

«Yet families are more than gene pools:
their stories travel through and map us, too»:
Janice Kulyk Keefer's *Honey and Ashes*:
A Story of Family

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Photographed reality immediately takes on a nostalgic character, of joy fled on the wings of time, a commemorative quality, even if the picture was taken the day before yesterday. And the life that you live in order to photograph it is already, at the outset, a commemoration of itself.

Italo Calvino, *The Adventures of a Photographer*

The camera introduces us to unconscious optics as does psychoanalysis to unconscious impulses.

Walter Benjamin, *Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction*

Honey and Ashes (1998) revolves around a quest for identity, national and personal; more precisely around a quest for lost origins. In keeping its focus throughout the narrative on family snapshots and studio portraits this family memoir of Ukrainian Canadian author Janice Kulyk Keefer foregrounds the role of photographs in recovering and reconstructing memories of a lost past. Keefer was born in Canada, but her parents and grandparents have a history of painful displacement from their mother country, a place she experienced vicariously through the memories of her relatives, her mother's above all. The photos help her to give concrete evidence of their story, from which she was, in actual fact, excluded.

In *Honey and Ashes* Janice Kulyk Keefer explores the issues that haunt those who live simultaneously in two countries: the country of the heart and that of the mind. The author was born in Canada, a country which for her family and herself meant freedom and a future filled with opportunities. She was also born, however, into the history of her family's homeland, Ukraine, thus inheriting both the gift and the burden of her family's homeland past, a past that is perceived as «an equal spill of beauty and blood»¹. The painful, disconcerting aspects of this process of remembering are remarked upon throughout the text:

Are we, in the end, only what we can remember? Or are we also all that lies deep inside us, stored in the niches of a long, dark corridor whose door we shut behind us long ago? The painfulness of remembering – the physical process of recall. How we speak of triggering memory, as if it were a loaded gun (p. 320).

In *Honey and Ashes* she tries to bridge the worlds of contemporary Canada with that of the ancient village of Staromischyna, long ago part of Poland, now in the Ukraine. This is a book that has at its core the thematic territory of displacement, immigration, assimilation, the quest for a sense of belonging and inter-generational conflict. It addresses the tension between public and personal history and reflects on the hybrid ethnic-national identity of the Ukrainian Canadian. It is thus a journey into personal and collective memory². Kefer's (re) constructed sense of both biography and history is embedded in the shattered human geographies of her parent's village in Ukraine and of their fellow folk. The photographs here speak the anguish of the dispossessed and her voyage is an attempt to map the geographies of resettlement. It is also a journey through landscapes and cultures in which places and identities are deterritorialized and reterritorialized.

When I speak of the Old Place I always talk of returning somewhere I have never been. I know I'm not the only one to do so. Ours is the age of exiles, migrants, refugees. How many children have been haunted by the ghost of belonging? By foreign photographs and documents, by names of strangers who are somehow family, by a strange language that would once have been their mother tongue? How many have grown up not in a haunted house, but haunted by another home? (p. 215).

The autobiographical narrative in *Honey and Ashes*, where personal and collective remembering emerge again and again as continuous with one another, includes a section of black and white photographs. This essay discusses the ways in which the self tries to re-construct itself and its family's history through writing *as well as* through images. Black and white photographs of all her close relatives, her mother and father, her sisters, her aunts, uncles and her grandfather's family are included in the text as well as the narrator's problematic reception of them. They play, in fact, a crucial role in this process of tracing back her family history through her ancestors.

Photographs turn out to be indispensable in such a process. Susan Sontag, in her seminal study *On Photography*, maintains that photographs, in fact, «furnish evidence [...] the incontrovertible proof that a given thing happened»³. In addition, Sontag remarks, photographs «give people an imaginary possession of a past that is unreal (and) they also help people to take possession of space in which they are insecure»⁴. The specificity of the narrator's family's history, a history of displacement and exile from Ukraine to Canada seems to make photographs even more poignant. To quote Sontag once again, «People robbed of their past seem to make the most fervent pictures takers, at home and abroad»⁵. Through them the narrator experiences occasionally participation in a process that releases soothing feelings.

According to Sontag, photography is «an elegiac art, a twilight art»⁶ and therefore promotes nostalgia. It is with this sense of longing and nostalgia that the narrator has to come to terms. It is through the photographs' "pseudo-presence" that she attempts to «contact or lay claim to another reality»⁷. This process, however, encounters difficulties because a photograph is, at the same time, also «a token of absence»⁸, an absence that is irretrievable. Looking almost obsessively at these photos, she tries to find clues in them, to interpret them beyond what is represented. This is an impossible enterprise since photographs do not contribute to knowledge or understanding. «One never understands anything from a photograph»⁹. When Janice has one of these pictures in her hands, she tries typically to «accede to *what is behind* [...] to scrutinize it [...] to reach its other side»¹⁰. But she cannot gain knowledge from them. «The knowledge gained through still photographs will always be some kind of sentimentalism, whether cynical or humanist. It will be a knowledge at bargain prices – a semblance of knowledge, a semblance of wisdom; as the act of taking picture is a semblance of appropriation»¹¹. The narrator is, however, well aware of such "appropriation":

They tell us nothing but the truth: the truth someone – if only the photographer – has wanted us to see. Or else the truth that's somehow drawn by the flash of light hitting their skin, truth startled into showing. It's not their fault if we make up stories about the people in these photographs, invent lives, resemblances, futures for them they could not possibly have had, may never have wanted. We appropriate them for our purposes, making mysteries or moral fables out of the way they stand; the clothes, the very faces they wear. Sunday faces, for these are studio photographs in my mother's album, the only kind of photographs that could be taken in the Old Place (p. 59).

Nonetheless the narrator is obsessed by the pictures and by the studio portraits of her ancestors in the hope to find frankness, the disclosure of the subject's essence. Furthermore the narrator encounters a risk: her fascination is also «an invitation to sentimentality. Photographs turn the past into objects of tender regard, scrambling moral distinctions and disarming historical judgements by the generalized pathos of looking at time past»¹². She continues to grope for answers she will never find since,

if photographs are messages, the message is both transparent and mysterious [...] A photograph is a secret about a secret [...]. The more it tells you the less you know. Despite the illusion of giving understanding, what seeing through photographs really invites is an acquisitive relation to the world that nourishes aesthetic awareness and promotes emotional detachment¹³.

Photographs, however, keep their fascination and allure. As Sontag remarks, they are «indeed able to usurp reality because first of all a photo-

graph is not only an image [...] an interpretation of the real; it is also a trace, something directly stencilled off the real, like a footprint, a death mask [...] a photograph is never less than the registering of an emanation – a material vestige of its subject in a way that no painting can be»¹⁴. For a subject deprived of its past, such an element becomes extremely valuable. The narrator is attracted by them also because of their intrinsic qualities; photographs, among other things, allow a kind of appropriation. To quote Sontag again:

Photography is acquisition in several forms. In its simplest form, we have in a photograph surrogate possession of a cherished person or thing, a possession which gives photographs some of the character of unique objects. Through photographs we also have a consumer's relation to events, both to events that are part of our experience and to those which are not [...] A third form of acquisition is that, through image making and image duplicating machines, we can acquire something as information (rather than experience)¹⁵.

What the photo-record ultimately confirms is simply that the subject has existed. Or to quote Victor Burgin, who has further elaborated on this issue:

The characteristics of the photographic apparatus position the subject in such a way that the object photographed serves to conceal the textuality of the photographs itself – substituting passive receptivity for active (critical) reading [...] Once we have discovered what the depicted object *is* [...] the photograph is instantly transformed for us – no longer a confusing conglomerate of light and dark tones [...] it now shows a “thing” which we invest with a full identity, *a being*. With most photographs we see, this decoding and *investiture* takes place instantaneously, unselfconsciously, “naturally”; but it does take place – the wholeness, coherence, identity, which we attribute to the depicted scene is a projection, a refusal of an impoverished reality in favour of an imaginary plenitude¹⁶.

Quite early in the narrative Janice discovers that photographs can lie; in this case she realizes something about a picture which was part of her childhood. The event it represents though is a simulation.

A studio portrait, like a thousand others, taken by a second rate photographer in a sub-provincial town.

Tomasz and Olena's family, as death, but not distance, has compacted it: the parents at either end, the two daughters between, all four bodies vanishing below the waist [...]. For years I thought this portrait was taken when my grandfather returned to Poland. It was only when I began to add up ages and distances that I discovered the photograph tells a lie; or at least only a would-be-truth. Looked at closely, the print reveals the seam that has permitted the solitary image of my grandfather, taken by a Toronto photographer, to be joined to that of his wife and children in the

studio [...]. Though the tinting has been done by a skilful pair of hands, it can't disguise the scar between presence and absence.

All my life I have been haunted by this photograph. It used to hang in my grandparent's bedroom, and when I was sent to nap there, I'd lie with my head at the foot of the bed, so I could stare up at the faces [...]. The children frightened me; they were so pale [...]. Sometimes it seemed as if the pallor of the children who'd survived was an act of revenge or pleading by the ones who'd died (pp. 84-5).

It is in the enforced silences of the subject's voices that the power of the photograph lies. The narrator cannot reach into the actual people who were photographed; she cannot reach to her grandfather in particular, except from the eyes of a Torontonion photographer who saw him for her.

On other occasions she finds a fragment of herself, a genetic feature never seen or noticed before. This likeliness, this thread that unites her with some ancestors soothes, however temporarily, her quest for origin. As Roland Barthes remarks in *Camera Lucida*,

Lineage reveals an identity stronger, more interesting than legal status – more reassuring as well, for the thought of origin soothes us, whereas that of the future disturbs us, agonizes us; but this discovery disappoints us even while it asserts a permanence [...] it bares the mysterious difference of being issuing from the same family¹⁷.

It is perhaps because of this sense of reassurance underlined by Barthes that Janice becomes so obsessed by these photographs and by the memories lost and found. In the narrative process of self reconstruction these photographs are quite often themselves the props, the pre-texts since they set the scene for recollections or for imagined scenarios. As we all know, however, memory is unreliable: it betrays and invents. Even when it passes through a snapshot, the act of memory is poetic: all reminiscences are creative. Annette Kuhn in her perceptive study centred mainly on the family photograph album, *Family Secrets: Acts of Memory and Imagination*, discusses the process she calls "memory work":

an active practice of remembering which takes an inquiring attitude towards the past and the activity of its (re)construction through memory. Memory work undercuts assumptions about the transparency or authenticity of what is remembered, treating it not as "truth" but as evidence of a particular sort: material for interpretation, to be interrogated, mined for its meanings and its possibilities. Memory work is a conscious and purposeful performance of memory: it involves an active staging of memory; it calls into question the transparency of what is remembered; and it takes what is remembered as material for interpretation¹⁸.

Almost incessantly in *Honey and Ashes* the narrator tries to interpret her memories, her mother's and those of other relatives with the help of the family photographs. Ultimately what this process reveals is that,

memory never provides access to the past "as it was"; that the past is always mediated – rewritten, revised through memory; and that the activity of remembering is far from neutral. Memory [...] does not simply *involve forgetting*, misremembering, repression – that would be to suggest that there is some fixed "truth" of past events: memory actually *is* these processes¹⁹.

In *Honey and Ashes* the attention to these family photographs acknowledges

the performative nature of remembering [...] encourages the practitioner to use the pretexts of memory, the traces of the past that remain in the present, as raw material in the production of *new* stories about the past. These stories may heal the wounds of the past. They may also transform the ways individuals and communities live and relate to the present and the future²⁰.

This family memoir repeatedly poses the question of belonging. It is foregrounded early in the text, and it will eventually bring about the painful recognition of the narrator's lack of a sense of home. The recognition of the absence of a sense of belonging will produce intense suffering. During her stay in Ukraine she is overwhelmed by pain, anguish and most of all panic. The journey with her family in Ukraine takes up part of the narrative; a journey which has, of course, its interior dimensions. It is a journey that takes her, as she puts it, «at the border between story and history», between «personal desire and a shared reality» (p. 163), over which, she admits «I have no power that I do over my dreams» (*ibid.*).

Through the parallel dimension of the interior journey comes the recognition of her split identity. The narrator in fact typifies the exile's self-division. She perceives herself as split into two, with no possibility of uniting the two severed halves, Ukrainian and Canadian.

For however Canadian I know myself to be, I feel defined in some way by this other country I've hardly set foot in, whose language I can barely speak. It's as though I looked down on a bright day to discover I had two different shadows, leaning in opposite directions, touching only at the base. Neither sketches my true shape. They will never merge into one. But I know that both will always be part of me, and that this journey I'm about to undertake is another way of looking for my shadows (p. 217).

When in the Ukraine Janice will eventually find the place where her mother was born; the pleasure it gives her goes beyond words. This space is both

familiar and unfamiliar: a spatial metaphor dense with emotions. It is reminiscent of an image which Edward Said, on the footsteps of Bachelard, has created, albeit in another context:

The objective space of a house – its corners, corridors, cellar, rooms – is far less important than what poetically it is endowed with, which is usually a quality with an imaginative or figurative value we can name and feel: thus a house may be haunted or homelike, or prisonlike or magical. So space acquires emotional and even rational sense by a kind of poetic process, whereby the vacant or anonymous reaches of distances are converted into meaning²¹.

Anxiety, desire and fantasy all contribute to produce imaginative geographies, a dream of belonging frozen in time.

I step inside, and then I can't move; it's as though the air I'm breathing is the solid glass of paperweights. Out of time, out of place, I've found my grandmother's house, the very room where my mother was born. What I've always longed for, a desire like the small stones we pick up on a beach and carry in our pockets till their weight comes to feel part of our bones (p. 255).

Being in her mother's house is like going underground in an experience that involves the senses, her entire body, and brings about a blurring of the boundaries between self and place. In "reaching out toward" what she calls the "Old Place", in "projecting" her body into it she goes beyond boundaries of space-time. This is not an experience of knowledge. Rather an "expression" that engenders the desire to continue her journey²².

This pressure of lives lived through, and lost, makes me do something that feels both natural and strange: slipping off my shoes, I walk barefoot over the pressed clay floor. Powdery coolness, undulations almost too subtle to perceive. Ghostprints. Time stops, time winds back to be played out again, a long ribbon that fits my hand perfectly. I am in the Old Place, just as when I was a child, when words alone, the timbre of a loved voice, could make what I imagined real for me. This is not imagining: this is here and then, there and now, all at once; no borders anymore. I spend an hour in my mother's house, I spend no more than a moment, until the noise of other visitors slips my feet back into my shoes, walks me out in an ordinary summer afternoon (p. 256).

The recognition of the difficulties in defining home and belonging comes towards the end of the book and of her journey. She comes, in fact, «face to face with the question of belonging» (p. 257) and estrangement. «What in this country, its language and culture and history, has had a hand in making me who I am?» (p. 257). Belonging and estrangement in fact go hand in hand.

The awareness of non belonging, however, is host to many sorrowful feelings, a pain that is physical as well as emotional.

Where is the current my mother spoke of, the one that tugged at her as she lay all slimed with the body's mud, each beat of her heart a fist-seized explosion? If I were to lie down in these waters, would I, too, be washed clean? My skin feels written over with stories. Family stories [...]. Right now I long to be empty of stories, to be quit of their identifying marks, the way I once had a mole burned from the back of my neck. If only it were simple, this business of belonging. If what you were born to were something you could sit down to or refuse at table; something you could put on or take off – a wreath or woven belt. If history had nothing to do with it, if history were only a book and not a burden you carry in your bones (p. 300).

The narrator has painfully perceived her lack of home, and the difference from her friends since she was a child. She is envious of her friends who can easily and unproblematically feel at home and experience a sense of unity and of belonging. Her envy reached an extent that she used to invent a past for herself:

All my life my head has been painted with the sky of the Old Place. So that the standard get-acquainted question "Where are you from?" was something I could never answer the way so many of my "English" friends might do, with one name, one place. When I was a child, I invented alternative origin for myself: I was an Italian war orphan, the child of a Swedish circus artist or one of a clan of Smiths and Joneses. Later, I wanted to dis-invent myself, pretend I came from nowhere, nothing but clear and empty water. But I know now there's no water clear or empty enough (p. 328).

Janice's quest for home and identity, her search for a sense of continuity with her ancestors, of shared memories of earlier events and possibly even of a collective destiny do not lead, however, to a nationalistic feeling. There is instead an awareness of the danger of strong attachments to the nation-state. This family memoir, on the whole, rejects nationalism and nationalist rhetoric. Family has been in fact central to the creation of the nation; it has been argued in fact that it «is through myths of common ancestry that the nation draws its boundaries, and the nation becomes "superfamily"»²³. The focus on family history here does not conceal the fact that the «metaphor of family is indispensable to the nation state»²⁴.

The narrating subject firmly refuses to cultivate myths of nationhood. In its place she tentatively finds a dwelling, however problematic, in language²⁵.

Listening to their singing, I find my throat tighten, tears prickling my eyes [...]. My mouth opens but no sound comes out. I can't sing these patriotic songs, anymore than I can sing "O Canada!" at home. This public display of loyalty to a nation, a

homeland, a history, this simple act of belonging, is something I've never been able to perform. It has to do with how fraught and complex the worlds of nation and homeland are – how impossible to contain them in a few bars of music, a banner of words. It has to do with that most complicated world of all for me: language (p. 258).

The next step she undertakes when she is in Ukraine is to probe into the meanings of “home”. The narrator reports a number of definitions of “home” from the dictionary:

Home, as the dictionary defines it, «a fixed dwelling-place, one's habitual or proper abode. The place of one's dwelling and nurturing, also with reference to the grave or future state. A place, region or state to which one properly belongs, in which one's affections centre, or where one finds rest, refuge or satisfaction. One's own country, one's native land, the place where one's ancestors dwelt» (p. 328).

She realises that home can only be found in that elusive, precarious, fugitive silent space /place «between longing and belonging»²⁶.

Yet even as I read this litany of definitions, the conflicts and contradictions leap up at me. Rest, refuge, satisfaction – none of these fit what I feel about Staromischna, or about the Ontario to which I have returned. Perhaps home is only this: inhabiting uncertainty, the arguments desire picks with fear. Not belonging, but longing – that we may live in the present, without craving the past or forcing the future. *Sweet home, sweet home*, my grandmother would say as we drove her back to the house on Dovercourt Road after some outing to the cottage or suburbs. Both sadness and pleasure in her voice: home lost, home found (p. 328).

Home becomes like Desire, a shifting construct.

Janice's dis-located identity reflects itself also through language. The unique quality that the Ukrainian language still has for her becomes an important material of reflection. The language of her ancestors has the capacity to evoke contrasting emotions. Still she is ashamed because she cannot really speak the language. When in the Ukraine Janice experiences a sense of familiarity and strangeness at the same time. In other words, she experiences a sense of “being at home and not being at home”. Biddy Martin and Chandra Mohanty, in their influential essay, have exploded the received notions of “home” and the ambience of safety, security and individualism that the word had gathered around it. As they argue, the notion of “home” is constructed on the tension between two specific modalities, “being home” and “not being home”:

Being “home” refers to the place where one lives within familiar, safe, protected boundaries; “not being at home” is a matter of realizing that home was an illusion

of coherence and safety based on the exclusion of specific histories of oppression and resistance, the repression of difference even within oneself²⁷.

As a result, she embraces the differences within herself and the other(s) even through meaninglessness and/or wordlessness. As Dennis Lee in another context has elaborated: «To accept nonbeing at home in what is, to accept what-is at home in nonbeing, is perhaps the essential act of being human. Certainly it is the beginning of art»²⁸.

The sense of strangeness and familiarity provide the necessary conditions for revelations that will follow. At the end of her journey the narrating subject will find no reassurances, no stable point of reference with respect to origins and belongings. What will remain is the awareness of her split self and of her multiple affiliations. Here comes the recognition that home is a shifting construct. It is elusive, uncertain, constantly developing:

If I were to bury that egg painted with the house in which my mother was born, I would never want to dig it up again. I would want something new to grow from it, something marked by the past, but shaped by the present, the possibilities of the present. For without these borders of the only home I know – a home that is open, conflicted, uncertain – no departures can occur at all (p. 329).

She will achieve this awareness towards the end of the book. It is, however, an awareness she has gained at the level of reflected abstraction. It is in the “Epilogue” in fact that the narrator achieves a sort of emotional detachment. The “Epilogue” is deceptively titled “homecoming” since, as a matter of fact, no real *nostos* has occurred. What she has encountered instead and then comes to terms with throughout her journey is a deep desire for unity, identity, belonging, to a family, a place, a community, a nation. Family photographs and studio portraits of her family members in good ceremonial dresses signify exactly that desire. It is a desire to be part of a collective memory, to share a collective past held in common by all its members, a past that binds them together and will continue to do so in the future. Such ceremonial images give voice to a profound desire not only to be a witness, but to actively participate in rituals through which «a recognition of some collective destiny, a social sense of belonging, is sustained»²⁹.

Memory, with its foothold in both the psyche and in the common worlds of everyday historical consciousness and collective imagination, has in fact a central part in any national imaginary. The word nation, with its roots in the Latin “*nasci*” (to be born), entails with it community culture and history as well as a shared space or territory. In its turn, among the etymologies of territory there is one that is quite disturbing: from the root *terra* plus *terrere* (to frighten) comes *territorium* which as a result conveys

notion of inclusion and exclusion, as well as that of «a place from which people are frightened away»³⁰.

As it is associated with notions of nationhood, memory fuels an idea of history that is “ours”, that belongs to “us”. As Annette Khun again poignantly remarks,

The historical imagination of nationhood has something about it of the acts of remembering shared by families and other communities, and also of the desire for union, for wholeness, that powers the psychological dimension of remembering. It is in the idea of the homeland, and above all in that of the “motherland”, that all of these aspects of the national imaginary are condensed, and home and nation come together³¹.

The nation-state, as Giorgio Agamben has emphasised, is a state that makes “nativity or birth” the “foundation of its own sovereignty”. This is of course a fiction, since as Agamben argues, «birth (*nascita*) comes into being immediately as *nation*, so that there may not be any difference between the two moments»³². The idea of “identity” and in particular that of a national identity was not a *natural* product of human experience, «did not emerge out of that experience as a self evident “fact of life”. As Zygmunt Bauman argues, that «idea was forced into the *Lebenswelt* of modern man and women – and arrived as a fiction. It congealed into a “fact”, a “given”, precisely because it had been a fiction [...]. The idea of identity was born out of the crisis of belonging»³³.

Such awareness of the agony, of the dream of belonging runs throughout the text:

Shortly after the collapse of the Soviet Union, a Toronto painter named Natalka Husar travelled to Ukraine with her mother, to the town of Skalat [...]. They were looking for the house where Natalka’s mother had been born seventy years earlier. *Black Sea Blue*, the painting that emerged from this journey, reveal the confusion of love and guilt that makes up the kind of haunting called *belonging*. A word that’s both an outstretched hand and a first clenched round your heart, a first that won’t let go (p. 218).

Here as elsewhere the text underscores that there is nothing natural about the «“naturalness” of the assumption that “belonging-through-birth” meant, automatically and unequivocally, belonging to a *nation* was a laboriously constructed convention; the appearance of “naturalness” could be anything but natural»³⁴. As the narrator lyrically describes her displacement and her uncanny estrangement: «Not revenge of the wilderness, but something like a warning – that earth, familiar or foreign, is no more our home, our native element, than fire» (p. 246). Hers is not really a search for an ori-

gin, but rather, to quote Deleuze, a series of successive «evolutionary displacements [...] of impassés and breakthroughs, of thresholds and enclosures [...] the unconscious no longer deals with persons and objects but with *trajectories* and *becoming*: it is no longer an unconscious of commemoration but one of mobilization, an unconscious whose objects take flight rather than remaining buried in the ground»³⁵.

Despite the fact that the narrated I is pulled into many directions, affiliations, affects, loyalties and desires, first of all the desire to belong, the narrating subject acknowledges its impossibility and on the whole *Honey and Ashes* undermines national narratives of attachment. The language of affect, desire and its corollary find a place in a very private intimate almost oneiric dimension of imaginative geographies.

When I step back from the mirror, they seem to divide my reflection, making it shift and blur, as if it were crossing border after border.

Does the mirror fill with other faces when I'm not there to see? Faces of ghosts, some radiant, others sombre, locked in uncertainty? And what of the Old Place, that imagined world that was mine from childhood? Is it still there for me, a hotel my dreams check into when my mind runs away from home? (p. 327).

Notes

1. J. Keefer Kulyk, *Honey and Ashes: A Story of Family*, Harper Flamingo, Toronto 1998,
- p. 14. All reference will be included in the text.
2. For a discussion of the complex issue of so called “ethnic” writing in Canada – for which there is no space here – see Smaro Kamboureli’s excellent book *Scandalous Bodies: Diasporic Literature in English Canada*, Oxford University Press, Toronto 2000.
3. S. Sontag, *On Photography*, Farrar, New York 1973, p. 6.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 9.
5. *Ibid.*, p. 10.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 15.
7. *Ibid.*, p. 15.
8. *Ibid.*, p. 16.
9. *Ibid.*, p. 23.
10. R. Barthes, *Camera Lucida*, Fontana, London 1984, p. 100.
11. Sontag, *On Photography*, p. 24.
12. *Ibid.*, p. 71.
13. *Ibid.*, p. 111.
14. *Ibid.*, p. 154.
15. *Ibid.*, p. 156.
16. V. Burgin, *Looking at Photographs*, in L. Wells (ed.), *The Photography Reader*, Routledge, London 2003, p. 133.
17. R. Barthes, *Camera Lucida*, p. 105.
18. A. Kuhn, *Family Secrets: Acts of Memory and Imagination* (1995), Verso, London 2002, p. 157.
19. *Ibid.*, pp. 157-8.
20. *Ibid.*, p. 158.
21. E. Said, *Orientalism*, Penguin, Harmondsworth 1995 (1st edn. 1978), p. 55.

22. E. Manning, *Politics of Touch. Sense, Movement, Sovereignty*, University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis 2007, p. 146.
23. L. Raccioppi and K. O'Sullivan, *Engendering Nation and National Identity*, in S. Ranchod-Nilsson, M. A. Trétreault (eds.), *Women, States and Nationalism. At Home in the Nation?*, Routledge, London 2000, p. 25.
24. A. Smith, *National Identity*, Penguin, New York 1991, p. 79.
25. See J. Derrida, *Monolingualism of the Other or the Prosthesis of Origin*, Stanford University Press, Stanford, CA 1998.
26. R. Rubenstein, *Home Matters: Longing and Belonging, Nostalgia and Mourning in Women's Fiction*, Palgrave, London 2001, p. 9.
27. B. Martin, C. Talpade Mohanty, *Feminist Politics: What's Home Got to Do with It?*, in Teresa De Lauretis (ed.), *Feminist Studies / Cultural Studies*, Indiana University Press, Bloomington 1986, pp. 196-7.
28. D. Lee, *Cadence, Country, Silence: Writing in Colonial Space (1973)*, in C. Sugars (ed.), *Unhomely States: Theorizing English-Canadian Postcolonialism*, Broadview Press, Toronto 2004, p. 59.
29. Kuhn, *Family Secrets: Acts of Memory and Imagination*, cit., p. 73.
30. H. Bhabha, *The Location of Culture*, Routledge, London 1994, pp. 99-100; see also Manning, *Politics of Touch*, p. 88.
31. Kuhn, *Family Secrets: Acts of Memory and Imagination*, cit., p. 169.
32. G. Agamben, *Means Without Ends*, University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis 2000, p. 21.
33. Z. Bauman, *Identity*, Polity, London 2007 (1st edn. 2004), p. 20.
34. *Ibid.*, p. 23.
35. G. Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis 1997, in M. Crang, N. Thrift (eds.), *Thinking Space*, Routledge, London 2000, p. 21.

