  

The social too has a “skin” in its ability to feel and become shaped by others, by the departure and arrival of other.  

Other images of the airport jetty follow. The frame pans across and zooms in and out of still photographs of a family on an airport jetty. The viewer can ascertain that these images are from the past, and thus the viewer steps back in time and reorients himself chronologically, temporally.

15 Ahmed, 9.
NARRATOR:

This is the story of a man, marked by an image from his childhood. The scene whose meaning he was to grasp only years later, happened on an airport jetty.

Parents used to take their children there to watch the departing planes. On this particular day, the child whose story we are telling, was bound to remember the blinding sun, the setting of the observation deck, and a man's face.

Nothing sorts out memories from ordinary moments. Later on they claim remembrance when they show their scars. That face he had seen was to be the only image to survive the many departures he was to experience in his later life. Had he really seen it? Or had he invented that tender moment to prop up the upheavals to come?

The airport jetty here is not only a site of observation but also becomes the sight of childhood memory and events. It is also the space of a family who gathers at the airport, and thus this place of transit also becomes a site of familial belonging. What type of family gathers at the airport? Why is the airport jetty such a pivotal place for this “man, marked by an image of his childhood”? 
This opening narration is appropriated from—and is the opening narration of—Chris Marker’s film La Jetée. Marker’s seminal film about memory and our existential relationship with time, is the story of a man who travels back and forth between the past and future in the hopes of re-experiencing a cherished moment from his past, as twice-lived. The moment to which he wishes to return, is set on an airport jetty and turns out to be the place where he becomes witness to his own death. For the protagonist of La Jetée, the need to comprehend the lingering image of the airport jetty from his past, with all its potentially contradictory meanings, is crucial to his ability to reorient himself towards his future liberation, even if it is an ill fated one. Marker’s film is an eloquent and poignant metaphor for the nature of memory in its ability to interweave moments of past and present into a seamless whole. Marker’s film about memory and time, perception, misrecognition, and recollection of a past that has become condensed into a single image is, according to Joe Kear “a half-remembered moment that, like a screen memory, veils the experience of trauma.”

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[FIG.1] Chris Marker *La Jetée*
The final still image of the boy on the jetty fades into a snowy winter scene which we recognize as a runway, confirmed by an airplane as it crosses the screen and pull into a gate marking an arrival. The text and logo on the airplane (i.e. Air Canada) situates us even if with a sense of uncertainty. The viewer has now moved inside the airport, watching the plane from an interior space through a window and the narrator reflects on the concept of home while a close up of the tail-wing of the plane fills the screen evoking the Canadian flag.\(^\text{18}\)

\(^{18}\) The maple leaf, as well as the colours (white and red) of the Air Canada logo are derived from the Canadian national flag
NARRATOR:

I often think of home. It is usually assumed that a sense of place and belonging gives a person stability. But what makes a place home? Is it where your family lives? Is it where you were brought up? Is it where your grandparents are buried? The children of many migrants are not sure where they belong. Where is home? Is home the place from where you have been displaced, or… is it where you are now?

And then we speak of home-away-from-home… I am moved when asked if I am at home in the world. In certain places and at certain times I am, I feel secure and I am friendly to others. But at other times I feel that I don’t know where I am.

Along with the snowy scene outside, the Air Canada logo and the narration seems to orient the viewer, suggesting a country—albeit it tentatively—, and a home. Even though the narration leaves us with more questions than answers, the image seems to offer a somewhat more secure idea of what we are seeing and of where we are.
The Air Canada logo fades into an Alitalia plane on a tarmac in a dawn sunrise. The marking on other tail-wings suggest that we could be anywhere as does the ambient sound of the airport with various languages being spoken.
From the various voices in the airport emerges a distinct female voice, and the sounds of the interior of the airport merges with the interior space of the home, blurring the distinction between public space (airport) and private space (domestic home). The elderly woman is seated and speaks Italian. The narrator asks her about details of departures which she has difficulty remembering. She is engaged in an interview where she is recalling details of a family story of displacement. During the interview we learn that the elderly woman is the narrator’s grandmother:

“...your father was the first son…”

How old was he?

“...well, it was 1955, and he was born in 1938…”

17

“16, …no, 15 years old…”

17

“... it was 1956, Johnny, ...he left in 1956... so he was 16 years old…”

So, from 1952 until 1956, grandpa was alone in Canada?

“Yes”

Wow

“He returned to Italy after 5 years of being away…”

“...your dad left in 1956… in February…. I don’t remember for sure. Your grandfather left for Canada in 1952… and your dad left in either January or February of 1956… I don’t remember exactly. I used to remember, but I don’t anymore. I have forgot so many things.”

“... first, I had to pack everyone else’s suitcases, and now, I was faced with the challenge of closing down everything in the village definitively, and leaving myself! It was a huge thing, and I just couldn’t find the strength to do it.”

“... OK, we can stop…”

No, finish the story...

“What were we talking about?... the name of my father?”

Yes, his name and how....
...a family tree....

“Yes, of course, all the names and information....”

“I think she wrote all of that down. You can ask her. ...
... it’s never wrong to ask… I’m sure she will tell you what she knows.”
So, at home you spoke Italian, and at school you spoke French?

“French at school, but of course I had to speak Italian with my parents at home.”

But what did you speak with your sisters?

“French… but only later when we were older”

The interview is fragmented, and the viewer is forced to piece together the fragments in an attempt to situate where the grandmother comes from, and what her history is. After struggling to remember, she provides dates for the departure of both the narrator’s father and grandfather from Italy to Canada after World War II, as well as briefly discussing the trauma she faced having to finally leave the village in Italy to join her husband and son in Canada: the kernels of an immigrant’s story of the trauma of displacement.

As the interview progresses, the grandmother’s words are progressively edited out as the camera focuses on the moments between words, on the moments of silence when she tries to remember. The montage techniques manipulate and suspend her in time, providing the viewer with the ability to look and look again. Here the fleeting images wash over the screen again and again in repetition, and they allow the viewer to linger over, and scrutinize her face and gestures. This protraction of the image also suggests an infinite sense of time, and can also be interpreted as the videomaker’s attempts at extending the presence of his grandmother on screen—a counterforce to the past (and to her death.)

In her discussion of La Jetée, Janet Harbord suggests that the ability to forget is not to be understood as necessarily a negation of the past, but can be understood as presenting an opportunity to re-member it in different and in more
elaborate and complex ways. Like *La Jetée*, *You Are Here* employs cinematic strategies to highlight these temporal and spatial lapses and schisms towards what Gilles Deleuze describes as *time-image*, a notion of cinema that is not causal in a linear way. The grandmother’s interview is fragmented, compressed and contracted in the editing process to suggest something akin to “a form of ghosting, (w)here the past lives in the present, and lets its disruptive effects be known in the most unlikely contexts… the present is a condition of multiple temporalities with its concomitant dangers, and pleasures, or overlap.”

The grandmother’s image finally becomes silent, seemingly suspended between languages, thoughts, memories and things that she cannot utter. She is like a ghost, her image moves within itself as it dissolves. The background stays stationary, but her figure contorts and morphs into itself. The grandmother seems to move between layers of time and memories, and her image seems strangely to linger as it folds in on itself.

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21 Harbord, 9.
The idea of contraction and protraction is echoed in the verbal exchange between the narrator and his grandmother. Various languages are exchanged in the linguistic realm between the grandmother and the narrator during the interview which recall the various languages previously encountered in the airport. The viewer is provided with English subtitles for the interview that is conducted primarily in Italian, but also includes French and English phrases and fragments. Although the subtitles provide a translation of the overall content of what is being spoken, it does not account for how these languages are mixed and fused in the ensuing conversation. Here we can see a parallel between the various fragments of the past that are re-membered by the grandmother, and the various fragments of different languages that she sutures together to form a spoken hybrid. A viewer able to speak all three languages would certainly be privy to the subtleties of communication occurring at various linguistic levels, but this would not be the case for most. The texture of the spoken words is flattened in the subtitles, and the inability of the subtitles to fully translate the subtleties of the spoken text creates at least two-tiers of viewership, the first constituted by those who can negotiate and understand all three languages spoken; and the second, constituted by those who speak (read) only English.22

The verbal exchange between the narrator and his grandmother situates the viewer between languages. The viewer may even begin to feel a little less secure in the authority offered by the subtitles and turn to the non-verbal information on screen for a better orientation about what is actually occurring in the exchange between the narrator and his grandmother. The situatedness of language is precarious. As the speaking slowly falls away leaving only the moments before or after the grandmother has uttered something, we are left with images of the unspoken, perhaps the unspeakable. These fissures and schisms, and the ability for the grandmother and narrator to negotiate them, points to translation as both a mechanism by which displaced people re-member themselves elsewhere, and as metaphor for their resilience.

22 Indeed, there could be several other tiers constituted of those who know two of the three languages, or those who know none of them. Important to note too: the “Italian” spoken is actually a regional dialect and differs significantly from standard Italian, therefore creating even further particularities.
“I am convinced that all ‘ethnics’ translate, not only to render certain facts of their ethnicity accessible to the dominant culture, but also to come to terms with that culture and explain it to themselves. And doubtless we all practice a form of selective translation, adjusting our personal text for optimum effect in the dominant culture and adapting the dominant social text to our needs. Translation is an aspect of ethnicity that makes many of us comparatists; we relativize, always aware that there are at least two meanings to every word, two approaches to every question, two versions of the truth. This relativization, derived from the need to compromise, adapt and assimilate two sets of cultural truths, is also a feature of translation.”

Within the context of immigration and transnationalism, a useful way of thinking about reorienting oneself is by considering the idea of translation. Luise von Flotow considers how the immigrant as translator positions himself between two or more languages, two or more cultures, two or more truths by claiming that there are “fluid connections between writing and translation, ethnicity, life experience and the ‘positionality’ of the translator.” This suggests translation itself as an embodiment of betweeness, and how it might offer itself as a “home” for/of displacement.

The idea of betweeness—a place of neither-here-nor there—has been articulated by many thinkers in various fields. As Nikos Papastergiadis suggests, this notion has been an attempt to counter the force of “cultural commentators (who) have often missed the more subtle forms of interdependency between old and new because of a preoccupation with measuring the impact rather than understanding the process of cross-cultural exchange”. How might we examine the processes by which cultural differences are internalized and understood, the processes by which communication occurs across/through boundaries? Translation might provide an effective metaphor, model and matrix for understanding how the foreign and the familiar are interrelated. Theories of translation suggest that translation is

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not a floating variable but indeed a relational act that articulates the relationship of intercultural and interlinguistic exchanges.\textsuperscript{25}

In his seminal essay “The Task of the Translator” Walter Benjamin offers us a critical point of departure in investigating the role of the translator and the act of translation by shifting the goal, or focus, of translation. Benjamin draws attention to the space between languages by stressing the process of translation rather than its product. He posits that translation is primarily a means of languages reciprocating a relationship, and believes that all languages have a potential relation to each other manifested through the process of translation. If we are to understand Benjamin’s notion of translation as a relational system, we must then consider difference, because it is in and through difference that languages relate. This idea involves an ontology of becoming, not of fixity or stasis of being.

Like Benjamin, Antoine Berman claims that translation is not only (or even primarily) concerned with imparting “content” from one idiom to another. Contrary to the common notion that an audience is monolingual or monocultural, Berman cites the example of European poets of the Renaissance who were polyglots. These poets (and their audiences) understood several languages, and they often translated themselves, thus occupying a space and position of betweeness in relation to their own work. Their own positionality—via translation—within the cultural sphere, was a shifting, mutating and fluid one. The shifting positionality of this (self-)betweeness, challenges the very notion of origin and authorship and suggests a process of multiple and dimensional understanding. To write and then translate one’s own work is akin to a self-reflexive trajectory of (self) understanding. Berman uses the example of the Dutch poet Hooft “who on the occasion of the death of his beloved wife, composed a whole series of epitaphs, at first in Dutch, then in Latin, then in Italian, then—somewhat later—again in Dutch. As if he needed to pass through a whole series of languages and self-translations in order to arrive at the right

\textsuperscript{25} Berman, A. (1992) \textit{The Experience of the Foreign}. Albany: State University of New York Press, 2. Berman suggests that translation stake out its own field of study, that he terms traductology. Critically informed re-translations that have emerged during this period have been an attempt at being more reflexive of the nature of translation itself as a type of discipline.
expression of grief in his mother tongue.” This idea of self-translation—this act and process of multiple and, perhaps even simultaneous understanding—posits a model of a more complex and dimensional expression of the self, and a less linear way of thinking about experience in general. Self-translation might provide an appropriate model from which to describe the multi-positionality of the multilingual and displaced subject, such as the narrator and his grandmother, since it situates the translator as both a translator and an object-in-translation.

“A bad translation I call the translation which, generally under the guise of transmissibility, carries out a systematic negation of the strangeness of the foreign work.”

Translators have been confronted with notions of fidelity as it relates to the “original” in the mother tongue. Here, their position of betweeness is usurped, determined and defined by a notion of allegiance, either integrated with one or the other languages (or cultures) that he is translating. This, in essence, negates the positionality of betweeness and multiplicity. The notion of fidelity is an attempt to shift to a binary paradigm that is put in place to delineate territories of (linguistic, cultural, national, etc.) power and consequently claim the space of translation as part of one or the other’s territory. The space of translation can thus be understood as a vital cultural space that is politically charged and far from neutral or invisible—part of an apparatus of power. Berman refers to this having to take sides, the drama of the translator, and we can consider this to partake in a system of power that seeks to discipline the sphere of cultural production and exchange in the guise of allegiance and belonging. He states: “Our lettered public … demands that translation be imprisoned in a dimension in which it must be suspect … the effacement of the translator who seeks to make himself very small, to be a humble mediator of foreign works, and always a traitor even as he portrays himself as fidelity incarnate.” Here we begin to see the transgressive potential that the act of translation can have within the sphere of established dominant order. These ideas of fidelity might be interpreted as xenophobic, as a mechanism implanted into the dynamic of translation that weighs it such that an asymmetrical relation

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26 Berman, 2.
27 Ibid., 5.
28 Ibid., 4.
ensues. Berman believes that “the very aim of translation—to open up … a certain relation of the Other, to fertilize what is one’s Own through the mediation of what is Foreign—is diametrically opposed to the ethnocentric structure of every culture, that species of narcissism by which every society wants to be a pure unadulterated Whole.”

Berman elaborates on the translator’s space of betweenness by discussing the qualities and dynamics of the space of translation. For Berman there exists a series of ambivalences that characterize the betweenness within which each translator has to situate himself. As with all the discussion thus far, we can expand the term “translator” to encompass any person who might be situated “between” two cultures and sets of affiliations, such as the immigrant. In a linguistic context, each translator has to begin “starting from a foreign work, a foreign language, and a foreign author.” From its inception, the point of departure of translation is from, and situated in, a state of displacement. The translator is forced however to make this displacement his own. The translator wishes to “force two things: to force his own language to adorn itself with strangeness, and to force the other language to transport itself into his mother tongue.” Otherwise put, the space of translation is, by definition, both familiar and “other”, and thus the translator is enmeshed in a circuit of relational ties that “double” him.

Indeed, these ambivalences suggest another paradigm of interaction based on a type of strangeness and estrangement—the strangeness of the “other” language and the estrangement from one’s own mother tongue. But what if one is unclear about one’s mother tongue? Is it possible that someone might have two (or more) languages that one traverses so frequently and constantly and that have patch-worked themselves into a heterogeneous whole within the experiences of the everyday? If we consider this a possibility (as in the case of bilingual children for example) then from, and toward what, does one translate? The “strangeness” that Berman speaks of is not something that contaminates another language. It is not the exception or anomaly, but rather becomes the norm and commonplace for many immigrants. Language(s) themselves

29Ibid., 4.
30Ibid., 5.
becomes a place of betweeness that are so intimately interwoven into the everyday of experience that they overshadow the “originary” language/position and the “Other” language/position, a notion that is exemplified in the conversation between narrator and grandmother. This idea of duality ironically eclipses the binary by creating a new terrain that is at once open to the binary—engaging an acknowledgment of it—and at the same time, so centered in its betweeness that it encompasses and plots out its own space and territory of existence, something that sociologist André Lefebvre refers to as a type of refraction.\textsuperscript{31} An important question to ask is: what is the function of a translator in a bilingual country where betweeness and refraction are somewhat commonplace, not so foreign, and part of the everyday?\textsuperscript{32} Is translation a type of assimilation? It is precisely this state of betweeness that is embodied by the narrator of You Are Here and his grandmother.

According to Jacques Derrida, since a translator is privy to both languages he is situated between, it makes him experience translation as a surplus of meaning since there exists at least two sets of meaning to negotiate.\textsuperscript{33} How might we understand this surplus? Is translation a type of cumulative process by which this surplus gets layered, transformed or stored? Can this surplus be considered simultaneous? Berman suggests that, although there may indeed be “gains and losses” with this view of translation, “there is something of the original that appears, that does not appear in the source language. The translation turns the original around, reveals another side of it.”\textsuperscript{34} This suggests there exists a latent meaning imbedded in the original that can only be unveiled through the act of translation.\textsuperscript{35} Here, the idea of surplus is a way of reclaiming and of suggesting that it is only in the spaces between (i.e. the spaces of translation/translating) that one can access this “other side” and other meaning. The space of translation thus has the potential to break the hegemony and closed systems of languages and meaning within a system of power.

Translation can become a transgressive act because it creates meaning within

\textsuperscript{32}ibid., 138.
\textsuperscript{34}Berman, 7.
\textsuperscript{35} as suggested by Walter Benjamin’s notion of kinship and further articulated by Derrida.
its own space of *betweenness*, and because of this, offers a certain agency to those who are neither “here” nor “there”. It is precisely the *between* space (not the “originary” space, not the space into which something is translated) that offers the opening-up, the space of looking simultaneously at two systems of meaning. Indeed, it is the *act* of translation that positions the translator at this interface of expanded and multiple meaning, and what Gayatri Spivak refers to when she suggests that “the experience of contained alterity in an unknown language spoken in a different cultural milieu is uncanny.”\(^{36}\) This *between* space disrupts logic and produces agency in the one who is engaged in the act of translation (i.e. in our case, the immigrant.)

Spivak identifies this notion of agency as translation’s ability to fray language. As languages are forced into translation (through colonialism, immigration, globalization, etc) then their boundaries, their borders and their edges lose their definitiveness. It is in and through this fraying and undoing of language that another space emerges. The rubbing together of cultures and languages draws attention to a space that exists *between* them. This is the space of translation; the space where languages come apart. It is also where they open-up and where the potential for an interface and agency is created.

It is important to remember that translation often happens spontaneously and intermittently in the everyday when one cannot find the “right” way of saying something, or when one struggles to articulate something in a different way rather than defaulting to convention. This is clearly exemplified in the grandmother’s interview where phrases of French and English are sutured into the Italian to create a distinct and personalised means of communication between herself and the narrator—a type of familial idiom that itself becomes part of the family’s narrative of displacement and belonging. This notion is radical since it acknowledges and embodies the contamination of mother tongues. It is precisely in this desire to contaminate that again we also begin to understand the potential that translation has to be political and to offer an agency for those who are *between*.

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Berman suggests an interesting twist to the idea of hierarchies of language by stating that “the translating drive always posits another language as ontologically superior to the translator’s own language. Indeed it is not among the first experiences of any translator to find his language deprived, as it were, poor in the face of the foreign work.” The translator might even develop a hatred for his mother tongue after realizing how “limited” it seems. What is interesting to note is that this hatred, and the hierarchies it implies (i.e. socio-political, etc), are not fixed. They are extremely subjective and reveal more about the subjectivity of the translator than about the idioms he is negotiating. In this instance, the subjectivity of the translator is foregrounded and revealed as something determining and important. This hatred/hierarchy speaks of the translator’s experience of process, struggle and even distress in translation.  

Spivak’s suggests that the translator’s best strategy is to surrender so as to resist turning the other into something like the self. The struggles and distress of the translator become part of the relational dynamic of translation, and part also of how we are to understand it as deterritorialized and thus difficult to “claim”. It is with/in the space of translation that ambivalences are recognized not as failures but rather as forms of identification. The space of translation is where one remains active and intransitive—a creative space of becoming. The space that is (necessarily) created by translation, and that situates the translator in his relation to difference, has a tremendous implication on notions of identity, and how one orients oneself in relation to multiple identities, something that will progressively be articulated throughout You Are Here. As one finds oneself, either consciously or not, either willingly or not, occupying the position of the translator, one understands that this position is impermanent, shifting, and varied. One moves in and out of the space of translation at different times, in different circumstances and in different places. The space of translation is ultimately determined by the subjectivity of the translator and, most importantly, the process of his own trajectories.

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38 Spivak, 179.
NARRATOR:

It's 1964. I am taking my first steps in my grandparent's front garden.
NARRATOR:

This photograph was taken a year later in the same place. I am with my grandmother, and across the street all the houses that were there the year before have now been torn down to make room for a sunken motorway. The motorway cut through the working class neighbourhood where many Italian immigrants lived, essentially fragmenting and displacing a close-knit community and dispersing them elsewhere. Where before there had been the sounds of a street with a high concentration of people and sense of community, now there was the constant hum of motor vehicles, and the void of a wide open sky.

As the moving image of the grandmother becomes still and ghost-like, it dissolves into a black-&-white family photograph of the narrator as a very young child. From this image of the grandmother in a state of suspended-forgetting emerges the narrator “taking my first steps.” The grandmother’s “suspension” is now reversed as we encounter her at an earlier time, holding her young grandson in her arms. The family photograph of the grandmother and the narrator begins to create an historical context for an emerging family narrative. The narrator is also reoriented in relation to his grandmother both geographically—located in the front garden of the grandparent’s home—and chronologically, in the past, as a young child. Like the repetitive returns to the past that appear in La Jetée, the narrator makes the first of many “returns” to the past in the family photograph.

At first we are located in the familial space of the garden, with the ambit of the family home. But as soon as that is established, we are shown the demise of the immigrant neighbourhood where the home is located. The destruction of houses and homes cause the further dispersion of an already displaced

39 The destruction of house and homes for the sake of a motorway is not uncommon in the urban histories of large metropolises. Unfortunately, “progress” of this sort inevitably and disproportionately affects disenfranchised communities.
community. Amidst all this however, the sky now opens up in front of the familial home. The encroaching motorway that has cut the immigrant community in two, has just missed the house of the narrator’s family. You might say, it is at the borders of its destruction, somewhat defiant, but suddenly very exposed and vulnerable, changed forever.

The narrator chooses to focus on the space that has opened up rather than on what has been destroyed and lost. The open sky in front of his grandparents’ home is at once a void—evoking loss—and an opening up to a new possibilities and potentiality. Through trauma and loss also emerge new possibilities, a theme that recurs in You Are Here. The void of the sky becomes a new backdrop to the family history, and indeed, among all the family photos that might normally have been taken with the family house as backdrop, here we are presented with a series of images—taken over many years—of the family posing in front of the “nothingness” of the wide open sky made possible by the displacement necessitated by the motorway (itself a symbol of mobility and transit.)
Within this montage of family images, we witness the narrator age, from a toddler to a young teenager. The houses that have been torn down and the void of the open sky also suggests an architecture of displacement, evacuation,
departure, disappearance which oddly and uncannily evoke another architecture made precisely for those purposes: the airport.

NARRATOR:

Another backdrop of my family’s story was the airport. The airport was the space that connected me to the place of my family’s origins. There was never any question about where you were going, there was only one destination, and it was always to Italy. When someone was coming or going, we’d all go to the airport to welcome them or to bid them farewell. When it was our time to travel, it was not foreign to us even as small children.
In an elliptical fashion, we return to the airport once again as site of the familial/familiar. A context has now been provided for the airport within the unfolding family narrative. We now better understand the airport not as a site of anonymity, but rather as part of a specific family’s on-going narrative of *betweenness*. We see subsequent generations of family members at the airport. The realm of the family snapshot and the seemingly antithetical space of the airport seem to merge together as we see the narrator as a child and his family walk along a tarmac to board an Alitalia jet, physically embodying and replicating the trajectory of displacement first undertaken by the narrator’s parents and grandparents many years earlier. In a way, the on-going string of arrivals and departures that the family undertakes back and forth to Italy are a quasi-ritualistic and performative re-enactment of the initial familial voyage of migration from Italy to Canada. Each arrival and departure undertaken by the various family members re-traces—and relives even if symbolically—the trauma of displacement experienced by the narrator’s parents and grandparents in their initial journey.

Marianne Hirsch posits the notion of *postmemory* to describe the memory of trauma experienced by the children of Holocaust survivors. A key to this concept of “second-hand” memory is that residues of trauma can linger across generations so that the second-generation feels the effects of traumatic events and situations through their parents even if they did not experience those events directly. The impression of such incidents thus “live on” and become embodied by the children of those who directly experienced trauma. Although specifically defined in relationship to the Holocaust, Hirsch’s notion of *postmemory* can also be applied to other experiences of traumas of displacement and migration. The family narrative of displacement is embodied, and in a symbolic way re-lived, each time a family member arrives or departs and is witnessed by the other family members who “greet them or who bid them farewell.” This notion is

40 “Alitalia” is a play on words. In Italian, “ali” is the word for wings, and the word “al” is the conjunction “to” (i.e. toward). When “al/ali” is coupled with “Italia” we get a dual meaning: “wings-Italy” and “to/towards-Italy”. Here, orientation and flight become conflated to suggest that “Italia” is constituted of “ali” (wings) and of movement toward “al” (towards). It’s a unidirectional trajectory “towards” Italy, never away (“dal”) from it. This implies that it is about some type of return back to the motherland of Italy. It’s a/the way back home.

further heightened when family members themselves make the journey back to and from Italy, so that the narrator as a child returning to Italy on a family trip, embodies the voyage made by his family with the *postmemory* of that trauma as a type of “given”. The family trips back to Italy always retain the lingering residue of trauma and thus, those who partake in these trips are laden with the burden of history which become more and more inscribed with each voyage. The airport thus becomes an important place within the family narrative of displacement as it perpetually serves in the re-enactment of displacement whether one actually gets on a plane or merely witnesses others departing or arriving.

Within this context, although it may be a public space that is “uninhabitable”, the airport nevertheless serves as a very real place for the inscription of the personal and the political. We can also begin to understand how the airport can become a place where the local and the global interface in complex and profound ways. As much as the airport may be personally significant to the narrative of displaced families and individuals and spaces in which their particular stories may be inscribed, the airport also acts as a common ground and place of interface between various and “other” families and groups “in movement”. Later, we will see how the airport as site of transit can function to regroup other disparate and multiple enunciations of trauma in a collective sense.
Today, we have “come to appreciate that cultures do not need to be rooted in a
given place, that fragments of culture (of language) can survive in multiple
(heterogeneous) places, that cultural meanings may leap across generations
and transform themselves across gaps of time.”42 This knowledge casts light on
the perceived struggle between languages and cultures in translation, or what
has earlier been discussed as the fidelity to the mother tongue. If we
understand language and culture to be open fields of knowledge that have, for
better or for worse, been splintered by historical and globalizing forces, then it
can be useful to look at translation in a new light, as a new arena of expansion
and renewal. As we have seen, the space of translation can now be understood
as the actual context within which, or around which various languages and
cultures can exist—in a space of interface. In our transnational society, cross-
linguistic and cross-cultural interactions have reached such a pitch that it
becomes problematic to draw large-scale divisions between individual linguistic
and cultural entities. Language can no longer be understood as a territorially
bound phenomenon, and thus translation is best understood as a
deterritorialized and mobile set of “practices”.

Anthropologist Arjun Appadurai suggests that the relationship between contemporary transnational flows, as they constellate into particular events and social forms, is radically contextual. Local conditions and practices will shape and determine the way in which globalizing forces take place in particular circumstances, thus the shifting relation between the global and the local becomes increasingly important in contemporary society. Appadurai's hypothesis corroborates a vast body of thought that argues for interdependence between global and local processes. In short, the claim is made that globalization occurs in and through transformations that occur at the local level. The question of local practices of everyday life and of the differential relations between various localities thus becomes crucial to the study of cultural identity. Here we are in the realm of translation of another register, namely one where the space of translation becomes the marker of particular social and cultural practices.

Yet, how are we to understand translation as a local practice? The term “local” is difficult to define in a spatial or scalar sense, since the spatial boundaries of localities appear to be infinitely malleable and indeed in many cases even intangible. In some cases, the word appears to refer to the actually existing social forms, enunciations, etc., within a bounded geographical area, or place, perhaps a family home, a local government jurisdiction, a city precinct, or even a nation-state. As we shall see later, locality is embodied within socially defined contexts and can occupy different kinds of spaces, and thus the dimension of space itself cannot be sufficient to furnish a concept of the local. Such a concept must be understood as being relational in nature, constituted by a series of links between the sense of social immediacy, the technologies of interactivity, and the relativity of contexts. Above all, it must describe the practice of living, in its various forms, and thus it is a form of embodied knowledge or a phenomenological quality that grows from the varied experiences of everyday life.

Today, it is difficult (if not impossible) to identify a particular locality without bringing it into relation with others. The question of the relationality of localities

is complex, as they seem constantly to blend into each other, to overlap, or become porous—both in the spatial/geographical and the phenomenological/experiential sense. It is thus difficult to specify a particular practice or social form as local without contrasting it with some other local practice or social form—and, obviously, this process could go on indefinitely. This is one reason why it becomes useful to talk about local processes emptying out onto global processes, since at some point it will be necessary to take stock of the technological and economic means by which various localities come into contact. In the contemporary world, this means examining the processes of globalization, which shape (and in return are shaped by) local practices of everyday life.

Tejaswini Niranjana proposes an expanded usage and understanding of the term translation to name an entire problematic of relations that fashion a translative practice between interpretation and reading, carrying a disruptive force much greater than the other two. We might think here of a type of embodiment of displacement within a locality of everyday life. Niranjana argues that with the knowledge that has been acquired through the postcolonial process, we are now poised to understand translation in a more complex way through its relationship to history. For her, translation figures along side reading as a part of a larger process—translation becomes a way of rewriting history through the experience of the everyday. Quoting Derrida, she argues that reading becomes “a critical and politicized intervention in the political rewriting of the text and its destination” because “re-writing is based on an act of reading, for translation … involves …‘citation’ and not an ‘absolute forgetting’.” What Niranjana refers to here is that, for a postcolonial subject—and by extension, any contemporary displaced subject—there can be no simple “rupture with the past but a radical rewriting of it” simply because it has been experienced “both ways”, or perhaps twice-lived. Here she calls on Bhabha’s idea that this rewriting involves a type of remembering which “is never a quiet act of introspection or retrospection” but rather it is a “painful re-membering, a putting together of the dismembered past to make sense of the trauma of the

present", something that we have seen with both the trauma of leaving Italy (for the grandmother), and the displacement of the immigrant community in Canada due to the building of the motorway. We are reminded that this does not imply that the past can be “made whole” again.

To translate in this expanded context implies a process which endeavours to situate itself in a rewritten history and in a history that is being rewritten. This rewriting occurs in the “locality” of the everyday as this translation becomes an evermore determining space. It is important thus to imagine and constitute a space for, and the space of, translation despite how impermanent and intangible it may indeed be. “Localizing” translation in the everyday, however transiently, is crucial to giving it place in the contemporary constellation of the global. To imagine a space in which translation unfolds is to explore the processes through which we might understand how it operates within a larger system of meaning and power so that one may better stake a place from which to speak. In translation we can see how this space is often one of commensurability—an interstitial zone of displacement that shapes space out of its very deterritorialization. With/in translation we are confronted with the strangeness of the familiar and the manifestation of cultural difference. It is this idea that underlies the slippage between the places where the narrator’s family situates itself. Rather than a traditional house, the immigrant family locates itself, physically and metaphorically, in “uninhabitable” and “ unhomely” places such as the airport, or in front of the “void of an open sky.” The slippage between physical spaces and symbolic ones are key poetic strategies employed in You Are Here. Translation—in its purely linguistic sense—is the theoretical framework from which the images are created and orchestrated.

As we have seen, theorists have suggested ways in which translation can harness its own agency and power precisely from its position on the periphery of dominant discourse(s). Translation has had to reckon with a history which to a large extent both refuses to acknowledge translation’s politic and which denies translation’s potential independent creativity, something that marks translation’s subversive ability ever more evidently. Niranjana states that “such a rethinking (of translation)—a task of great urgency for postcolonial theory

⁴⁵Bhabha as cited in Niranjana 173.
attempting to make sense of ‘subjects’ already living ‘in translation,’ imagined and re-imagined by colonial ways of seeing—seeks to reclaim the notion of translation by deconstructing it and reinscribing its potential as a strategy of resistance.\(^{46}\) It is from within dominant nationalistic discourses that translation has the potential to decentre their authority by fraying the edges of their hegemony. It is both at the borders of language, and within the orbit of dominant discourses that translation finds its place today and, to evoke a Deleuzian term, it is at the margin that translation *becomes.*

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46Niranjana, 6.
[SECOND MOVEMENT]

As we have seen, counter to traditional notions of the translator as discreet and invisible, much translation theory today stresses the value, and indeed the inevitability, of the translator’s subjectivity, thus, translation, in its broadest terms, is a dynamic act that inevitably embodies and expresses subjectivity. This is indeed a crucial aspect of translation certainly within the context of contemporary society. Within the discourse of difference, the potential for agency that this acknowledgement of subjectivity provides is particularly salient. If we are to understand translation as being a potential site of difference, then it has an affinity with some of the more radical ideas of agency explored by artists, sociologists, geographers and scholars from other disciplines who elaborate theories of space as having a similar potential. For theorists such as Michel de Certeau and Henri Lefebvre for example, everyday spatial negotiations become potential sites of agency for the Other, something that translational practices also evoke.

Today spatial images and metaphors of mobility, transculturation and diaspora have gained a currency in cultural discourses as an attempt to formulate notions of changing and hybridising identities which are not essentialist and which have potential agency to empower people and communities. The focus on the absolutism of ones “roots” has been replaced by the potentiality of the many “routes” which one can traverse. Like translation, metaphors of mobility have created shifts away from a fixity of identity in order to better reflect and comment on the ability many displaced people have had in remaking themselves and fashioning new kinds of cultural identities by drawing on more than one cultural repertoire. This inhabitation of more than one identity is the result of having more than one “home” and adapting to the condition of living and speaking from difference. These ideas are not limited only to describing people who are

traditionally seen as marginalized however, and are beginning to reflect how more and more people are forced to think of themselves within the shifting terrain of transnationalism. The advent of this shifting terrain which characterizes the cultural discourse of displacement, offers important links between theories of space and transcultural practices.

Like the discussions surrounding translation within the context of transnationalism, spatial discourse provides the potential to think outside of dominant discourses in which a definitive and singularly situated identity gives meaning to everything, and offers a valuable, parallel position from which to think about translation outside of the restraints of canonical discourse(s). Spatially, this idea has been evoked by the term *chora*—the space of movement between *being* and *becoming*. Counter to the phallocentric space of order and production, the *chora* is the space of indeterminacy and *becoming*. Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari posit a similar notion in their formulation of rhizomic thought which proposes the splintering of singular identity into rupture, multiplicity, heterogeneity and flight—a recurring theme in *You Are Here*—and which stresses an exploratory and inventive quality and dynamic. Translation has the potential to be a rhizomic practice since it cannot be definitively fixed to one singular order, thus evoking an openness and porousness in which *betweeness* becomes a liminal space of potentiality for transformation. Describing translation as rhizomic, is to suggest that contemporary cultural forms do not stay anchored down to discrete orders but flow in somewhat unpredictable or chaotic patterns. In fundamental ways, translation can be characterized not by fixity, but rather by “orientations, directions, entries and exits.”

These links resonate with Henri Lefebvre’s notions of social space, which identifies agency in individuals who transform *places* into *spaces* through their subjective expressions. In his influential work *The Production of Space*, Lefebvre rejects the (Kantian) position which posits space as an empty container of things and events to argue that space is a product of social processes. By this he means that space is the material arena of everyday life—

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50Grosz 1994, 58.  
51Deleuze and Guattari 1987.  
52Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 3.
the concrete domain of social practices that bears the mark of past human endeavours while also embodying current economic, cultural, and political forms. Space becomes the marker of particular social and cultural practices that, in interaction with other cultures and societies, produce their own forms of contemporaneity. This notion is predicated on the idea that spaces (both real and figurative) are not fixed, but are fluid and temporary, manifesting themselves within the everyday. An example of this has been suggested earlier—in *You Are Here*—in the airport as being both a place of transit and a space of familial belonging. As we shall see later, this notion will be articulated further when we examine other physical locations where other types of belonging is manifested such as the familial house and various public monuments.

Significant here is the distinction between *space* and *place*. Michel de Certeau argues that there is a tension between the *stability* of place and the *actualization* of space, and it is precisely this tension that defines them.

“*A place . . . is the order (of whatever kind) in accord with which elements are distributed in relationships of coexistence. It thus excludes the possibility of two things being in the same location … A place is thus an instantaneous configuration of positions. It implies an indication of stability.*

“A space exists when one takes into consideration vector of direction, velocities, and time variables. Thus space is composed of intersections of mobile elements. It is in a sense actuated by the ensemble of movements deployed within it. Space occurs as the effect produced by the operations that orient it, situate it, temporalize it, and make it function in a polyvalent unity of conflictual programs or contractual proximities. On this view, in relation to place, space is like the word when it is spoken, that is, when it is caught in the ambiguity of an actualization, transformed into a term dependent upon many different conventions, situated as the act of a present (or of a time), and modified by the transformations caused by successive contexts. In contradistinction to the place, it has thus none of the univocity or stability of a *proper.*

“In short, *space is practiced place.* . . .”53

The dynamic quality of space is analogous to the discussion of translation as a practice characterized by similar “intersections”. Space is “produced by operations that orient it, situate it, temporalize it”, and translation might be considered as one of these “operations”. As already mentioned and later

elaborated, the notion of witnessing may also serve as such an operation that creates a space, both literally and figuratively.

In *The Practice of Everyday Life*, de Certeau states that power is about territory and boundaries which assert what he terms a *proper place*. The order of these *proper places* is articulated by *strategies*—classifications, delineations, divisions which are constative and based on order and predictability. Those who exist outside of the power structure are left with the furtive movement to contest territorialization and are thus forced to employ what de Certeau terms *tactics*. *Tactics* refuse the neat constative divisions and classification of the powerful and, in doing so, contest the spatialization of domination. Thus, ordinary activities of everyday life have the potential to become performative acts of (everyday) resistance similar to how postcolonial thinkers have characterized the transgressive potential of translation (as a *tactic*) within the activities of everyday life.

De Certeau asserts that *tactics* do not “obey the laws of place, for they are not defined or identified by it.” The *tactic* never creates or relies on the existence of a singular (or proper) place for its identity and power since its identity and power are not definitive or singular. *Tactics* never produce *proper places* but always use and manipulate these places. A *tactic* is thus a “quiet activity, …quasi-invisibility, since it shows itself not in its own products … but in the art of using those imposed on it.”

De Certeau emphasizes how space intervenes both in constituting *tactics* and in forming the other. Thus, “a *tactic* insinuates itself into the other’s place, fragmentarily, without taking over in its entirety, without being able to keep it at a distance.” Through the movement of the body and the powers of speech which jointly provide the possibility of converting one spatial signifier into another, the subject is able to call up transformative tactical resources. New places and meanings are produced and they produce

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54Ibid., xix.
55Ibid., 29.
56Ibid., 31. Although de Certeau originally discusses the everyday of urban spaces and interactions, he could well be referring to the practice of translation. Indeed, one might say that translation can itself be considered a practice of everyday life.
57Ibid., xix.
"...liberated spaces that can be occupied. A rich interdetermination gives them... the function of articulating a second poetic geography on top of the geography of the literal, forbidden or permitted meaning. They insinuate other routes into the functionalist and historical order of movement."  

We can describe de Certeau’s tactic as the mobile drifting through the rationalized spaces of power. The tactic is not necessarily the action of the knowing and privileged traveller nor the “knowable” migration of a diasporic identity. The tactic has no place to be “at” and therefore can only be the domain of the nomadic, or otherwise articulated as being in the realm of the performative. The art of the nomadic is one that is not grandiose and one that occurs outside of the dominant order, within the margins of the everyday. This quasi-invisible, spatialized notion of agency is constituted by lines of flight rather than by points and nodes. Nomadic trajectories “distribute people in an open space”—one that cannot be enclosed by a singular dominant order precisely because it straddles multiple idioms, cultures and orders. For Deleuze and Guattari, the nomadic is a metaphor for new models of existence and struggle that views life as an experiment in creativity and becoming and, like de Certeau, Deleuze and Guattari see the nomadic as a force of resistance to the bounded spatiality of modern discipline. The immigrant (as translator) might be considered such a nomadic figure, travelling between one point and another without being or belonging definitively to one or the other, perpetually in a state of becoming between two points, and thus agitating against the fixity of (spatial) order. If order is created through the division of space, the delineation of territory and the policing of boundaries, then displacement, mobility, fluidity and dynamic flow present a constant state of transgression. For de Certeau the tactical thought of a nomadic figure represents a practical and ultimately ungovernable logic that makes connections:

“They are sentences that remain unpredictable within the space ordered by the organizing techniques of systems. Although they use as their material the vocabularies of established languages ... although they remain within the prescribed syntaxes ... these ‘traverses’ remain heterogeneous to the systems they infiltrate and in which they sketch out the guileful ruses of

58Ibid..105.
59Deleuze and Guattari, 51.
different interests and desires. They circulate, come and go, overflow and drift over and imposed terrain like the snowy waves of the sea slipping in among the rocks and defiles of an established order.  

This is a theme that will gain further resonance in the latter part of *You Are Here* when we encounter and consider what constitutes queer spaces of belonging.

Henri Lefebvre reminds us however to be cautious of appropriating and using spatial metaphors. He stresses that there is a distinct difference between a *lived* experience and a conceptual one. The potential of conflating both leaves one open to ideological manipulation. Lefebvre stresses the materiality of space and maintains that it is only through the intersection of language and social action that spatial understanding can truly take place. In other words, it is knowledge gained in and through an interaction between reality and reflection that affords understanding. Moving subjects are all, however, partially fixed by who they are. The question remains, how can we ensure that the multifaceted experience of translation is accurately reflected in this theorizing?

Here de Certeau provides another point of consideration in light of Lefebvre’s warning. For de Certeau, the subjective articulation of spatial *tactics* might offer a tangible, material means by which to reckon with abstract conceptualisations. Narration that emerges from a deterritorialized space can articulate an agency that cannot otherwise exist, a concept at the core of *You Are Here*.

De Certeau posits that space intervenes in the production of narratives, and there is a link between home and story. Narrative can be thought of as the telling of a series of temporal events so that a meaningful sequence is portrayed, something that is evident in the essayistic structure of *You Are Here*. In addition, narrative is the cultural form that is capable of expressing coherence through time. The content of narratives, then, treats a movement between events so as to offer meaning and coherence *in* time. A narrated story can itself be conceived of as a form of movement since the medium of narratives themselves entails a movement from a “start” to a “finish”, and can thus be thought of as being characterized by movement. To recount a narrative is both

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60 de Certeau, 34.
to speak of movement and to engage in movement, and thus narrative mediates one’s sense of movement through time, so that in telling, one becomes a type of “émigré from a past home.”

Narratives, can be conceived of in two very different ways: the one describing the art of narration as the orderly telling of people, objects and events that did not previously exist—the ultimate creative act—but the other claiming, in contradistinction, that it is narratives that do the telling, that pre-exist their particular narrators, speak through the latter’s lives unbeknownst to them. The common assumption is that the narrative tells the self of the narrator and gives that self identity in the movement of the telling. In other words, the self arises out of signifying practices, coming to know itself and the world through narrational acts that are enculturated. The self is given content and is delineated and embodied in the narrative construction of stories. These stories then give the lives of those narrating the possibility to attain meaning. These subjects then are a result of ascribing selfhood to those sites of narration and expression that we refer to as human bodies, thus offering the possibilities of subjectivity. The stories they tell of themselves and others are determined by the grammar of their language/medium, by the genres of their culture, by the source of stories of their society, and by the stories others tell about them. It is the amalgamation of these that form their narrative which, in turn, constitutes their (self)consciousness. In this way, it is the story that tells, rather than the story being told. Narratives move through the tellers and their identity is derived from their maintained position within these narratives. To leave the ‘home’ of the narrative is tantamount to losing the ability to know and perceive oneself in the world, something exemplified in the essayistic format of You Are Here.

A core strategy employed in You Are Here is to localize the fragments of the narrator’s history in heterogeneous spaces of belonging. These spaces are necessarily fluid and often temporary, finite and vulnerable. But despite the transient nature of these sites (often in the form of “sights”) it is important to name and claim them if only to further nudge the narrative of belonging onwards. As we have seen thus far, houses can be demolished and facts forgotten, risking the erasure of an “official” history of belonging. A strategy

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then might be to claim a site of belonging within a place that is “uninhabitable” but nevertheless “familiar”. One such place is, of course, the airport, already proposed—a space where familial narratives of belonging can be situated. Although a type of interstitial space between countries, zones and territories, the airport is also uncannily familiar. One knows what to expect when one arrives at almost any airport. We know its logic and understand its order but it is also a space that is impossible to know fully and definitively as place due to the way “others” inhabit it also. It is at once a familiar place and also a space which accommodates the stranger and the unknowable.

According to anthropologist Marc Augé, we are in an era of "overabundant events," which are constantly brought to our attention in the form of media(ted) images. This overabundance is exacerbated by an excess of space. That is, our era is characterized by a profound change in our sense of distance due to the ability of rapid transit to transport us physically to places that in other times were inaccessible. Speed allows us to access and form relationships with events that are taking place in very distant locations and circumstances. One consequence of speed is that we are unable to reckon fully with the locational subtleties of place, so that they become part of the excess of contemporary life. Augé argues that due to these changes of scale and parameters, it is no longer appropriate to understand global populations as being independent from one another, isolated each in their own unique time and space. Instead, we all share a partial and incomplete belonging. Augé states: "We may not know [the other]".

personally, but we recognize them.” In this way we have become familiar strangers, a concept we have seen earlier.

The paradox today is that the sense of a familiar rhetorical territory is now supplied globally by an international consumer culture. Thus, Augé’s notion of non-places suggests that we have achieved a type of temporary rootedness in the familiar anonymity of spaces such as motorways and transit lounges. Although these places are familiar by virtue of their generic nature, they discourage any type of universal and shared attachment. But can a sense of belonging be situated in such (non-)places? Can the airport also become a type of home?

As we have seen, for many, airports can be so familiar that they elicit a sense of home. As the narrator suggests, the airport is an extension of home, a site where the story of the family “takes place”. There is something very significant in the airport being related to the familial home which has to do with not only the

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64 Ibid., 112.
65 The gateway of the airport to the “home town” is what I am describing. A sense of conflating one’s actual home (in a city) and the airport somehow extending from/to that home upon landing in one’s hometown.
private and public spheres they distinctly embody, but also in the airport's ability to collapse the public and private spheres by opening into the familial home. If in some sense the familial home and the airport merge to form a new space, we might describe it as one where departures and arrivals become constituting elements of one's history. This has particular resonance for the immigrant family whose notions of belonging are not unidirectional and require a multifocal framework of comings and goings.

Within this context, Augé suggests that notions of physical geography and its relationship to history have become more fluid than they were in the past. This affects how we think about and experience a sense of home and belonging. For many people today who are displaced due to various social, political, or
historical reasons, the notion of home is perhaps best understood as a sense of being between places, rather than being rooted definitively in one singular place and, by extension, exclusively to one singular identity. Benedict Anderson proposes that, rather than a fixed state, the concept of the nation itself might more accurately be described as a performative and enacted space within which one is perpetually engaged in trying on roles and relationships of belonging and foreignness. Rather than a type of monolithic physical entity that anchors and fixes a singular identity, the nation might be more accurately understood as codes of belonging that situate changing identities. For a nation to perpetuate itself within the minds of its constituents, it requires a type of ongoing narration—a narrative that provides a context within which such enactments of belonging may be located. Indeed, what makes the concept of the nation so resonant is that it locates belonging as an identity within a narrative—and consequently within an image—of home. As we have seen, narratives are, however, fluid and able to mutate and reconfigure themselves as required and desired by the subjectivities of those who are narrating. Thus, as Anderson suggests, the nation, by necessity, might be thought of as a type of evolving fictional construct—an imagined community.

Since national narratives are constructed on imaginary images of home, home is thought of less as being a necessarily fixed notion. Home is a space or structure of activity and beliefs around which we construct a narrative of belonging. More than a physical space, home might be understood as a familiarity and regularity of activities and structures of time. "Being at home" may have more to do with how people get along with each other—how they understand and are understood by others, as opposed to being in an actual place—so that feeling included and accounted for becomes a means of defining a sense of belonging, providing a means of (re)orientation.

NARRATOR:

The ease with which we can travel today is different from earlier times. It is however not without its own, sometimes high, costs. People in my parent’s village have a suggestive way of talking about this: they say that their land has lost some of its strength because its inhabitants are dispersed—as if the

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land draws power from the loyalty and attachment of those who live on it. But I wonder if, in our world of travelling light and sliding among places and meanings without attaching to any of them for a long time, that we don’t risk a dispersion of inner focus and perhaps even, of certain strengths. Strengths that come from the gathering of experiences so that they add up to memories, from the accumulation of understanding, from placing yourself squarely where you are, and living in a framework shared with others.

A traveler gains access to the inner core of the airport only upon presenting personal identification to the authorities. Although a passport is highly individualized, it does little to describe a lived experience. A passport merely names us, visually identifies us with a photograph, and equates us a nationality and a number—now universally computerized and part of a large global database accessible in all airports around the world. The passenger remains anonymous even after he has given proof of his identity.

The passenger is assigned a seat number on an aircraft which, literally, positions and numeralizes him in a seating grid, and then further plots him onto a time-grid of departure and arrival times. Any affiliation one might have to a nationality is reduced to a logo on your passport or on the tail-wing of a jet.

The airport is a highly orchestrated, efficient and rapid movement of people in, through and out of its space, both vertically and horizontally. All this, in a highly monitored environment where cameras are everywhere. Luggage is scanned with x-ray technology—personal objects become transparent and are scrutinized, tagged and then stowed efficiently according to weight, size, destination, routing and class of travel. People, objects, identification information and carriers are all in movement, and defined and identified via movement. Anything or anybody that lingers, either because of delays or for other reasons, are seen as aberrations.

The narrator ends and begins with generalizations about the functioning of the airport as a place that is “highly orchestrated, efficient”. As the narration continues over images of people moving through the airport, the position of the narrator reorients and resituates itself. Where the narration begins from a third person’s perspective, he shifts into the first-person’s voice. The narrator is now about being singled out as “other” within the false anonymity of the airport such that the airport is no longer a proper place that can be ordered, but becomes too a space of potential ruptures and disjunctions where “otherness” surfaces.

NARRATOR:

As my passport fills up with colourful entrance stamps, exit visas and consular markings, I clutch onto it as proof of my right to movement. I am always unprepared for the countries where immigration officers insist that my passport is stolen,
countries where I endure lengthy interrogations at airports. What are you doing in this country? Why do you speak perfect English? Why do you have so many traveller’s cheques? Mobility surfaces as the greatest threat.

From this position where otherness emerges, the narrator reorients us within a family narrative. He describes photographing inside the airport, and the difficulties he encounters when trying to fix the movement of its “inhabitants” as they pass through the space.

NARRATOR:

When I began to photograph the air terminal, it was always crowded. Often, architectural photographs with people in them become pictures of people with the building as a backdrop, but in this case the geometry of the airport was so strong that the figures gave the building a sense of scale and helped define the volumes, so the architecture remained the primary subject. Working with so many people in the space meant that there could be no set ups, no poses. It was a question of waiting for the right configuration at the opportune moment.

Years later, when my father was quite old and living far away, I took him to the terminal after he had been visiting. As I watched him walk away, down one of the departure tunnel to board his flight, I thought that it might be the last time that I’d see him. I realized that no one could have created a more dramatic environment for such a moment.
Here again, we are reoriented towards thinking about the airport as a frame and backdrop for a family story. The spectre of death emerges when we think of the airport “terminal”. The image of disappearance emerges as a feature of the space of the airport. This ability to disappear bodies seems to find a particularly poignant resonance with the idea of home and belonging.

*You Are Here* proposes new ways of thinking about a belonging situated within a *between-home-ness* and posits that in the context of transnationalism the new paradigm for home might be the routine and habitual practice of mobility itself. It uses the transitory nature of the space of the airport—defined by its comings and goings—to suggest simultaneously a *home-space* and a *place-of-disappearance*. Disappearance can evoke the death of family members but can also signify a refusal to appear definitively and singularly. That is, it is a transformation, suspension, emptying out—a *disappearing*. Here, home and belonging are no longer necessarily articulated by territorial sovereignty, as in traditional notions of nationality, rather, they are embodied by displaced populations—such as immigrants—who have a multiple, and thus fluid and unfixed sense of belonging. This notion of belonging thus provides a significant counter-point to traditional notions of the nation and of national belonging.

In this sense of ambiguous suspension and simultaneity, notions of identity and belonging become articulated through mobility, within the dialectical interplay between global processes and local environments. As Angelika Bammer

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67 This has certainly taken on a new resonance after the tragic events of September 11, 2001, as airports have now become sites of heightened security, surveillance, and fear. If anything, this new climate of vulnerability has made the traveler all the more conscious of her or his bodily existence within the paradigm of *betweenness*. Those who transit today are being forced into a more heightened awareness of their privilege, or lack thereof, within a larger global context.

68 The airport also suggests that home be understood as temporally constructed. Due to the instability and impermanence of their physical home, some displaced persons have come to think of time itself as a more stable and dependable means of creating a space of belonging. In *lieu* of a shared physical space, a shared temporality among displaced persons moving through various physical places provides a means of boundary-setting and a maintenance device whose form may persist while its content varies contextually. The airport is itself defined by a strict adherence to time grids and schedules, and thus provides a temporal predictability and consistency within a context of irregularities. If we think of home as created within routine and familiar practices, regularly transiting through airports may be thought of as both a metaphor for routinized temporality and a routine practice itself, Thus, home becomes an ongoing, future-oriented project of constructing a sense of belonging within a context of change and displacement.
proposes, home is "a mobile symbolic habitat, a performative way of life and of
doing things in which one makes one's home while in movement." Transit itself
might thus be thought of as a new way of belonging within the interstices of
displacement—a type of porous home-space that can be occupied regularly, but
that can never be inhabited in the traditional sense. You Are Here suggests
that the airport, rather than an empty space, is a varied and complex interlacing
of personal and political trajectories that creates new spaces of perpetually
disappearing belonging.

One must be conscious, however, of the complexities of such personal and
political trajectories. The circumstances that surround each person's motive and
impetus for transit must be taken into consideration in a space like the airport,
where the privilege and inequity that is characteristic of contemporary
globalization are especially evident. Mobility may be chosen or forced—thus,
mobility must be seen within a larger sociopolitical analysis. One should
therefore be cautious in thinking of the airport as simply a neutral and
normalizing space.

Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari have characterized a "minor literature" as one
that engages with a deterritorialization of language, a connection of the

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69 Angelika Bammer, as cited in Morley, D. (2000) Home Territories: media, mobility and

70 There is always the danger of romanticizing this notion of non-attachment into some sort
dimensionless construct. We must remember the multiplicity and disparity of privilege and
power structures that modulate differences. This idea must not be essentialized but must
always be considered as being in a constant state of elaboration and articulation. Although
openness to others is implied, it should not be confused or conflated with a means of
transcending nationalism in search of some abstract emptiness of non-allegiance. Rather,
we might envision a sense of belonging as a type of multiple-rootedness, "which includes
the possibility of presence in other places, dispersed but real forms of membership, a
density of overlapping allegiances" (Robbins, B., "Comparative Cosmopolitanisms" in
Cheah, P. and Robbins, B. eds., Cosmopolitics: thinking and feeling beyond the nation

71 A discrete, earlier developmental video entitled HUB was a precursor to You Are Here.
HUB focused solely on the airport, and sections of it have been incorporated into You Are
Here. See Appendix III.

72 This does not, however, negate the possibility of politicizing the notions of absence and
disappearance that I propose here. For a further discussion of some of these issues, see
Cheah, P. and Robbins, B. eds., Cosmopolitics: thinking and feeling beyond the nation
(1998) Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. Martha Rosler has also addressed
some of the issues relating to the inequities of the airport spate in her project In the Place of
the Public and its companion volume, R. Lauter, ed. (1998), Martha Rosler—In the Place of
the Public: observations of a frequent flyer. Ostfildern Ruit Cants.
individual to a political immediacy, and a collective assemblage of enunciations. Hamid Naficy has used this model to describe how exilic and diasporic moving image practitioners have created works that articulate their sense of belonging between. For film and videomakers—including, but not limited to, Atom Egoyan, Marilu Mallet, Jonas Mekas and Elia Suleiman—the logic of difference reveals the artificiality of any and all closure. Eventual closures must be considered as impermanent and necessarily provisional, temporary, and partial, and this is reflected in the vocabulary employed in the works they produce and the diversity of their practices. These films and videos are often characterized by discontinuity, fragmentation, multifocality, multilingualism, self-reflexivity, autobiographical inscription, and so on, strategies also employed in You Are Here. Critical juxtapositions of audiovisual and narrative elements and inventive strategies of plurality mark these works, identifying them and consequently allowing for identification with them. These works become a mutable system of processing and structuring reality through narrative conventions and authorial decisions.

In the airport sequence, You Are Here employs a strategy of suturing disparate experiences of departure, transiting, and arrival, and suspending them within the architecture of the airport. A single narrator's voice is heard, but, as already noted, as the video progresses, it becomes apparent that the narrator is not speaking from a singular position whilst in the airport—what he utters in fact emanates from various persons' positions, stitched together, as it were, by a

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75 Naficy does not suggest that some sort of homogenous "diasporic/exilic genre" exists, but rather that a link exists between these cultural producers in a type of recognition of one another's differences. This recognition is based on their individual and collective interstitial experiences of *betweenness*. To be sure, for the diversity of displaced film- and videomakers, one's particular difference might be considered antithetical to the difference of others. However, we must acknowledge that cohesion does not necessarily preclude simultaneous recognition of difference. A community of displaced film- and videomakers might be held together by an expansive vocabulary, rather than by common and shared values: a coherence of unity does not require all parties to speak with one voice. See Naficy, H. (2001) *An Accented Cinema: exilic and diasporic filmmaking*. Princeton: Princeton University Press.
singular audible voice. Here the singular position of the narrator that has been consistent throughout, now becomes superimposed and collapsed with other, multiple voices. These other narrative positions constantly fold in on themselves and cause a slippage, a perpetual uncertainty. The discontinuities of the multiple points of focus refuse any definitive narrative closure. Even the ambient sounds that overlay the narrator's voice indicate that we might be in various countries, various airports that all resemble each other. We hear English, Japanese, Arabic, Dutch, Spanish; indeed, we even hear subtly modulated differences between Flemish and Dutch, Castilian and Mexican Spanish, and North American, New Zealand, and British Englishes. The narrative structure of You Are Here implies a constantly shifting position—an open architecture—literally, a multiple assemblage of enunciations.

In her video ... from the Transit Bar, the Canadian artist Vera Frenkel uses a layering of many languages to form a complex structure of inclusions and exclusions. She employs subtitles and dubbed narration to evoke linguistic deterritorialization. The varied voices of Frenkel's video are those of fourteen Canadians, mostly first-generation immigrants, who recount, in a fragmentary and idiosyncratic manner, experiences of displacement and reshaped identities in their newly adopted country. The voiceovers are in Yiddish and Polish and are dubbed over the English spoken by the people on-screen. Yiddish and Polish were the languages spoken by Frenkel's Jewish grandparents, whom she never knew. Her privileging of these languages signals both a personal and idiosyncratic history and a larger history of the Holocaust of World War II. These are her forgotten languages, which might themselves be considered disappeared.

I rented a room with a family. They also came from Poland. We recognized

When we got there we discovered that the taxicabs were all run by Pakistanis who

Diese Frage wird mir immer noch hier gestellt in dieser Situation, wo ich was Exotisches bin.

Il avait vécu dans la montagne depuis le début de la guerre.
The subtitles in ... from the Transit Bar oscillate between English, French, and German. Irit Rogoff has suggested that the multiplicity of languages in Frenkel's video indicates "both the inability and the unwillingness of transient people to give up identity at the level of language and testifies to the migrant's fundamental experience of inhabiting both strangeness and familiarity at the same time." As she explains, it is "at the level of language that some degree of intimacy within alien contexts can be established through the partial and momentary comfort of inhabiting a familiar language within unfamiliar surroundings." This disjuncture of languages implies not only a betweenness, then, but also a strangeness. The overlapping written and oral languages, along with the facial expressions of each stranger in Frenkel's video, offer a multiple layering of versions of the same narrative, but it is never synchronous. Viewers must rely on their own ability to piece together fragmented visual and oral cues and other information in order to understand fully the information conveyed.

Isolated between languages, between frustrations and incomprehensions, the viewer is forced to rely on facial gestures and expressions to supplement the failure of excess language(s), not dissimilar to the moment in You Are Here when the grandmother and narrator oscillate between languages. The viewer is thus forced into a self-conscious and constant state of both literal and figurative translation.

A sense of limited access and of incompleteness is echoed by the fragmentary and cumulative cluster of narrative information that builds up as one watches

both You Are Here and ... from the Transit Bar. Although the various spoken fragments are somehow incomplete, they nevertheless slowly form a discernible, accumulated experience. As Dot Tuer has described, “these fragments of speech, these enunciations, are suspended between worlds of artifice and remembrance ... pieced together to form a collective field of memory. Hemmed in by the convergence of the imaginary and the real, these fragments act as the disclosures of history, displacing the unresolved tensions between presence and mediation from ... technological apparatus to the context of politics.”79

These narrations situate the viewer within a space of transit, listening as these migrant voices recount their fragmented memories. The levels of artistic illusion—truth and fiction, memory and invention—simultaneously engage us and make us question what we see and hear. The slippages that occur are attempts to make tangible the intangibilities of the displaced person’s experience of betweenness.

Describing ... from the Transit Bar, Rogoff notes the sense of betweenness evoked by trains, which signify

“...departure, adventure, mystery, but they also work at the level of disappearance—of our fugitive hero or heroine from the social structure, beyond surveillance, to become temporarily lost, or the disappearance of millions put on trains to cross borders bound for gulags and concentration camps, never to return. Adventurous and doomed train journeys have disappearance in common; in terms of intertextuality they share the unframing of historical and material location, and their heightened signification uses one disappearance to construct and reinforce the other. Each disappearance is specific to its own narrative, context, and history, but each also invokes and resonates with the myriad layers of disappearance we experience as consumers of culture.”80

The viewer must resort to his own imagination when confronting these works, and it is precisely this ability to engage with the imaginary that propels them. Rogoff believes that "each escape, flight and departure is placed next to others and allowed to make equal claims on the viewer's cultural imagination. A plurality of historically specific narratives open up, so we cannot assign the

80 Ibid., 29.
voices we hear to any one context according to a set of traditional organizing principles."\(^{81}\) The originating event defining or containing the narratives is inaccessible. The viewer begins, in response, to sense a less linear, more transcultural connectedness among separate events and lives. This groundlessness within the specifics of historical events encourages us to form a critical understanding of the tragic episodes and personal upheavals suffered by displaced people; we see these events as interconnections across a broad panorama of historical and geographical divisions and differences. We come to see the trauma of eviction and displacement as formed from numerous ruptures that have actually forged our collective cultural imaginary: "[A] hybrid historical weave emerges from the encounters ... through which the absence of direct, specific experience does not necessarily bar the viewer from the possibility of becoming cultural co-inhabitants of the narratives."\(^ {82}\)

In both ... from the Transit Bar and in the airport sequences of You Are Here, we understand that the space of transit is constructed as an amalgam of many people's narrative fragments. The airport (and the transit bar) can be considered "psychic space[s] where the constant process of (re)viewing occurs. What is realized is not the space of departure and not the space of arrival but the space in which trauma comes into being, into language, and into representation through articulated memory."\(^ {83}\) In this sense, it is important to understand the strategy of narration employed in these two works as a linked set of texts in which one fragment can be read through the other. This strategy stands in stark contrast to the more hegemonic and traditionally closed, linear narratives of nationalistic belonging that hierarchize difference, if not negate it. The collecting of narrative fragments of expulsion into a narrative is a way to rewrite a history from the position of the excluded. In this way, the lack of specific points of reference in these narratives does not eliminate history, but rather resituates it in our collective understanding.

\(^{81}\) Ibid., 22.  
\(^{82}\) Ibid., 33.  
\(^{83}\) Ibid., 34.
Disappearance and death are laced throughout You Are Here and act as metaphors for displacement, impermanence and the past. For a displaced person, thinking about the airport as a link between an old (or originary) home and a new home is inevitably to think of impermanence and the transitive nature of (re)orientations. In the airport, the narrator imagines the last time he might see his father alive, and from this we arrive in a cemetery that we understand to be in Italy, the originary home. The name “Ida” appears on screen followed by a photograph of the narrator’s grandmother on a tombstone. Time has passed, and over the grandmother’s grave, a choral group sings a song in the dialect of the narrator’s family about flight, surrender and disappearance.\textsuperscript{84} The song functions as a type of memorial for the grandmother as an act of remembrance.

\textsuperscript{84} This song is entitled Vola, Vola, Vola (Fly, Fly, Fly) written by Luigi Dommarco and Guido Albanese. This song has become an anthem of the Abruzzo region of Italy where the narrator’s father’s family comes from. The song, written in 1953 describes a game played by children where they begin to discover their sexual awakening. Using the image of various birds taking flight, it poignantly describes the loss of innocence. Due to its immense popularity across various generations, many varied versions of the song have been recorded, including more up-beat versions. A faster, up-tempo version appears later on in the video.
The image of the village cemetery is followed by the sound of chiming church bells which segues into a procession honouring the village saint. The camera records the collective activity of the procession which includes the public recitation of the rosary as it winds through the streets of the village. Although the devotional recitation of the rosary is for the occasion of the village’s patron saint, it also doubles as an act of mourning and remembrance of the grandmother, situating her squarely within the cultural and historical identity of the village. In this doubling, the divide between the private and public realm overlap and interweave once again. In her discussion on intercultural cinematic practices, Laura U. Marks reminds us of the distinction between remembrance

85 The village saint shown is Saint Apollinare (Sant’Apollinare), the patron saint of my mother’s village. Saint Apollinare was a famous martyred bishop and noted miracle worker from the first century A.D. This footage was recorded during the yearly Saint’s day in July where the village celebrates the patron saint and village’s namesake.
and memory. Remembrance is a voluntary activity in which the past in brought forth at will within an ordered system of knowledge and control. Memory on the other hand is involuntary and, according to Benjamin, must be brought back by a “shock” or unexpected trigger. Where remembrance seeks to preserve images and impressions, memory acts as more of an interruption to an ordered system of knowledge and control and tends to shatter images and impressions.

As the procession passes through the village, people give way to cars and motorcycles, and the streets slowly regain their quotidian functions. Whilst this transition back to daily normality slowly “takes place”, a long-distance telephone signal is heard over the last verses of the rosary and a woman picks up and begins to speak in Italian, then English. Her accent is pronounced and English subtitles appear on screen which seem to echo her “accented” English. The narrator asks the woman about a photograph of her home. She describes the house as having been destroyed during “the war” and further elaborates about returning to the house and seeing it in ruins.

You know there is that photograph of you standing in front of the house?

“But after the war everything was destroyed… it was just barely… almost nothing… it got bombed obviously, it was almost out like I said… when we got back after the war there was no roof on the house… no doors, no windows, it was… nothing”

“And it was two storeys, with a huge big room downstairs and stairs to go up stairs where there was another big room with two beautiful balconies with a window facing the meadow and the river and from the balcony you could see the piazza and the church and from the other balcony …there was a fountain. For me it was a beautiful house, it was my house, the place where I was born.”

As the woman recounts her memory of the house, images of the village procession dissolve into an image of a public fountain. We see women wash clothes, and children playing there. The telephone conversation continues, and after a description of the damaged home, the narrator asks the woman—whom we have now understood to be his mother—to describe a new house. She states that she saw the new house in the mid-1970s, and that she believes that the narrator “saw the house before I did”. She talks about having an attachment to the new house even though it “was not the house that I remember”.

**So when was the first time that you saw it?**

“The house? The new house? It was 1972 …1975. I have the feeling that you saw the house before I did. …when we went back, when you were all small, that’s when I saw the house….which was not my house anymore…”

**How was that?**

“It was a strange feeling to me because this was not my house…because it was not the house I remember… but even though, I got to love that house…to this day, it is still my house… there is something special that house.”

Benedict Anderson’s notion that narratives of the nation are constructed on an imaginary image of home, suggests that home is always somehow located in space, but not necessarily fixed. We might thus understand home as being a process and a means of ordering and controlling place(s) rather than reflecting a definition of inherent fixity. Sociologists have suggested that, more than a physical place, home is perhaps better and more accurately understood as a familiarity and regularity of activities and structures of time.87 This suggests that

home is more saliently understood as a structure of activity and beliefs around which we construct a narrative of belonging. As has already been suggested, “being at home” might have more to do with how people get along with each other—how they understand and are understood by others—rather than an inherent tie to a physical location. Home has to do with feeling included, with the articulation of a sense of belonging, with a kinship. This is a notion that is given relief in the mother’s articulation of her ties to the village house, even if the house that she inhabited no longer exists and she has transferred those “ties” onto a new house. Even though the new village house constructed on the site of her childhood home is foreign to her, she still feels compelled to claim it as her own and transfer her memories onto it. Through this slippage is transferred a sense that it is perhaps the activities and “familiarity” of the village—a sense of kindship—that is more accurately where she “feels at home”. The daily activities such as those that unfold at the fountain across the road from the house, or the procession through the streets of the village, may actually be the locus of her belonging rather than the brick and mortar of the (new) house.

The example of the narrator’s mother’s ability and desire to suture the old house and the new suggests a strong drive to reinstate a sense of cohesiveness to the trauma of the past. For the mother, the complexities of her return home to the village also encompasses a sense of estrangement. Here it is important to observe and consider the role that memory plays in this return (and reorientation). For a displaced person, the return to the place of trauma points to memory’s “failures” in reckoning with the complexities of the return. For the mother, the new house becomes a stand-in for the old house, and suggests her desire to have it erase the trauma of the past. What seems to allow for this erasure is the sense of kinship she is eager to regain upon returning. This desire to regain kinship acts as a counterforce to the estrangement she embodies due to leaving.

Thinking of home as a means of belonging, as a form of kinship, can often erroneously and tragically be conflated with ideologies of exclusion—a sense that one rightly belongs and has exclusive ownership of a particular identity in relation to a(n often geographical) nation. This is illustrated in religious
fanaticism, in staunch neo-nationalism, in acts of racism and ethnic cleansing, and is almost always marked by a false notion of an inherent purity that must be guarded and defended. This concept of belonging is predicated on the idea of exclusion and it is a dynamic that often relies on hatred as a means of socializing its members. In the video, Former East—Former West\textsuperscript{88}, Shelly Silver travels to Berlin soon after the Wall came down, and asks Germans from both the former east and west of the city—who now find themselves physically together without the “regularity” of the others’ sanctioned difference in place—how they would define Heimat (kindship). No clear definition emerges from those who are interviewed, but what does emerge are multiple, deeply personalized and subjective, and often conflictual articulations of belonging. What marks these responses is the uncertainty and porousness of the term Heimat, as those who are interviewed seem to feel threatened by the “strangers” among them who claim to share their “exclusive” Heimat.\textsuperscript{89} The physical and symbolic marker of separation, containment and isolation (the Berlin Wall) no longer exists to safeguard their uniqueness—the ideological national narratives of exclusion are thus challenged and in crisis. A collective sense of unity is fragmented as individuals scramble to articulate their personal sense of loss rather than their sense of imagined unity. To those on both sides of the former Berlin Wall, their “other” German counterparts are strangers despite the fact that they share a common language and now a renewed and reinstated common nationality. Here we see the schism between multiple senses and notions of place. Indeed, this state of flux also loosens the affinities they took for granted with each other, Easterners or Westerners. Among the ruins of their ideological national divides, to both these Germans, the others’ claim to home, to belonging, to German-ness—to the illusive and now clearly unfixed and multiple Heimat—is uprooted and no longer as clear as it was when the physical division of the east and west German nations existed.

\textsuperscript{88} Silver, S. (1994) Former East/Former West (video). USA, 62 min. Made up of hundreds of street interviews done in Berlin two years after the reunification, Former East/Former West is a vital, surprisingly open, and at times disturbing documentary. Silver questions the very notion of a shared language, focusing on changing definitions of words for political and economic systems - democracy, freedom, capitalism, socialism, nationality and history.

\textsuperscript{89} In Germany this notion Heimat has strong historical links with fascism that certainly ‘localizes’ this term historically.
[FIG. 3] S. Silver Former East/Former West

Nationality...

Heimat? Berlin.
Simply Berlin.

But proud? I don't know if there's anything special about being German...

Now that the concrete wall is gone, a mental wall is being built.
Silver’s video articulates in a concise and poignant way how fragile and mutable a construction belonging can be. In the case of the reunited Germanys, the idea of home, in the guise of Heimat, becomes equated with a space of longing and (potential) loss—belonging. The people she interviews are strangers amongst themselves. The longing of Silver’s subjects implies that home is somehow most resonant when it is in jeopardy—when it is in a condition to disappear. Within this context, there is a slippage in the notion of home itself; pragmatic notions of home become replaced by more sentimental and emotional ones. What emerges as a product of this perceived loss and uncertainty is the illusive figure of the stranger—someone who is present but whose belonging is unclear, ambiguous and thus suspect.

Silver’s video illustrates that today belonging is no longer something monolithic, but rather, is predicated on a complexity of relations that are multiple, vulnerable and subject to forces of change. The susceptibility to become displaced is ever-present. If belonging has to do with codes of conduct and communication, then in a world that is made up of multiple and overlapping codes of conduct and communication, it would follow that strict notions of belonging, as we have seen in the concept of German Heimat, are bound to be both limited and limiting. It is clear that in a world of historical and global changes, varied and multiple ways of belonging do not always fit together cohesively. The overlaps and incongruities of traditional belonging become part of a larger and more complex structure of belongings. It might benefit us to think about belonging itself, as Benedict suggests, as a continual process by which people reinvent themselves depending on their physical and psychic conditions.

Traditionally strangers have been understood and defined as those living in a state of suspended extinction—anomalies to be rectified—their presence defined a priori as temporary. Strangers either assimilate or else are excluded.\textsuperscript{90} This is a convenient way of imposing an order and control onto the strangers’ betweenness, and a means of placing their displacement, so to speak. In denying strangers their “strangeness”, dominant culture maintains its own position of authority. Assimilation or expulsion are the means by which this control becomes manifest. However, as various forms of deterritorialization

become the norm, all positions and identities become progressively unfixed and destabilized. It is indeed much more difficult to isolate who might be “strange”, and what constitutes “strangeness” in differing contexts. The differences between the familiar and the strange have become blurred, and by their sheer presence, strangers make “obscure what ought to be transparent, confuse what ought to be straightforward and pollute with anxiety. They befog and eclipse the boundary lines which ought to be clearly seen, they gestate uncertainty which in turn breeds the discomfort of feeling lost.”\footnote{Bauman as cited in Morley, 213.} Estrangement thus has the potential to be an active and tactical form and force in society as has earlier been posited in the discussion about translation.

Although the mother describes past images of the site of her native home, the images that we observe are contemporary ones. The present activities taking place there (i.e. women washing, children playing) evoke past activities that the mother may have engaged in her youth and prior to the war. The images of the fountain as it appears today dissolve into a black-&-white photograph of a simple two-storey dwelling in front of which a young girl stands. The two storeys of the original house also signal that the “house” may indeed have two stories, one of the past, and one of the present. The narrator informs us that we are looking at one of the very few images of the familial home that exist before the house was destroyed during World War II. We are also told that the photograph is the earliest image of the narrator’s mother. Two other black-&-white photographs follow that show the house from various other perspectives.
NARRATOR:

This is the earliest image of my grandparent’s home in their village in Italy, before it was destroyed in the war. This is also the earliest image I have of my mother.

Other photos provide only glimpses of the old house in the background.

These images of the house that no longer exists, are followed by colour photographs from the 1970s showing a family on the balcony of a more contemporary house. The camera pulls back to reveal that the house is still under construction.
These are images of the new house built on the site of the old homestead in the family village that the narrator asks his mother about in the telephone interview. Details are provided about its history and construction.

NARRATOR:

After immigrating to Canada, my grandparents would later return to the village and build a new house on the site of the old homestead. It was my grandfather’s dream to return to his village, to die and be buried there. So in the 1960s, he and my grandmother took on the arduous task, which took them well over a decade to complete. They invested much of their finances, but mostly their dreams and ambitions in building their house “back home”. For most of the year, the house stood vacant, but each summer my grandparents would return and continue working on the house, living in the parts that were finished enough to inhabit. The house stood as a testimony to their persistence, hard work and deep attachment to a sense of belonging. It stood as a physical monument to their dream of an immigrant’s return home, full of longing, nostalgia and the deep desire to make right the wrongs they perceived had fallen upon them during the hardships and trauma of the war. I would sometimes accompany them, and my grandparents had a lot of joy seeing me there, witnessing the home being rebuilt. You might say that I grew up with the backdrop of the new house emerging from the ashes of the old.
A sequence of photographic images accompanies the narration which reveal the construction and completion of the house, in front of which the family poses for family photographs. The house becomes another backdrop of the family's story and recalls the family photographs in front of the motorway encountered earlier. Here we are again confronted with the spectre of destruction and disappearance.  

We see various family members pose in front of the house, including the narrator as a young teenager. Of all the family members, the narrator identifies himself within the montage of family snapshots and in so doing, locates himself within the family village and thus claims his “place” within an ancestral lineage. His appearance in the photographic record of his family’s narration, and his actual physical presence on the site of the originary, ancestral home, implicates the narrator in a past that pre-dates him. The narrator also identifies his role as

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92 A series of still photographic photographs entitled CASA (2006-2008) served as developmental work for the thesis research. The photographs document the construction of new domestic architecture on the site of old homesteads in Sant’Apollinare Italy. The photographs of these new uncompleted constructions suggest structures that hover between the new and the ruin, and serve as a means of reflecting on the homogenization of domestic architectures and the effacement of family histories. See Appendix V.
witness to his grandparent’s act of re-building and reinstating themselves within the ancestral village. In witnessing (and documenting) his grandparent’s re-establishment within the village following their emigration, the narrator reorients himself as an active participant in the unfolding family narrative of past and present; and through witnessing his grandparents’ process of rebuilding, he inscribes himself within a history and claims his own place in the family village, a tie that further links him to his mother’s story.

This form of embodiment also recalls the performative aspect of the narrator’s place within the airport. As previously discussed, the ritualistic nature of engaging with the airport ties the narrator to the trauma of his parents’ and grandparents’ migration. Like the postmemory evoked by the subsequent voyages to and from Italy undertaken by the narrator, here too the traumatic memory that pre-dates the narrator, present themselves to him. As witness (and documenter) of the reconstruction of the village home, the narrator engages not only in its present construction, but also in its past destruction in a very real and physical sense. The camera here becomes a type of mediating device or apparatus that constitutes that embodiment. Its “observational” and reproductive qualities also produce objects (i.e. photographs) that serve not only as proof of events and people at this location, but also as objects that serve as part of the family narrative of belonging. We shall see later how this “artefact” can further function as a means of using the past to inform the present.

The montage of family photographs tracking the rebuilding of the village home culminates in a still image of the pristine, completed new house which then dissolves into video footage of the same house several years later. The video camera moves around the building and we notice that the new house has aged,
evidenced by the patina on the exterior plasterwork. The camera circumnavigates around the exterior of the building and then moves into the interior of the house. The static qualities of the still images give way to a more dynamic movement, shifting the viewer’s perception of the physical and material house into a more dimensional and spatial experience of it.

As the camera moves indoors, we hear voices of people inhabiting the house and move through it along its central corridor to emerge onto a balcony, from which we again see the fountain we encountered earlier. In an elliptical fashion, we return to the fountain as a point of reference and link between the past and the present. The fountain, unlike the original house, has survived the war and has—in its own way—been witness to the devastation and trauma of the war.
which forced many, including the narrator’s family, to leave the village and emigrate elsewhere.

The camera also offers a glimpse of the rest of the village that we have encountered with the procession, before turning back indoors to explore some of the rooms of the new house and the quotidian activities of the home. We enter a bedroom where a woman (the narrator’s mother) is blow-drying her hair, another bedroom that is empty but shows evidence of people having slept there, and then finally towards the kitchen where we see a woman washing up and another woman seated at the dining table. As the camera explores the interior of the new village house, the narrator speaks about it in relation to the immigrant house of his grandparents in Canada, thus positing another articulation of betweeness and duality. It is implied that neither place of abode can fully or definitively contain the family as if they are destined to ricochet between the two.

NARRATOR:

My grandparents kept the key to the village house in a safe yet visible place in their house in Canada. Even though the house was thousands of miles away, the key was a powerful reminder of where they came from. Similarly, the trunks that they used to immigrate to Canada with, were also present in the house, re-fashioned as make-shift side tables, covered with specially made slip covers my grandmother had sewn together. As children we often lifted the slipcovers and looked at the labels, stamps and markings on them from another place, another time. Inside the trunks they kept personal possessions, not the cloths they put in the wardrobes, or the photographs they pinned to the wall, but articles that embodied the closest thing to Italy that could exist. Each trunk, locked, was like their memories. They were never unpacked, and seemed to also embody their deeply rooted unease, dislocation and lingering trauma of displacement. They were potent symbols both of the journey they made, and of the unstable potential for further movement.
We understand that there is a doubling of houses that occur which leaves the family at home between two houses. Whilst living in their home in Canada, the narrator’s grandparents simultaneously inhabit the home in Italy even if they can only be physically in one place at a time. The key to the village home—displayed in their Canadian home—is a symbol of this, as are the Italian trunks used to immigrate to Canada. The narrator’s grandparents are caught between two places, and the trauma of the war and of their displacement is present and still lingers in their everyday. The narrator has been a “displaced” witness to this family trauma during his entire life, and tries to find his place in this story of displacement, duality and disorientation that he has inherited. The physical aspects of his body become a locus for this displacement and consequent reorientation.

NARRATOR:

What I also remember about the summers spent in my grandparent's village was that I looked like everyone else. The Mediterranean features that I shared with the other kids of the village provided me with an acute bodily presence which also extended in the use of language, the familiarity of the particular resonances of the village dialect. Recognizing the subtleties of meanings was deeply significant. In that language I experienced a grounding in the way that people said and described things. Inscribed in that language was a particular way of being in the world. Speaking it was an assertion of belonging. I can now understand why my grandparents resisted their adopted languages of English and French, relegating them only to the rudimentary service of basic communication. When we entered their house in Canada, we entered a zone where only the village dialect was spoken. This was a unique and useful means of communicating amongst ourselves, but more importantly, it was a tangible way in which we embodied our sense of belonging to each other and to the past.

Although those summers in my grandparent's village fortified my sense of belonging through the use of language, I was also able to experience a sense of belonging in silence. Being silent held none of the tensions of miscomprehension, nor of being invisible and erased as it did elsewhere.
Language, again, becomes an outward articulation of belonging as does the narrator's ability to physically recognize himself with the other children of the village due to their shared "Mediterranean features." The images that accompany the narration see us move outside of the village home into the village streets once again. Rather than occupying a static and more covertly observational position, the camera is now dynamic and itself in movement, similar to the previous movement which circumnavigated the village home. The camera is hand-held and seems to have now become a part of the narrator/cameraman's body, grafted onto it so much so that we now see the shadow of the cameraman as he moves through the village. In contrast to the mostly static camera positions in the video, the camera is now mobile and the point of view consequently suggests an overt subjective embodiment. The narrator's voice and the camera's position become conflated to suggest that the camera has now come to embody the narrator. The camera's moving perspective evokes a sense of searching. We are, literally, seeing through the cameraman/narrator's eyes, which are continually moving and evoke (again) that the new paradigm for home might be the routine and habitual practice of mobility itself.
NARRATOR:

What do I see ahead of me? Snow, nothing but white snow…
Estrangement evokes absence, and absence can become an important and indeed salient form of “presence within the discourses of displacement. More often than not, it is the displaced person that attempts to make tangible that which is missing, that which is absent. Thus the void of what or who might’ve been left behind is present despite (and precisely because of) the fact that it is not physically tangible. In this way, loss is in a perpetual process of attempting to appear. That which is disappeared is thus in a state of potential reappearance by virtue of the desire to have it instated.

As has been suggested, today we might say that the concept of home is one that is perhaps best described by its multiplicity and its deterritorialization. How imagination/the imaginary is employed in reckoning with this lack is crucial to the understanding of the agency of those who are displaced and deterritorialized. In its emphasis on mobility over stasis, the last century has stressed the perpetual loss of home—the vision of home as its very “undoing.” Transnational kinship has often become characterized by the physically absent members of one’s family who are “present” in the everyday lives of those who are displaced through photographs, and other forms of presencing. They occupy the space of belonging despite their physical absence.

As we have seen in the discussions put forth by de Certeau and Lefebvre, the advent of modernity has increasingly torn space away from place by fostering relations between absent others, locationally distant from any given situation of face-to-face interaction. For displaced persons, modern imaging technologies give rise to communities not necessarily in place, but rather in space, that is, mobile, connected across vast distances by appropriate symbols forms and interests. This suggests that, although potentially powerful, place itself can become oppressive and imprisoning in its being tied down by established scenes and symbols, and routines. It is this idea that Hamid Naficy alludes to in his use of the German term Fernweh—a desire to escape from one’s
homeland. He argues that for those in their homeland, this *wanderlust* for other places can be just as insatiable and unrealizable as is the desire for return to the homeland for those in exile. Indeed, I would posit that it is perhaps an acumen both of this desire to leave (which is always lacking and incomplete in some way), and the impossibility of (fully and completely) returning, that mark the unique and complex position of many immigrant subjects. It is the tension and dynamic of knowing both worlds and never being able to arrive at, or depart from either entirely that propels the diasporic subject.

It is this *betweeness*, as expressed earlier, which is best understood as a type of disappearance between two imaginary/physical places. It points to the fragmentary and perpetually incomplete nature of disappearance itself as a motivating dynamic process that the displaced person is engaged with, and that indeed defines him. It is a process of belonging without ever arriving or having the ability to ever return. It would be a mistake, however, to consider this position as merely another binary relation in which a displaced person withdraws into a cultural space, or assimilates into a host country. Rather, the issue is one of how these “translators” are not so much caught between two worlds, as engaged in constructing various forms of simultaneous identities that enable them to participate in more than one code of belonging at the same time as suggested by Niranjana. They have the ability to both withdraw and assimilate at different times in relation to different topics and issues, times and circumstances. Stuart Hall has put it thus:

“...people who belong to more than one world, speak more than one language, inhabit more than one identity, have more than one home; who have learned to negotiate and translate between cultures and who, because they are irrevocably the product of several interlocking histories and cultures, have learned to live with and indeed speak from, difference. They speak from the ‘inbetween’ of different cultures always unsettling the assumption of being the same as and at the same time different from, the others amongst whom they live.”

For such people, identity is not rooted in one single original homeland, but rather depends on their ability to inhabit different imaginary geographies

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94 Hall (1995a), 206.
simultaneously. This *betweenness* is often improvised as the displaced person moves through time/space, and simultaneously through a series of fluid and invented identities. These do not however necessarily coalesce into a hybridity—rather, they co-exist, suspended and independent from the other. The sense of uneasiness and of disjuncture that, by definition, accompanies this suspended co-existence, becomes the norm for many. Paul Virilio calls this state of being the generalized arrival in which the individual is, in effect, in two places at once. The element of journey across space is lost in a “crisis of the temporal dimension of the present”. The domestic and the displaced no longer exist as neat and clear-cut polarities. One must learn to dwell thus in a *space* where the familiar and the foreign are conjoined, where it is less clear where home concludes and the foreign begins—where we must dwell in home as itself a hybrid space or “coeval times and lives.”

As the image of the narrator walking through the family village is superimposed into his shadow walking on a snow-covered path, another reorientation occurs. We return to Canada, and as the next shot reveals, we are in Montréal. We are presented with a long shot of a statue from across a busy urban street. Motor vehicles move across the frame, not unlike the people we encountered earlier crossing the frame in the airport. We notice the Canadian flag fluttering in the wind to the right of the frame, and the camera begins a very slow zoom into a statue, reminiscent of Canadian filmmaker Michael Snow’s slow zoom in the structuralist film *Wavelength*. Deleuze has suggested that the employment of such formal structuralist strategies free perception from subjectivity by stressing

95Virilio as cited in Morley, 210.
97Michael Snow’s seminal structuralist film *Wavelength* (1966) consists of a very slow zoom across his loft. Described as "at once one of the simplest and one of the most complex films ever conceived." (Yalkut, J (1968) "Wavelength by Michael Snow" Film Quarterly, 21: 4. 50.) Gene Youngblood describes *Wavelength* as "without precedent in the purity of its confrontation with the essence of cinema: the relationships between illusion and fact, space and time, subject and object. It is the first post-Warhol, post-Minimal movie; one of the few films to engage those higher conceptual orders which occupy modern painting and sculpture. It has rightly been described as a “triumph of contemplative cinema.”" (Youngblood, G. (1968) L.A. Free Press, December 13)
a depersonalised causal motive rather than one predicated on a “lived experience.”

98 Deleuze 1986, 84.
NARRATOR:

In 1992 a monument of Sir John A. Macdonald, one of the founders of Canadian confederation, was decapitated in a local park in Montreal. The decapitation provoked a major outcry from Canadian federalists, and to make matters worse, the decapitated head was stolen. For some time, no effort was been made to replace or repair the statue, and it deteriorated further.

From time to time journalists commented on the loss, and some private citizens even banded together to raise funds to have a new head made. But the symbolism of the gesture was not forgotten, nor did this symbolic death of the federal spirit in Quebec simply disappear when the statue was eventually restored. In a sense, this monument, both in it full and fragmented form, stands for the historical realities that transform it from an object into an image. The aura of this monument seems to bring history and the conflicting notions of the nation into a collision, from which various and different meanings can be drawn.

The camera movement reorients us as the narration attempts to uncover additional forces at play beyond those of the historical English/French antagonism that is already part of the official history of Canada and Québec.

Beyond the decapitation and visible spray-painted graffiti,⁹⁹ lies another force of resistance that has not been written into the official history of the nation.

NARRATOR:

The loss of the statue’s head created the image of a destabilised and fragmented colonial authority, but beyond the historical tensions between English and French that are now well established within the national narratives of both Canada and Quebec, another presence emerges from this decapitation. The silent voices of other citizens who identify as neither English nor French also begin to gather, filling in the spaces that have now formed. The historically invisible citizens of this nation, the indigenous and the immigrant, also find a place here. Like ghosts, they hover around this monument too, but do not manifest as bronze or stone, or as spray-painted defacements. They are present as witnesses to their own sense of exclusion and invisibility within the national narratives of belonging. Like the howling and fierce winter wind that can blow down houses, they encircle and fill this space in their unacknowledged presence.

⁹⁹ We see the letters “FLQ” which stands for Front de la Liberation du Québec, the separatists terrorist group of the late 60s/early/70s. We also see the word “oui” (yes) spray painted in the blue of Québec nationalists here referring to a referendum vote for succession from Canada, as well as the slogan; “Je suis separatiste” (I am a separatist).
Although invisible—disappeared—the presence of those excluded from the national narratives of belonging—“the indigenous and the immigrant”—attempt to occupy the space of this monument too through the fissures that have formed due to the destabilising political forces responsible for the statue’s decapitation. The decapitation is symbolic and comes to represent the superseded colonial hierarchies that still linger today in the official narratives of the Canadian nation-state, based within a larger Anglo-Franco colonial history. The acts of vandalism committed to the statue are done in the name of a Francophone desire to overthrow what has historically been perceived as the occupiers of French Canada. However true this claim may be, it does little to recognize the other citizens of this country and unpack the complexities of this postcolonial country of which the immigrant is a vital constituent. The sound of the wind becomes louder and more intense and suggests a presence that may not be visible but which nevertheless circle the broken symbolic colonial authority of this monument. The sense of exclusion becomes embodied by the wind's invisible but nevertheless present force.

The sense of immigrant exclusion in the narrative of the nation-state is also the underlying theme of Paul Tana’s Caffè Italia, Montréal, a film about the Italian immigrants of Montréal. Initially conceived of a traditional talking-heads documentary, Tana—himself a second-generation Italo-Canadian—was compelled to refashion his film during production in the light of what emerged from the interviews that he was collecting with Italian immigrants. Through the process of the many interviews that Tana conducted with Italian immigrants in Montréal, there surfaced several obscured and “disappeared” facts about the lived experience of these immigrants that were nowhere else recorded. This
included stories about the internment of Italian-Canadians in camps during World War II; the arrival of Mussolini’s Fascist air fleet in Montréal in 1933; the figure of Don Cordasco, an immigrant who interfaced with corporate interests of the Canadian Pacific Railway to sell cheap Italian immigrant labour in the early 1900’s, etc. These historical events existed only in the lived memory of the still living immigrants that the filmmaker was able to find and interview for his film.

Tana states that the filmmaking process became a means for him to discover his own connection to a personal history in relation to a particular locality, a history that he was not fully aware existed. Tana’s film engages with rewriting (filming) an undocumented history of Italian-Canadians, and in so doing, can be understood as a radical form of translation Tejaswini Niranjana refers to this type of endeavour as a rewriting of history which is dependent on an engagement with a reading and a re-membering of the past.

As stories emerged during the interviews for Caffè Italia, Montréal, Tana discovered that there existed little, if any, historical archived documentation of the events that were being recounted to him by this interviewees. Since only oral accounts existed, Tana identifies the need to restage and re-enact these historical fragments. Consequently, the film underwent some dramatic formal mutations. Tana used some of the interviewees along with professional actors to re-enact three particular historical vignettes for his film. These re-enactments, along with the interviews and other existing documentary material he was able to source, were edited together to create the final cut of Caffè Italia, Montréal.\textsuperscript{100} What emerges is a stylistically heterogeneous film—incorporating interviews, archival material and re-enactments—that represents a collection of varied enunciations around particular historical events, necessarily partial and without closure. What is also significant is that the re-enactments were performed with the participation of many who actually lived the undocumented events, and in this way, blurs the binary absolutism between fact and fiction and expands a vocabulary of narration that situates itself between. This engagement with the performative within the realm of a documentary practice becomes an example of a means of providing a more complex and nuanced way of understanding the

importance and currency of subjectivity within this type of historical narrative. This type of engagement with the performative in relation to documentary is discussed further in the next section.
The dramatizations that are performed by those who lived the actual events re-enacted, allows for a reappearance within the realm of disappearance, a type of presence in absence. The participants engage in a re-writing of a history that works within the spectre of Deleuze and Guattari’s nomadic practices and in Niranjana’s expanded notion of translational practices. Tana's film is instrumental in keeping an oral history alive by visualizing it, and in so doing also linking it into an experiential event that is also now able to be “archived” within the collective imaginary of a displaced community. Tana’s engagement with the performative illustrates how the heterogeneity of articulations of difference can function as a means of creating a new space of meaning. The heterogeneous, experimental and intertextual cinematic strategies employed by Tana, acknowledge the film’s perpetual on-going construction which code the film as an interstitial and fragmentary type of open work-in-progress—one that refuses closure—and which consequently instils it with a particular agency and currency. To use Hamid Naficy’s term, Tana’s film represents an “accented” style of filmmaking in its continual commentary on its own construction, and in

Tana also asked the professional actors (all of whom were Italo-Québécois) to discuss their acting of historical characters in the film. These actors’ interviews (included in the film) offer a subjective and critical reflection not only on the content of the film but also provide a dimensional and expanded re-writing of history from the tactical position of the performative.
its refusal of any definitive closure. It presents and acknowledges that what appears in the film is only part of a much more complex history. *Caffè Italia, Montréal* sees itself as contributing to a larger narrative of (displaced) belonging, and does so, like many transnational films engaged in a discourse of alterity, by stressing its process rather than its product. The process and construction of Tana’s film implies a type of multiplicity of mechanisms that may themselves be understood as metaphors for the simultaneity of displaced positions themselves.

Like Tana’s *Caffè Italia, Montréal*, it is the desire to acknowledge and contribute to a larger narrative of displaced belonging of Italo-Canadians that *You Are Here* also endeavours to contribute to. By inscribing onto a colonial monument the disappeared narrative presence of the immigrant which is not represented there, *You Are Here* reorients the viewer by offering glimpses into other forgotten, disappeared histories.
NARRATOR:

I have memories of walking through the long hallway of the village home in Italy; the weight of the low ceiling in our home in Canada; the smell of my mother’s cooking. They all linger and melt into one image of home. There is also a fusion of languages that drifted through the home: the Italian dialects of my parents, the French I speak on the streets of Montreal, the various English accents that I have encountered in the many places I have lived since leaving home, and the hybrid expressions that come from blurring all of these into one another to form who I am, who I have become. As a child I remember having at least 2 or 3 words in various languages to describe the same thing, borrowing and contaminating various idioms and weaving them together freely.

The sound of the wind around the statue of Sir John A. MacDonald segues into a suburban winter scene viewed from within a domestic (aural) space. We hear various languages being spoken and encounter the narrator’s mother as she leads the camera to a dinner table around which people are being asked to take their place. The public realm of the MacDonald statue gives way to the private realm situated in the immigrant family home, suggesting a relationship that interweaves the two.
We are privy here to the intimacy of a familial gathering where young and old come together. At the table are four generations of the narrator’s immigrant family somehow cohesively speaking in different languages. The linguistic realm exhibits a remarkable resilience in its ability to contain the family in the space of displacement, multiplicity and *betweeness*. We are witness to a scene of translation in action. We are again reminded that the ability to know more than one idiom and “weaving them together freely” suggests that translation becomes pivotal to a sense of self.
NARRATOR:

I also think of my grandmother as she was dying, no longer able or willing to utter anything. No more vowels, no more words. She just stared out into the world, slowly leaving behind her language and all her affiliations. She had moved to a space between this world and another, until the day when she finally released the reins that kept her here in this place. Now, there was a blankness in her eyes which had always been so fierce and full of fire. This is an image that I did not photograph for our family album. It is an image that remains deeply etched in my memory, too difficult to forget because it is an image of loss and bares with it my own attachments and hopes for a future even if it is firmly rooted in the past.

Within the context of the family gathering, a memory of the narrator’s grandmother resurfaces. The image of his grandmother is one of betweeness and suspension but no longer between two countries, but now “between this world and another”. The image of the grandmother with “no more words” conjures an image of loss that the narrator carries with him; an image on the potential verge of vanishing.

“The true picture of the past flits by. The past can be seized only as an image which flashes up at the instant when it can be recognized and never seen again… For every image of the past that is not recognized by the present as one of its own concerns threatens to disappear irretrievably.”

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102 Benjamin (1969), 255.
NARRATOR:

There are images of things I have seen but have now forgotten. I recall them even if I cannot remember them. My eyes, my body has "been there", and somehow, I have recorded those events, those people, things and spaces inside of me. It is the sensations of these that make them my own and connect the unseen and the real. The camera ... photographs, film and video are my accomplices in reclaiming what I once lived. What they reveal in all their detail is the trace, not the cause, of an event. They act as residues that nudge me along in rebuilding a sense of who I once was.

Sometimes an image can trigger something seemingly impossible to remember because of shame or the trauma that it embodied. In my case, one such image exists in a very short fragment of super-8 film that shows me as a child. In it, I descend some stairs into our garden. At first, I am unaware of being filmed, but once I notice the camera, I strike an effeminate pose. The camera shuts off abruptly. The next scene is of me kicking a ball with bravado and brute force, as if to somehow counter
the previous image. I don’t remember who the cameraman was, nor do I remember being reprimanded for being such a “sissy” and instead encouraged to kick the ball “like a man”. I had the ability to move fluidly between behaviours, and in hindsight, what is remarkable to me is that I seemed unfazed, and perfectly happy being who I was then. After so many years, this image of a carefree boy who was unapologetic about who or how he was, came back to remind me of what I had lost.

The narrator makes a further distinction between images that he “has seen but cannot remember”, and speaks of the physicality of “being there” when an event occurred. Although memory may fail, this does not mean something has gone forever. The ability to imprint is distinguished from memory (and remembrance.) The body has its own mechanism of dealing with the past and this recalls the struggle the grandmother had with remembering something she has lived at the start of You Are Here. The narrator suggests that the camera can play a crucial role in re-membering the past because not only does the camera have the ability to record events, people, things and places and produce documents that can be re-read, re-experienced in the future, it also constitutes an act of engagement. The camera not only records but is also present—as a discrete object—at and during the event, place and time of what it records. The camera also engages at a performative register to witness what it records.

The narrator suggests that the camera allows him the possibility to re-claim what he “once lived”, implying that it offers a means of somehow re-living the past in some way—as twice lived. Although merely a “trace” of an event, photographic and filmic documents can trigger a hidden, repressed, forgotten, erased and otherwise disappeared past. The narrator illustrates this by presenting an image of himself from his past as a young boy. In the footage he remembers a part of himself which reorients so he can reclaim an aspect of who he “once was.” It is at this pivotal moment of re-membering and reorientation that the narrator situates his queerness within the realm of the immigrant family and within the realm of an historical (and national) identity and narrative of belonging.104

103 Both still and moving.
104 Here we are to understand “queerness” in both its broadest sense (i.e. otherness) and in its specific reference to homosexuality.
Through the image of his grandmother’s releasing “the reins that had kept her here in this place”, and by being able to look again (and again) at his own image within the family, the narrator understands that his homosexuality is not antithetical to the familial, even though it is potentially at odds with its heteronormative conventions. In his ability to situate his “queerness” in a forgotten image from his immigrant childhood “otherness”, he is able to (literally) see himself as part of a lineage of familial otherness. Indeed, his “queerness” always existed “even when everyone pretended not to see it.” 105

NARRATOR:

Ironically, the experience of otherness that my immigrant background instilled in me was a means of gaining insights and being able to move out of the confines of traditions that were no longer relevant or absolute. Being the son of immigrants taught me what it was to be queer. However well I try to place it, my queerness, my willingness to inhabit a space of transgressive pleasure, found its origins in the space between Anglo and Francophone ideals, and Italian realities. In becoming queer, I was becoming what my immigrant forebears denied about themselves even as they provided me with the example.

I have learned from my family what they did not expect me to learn. And I have learned from them what I wanted to learn but what may not have been explicitly given. I have learned myriad and creative ways of dealing with loss.

I love the sentiment that no one had the right to tell you whom to love, because no one knows enough about it. Mostly what I know about it was that it appears where people least expected it—that being queer was always there even when everyone pretended not to see it. A queer sexuality was forming and reforming before the altars of the Catholic church that was the medium for my ethnic group’s sense of the sacred and profane; ...before the television set that they hoped would help them assimilate; ...and in the face of their reticence and fear about expressing themselves in a foreign land, a foreign tongue ... in the space of their enforced silence, queerness rang out. Like all desires, its formation was as much about pain...

as it was about pleasure, but I could never find a day when it wasn’t a cause for
celebration. I offer no explanations for it, but, I do offer a description of desire …of
the faces in my life that looked in my direction and made me want them, and the
faces that made me loathe myself for wanting them, and the faces that told me that
I, too was worthy of love.

We are shown other images of the narrator’s “queerness”, specifically at his first
communion. Here the image of the patron saint of the village, Saint Apollinare,
is evoked in the bishop’s robes and its symbolic representation of patriarchal
order. Ironically, we see the boy dancing with another boy, another communion
of sorts. As the guests dance alongside the two boys, they do so to the song we
have already encountered earlier in the video. Here an up-tempo version of the
song *Vola, Vola, Vola*—first encountered at the grandmother’s grave—is the backdrop to the dancing and celebration. Where in the first instance it appears in the video the song evoked an act of remembrance, but now evokes an act of life, freedom and future potentiality. The narrator reminds us that although the genesis of his queerness can be traced back to the immigrant family, it is not without its pain, loss and trauma. He offers an insight about the nature of desire which “was as much about pain as it is about pleasure.”

The final image of the sequence shows the narrator posing for a photograph at his communion. This image fades into the garden sequence again. However this time—the third time we are presented with this clip—it is slowed down into single, still frames that dissolve into each other. Here we have the opportunity to re-experience the sequence and scrutinize it through an extended duration. The frame of the camera here acts as a re-framing device of the past, allowing reorientation by seeing what had previously been unnoticed or forgotten, and extending a cinematic experience of recognition.
The “home movie” of the narrator requires a further look as to how these “moving images” resonate with concepts of home and belonging. In his discussion of the cultural significance of amateur domestic consumer practice, James Moran revisits and reclaims the term “home video” by questioning the very concept of “home” as it relates to this amateur—often familial—practice. How are the very conventions and subject-positions inherent in home video used by artists, and how do they differ from their treatment as amateur practices?

Certainly one of the characteristics that make contemporary video practices compelling is that they have the ability to seamlessly engage with the immediacy of the quotidian. As Christine Tamblyn states, “everyday life is a
notoriously obscure object of academic scrutiny; its ubiquity (paradoxically) renders it invisible, protecting it from panoptic surveillance.”  

It is the ubiquity of video that has made it an ideal tool “to create new spaces for cultural intervention” which resist the role of “passive witness and recording events [but] also facilitate intrapsychic communication, abrogating the monadic isolation of the postmodern subject.” In asking the question Who uses (consumer) video technology? Tamblyn asserts that “the multiple interfaces between video and daily life indicate that video is now a primary tool in the production of social space.” Because of its immediacy and relative ease of use, video is perhaps the most effective medium in collapsing the divide between the public and the private realms. Tamblyn holds the view that video has the potential to create counter-spaces within the context of a dominant order. These counter-spaces are created out of video’s “real time” potentials for immediacy and spontaneity and make video an ideal vehicle for the close integration of art and life.

Using Michel de Certeau’s ideas about how ordinary people can tactically use the culture imposed on them by the technocratic elite, Tamblyn asserts that ordinary people contrive to “trace out the ruses of other interests and desires that are neither determined nor captured by systems in which they develop.” Through a process of selecting, appropriating, reordering and/or manipulating in some way, the consumer can find, within the very system of consumption that oppresses and limits it, a means of transgressing that system for its own purpose. De Certeau sees this recontextualization of existing (consumer) texts as itself a type of authorship, something that resonates with some of the ideas put forth by Hamid Naficy in the transgressive characterizations of “accented” production. Since, as Tamblyn states, there are no secure places where the consumer can strategise from, they must instead be ready to seize opportunities for intervention as they arise. They “must vigilantly make use of the cracks that particular conjunctions open in the surveillance of the proprietary powers. The

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107 Ibid., 13.

surface of the constructed order can then be abruptly punctured by ellipses, drifts and leaks of meaning.”

De Certeau’s description of dispersed, *tactical* and makeshift creativity provides an interesting correlative to the diasporic maker’s endeavour to integrate life and art. Like the avant-garde that preceded it, the diasporic projects see the quotidian as the site of struggle and I would posit that video art and “consumer” video have much more than an accidental overlap as vehicles for cultural intervention. To be sure, the home video “genre”, as described by Moran, seems to have an analogy within the video art canon. Indeed, Rosalind Krauss’ assertion that video was inherently a narcissistic medium needs to be recontextualized here since it is clear that video also can be employed to facilitate new forms of intersubjectivity—that itself overlaps with a particular aspect of narcissism—that links diasporic artists to their audiences and/or to the subjects of their works.

Moran offers a useful observation about the idea of home itself: “. . .there is no place like home video, be it a utopian representation of domestic space, a simulation by professional event videographers, or a decontextualized signifier of cinematic narrative.” Moran’s analysis moves us away from understanding home video as a type of ethnographic practice towards understanding it as a textual signifier. He suggests that, while grounded in technologies producing a range of aesthetic effects, home video may better be conceived as a discursive construct not necessarily coterminous with its physical mechanisms. “As it moves between a material base and an epiphenomenal idea, our conception of a medium itself mediates the empirical and the imaginary, such that the ways in which we envision a medium’s potential use value or represent a medium as a set of immaterial, inherited cultural codes will exert the same degree of effectivity as its substrate and apparatus on how we define its specificity.”

Based as Bourdieu’s notion of the *habitus*, Moran argues that we might

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109 de Certeau as cited in Tamblyn, 16.

110 Of course, it is also important to note that Krauss’ essay focuses on a particular use of video at a particular historical moment. See Krauss, R. (1978) “Video: The Aesthetics of Narcissism” in *New Artists Video: a critical anthology* G. Batcock, ed. New York: E.P.Dutton


112 Ibid., xvi.
represent the potential for radical practice as the effectiveness of ideologies born of, and imbedded in, the material practices, historical experiences, and social environments of the individuals and groups who share them. Home video recuperates its value as an active mode of media production for representing everyday life, a liminal space to negotiate communal and personal identity, a material articulation of generational continuity, a cognitive construction of home, and a narrative format for the communication of family legends and personal stories.\(^{113}\)

Moran sets out some parameters within which we might begin to understand the significance of home video: “(1) by demonstrating that home video’s popular aesthetic, which subordinates formal experimentation to the referential documentation of everyday life, reflects the home mode’s attempts, during moments of leisure, to affirm a sense of continuity between life and art; and (2) by surveying and debunking the myths of radical video practice that are often advanced to endorse the avant-garde as inherently more revolutionary than the home mode: myths of art and life as coterminous practices, of a democratic collective, and of the mobilizing power of video technology.”\(^{114}\) Thus, he asserts that the variety of “ephemeral” video practices that exist, exist in a state of cultural equivalence (i.e. home video is as “revolutionary” as avant-garde practices, for example.) With no hierarchy of meaning, these diverse and “marginal” video practices have the potential of engaging in a stratification of history.\(^{115}\) This formulation has a very close relation to translational practices that Tejaswini Niranjana discusses, and we might thus consider that such video practices to be tangible examples of how such translational practices exist in the material world.

I wish here to propose a partial appropriation of the term “home video” as a means of describing specific video works—such as \textit{You Are Here}—that rely on various conventions (amateur home video, avant-garde, etc.) to document (in its most expansive definition) experiences of/in/through/about/around notions of

\(^{113}\)Ibid., xviii.
\(^{114}\)Ibid., xix.
\(^{115}\)Moran identifies this by using Jean-Louis Comolli description: “stratified media practice are characterized by discontinuous temporality, which is recursive, dialectical, and not reducible to a single meaning, but rather is made up of types of signifying practices whose plural series has neither origin nor end” (Moran, xxiii).
“home”, the homely/homey, homeliness, etc. My intention is not to coin a term with which to categorize a distinct genre of work, but rather to invent a temporary term that points to potentially fluid vectors of intersection. *(Becoming-)home video* incorporates the Deleuzian notion of *becoming* which signals a resistance to any definitive closure and stressing a continual on-going process of actualization. Works that might be *(becoming-)home video* might be characterized in the distinct ways they foreground the maker’s process of investigating his own subjectivity within concepts of belonging at/with/in the home.

This intersection between a witnessing mechanism located within the realm of the home and the negotiations of home are key factors in Shigeiko Kubota’s video *My Father*. In this poignant work, we encounter a crying woman (Kubota) kneeling in front of a video monitor on which is an image of a reclining old man who is listening to a melancholic song. As the video progresses we understand that the man on the video monitor is Kubota’s father who has just passed away. The video footage on the screen in front of which Kubota weeps, had been recorded the year before by Kubota (now living in New York) on a visit back home to Japan where her sickly father and she were watching a pop-song contest on Japanese television (playing off-screen). We also learn that Kubota, immediately after being informed of her father’s death, is unable to return to Japan for the funeral. She is alone in her apartment in New York with only a (home) video recording of her father which she watches and mourns in front of.

Kubota’s video is significant in that it actually employs what would be considered home video footage of her father, transposing it into an artwork. Here we can understand the claims made about video’s fluidity, ephemerality and intertextuality and how its meaning derives from its contextual and aesthetic realms. Video here occupies several “spaces” including those of memory and the past, and of mourning and commemoration in the present. The ghostly spectre of the video apparatus of electronic pulses activate the screen(s) as sites—and spaces—of interface where time and place collapse and fold in on each other (the dead father’s bedroom in Japan, Kubota’s room in New York.) These “layers” of video imagery convene in Kubota’s work to create a complex “home” space where time, events and places find a *(becoming-)home-ness*. Key to Kubota’s video is that it asks the viewer to witness her sorrow embodied somewhere between the screen that shows her father and the
screen that we as viewers stand before. The melancholic audio (emanating from yet another video off-screen) provides the aural space into which Kubota sobs. Here we are engaged in a multiple positioning—we are witness to Kubota as subject of her own grief as well as occupying her own position as observer of her father's past image. This compression of time, event and place blur any clear causal linearity and thus the (becoming-) home-ness of Kubota’s video lays in the ability it has to evoke an experiential, albeit fleeting, dimension of multiple-witnessing within the domestic realm of the everyday. The audience is asked to witness, and this witnessing invokes empathy in the process of viewing. This empathic drive overrides the representational drive as the viewer is confronted with the direct expression of Kubota’s grief.
“The emergence of video art as a distinct and self-conscious practice is the emergence of a language that is not yet a language. This is the consensus of much video criticism today [1986], which posits various interpretations of this perceived sense of incompleteness. Such criticism has not yet resolved whether this tension should be seen as a contradiction, a transition or a paradox, nor whether the absence should be conceived as one of technical or of (artistic) function. The ‘paradox’ of video is that it proposes to make these and other distinctions obsolete. The replacement of such distinctions is as yet very
tenuous; it is still more of an idea to which one refers, a place one visits, because of the way that the sites of production and dissemination are controlled. The framing of a separated discourse of ‘video art’ evokes the idea, the place; however its incorporation within art institutions . . . threatens to sabotage the autonomous realization of its destiny.”

This notion of (becoming)home video requires us to consider the nature of video itself particularly within the creative realm. In the above passage, Jody Berland suggests that a definitive description of video art (or videos made by artists) is perhaps an impossibility and indeed something undesirable. It is in the “paradox” that Berland mentions where we might consider pausing. The (becoming)home-ness endeavours to situate a video practice in a place that itself refuses any definitive or permanent situation. The expansive discourse of spatiality offers one way of thinking about “marginal” and plural video practices as unfixable. Berland’s hesitation (and perhaps resistance) in naming such video practices is certainly a strategy of preserving the active potentiality of video. The paradox, of a “language-that-is-not-yet-a-language”, that she proposes and which she champions “works to reaffirm the expressive individual as both source and subject in art” and this is where the creative tension of the medium resides. But it is precisely this tension, this marginality that makes video a chosen open-space in which subjectivities are released, at least partially, from much of their burden of representation to interface, mix and project forward as radical acts of the everyday.

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NARRATOR:

There were only a few of us on the plane. We landed in the fog, late at night. I suppose, it was a sign for the uncertainty of my journey—a nebulous inauguration for what lay ahead. I had come not as a tourist nor in search of work, but for an appointment in love. I didn’t choose this city, it was as though the city had chosen me. This town on the sea offered a horizon in front of which a relationship, a life, could acquire form and develop.

Now, I found myself in a different world from that which I was accustomed. I had to struggle to render it comprehensible ... liveable. So the city also came to represent the scene of an encounter, but also sometimes a clash between diverse reasons and histories. The sense of reality that I now inhabited differed so radically from the one in which my logic and habits had been originally formed. My own particular story and cultural baggage, was continually exposed. I had become a stranger. Now that I was in a new land, who could tell what normal was?
We are again at the airport, inside an airplane as it accelerates, and ascends into a thicket of clouds. As we watch the city disappear beneath the clouds, all that is discernable is the wing of the aircraft pointing towards the centre of the frame. The viewer is visually thrust into a quasi-abstract and liminal space, literally between departure and arrival, between a foreground that is discernable and a background that is not. With little means of orienting oneself, aside from the airplane's wing, which seems to struggle to anchor itself within the frame, there is a sense of motionlessness and suspension. The only indication that the plane is indeed moving is the sound of its engines and the vibration of the wing. The narrator tells us that, although seemingly suspended and inert, we have arrived in a city “on the sea” and speaks of his difficulty of reorientation upon arrival in “a different world”. He describes a type of reterritorialization through his having become “a stranger”. The narrator’s queerness takes on another dimension in this new place. Although it is unclear where geographically he has arrived, we are provided with an unmarked electronic in-flight map showing two islands, followed soon after by another voice with a particular English accent, different from the narrator’s.¹¹⁷

“...still to come on our programme tonight, a young couple in love and our immigration laws are keeping them apart. Is this discrimination? This is next.”

“...kept apart they claim, by an immigration policy that discriminates against same-sex couples.”

¹¹⁷ specifically, a New Zealand accent.
NARRATOR:

“… we’re not recognized by a state or by a society as having a valid commitment to each other, a valid tie; the fact that the only way that we can be together is through a telephone or fax machine, which is what our relationship has been reduced to; the fact that we can’t have a home together because neither of us can be at the same place legally with the other…”

Following a sequence where the narrator arrives at an airport and is met with an embrace by another man, the narrator is now himself in the position of being interviewed for what appears to be a television news programme. The topic discussed in the interview is same-sex immigration. The narrator is finally named with an onscreen caption. We also understand the man who greeted him at the airport—and is now sitting next to him in the interview—is his partner. The narrator is the object of the interview and verbally articulates his own sense of (legal) exclusion as a gay man within the national narrative of the country in which he has arrived. Here we are presented with another type of family, which further reorients our understanding of familial displacement, home and belonging.
The camera’s point of view is repositioned to provide another view of the interview session, now including the interviewer and the cameraman. We are visually reoriented and offered a viewpoint from which to understand what constitutes the interview and to, again, negotiate the border between the public and private realms—the inside of an alternative family home, and its outward and public representation as a TV news item. This domestic interior is exposed to public scrutiny.

NARRATOR:

A sense of crisis can have many exits. A threat to one’s sense of being can also lead to an unexpected opening ...a further throw of the dice. I began to inhabit this city without always halting at the borders of its chaos. I began to experience it as the space of an alternative. It is perhaps in the dialogue between ourselves and this sense of otherness that we are most sharply revealed.

From the somewhat suspended and overlapped interstitial place between private and public spaces, the image now dissolves to a moving camera as it moves across a cobblestone street. This moving camera recalls the moving camera in the family village and on the snow covered path encountered earlier. We hear the sounds of an urban street and strong wind, recalling again the wind around the monument of Sir John A. MacDonald. We trace what seems to be a line of pink granite embedded in the cobblestones. We undertake this tracing trajectory three times around what will emerge as another monument. Each time we encounter the site, more information is imparted about it.

NARRATOR:

I am in Amsterdam, and have just visited the Anne Frank House adjacent to the Westerkerk church. The bells of the church begin to ring and I suddenly remember
them from Anne Frank’s diaries. She describes the chiming of the bells as both joyous in their purity, and horrific in their ability to remind her of the enclosure she is forced to inhabit. It is remarkable to me that I am listening to the same bells that Anne Frank did more than fifty years earlier still resonating in this place.

Adjacent to both the Anne Frank house and the Westerkerk church is the Homomonument, the International Lesbian and Gay Monument.

[HOMOMONUMENT
Commemorates all women and men ever oppressed and persecuted because of their homosexuality. Supports the international lesbian and gay movement in its struggle against contempt, discrimination and oppression. Demonstrates that we are not alone. Calls for permanent vigilance.]

Unlike traditional monuments that tower over their site, Homomonument is grafted into an existing site, and forms a footprint on which the everyday activities of the city continue to flow. This creates an area, and opens up a space, which encourages people to interact with it.

NARRATOR:

The Homomonument is comprised of three separate triangular elements made of pink granite which are linked together by a continuous line of granite embedded into the street’s cobblestones. One of the triangular elements is a jetty, a pier that protrudes out into the adjoining canal.

The narrator has situated us geographically (i.e. Amsterdam) and historically
We encounter here another monument, country and series of historical considerations that constitute a potential national narrative of belonging. Because Homomonument is grafted into the city’s streets, it is physically and figuratively imbedded in its everyday activities. Due to the nature of its design, the monument might be thought of as an extended and open site at which temporal activities unfold. It is a dynamic urban space that is activated by the actions, meetings, events, etc., which occur there, and thus might be considered a type of node or hub embodying perpetuating actions of the everyday. It is not only the physical space per se that constitutes Homomonument, but rather it is the events that “take place” there that demarcate and delineate it as a site of intersections, arrivals and departures. This also evokes the image of a palimpsest since it puts into play “something that was (t)here.” In this way, we might think of temporality and duration as constituting elements of Homomonument in addition to its physical aspects as a monument.

NARRATOR:

An inscription on one of the other triangular elements reads: “NAAR VRIENDSCHAP ZULK EEN MATELOS VERLANGEN” For friendship, such an immeasurable longing

The camera circles the Homomonument three times, each time revealing more visual information about the site. As the camera circles a second time it stops and frames Homomonument’s jetty and also the inscription about friendship and longing. On its third trajectory around the monument, the camera then stops again at the jetty. At first there is nothing out of the ordinary as people go about their daily activities, crossing the frame of the camera. At a certain point, a couple enters the frame and moves towards the edge of the jetty. They hesitate
for a moment and then one of them opens a container and releases a plume of ashes into the canal. The couple embrace and move out of the frame. Off-camera, the narrator/cameraman asks:

“What did that guys just do?”

“He spread somebody’s ashes
The narrator/cameraman is clearly moved by the events that have unfolded in front of him, but also by the way in which the act itself of recording seemed to concentrate the intensity and accumulation of experiential elements—past and present, subjective and objective—at that place, at that time, through the camera’s frame. Although somewhat astonishing, the convergence of such fragmentary events within the complexity of the everyday movement of the city, are not so rare given the nature of a city like Amsterdam with its numerous inhabitants and visitors, and with the city’s historical past. However, these seemingly unrelated occurrences might have been ignored, overlooked or never perceived at all were it not for the video camera’s presence. The narrator/cameraman’s subjective position outside of the frame—behind the camera—connects his memory of reading about the chiming church bells of Westerkerk in Anne Frank’s diaries (enacting a connection to the historical extermination of Jews and gays in World War II) with the unfolding act of mourning and commemoration of the spreading of ashes, occurring in the present. Past and present converge idiosyncratically.

The narrator/cameraman’s complicity in the events at Homomonument involves his embodiment as witness to the spreading of ashes through the act of recording. This witnessing is given a particular resonance by his memory of reading about the trauma of the Holocaust. Place, time and machine are aligned in such a way as to offer a fleeting glimpse into the complexities of interwoven present human actions and the lingering residues of a historical past. The act of recording becomes the site (sight) in which a singular temporality is written over and eclipsed, by a multiple and personal “history-in-the-making,” a “becoming-history” involving memory, commemoration and witnessing within the everyday of the city. The camera and the act of recording creates an opening up of a
tangible space for such a convergence to occur and thus tactically “marks the spot” at Homomonument. You might say that the narrator/cameraman is at the right place and the right time, conjointly at Homomonument and behind the camera.

Critical theorist Sue Golding offers some useful observations that might shed more light on the events at Homomonument. In her own attempt at radicalizing notions of space, time and belonging, Golding introduces the concept of notspace to describe a state that oscillates between a conceptual, non-physical articulation of place, a discussion of concrete space, and notions of fluid identities.¹¹⁸ She refers to the city as the site of possibilities and potentialities—of multiple, overlapping and simultaneous identities that appear and re-appear continually—much as was experienced by the narrator/cameraman and recorded at Homomonument. She puts forth the concept of space-time as a kind of imaginary but nevertheless real and dynamic fo(u)rth-dimension where the body (both symbolic and real) manifests itself along the city’s many trajectories. The diversity of experiences in the city leads to different discourses for different audiences, and suggests that a historical imagination seems to be annihilating the geographical as we have known it. The visual quality itself of the city has important significance for providing clarity, or legibility of the cityscape, and we must thus look beyond the city as an object in itself to the city as perceived/perceivable by those who traverse it.

We might thus consider the city of Amsterdam as made up of a series of nodes or synapses in a larger global network of diasporic movement rather than as an imagined, fixed multicultural community that seeks to impose unity upon difference within a sanctioned nation-state (in this case the Netherlands). Arjun Appadurai would call this trans-city, a notion of the city that turns away from the sphere of fixed, even nationalist, types of definitions and (self)imaginings.¹¹⁹

Here, cities become open spaces of potential (and thus infinite) crossings. Out

of these notions of the city emerges a view of identities that places the diasporic flows of people who constitute the city’s cultural diversity in the context of contemporary transnational movements of information, cultures, commodities and capital. In other words, Amsterdam emerges as what postcolonial theorist Avtar Brah describes as diaspora space, a space in which the genealogies of cultural dispersion become entangled with those of “staying put.” These modalities can, and indeed do, happen and exist in a type of simultaneity. Brah suggests adopting a framework of multilocationality by which displaced communities, in their myriad configurations, sustain an ideology of “return” without buying into a discourse of fixed origins. The complex form of dispersion described by the concept of diaspora leads to a multi-locatedness of “home” which allows people to feel at home without declaring a particular, singular and fixed place as home (or abode). Homomonument might thus represent one type of home for gays and a place where one person’s ashes might return home. It is interesting to note that this articulation of return and of home stand in contrast to the notion of return predicated on more fixed and static notions of place as expressed by the narrator’s mother when considering the new village home.

Although situated in Amsterdam, Homomonument could be anywhere, and, indeed, there exist many similar places of commemoration dispersed throughout the world. In this sense, we can consider Homomonument a type of translocality or a place that is characterized by Brah’s idea of multilocationality. This highlights the way in which this space/place can be simultaneously part of the Amsterdam city/Dutch nation-state and also separated from it. Due to the flow of people and events through it and the mobility and diversity of the population, we might argue that Homomonument can be situated as both a peripheral enclave determined by notions of sexual orientation within a dominantly non-queer Amsterdam, and a global space/place reflecting changes in the international arena. Not least among the diasporic movements that constitute and activate the “home” space of Homomonument in this way are the comings and goings of the gay/lesbian/ queer community and the relations of exchange (in the form of leaving flowers, spreading ashes, videotaping, etc.) they maintain with their localized gay/lesbian/queer communities in their countries of origin. The “queer nation” is indeed a type of diasporic community if we are to understand Brah’s

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notion of diasporic movement in the context of the transnational flows associated with globalization, both because these flows accelerate and augment the possibilities for the mobility of people, and because they facilitate enhanced modes of contact and exchange within and between diasporic communities. Notions of time and space as concurrent elements of an ever changing configuration might thus better reflect the diversity and multiplicity of people’s experience across physical and symbolic borders.

In his reflections on the filmic, Andrei Tarkovsky proposes that moving images are the taking of an impression of time, and that the currency of cinema exists principally in its ability to embody time “lost or spent or not yet had.” According to Tarkovsky, cinema concentrates the experience of time and in so doing enhances experience by making it more memorable since it allows the viewer to experience time as a type of “memory-happening-now”; that is, it represents the past as an experience in the present. The filmic apparatus is built around the ability to suture the viewer into a type of spatio-temporal system of representation that is experiential as much as it is representational. This suturing covers over the absence of the viewer at the “original” event by creating a representational experience of that event within a durational realm. Within documentary discourse, suturing is key to the viewer’s ability to engage with the image. Susan Scheibler states that

“[the] desire to represent the unnameable, to name the other, to organize the past and memory into a discourse and to furnish that discourse with referentiality, often seeks to find an articulation through the documentary image. The notion of documentary attempts to legitimize its discourse by means of a claim to a privileged relationship to the real… [suggesting that the spectator be] an omnipotent and omniscient observer, able to traverse the gap between signer and signified by means of various codes of authenticity and veracity. These codes, in turn, act to guarantee a position of unity and mastery, a suturing over of a lost plenitude and coherence.”

In documentary discourse there has been a tendency to regard the objective recording of events as maintaining a rhetoric that keeps the self behind the camera, officially absent or invisible from what happens in front of the lens. This

notion has been challenged for well over half a century by generations of documentary makers who have rethought the language that seeks “objectivity” by creating a gap between subject or self and the object or other. Filmmakers have evolved various modes of documentary practice that acknowledge (and indeed foreground) their position behind the camera. This suggests that there is more than simply factual information that goes into our understanding of the world. Theorists such as Bill Nichols propose that for some documentary makers this knowledge might be best described as being concrete and embodied. Nichols coins the term performative documentary to describe a mode that emphasizes the subjective and affective dimensions of the world within the documentary paradigm. This suggests a revised thinking about visible evidence as something aligned along the axis of private rather than singularly public realities; as something that moves towards the “truthful” rather than simply “factual.”

In his discussions on photography, Roland Barthes posits that the photographic image establishes a unique relationship between appearance and reality by forming a binding interface between representation and object. Unlike other means of representation, photography does not “invent” but rather engages with a type of authentification since its referent is necessarily real. This is based on a belief that at some time an object has been present in front of the camera, thus providing the photograph with an inherent referentiality. The photograph is thus defined by its ability to bind the referent to itself. This apparent convergence of truth and reality has been the foundation of our ability to believe the documentary image.

Annette Kuhn suggests that the importance of on-the-spot observation, and the centrality of the camera operator serve as the defining characteristics of a filmic practice which renders visible the already observable. Scheibler continues:

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123 Bill Nichols identifies some of these as the participatory mode, the reflexive mode and the performative mode. See B. Nichols (1994) Blurred Boundaries: questions of meaning in contemporary culture. Bloomington: Indiana University Press.
“The “having-been-there” of the image provides the groundwork for the belief that what is seen is what would have been there had not the photographer … been present … The sense of immediacy, in turn, guarantees that the referent that adheres to the image is able to certify the existence of what it represents. By pointing out and pointing to the object, observation and description emerge as legitimate enterprises entailed by the photographic image which documents the existence of the real even as it certifies its own authenticity.”

Scheibler provides useful distinctions between the conative and the performative as they relate to the authenticity and authority of the documentary’s interrogation of the object. She characterizes the conative as a modality that (a) promises consistency and resemblance of sign (signifier) to referent (signified); (b) depends on the principle of equivalence which promises that an image equals a representation of its referent, thus understanding the referent as a nameable, knowable and mastered actuality; (c) understands filmic language as being able to transmit truth and provide a means of knowing and mastering reality, allowing for meaning to last and remain stable and coherent. The performative is understood to (a) examine the breaks and ruptures in the conative as well as in the discursive apparatus itself; (b) reveal the desire for referentiality rather than actually constructing it; (c) not inform or describe, but rather accomplishes an act through the very process of its enunciation (i.e. it does something rather than says something); (d) confront the conative with its own assumptions of authority, authenticity, veracity, and the ability to be verified.

The acknowledgment of the camera operator certainly serves to authenticate the “having-been-there” of the conative. Too often, however, the camera operator’s presence in the mechanism of gathering visible evidence is reduced merely to that of a technician. However, in certain instances, as in the case of the Homomonument footage, there is more at play. The subjectivity of the camera operator (i.e. the narrator) might suggest ways in which we begin to understand a documentary practice of observational recording as providing an expanded spatial understanding of belonging. We might consider this foregrounding of the filmic apparatus as a performative move in its self-reflexive

127 Scheibler, 142.
128 Ibid., 139-140.
attitude within the *constative* aspect of the documentary image. The self-reflexivity implicit in the *performative* can be considered the motivating factor that might transform a mere observer into an engaged witness. Here, I am suggesting that there exists an important distinction between observing and witnessing. To witness implies that one assumes the position of an external observer: that is, someone not directly involved in enacting the event being observed. However, witnessing also implies an empathetic stance that somehow binds witnesses to what they see unfolding before them, whereas observing lacks that subjective positioning. Jill Bennett suggests that the filmmaker who witnesses in this way partakes in a larger system of meaning. By recording, the filmmaker acts as a type of facilitator who enables the subjects to articulate their experience, allowing them to come into view.\(^\text{129}\) A complicity is implied here since the facilitator, by default, is invested in the process of something coming to view. Some have even gone as far as to suggest that this complicity is crucial to a genuine engagement with any documentary image.\(^\text{130}\)

We might consider the observing and recording of visible evidence at *Homomonument* to be akin to a fluid, subjective performative act within a specifically localized environment *through* the act of witnessing.

As a witness, the narrator/cameraman inhabits a space of *betweenness* with regards to the event transpiring (spreading of ashes) and with regards to the documentary object being produced (video recording of the spreading of ashes). There is both a connection to the event and a separation from it. This entails the ability to *feel* or empathize as well as the sense of not fully embodying the event due to his position away from it (behind the camera and in the realm of the anonymous.) This gap can only be bridged if we understand his position *between* as one that is constituted in the *performative*. Here the *performative* is not concerned with describing in a *constative* manner, but rather accomplishing an act through the very physicality of the narrator/cameraman’s *being-there*. His *being-there* is constituted not only in his role as camera operator, but also as a subjective human witness that provides the potential to *feel* without being directly involved in the events transpiring before the camera. In this way his


\(^{130}\text{Kaplan, A. E. (2005) Trauma Culture: the politics of terror and loss in media and literature. New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press. 124.}\)
b\textit{etweenness} might also be described as a \textit{doubling}, where an affective encounter creates meaning and engages with the \textit{performative}.

In this context, \textit{(becoming)home video} takes on an augmented significance. The dimension of witnessing is given relief here and expands the notion of \textit{home} by also expanding the realm of the activity of spreading ashes. The spreading of ashes extends out beyond the activity taking place at \textit{Homomonument}'s jetty and reaches out—through the camera—to the narrator/cameraman who records it. This expansion suggests a more complex type of encounter at this site constituted by an act of return (home) that is embodied by those witnessing it.

Bennett elaborates on the nature of encounter by turning to Gilles Deleuze's notion of the \textit{encountered sign}. An encountered sign is physical and can only convey meaning via what is felt through the body, propelling “us into a form of intellectual inquiry through its assault on our senses, emotions and bodies.”\textsuperscript{131} Encountered signs do not rely on the mimetic shock value of an image, but rather on the ability the image has to evoke the duration of trauma in memory: “Our bodies take us into this place, not as witnesses overshadowing the primary subjects of this pain, but in a manner that demonstrates, at the same time, the limited possibilities of either containing or translating pain.”\textsuperscript{132} I would posit that the physical realm that Deleuze identifies in his formulation of the \textit{encountered sign} is linked to the \textit{performative}. As a particular kind of witness to the spreading of ashes at \textit{Homomonument}, the narrator/cameraman’s role encompasses more than merely being a camera operator. The narrator/cameraman is also a gay man who has come to this particular site on his \textit{own} trajectory through the city, and also someone who has experienced—both through his personal and familial displacement—loss and trauma. Thus, he too comes to \textit{Homomonument} to seek a space of belonging. The convergence of the ringing of Westerkerk’s bells and the spreading of ashes is a remarkable coincidence to be sure, but it is the \textit{physical} (aural) chiming of the church bells that triggers a particular memory in the narrator/cameraman’s mind (Holocaust), which then converges with, and superimposes itself over, the spreading of ashes, and his own personal narrative of displacement and search for

\textsuperscript{131} Bennett, 64.
\textsuperscript{132} Ibid., 65.
belonging. This convergence could not be fully recorded on video however. It is only fully manifest through his physical presence at that place and at that time. It is through the act of recording that he is able to embody the realm of the performative. The camera acts as a mediating device in its ability to make a referential image, but also in its ability to create an activity (i.e. recording) within which he can insert himself as subjective witness. The video camera is able only to focus on, and record the sound of, the church bells amidst the cacophony of the city, followed by the visible act of ashes being spread in the canal. The link between the two—their relation—could only be manifested in the narrator/cameraman’s physical presence there as witness.

If we return to Susan Scheibler’s description of the performative, one might say that the narrator/cameraman’s subjective, physical self does not inform or describe but rather accomplishes an act of betweeness or doubling through the very process of its enunciation, thus confronting the constative (the video recording) with its own limited assumptions of authority, authenticity, veracity, and verifiability. Here we might reconsider the referential aspect as one that is not necessarily viewed as an entity to be captured but rather as a discourse that expresses its referential knowledge as an act within and through the performative. This reminds us that the performative involves an opening up of the experiential field of desire. The desire here involves the narrator/cameraman’s role not only as a type of facilitator between an event and its recording, but also as embodiment of a doubling of the past (Anne Frank) and the present (spreading ashes). I would posit that in this performative realm of betweeness and doubling, the narrator/cameraman engages in his own subjective form of belonging and return through the performance of witnessing and commemoration, which constitutes a (becoming-)home video.

If knowledge arises in large part from subjective and embodied experience as Deleuze suggests, to what extent can it be represented by the impersonal and disembodied language of the observational recorder? This proposes a means of theorizing away from the dominant notions of visible evidence that privileges a disembodied stance over feeling and the corporeal. It suggests that some documentary/observational practice insists on the acknowledgment and representation of experience and, therefore, the body itself as a subjective
witness to what it observes.  

If we are to consider the events that the narrator/cameraman witnesses/records at *Homomonument* as an example, we can identify a potential schism between the apparently objective position he occupies as camera operator and the simultaneous subjective experience he embodies as a (gay) witness at this queer site. But this apparent schism only emerges if a singular, *constative* position is privileged. To understand this event as constituted by multiple positions, and thus "unnameable" by necessity, is to begin to move towards a more complex and nuanced understanding of the real and at the crucial role video can play. The expressivity that is implied by such a shift is central to understanding representation that breaks with documentary conventions of authenticity by resorting to the *performative*.

The *performative* play in and around the *constative* claims of the documentary image might now be understood as necessary to an expanded relationship between actuality and "non-fictional" representation. In other words, the space of the camera, and the space behind the camera, becomes integral to the understanding of events in front of the camera. In the case at *Homomonument*, not only do the ashes find a home to which they may return; the narrator/cameraman too, as a witness and a documenter, finds a space in which he might enact a return within the realm of (queer) belonging and the (homo-)home. The camera becomes a nodal means providing a space of meeting between subject and observer, and also a space of interface, both technically and conceptually, where various articulations of home meet. The articulation of home is doubled in a particular way here. It is embodied by the spreading of ashes and by having the event witnessed, but also — and crucial to our discussion—this act of witnessing takes place *through* the act of recording. Ironically, the end of a life is preserved and able to live on in various forms through the flux of moving image.

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133 These notions are exemplified in varied and various works, including *You Are Here*, and in works already discussed such as those by Tana and Kubota
In her discussion of diaspora and migration, Avtar Brah identifies *homing desire* as the desire to feel at home in the context of migration by negotiating physical and symbolic spaces in such a way as to reckon with the idea of home as an originary “mythic place of desire” on the one hand, and on the other hand also with “the lived experience of the [present] locality.”\(^{134}\) The desire for a home that was “left behind” is one that envisions home as fixed. As we have seen, this notion of stasis is problematic—and indeed impossible—because it tends to skew narratives of belonging almost exclusively towards the past, providing little room for the “lived experience of the locality” in the present. We have also seen how movement itself has been considered a type of home. This notion opens up the possibilities for a more dynamic notion concerning space and belonging, highlighting the continual process of reimagining and reorientation. This reimagining of home requires that we reimagine the family as well.

Anne-Marie Fortier identifies distinct but related notions of the familial home within the context of the queer migration.\(^{135}\) Firstly, there is the position that the originary familial home is, for many gays and lesbians, oppressively heterosexual, and that leaving home is understood to be necessary in order to become emancipated; one has to “get out” in order to “come out.” This implies a particular traumatic situation of repressing one’s sexual orientation in relation to a heterosexual environment as if living a double life. The queer subject must reorient himself when faced with this estrangement within the home. Leaving the originary familial home is triggered by becoming a stranger at home, and in this concept of home “narratives of queer migration-as-homecoming thus locate estrangement in the original home.”\(^{136}\) The subtext of such a position is that it also sentimentalizes the familial home as one of normality, comfort and seamless belonging, and thus unproblematically heterosexualized, something that is for the most part never the case.

\(^{134}\) Brah, 192.


\(^{136}\) Ibid., 118.
Another notion of the originary familial home is based on a more open idea of belonging that incorporates a multiple and less fixed idea of belonging, characterized as a double-mindedness. This notion is related to the sense of betweeness and translation that a diasporic subject negotiates as part of his everyday. Memory becomes an important element here as reassessing the familial home and re-membering it are part of the process of translation inherent in betweeness. According to Elspeth Probyn, this requires a double process of recognition and reconnaissance of events and elements of one’s past that are reprocessed and redeployed into narratives of belonging. An example of this process might be the section in You Are Here where the footage of the narrator as boy in the family garden is re-discovered. In this notion, there exists a space for the recognition of estrangement in the betweeness of belonging. Fortier’s reading of Probyn elaborates:

“Rather than taking ‘home’ as some point towards which, or away from which, we might unhesitatingly move … [the challenge is] to experiment with memories of ‘home’ within an ‘empty dimension’, as ‘suspended beginnings’, that is, ‘beginnings that are constantly wiped out, forcing me to begin again and again’.”

An important consideration in this notion of re-membering home is that it does not consider home as fixed in the past, but rather sees the past as constituted of durational “events” that are less causal and chronologically determined. This allows for these events to be more fluidly integratable into the present as they do not carry the causal burden of “explaining” things in the present. As Probyn posits, they are like “suspended beginnings.” This notion of durational moments that can be re-examined and redeployed resonates with ideas of the filmic, and its ability to assemble elements of the past into a montaged narrative. Here the essayistic is evoked, but moreover this is a notion that is central to the idea of (becoming-)home video and its engagement with not only the indexical nature of the cinematic, but also its affective dimension. As we have seen in Shigeiko Kubota’s video, such an unfixed “durational moment” of home (video) from the past—video footage of her father—is literally redeployed after his death and re-membered to produce a poignant and “moving” work about displacement and

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137 Cant as cited in Fortier (2003), 120.
139 Probyn as cited in Fortier, 123.
home. Similarly, the *Homomonument* sequence in *You Are Here*, is redeployed by the narrator to re-process his witnessed moment of a “return home” in order to re-examine his own sense of belonging within a narrative of displacement and search for home. This process of re-membering home entails not merely retrieving memories of “home” but also—and perhaps more importantly—identifying and creating new spaces as home. In the case of *You Are Here*, the tentative and open nature of the essayistic form lends itself to this type of process.

*You Are Here* also moves towards resisting the perceived binary that pits ethnicity against sexuality within the discourse of home and belonging, finding queerness within the *betweeness* characteristic of the diapsoric space, and suggesting that the immigrant home is already queer. As Fortier describes it, the immigrant home is already a “site of struggle with multiple injunctions of being and ‘fitting in’ that come from ‘here’ and ‘there’… ‘home’ is intensely queer, and queer, utterly familiar.”¹⁴⁰ The idea of a “double life”, or even a double-mindedness, reinstates essentialist notions of both ethnicity and sexual orientation and are challenged in *You Are Here* when the narrator re-discovers that he was queer all along. Even though being queer may not have been without its difficulties as “everyone pretended not to see it”, the estrangement that resulted from it was always firmly within the home as the immigrant home is one that encompasses other disjunctures, among which was the narrator’s homosexuality. This home was not sentimentalized. It was not a home predicated on “normality” and seamless belonging. “‘Becoming queer’ is not engendered in the movement away from home. It emerges, rather, from the very fabric of a queer family home.”¹⁴¹

If *homing desire* describes the desire to feel at home in the *betweeness* of displacement, it also describes in a more general way the longing to belong. This longing has perhaps less to do with an actual home and perhaps more to do with reckoning with the disjunctures of the traumas of displacement. This longing has been tracked throughout *You Are Here* and includes: the persistence of the narrator’s grandparents to build a physical house on the site

¹⁴⁰ Ibid., 125.
¹⁴¹ Ibid., 129.
of the old home—a house that was more of a monument to their desire to redress the trauma of the past than anything else; the voluntary slippage of the narrator’s mother to transfer her desire for the past from a home she new well to a new house she barely knew at all; the acknowledgment on the part of the narrator in recognizing himself as queer in a forgotten (and perhaps repressed) private bit of home film, and his articulation of that queerness later in the public realm of national television; and the agency in claiming his active role as witness to a person’s return to their “homo-home” in the form of ashes. It is the human desire expressed in these and other moments assembled together in essayistic form that might be considered as homing desires. As Fortier posits, this desire to manifest a narrative of belonging by re-membering past “events” of home combine forces of both movement and attachment that she calls motions of attachment. The desires presented in You Are Here are

“… lived in motions: the motions of journeying between homes, the motion of hailing ghosts from the past, the motion of leaving or staying put, of ‘moving on’ or ‘going back’, the motion of cutting or adding, the motion of continual reprocessing of what home is/was/might have been. But home is also re-membered by attaching it, even momentarily, to a place where we strive to make home and to bodies and relationships that touch us, or have touched us, in a meaningful way. Re-membering home, then, is the physical and emotional work of creating ‘home’, and about the encounter with homing desires already within home … and not only outside it. Motions of attachment are constitutive ‘affective building blocks’ … of ‘home’.”

It is from this realm of possibilities that both acknowledges place and yet does not predetermine it as an exclusive domain, and where desire and longing find their place that home is best imagined and put in motion.

NARRATOR:

Flights can say a lot about our desire to defy gravity, to escape the fixed boundaries of one place and be connected to somewhere else, somewhere beyond. There is something pleasurable about the motionless motion and placeless place of air travel. There is a something sublime in becoming airborne…. of letting yourself be transported by wind, by burning heat and by cold space…the pleasure of being quiet for a long time, of existing in no place at all… of leaving, of being far away… the subtle pleasures of erasing the presence of your body, your words and your shadows ….so light that you fly away…

142 Ibid., 131.
He had a little house in Canada
With a pond and fish, and lovely flowers everywhere.
All the young girls who would walk by would say:
“Oh what a lovely house in Canada.”

But one day, a jealous neighbour set his house on fire,
And, poor fellow, he was left without a home.
I’m sure you must be asking what he did…
I will tell you what he did.

He built another little house in Canada
With a pond and fish, and lovely flowers everywhere.
All the young girls who would walk by would say:
“Oh what a lovely house in Canada.”
[APPENDIX I]

YOU ARE HERE

Original title: YOU ARE HERE

Director: John Di Stefano
Producer: John Di Stefano
Script/Narration: John Di Stefano
(based on texts by Marc Augé, Ron Burnett, Mary Cappello, Ian Chambers,
John Di Stefano, Eva Hoffman, Chris Marker, Jasbir K. Puar, Nigel Rapport &
Andrew Dawson, Madan Sarup, Michel Serres, and Ezra Stoller)

Music: Carla Boni & Gina Latilla; Coro Gran Sasso; Gloria Cinquetti
Editing: John Di Stefano
Duration: 62'
Year of production: 2009
Country: New Zealand / Canada
Source material: Super-8, Hi-8, VHS, miniDV
Edit format: DV
Format: NTSC
Screening Ratio: 4:3
Color/Black-&-White: Color
Audio: Stereo
Original version: English, Italian, French
Subtitles: English

Distributor: V-Tape (Toronto); Video Data Bank (Chicago)

Festivals:
Festival international du documentaire (FIDM), [Official competition] Marseille (FR) 2010
Documentary Edge Film Festival [Official competition] Auckland/Wellington (NZ) 2010
Human Rights Film Festival [Best of Fest] Sarajevo (B/HZ) 2010

Screenings:
New Filmmakers, Anthology Film Archives, New York (US) 2010
New Zealand Film Archive (as part of Blow Festival), Wellington (NZ) 2010
[APPENDIX II]
YOU ARE HERE – narration script

[TITLE]

YOU ARE HERE

[1]

This is the story of a man, marked by an image from his childhood. The scene whose meaning he was to grasp only years later, happened on an airport jetty.

Parents used to take their children there to watch the departing planes. On this particular day, the child whose story we are telling, was bound to remember the blinding sun, the setting of the observation deck, and a man’s face.

Nothing sorts out memories from ordinary moments. Later on they claim remembrance when they show their scars. That face he had seen was to be the only image to survive the many departures he was to experience in his later life. Had he really seen it? Or had he invented that tender moment to prop up the upheavals to come?

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I often think of home. It is usually assumed that a sense of place and belonging gives a person stability. But what makes a place home? Is it where your family lives? Is where you were brought up? Is it where your grandparents are buried? The children of many migrants are not sure where they belong. Where is home? Is home the place from where you have been displaced, or… is it where you are now?

And then we speak of home-away-from-home… I am moved when asked if I am at home in the world. In certain places and at certain times I am, I feel secure and I am friendly to others. But at other times I feel that I don’t know where I am.

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“…your father was the first son…”

How old was he?

“…well, it was 1955, and he was born in 1938…”

17

“16, …no, 15 years old…”

17

“… it was 1956, Johnny, …he left in 1956... so he was 16 years old…”

So, from 1952 until 1956, grandpa was alone in Canada?

“Yes”

Wow
“He returned to Italy after 5 years of being away…”

“…your dad left in 1956… in February…. I don’t remember for sure. Your grandfather left for Canada in 1952… and your dad left in either January or February of 1956… I don’t remember exactly. I used to remember, but I don’t anymore. I have forgot so many things.”

“…first, I had to pack everyone else’s suitcases, and now, I was faced with the challenge of closing down everything in the village definitively, and leaving myself! It was a huge thing, and I just couldn’t find the strength to do it.”

“…OK, we can stop…”

No, finish the story…

“What were we talking about?… the name of my father?”

Yes, his name and how….
...a family tree….

“Yes, of course, all the names and information….”

“I think she wrote all of that down. You can ask her. … it’s never wrong to ask… I’m sure she will tell you what she knows.”

So, at home you spoke Italian, and at school you spoke French?

“French at school, but of course I had to speak Italian with my parents at home.”

But what did you speak with your sisters?

“French… but only later when we were older”

**

It's 1964. I am taking my first steps in my grandparent’s front garden.

This photograph was taken a year later in the same place. I am with my grandmother, and across the street all the houses that were there the year before have now been torn down to make room for a sunken motorway. The motorway cut through the working class neighbourhood where many Italian immigrants lived, essentially fragmenting and displacing a close-knit community and dispersing them elsewhere. Where before there had been the sounds of a street with a high concentration of people and sense of community, now there was the constant hum of motor vehicles, and the void of a wide open sky.

Another backdrop of my family's story was the airport. The airport was the space that connected me to the place of my family's origins. There was never any question about where you were going, there was only one destination, and it was always to Italy. When someone was coming or going, we'd all go to the airport to welcome them or to bid them farewell. When it was our time to travel, it was not foreign to us even as small children.
The ease with which we can travel today is different from earlier times. It is however not without its own, sometimes high, costs. People in my parent’s village have a suggestive way of talking about this: they say that their land has lost some of its strength because its inhabitants are dispersed—as if the land draws power from the loyalty and attachment of those who live on it. But I wonder if, in our world of travelling light and sliding among places and meanings without attaching to any of them for a long time, that we don’t risk a dispersion of inner focus and perhaps even, of certain strengths. Strengths that come from the gathering of experiences so that they add up to memories, from the accumulation of understanding, from placing yourself squarely where you are, and living in a framework shared with others.

A traveler gains access to the inner core of the airport only upon presenting personal identification to the authorities. Although a passport is highly individualized, it does little to describe a lived experience. A passport merely names us, visually identifies us with a photograph, and equates us a nationality and a number—now universally computerized and part of a large global database accessible in all airports around the world. The passenger remains anonymous even after he has given proof of his identity.

The passenger is assigned a seat number on an aircraft which, literally, positions and numeralizes him in a seating grid, and then further plots him onto a time-grid of departure and arrival times. Any affiliation one might have to a nationality is reduced to a logo on your passport or on the tail-wing of a jet.

The airport is a highly orchestrated, efficient and rapid movement of people in, through and out of its space, both vertically and horizontally. All this, in a highly monitored environment where cameras are everywhere. Luggage is scanned with x-ray technology—personal objects become transparent and are scrutinized, tagged and then stowed efficiently according to weight, size, destination, routing and class of travel. People, objects, identification information and carriers are all in movement, and defined and identified via movement. Anything or anybody that lingers, either because of delays or for other reasons, are seen as aberrations.

As my passport fills up with colourful entrance stamps, exit visas and consular markings, I clutch onto it as proof of my right to movement. I am always unprepared for the countries where immigration officers insist that my passport is stolen, countries where I endure lengthy interrogations at airports. What are you doing in this country? Why do you speak perfect English? Why do you have so many traveller’s cheques? Mobility surfaces as the greatest threat.

When I began to photograph the air terminal, it was always crowded. Often, architectural photographs with people in them become pictures of people with the building as a backdrop, but in this case the geometry of the airport was so strong that the figures gave the building a sense of scale and helped define the volumes, so the architecture remained the primary subject. Working with so many people in the space meant that there could be no set ups, no poses. It was a question of waiting for the right configuration at the opportune moment.
Years later, when my father was quite old and living far away, I took him to the terminal after he had been visiting. As I watched him walk away, down one of the departure tunnel to board his flight, I thought that it might be the last time that I’d see him. I realized that no one could have created a more dramatic environment for such a moment.

[3]

You know there is that photograph of you standing in front of the house?

“But after the war everything was destroyed… it was just barely… almost nothing… it got bombed obviously, it was almost out like I said… when we got back after the war there was no roof on the house… no doors, no windows, it was… nothing”

“…and it was two storeys, with a huge big room downstairs and stairs to go up stairs where there was another big room with two beautiful balconies with a window facing the meadow and the river and from the balcony you could see the piazza and the church and from the other balcony …there was a fountain. For me it was a beautiful house, it was my house, the place where I was born.”

So when was the first time that you saw it?

“The house? The new house? It was 1972 …1975. I have the feeling that you saw the house before I did. …when we went back, when you were all small, that’s when I saw the house….which was not my house anymore…”

How was that?

“It was a strange feeling to me because this was not my house…because it was not the house I remember… but even though, I got to love that house…to this day, it is still my house… there is something special that house.”

“This is the earliest image of my grandparent’s home in their village in Italy, before it was destroyed in the war. This is also the earliest image I have of my mother.

Other photos provide only glimpses of the old house in the background.

After immigrating to Canada, my grandparents would later return to the village and build a new house on the site of the old homestead. It was my grandfather’s dream to return to his village, to die and be buried there. So in the 1960s, he and my grandmother took on the arduous task, which took them well over a decade to complete. They invested much of their finances, but mostly their dreams and ambitions in building their house “back home”. For most of the year, the house stood vacant, but each summer my grandparents would return and continue working on the house, living in the parts that were finished enough to inhabit. The house stood as a testimony to their persistence, hard work and deep attachment to a sense of belonging. It stood as a physical monument to their dream of an immigrant’s return home, full of longing, nostalgia and the deep desire to make right the wrongs they perceived had fallen upon them during the hardships and trauma of the war. I would sometimes accompany them, and my grandparents had a lot of joy seeing me there, witnessing the home being rebuilt. You might say that I grew up with the backdrop of the new house emerging from the ashes of the old.
My grandparents kept the key to the village house in a safe yet visible place in their house in Canada. Even though the house was thousands of miles away, the key was a powerful reminder of where they came from. Similarly, the trunks that they used to immigrate to Canada with, were also present in the house, re-fashioned as make-shift side tables, covered with specially made slip covers my grandmother had sewn together. As children we often lifted the slipcovers and looked at the labels, stamps and markings on them from another place, another time. Inside the trunks they kept personal possessions, not the cloths they put in the wardrobes, or the photographs they pinned to the wall, but articles that embodied the closest thing to Italy that could exist. Each trunk, locked, was like their memories. They were never unpacked, and seemed to also embody their deeply rooted unease, dislocation and lingering trauma of displacement. They were potent symbols both of the journey they made, and of the unstable potential for further movement.

What I also remember about the summers spent in my grandparent's village was that I looked like everyone else. The Mediterranean features that I shared with the other kids of the village provided me with an acute bodily presence which also extended in the use of language, the familiarity of the particular resonances of the village dialect. Recognizing the subtleties of meanings was deeply significant. In that language I experienced a grounding in the way that people said and described things. Inscribed in that language was a particular way of being in the world. Speaking it was an assertion of belonging. I can now understand why my grandparents resisted their adopted languages of English and French, relegating them only to the rudimentary service of basic communication. When we entered their house in Canada, we entered a zone where only the village dialect was spoken. This was a unique and useful means of communicating amongst ourselves, but more importantly, it was a tangible way in which we embodied our sense of belonging to each other and to the past.

Although those summers in my grandparent's village fortified my sense of belonging through the use of language, I was also able to experience a sense of belonging in silence. Being silent held none of the tensions of miscomprehension, nor of being invisible and erased as it did elsewhere.

What do I see head of me? Snow, nothing but white snow…

[4]

In 1992 a monument of Sir John A. Macdonald, one of the founders of Canadian confederation, was decapitated in a local park in Montreal. The decapitation provoked a major outcry from Canadian federalists, and to make matters worse, the decapitated head was stolen. For some time, no effort was been made to replace or repair the statue, and it deteriorated further.

From time to time journalists commented on the loss, and some private citizens even banded together to raise funds to have a new head made. But the symbolism of the gesture was not forgotten, nor did this symbolic death of the federal spirit in Quebec simply disappear when the statue was eventually restored. In a sense, this monument, both in it full and fragmented form, stands for the historical realities that transform it from an object into an image. The aura of this monument seems to bring history and the conflicting notions of the nation into a collision, from which various and different meanings can be drawn.

The loss of the statue’s head created the image of a destabilized and fragmented colonial authority, but beyond the historical tensions between English and French
that are now well established within the national narratives of both Canada and
Quebec, another presence emerges from this decapitation. The silent voices of
other citizens who identify as neither English nor French also begin to gather, filling
in the spaces that have now formed. The historically invisible citizens of this nation,
the indigenous and the immigrant, also find a place here. Like ghosts, they hover
around this monument too, but do not manifest as bronze or stone, or as spray-
painted defacements. They are present as witnesses to their own sense of
exclusion and invisibility within the national narratives of belonging. Like the howling
and fierce winter wind that can blow down houses, they encircle and fill this space in
their unacknowledged presence.

I have memories of walking through the long hallway of the village home in Italy; the
weight of the low ceiling in our home in Canada; the smell of my mother's cooking.
They all linger and melt into one image of home. There is also a fusion of languages
that drifted through the home: the Italian dialects of my parents, the French I speak
on the streets of Montreal, the various English accents that I have encountered in
the many places I have lived since leaving home, and the hybrid expressions that
come from blurring all of these into one another to form who I am, who I have
become. As a child I remember having at least 2 or 3 words in various languages to
describe the same thing, borrowing and contaminating various idioms and weaving
them together freely.

I also think of my grandmother as she was dying, no longer able or willing to utter
anything. No more vowels, no more words. She just stared out into the world, slowly
leaving behind her language and all her affiliations. She had moved to a space
between this world and another, until the day when she finally released the reins
that kept her here in this place. Now, there was a blankness in her eyes which had
always been so fierce and full of fire. This is an image that I did not photograph for
our family album. It is an image that remains deeply etched in my memory, too
difficult to forget because it is an image of loss and bares with it my own
attachments and hopes for a future even if it is firmly rooted in the past.

There are images of things I have seen but have now forgotten. I recall them even if
I cannot remember them. My eyes, my body has “been there”, and somehow, I have
recorded those events, those people, things and spaces inside of me. It is the
sensations of these that make them my own and connect the unseen and the real.
The camera …photographs, film and video are my accomplices in reclaiming what I
once lived. What they reveal in all their detail is the trace, not the cause, of an
event. They act as residues that nudge me along in rebuilding a sense of who I
once was.

Sometimes an image can trigger something seemingly impossible to remember
because of shame or the trauma that it embodied. In my case, one such image
exists in a very short fragment of super-8 film that shows me as a child. In it, I
descend
some stairs into our garden. At first, I am unaware of being filmed, but once I notice
the camera, I strike an effeminate pose. The camera shuts off abruptly. The next
scene is of me kicking a ball with bravado and brute force, as if to somehow counter
the previous image. I don’t remember who the cameraman was, nor do I remember
being reprimanded for being such a “sissy” and instead encouraged to kick the ball
“like a man”. I had the ability to move fluidly between behaviours, and in hindsight,
what is remarkable to me is that I seemed unfazed, and perfectly happy being who I
was then. After so many years, this image of a carefree boy who was unapologetic about who or how he was, came back to remind me of what I had lost.

Ironically, the experience of otherness that my immigrant background instilled in me was a means of gaining insights and being able to move out of the confines of traditions that were no longer relevant or absolute. Being the son of immigrants taught me what it was to be queer. However well I try to place it, my queerness, my willingness to inhabit a space of transgressive pleasure, found its origins in the space between Anglo and Francophone ideals, and Italian realities. In becoming queer, I was becoming what my immigrant forebears denied about themselves even as they provided me with the example.

I have learned from my family what they did not expect me to learn. And I have learned from them what I wanted to learn but what may not have been explicitly given. I have learned myriad and creative ways of dealing with loss.

I love the sentiment that no one had the right to tell you whom to love, because no one knows enough about it. Mostly what I know about it was that it appears where people least expected it—that being queer was always there even when everyone pretended not to see it. A queer sexuality was forming and reforming before the altars of the Catholic church that was the medium for my ethnic group’s sense of the sacred and profane; ...before the television set that they hoped would help them assimilate; ...and in the face of their reticence and fear about expressing themselves in a foreign land, a foreign tongue ... in the space of their enforced silence, queerness rang out. Like all desires, its formation was as much about pain as it was about pleasure, but I could never find a day when it wasn’t a cause for celebration. I offer no explanations for it, but, I do offer a description of desire ...of the faces in my life that looked in my direction and made me want them, and the faces that made me loathe myself for wanting them, and the faces that told me that I, too was worthy of love.

[6]

There were only a few of us on the plane. We landed in the fog, late at night. I suppose, it was a sign for the uncertainty of my journey—a nebulous inauguration for what lay ahead. I had come not as a tourist nor in search of work, but for an appointment in love. I didn’t choose this city, it was as though the city had chosen me. This town on the sea offered a horizon in front of which a relationship, a life, could acquire form and develop.

Now, I found myself in a different world from that which I was accustomed. I had to struggle to render it comprehensible ... liveable. So the city also came to represent the scene of an encounter, but also sometimes a clash between diverse reasons and histories. The sense of reality that I now inhabited differed so radically from the one in which my logic and habits had been originally formed. My own particular story and cultural baggage, was continually exposed. I had become a stranger. Now that I was in a new land, who could tell what normal was?

“...still to come on our programme tonight, a young couple in love and our immigration laws are keeping them apart. Is this discrimination? This is next.”

“... kept apart they claim, by an immigration policy that discriminates against same-sex couples.”
“… we’re not recognized by a state or by a society as having a valid commitment to each other, a valid tie; the fact that the only way that we can be together is through a telephone or fax machine, which is what our relationship has been reduced to; the fact that we can’t have a home together because neither of us can be at the same place legally with the other…”

A sense of crisis can have many exits. A threat to one’s sense of being can also lead to an unexpected opening …a further throw of the dice. I began to inhabit this city without always halting at the borders of its chaos. I began to experience it as the space of an alternative. It is perhaps in the dialogue between ourselves and this sense of otherness that we are most sharply revealed.

**

I am in Amsterdam, and have just visited the Anne Frank House adjacent to the Westerkerk church. The bells of the church begin to ring and I suddenly remember them from Anne Frank’s diaries. She describes the chiming of the bells as both joyous in their purity, and horrific in their ability to remind her of the enclosure she is forced to inhabit. It is remarkable to me that I am listening to the same bells that Anne Frank did more than fifty years earlier still resonating in this place.

Adjacent to both the Anne Frank house and the Westerkerk church is the Homomonument, the International Lesbian and Gay Monument.

[HOMOMONUMENT
Commemorates all women and men ever oppressed and persecuted because of their homosexuality.
Supports the international lesbian and gay movement in its struggle against contempt, discrimination and oppression.
Demonstrates that we are not alone.
Calls for permanent vigilance.]

Unlike traditional monuments that tower over their site, Homomonument is grafted into an existing site, and forms a footprint on which the everyday activities of the city continue to flow. This creates an area, and opens up a space, which encourages people to interact with it.

The Homomonument is comprised of three separate triangular elements made of pink granite which are linked together by a continuous line of granite embedded into the street’s cobblestones. One of the triangular elements is a jetty, a pier that protrudes out into the adjoining canal.

An inscription on one of the other triangular elements reads:
“NAAR VRIENDSCHAP ZULK EEN MATELOS VERLANGEN”
For friendship, such an immeasurable longing

“ What did that guys just do?”

“He spread somebody’s ashes
Flights can say a lot about our desire to defy gravity, to escape the fixed boundaries of one place and be connected to somewhere else, somewhere beyond. There is something pleasurable about the motionless motion and placeless place of air travel. There is a something sublime in becoming airborne…. of letting yourself be transported by wind, by burning heat and by cold space… the pleasure of being quiet for a long time, of existing in no place at all… of leaving, of being far away… the subtle pleasures of erasing the presence of your body, your words and your shadows ….so light that you fly away…

[He had a little house in Canada
With a pond and fish, and lovely flowers everywhere.
All the young girls who would walk by would say:
“Oh what a lovely house in Canada.”

But one day, a jealous neighbour set his house on fire,
And, poor fellow, he was left without a home.
I’m sure you must be asking what he did…
I will tell you what he did.

He built another little house in Canada
With a pond and fish, and lovely flowers everywhere.
All the young girls who would walk by would say:
“Oh what a lovely house in Canada.”]
[APPENDIX III]

HUB

Original title: HUB

Director: John Di Stefano
Producer: John Di Stefano
Script/Narration: John Di Stefano
Editing: John Di Stefano
Duration: 24 minutes
Year of production: 2000
Country: New Zealand / Canada
Source material: Hi-8, miniDV
Edit format: DV
Format: NTSC
Screening Ratio: 4:3
Color/Black-&-White: Color
Audio: Stereo
Original version: English

Distributor: V-Tape (Toronto); Video Data Bank (Chicago)

Festivals:
OFF LOOP Festival, Barcelona (SP) 2006
Transmediale - International Media Arts Festival, Berlin (DE) 2002
Festival de Imagem de Oeiras, Barcarena (PT) 2002
Athens International Film Festival, Ohio University, Athens (US) 2002
Kassel Documentary Film Festival, Kassel (DE) 2001

Projections & Exhibitions:
Distance: a weekend of performance over distance. Stoke Newington International Airport, (UK) 2010
New Zealand Biennial of Contemporary Art, Govett-Brewster Gallery, New Plymouth (NZ) 2004
Fast Works (in conjunction with the New Zealand Fringe Festival) e-vision, Wellington (NZ) 2003
Griffith University, Visible Evidence Conference, Brisbane (AU) 2003
University of Auckland, Poetics of Exile Conference, Auckland (NZ) 2003
University of Auckland, Documentary Matters Conference, Auckland (NZ) 2002
Voices in Transit Project, Central Station, Cape Town (ZA) / SAW Gallery, Ottawa (CA) 2001
Open Cities: HKG. Para/Site Art Space, Hong Kong (CN) 2001
Open Cities: ORD. Rymer Gallery, Chicago (US) 2001
25 Artists / 25 Years. Ellen Art Gallery, Concordia University, Montréal (CA) 2001

Awards & Citations:
Best of Year (one of the top ten international artworks of the year selected by art critic James Meyer) Artforum, New York (US) 2001

Selected as international best practice in a special issue (2001) of the premiere art publication Artforum International. Prof. James Meyer (Emory University; author of Minimalism (Paiedon Press)): “A compelling examination of that most fraught and contemporary of experiences: travel …a small tour-de-force.” (Artforum, 12.:01.107). Serves as core course material for a university paper on 20th/c art, university art history curriculum, NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY, Chicago (Paper: Special Topic in 20th/c Art: Nomads, Artists & Travelers in the Era of Globalization) alongside seminal artists Martha Rosler (US), Gabriel Orozco (MX), Rirkrit Tiravanija (US/TL), others; in conjunction with writings by Hal Foster, Frederic Jameson, Saskia Sassen, Okwui Enwezor, others.
[APPENDIX IV]

ASHES - AMSTERDAM

Original title: ASHES [AMSTERDAM]

**Artist:** John Di Stefano  
**Producer:** John Di Stefano  
**Editing:** John Di Stefano  
**Duration:** 5 minutes (loop)  
**Year of production:** 2008  
**Country:** New Zealand  
**Source material:** miniDV  
**Edit format:** DV  
**Format:** NTSC  
**Screening Ratio:** 4:3  
**Color/Black-&-White:** Color

**Projections & Exhibitions:**
- *Projections on Lake,* (public art project) Pasadena (USA) 2008-ongoing  
  Curator/Commissioner: David Bradshaw  
  Curator: Dr. Martin Patrick  
  Curator: Dr. Martin Patrick

**Published:**
  Dr. Martin Patrick. Melbourne: Project space, RMIT University. (2010)

**Collections:**
Single-channel video originally commissioned by curator David Bradshaw (Los Angles) for inclusion in a video art library and public art project, *Projection on Lake* public art project. (http://www.projectionsonlake.com) A City of Pasadena Public Art Program, developed by Michael Maloney Fine Art Advisory (Santa Monica, California). The project site houses Vito Acconci's work *Mobius Bench.* Other artists in the video projection programme/video art library include: Irit Batsry, Anya Belkina, Thorsten Fleisch, Tom Friedman, Jason Graham, Michelle Handelman, Nan Hoover, Takehito Koganezawa, Kadet Kuhn, Anne Niemetz, Pat O'Neill, Laurent Perrot, Ray Rapp, Leslie Raymond, Alexis Rockman, Laurie Simmons, Dean Smith, Jennifer Steinkamp, Chris Verene, Lawrence Weiner.
[APPENDIX V]
CASA

Original title: CASA

**Artist:** John Di Stefano  
**Year of production:** 2006-2008  
**Country:** New Zealand  
**Medium:** ink-jet photographic prints  
**Size:** 1m X 1m each  
**Series:** 6 original images

**Exhibitions:**  
*Sightseeing* (in published format), Peninsula Art Gallery—University of Plymouth (UK)  
*Sightseeing* (in published format), New Dowse Museum, Lower Hutt (NZ)  
*From Ritual*, Bartley+Co Gallery, Wellington, New Zealand (2009)  
*Satellite*. Creative Shanghai Complex. Shanghai, China (2006)

**Published:**  

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Originally commissioned for the group exhibition *Satellite* (2006), an international art exhibition to coincide with the Shanghai Biennale. The Satellite project brought together a distinguished international team of more than 50 eminent artists and curators from China, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, Korea and Thailand. Chief Curator: K. Hung.
[REFERENCES]


--, (1997a) Hong Kong: culture and the politics of disappearance. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota.


--, (1979) One-Way Street and other writings. London: NLB.


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--, (1990) “No Place Like Heimat images of (home)land in European culture.” New Formations, 12. 1-23


--, (1993) *The Only Good One is a Dead One* (an installation of two LCD video projectors, two video players, four powered speakers, two videotapes (color, sound), projected simultaneously onto walls at right angles to each other). 10 minutes (loop). Dimensions are variable.

--, (1993) *30th January 1972* (an installation of two Kodak Carousel projectors, two 70 - 120 zoom lenses, eight powered speakers, four stereo cassette decks, four audio cassette tapes and two 35 mm color slides projected back to back onto a wall of two interlocking wooden constructions positioned in the center of a dark space). 3 minutes (loop).


--, (1976) Lost, Lost, Lost (film) USA, 178 minutes. New York: Anthology Film Archives


