

Before Dispossession, or Surviving It

Angie Morrill, Eve Tuck¹ and the Super Futures Haunt Collective

Abstract: *In this article, four authors come together to reprise a menacing, mournful narrator—this time to theorize dispossession and how “her shape haunts the maps drawn by his hand,” (Paperson, 50). Wedged between Indigenous theorizations of settler colonialism, Black theorizations of antiblackness, and theorizations of visitation and fugitivity, this article achingly imagines the future without our loved ones, or even us. The question of haunting persists in this article as it interacts with recent works of art and fiction, and photographs of a new series of visitations by the Super Futures Haunt Collective.*



Everything I love is an effect of an already given dispossession and of another dispossession to come. Everything I love survives dispossession, is therefore before dispossession.

— Fred Moten, “The Subprime”

Her shape haunts the maps drawn by his hand. She implies a different spatial and temporal geography of tunnels and time warps. She herself is not fully legible to colonialism’s eye and cannot be defined by its sciences nor described through its grammar of power.

— La Paperson, “The Postcolonial Ghetto”

[Dionne Brand] reminds me that the earth is also skin and that a young girl can legitimately take possession of a street, or an entire city, albeit on different terms than we may be familiar with.

— Katherine McKittrick, *Demonic Grounds*

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A layered body²

This is an aching archive—the one that contains all of our growing grief, all of our dispossessed longing for the bodies that were once among us and have gone over to the side that we will go to too. When I told you that I will probably haunt you, you made it about you, but it is about me. The opposite of dispossession is not possession. It is not accumulation. It is unforgetting. It is mattering.

Am I back?

The last time is the same as this time³. There isn't time here. There isn't ever time here. There is only *here* here, only land here. The last time, there were two and now there are four. We are more this time, this here. We are a contagion,⁴ and we are growing and spreading. We go where we want. We are writing as *me* now, the one who seethes at the center, at the outskirts too. I did not go anywhere. I am sung all the time. I keep it all focused here on what the now keeps forgetting. It is too easy to want to try to get out from beneath all of this—the maps, the stretched skins, the collapsed hides. You can read me in this way or in this way⁵, but you have designed yourself to forget it all anyway.

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² Halberstam.

³ See Tuck, E. & Ree, C. (2013), "A glossary of haunting."

⁴ **Infection:** I may wear a mask but that does not mean I will not infect you.

⁵ See Prezi version of this essay at liminalities.net/12-1/dispossession.html

Am I telling you a story?

Make a map and not a tracing⁶
Make a map and not a tracing
Make a map and not a tracing

Do not tell me what to do

Am I going away?

No.

Cartographies

Discourse, performance, cartography; analogs with consequences, especially for future ghosts. This is not to say that they are distinct, severed, but that haunting is a materializing. Haunting is a mattering. Native feminist scholar Mishuana Goeman observes that “Bodies that are differently marked through the corporeal or through a performance—whether through gender, race, sexuality, or nationality—articulate differently in different spaces” (12). In particular, “As Native bodies travel through various geographies, they are read differently and thus experience lived realities that are constantly shifting” (*ibid.*). Read differently by ourselves, by others, the maps are changing with every reading. Thus,

Unlike Western maps whose intent is often to represent the “real,” Native narrative maps often conflict, perhaps add to the story, or only tell certain parts. Stories and knowledge of certain places can belong to particular families, clans, or individuals. These maps are not absolute but instead bring present multiple perspectives—as do all maps. While narratives and maps help construct and define worldview, they are not determined and always open for negotiation. (Goeman, 25)

I am interested in only telling certain parts, untelling certain parts, keeping the bodies and the parts from becoming a settlement. I keep a list of theories of change in my pocket so I can remember something more meaningful than raising awareness. Something more material than raising consciousness. Something more to the touch than visibility. My list of theories of change: haunting, visitations, Maroon societies, decolonization, revenge, mattering.

Katherine McKittrick writes that poet Dionne Brand writes the land, but gives up on land too (*ix*). “She not only refuses a comfortable belonging to nation, or country, or local street, she alters them by demonstrating that geography, the material world, is infused with sensations and distinct ways of knowing:

⁶ Deleuze and Guattari.

rooms full of weeping, exhausted countries, a house that is only as safe as flesh” (*ibid.*). Brand⁷ wants

[...] no fucking country, here
or there and all the way back, I don’t like it, none of it,
easy as that

McKittrick writes that Brand discloses that “geography is always human and that humanness is always geographic—blood, bones, hands, lips, wrists, this is your land, your planet, your road, your sea...her surroundings are speakable” (ix).

Let us speak of cartographies of struggle (Mohanty, Russo, and Torres) then, if solidarity is too compromised a word. More, let us speak of cartographies of dispossession—the kind that rips away, distances, alienates—but also the kind that is waged upon us like war. The kind that is manufactured for my destruction.

Chief Seattle may or may not have said⁸

The young men, the mothers, the girls, the little children who once lived and were happy here [on Suquamish land], still love these lonely places. And at evening the forests are dark with the presence of the dead. When the last red man has vanished from this earth, and his memory is only a story among the whites, these shores will still swarm with the invisible dead of my people. And when your children’s children⁹ think they are alone in the fields, the forests, the shops, the highways, or the quiet of the woods, they will not be alone. There is no place in this country where a man can be alone. At night when the

⁷ Brand, 48.

⁸ Countless media materials feature the words of a fictional 1854 Chief Seattle (Suquamish) speech. Seattle was a Suquamish leader and he actually did make a speech directed to the US President Franklin Pierce in the 1850s. The original speech protested encroachment of the US Government onto Suquamish land, and removal of Suquamish people from their homelands. However—as hopefully is now widely known—the words appearing in children’s books, posters, and t-shirts that are usually attributed to Seattle were fictionalized for an eco-awareness film, called *Home*, by filmmaker Ted Perry, a white Southern Baptist, in 1971. Perry appropriated and co-opted the original speech by Seattle to amplify his film’s message of Judeo-Christian stewardship of the planet (Black, 635). Perry’s fictionalized version seems to loosely be based on what Seattle actually said, but he amplified themes of simplistic understandings of land ownership, inserted environmental themes, and completely ignored Seattle’s message of resistance and refusal. Though there is no surely accurate record of Chief Seattle’s actual speech directed at Franklin Pierce, several historians support that the speech more likely contained lines like those above.

⁹ It has been more than 160 years, and six generations, since this promise.

streets of your town and cities are quiet, and you think they are empty, they will throng with the returning spirits that once thronged them, and that still love those places. The white man will never be alone...The dead have power too. (Liberation Theology and Land Reform website, n.p., *insertion mine*)

Dispossession in the first sense

Judith Butler and Athena Athanasiou agree that *we can only be dispossessed because we are already dispossessed* (11, *emphasis mine*), but Athanasiou warns against contriving a causal link between “being” dispossessed on one side, and “becoming” or “being made” dispossessed, on the other” (*ibid*). No chronology, ontology, causality links these two, bound as they are. In the first sense, in “being” dispossessed, the “univocal category of the human¹⁰ is perpetually troubled and haunted by the quivering humanity of those living, differing, sexing, mattering, touched and touching otherwise, elsewhere” (25). In this way, humanness is haunted, unsettled by the humanness that happens in other ways, in other places.

Dispossession in the second sense

In the sense of “being made” dispossessed: dispossession once referred only to land theft, but now attends to how human lives and bodies matter and don’t matter—through settler colonialism, chattel slavery, apartheid, making extra legal, immoral, alienated (Butler and Athanasiou, 14). The opposite, the endgame of opposing our dispossession is not possession—not haunting, though I’ll do it if I have to; it is mattering.

Double ubiquity

Fred Moten writes,

This is a question concerning resistance, which is not only prior to power but also, like power, is everywhere—as the mutual constitution of a double ubiquity that places the question of hegemony somewhere beside the point. The dark, mobile materiality of this ruptural, execonomic generality is a violence

¹⁰ Later in the same volume, Butler and Athanasiou trouble their own reliance on the term *human* in this conceptualization. The aim, they write, is not to find the right typology (26) but to ask another set of questions: Who and what is excluded from the “human” and how has this category come to be formed “against the background of the abject or the disavowed” (26)? Athanasiou urges a revisitation to the humanist premises of the (bio)political: so that the “materiality of the human” is reconsidered through “amalgamations and reassemblages of the animate and inanimate, human and non-human, animal and human animal, life and death” (27).

in the archive that only shows up by way of violence to the archive. Because I don't want to kill anybody, because I want us to enjoy ourselves past the point of excess, I am violent in the archive. Because I am a thing seeing things, I am violence in the archive ("The Subprime," 240).

Resistance is not a consequence to power but simultaneous to power, even preceding power. In which case, resistance is not simply bodies or events articulated against power, but is diffuse, plastic, ungraspable. My entanglements are not skin on skin, but the submerged swamp of the archive, as much as we are also a part of the archive. Hegemony, what hegemony. I am licking my lips in everything you see.



Visiting Artists Visitation: Room 508

Fantasy Spaces

You keep interrupting me. Or keep talking over me. I have not forgotten the last time you folded a dampened blanket for me. I have not forgotten the last time you held my place in line for me. It doesn't work to say "clear out of here!" or "go back in your time machine!" Sometimes I think I might just die before we

get any of this off the ground. I am always making something on the side, always building a furtive future off the margins of your attention. I make things and I look at them as potential habitat. You burst into the room and catch me, and I drop everything and look at the ceiling. Turn away and I will do it again.

Foreclosure

It is built into all discourse--the preemptive exclusion of the possibility of particular representations (Hesse, 290). "Foreclosure makes certain expressions impossible, insofar as the locutions that would allow that expression have already been denied any existence within the valorized discourse" (*ibid.*). This is why we must say again and again that #Blacklivesmatter, remember our missing and murdered Indigenous women (#MMIWG2S), that decolonization is not a metaphor (Tuck and Yang). Yet (like refusal) foreclosure is not only a no. (Like desire) it is not only lack; it is productive. Barnor Hesse writes, "Foreclosure makes it possible for some things to be formulated in what is said, written, or represented and others not" (290). Hesse continues, foreclosure

is repetitive and quotidian because its proscription of particular discursive terms, themes or questions is never finalized; the conventional, hegemonic or normalizing discourse remains ever threatened by what has in effect been *constitutively foreclosed* (*ibid.*, emphasis original).

The ever threatening is always happening too. If you forget that, then you have forgotten everything.

Future ghosts

Settler colonial societies are haunted by the host of gone peoples—they pulse at the center. I have said before that I am a future ghost (but what does this mean for my sister)? Precarity is politically induced (Athanasίου in Butler and Athanasίου, 18). Precarity—unnecessary and systemic exposure to injury, violence, poverty, indebtedness, early death—is the word for those whose only proper place is non-being (*ibid.*), nowhere (Moten, "Blackness and Nothingness"). The need for justice may outlast my years, and I have children in this world. I don't want to haunt you, but I will.

Shady Sovereignty

If dispossession produces ghosts, are those ghosts to be possessed only by dispossession? Nation means nothing to the afterlives of the after-nation. Indigenous scholar Irene Watson asks, "Am I free to roam?... to sing and to live with the land of my ancestors" (40)? Or, she asks, "do I remain the unsettled native, left to unsettle the settled spaces of empire" (*ibid.*)? Nation means nothing even

to ghosts who haunt as a form of justice, and ghosts who haunt justice as revenge. I am preparing my future haunting. A haunting born and unmoored from horror, before and beyond dispossession. A stateless and constant form of passage. A passage that is always passing. A shady sort of sovereignty. What do ghosts do when they aren't haunting? Go to outer space. Make lists. Window shop. Visit friends. Prank. Be bored. Haunt other ghosts.

Fugitive



Visiting Artists Visitation: Kim's Home Center

Getting Lost

There were four men hanged at Fort Klamath on October 3, 1873. Modoc leader Kintpuash (or Captain Jack) Boston Charley, Schonchin John and Black Jim. There is more to the terrible story of the large crowd of settlers and soldiers gathered at the gallows, the Modoc imprisoned in the guard house who were forced to watch. There is more. When they took down the bodies of the four

men, they removed the heads. I heard they were displayed at carnivals. The army kept them for a time. Eventually the remains, the skulls of the Modoc men, brothers, sons, fathers, were held in the Smithsonian. And a woman, “an unknown woman” whose body was found in the Lava Beds, where the Modoc men, women and children lived and fought during the war. They took hers too, the unknown woman, they took her head.

Lordville.¹¹ a film by Rea Tajiri: Notes for a Q&A

1. Betia always portrayed as a ghost submerged in an archive or a missing person. But even as a ghost, she later reemerges out of that vanishing as a Native holy woman. I think I want to know about the larger question of how do you grapple with representing vanishing without reproducing the violence of vanishing?

2. Seemed like you were being deliberately ambiguous about whether residents are Indigenous or settler. Talk a little about that.

3. Especially struck me since in *History and Memory*¹² you made a point of Japanese Americans being forcibly removed from their property (which was then confiscated), and put in internment camps on Native land. Can you explain how you make use of the Asian body as a visual presence (literally tracing land by walking property lines) and sonic presence (through your voice)?

¹¹ *Lordville*, directed by Rea Tajiri. Tajiri’s most recent film, *Lordville* starts with a house she bought in 2003 in Lordville, NY, a once-booming, now literal ghost town. The home has a yellow paper trail that reaches back to white founder John Lord and his wife, Minisink Delaware Indian Betia Van Dunk who, after being legally barred from inheriting her own property, drifted away from the record. Tajiri made a film about owning this land with this trail, conjuring the settler, the geologic, the nation, and the intimate. There are long shots of her walking property lines, clambering over boulders, struggling to demarcate with only unreliable clues - a torn cloth or a legal marker: “large tree.” Tajiri’s voice layers with interviews with residents, a genealogist, and geological readings from which the imprint of history on the wooded forest is read almost like a palm, all the way back to the 1737 Walking Purchase Treaty.

¹² Rea Tajiri’s canonical *History and Memory: For Akiko and Takashige*, loosened her family’s Japanese internment camp stories within a ruminative space of desire and performance like none other. It was an approach both lyrical and startling - a film that dared to inhabit the fugitivity of memory, even if it meant destabilizing the few records of internment, a social history constantly threatened by disappearance.

Longing

“Do not be frightened Margaret, her cricket-man said. No harm will come to your actual mother. I only want to eat the mother of this world. The mother of this dream. That is all I want.”

In Kiik Araki-Kawaguchi’s counter-internment novel, *Poor as You Are, My Heart, Don’t Grieve Here on Earth*,¹⁵ a cricket-man lives in the dreams of young incarcerated Margaret Morri, where to her horror, he chews her dream-family members into dream-obliteration, and eventually begins on Margaret herself. Margaret can no longer take the toll of dream-violence on her waking life and in sympathy but still needing sustenance; the cricket-man begins to eat the bloodless barrack walls. Horror stains release, or maybe it’s the other way around. This is not magic realism. More like the moves of Moten’s doubly ubiquitous resistance meeting violently against the mouth of power.



Visiting Artists Visitation: Coney Island

¹⁵ Kiik Araki-Kawaguchi’s work *Poor as You Are, My Heart, Don’t Grieve Here on Earth* beads together “micro (non)fictions” of his grandparents’ experiences while incarcerated in the barracks of Gila River Relocation Center. Along with voracious flesh eating dream crickets, stories bleed in and out with miniature men, greedy vanities, bodies morphing gloriously, animal behavior, blanketed romance, idiosyncratic ritual.

Map of Stars

Andrew Warhola is a teenager who loves movies stars almost as much as his mother. Andrew is sick and falls into a fever dream. He dreams he is high above the ocean, standing on an ancient sea bed. Santa Barbara. An enclave for the very rich, people who look and live like movie stars. At his feet frogs move past him; homing frogs he follows into trees by a stream that leads to the ocean. The trees are an art gallery, and on the trees are pictures of one Indian from the future, in colors that are brighter than the sky but with an old timey face like the flipside of a buffalo nickel.

The sky is filled with stars. A young girl with teacup eyes sits beside him on the bluff. Where archaeologists find Chumash artifacts, she lives with her family in a ranch style house. Her voice is soft and aristocratic, to Andrew she sounds like a movie star. She tells him she is named after her great aunt Edith, who was the subject of a famous portrait by John Singer Sargent. Andrew is afraid to speak. She laughs at him and he wakes up, holding a drawing he was working on when he fell asleep, a map of stars.

I asked to go to the Sedgwick Reserve¹⁴ and have the scientists print me a thousand star maps. The night sky from 1965, when Edie Sedgwick and Warhol appeared on the Merv Griffin Show. From 1992, when Russell Means appeared in *Last of the Mohicans*. From 1822, when Chumash were removed from their cities and put in missions to pray. And 4523, when Chumash scholars from outer space came back for their stuff. From millennial calendar wheels fast forwarded and reset to zero. All this black emerging, map upon map, night sky upon night sky, spit out from state of the art printers, until a black sea of ink could permanently stain the Sedgwick's centerpiece ancient oceanic floor.

¹⁴In 1967, rancher Francis Minturn "Duke" Sedgwick bequeathed the 6,000 acres that made up the La Laguna Ranch in the Santa Barbara region to the Regents of the University of California, land now known as the Sedgwick Reserve. The land was the historic site of two of the largest villages *Soxtonokmu'* and *Kalawashaq'* where the Santa Ynez Chumash lived until they were relocated to missions in 1822 and the land passed hands between ranchers and industrialists. It is now part of the UC's enormous land holdings, available to scholars and researchers who wish to study Sedgwick's ancient sea floor, various birds or the many resident flora and fauna amongst other things. Sedgwick's 7th child was Edie Sedgwick, a frequent muse of pop artist Andy Warhol. Another famous subject of Warhol's prints was Russell Means, a leader of the American Indian Movement and later an actor in all kinds of "Indian" roles in TV shows and films.

“Mixed Blessing” by Rebecca Belmore¹⁵

This stops me in my tracks, my throat, that bit of red, that stronger force at work. Streaming hair and words and hands up and near the earth. That silent answer.

Movie Star Maps

Misty Upham (Blackfeet Nation) was 32 and famous, she was in a movie with Meryl Streep and Julia Roberts, she was nominated for an independent spirit award for best supporting actress in *Frozen River*. She was on HBO in *Big Love* and in a movie directed by Quentin Tarantino. She was murdered in early October. The police wouldn't look for her, they said she had mental health issues, and eleven days later, on October 16th, her family and friends found her in a ditch. The coroner said she had been killed by blunt force trauma on the day her family reported her missing. The day before Misty Upham was found, my dad called and told me my sister died. My sister was so funny. She was mad at Melissa McCarthy; my sister thought McCarthy had the career she should have had. I begged her to get up on stage, she said she was scared. She loved cadillacs and clothes and manicures. That was not what her life looked like though. She was sick, and struggling. She should have had a bigger audience.

Not Yet Finding A Way In

This is a hard place, a place where my swollen body is hammocked above Lost and below Oriented. Something's there in the stall before Momentum. Even before the scratch marks appear on the door. Long before wormholes pinhole the sky. Something's there, somewhere between I don't want, I can't see, I am dead, and I can't turn away, I smell a black hole deforming everything in its path.

Permission

You might ask for permission, and you can have it. It won't make any difference. I don't know what you want. Not even when you tell me.

Recognition

Butler and Anthanasiou observe that dispossession operates as a global modality of power that makes some of us the living dead by determining who can be wasted, disposed of, “and it does so in both spectacular and quotidian ways, in-

¹⁵ See [http://jessicabradleyinc.com/exhibition/solo-exhibition-9#postImage\[post-4345\]/3/](http://jessicabradleyinc.com/exhibition/solo-exhibition-9#postImage[post-4345]/3/)

sistently and insinuatingly” (18). Dispossession works through violence and precarity to continually sort those who are permitted to take place and those who must take their proper place, a proper place of “non-being” (*ibid.*). Yet the opposite of dispossession is not possession and property (11). I am trying to identify something beyond the Indian Wars and forced removal and the laundry list of violent acts that is ongoing. I identified the pathologized ways we are read, the ways that reinforce the narratives that maintain natives are lost, and damaged, we were whole, once, but that was a long time ago, and in this reading everyone forgot why and when we became so broken. That is one way to read. There is another way, that is through institutions, the Supreme Court and the Marshall Trilogy and the roots of federal Indian law and that bastard sovereignty. Oh yeah, you think sovereignty is your friend, but then Congress uses plenary power and you are holding exactly nothing.



Visiting Artists Visitation: Belknap Hot Springs (video still)

Skins

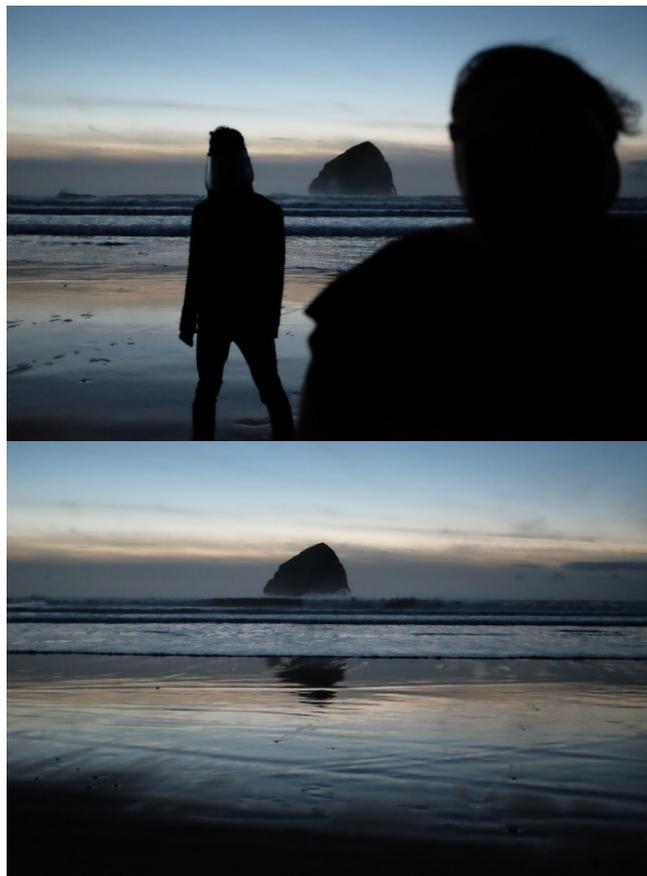
I dreamed I was in Chiloquin, below the mesa where I saw the ghost warriors on horseback. In my dream they were there again, and I was standing at the bottom of the mesa. I wasn't alone but I couldn't see who was there. We were waiting. The warriors began to ride down to us and halfway down they became buffalo.

When they reached the bottom they were our ancestors and we recognized them and were overwhelmed with joy. I know what this dream means, and I am not afraid.

“Still Dancing” by Jonathan LaBillois¹⁶

This is a body made from all of the missing and gone faces. It is at once lovely and horrible and there are so many. There is the grief that happens because we are not in the same body, and the grief that happens because it is waged upon us. This is the second.

Spaceship



Visiting Artists Visitation: Cape Kiwanda / Haystack Rock

¹⁶ See “Still Dancing” here: <http://jonlabillois.com/product/still-dancing-2>

Moten asks

Can we own or claim dispossession while resisting it? Can we resist it while embracing it? We make new life, we make our refuge, on the run. We protect the old thing by leaving it for the new thing. Refusal is only possible for the ones who have something, who have a form, to give away – the ones who ain't got no home anymore in this world except a moving boxcar full of the sound and scent of animate pillows, strangers, readers; except a built clearing in a common word they break and scar to rest and lay to rest; except Aunt Kine's house which isn't hers, which is hers to hold and hand when we have no place to stay, and then they take it away, but she'd already given it away ("The Subprime," 242).

I am going to build a spaceship. With large rocks and gyroscopes. Curved wood found in Oregon. An arrow for my sister, who visits my mother in dreams. I'm collecting parts in photo booths. Fancy hotels. A MAX HP-88 stapler and cardboard. With each visit, another little piece. I've stashed parts across the Pacific Northwest. New York. I'm not looking for a permanent landing. My compass is erect with super futures. Haunting, my fuel.

Surfaces

Resist that which makes me a ghost and you a monster. Resist that which makes us living dead. Come and make an avatar, a host that [will be your shelter](#)¹⁷ while you make a new geography. I love that part of us that is always already before our dispossession – there is nothing that is ruined, that can't be given up or taken back. Let's wrap our selves around each other – at least.

¹⁷ See Maile Arvin, "What Cyborgs Dream." <http://adanewmedia.org/2015/01/issue6-feminist-hack-cyborgs-dream/>



Visiting Artists Visitation: The LINE Hotel

Selfsame land

I have made a decision about who I will make my audience. I am writing to you within this rushing roar of a cartography of our dispossession, we who are future ghosts, we who bury loved ones hoping they will get some rest. If I make a map and not a tracing, it is a map of our [selfsame land](#)¹⁸. If I make a tracing and not a map, it is made out of chalk on city cement.

Time machine

I used to think if I had a time machine I would kill Andrew Jackson. But I don't want to kill anyone. I would go back to October 1995. It was my 30th birthday and I had a small party at the large Victorian house in Northwest Portland where I lived with with my roommates for next to nothing. My best friend Matthew and his friend John made chili and performed an original play and then they sang songs and John played guitar while Matthew played harmonica and I could hear my sisters singing. Both my sisters came to the party, there is a polaroid picture of the three of us together. In the picture we are standing together smiling. We are lovely. Now one of us is gone and so I am sister to the other one all by myself.

Visitations

These visitations are hauntings, as fugitive outsiders, I explore the residue horror that colonialism creates and I cannot forget. I am sometimes outsider and always fugitive, I have family, I belong to people and to places, to traditions. Visitations reinforce connections, create new ones, disrupt expectations. Visitations are not settling, they are not colonial exploration. Visitation rites. Visitation rights. Visitation writes.

Visitation – Spirit Lights

I was standing at the sink washing the dishes and five or six, small bright lights appeared and spoke to me. They commented on what I was doing, washing the dishes. "Oh, it's good you are taking care of your family." They stayed for several days. If I made a cup of tea they would say, "That's good you are relaxing and taking care of yourself." They affirmed everything that I did, they told me I was good, I was doing good things. One day, after they had been visiting for nearly a

¹⁸ See Tuck, Guess, and Sultan, "Not Nowhere: Collaborating on Selfsame Land." <https://decolonization.wordpress.com/2014/06/26/not-nowhere-collaborating-on-selfsame-land/>

week, I was talking to a friend on the phone and they let me know they were leaving, and before I could say goodbye they were gone. But everything had changed. I can't tell this story without crying.

Year 0 I have to keep a record. I am not writing about what I wore and who hurt my feelings. I am writing about the future, while it is happening.



*Visiting Artists Visitation: Watches Over Us based on Modoc/Klamath
Peggy Ball's painting Watches Over Us*

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