

**Contingent Belonging: Second-Generation Latino
Canadian Negotiations of Place, Identity, and Nation**

by

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Abstract

In an increasingly transnational world where multicultural policies and dual citizenships are facilitated through international conventions, this dissertation provides insight into the identities of the children of the Latino diaspora in Canada and explores how the second-generation (Canadians born in Canada with at least one immigrant parent) expresses a complex sense of belonging not just to Canada but also to their parent's homeland. I argue that their sense of belonging has been misunderstood by academics and Canadian policy makers. Described as being an 'in-between' generation, a series of policy reports published by the Policy Research Initiative of Canada claims they are both a potential risk and potential resource for the state, and thus need to be managed. I argue this fails to recognize how members of the second generation themselves articulate a complex sense of belonging and identity that is negotiated on their own terms. There has been little written about Latina/os in Canada and even less that focuses on the second-generation. Though scholarly fields in the United States like that of Chicano Studies examine questions of diasporic identity in multi-generational Latina/o communities they focus on a uniquely American population.

Drawing on my own diasporic heritage I collected data through four months of autoethnographic (Spry, 2001) and sensory ethnographic fieldwork in Montevideo, Uruguay where my parents grew up and also the site of many annual childhood trips to visit my parents' family. My research involved ethnographic participant observation, interviews and site visits to the Museum of Memory (MuME). The second phase involved interviews of 15 second-generation Latino Canadians ranging in age from 20-35 from four Canadian cities. Like myself this group I was born and raised after the introduction of multicultural policy and the incorporation of multiculturalism into the conceptualization of Canada (Kobayashi, 2008). As an ethnography that encompassed both arriving in Uruguay and returning to Canada, I also observed the practices of "negotiating" my Latino/Canadian identity in each site. Thus the third phase, involved the development of a cooking practice (Counihan, 2010; Antoniou, 2004) which in response to the disorienting period of returning to Canada where I nostalgically longed for Montevideo.

A key component of the study involved developing a voice in academic writing for the sensorial, affective and emotional experience (see: Million, 2013) I found that second-generation subjects like myself experience with their/our sense of belonging and not belonging in the diasporic homeland that is mediated through kinship structures, cultural practices and everyday objects. I define this experience as 'contingent belonging' a concept that recognizes how the identities of the second generation are unstable and dynamic, constantly in a process of being constituted and reconstituted with different meanings in a constantly shifting landscape.

Keywords: Diaspora, Multiculturalism, Belonging, Latino, Latino-Canadian, Ethnography, Cooking, Identity, Autoethnography, Sensory Ethnography, Performance

Dedication

To my parents, who didn't always understand but loved me anyway.

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'Twas many a year since I left home—
A girlish girl Hades-bent to roam.
“Can’t take this town,” I used to say.
“It’s dull and quiet country way.”

So I boarded a train, kissed all good-bye,
And in my heart was a sympathetic sigh—
For I would go and live in a City
Where buildings, people, and hearts were bigger,

While they remained to work and toil
In a town whose thriving was of soil.
For long it worked, I knew no distress;
I even dared to write them less.

What need had I for Folk degenerate
Whose living and thinking were out of date?
The one quiet day I found myself
Confusion bound.

Problems high as Jack’s Beanstalk
And nobody with whom to talk.
My dilemma was all my own;
No counseling Dad, no kindness shown,

And for once I knew my status—
Cock Roach in the Park Theatre.
Now my heart knows no delight
Like a trip to the old home site.

Not for money would I scoff
At a screen door hanging off.
So they’ve got no tall skyscrapers!
—clowns in nightclubs cutting capers—

It’s home— the Folk are warm;
And most important—I belong!

Vivian Ayers “On Status” *Spice of Dawns*

Introduction

“Carlos! Carlos! CARLOS! The teacher says with a raised voice. This is not the first time we’ve done this particular exchange, nor is he the first (or last) person to call me Carlos. I pretend I can’t hear him. “Don’t look up, don’t look up” I tell myself. I will not be the first to yield in this latest instance of misrecognition. Full of teenage defiance I continue to stare down at the desk carefully studying the surface as though I am examining an intricate tapestry. My mouth feels dry and my palms are sweaty and balled up into fists under the desk. My whole body is tense. My willful act of teenage defiance is a source of amusement to the rest of the class as I can hear my classmates snickering and whispering around me. I can’t tell however if they are snickering at him, me, or the both of us.

The teacher walks over to me and I can see him standing over my desk in my peripheral vision. He is new, fresh out of teacher’s college and wholly uninterested in dealing with the difficult classroom he’s inherited mid-year. I look up, and can tell he is annoyed, which I find immensely satisfying. According to my mother my teachers often said that I was not the easiest pupil to deal with at the best of times.

“I’m sorry sir, my name isn’t Carlos. Like I told you before, my name is Marcos,” I say feigning ignorance. I stare up at him and refuse to break his gaze first.

The teacher’s face flushes. He’s embarrassed. He knows I know he’s embarrassed and that I’m taking a great amount of pleasure at calling him out in front of a class that he barely has control over. “Sorry, you just look like a Carlos.” He says with a scowl before quickly walking to the front of the room to return to the lesson.

I try to imagine what Carlos Moldes looks like. Presumably he looks like me, though perhaps has an accent? Was the teacher implying that I “look foreign” and this was code for that? Maybe he wears a large poncho and sombrero? Maybe Carlos

Moldes is from Mexico? Chile? Paraguay? In my mind I try to picture whom Carlos Moldes could be and the only answer that comes to mind is "it isn't me."

I remain curious about Carlos Moldes, who people think he is, what about my body says 'Carlos' to professors, employers, and new acquaintances. Is it my olive complexion? Does that elude to having origins from somewhere else? My dark brown eyes? Are they a subtle nod for others? Is my body full of cues that tell people around me "he isn't from here originally"?

Second Generation Canadians: A problem for public policy

This vignette, a memory of misrecognition and unruly adolescence was taken from a personal experience that occurred during high school. When I tell this story to other second-generation Canadians like myself, people nod knowingly, laugh, sigh audibly as if to say 'I've been there too.' Through autoethnographic writing (see Spry, 2001) and interviews with other Latino Canadians this project, inspired by the misrecognition and misunderstanding that often surrounds the second-generation experience, examines the question of belonging in relation to second generation Canadians. Arguing against government policy documents that narrowly describe the characteristics of this population, on the one hand, as a potential a problem or, on the other hand, as a potential resource that needs to be managed, this dissertation shows that second-generation Canadians have a broad range of experience in relation to belonging that is not recognized or valued in current policy reports and documents.

Described either as an integration success story, or as a population who have encountered difficulties in integrating, existing policy narratives of second-generation Canadians describe this population as somehow being found as lacking and often continues to refer to Canada as the adopted country or host nation of this population despite being born in the country and being citizens (Understanding Canada's "3M" Reality in the 21st Century, 2009). This is troubling as it demonstrates the government's misrecognition of second-generation subjects, viewing them as 'less than' other Canadians and reinforces racialized narratives of Canada as an Anglo-Saxon settler nation (Walcott, 2000).

This dissertation begins by showing the limited and instrumentalist policy discourses about second generation Canadians. But rather than making an analysis of policy a main component of this study, which was my original plan when I began my project, it has become a departure. What the policy discourses of which I am so critical of pointed to is that second-generation Canadians, specifically Latina/os have been virtually ignored by policy makers and scholars with respect to questions of belonging and identity. Thus, I situate my project as examining these issues and proposing a new model for understanding the belonging practices of second-generation Canadians both in Canada and the homeland. It is a model that acknowledges that for many, belonging is a dynamic, active and negotiated practice that is often contingent on the successful performance of identity in different social and national contexts. These performances vary and require second-generation subjects to constantly negotiate their position in relation to social networks, family relations, cultural expectations and language.

The Mainstream Conception of Second Generation Canadians

As a study in the field of Communication, I began by first tracking the dominant discourses on second generation Canadians. I found them in policy documents that identified this population as being a site of concern around issues of belonging, integration and economic indicators.

Defined by Statistics Canada as born in Canada with at least one parent born outside of the country (Canada's Ethnocultural Mosaic, 2006 Census, n.d.), second-generation Canadians are among the fastest growing segments of the population. Existing discourses about second generation subjects in public policy, as stated above, fail to recognize the complex practices of belonging among second-generation Canadians. This is particularly evident when examining the process through which they negotiate their sense of belonging in relation to their diasporic as well as their Canadian identities. Over the past decade second-generation populations in Canada have become an area of concern for both government and the academy. Sociological studies (Reitz & Banerjee, 2007) as well as government reports and policy papers (Sykes, 2008) have sought to collect data on various diasporic communities and their Canadian born

children. This concern with second-generation citizens is not exclusive or unique to Canada, indeed there has been considerable research on questions of belonging and second-generation citizens this demographic internationally in Europe. While research in Europe has also focused, much like the policy reports in Canada, on questions of labour market access and linked economic participation to questions of social and cultural integration, there has also been work that examines the broader implications and challenges faced by growing second-generation populations.

In France, for example, Pan Ké Shon (2010) links the social unrest of 2005 in the suburbs of Paris to the racial segregation experienced by French citizens of African descent, especially the second generation and subsequent generations born in France, and the lack of class mobility experienced by this population as a result of a lack of integration and opportunities. Christou (2006) examines the 'return' of second-generation Greeks to Greece in what she describes as *return-migration* and the impacts this has on "the family, the sense of self and other, the sense of 'home' and belonging" (1041). Aparicio (2007) notes the poor performance of second and 1.5 generation citizens in Spain from Moroccan, Dominican and Peruvian origin and notes the impact that a lack of social and economic opportunities have had on labour and educational outcomes for these communities and how this has impacted assimilation into Spanish society. In Italy, Andall (2002) examines the rise of second-generation African-Italians and the challenges faced by this community in the face of center-right nationalist parties. In England, Parker & Song (2007) note the erasure of second-generation British-Chinese voices from the public and the use of the internet by this community as a forum for the elaboration and discussion of their experiences.

European scholarship on second-generation populations raises concerns about the erasure and/or oversimplification of the dynamics of these populations and points to the some of the complex ways that this population articulates a sense of identity that transcends traditional discourses of belonging and identity that are bound up to national borders. Though scholars in Canada have begun to examine issues pertaining to second-generation identity and belonging, this research is relatively nascent and occurring in disparate fields of study. Currently, the majority of research on this population in Canada has focused on quantifiable and measurable data such as

educational attainment (Boyd, 2002; Hebert, 2007), economic indicators and labour market access (Sorokina, 2012; Boyd, 2008; Griffith, 2015). Like research internationally, there are, however, a growing number of publications on second-generation Canadians that examine questions of belonging and identity in various diasporic communities that now call Canada home. The concern of these scholars primarily focuses on quantitative indicators of integration and achievement, which, while important, does not provide an understanding of the lived experience of this population. There has been almost no research, however, on second-generation Latino Canadians and none from the perspectives of the subjects. There has, however, been some work done by other racialized communities in this area such as South Asian (Augla, 2000; Kumar et al, 2008), Japanese Canadian (McAllister, 2011; Oikawa, 2012), Muslim (Zine, 2012) and Black communities (Walcott, 2003; Chariandy, 2007).

While the immigrant generation, the parents of the second generation, is characterized by their experiences of migration and are interpellated as “immigrants”, 2nd generation Canadians though often racialized, occupy a unique subject position that is neither ‘immigrant’ nor entirely ‘Canadian.’ Kobayashi (2008) argues that:

Members of the second generation see themselves and are seen by others as a cultural bridge between their parents’ ways of living and a new way of living that is thought of as Canadian. They are agents of sociocultural change, therefore, and a prime locus for understanding the complexities of multicultural society. (3)

Indeed, with increasing transnational flows (Appadurai, 1990) and movement from the global south to the global north these populations are growing not just in Canada but, indeed, around the world. Yet recent Canadian policy documents demonstrate an ongoing misrecognition and misunderstanding of the second-generation experience, they continue to describe this population using terminology that fails to acknowledge their place in Canadian society. Though born in Canada (to immigrant parents) they continue to be problematized for their attachment to their ethno-cultural heritage and identity, thus framing them as needing to be detached and integrated into mainstream Canadian society.

For instance, in June of 2009 the Policy Research Initiative of Canada, a department of the federal government responsible for medium term policy planning,

released “Understanding Canada’s ‘3M’ (Multicultural, Multi-Linguistic and Multi-Religious) Reality in the 21st Century”, a final report summarizing a three-year study conducted in collaboration with the Department of Canadian Heritage entitled “Multicultural Canada in the 21st Century: Harnessing Opportunities and Managing Pressures.” Referred to in its abbreviated form as the “3M Report” this document sought to identify “opportunities and pressures for fostering inclusive citizenship in multicultural Canada...” (ii), and summarized the findings of the collaborative study which had been centered on two main research questions. The first, focused on what policy changes might Canada wish to implement in the face of “growing ethno-cultural diversity resulting from immigration” (ii) while the second, was focused on the development of what it defined as “inclusive citizenship” (ii) which was described as a phenomenon found “in pluralistic societies such as Canada, where individuals and communities are globally connected but diverse in culture, religion and language” (ii). The study was divided into two phases, phase one conducted roundtable consultations in eight major Canadian cities and focused on the current state of multiculturalism in Canada, the state’s approach to managing multicultural diversity and current policy research gaps. Phase two (Sykes, 2008a, 2008b, 2008c; Religious Diversity in Canada, 2009) implemented a deeper analysis on three priority areas that were identified during the first phase of the study, concentrating on the following areas: the integration of second generation individuals, religious diversity in the public sphere and the spatial patterns of cultural diversity.

Government studies and reports about racialized and minority communities are not particularly new, over the last century previous national discourses and state interventions have framed, on the one hand, immigrant communities and, on the other, Indigenous people as problematic populations in need of state intervention. These interventions, coercive attempts to manage racialized communities, which were based on disciplinary approaches to correct or, in some instances, penalize and incarcerate racialized bodies (see: Jiwani, 2011; Razack, 2008; McAllister, 2010; Culhane, 1998; Syed, 2012). Examples of these older forms of penalization and incarceration for “ethnoculturally distinct” groups include the Chinese Head Tax exclusion laws (Li, 2008), the internment of Japanese Canadians (McAllister, 2010; Miki, 2008), to more contemporary cases involving racialized citizens whose right to belong or citizenship was

called into question (in either state or public discourses) as a result of their ethnocultural identity (Jiwani, 2012). In the case of the on-going settler colonial relationship between First People's and Canada despite the guise of gestures of reconciliation, there have been on-going disciplinary relations of power that historically and continue to frame the relationship between the Canadian state and indigenous communities evidenced through the high rates of incarceration and foster care (Rymhs, 2008). Unlike these examples of coercive state discipline, the 3M report approaches the problem of integrating and assimilating racialized Canadians as a question of management. Deploying statistical information from census reports, academic studies and other government agencies the report draws on the biopolitical apparatuses of the state to measure labour and employment statistics, educational attainment and reports on racial/cultural discrimination; through these figures the report demonstrates/justifies the need for a discussion about state intervention in the integration of racialized communities (22). The report notes the growth of immigrant communities from non-European countries and predicts this segment of the population will significantly shift the country's demographic composition in the coming decades from a European (i.e. white, or contingently white) population to one with a far more racialized makeup:

In 2006, four million individuals aged 15 and over in Canada (representing 15.6% of the population) were second-generation Canadians (defined as those for whom one or both parents were immigrants), compared with 23.9% of the population who were first-generation immigrants. Compared with first-generation Canadians, second-generation individuals are largely of European origin, reflecting immigration trends in the decades prior to 1980 This pattern is changing as more recent arrivals from diverse source countries settle down... The shift in the ethnic background of first- generation immigrants will inevitably change the ethnic composition of Canada's second and subsequent generations of immigrants in the future. (4)

Yet this is not framed as being a 'problem' in the traditional Foucaultian sense unlike the examples previously detailed. Rather than being framed as a problem that needs to be disciplined and corrected, the 3M report frames the identified communities as potential resources that could benefit the state should they be managed appropriately. While this retains a disciplinary essence, the approach is far more biopolitical. The report does not seek to exclude or sequester second-generation Canadians but rather to establish a framework through which their integration can be facilitated. Recommendations for further study with particular attention placed on

learning more about second generation Canadians, the study places an emphasis on this demographic as a significant resource given the high levels of education amongst many second-generation ethnic groups:

In particular, today's second-generation youth have grown up in a society where the principles of equality and respect for diversity are honoured in principle and both legislated and broadly applied in practice. Fluent in at least one of the official languages and technically savvy, they are often also globally-minded. While their parents may have striven to find a foothold in Canadian society, they are interested in finding their place as Canadians in a global context... Research indicates that, on the whole, second-generation Canadians are doing well in terms of educational attainment and labour market outcomes. The educational attainment of second-generation Canadians is marginally higher than that of Canadians of three or more (3+) generations... 11.1% of 3+ generation men receive a bachelor's degree compared with 17.2% of men who have two immigrant parents. At the graduate level, second-generation men with two immigrant parents are more likely to hold a graduate degree compared with 3+ generation men. A similar pattern is observed among women. However, differences exist in completion rates across ethnic groups. In 2001, 40% of second-generation Chinese Canadians received a bachelor's degree compared with only 11% of the second generation of Latin American immigrants. (6)

On the whole, second-generation Canadians are seen for their potential with respect to their educational and labour market prospects, yet the report makes specific note of discrepancies to the statistical norms. Within the analysis of educational attainment and labour prospects the report carefully compares ethnic groups to one another and reinforces notions of the model minority paradigm with respect to Asian diasporic communities. While the second-generation Chinese Canadians are identified for attaining a high level of bachelor degrees, Latin American immigrants and their children are noted for failing to achieve a high level of educational attainment. In this milieu, where the educational performance of racialized communities are dissected and cross referenced against one another, the managerial elements of multiculturalism become evident as a framework through which Canadian norms are established and held up as benchmarks for integration and achievement. This disciplinary language is particularly evident in its discussion of second-generation Canadians, whose description is largely based on more historical descriptions of European origins, whom are described as:

Having spent their formative years in their adopted country, these individuals are believed to have been spared the hardships their immigrant parents endured. Granted they still needed to reconcile the values of their country of ancestry (i.e. those typically still held by their parents at least in part) with those of the country in which they grew up.) Nevertheless, these individuals expected (and were expected) to achieve a higher level of success than their parents and to integrate fully into society... Recent research findings in Canada and other immigrant-receiving countries have revealed variants to this narrative... Consequently, the pathways of integration appear to diverge depending on ethnicity, culture and socio-economic status. (6)

Having discovered variants to the euro-centric description of the second-generation Canadian experience, the report recognizes that members of this population are failing to achieve the integration narrative that has dominated the civic mythology of Canada as a country of opportunity. Barriers to achieving the 'Canadian Dream', the report notes, are rooted not just in their socio-economic class but also in their ability to conform. Drawing on Jedwab (2008) and his description of the "Unmeltable Canadians" along with work done by Reitz and Banerjee (2007) who examined non-European second generation Canadians of colour and their sense of belonging, the report identifies that "only 5% of non-visible minorities in Canada report experiencing discrimination sometimes or often, compared with 20% of the visible minority population" (10). The report argues (rightfully so) that this perceived discrimination is a barrier to belonging yet rather than address the need to address the continuing issue of structural racism in Canada, second-generation Canadians are portrayed as being a population in need of state intervention. The problem of integrating multi-generational ethnic communities is shaped as a question of best management/policy practices that will ensure participation and inclusion in Canadian civic life but remains devoid of any recognition of these communities as dynamic and engaged communities on their own terms nor does it challenge or recognize the inherently assimilatory nature of multiculturalism both historically (see Haque, 2012) as well as in the contemporary context.

Though there has been a great deal of critique of multiculturalism stemming from conservative and both anglophone and francophone nationalist groups (Lambert & Curtis, 1983; Bannerji, 2000) as well as an on-going push to promote a more assimilationist practice of national belonging, multiculturalism as public policy remains popular among Canadians when polled (Todd, 2014). Indeed, the image of Canada as a

multicultural nation has become one of the central narratives of Canadian identity with policy documents and popular discourses continuously reinforcing a narrative of multiculturalism that is predicated on the inclusion of the racialized Other in Canadian society. What is left unspoken in this narrative is how multiculturalism frames and constitutes an image of Canadian society as tolerant and accepting of difference (Kymlicka, 2009) rather than being built on the richness of difference. This image, which I describe as the multicultural imaginary, is one through which white Canada maintains itself in the morally superior position of 'being tolerant' and 'accepting difference' without fully interrogating how these narratives serve to benefit a particular configuration of cosmopolitan whiteness (Saraswati, 2010). In this narrative ethnic, racial and cultural differences become consumable practices that are structured to enrich the Anglo subject (Kamboureli, 2013). Hage (1997) argues that multiculturalism as public policy continues to center Anglo-White dominance by making integration an "enriching" experience.

Multiculturalism on the other hand represents a new era where not only are ethnic cultures not perceived negatively but actually positively valued. Embracing such ethnic cultures was seen as precisely 'enriching'. Despite the positive 'anti-racist' nature of this discourse, it is, as I have argued elsewhere, deeply Anglo-centric, positioning Anglo subjects in the role of the appreciators enriched by what are constructed as ethnic objects with no *raison d'être* other than to enrich the Anglo-subject. (32)

Like Hage's example, multiculturalism as public policy enables the nation to reduce historical and on-going racial violence and inequalities as well as position itself as the benefactor to the racialized other from whom assimilation can be demanded in exchange for inclusion. Multiculturalism, in the words of Kamboureli (2013), "grants ethnicity subjectivity, but it does so without granting it agency" (218). While creating state recognition of ethnic difference this recognition and the interpellative hailing of the ethnic other it is a recognition that "depicts the ethnic subject as a stable entity whose characteristics are already fossilized, or seen as exotica – what 'ethnic has really come to signify in common parlance" (218). If, as Kamboureli argues, the ethnic other is understood to be a foreign and crystallized subjectivity I argue that this only further reinforces the incomprehensibility of second-generation Canadians whose dynamic and negotiated engagement with their diasporic heritage defies the categorization of "ethnic." Increasingly, this incomprehensibility in the eyes of the state, has become a site of concern for policy makers who are increasingly scrutinizing second-generation subjects

for what I argue to be their slippery and 'not entirely categorizable subjectivity which cannot easily be incorporated into the national imaginary.

Latinos in Canada

There has been relatively little historical work examining Latino migration to Canada. Both Hazelton (2007) and Armony (2015) provide important (albeit brief) historical analysis of Latino migration into Canada. Initial waves of Latin American migration to Canada began in the early 1960s with Ecuadorian economic migrants arriving and settling mainly in the Toronto area. Beginning in 1964 until 1976 Canada saw a large influx of political refugees and immigrants fleeing the military dictatorships that began to take root in Brazil, Uruguay, Chile and Argentina. In the 1980s the second major wave of immigration to Canada took place bringing Central American migrants fleeing political repression in places like Peru, Bolivia and El Salvador (Ruiz, n.d.)¹. Though post-1990 migrants are considered to have moved to Canada for economic reasons there remained political refugees coming from Colombia, Mexico and Guatemala (Armony, 2014). These demographics are important to note in order to make a clear distinction between Latino communities in Canada and those in the United States as the demographics and history of migration are quite distinct. There is a temptation to suggest that Latino Canadians will inevitably become a northern equivalent to Chicanos, which ignores the complex history of the American Chicano movement and radical differences with respect to population, geography and culture. Armony (2014) notes that unlike in the United States, where Latino populations have long attracted attention from policy makers, scholars and the media, there has been considerably less focus on Latino populations in Canada. Noting the dearth of scholarship that examines Latino-Canadians, he argues that this lack of attention may be in part a result of "the perception that Latin Americans in Canada do not constitute a 'problematic' group in terms of their integration to the host society" (8). The limited research available on Latinos in Canada has focused on providing accounts of group and organizational behaviour such as a

¹ Historical information/analysis of Latino/a migration into Canada is extremely sparse and limited. Wilson Ruiz's entry into the Canadian Encyclopedia is perhaps one of the most comprehensive attempts at documenting the history of migration from Latin America into Canada.

sense of collective identity (Brubaker, 2002), surveys of Latin American organizations (Veronis, 2007), questions of cultural heritage and inter-group competition, tensions and conflicts (Veronis, 2010; Landolt et al. 2009). Reviewing the 2011 Canadian census Armony highlights some of the basic differences between the two countries, namely that in the US "there were 50,477,594 Hispanics in 2010, or 16.3 percent of the total population" (18). Comparing this to "544,380 Latinos in Canada, or 1.6 percent of the country's total population" (ibid). Armony notes that while small, Latino migration into Canada, is approximately three times higher than the overall immigrant population and displays a much more varied country of origin compared to the United States where 63 percent of Hispanics declare a Mexican origin. Furthermore, some of the categorizations made by Statistics Canada flattens the regional and national differences in terms of what and who is Latino: Belize and Guyana are included while Cubans and Dominicans are not. Armony argues:

It goes without saying that these results are impossible to compare to data from the United States. The concepts and social representation (of 'race', 'Latino,' etc.) are extremely different, as are the policy and methodological approaches to ethnic diversity deployed by government agencies in either country. But maybe that is precisely the point: one could argue that the two realities are so far apart that no parallels can be reasonably drawn regarding the Latino population in Canada and the United States... the contrast may still be useful as a way of exploring the diverging forms of Latino-ness developing in the North American context. (20)

I argue that because Latino communities in Canada are relatively young, there has been little work on Latino-Canadian identity or culture. When looking at research that examines the second-generation specifically, there has been even less work done on this population. Indeed, with a few notable exceptions (see: Sabatier & Berry, 2008; Boyd & Grieco, 1998), there has been no major study of second-generation Latino-Canadians to date.

What this points to is the need for research that goes beyond quantitative analysis of statistical information. Though crucial and important this research cannot fully capture the experience of one of Canada's young diasporic communities, nor does it capture the complex relationship that second-generation Latinos have with both their national and diasporic identities from their perspective. As members of Canadian society

who have a place in Canada, how do Latino-Canadians talk about belonging? How do Latino-Canadians identify themselves? How does their sense of identity defy the problematic policy language of 'in-between' and point to new models for understanding belonging? In essence, how do Latino-Canadians articulate a sense of identity within and outside of the narratives of multiculturalism that point to their relationship to both Canadian and Latino identities?

Why Montevideo?

As the child of Uruguayan and Spanish immigrants, Montevideo, the capital city of Uruguay was the site of multiple visits throughout my childhood and into my adolescence. My first trip to visit family in Uruguay occurred when I was nine months old and like many other second generation members of diasporas of the 1970s and 1980s (Basch, 1994) who visited their parents' homelands regularly, in my case, I visited yearly. I have memories of Uruguay as far back as I can remember, and while not born there, Uruguay remains a place I feel connected to. The landscape is embedded with memories of days at the beach, family gatherings and celebrations, Christmas celebrations and time with my grandparents. As such, Uruguay was ideal for thinking through second-generation attachments to the homeland as it was a site to which I already had an emotional connection. Although my family also has roots to Spain, Uruguay, as mentioned, was the site of yearly family trips, specifically the city of Montevideo. The city has always been framed in my family as "home" despite my father having spent his early years in the province of Galicia, Spain.

Belonging, Diaspora and Transnationalism: Defining and Problematizing Terms

The concepts of home, belonging and nostalgia are prone to being romanticized discourses that obscure or obfuscate the reality of the relations to and identifications with the diasporic homeland being ambivalent. Indeed, in his seminal work on the field of diaspora studies Safran (1991) examines how mythologies of the homeland have been exploited by both home and host countries for a variety of political and social purposes.

Romanticized notions of the homeland by the diaspora are not uncommon, in her work with Caribbean migrants in Toronto, Burman (2002) describes “yearning” for the homeland while Pratt (2009) examines the emotions of sadness and nostalgia among Filipina migrant workers in Canada. The use of nostalgia and romanticization of the nation state where one was born or has roots is not limited to only diasporic subjects yearning for home, indeed, nostalgia has also been used by state governments, colonizers and fascist movements (Mackey, 2002; Naqvi, 2007; Rosaldo, 1989). I will argue in chapter four, there is a need for nostalgia to be problematized if it is to be reclaimed and critically recuperated by diasporic communities in the construction of a sense of belonging and place that is not reactionary.

David Morley (2001) offers a critique of existing approaches in cultural studies to issues of mobility and notes a tendency to be “uncritical celebration of all notions of mobility, fluidity and hybridity, as themselves intrinsically progressive” (427). Morley, drawing on Auge, describes belonging as “not simply as a physical place but also as a virtual or rhetorical space: the place where, a person is at ease with the rhetoric of those with whom they share a life” (425). Home and belonging are, he argues, “in the words of the old Cheers theme tune ‘everybody knows your name’” (Morley, 2001, 425). Like Morley I argue that these uncritical notions of hybridity and mobility ignore the emotional labour involved in movement and identities that traverse traditional discourses of citizenship and the nation state.

With the ever increasing speed of communication technologies, relatively affordable cost of international travel and emergence of the transnational marketplace, issues involving boundaries and belonging continue to pose questions and challenges for scholars (Levitt, 2004; Antonsich, 2010; Duyvendak, 2011). For Morley belonging, both in the physical sense of place and the symbolic sense of identity have been unsettled by the rise of electronic landscapes, globalized migration and travel which have challenged notions of borders, homelands and the nation state. This shift has made it crucial, he argues, to question how the movement across borders (both physical and virtual) have been regulated and to what extent “these regulatory processes generate conflict, in their attempt to expel alterity beyond the boundaries of the ethnically or culturally purified enclave - whether at the level of the home, the residential

neighbourhood or that of the nation" (2001, 434). Indeed, this dissertation takes up this challenge in order to address what Morley describes as the lack of attention paid to the unequal terms on which people are able to fashion their identities and "to the extent to which many people are still forced to live through the identities ascribed to them by others" (2001, p. 427).

Scholars like Rouse (1995) and Gilroy (1993) examine how diasporic communities maintain complex transnational relationships between the homeland and host nation. Clifford (1994), notes that many displaced peoples have adopted the language of diaspora as a way to "resist erasure through the normalizing process of forgetting, assimilating, and distancing" (310). Recognizing the currency and usefulness of the language of diaspora, Clifford notes that "diasporic identifications reach beyond mere ethnic status within the composite, liberal state" (309). Rather, they indicate a sense of identification that goes beyond the borders of the state and extends back to the diasporic homeland whether that be through an active engagement via returns, or an imagined connection maintained through cultural practices.

In their work on transnationality and transmigration Basch et. al. (1994) argue that immigration and immigrants evoke images of "permanent rupture" (4) that do not reflect the much more complicated relationship that migrants have to their homelands and note that scholarship on this transnational reality has been used without specificity. Providing definition and framework they define transnationalism as "the processes by which immigrants forge and sustain multi-stranded social relations that link together their societies of origin and settlement" (8). Recognizing that the modern day immigrant maintains and fosters connections across borders, they propose thinking about this figure as a "transmigrant", a term which recognizes the involvement in both their home and host nations.

Though a foundational text, their work refers explicitly to the migrant generation and fails to consider the differences between first and second-generations, two groups who bear striking differences with respect to relationship to homelands and identification with the host nation. Indeed, as Kobayashi (2008) has noted, the continued use of the term 'host nation' when discussing second-generation populations is in itself problematic.

There has been little agreement in the existing literature on new terminology, however, for this study I use the term homeland refer to the country of origin of the first-generation, the diasporic homeland. In discussing the 'host nation' in relation to the second-generation my position is that the term *home-nation* may be is more appropriate as it makes a distinction that recognizes that this group was born in Canada and has thus not migrated here. While homeland refers to the often mythologized country of origin, the home-nation refers to the nation of birth of second-generation citizens, which in this case is Canada. This distinction is both necessary and useful as it creates space to acknowledge that for members of this population, Canada is not a host-nation but rather is the country in which they were born and raised. Although the homeland is the birthplace of their parent's generation, I argue that many second-generation subjects, like the first generation, maintain transnational connections and links to it that bear striking similarities to transmigrants. While themselves not 'diasporic' in the traditional sense they are, in essence, a product of a diasporic movement and thus likely to maintain some kind of emotional connection or attachment even if that connection is a visceral reaction that entails an urge to distance themselves.

In *Songs of Exile* Yue (2010) provides an excellent and concise review of the field of diaspora studies and identifies three (broadly defined) fields. The first is William Safran's (1991) definition of diasporic subjects which:

...differentiates diaspora from other groups such as expatriates, immigrants, refugees and aliens, and stresses the emigration of people and their minority statuses within nation-states... This field focuses on diasporic communities as ethnic minority groups of migrant origins residing and acting in host countries but maintaining strong sentimental and material links with their countries of origin. (14)

Yue also recognizes two other existing fields in diaspora studies with distinct characteristics in their approaches. The first, she argues focuses on "the interrelationships of networks and economic organization at family, extra-national, and regional levels" (15) the second she identifies as emerging out of "Chinese diaspora studies. This approach articulates a non-essentialist identity and considered the possibilities of routes rather than roots." (15-16) Put in other words, this approach

recognizes the role that mobility plays in the creation and negotiation of multiple identities that are performed *in situ* and in relation to place and space.

While this project refers to diasporic communities, transnational movements and concepts like the homeland, the majority of theoretical and conceptual work identified refers specifically to migrant generations. Borrowing the conceptual framework that Yue and Safran describe, this project specifically examines the relationship of second-generation subjects to the diaspora which, I argue, is fundamentally different than what is described in existing literature that focuses on first-generation migrants. Although this group bears some similarities to their parent's generation, I argue that their relationship to the homeland is further complicated through their birth, citizenship and socialization in Canada. While members of the second-generation may have strong ties to the homeland of their parents and may express similar sentiments and yearning to return, they do not share many of the characteristics that have been identified by diaspora scholars (see Christou and King, 2006; Bhimji, 2008). This is not to say that they do not have an attachment, relationship or entanglement with the concept of diaspora, rather, this is a recognition of their relationship with/to the homeland is separate and distinct from their parent's generation. What follows in the subsequent chapters of this dissertation is an examination of this relationship and its unique relationship to ideas of diaspora, belonging and home.

Methodologies

Through sensory (Pink, 2015; Stevenson, 2014; Ingold and Vergunst, 2008) and performative ethnography (Denzin, 2003; Conquergood, 1991) with multiple fieldwork sites in both Canada and Uruguay I draw on data collected through participant observation, autoethnographic accounts, formal semi-structured interviews, and performative cooking (Antoniou, 2004) to examine the question of second-generation Latinos relationship to both Canada and the diasporic homeland. Fieldwork was conducted over the course of two separate trips to Uruguay, the initial trip lasting two weeks and the second lasting 5 months; 15 interviews with second-generation Canadians that took place over 3 months in Vancouver, Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa; and the development of a performative cooking (Antoniou, 2004) practice that took place

in Vancouver when I returned from my second trip to Uruguay and continued over the course of a year and a half. Though the use of food and foodwork was unplanned, cooking became an important process through which I was able to reconcile tensions between my sexuality, my Latinicity and sense of belonging. Examining how the tensions involved in navigating multiple subject positions has created a common experience of belonging as being a contingent and unstable feeling amongst second-generation Canadians. I argue that second generation Canadians perform what I call “contingent belonging” and cooking as a performative practice, like the practices identified by a number of my interviewees, I realized was, a way to intervene reflexively with the unstable feeling of belonging in order to interrogate the role of cultural practices in the formation of a sense of belonging.

Drawing on my research, I develop a multi-site ethnographic approach (Marcus, 1995) adapted for communication studies that seeks to understand belonging as a practice of communication. This framework provides a more in-depth understanding of the question of belonging for second generation Latino-Canadians. This dissertation calls for a reconceptualization of second-generation Canadians as subjects whose sense of belonging is not just unstable but also ambivalent and it is this ambivalence that opens up new possibilities for feeling, engaging and thinking about the growing multi-generational racialized communities in Canada and the challenges they face as citizens in a transnational world. Focusing on my own community of Latino-Canadians, I employ an autoethnographic approach to this study and position myself both as a second-generation Latino-Canadian and researcher.

While uncommon as an approach in the field of communication studies in Canada which uses more textual based approaches to analyze issues of political economy, media studies, policy and technology, autoethnography, as Spry argues (2001) is "further informed by research on oral and personal narratives and communication studies, situating the socio-politically inscribed body as a central site of meaning making." (710) In choosing to write myself into the text, using vignettes from my fieldnotes and memories I am attempting to recognize the knowledge that these feelings, memories and experiences carry. Writing what more quantitative and/or structuralist scholars in Communication Studies, going back to Stuart Hall (see Chapter 3), might

consider subjective and less rigorous, I turn to the unconventional and radical approaches to scholarship of feminist, queer and racialized scholars such as Gloria Anzaldula (1983), Audre Lorde (1984) and bell hooks (2008) whose own research draws on poetic and autobiographic writing. Thus through the insertion of what more conventional Communication scholars might view as very 'unacademic' vignettes into an academic text I hope to, in the words of Dian Million (2013) "underline the importance of felt experience as community knowledge" (57). This is, I argue, what is also missing from the policy documents and existing academic studies of second-generation Canadians; narratives that attend to the sensorial and embodied experience of belonging, of what the experience of negotiating the complex attachments of home, family and nationality at an embodied level feels like, thus I use my own experience as an individual representation of second-generation belonging, which is the primary focus of this dissertation. The reason it is important is that the lack of research on second-generation Latino Canadians beyond quantitative analyses has left a generation of Latinos with no voice in Canada. This dissertation is a call to other Latino voices whose tongues, like my own, are forked as they speak Spanglish, whose identities transcend the binaries of north and south, who have had to negotiate and create an identity that is not confined to the negative space of 'in-between' but one that transcends this limited discourse.

Throughout the process of this dissertation, I have resisted my instinct to 'write myself out of the text,' as years of academic training in Communication Studies have taught me to be wary of personal narratives. Only as I approach the completion of the project have I come to realize that this is in itself a tactic of western systems of knowledge (see Million, 2013) to deny systems of knowledge that disrupt existing power relationships. This realization fills me with a rage that comes from becoming aware of how limited understandings and appreciation of second generation subjectivity has resulted in a misrecognition and erasure of a population in Canada who have effectively been ignored and/or misunderstood. This dissertation is thus the start of what I hope will be an ongoing conversation about second-generation Latino Canadians, the children of the north with parents from the south.

Chapter Overview

Written from a first person perspective *South/Sur* (chapter one), documents the five months I spent conducting fieldwork in Uruguay. This chapter explores the process of returning to the diasporic homeland as both a researcher and second-generation Latino. Through a series of vignettes constructed from fieldnotes, interviews and participant observation *South/Sur* is concerned with exploring the embodied experience of being in the homeland and the process of what Lecker (2015) describes as “landing”, the period between which one is physically and mentally present. Through the process of landing *South/Sur* examines the contingencies of belonging I experience in relation to family and familial obligations, the cityscape of Montevideo, and the sense of belonging experienced in queer spaces. *South/Sur* is an examination of the practices of place-making (Mares, 2012); how a sense of belonging and place in the homeland can emerge through quotidian practices, kinship and social connections.

Like *South/Sur*, *Camino/Walking* (chapter two) is set in Montevideo and unpacks questions of the embodied methodologies found throughout the dissertation. Focusing on walking, one of my primary modes of transit and engagement while in the field, I examine how through the development of a walking practice in the diasporic homeland the second-generation subject can, through the development of a familiarity to the homeland, disrupt and transverse the planned and official sites of the city (de Certeau 2011): tourist attractions, official memorials and 'safe' neighbourhoods. Unlike regular tourists, second-generation subjects have been made privy through family oral histories to narratives that challenge or disrupt the city/state sanctioned narratives and provide personal or historical counter-narratives. Access to these histories, what Foucault (2003) describes as "common knowledge" demonstrates the different relationships to city spaces that can be formed and explored.

Unlike the other chapters, *North/Norte* (chapter three) focuses on the semi-structured interviews I conducted with second-generation Canadian interview participants in Ottawa, Toronto, Vancouver and an unnamed Canadian city (anonymized at the request of a participant). Removing myself from the text, the interviews demonstrate the breadth of experience between different second generation individuals

and their own identification and attachment to a Latino/a identity. The chapter highlights the variety of ways in which the second generation talks about, thinks about and feels about their Latinicity and their experience in navigating both 'Canadian' and 'Latin' spaces, again contrasting the reductive definition of 2nd gen in Canadian policy documents.

The final chapter, chapter four, is best described as a healing chapter. In response to the sense of loss experienced when returning from the field I draw on Antoniou's (2004) performative cooking practice as a means to remain connected to the homeland through the preparation of traditional Uruguayan cuisine. As I mentioned, the development of performative cooking was not planned, rather, I found myself turning to preparing traditional Uruguayan food after returning from the homeland and over time I realized that this attachment to food and the knowledge and assistance of my extended family in Toronto who passed on their knowledge about preparing food reminded me of fieldwork, and became my own practice to stay connected to the homeland. This again points to the importance of turning to 2nd gen themselves to gain insights into their experiences and the practices they've developed to create a sense of attachment and identification with their diasporic heritage. Food, I argue, can be a conduit through which second-generation subjects can interface, interact and participate with their ethno-cultural heritage and kinship networks. This chapter also examines how foodwork (D'Sylva & Beagan, 2011), while gendered, can be queered into what I describe as a 'belonging project' for second-generation Canadians, which refers back to the practice of "landing" for faeries as theorized by Michael Lecker (2015) in his ethnography of the radical faery movement.

As noted earlier in the introduction, the lack of research on Latino-Canadians reflects a diasporic community that is still relatively new and largely comprised of first-generation migrants. I conclude by reflecting on the dissertation as a contribution to the nascent field of Latino-Canadian studies and hope to begin a conversation on questions of belonging both within and outside of the Latin community in Canada. Given the problematic way government policy documents define the 2nd gen in relation to questions of belonging, I turn to 2nd gen themselves to seek answers about the way they talk about being Latino, or if they even identify as Latino. In both cases, I am interested in their

relationship to their parent's culture and homeland by having them reflect on their own experience and perspectives. What makes our experience unique as Latino-Canadians born in Canada? What is the nature of belonging in a transnational world? Both in Canada and in Latin America? How do we communicate with respect to our identification, identity and our sense(s) of belonging? From our experiences and perspectives and the practices we have developed to negotiate our contingent belonging it is possible to develop a new model for understanding transnational identities that transcend national borders and are shaped both in Canada and in the diasporic homeland.

Chapter 1. South

When arriving at one of their rural sanctuaries or gatherings, Radical Faeries, a back to the land queer men's movement, ask each other how they landed. Landing, for the faeries, refers to both the physical arrival as well as the emotional and psychic arrival at these spaces which are both conceptualized and referred to as home (Lecker, 2015). Landing refers to the process in which one adjusts to a shift between spaces which are understood as being in opposition to each other. For Faeries this can refer to the move between what Lecker (2015) describes as the differences between "mundane and Faerie spaces." These spaces are often conceptualized as 'home' which discursively establishes a binary to non-faerie spaces. Second-generation Canadians have equally complex relationships both discursive and lived to their parent's diasporic homeland: it is burdened with post-memories of migration, with cultural practices, language and familial networks that are not present in the day to day lives of the second-generation in the North. Confronting these differences, aligning oneself to a different set of expectations, manners, perhaps even language can be a destabilizing process (to say the least). In this context landing is understood as a period between being physically and mentally present, during which time faeries experience a sense of bewilderment and uncertainty. While landing faeries begin to foster connections to the land and community in which they find themselves as a means of creating a sense of belonging and community. Landing acknowledges the delay that exists between being physically present in a space and being mentally present: reflecting the period of adjustment that occurs when moving between spaces.

In his ethnography of the Wolf Creek Sanctuary, Morgensen (2009) notes how the Radical Faeries' conceptualization of home queers and challenges the more rigid and traditional understandings of what is implied and what is signified when referring to 'home.' In examining the question of home and belonging Morgensen asks:

Can home be portable, accessible wherever comrades assemble, yet still be linked profoundly to one particular site? Can that one site be the source of innumerable analogous places and times where future homes may be found, all of which may be experienced as home on arrival there? (2009, 69)

These questions about home and the relationship to various sites conceptualized as home are pertinent to second-generation communities whose own affective attachments to both their diasporic homelands as well as their birthplace point to a similarly complex relationship in which home may be a site that is informed by practices and relations that defy the traditional borders of the nation state. At this point I would like to clarify that I do not conceptualize second generation subjects as queer subjects, however, I do argue that like queer subjects, second-generation subjects I interviewed who became conscious of their ambivalent identifications with their diasporic and national identities, have a tendency to:

...make strange, to frustrate, to counteract, to delegitimise and to camp up heteronormative knowledges and institutions, and the subjectivities and socialities that are (in)formed by them and that (in)form them. (Sullivan, 2003, vi)

I argue that both of these constituencies disrupt and challenge current structures and narratives of power with respect to belonging and identity in their own, unique ways.

Therefore I wish to borrow from the work done with queer communities like the Radical Faeries to theorize the process through which my own body both as a researcher and as a diasporic subject experienced a transformative process while conducting fieldwork evidenced through the emotive, affective and sensuous experiences that I document in my fieldnotes. In *Sensory Ethnography* Pink (2015) encourages ethnographers to “be more explicit about the ways of experiencing and knowing that become central to their ethnographies” (2). Recognizing the important role the senses play in fieldwork Pink seeks to “acknowledge the processes through which sensory knowing has become academic knowledge” (2). The goal of sensory ethnography then, is to begin to write the language of the body, the senses, into academic texts in order to “attend to the question of experience by accounting for the relationship between bodies, minds and the materiality and sensoriality of the environment.” (Pink, 2015, 25)

Through this autoethnographic sensory exercise I am using the idea of landing to make sense of the contingencies of belonging experienced by second-generation subjects, like myself, while in the diasporic homeland. I argue that for these subjects the homeland is a space of ambivalence insofar as being there reinforces and displaces a sense of belonging, sometimes doing so simultaneously. In the homeland belonging is a contingent state of being that is constructed in relation to family members, cultural practices and artifacts that generate emotional, affective and sensuous bodily responses. Moments of connection can be followed by moments of feeling displaced, the slippage between these two ends of a spectrum of belonging occurring quickly pointing to a complex relationship to the returnee's immediate surroundings that can shift very quickly. These shifts are felt through various emotive, affective and embodied responses experienced by second-generation subjects. These responses are fragile insofar as they can be fleeting, lingering only for mere moments, yet demonstrate the increasingly complex way that second-generation subjects articulate a sense of identity that challenges dominant discourses of the nation, citizenship and belonging. Through a series of ethnographic vignettes constructed from my fieldnotes, this chapter examines how belonging is experienced in and through the various registers of the body. In tracing out the affective, emotive and haptic responses I intend to offer a catalogue of some of the ways in which diasporic returns to the homeland are experienced not just as a tourist trip but also as a means through which second generation subjects experience belonging.

Sur | South

Landing in Aeroparque, the main airport of Argentina, the realities of what I am embarking on begin to set in, I feel a sense of panic as I shuffle out of the airplane and into the airport. My flight, a complicated multi-border crossing affair, involved flying from Toronto to Washington D.C. with layovers in Miami and Santiago, Chile to Buenos Aires. When I finally get off the plane I calculate that I crossed three countries and spent approximately 20 hours flying. Depending on the time of year there are direct flights to Argentina during high season from Toronto but no direct flights to Montevideo meaning anyone travelling to Uruguay must travel through Buenos Aires first. From here I would

take a ferry across the Rio de la Plata to Colonia del Sacramento and finally a bus into the city Montevideo where relatives would be waiting to pick me up.

This route, involved crossing three national borders each time with a different set of documents: I left Canada and arrived in the United States as a Canadian citizen, bypassing the extra paperwork and requisite travel visas to which Canadian citizens are exempt. Our first layover was in Santiago, Chile, which thankfully did not require entry of any customs process, and then I landed in Argentina where I took a ferry across the Rio de la Plata to Uruguay. Arriving in Buenos Aires I entered the country as a citizen of Spain and the European Union, allowing me again to bypass the longer customs procedures and \$75.00 entry tax for North American travellers required by Argentine customs. Finally, at the ferry terminal I entered Uruguay with my Uruguayan residency documents. These documents, varying from citizenship to residency, were all obtained through birthright: born in Canada, the child of a Spanish national and a Uruguayan national has resulted in a series of documents that are organized neatly in my bag. My passport holder begins to feel a bit like a swiss army knife of identities as I flip between nationalities and residency permits, choosing the most suitable of the documents for the situation: at any of the borders I crossed I was able to decide what particular configuration of these documents would facilitate crossing with the least amount of difficulties. My Canadian and Spanish citizenship as well as my resident status in Uruguay made it possible to navigate complications at the border and visa requirements at each stop a fairly seamless process. This was true not just in the economic north, but also in the south where countries like Argentina has responded to American and Canadian visa restrictions by imposing their own stringent border controls. Living at the crossroads of several borders: Spain, Canada, Uruguay gives me the ability to cross them simply by presenting the right configuration of documents without costly visas or extensive paperwork. This causes me to pause for a moment as I get waved through customs in Buenos Aires: this seamless movement, which for Canadians is made more difficult through the visa requirements imposed by Latin American countries as a response to the visa restrictions placed on their citizens, and made much more difficult for Latinos going north, was simply procedural for me. This is undoubtedly, at least in part, due to being born in Canada and being a white Latino and I find myself wondering if I was mestizo or first-generation would the almost fluid dance I performed across the

various borders have been so simple? How does my birthplace being listed as Toronto impact my treatment at the border? In her ethnography of queer mestizoamericanos in the United States Viteri (2008) argues “To be 'American' is then subjected not only to legal documentation as mandated by current US Immigration and Naturalization Service but by the geo-politically constructed racial/ethnic/national classifications” put in other terms, her research participants noted “el estatus migratorio es primero²” (81).

The borders of the countries I'm crossing present little problems as at each border I am interpellated differently: in the United States I am Canadian, in Argentina I am a Spaniard and in Uruguay I am Uruguayan. My identity shifts depending on the documents I pull out of my bag, a careful shifting I learned from travelling with my mother who seemed to always know which passport would be more useful depending on which customs line we were in. As I switch between my Canadian passport to my Spanish passport I notice that the queue for Canadian and American passports is three times as long as the one for EU and Latin American citizens. The officer looks at my documents, glances up at me and then waves me through, I follow the corridor down to baggage claim, collect my bags and exit through the Duty Free shop which all passengers must walk through to collect their bags. There is no option to bypass the glitzy white counters selling expensive perfumes, tobacco and creams, well-manicured attendants who all seem to bear a striking resemblance to the leading ladies of Latin American telenovelas. Lots of makeup, hair pulled back into an efficient bun offering passengers samples of Dior and Givenchy moisturizers. I walk through and collect my suitcases, the first leg of my trip done.

Boarding a shuttle bus to the Buenos Aires ferry terminal I'm delighted to discover that the bus has wifi on board, I send emails to my parents assuring them that I arrived in Buenos Aires and was already on my way to the ferry which would take me the rest of the way. Telecommunication infrastructure makes staying in touch with the north almost effortless, remembering trips before the introduction of wireless technology and the difficulties and costs associated with using airport pay phones which almost seem like a relic now. Many years ago while transiting through Sao Paolo making a phone call

² Translation: Your migration status comes first.

was complicated requiring the use of specific yellow pay phones and trying to understand the telephone operator who spoke Portuguese and only a smattering of Spanish. Remembering my mother's face of frustration as she tried to understand the operator I stare at my mobile phone, I just made a phone call, sent emails and posted my arrival in Buenos Aires to Facebook. Though this connectivity can be critiqued for how it pulls a researcher out of the field it also makes the process of transit a much smoother experience. I feel guilty for not being more "disconnected" and appreciate the ease through which I am able to let my family know I'm on my way.

Similar to my arrival in Argentina I glide past the long queues of Americans and Canadians at customs into the much shorter lines designated for citizens of MERCOSUR countries thanks to my Uruguayan residency card. As I do this I become acutely aware of the particular configuration of birthplaces, parentage and dual-citizenship agreements that make this sorts of cosmopolitan configurations possible. In an era where people lack even one nationality, where their bodies have been excised from the nation-state entirely how can I reconcile having multiple states invested in me? What does this mean in the post 9/11 era where movement is for some a difficult process involving visa applications, trips to embassies, expensive fees and extensive paperwork? What does it mean that there is a growing number of people like me: born into western privilege with multiple sets of documents that allow us to navigate past borders intended to make crossing difficult? How could these reconfigurations of citizenship change the way we think about the very idea of the border as an impermeable barrier?

Henry (2009) notes that for the bourgeois white academic (like himself), the passport forms part of a larger set of material privileges. The passport acts as an intermediary that permits the academic to travel without hindrance and is thus a document that is often taken for granted. Yet this relationship to the passport, he warns, cannot be universalized as the norm as for many, the passport is a physical manifestation of the highly territorialized, highly unequal right to global mobility. He argues that:

...travel documents are complex objects whose contingent genealogies provide an aperture through which we can begin to see the intricate play between imagination and territorialisation working in highly uneven ways.” (121)

This is particularly evident in examining the global visa system that I was effectively able to bypass entirely. In his studies of travel visas, Salter (2006) notes that visas ascribe a set of biopolitical characteristics onto the traveler through which they are evaluated in terms of labor skill, economic power, epidemic or health liability and as possible threats to public security.

Confronted with my particular configuration of documents the border is porous, my identity challenges the notion of the border as an impermeable barrier. I have keys to many fortresses through dual-citizenship agreements and permanent residency documents that I obtained through birthright, not so for some of my family members. While discussing her recent trip to Canada for a wedding, a cousin recounted the visas that she had to obtain in order to travel through the United States and to be allowed entry into Canada. She had to travel from Montevideo to Buenos Aires to complete all of the paperwork for the requisite visas. Holding only Uruguayan citizenship she did not have the complex passport holder that allowed easy movement between north and south. This came to mind as the Uruguayan customs official waved me in with no questions or ceremony, he smiled and said *bienvenido*, welcome, and allowed me to pass.

As I pass through customs in Colonia, one of the main entry points for travelers coming from Argentina, misreading my ticket I miss the bus to Montevideo. I confused the time printed on the ticket as the departure time only to discover that the next bus won't be for six hours, I have an eternity to wait in the ferry terminal. I feel so foolish. The image I had in my head of coming to do ethnographic fieldwork, me strong and confident, always wearing a hat, is replaced by a much less romantic and heroic image: a jetlagged me wearing wrinkled clothes confused by bus schedules waiting at the ferry terminal with limited hard cash. My bankcard, despite assurance it would work in Uruguay is rejected at the bank machine. Things are clearly not going to be as I expected them to be. I am not the sexy, Indiana Jones styled researcher I had romanticized in my head, I feel lost and confused, completely vulnerable as a result of a

simple mistake that was preventable had I been paying attention. I call my mother and start to cry. This is not what ethnography is supposed to look like. Except, I discover, that this sense of being lost and confused is exactly what many ethnographies look like.

This sense of failure is not uncommon when first attempting fieldwork, indeed, the 'fieldwork failure' is a common experience among ethnographers. Through a series of interviews with graduate students who had recently completed fieldwork Pollard (2009) identified

...24 feelings: alone, ashamed, bereaved, betrayed, depressed, desperate, disappointed, disturbed, embarrassed, fearful, frustrated, guilty, harassed, homeless, paranoid, regretful, silenced, stressed, trapped, uncomfortable, unprepared, unsupported and unwell. (2)

These negative feelings of failure are not exclusive to graduate students but occur for ethnographers at various stages in their careers. In their introduction to *Anthropologists in the Field*, Hume & Mulcock (2012) observe that contributors:

...describe a range of fieldwork experiences that left them feeling, at different stages in their academic careers, as though they had at least partially failed to achieve their goals as professional researchers. (xii)

Much to my surprise, the sense of failure that I first experience arriving in the field and then at various periods throughout my fieldwork is exactly what ethnography often looks like. Coming to terms with the fact that "uncomfortable fieldwork is often very good fieldwork" (Hume & Mulcock, 2012, xxiii), I write moments of failure into this text to demonstrate that the experience of doing ethnography encompasses moments of perceived success and failure.

When I finally get into Montevideo it's late and my aunt and cousin are waiting at the bus terminal, we embrace and it's so good to see familiar faces after such a disappointing start to my fieldwork. I notice my body begin to relax and the tension I felt in my back starts to uncoil. As we drive back to their house we talk about the long flight, the ferry, and they ask me about my plans and prospective interviews that I have started to line up. When I tell them about the project it's difficult to articulate into words exactly what I have planned since I've only really begun to understand it myself. "I'm interested

in understanding how people like me relate to the country their parents are from” I finally explain. Satisfied with the answer the conversation shifts again, I feel relieved. More than anything I’m deeply embarrassed by the confusion with the buses and my thickly accented Spanish. I’m not this person. I don’t know who this person is: clumsy, stuttering, unsure of himself. I don’t like this person, we’re not friends. I can feel him on my skin, in the thickly accented words that come out when he uses my body to speak.

I’ve never felt so awkward. I wonder to myself, is this how being an immigrant feels? A sense of being out of place and always two steps behind? These questions haunt me during my first week in Uruguay. Though fluent in Spanish and familiar with Uruguayan slang and expressions I find myself getting incredibly nervous while trying to keep up with conversations. Being at a loss of words is an alien concept to me and I find that after exchanging pleasantries it takes a great deal of effort to move a conversation along because I’ve become incredibly shy. I try my best to mask the sense of inadequacy that I’m feeling but begin to look for a language exchange partner and for friends with whom I can practice conversing. This is not how I pictured “my return” I thought it would be more seamless; I thought I would be able to keep up, project my voice, and be more confident when speaking. I feel as though I’m made of glass, fragile and vulnerable. I have to practice what I’m going to say in my head before I speak. My accent sits on my skin; it fills the room like a specter immediately betraying a difference between myself and others in the room. Once I begin to speak, I cause disruptions in the room as the conversation is forced to slow down and people wait patiently as I try to find the words to express myself in Spanish as I stutter and struggle to express myself. Coiled around my throat like a boa constrictor the English that dominates my speech constricts when I start to speak Spanish, this is deeply unsettling. My cousin describes watching me in these moments like watching an old machine that occasionally gets stuck and needs to be smacked on the side, like an old television, to get it working properly. I picture it like an elaborate Rube Goldberg machine or something from a Dr. Seuss book, a machine coughing and sputtering requiring more effort and energy inputs than it produces.

The first week flies by and I accomplish very little, mostly I spend it flipping through family photos and mementos that my maternal aunt kept after my grandparents

passed away. The albums contain photos of my parents in Canada in the 1970s, letters and cards that were sent when phone calls to Uruguay cost a dollar a minute and thus were reserved for only very special occasions. The photo album is yellowed with age and I carefully leaf through the pages examining the pictures of my parents as a young couple, looking at the letters my mother sent to my grandmother and photos of family members in front of various picturesque Canadian landscapes with names and dates written on the backs of the pictures. As I hold them, I feel a deep sense of sadness as these images circulated at a time when my mother and grandmother would go for long periods without speaking to one another. They feel like precious objects, treasures even, of loved ones far away. The album is worn but put together with tremendous care, and holds both photos as well as cards and letters. I even find a handmade card I sent my grandmother at one point. The album, though precious to me and a treasure trove of familial history is at the same time a site of ghosts, the happy pictures in the album betray the more complex histories that lie behind the image. I find one of me as a teenager where I am smiling and happy, but I immediately recognize the photo and realize that behind the smile in the image I am in the middle of coming out of the closet as queer. None of that struggle is apparent in the photograph; it captured a moment of happiness during a difficult period, imposing a static immobility. Yet, despite what is obscured by the photo I find myself touched to find it among my grandmother's things. And even though I remember that period of time as one of difficulty, the photo has taken on a different meaning for me since in keeping it, it is as though my grandmother has suffused this image of me with other, loving meanings. While the image as a text is unchanging, McAllister (2006) argues that photos as visual objects are mobile as they move between people and institutions. When the photo was taken it was a memory of a specific day and event, sent south to my grandmother by my mother as a keepsake of her grandchildren, now part of a family album that was passed to my mother and uncle. The photo now is evidence of the ongoing relationship of my immediate family to Uruguay, evidence of letters and photos circulating between the homeland and Canada.

Memorias de los Jazmines | Memories of Jasmine Flowers

Almost as unsettling as the difficulties I'm having with speech and the mixed emotions evoked by the family photographs, are the ghostly memories of previous trips and even memories of family events and relatives that follow me as I walk through the streets of Montevideo being triggered by familiar scents, sounds and tastes. The strongest of all of these ghostly memories is that of my abuela (my grandmother). My abuela is everywhere in this city.

I find her on street corners downtown while on walks exploring the crumbling beautiful architecture of Montevideo's ciudad vieja (the old city). I find her in the homes of research participants who I am interviewing for their experiences with connecting to family born abroad. I even find her at my friend's apartment in Buenos Aires during a weekend getaway to Argentina.

Abuela died several years ago, dealing with declining health for as long as I could remember. As children we'd visit her every year during the month of August when my mother would take us from the warm summer of Toronto to the damp cold winters of Montevideo. A trip that would involve long flights, waiting in airports and large sacks of used clothes that my mother would distribute to family and friends upon our arrival. As a child, Montevideo as a city was foreclosed to me since we stayed mostly in the working class neighbourhood of El Cerrito where my grandparents lived and occasionally we would stay at an uncle's in Ciudad de la Costa, a suburb of the capital. These trips lasted for what felt like forever, long periods of boring hours spent with only a limited number of friends to play with and an older sister who specialized in tormenting her little brother.

Yet, amidst the boredom, the feeling of isolation and general ambivalence that I felt towards Montevideo, there was my grandmother, a woman with soft hands, thinning white hair and the gentlest spirit I have had the pleasure of being in the company of. An infection in her leg from what was to be a routine operation, left her in precarious health and was one of the reasons my mother returned yearly to help with her care. Despite the ill health and challenges of being bound to a wheelchair abuela was, in the words of my

mother and several family members, *una santa*³. Long hours were spent playing cards with her, the card game "Cheat" was a favourite because of her inability to keep a straight face when she was lying. Whole afternoons were spent playing cards and hearing her laugh when she would have to take another large stack of cards after I call her bluff and sing out "*desconfio*"⁴. What I wouldn't give to hear her laugh one more time.

On one rare trip during Uruguay's summer months I found my grandmother seated in the backyard under the jasmine tree mumbling to herself and tracing the sign of the cross on the arm of her wheelchair with a leaf from the tree. "*Que estas haciendo abuela?*"⁵ I began to ask and she held up her hand to silence me for a moment. Sitting there confused and not entirely sure what was going on I watched her eyes, closed lips moving her pale white wrinkled face clenched in firm concentration and her hand moved quickly in a repetitious pattern. I learned after that she was performing a *santiguada* for a neighbour, *santiguada*, a prayer rooted in the Catholic tradition is the cure for *mal aire*⁶, a metaphysical disease that can invade the body causing a variety of illnesses. T

he *santiguada* intrigued me, where did my grandmother and other elderly ladies learn these miraculous cures? How did the *santiguada* work? Could they only be performed by old ladies or would I be able to one day do the *santiguada*? According to my mother, neighbours would often ask my grandmother to perform the *santiguada* for their aches and pains. Upon telling my mother this story she smiled and told me that neighbours would ask her to perform the *santiguada* for them and then she would completely forget the request. The next time they saw her they would thank her for the cure and tell her about how much better they felt from whatever malady had afflicted them thanks to her *santiguada*. This did not keep my grandmother from taking credit for healing them: "I'm so good that all I have to do is think about doing the *santiguada* for them and they already get better!" she would say with a smile.

³ Translation: a saint.

⁴ Translation: The literal translation would be 'I distrust' but a more apt translation in this case would be 'cheat'.

⁵ Translation: What are you doing grandma?

⁶ Translation: Bad Air

Despite repeated requests, my grandmother would not teach me. She claimed that if she showed me how to do it she would lose the ability to do it herself. After that moment under the jasmine tree the smell of jasmine flowers has been inextricably linked to the memory of my grandmother, the anchor to my sense of belonging in Uruguay. She passed away before I could return to see her: university and summer jobs made trips to Uruguay an impossibility and has been a regret of mine ever since.

Since returning this time, the smell of jasmine flowers has been everywhere, their fragrance, an almost hauntingly thick scent that lingers near street vendors who sell small bouquets of them for a few dollars. As the fragrance washes over me I can feel the tightness in my chest loosen as I'm transported to my grandmother's backyard. Walking down the street one day I nearly erupt into tears as the fragrance of jasmine flowers fills my nostrils. These slippery moments where I feel, for fleeting moments at least, like I'm home but then the scent of jasmine dissipates and I can feel the tightness in my chest and back again. My olive skin and brown eyes allow me to blend into the crowd, resembling most Uruguayans around me. So long as I don't speak I pass as a local.

While it is true visually that I blend into the crowd, as I open my mouth and my thick "acento de gringo" comes out I am immediately marked as an outsider and the questions of where I'm from begin. Like the scent of jasmine flowers in the air, belonging can dissipate quickly in the face of feelings of difference. In their research on sense making and the sense of smell Waskul & Vannini (2008) describe the meaning making that occurs in relation to our olfactory sense as an example of *somatic work*. Defined as "a diverse range of reflexive, symbolic, iconic, and indexical sense-making experiences and practical activities." (54) Simply put, somatic work is "how people hermeneutically make sense of perceptions and how they attribute meaning to them."(ibid)

In the case of the jasmine flowers, the somatic experience of smelling the flowers and immediately remembering my grandmother is indicative of the relationship between biography (the memory of my grandmother) and the somatic perception of the jasmine flowers (their aroma). The nostalgic feeling of my grandmother evoked by the flowers has shaped my embodied reaction to their scent. What is significant about the *somatic work* of smelling the flowers is the sense of place and belonging experienced through

smell. More importantly in writing about how the jasmine flowers made me *feel* provides a language for understanding the role of the senses in developing a sense of place in the homeland. Drobnick (2006) notes that the senses, and particularly the sense of smell, has been dismissed as being:

...vestigial and obsolete in an era dominated by information technologies... Often delimited as mere 'biological' sense, scents are, on the contrary, subtly involved in just about every aspect of culture from the construction of personal identity and the defining social status to the confirming of group affiliation and the transmission of tradition. (1)

Smell provides me with an important sense of place and emotional connection to Montevideo, far from being obsolete smell, has been an important part of returning to the homeland and has provided me with moments of feeling at home, of belonging and connection by evoking memories of my grandmother. Hirsch (2006) argues that the ability of odours to evoke the past is more effective than any other sense:

...odours are particularly effective in inducing a vivid recall of an entire scene or episode from the past. A special odour may revive a clear image of the past and, more important, the enhanced emotional state associated with that image. (187)

En el Pais de Nomeacuerdo | In the Country of I Don't Remember

Histories of the land are told to us in fragments, creating partial understanding of the history of our parents' homelands. This was particularly true for me around the military dictatorship that ruled Uruguay from 1973 until 1985, my parents having left shortly before the actual coup d'etat. Growing up, small fragments of the dictatorship would come up in conversation but were never fully explained. Stories would be told but never explained; faint memories would be recounted in pieces that did not always fit together. Only once I was back in Uruguay during my fieldwork did I begin to understand the realities of what had happened, the scale of terror and fear that pervaded everyday life during the dictatorship. This glimpse into what a family member once described to me as "a horror story" occurred in part through a series of weekly lunches with one of my research participants and relatives, my great aunt Gina.

Getting to Tia⁷ Gina's house has become an easy ritual for me, I go for lunch once a week to see one of my few remaining paternal elders. Tia Gina, my grandmother's younger sister helped raise my father and growing up spending time with her was always a highlight for me. In many ways I was closer to her than my own grandmother who lived in Spain and had infrequent contact. Tia Gina's husband, my Tio Constante (now deceased), worked as a tailor with my Tia working alongside him. Growing up I would spend hours in the second bedroom of their house which they had converted into an atelier. The room always smelled of wool fabric and starch, the tailor's bust in the corner and two sewing machines at either end of the room. I remember the whirring of the sewing machines as they worked and was fascinated by the large cutting table, blue tailor's chalk and the various measuring and cutting instruments that were always neatly organized. Tio Constante, a short bald man with a sharp mind and dry sense of humor, was always someone I found incredibly intelligent. He seemed to know a little bit about everything and listening to him talk I would oscillate between laughing and rapt attention when he was speaking.

Tia Gina is someone I make time to see every week while in Uruguay. My visits are a blend of questions related to fieldwork and my own personal interest in family history. Our conversations range from current events to her plans for the garden. I find her incredibly astute and observant though she constantly downplays her opinion. At 80 years old she remains completely independent, living by herself and cooking lunch for her grandson during the workweek. Tia Gina reads constantly, books are crammed into nooks and crannies all over the house. We have long conversations over our weekly lunches, which began as an obligation that I dreaded and after my first visit became one of the highlights of the week's activities. Getting to Tia Gina's house from the apartment where I'm staying *es una papa*⁸ is a bus ride and short walk through Montevideo's Brazo Oriente neighbourhood.

Their house was a few blocks away from my grandmother's and one of the few places I was allowed to go by myself as a kid. The house is set far back from the street

⁷ Translation: Tia means Aunt.

⁸ Literally translated as "it is a potato" an expression when a task is considered very simple or easy.

and like all houses in Montevideo protected by high black gates. Between the gates and the house she has planted a huge flower garden that when in bloom is an explosion of colours and textures. People often just stop in front of her house to admire the garden. Her garden is one of the things that I remember the most about Montevideo, I would spent countless hours in the garden playing or looking at the flowers at a child.

Gina, like my father, was part of the Galician diaspora into Montevideo, an ethno-cultural minority group originating in North Eastern Spain that are recognized in Spain as one of three “historical nationalities”⁹ (Colmeiro, 2009) with a long history of emigration. In Uruguay, the Galician diaspora formed an important part of the working class. One of the city’s bus companies was originally formed by Galicians and the phrase to curse a bus driver continues to make reference to the Galician origins to one of larger bus companies CUTCSA (colloquially pronounced Coot-Za). I learn that besides tailoring, Tio Costante worked on the bus lines for a time. Like the fragments of the dictatorship, my knowledge of family history in Uruguay lies in small fragments, only over time spent asking questions and listening to stories are these family histories beginning to coalesce and emerge every week over lunch. Tia Gina has a remarkable memory, every week I learn more and more about both my paternal and maternal family through our lunchtime conversations that often span several hours. I ask her all sorts of questions about her life and her experiences, about my grandparents who I never knew very well and life in Galicia.

This is so important, I don’t know how to describe what exactly this is, but every time I sit down to lunch I feel like this is the most important thing I could be doing while here. Our conversations feel like archival work almost, I never know what we’re going to talk about and where we’re going to end up but no matter where our conversation starts: the price of fish that week, her garden, her social activities, we end up in the past and I leave feeling enriched by the conversation. (Fieldnotes, March, 2011)

After several weeks of lunches in which we talked mostly about personal histories and everyday events we eventually reached a topic that I had been hesitant to

⁹ For a more detailed account of Galician diasporic history see: Colmeiro, José F. (2009) “Peripheral Visions, Global Positions: Remapping Galician Culture” *The Bulletin of Hispanic Studies*, 86(2). 213-230.

ask about: the dictatorship. Tia Gina's son, my second cousin once removed, was one of many students who under the military government were taken into custody and she had no idea as to his whereabouts or if he had been killed by one of the *escuadrones de muerte*¹⁰. Finally, after several months, they learned that he was taken into custody by the military police for belonging to a student organization deemed subversive (a dangerous label in that period which has been replaced by its contemporary cousin terrorist). Eventually visitations began to be permitted and she and Tio Costante were allowed to visit once a week. The items they could bring were very limited: tobacco, dulce de leche and yerba to make mate. "I wanted to die" she says her eyes closed, hands at her temples as she recounts the tale. For several months the military police would bring his bloody clothes for her to wash and refused to disclose where he was being held. Finally, after several years, there was an amnesty for non-citizen residents being held as subversives. Being a citizen of Spain he was able to go into exile and relocated to Barcelona. Growing up, the timelines had always been unclear to me. I hadn't realized that he was incarcerated for years not months, and the common brutality of the whole affair shocked me. The routinized casual violence, dropping off his bloody clothes for his mother to wash, the facts shock me. I try to picture what it would be like to live under this kind of terror, this incomprehensible level of fear and I feel myself become angry, afraid and almost start to cry. Memories of other stories similar to this one come flooding back: my mother being followed home by the police who suspected she was a student organizer (she wasn't), my godmother who left for Canada the day before the police came to arrest her, my grandmother needing headphones so she could listen to her tapes of *canto popular* without arising suspicion¹¹.

There are no words. I listen carefully as she recounts this story. One of which I only knew fragments but had heard my whole life. She starts at the beginning and

¹⁰Translation: Squadron of Death. State forces that carried out extrajudicial killings of those deemed to be subversive. For more information see: McSherry, J. P. (2007). Death Squads as Parallel Forces: Uruguay, Operation Condor, and the United States. *Journal of Third World Studies*, 24(1), 13–52.

¹¹Translation: Canto popular was a form of Uruguayan political protest music that emerged in the late 1960s as the political situation was destabilizing. For more information see: Vila, P. (2014). *The Militant Song Movement in Latin America: Chile, Uruguay, and Argentina*. Lexington Books.

narrates the entire story, her eyes closed through most of it. I want to stop her, to reach down to my recorder to capture all of the details she is giving and then I stop myself. This isn't my story to record, I'm bearing witness to it but I can't help but feel that recording it would be an intrusion. I head home and try to capture the experience of bearing witness and listening as a whole instead, yes, it feels organic and the way I think it's "supposed" to feel. Yes, this is much better. I reassure myself while scribbling the day's events into my fieldnotes.

The routinized terror that many families endured is something that is difficult to wrap my head around. Growing up politically active and queer provided me with a healthy 'critical perspective' on the state but the normalized everyday fear that people endured, that my own relatives endured, is something that makes me feel small. Insignificant even. I marvel at the forbearance of these people who talk about living through that period, the next day I take the bus to the Museum of Memory (MuMe).

Sobre lo Cotidiano | On the Quotidian

Montevideo and I have a complicated relationship. Slowly though, I find ways to interface with the city. The long walks I've begun to take daily have become my primary point of contact. The city is loud. Really loud. Cacophonous even. The traffic is intense and the plethora of buses rumble through the streets, maybe I'm imagining it but it feels very much like this city is MUCH louder than Toronto despite being relatively smaller in population. At times when I walk through the city the noise seems almost too much for me, the exhaust from the cars burns my eyes and nose. I put my headphones on just to relieve some of the noise as I do my daily walk through the city. Sometimes when the idea of writing or doing anything related to fieldwork is too hard I take long walks to escape my own thoughts. The first month has flown by and I find myself depressed and lonely, my project feels silly and light years away. I had planned to interview institutions and organizations that were dedicated to memorializing the political violence of the 1970s. Prior to leaving Canada I had contacted several professors at the University of the Republic (UDELAR) in Montevideo and was told to get in touch when I landed in Uruguay. I was keen and eager to meet other scholars and build a network of academics in the homeland. Upon arrival though, nobody is willing to speak to me at the institutional

level. The few institutional officials who even reply to my telephone calls and emails give me the distinct impression that I'm not worth their time. The Museum of Memory, which was going to be an important research site, will not grant me access to their board members or curatorial staff. I later discover that due to scant resources many organizations in Uruguay have organizational gatekeepers. Without a formal introduction from someone within their network of trust, it is unlikely that I will be able to gain access. The faculties of Communication and Anthropology at the University of the Republic ignore the many emails I sent to their professors. Nobody, it seems, is remotely interested in me or the work I'm interested in doing. This problem is not unique, questions of institutional access in ethnographies have been researched in the several fields (Campbell et al., 2006; Feldman et al., 2003; Hammersly & Atkinson, 2007; Kawulich, 2011; Maginn, 2007). Without the access needed nor the cultural or political capital necessary to gain it and limited time to conduct fieldwork I find myself at a loss for what to do next.

So instead, I walk. Because in the absence of having anything to say or anyone to talk to walking becomes the way I get to know the city. Over the course of two months I developed a very particular route through the city that I would do almost every day. I leave the apartment and turn left on Pedro Campbell to Rivera then I'd walk along Rivera down Bulevar General Artigas, a main road in the city, and walk south past the faculty of architecture and turn onto Bulevar Espana. Heading east along Bulevar Espana I would walk down to Montevideo's Rambla and the posh neighbourhoods of Pocitos and Punta Carretas where my two favourite cafes were located: the first, Cafe de Oro in a bookstore right on Rambla Republica de Peru and the second, Cafe Martinez along Jose Ellauri near Punta Carretas. Punta Carretas used to be a prison that housed many of the political prisoners during the dictatorship. My uncle's best friend Carlitos spent time incarcerated there. Punta Carretas is now a fashionable shopping district: both the prison which is now a shopping mall and the stores that surround it. Well-heeled women and smartly dressed men stroll along the streets chatting on their mobile phones or sitting in cafes with friends sipping cortados.

At first I was embarrassed for liking these neighbourhoods and chided by my aunties for going there to work for long afternoons. Admittedly, sometimes I felt guilty for

not being in more "authentic" spaces (whatever that means) but these two cafes were generally quiet and didn't think much of someone spending hours by themselves. Cafes in Montevideo didn't generally seem solitary places to go, people mostly go out with friends and sometimes I feel pangs of loneliness while overhearing the conversations other tables are having. Back home I'm usually the social organizer, bubbly, speaking a hundred miles a minute. Here my extroverted identity led to a thick stutter as my body tried to keep up with my inner monologue, which was in English. The stutter, I determined, was a result of trying to translate my thoughts from English into Spanish too quickly. Lacking the speed necessary to make this happen seamlessly, my bubbly self had to be packed away, metaphorically wrapped in tissue paper the way you carefully store good china. While communicating isn't a problem I gain a whole new perspective on what my international colleagues must experience everyday back in Canada. I have so much to say and contribute to conversations that surround me but can't get the words out quickly enough to be part of the conversation. This is difficult for me to let go, resulting in a severe feeling of withdrawal, making friends is difficult and the new persona that seems to have emerged (my "Spanish" self) is shy and timid.

I'm living in a neighbourhood called Tres Cruces, my cousin Andrea graciously offered to let me to live with her and her paternal cousin who is studying nursing at the Catholic university. Tres Cruces was a comparatively well to do neighbourhood: several embassies are located nearby as well as three major hospitals: La Espanola, Pereira Rossell (a facility dedicated to women's health and pediatric care) and Hospital de Clinicas (Clinicas for short) a hospital that my relatives back home always talked about. Prior to the dictatorship, Clinicas was an important teaching hospital for medical students from all over Latin America. In the basement pharmacy students would provide medication for people who couldn't afford medicines otherwise and it was, as one of my aunt's would often say with a deep sadness, impeccable. During the dictatorship the military transferred its equipment to the military hospital and allowed the hospital to fall into ruin.

Clinicas today remains a shell of its former self having never recovered from the dictatorship, it remains a wound or scar on the cityscape, a testimony to the troubled past. I pass Clinicas sometimes while walking through the city and look up at the tall

building, a great metal structure that has clearly seen better days. Andrea works at Clinicas a few days a week, splitting her time across three public hospitals in Montevideo. Clinicas, she declares, is a bureaucratic nightmare to which the only solution is dynamite. Chronic shortages and mismanagement make it somewhere nobody seems to want to work and the only hope for those unable to afford more expensive private care. Frankly, I often think to myself, I wouldn't want to see anyone forced to go to Clinicas. As a child my parents used to rail whenever the subject of privatization of health care would come up in the news. Even before understanding politics I knew that private care was something bad, something to be feared and fought against. Years later, staring at Clinicas I understand that for my parents and people like them, the cutting of public services and privatization wasn't just a political or ideological issue, it was an experience they had already been through once and did not want to go through the hollowing out of public institutions once more.

Living here I begin to understand how being raised in North America has really shaped the way I see things, not from the critical perspective discussed in graduate courses, or from reading Marx, but in the quotidian everyday movements through the city and exchanges with people. Something I grow really accustomed to hearing from family and friends is *pero tu piensas que estas en el primer mundo*¹² which they say when I invariably commit a social blunder. Though said in a teasing manner, this statement immediately places me outside of Uruguay both socially as well as psychically. Distinctions between my behaviour and those around me is mapped geographically and economically. When I go to throw a paper shopping bag away from an upscale store my aunt scolds me for being so wasteful: *mira que no estas en el primer mundo aca*¹³ she laughs, smoothing the bag out and putting it away to reuse some other time. I become very aware of my body in these moments where I am called out for being 'first world' I stiffen and look at the floor, feeling like a child with their hand caught in the cookie jar. I'm embarrassed by my perceived wastefulness, but even more embarrassed by not having even thought to save the paper bag in the first place.

¹² Translation: You think you're still in the first world.

¹³ Translation: Look, you're not in the first world.

Obligaciones | Obligations

Several days in and my parents begin demanding that I arrange a time to visit family and family friends, every time we speak they question me about who I have seen, who I've already set up a time to see and chastise me for not devoting enough time to completing family visits that they see as compulsory. Things come to a head when my father asks me about visiting my auntie Gina, when I reply that I hadn't seen her yet but already had called and made arrangements to see her for lunch the following week he is furious. Angry that I had been there for several days already without seeing her, at first I feel ashamed for not making it a priority which is quickly replaced with anger at the obligations that my family is placing on me. Yet obligations are a big part of my relationship to Uruguay; I'm not just a tourist here in the traditional sense what Urry (2011) describes as "a kind of contemporary pilgrim, seeking authenticity in other 'times' and other 'places' away from that person's everyday life" (10), I'm doing lots of "touristy" things but these activities rest on top of a delicate lattice of obligatory visits and familial relationships that must be navigated carefully. When I fail to see my aunt in what was considered to be an appropriate amount of time, my parents seemed very concerned about the possibility of causing offense. Unlike regular tourists I cross through neighbourhoods and take bus routes that are clearly outside of spaces intended for outsiders. Walking through el Cerrito, the working class neighbourhood where my family lived, is a reminder of childhood visits to see my grandparents who lived in a modest house on Leon Perez. A cousin moved into the house shortly after they passed away, and while not close to these family members, a visit is expected of me. During a phone call home my mother implores me "make sure you go visit them Marcos, we don't want them thinking badly of us." (Fieldnotes, January 2011)

I take the bus to el Cerrito, my usual route to Tia Gina's but I walk past her house and turn left on Republica de Chipre which I walk down several blocks, I turn right when I get to the roundabout with the large plantain tree in the centre and go onto General Martin Rodriguez. As a child the plantain tree was a visual marker of the halfway point

between the two houses, passing the tree also meant I had made it past the house on the corner where the streets Rafael Hortiguera and Martin Rodriguez met. The house had large iron gates and just inside those gates was a big German Shepherd in their yard who would bark at everything and anything that passed by the gates. Having been bitten several times by some of the many stray dogs that lived in el Cerrito I was especially terrified of this dog who seemed, to my childhood imagination, to be more of a mythological creature like a manicore than a dog for the fear it inspired in me. There is no dog at the house now but I smile to myself still remembering the sense of accomplishment I would feel when I successfully made it past the house. I pass the house where my grandmother used to send me to buy eggs, and Julio Sosa's, one of Montevideo's most prominent Afro-Uruguayan Carnival performers more commonly known as *Piel Kanela*¹⁴, and turn left onto Leon Perez. The walk between Tia Gina's and my grandmother's house was etched in my mind, having walked it all through my childhood and into my adolescence. El Cerrito is a working class neighbourhood, walking past the modest houses I experience a mixture of guilt and belonging. This place was always a conflicted space for me because my differences always seemed highlighted here. The differences between me as a kid from a fairly affluent neighbourhood in Toronto and my cousins and family friends seemed vast and difficult to understand. My mother would often pull my sister and I aside before we'd go somewhere to explain the differences. "There won't be loot bags at this birthday party" "Make sure you pay for her ticket too" "Don't ask them for anything while you're out" always told to us in hushed tones in our bedroom at my grandmother's house. These sorts of things, have been flooding back to me since arriving here a few days ago now point to some of the fraught I've always interacted with in the homeland. The neighbourhood is a complex space for me that is both home and not, familiar and welcoming as well as unintentionally uninviting. These vignettes, long forgotten come alive as I walk through the neighbourhood, familiar places, familiar smells, and familiar sounds, force me to recognize that the displacement I'm feeling is complicated. Standing in front of my grandmother's house I can feel this complexity as my muscles tense up and my stomach tightens. I really don't want to be here, in part because of the tension I feel being in el

¹⁴ Translation: Cinnamon Skin, referring to Kanela's Afro-Uruguayan heritage.

Cerrito, but also from the discomfort I know will come from the obligatory interactions with family that feel inauthentic and forced. I knock on the door.

I'm greeted warmly by my eldest cousin and aunt. We exchange customary kisses and they welcome me into the house. My heart sinks though as I see the house in a state of disrepair: moisture stains on the walls, the cast iron woodstove which sat in the corner of the main room was taken out but the wall never patched properly leaving a partially patched hole near the ceiling where the stove pipe used to be. The house has been neglected, possibly because of a lack of funds to maintain it properly. Seeing it in this state has me rattled. I hadn't been to the house in years and seeing it transformed in this way comes as a shock. I immediately think of what my mother and younger uncle would say to seeing their childhood home in this condition and I can feel the anger swell up into my chest as I hold back the emotion lest I betray what I'm feeling on my face.

Perhaps the most disturbing thing I'm confronted with in the house is the absence is that of my grandmother whose infectious laughter I keep waiting to hear but never comes. While the state of the house has me upset it also forces me to acknowledge my own neglect: I did not visit or make a concerted effort to stay in touch with my grandparents between my last visit and their passing. Though I am angry at my cousin about the house what I am really upset about is the emotions surfacing as I try to navigate the awkward family gathering which I am doing completely out of obligation. I come to realize that I am angrier at myself for feeling very "gringo" in this moment, not realizing that my discomfort comes in part from the structural differences that mark our lives so differently. While talking about my trip here I was complaining about the long flight and how tiring air travel can be. My cousin commented "I've never been on a plane but I'd imagine that you'd get very anxious sitting in one seat for so long." Her words are free from any sort of passive aggressive jab, they are stated matter of factly but they hit me like a ton of bricks, or more accurately a thousand little pin pricks. I feel a deep sense of embarrassment run through my body, like a wave that starts at the crown of my head all the way down to my feet. This is a familiar sensation, one that I experienced in this neighbourhood on more than one occasion, a familiar discomfort which I can now name and understand as being shame.

Biddle (1997) argues that shame, is “powerful stuff, contagious and self-propagating.” (227) Shame, according to Biddle, is the self expressing itself when differentiated from the other so when I realize the class difference between myself and my extended family I am embarrassed by my apprehension in visiting and my initial and extended avoidance of this visit and the crass first world problems I complain about while making small talk. Shame, argues Biddle (ibid), is “Scud-missile-accurate, shame is not so much an affect of self failure, as it is a punishment for self failure. Shame is experienced less as about what the self has done but what the self is.” (229)

Recognizing myself as a privileged subject, the shame I experience is a result of coming into awareness of the asymmetries of privilege between myself and my relatives. Identifying the feeling of shame, the intense feeling of discomfort it produces, while distressing, has finally allowed me to name the sensation I experienced during childhood visits: a feeling of not belonging, a feeling of being an outsider not as a consequence of language or citizenship but because of my class position. Beyond the sense of discomfort and social awkwardness, this sense of shame is deeply educational: it reminds me and teaches me to recognize moments of power asymmetries and class positions. Werry and Gorman (2007) discuss the role of shame in pedagogical processes and suggest that shame can "attune us reflexively to the embodied and relational dynamics of the learning process that more discursive modes of analysis are unable to access." (213) While difficult to bear, through these moments of shame I am reminded to check my privilege and unpack the assumptions I make about intention or action (or inaction in this case) on the part of family members in the homeland.

We sit in the backyard over *yerba mate* and *sandwiches de miga*¹⁵, a personal favourite and a staple at Uruguayan social events, and make polite conversation. What follows is quite possibly the most uncomfortable two hours I have experienced while on fieldwork. I found interviewing complete strangers easier than visiting this side of my somewhat estranged family. What structures our lives so differently, I come to realize, is the economic disparity between us. This sensation of being unwelcome in el Cerrito was

¹⁵ Translation: Sandwiches de miga are a popular sandwich served at tea time and social gatherings. Similar in concept to the English cucumber sandwich but with a variety of fillings.

not a result of individuals, indeed my family and family friends in the neighbourhood were never anything but warm and welcoming to me and my sister, but was a result of the economic disparity that I as a Canadian had compared to some of my Uruguayan family members. This realization begins to crystalize and solidify around me as I begin to recognize that the anger I feel about the house, the awkward conversation and discomfort I feel during this social occasion has little to do with the people I'm with but rather is a result of my becoming aware of my own privilege.

Mi Casa es La Pista de Baile | My Home is the Dance Floor

Navigating Montevideo's gay scene was difficult; the city's gay community, albeit small, is active and vibrant. A night out starts around midnight for cocktails and then dancing until dawn. "Nobody goes out before eleven at the earliest," my friend Fernando tells me. "You would be the biggest loser showing up to a nightclub at 10 o'clock. Unlike in North America where retrieving information about where to go and what to do only requires a few keystrokes on a computer, things here are less centralized. There is no gay newspaper and websites and forums are all either out of date or so poorly designed and laid out that navigating them is an exercise in frustration. Gay life in Montevideo seems (at least to me as an outsider) much more organized around social relationships, word of mouth and person to person social networks. This makes inserting oneself into the community difficult, particularly if you're uninterested in participating in hook-up cultures on gay social websites. These reasons are perhaps why it takes me over a month into fieldwork to venture out to experience the gay clubs of Montevideo.

While fluent in Spanish I find myself completely unprepared for the local gay slang and for the sharp witted tongue of drag queens like Anaconda Trash. "You have an accent. You're not from here, where are you from?" she demands to know. Dressed in a blonde curly wig, red sequins and heels she speaks so quickly that I can barely keep up. The room is full of patrons, suddenly all eyes are on me as she thrusts the microphone in my face. My first night out in Montevideo, I've been shy about going out on my own, but the loneliness was finally so crushing that I put myself into a cab and headed out.

"Say something funny" I think to myself. What a better moment to impress a crowd and maybe make a few friends for the months ahead than by flashing my sharp sense of humour. Panic begins to set in as nothing witty comes to mind, at least nothing that I can translate quickly. I've come to the realization that here in the field I am a crashing bore: my sense of humour doesn't hold up well in translation. "I... uh.. I'm from Canada" I barely manage to get the words out feeling like the whole bar is staring at me. My Spanish comes out thick and clumsy almost as if the words were crawling up my throat on their hands and knees avoiding a barbed wire fence.

"Canada? Don't they speak French there? Parlez-vous Francais?" She says with the sassy tone that I have come to understand to be the stock and trade of any drag queen hostess. I can feel the zing that will embarrass me in front of the whole crowd sitting on the tip of her tongue. Drag and camp, it seems, have managed to make themselves at home in Uruguay: according to my cousin a popular morning television host, Petru Valensky, are better than hers in heels. Razor sharp wit are not in short supply here, making me feel all the more oafish and clumsy.

"Only in a few parts of the country, we mostly speak English" I manage to get out cringing as I hear my thickly accented Spanish amplified over the microphone. "Do I really sound like that?" I wonder to myself as I brace for Anaconda's response. Drag queens in Uruguay, like everywhere else, are known for their catty remarks and I've just handed Ms. Trash all the ammunition she would need to make me into the butt of a joke.

"Well I don't speak English, so you're not that interesting" she says and saunters off moving to across the bar back onto her small stage. The bar erupts in laughter and for a moment I feel my face turn bright red with embarrassment. Reading, a custom in drag culture¹⁶ (Livingstone et al., 1991), is a time-honoured tradition both in North America as well as in Uruguay it seems. Rather than get upset I try to think of Anaconda's teasing as an introduction into the scene and join in the fun recognizing that

¹⁶ Described in the (1991) film *Paris is Burning*, reading is a form of insult that uses personal insult used primarily (but not exclusively) between drag queens. Reading involves finding a flaw and exaggerating it in order to insult your opponent. One of the film's subjects, Dorian Corey, describes reading as when someone talks about "your ridiculous shape, your saggy face, your tacky clothes" in order to make others laugh.

I've just been inducted into Montevideo's gay scene. Unlike back in North America where most clubs and bars screen pornography on their televisions (when not screening mixed martial arts competitions) the clubs of Montevideo screen music videos of pop music ranging from local and Latin American artists like Gloria Trevi or Gloria Estefan to North American gay icons like Madonna, Cher and Lady Gaga. The patrons are far more of a mixed crowd than in North American cities: there is no distinct "bear" bar, or "twinkie" bar. The bars are mostly segregated by gender: exclusively male bars and a few bars that cater to women but also have male clientele. In this city *las tortas* (slang for lesbians and bisexual women) lack any sort of exclusive space of their own but mostly frequent a place called IL Tempo. For men, Chains is explicitly a men's bar, no women allowed, except of course for *las travestis* (drag queens) like Anaconda Trash. The space is small compared to clubs and bars in cities like Toronto and Vancouver and, I learn later, is more of a launch ground for the evening. Or for men interested in paying for some company from one of the local sex workers known colloquially as *taxi boys* (Fieldnotes, October 2011).

Nightlife in Montevideo is difficult to keep up with, most bars and clubs don't really get going until about 1am and continue on until just after dawn. My North American body clock makes staying up this late difficult which also makes making friends a challenge. Thankfully I've managed to make a few friends in the city but spend a great deal of time by myself. Fernando, one of my few queer identified friends, and I get together a few times to go dancing first to Cain, the largest gay nightclub in the city, and to IL Tempo when we are out with a few of his other friends. I get teased a lot for yawning on the dance floor at 2am, when the night is just getting started, I find it difficult to get used to this routine. My body resists switching to this time schedule, by five in the morning I'm usually walking home watching the sun beginning to rise.

The nocturnal clock is not the only challenge I discover when I begin to explore the city's gay venues, I quickly discover that my sartorial choices do not line up with Uruguayan sensibilities. People in Montevideo dress to go out, tight skinny jeans, really nice shirts and good shoes; in some cases people have one "going out outfit" due to the financial constraints of buying expensive clothing. The first few outings I severely underdress, most men don't even look in my direction. I blame this on the four years I've

been living on the West Coast of Canada, where the fashion statement is 'anything that's comfortable' and has caused me to spend most days in jeans and a hooded sweatshirt. I didn't pack clothes that would conform to what appeared to be the Uruguayan gay men's dress code: after sunset, wear something with a collar and unbutton it more than any uptight North American would be comfortable with. I went out in my converse sneakers, jeans and a basic black t-shirt, which garnered some looks amongst my new friends. While nobody said anything I could immediately tell that I had broken a social convention of gay nightlife in Montevideo. A few days later I pick up a few things to spruce up my wardrobe. The next time we go out Fernando clocks me, looking up and down nodding in approval. "Much better" he says, flagging down a taxi so we can go to Cain.

My less than fabulous wardrobe aside, the dance floors of Montevideo's gay clubs are the place I feel most at home. One particular night, while dancing at Cain I found a sense of calm that I hadn't experienced since arriving in Uruguay. On the dance floor at 3:00am I looked around I found myself with friends, moving along to the beat of Lady Gaga. Once we hit the dance floor cracks and fissures in my sense of belonging were gone. We were all on the dance floor dancing, laughing, and mouthing the words, there was no talking, just dancing, and for brief moments the whole crowd belonged in that space from the butch lesbians to the young gay men dressed like they just walked off the set of a music video. Lady Gaga's *Edge of Glory* started and everyone's hands shot up in the air, bumping and pushing, moving to the beat, the lines between bodies blurred. I lost myself in the music, my body relaxed and moved to the rhythm, swaying, bumping, grinding it felt great to give myself over to the moment. Things like nationality, citizenship and anxiety about fitting in seemed to drift away on the beat. There were no questions about my accent, about where I liked it more, about why I was in Uruguay. In that moment it was just about moving to the beat, about celebrating the queer space, about impressing each other on the dance floor. It felt like home.

Finding comfort on the dance floor of Montevideo's gay nightclub scene was not what I had initially expected. Growing up in a conservative family I had long associated the homeland with homophobia and intolerance. In my mind the difficulties my family experienced around my coming out were a result of Latin culture, yet upon arrival any notions of Uruguay as a homophobic place were quickly dispelled. Ravecca (2010)

charts this shift in attitudes and (more importantly) legal recognitions and protections and traces these shifts to the 2004 election which saw the Frente Amplio party elected into federal office for the first time since its inception in 1971. Frente Amplio, which translates as 'broad front' (my own translation), is a coalition of political parties:

"formed by former members of the Blank and Colorado Parties, Christian-democrats, Communists, Socialists, ex-guerrillas, etc. The Marxist and Catholic legacies that colored its political orientation imposed limitations on how it has addressed sexual diversity issues. However, it is still necessary to acknowledge that the Frente Amplio was the political force that... finally opened the institutional door to the queer agenda." (4)

Tracing the complex positions towards queer sexuality within Frente Amplio, Ravecca notes:

In December 2007, Uruguay became the first Latin American country to formally acknowledge homosexual couples at the national level... The Law of Common-law Unions, which regulates the status of both heterosexual and homosexual couples, was finally approved with the support of the Frente Amplio and some members of the Colorado Party. (11)

I quickly make some gay friends, I go on a few dates and live fairly openly, though I do notice that there are almost no public displays of affection between same-sex couples. "No se hace mucho en publico, pero yo me siento bien acá"¹⁷ a friend tells me. "Amos avanzado mucho en los últimos cinco anos pero no somos Nueva York"¹⁸ he says laughing. It is important to note that while there has been an inclusion of homosexual couples into the juridical codes of Uruguay, this is far from a broad-based social inclusion. Ravecca argues:

Using a simplistic definition of "discrimination", Uruguay is characterized as a space without homophobia. This discourse has some foundation in truth: in Uruguay, if you keep your 'preference' in the closet, people are very 'respectful'. Of course, this implies a kind of cruel filter: those who cannot conceal their condition... are in trouble. (12)

¹⁷ Translation: We don't do that much in public but I feel good here.

¹⁸ Translation: We've come a long way in the last five years but we aren't New York.

Still, compared to what I had expected, I am pleasantly surprised. When I go out on a few casual dates some of my relatives ask questions about who I am seeing and even make jokes that I am going to fall in love and stay in Uruguay. “Los Uruguayos somos muy buen amantes”¹⁹ an aunty says to me at a family gathering and the feeling of acceptance washes over me, even if this conversation with an older relative makes me feel a little uncomfortable. What I appreciated was the general sense of acceptance I experienced, several times during my fieldwork relatives make a point of asking if there was ‘alguien especial’²⁰. When I answered no, they made a point of encouraging me to bring future partners to Uruguay “como hizo du hermana con su esposo”²¹.

Volviendo | Returning

As Christmas decorations begin to appear in shop windows and the days get warmer I begin to race to finish the interviews I have lined up. I manage to squeeze a few interviews in before what feels like all of Montevideo goes on holiday. Cristobal, tells me that Uruguayans take their holidays very seriously and they start with the Christmas holidays and don’t end until after Carnival which itself lasts from the end of January to the beginning of March. All around me people are gearing up not just for the holidays but for the hot summer months of January and February which everyone keeps trying to get me to stay for. “You have to stay for Carnival,” one of my new friends tells me over pizza and beer in the old city. “What’s another month or two?” they laugh and proceed to tell me that they have already rented the balcony of someone’s apartment in Montevideo to be able to watch several of the big parades that will take over the city streets.

Before Carnival, though, are the Christmas holidays, people are leaving the city in droves to spend Christmas Eve on the beach. Everyone I know, it seems, has a relative or friend who has invited them *afuera*, or outside, which is how Montevidenos refer to the beach towns that dot the coast. Montevideo shuts down on the afternoon of Christmas Eve making getting around without a car difficult. Even with cars the traffic in

¹⁹ Translation: We Uruguayans are excellent lovers.

²⁰ Translation: Someone special.

²¹ Translation: Like your sister did with her husband.

the streets is chaos. I make sure to have lunch with Tia Gina on Christmas Eve and then head out of the city on the bus before the whole city shuts down (more or less) for the holidays. The bus system is in chaos as people try to make it home before the transit system shuts down. I manage to get one of the last buses headed out of the city towards Ciudad de la Costa. The bus is crammed full making it difficult to move, people are busily texting on their cellphones or calling coordinating their plans for the next two days. Christmas celebrations start this evening with presents being opened at midnight on Christmas Day, a custom that was continued in the north by my parents (except the fireworks).

The air is crisp and reminds me of the start of summer back in Canada: the days are sunny, warm and pleasant but the nights remain cool. In accordance with tradition we're having *parilla* the traditional Uruguayan style barbeque and a staple of any holiday celebration here. The table is full of *chorizo*, *carne asada*, and *provolleta*, enjoying the warm night, listening to music and talking. As midnight approaches we prepare to watch the fireworks that will erupt from the backyards of homes all over Uruguay. Christmas Eve in Montevideo is the start of the summer season and Uruguayans celebrate the holidays with lots of fireworks. The fireworks from one home barely fade when a burst of light erupts above another; the colourful bursts of light and the thunderous booms of the fireworks fills the night sky. I watch as a few streets over a group of neighbourhood kids prepared to burn an effigy of Judas Iscariot, a Uruguayan tradition that I never really understood. They string the effigy high into the air and shriek with delight watching him burn, the fireworks they had stuffed inside bursting out of the flames. "My mother would never have been okay with this" I think to myself, smiling.

I spend my last few days in Uruguay trying to soak in as much as I can before leaving, walking all the routes I had developed over the course of my fieldwork trying to commit them to memory. I spend hours in Ciudad Vieja, combing the streets, snapping photos trying to make sure that the city is deeply etched into my memory before I leave. I attend a birthday party of some family friends where people were asking me questions about when I would be coming back. I was deeply touched; I hadn't even left yet but was already being welcomed back. The other guests asked lots of questions about my stay and whether or not I had enjoyed my time in Uruguay. As I was leaving the party Sergio,

the host, turned to my uncle and said "El vuelve, tiene una alma Latina," he'll be back, he has a Latin spirit. These kind words echo in my mind as the ferry pulls away from the port of Montevideo as I begin my route home.

As the skyline of the city began to shrink and then vanish into the horizon, I came to realize that I had landed in Montevideo. That I was both emotionally and physically present in this cacophonous yet tiny city that had, over the course of the last several months, become familiar and precious to me. Leaving it would involve re-landing in Canada and though I did not know it at the time the process of reintegrating to life in Vancouver would involve a similar landing process that I went through when I first landed in the field.

Chapter 2. Walking

"Dale gringo dame una moneda!" The panhandler yells as I walk past him apologizing for not having any spare change. My thick accent betrays me and tells anyone who hears me speaking will know that I am not from here. Walking in Uruguay, I am simultaneously in the homeland but marked as an outsider. I have developed a stutter when speaking and I find long conversations tiring, so my principle mode of engagement in the field is to take long walks through the city. After failing to gain access to some of the official sites and institutions I had hoped to work with (detailed in chapter one) I found myself at a loss with what to do. Taking long walks through the city as I try to decide what to do next, I spent most days walking. To my surprise I discover that during these long walks I have deeply embodied reactions and experiences that quickly become a set of rich and thick fieldnotes. These fieldnotes reveal the complex experience of return for me, a second-generation diasporic returnee in the homeland.

At first, these fieldnotes seem almost silly to me: pages and pages trying to capture the experience of walking on the uneven pavement, the smell in the air and how it differs depending on whether I am on a side street or one of the traffic clogged streets downtown, the over sugared coffee that I am served when visiting relatives that I force myself to drink out of respect to my hosts despite it tasting like canning syrup. In reviewing these notes months later however, I notice that they help to remind me specific feelings and specific moments that, though mundane helped me articulate the embodied experience of being in the homeland and what that felt like as both a returnee and a researcher.

Geertz (1973) describes doing ethnography as:

...like trying to read (in the sense of 'construct a reading of') a manuscript-foreign, faded, full of ellipses, incoherencies, suspicious emendations, and tendentious commentaries, but written not in conventionalized graphs of sound but in transient examples of shaped behaviour. (314)

The fieldnotes that I made through walking around the city allowed me to feel the irregularities of the sidewalks, gave me the opportunity to experience the feel of the air combined with smells that alerted me, once more, about my complex position as a visitor walking through the homeland of my parents. Walking in Montevideo allows me to contextualize the experience of return in relation to the city itself, as will be seen in the vignettes below. Geertz (ibid) argues “If anthropological interpretation is constructing a reading of what happens then to divorce it from what happens... is to divorce it and render it vacant.” (317) Through the lens of walking this chapter brings together several methodological questions: first, the role of ethnography in communication and cultural studies, second, the relationship between communication and sensuous scholarship, particularly through sensory ethnography and finally (through a series of ethnographic vignettes) the issue of walking in the homeland as a place making (Pink, 2008) practice for second-generation returnees.

Recognizing the role that walking has played as a methodology in other fields such as geography (see: Edensor, 2000, 2010; Middleton, 2010, 2011), I argue that in communication it remains largely under researched. Focusing on how the emotions, and sensuous geographies generated by walking can inform the returnee (or in my case the returnee/researcher) about their relationship to the field, I argue that the body of the researcher is in itself a site of inquiry. Making sense of the sensuous and embodied, though an established field of research in other disciplines (see: Stoller, 1989; McKay, 2005; Paterson, 2009, Howes, 2010) remains an under utilized methodological approach in the field of communication studies. Yet, I argue that it is incredibly important for the future of the field to begin to conceptualize the body as a communicative act not just in terms of gestures or body language (Tannen, 2005; Birdwhistell, 2010; Tannen, 2013; Burgoon et al, 2016) but in terms of the senses and emotions. I am interested in how walking allows us to return to the sensuous when text-based analyses, arguably disembodied configurations of self, remain a dominant paradigm within the field of communication and cultural studies (Salter, 1981; Babe, 2000; Attallah & Shade, 2006; Beaty & Briton, 2010). In particular this chapter shows the possibilities for using walking as a generative practice through which researchers can explore the embodied 'data' that emerges while in movement in particular places, which in this study was Montevideo in Uruguay.

The recognition of the complexity of the sensuous and embodied poses a serious challenge, namely, how to incorporate and allow for the body's haptic and somatic responses. What can be learned from the body and how can the sensuous nature of the body be used to understand the social and cultural practices through which it is constituted? How does walking provide researchers with an epistemological and ontological framework outside of the traditional theoretical and methodological approaches associated with cultural studies that use textual and discursive forms of analysis (see: During, 1999)? What are the implications of peripatetic thoughts for the production of knowledge? How are the thoughts of researchers informed and/or generated by the routes they walk in the field?

Cultural Studies and Ethnography

In his definition of Cultural Studies van Loon (2001) defines the field as:

a wide-ranging and expanding domain of research questions concerning processes and structures of sense-making and more specifically, the way in which 'sense' becomes 'lived' in practices of everyday life. (273)

Yet, despite similarities between Cultural Studies and ethnography, van Loon argues that the incorporation of ethnography has only ever been "a partial event" and always mediated "by various resonances of other research traditions." (273) Why then has ethnography remained so absent within Cultural Studies given their cognate concerns? For van Loon, the answer to this question lies in the culturalist and structuralist paradigms that arguably lie at the heart of the field. These terms were defined by Stuart Hall (1980) in order to describe two very different approaches to Cultural Studies. Culturalism, he argues, positions experience as "the terrain of 'the lived' where consciousness and conditions intersected" (66). The structuralist paradigm, on the other hand, "insisted that 'experience' could not, by definition, be the ground of anything, since one could only 'live' and experience one's conditions in and through the categories, classifications and frameworks of the culture. (66) Put another way, "the 'structuralist' interventions have been largely articulated around the concept of 'ideology'" (64), while culturalism concerns itself and is attendant to "tracing particular instances of sense-making in lived experience within a more holistic and common sense oriented

understanding of the development of local knowledge” (van Loon, 2001, 274). Fundamentally, the difference between these two paradigms, I argue, is that while culturalism sees experience as the base of culture, structuralism sees experience as the effect of culture. Hall (1980) identifies strengths and flaws in both paradigms of the field, and argues that culturalism’s strength as an approach is the way in which it corrects for structuralism’s overemphasis of ideology through its emphasis of experience. Yet, while noting this as a strength, Hall sees the structuralist approach to Cultural Studies as better able to “*conceptualize* the specificity of different practices (analytically distinguished, abstracted out), without losing its grip on the ensemble which they constitute. Culturalism constantly affirms the specificity of different practices – ‘culture’ must not be absorbed into ‘the economic’: but it lacks an adequate way of establishing this specificity theoretically.” (69)

While Hall makes space for the ethnographic, the space he delineates is an instrumentalist one, where ethnography is purely a set of methodological techniques rather than an epistemology. Though Hall recognizes the value of anthropological approaches to cultural studies he sees its role as means to ameliorate the limitations of structuralist approaches, what he describes as structuralism’s “process without subject” (71). While more culturalist approaches make space for the subjective, Hall argues that more structuralist approaches “conceptualize the specificity of different practices (analytically distinguished, abstracted out), without losing its grip on the ensemble which they constitute” (70). Yet this structuralist approach in cultural studies dismisses the possibilities for doing abstract and theoretical work at the level of the body. Hall sees the culturalist approach as being incapable of abstraction capable of an analysis at the level of structure, an assumption I would argue that is fundamentally flawed. Indeed recent ethnographic research in the fields of anthropology and geography has demonstrated the importance of academic inquiry into the relationship of the body, emotions and questions of space and place. For scholars like Sarah Pink (2015); Ingold (2008), Edensor (2010) the researcher’s bodily experience of walking through space is central to understanding the connections, place-making practices and sense of belonging that are part of feeling emplaced. Defined as “the sensuous interrelationship of body-mind-environment” (Howes, 2005) emplacement allows for the description of the role of place in the creation of a sense of belonging. While researchers cannot directly access the

memories and lived experiences of the members of communities we study, it is possible to use ethnographic practices to gain insight into these experiences. Pink (2008) argues that by walking alongside participants, allowing the field to guide the researcher, it becomes possible to attune “our bodies, rhythms, tastes, ways of seeing and more to theirs, begin to make places that are similar to theirs, and thus feel that we are similarly emplaced.” (193) Projects involving ethnographic walking that have focused on the everyday practices and cultures have emerged in the disciplines of Anthropology and Human Geography (Rodaway, 2002; Morris, 2011; Edensor, 2007), pointing to a relatively nascent area of interdisciplinary inquiry.

While I have argued that the majority of research in Cultural Studies and Communication has ignored sensuous and embodied approaches to scholarship, there is a small but growing field of Cultural Studies researchers who have made the body a primary site of analysis. In their introduction to *The Senses and Society*, Bull et al (2006) note that “the emergent focus on the social life of the senses is rapidly supplanting older paradigms of cultural interpretation (e.g. cultures as ‘texts’ or ‘discourses’, as ‘worldviews’ or ‘pictures’), and challenging conventional theories of representation” (5). The questions that have emerged are centered around the role of the sensuous and its relationship to culture and focus on furthering an understanding of the interrelationship between the body and the world around it. Bull et al (2006) note:

The senses mediate the relationship between self and society, mind and body, idea and object. *The senses are everywhere*. Thus, sensation (as opposed to but inclusive of representations in different media) is fundamental to our experience of reality, and the sociality of sensation cries out for more concerted attention from cultural studies scholarship. (5)

I argue that in order to approach questions of the body and the senses, Cultural Studies must take up ethnographic approaches to scholarship. While as mentioned, cultural and communication studies are most often considered to be fields associated with textual and discourse analysis, ethnographic approaches have a long tradition with more contemporary examples including the work of scholars like Jenny Burman (2010), Kirsten McAllister (2010), and Anna Cristina Pertierra (2011). These scholars, whose own ethnographic research explores questions of culture and meaning making that have traditionally been the purview of cultural studies, points to the value in fieldwork, when

exploring questions of meaning making, culture and cultural practices. This recent 'ethnographic turn' in cultural studies, as these publications show, points to the emergence of a field of study within the discipline that draws on work from cognate fields such as trauma studies, performance studies, along with work on affect and emotion. Like the ethnographic work in anthropology and geography, ethnographic cultural studies is attendant to questions of how meaning is internalized, embodied and experienced at the levels of affect, emotion and the body.

These issues cannot be addressed through the structuralist or more textual approaches that Hall favours. What the culturalist/ethnographic paradigm offers is insight into how, for example, structures are reproduced at the level of bodies through an examination of the embodied experience of participants. Indeed ethnographic cultural studies engages with structural problematics by drawing on the cultures and practices of everyday life in order to provide critiques that are both theoretically, as well as ethnographically, informed. This approach, for example, has been proven to be central to what McAllister (2011) defines as the "West Coast School of Cultural Studies," a scholarly tradition emerging from the milieu of scholars, artists and activists centered around the Canadian west coast who work in forms of representation and cultural practices that seek to depart from reproducing the problematic construction of the 'racialized other.' This departure requires, at least in part, a theorization of the role of the senses as part of the lived practices of marginalized and diasporic communities.

As indicated above, sensuous scholarship is a dynamic area of inquiry with scholars from various fields including Anthropology (Howes, 1991, 2006a, 2006b; Classen, 1997; Howes and Classen, 2013; Pink, 2015; Stoller, 1989; Ingold and Vergunst, 2008), Sociology (Vannini, Waskul, & Gottschalk, 2013; Sparkes, 2009) and, Human Geography (Rodaway, 2002; Morris, 2011; Edensor, 2007). The seminal work of Stoller (1989) encouraged ethnographers to "write ethnographies that describe the sensual aspects of the field" (9). Stoller raises the question "If anthropologists are to produce knowledge, how can they ignore how their own sensual biases affect the information they produce?" (7) Recognizing the primacy of sight in ethnographic writing, Stoller called for ethnographers to consider how "sense data" (8) played an important

role in better capturing the field experience and, perhaps most importantly, in revealing the role of the ethnographer's senses in the creation of knowledge.

While this is a dynamic area of inquiry across these fields, as I have argued, there has been little attention paid to the sensuous in the field of communication studies. I argue that the lack of sensuous communication scholarship points to a misrecognition of the senses. This lack can be understood as being in part a result of the difficulties in conceptualizing and writing about what structuralists view as the ethereal and immaterial nature of the senses. In thinking and writing about bodily ways of knowing it is important to recognize that the sensuous exists outside of language, that writing about the senses and the sensuous, though necessary within the context of academic scholarship, will never entirely capture the 'feeling' as the way our senses feel are, I argue, in themselves a form of communication. Indeed it is imperative to recognize the communicative aspects of our sensuous bodies for as Vannini et al (2012) argue "What is unique about bodily ways of knowing is, unlike the mind, they neither necessitate language nor are easily articulated through language. The body has different ways of 'understanding,' of finding and creating meaning." (25)

While delineating the sensorial may be challenging, this work is crucial for more fully understanding the cultural. Here it is necessary to first understand relationships between the sensuous and the cultural. These relationships, in which the sensuous responses of the body react to (and also generate) cultural practices and objects, provides an avenue for exploring the lived experiences of diasporic movement and migration, and it helps to show how these movements across borders, cultures and register at the level of the body. They point to some of the complex affects and emotions that surround questions of belonging, nation and borders and can provide a framework that transcends current models for understanding diasporic belonging (Basch, 1994; Yue; 2010).

Sensory Ethnography, Performance Studies & Geography

In *Doing Sensory Ethnography* Pink (2015) outlines the practice of sensory ethnography which "takes as its starting point the multisensoriality of experience,

perception, knowing and practice." (1) Recognizing the role of the senses in the production of ethnographic knowledge, Pink acknowledges that sensory ethnography goes beyond social anthropology and has developed from scholarship across the social science and humanities. Though I situate this dissertation as a communication project, I have drawn extensively on sensory ethnographic methods to examine questions of diasporic return and identity articulation specifically to consider the role of the sensuous body in the development of a sense of belonging to challenge how Communication Studies, especially in Canada, has not fostered research on questions of identity linked to contemporary diasporas where questions of belonging are a central concern not just for governments but for members of the diasporas and their children.

My own experience of fieldwork in the homeland as well as responses from my research participants (see Chapter Three) point to the role of the body in the articulation of second-generation belonging. Described initially in Chapter One, my bodily reactions to the homeland, be they smelling jasmine flowers or the feeling of being at home on the dance floor, point to a form of embodied knowledge that can be used to understand the relationship between the senses and place. Though this chapter focuses on walking, the vignettes describe the overall experience of being in the field as both a researcher and a returnee whose relationship to the city is made complicated through a sense of belonging and not belonging that changes over time and switches at different points in the city. I write through the experience of walking in order to try and capture the embodied experience of going on a walk. A key point that Pink (2015) argues about the senses is the recognition of the interconnections and interrelations among them. This approach to sensory studies was also articulated by Howes (2006) who argued that sensory studies seeks to "emphasize the dynamic, relational (intersensory – or multimodal, multimedia) and often conflicted nature of our everyday engagement with the sensuous world." (115)

While descriptions in these vignettes may focus on only one of the senses, such as smell, the experience being described does indeed rely on all of the sensory modalities, what I see, the noise of traffic and pedestrians going about their day, the feel of the breeze on my skin. In seeking to provide descriptions that capture non-visual sensations I seek to make space for and give consideration to the other senses, which

are so often ignored. Classen (1997) notes that the emphasis on sight as the primary sense demonstrates a bias towards Western modes of knowledge production in which “Sight is held to be the most important of the senses and the sense most closely allied with reason.” (402) Moreover, in providing descriptions that take account and acknowledge other senses it becomes possible to “attention can uncover a wealth of sensory symbolism previously overlooked by scholars.” (ibid, 403) The recognition of the senses as being interlinked is important for sensory ethnographers as it invites “ethnographic researchers to comprehend our perception of social, material and intangible elements of our environments as being dominated by no one sensory modality.” (Pink, 2015, 28)

Walking as Method, Return and Practice

In the vignette below, I revisit my return to Montevideo described in Chapter One, drawing on more theoretical reflections that I wrote in my fieldnotes.

Landing in Montevideo for the first time in twelve years, I'm confronted with the ghostly hauntings of my childhood, of frequent visits to Uruguay to visit the family and country my parents were from. Yet this trip, a preliminary field visit, brought me back to my parent's homeland not just as an academic researcher but also as a diasporic returnee. Although not my own country insofar as I was born in Canada there is a connection to Uruguay that makes this a place of return. The memories of frequent visits, of family references to “back home” and the documents that grant me residency by birthright mean that I am neither just a tourist nor a returnee. Rather, I am a diasporic returnee, my relationship to this place is marked and shaped through the diaspora. I'm confronted with the same old airport that I remember as a child: crumbling and looking worn out, the drab walls and small baggage claim area stand, in great contrast to the glitzy duty free shop that disembarking passengers are compelled to walk through to get to the baggage claim. I clear through customs and am greeted by family members excited to see me. We embrace; it feels good to be back. The warm November air feels like an old friend wrapping its arms around me. Yet in this warm moment, a feeling of being home was also an indescribable awareness of just how foreign my body was.

Despite my connections to Uruguay, I had to confront the contradictory attachments and disavowals of how this place was and was not home.

Faced with conflicted feelings of belonging and unbelonging while in the field, both as a researcher and a diasporic returnee, as described in Chapter One, I began walking through the city in order to start to work through and then over time examine the affects and emotions that I found so destabilizing.

Broadly speaking, walking is used in a variety of contexts for more than just transiting between two points. If we look to other epistemological traditions, from spiritual practices for example, we see that walking is used in meditation and prayer in various religious traditions: pilgrimages in Europe, the Muslim tradition of Hajj are two examples where the act of walking itself is not just the articulation of a spiritual practice, but an embodied form of prayer (see: Corwin, 2012; Dokumaci, 2011). More recently, First Nations groups in Canada have used walking as a space making and memorial practice to commemorate murdered and missing women (Culhane, 2003; Jiwani & Young, 2006), and as a mobilization for justice and against the on-going colonial practices of the Canadian settler nation (Wotherspoon & Hansen, 2013).

Within the academy, walking has been a subject of inquiry: from Benjamin's examination of the arcades and flaneurs to De Certeau's consideration of walking as an everyday life practice. While often discussed theoretically, there has been comparatively little work done that specifically focuses on the embodied experience of walking. I deploy and perform walking as a meaning making practice to discern the relationship and sense of belonging of second-generation returnees to the diasporic homeland. In this instance I use walking, in the words of Ingold and Vergunst (2008) "as a way of knowing" (239). Paying close attention to the affects and emotions that are generated while walking, opens up possibilities to examine the contingencies and complex relationship, both as returnee and researcher, about issues of belonging in the homeland. Using three vignettes from my fieldnotes, I explore in more theoretical/analytical detail the question of walking in the homeland and the instabilities that emerge for the returnee/researcher. I explore what are the challenges of belonging and how our bodies destabilize commonly held assumptions of what it means to belong through these vignettes.

For first generation migrants, the homeland is suffused with nostalgic feelings and yearning evoking what Burman (2010), in her work on Caribbean migrants to Canada, describes as “romantic feelings for the home left behind in the irrevocable past and the evocation of Caribbean essence; yearning, the gestures from present to former dwelling...” (25) This feeling of nostalgic longing yearns for the homeland as home, a sense of rootedness and connection to a culture, language and community. The homeland is the real and imagined place with which deep connections often remain seen through the transfer of monetary remittances, through on-going participation in popular culture, its invocation in cultural texts and in cultural celebrations and festivals in the host nation (Basch et. al., 1994). This romanticization and yearning for the home land, which is articulated by many different migrant communities, functions very differently for the second-generation, that is the children of migrants, whose relationship to the place that they are “from” may in reality, be a place that they have never visited or only visited infrequently.

In his work on second-generation Caribbean Canadians, Walcott (2001) notes the existence of what he calls a diasporic sensibility of elsewhere: a result of narratives of identity, for the second generation, always leading outside of the borders of the nation-state (127). Returning to the homeland, then, is a complex process burdened by competing and contradictory affects and sentiments: returnees are *from* here but not actually *of* here. While identifying as diasporic subjects, their lived experience may have little actual engagement with the homeland, making returns to homeland fraught with tensions difficult to articulate.

In her performative work on cooking and diasporic identities Antoniou (1992) argues that everyday practices give us a sense of ourselves as bodily creatures, it provides a material connection to her own multilayered second-generation queer Cypriot self. She uses cooking to locate her Cypriotness: “What is (my) Cypriotness? I feel a strong need to find something Cypriot. To hold something tangible... a jar of tahini, tub of black olives... cinnamon sticks... my arms around them. Hugging them close to my body. I’m standing here staring at this still life entitled ‘my Cypriotness’ that I’ve created.” (139) Like Antoniou’s cooking as performance and meaning making project, walking allows for an exploration of the body. Turning to the language of the senses, it becomes

possible to consider how the somatic experience of return, of walking through the diasporic homeland can communicate the tensions of belonging and non-belonging that second generation returnees must negotiate.

Vignette 1: La Pelusa de los Platanos | The Fluff of the Oriental Plane

Many of the side streets of Montevideo are lined with large, beautiful trees. Called platanos in Spanish (oriental planes in English), these trees are members of the Platanaceae family a species known for longevity and spreading crowns. I loved walking down the streets and seeing the trees create long corridors of green with their leaves. Some streets almost felt like being in some kind of forest with the canopy of the trees reaching across the street and touching the canopy of the trees on the other side.

I had never experienced a Uruguayan spring before. Family trips always occurred in either August, December or March, timed with the school holidays. Beginning in September I noticed that my eyes were watery and I would often feel like I had something stuck in my throat when walking in the city. At first I waved it off thinking I was fighting off a cold or reacting to the exhaust of a passing truck and didn't give it much thought. As it turns out, in the spring time Oriental planes produce a fluff similar to dandelion fluff. Difficult to see the fluff rains down from the trees every time the breeze blows and inevitably finds its way into peoples eyes, nose and throat causing them to cough. Sunglasses become an important accessory for pedestrians in the spring time and you quickly learn to keep your mouth shut when walking anywhere near a tree lest the fluff find an opening and strike. News coverage of the fluff often reports attempts to find ways to address 'the problem of the pelusa' with initiatives ranging from planting new trees, to injecting the trees with hormones aimed at reducing the amount of fluff produced (Subrayado, 2012; "¿Adiós a la pelusa?," 2010).

After being in Uruguay for a month I decided to join a gymnasium, feeling self-conscious about my body I thought going to the gym would help and also provide some structure to the day. I pictured myself coming back from the field armed not just with a notebook full of fieldnotes and a recorder full of interviews but also with big arms and a

trim figure. I would become Indiana Jones! Tanned, built, lovely. Walking towards a local gym near my apartment armed with my fancy workout clothes ready to sign up for what I'm sure will transform me into an Adonis of an ethnographer, a piece of fluff manages to find its way into my throat. I cough a bit to try and dislodge it as I walk into the gym and straight towards the registration desk.

I try to tell the athletic looking man at the desk that I want to sign up but when I open my mouth nothing comes out. I cough more as the man looks at me quizzically. I can feel my face turning red as I come to realize that I'm choking. Coughing more I try harder to get the fluff out while the attendant looks on at what has now become a bit of a spectacle. "Quieres un vaso de agua?"²² He asks as I nod emphatically and continue to cough. I can feel multiple pairs of eyes staring at me as I keep coughing, the attendant returns with a small cup of water which I accept and start drinking. The fluff gets washed down and I'm able to breath again, as I try desperately to regain my composure I explain about the fluff and the attendant nods politely "la verdad que es un problema"²³ he agrees. I feel as though the trees of Montevideo are trying to kill me.

Mortified by the scene I've caused I feel aware of my body, its size and shape and how it sticks out in a gym almost like a foreign invader. I want to get out of there as fast as possible. I'm embarrassed but more than anything I feel really uncomfortable with my physical size in a room full of well-defined muscular people. Agreeing to a ridiculously expensive gym package (hush money for the attendant) I sign everything and then rush out as quickly as possible.

I never went to the gym again after that.

In her work on emotion and affect Ahmed (2010) describes affects as being "sticky": they attach themselves to objects, ideas and values that preserve their connections to bodies (29). While her description provides us with a vocabulary to begin to think about the somatic responses of the body, the description of affects as sticky is limited. I would argue instead that affects are contingent, that the affective response of a

²² Translation: Would you like a glass of water?

²³ Translation: It is a real problem.

body is contingent on several variables being present (or absent). Ahmed's description of affect fails to adequately describe the contingencies of affect, and reduce the relationship between affect and body to a simplistic binary between person and affect. This conceptualization reduces the complicated experiential moments in which one has an affective response. When walking through the city and accidentally choking on fluff a feeling of not belonging and emotional feelings of shame are evoked. Recovering from the incident I remove myself from the gym and the trees but the city itself becomes a minefield of potential affective triggers. At any moment something as small as a piece of tree fluff can destabilize a sense of connection and belonging.

Walking through the cityscape then becomes full of these moments: moments of belonging are coupled with moments of being a stranger. Speaking immediately interpellates me as an outsider, worse even, as a *gringo*, immediately invoking anti-North American sentiments from Montevideo's residents. This demonstrates how every route, every walk and every step, provides unique and varied meanings. These meanings shift and change as the walker moves through the city, coming into contact with various affective triggers, point to a far more fleeting and contingent nature to affect than Ahmed even acknowledges. Through walking, the fragile and delicate nature of belonging is exposed, the contingencies of belonging become evident through the broad range of emotions that second generation subjects experience while moving through the cityscape.

Pink (2008) describes walking as an "ethnographic place making" process by which the meaning of place is constituted by the walker's bodily presence (176). Yet, when we extend this description to the returnee, it becomes possible to consider walking as an unplace-making, a destabilizing practice that calls into question ideas of connection and belonging. Walking through the homeland can generate sensuous and haptic responses that, I argue, are indicative of a contingent belonging. Senses of place, of belonging and connection are made and unmade in mere moments. The presence of family, of memories of family in connection to the walker, generates a place of belonging; their absence unmakes this place. For members of the second generation, partially displaced by their diasporic origins, relationships to the homeland are unstable

and dynamic, constantly in a process of being constituted and reconstituted with different meanings in a constantly shifting landscape.

While cultural studies has sought to describe the experience of diasporic generations (Soja, 1996 Hall 1990; Bhabha, 2004) there has been a reliance on the narratives of in-betweenness used to describe this generation. This is not, as Hall (1990) argues, the narrative of “in-betweenness” that has come to dominate discourses of second-generation subjects which flattens and reduces a dynamic experience of belonging and identity into a binary narrative. The discourse of ‘in-between’ fundamentally sees the children of migrants as belonging to neither the homeland nor the adopted nation, foreclosing the possibility that second-generation subjects belong, albeit as I argue contingently, to both as well as to neither.

Moreover, hybridity scholarship oversimplifies hybrid identities without taking a more intersectional approach that recognizes the complexities of the ‘real lives’ of these subjects. Like Ibrahim (2008), whose own objections to the discourse of hybridity that has long been used in work relating to the children of diaspora, I argue that these narratives do not engage in any sort of ethnographic work that corroborates or lends credence to its theoretical justifications. Ibrahim argues “Where, for example, is the play of race, sexuality, gender, and class in the process of hybridization? In this process of hybridization, where are those who are historically marginalized from the ‘centers’ of power? How does hybridity ethnographically look?” (240) What’s missing, from hybridity theory is a sense of what that subject position *feels like* at the level of the body how does occupying this complex position feel and how do a hybrid subject’s other identities impact these feelings?

Vignette 2: Plazas and the Peatonal Sarandi

Aside from the routes I take to get to Café de Oro and Café Martinez (see Chapter One) I have a very specific route that I’ve begun to walk nearly every day in the afternoons when I want to head downtown. Leaving the apartment I turn onto Avenida Rivera and then head down Buelvar General Artigas where I pass the restaurant where my cousin and I often order gramajo revuelto when we don’t feel like cooking. Walking

past the children's hospital and the obelisk dedicated to Uruguay's first constitution I turn onto Avenida 18 de Julio, one of the main streets in the city, the street is always a beehive of activity and I have to navigate carefully through other pedestrians. I pass the national library and the famous Teatro Galpon and duck into a café where I often stop for lunch to get a bottle of water to take with me. Continuing along I pass City Hall and eventually reach my favourite plaza in the city la Plaza Independencia. From la plaza you can enter the main gate which lets you into la ciudad vieja, I love walking through this neighbourhood when I'm feeling lonely or just need to clear my head. There are several important art galleries and cultural institutions in this neighbourhood making it easy to wander in and out of each one. Along the peatonal Sarandi, a pedestrian only walkway in the heart of the old city, street vendors sell local handicrafts, antique china and silverware and street food. Arriving at Plaza Zabala I buy a dulce de leche ice cream and sit on one of the benches and take a deep breath. The late spring air was cool but pleasant and in the background I could hear the sound of tango music from a nearby restaurant. Surrounding the plaza are restaurants geared towards the office workers in the neighbourhood, packed with people enjoying a late lunch in the afternoon sun I watch as people talk, laugh, argue about soccer and the government and I feel right at home. Everyone around me looks like me: olive skinned and dark featured, their conversations loud and expressive, one man is passionately arguing about US foreign policy in Latin America and for a moment I could have sworn I was at a family gathering where those types of discussions were the norm.

O'Neil and Hubbard (2010) describe walking as being more than just about a route from one point to another; the journey itself can be a performance, an act of place-making through which the walker engages with the environment surrounding them. In the vignette above, the route I describe was one of the ways I frequently navigated the city and helped me connect to Montevideo during the time I was there. Walking through the city, going to the shops, seeing the cafes and galleries that had become regular haunts helped to provide me with a sense of being 'at home' in Uruguay. The feeling of being at home, feeling at ease walking through the city point to an emotional connection to Montevideo that I developed over the course of several months. Developing routes and routines through which I engage in the city, a city I had visited frequently but never explored on my own provides me the opportunity to experience the space without a local

relative to act as a guide. Developing specific places I designate as being my favourite, insofar as they are places where I feel a sense of being at home, provide me with geographic reference points when moving across the city.

The recounting of the routes and emphasis on what I see while walking down the streets and shops, point to the important element that walking plays in my relationship to the city. O'Neil & Hubbard (ibid) argue that walking provides a useful method for articulating the sense of being home away from home: "They tell us something about what it is to feel 'at home' and develop 'a sense of belonging' in a relational and phenomenological sense." (57) The development of a walking methodology of feeling involves an attunement to the sensuous and to the emotions that are generated while walking: both the feelings of being home, like those that I describe above as well as the feeling of displacement from the first vignette point to how walking is itself ambivalent capable of generating both senses of belonging and displacement in the returnee.

The sense of belonging that I experience when walking in this instance in the plaza in Montevideo is a result of the familiarity of the surroundings with respect to passersby bearing a resemblance to me and the very familiar conversations that remind me of previous family and community gatherings. Recognizing and identifying with the immediate surroundings of the plaza provide me with an embodied sense of place. The feeling at home in the plaza, a feeling that would come and go throughout my time in the field point to a yearning to belong and, I argue, are evidence of how fragile, and how contingent belonging can be.

Vignette 3: Shopping at the Incarceration Center

Next I want to return to a section of a vignette I presented in Chapter One in order to analytically consider, as I have with the last two vignettes in this chapter, its methodological implications. The longer I stayed in Montevideo the more my fieldwork experiences began to fold into and inform how I related to sites in the city. Especially powerful was the account Tio Gina gave of her memories of her son being taken into police custody and tortured, which I present below.

After several weeks of lunches Tia Gina talked about the period of the dictatorship where her son "disappeared" for several years. Taken into custody by the military police for belonging to a student organization deemed subversive (a dangerous label in that period) they languished for months not knowing if he was dead or alive. "I wanted to die" her eyes closed, hands at her temples, as she recounts the tale. For several months the military police would bring his bloody clothes for her to wash and refused to disclose where he was being held. Growing up, the timelines had always been unclear to me. I hadn't realized that he was incarcerated for years not months, and the common brutality of the whole affair shocked me.

There are no words. I listen carefully as she recounts this story; a story that I grew up hearing in fragments, never understanding the length of time he spent in prison or really grasping what living with it meant. She starts at the beginning and narrates the entire story, her eyes closed through most of it. At times she stares into space trying to remember the details. We finish lunch and head out for a long walk through the streets of Montevideo's Tres Cruces neighbourhood, to try and process what I have just heard. I feel numb. Shaken. I leave the apartment and turn left on Pedro Campbell Street to Rivera Avenue, then I'd walk along Rivera down Bulevar Artigas and walk south past the faculty of architecture and turn onto Bulevar España Heading east along Bulevar España, I walk down to Montevideo's Rambla and the posh neighbourhoods of Pocitos and Punta Carretas.

Punta Carretas used to be a prison that housed many of the political prisoners during the dictatorship. Was he kept here? I wonder. Punta Carretas is now a fashionable shopping district: the old prison was renovated into a shopping mall and the surrounding neighbourhood has become one of the most affluent areas of the city. Well-heeled women and smartly dressed men, stroll along the streets chatting on their mobile phones or sitting in cafes with friends sipping cortados, a Spanish-style espresso with steamed milk.

The interview comes flooding back to me as I stand on the corner looking at the prison's exterior walls now adorned with ads for McDonald's coffee and a half-off sale at Zara Clothing. I had bought a shirt here just the other week. I feel sick and head home.

Established as one of the most upscale shopping centres in Montevideo in the early 1990s, Punta Carretas detention centre was one of the key institutions of the dictatorship's repression. Ros (2012) notes, however, that for the post-dictatorship generations the shopping centre's past has been a vehicle for learning about the experience of their parents and family members. Given the scale of state-sanctioned terror and repression that occurred during the dictatorship many families have some connection to Punta Carretas as a place of traumatic memory. Like the post-generation in Uruguay, for the second-generation diasporic returnee, Punta Carretas represents a site of ambivalence, both welcomed and enjoyable for its resemblance to western shopping malls, as well as a site for learning about their homeland's complex past. The shopping centre stands in contrast to the official memorial for the *desaparecidos* (the disappeared) which is located in the remote neighbourhood of El Cerro, far from the majority of the city's population and so obscure that many still do not know that it even exists (Ros, 2012).

Arguing that while the city attempts to impose order on the movements and activities through its streets, plazas, tourist destinations De Certeau (2011) sees walking as a tactic that can subvert the official routes of the city. The city, he argues, is constructed through the production of its own space: a rational organization that attempts to discipline any and all pollutions that could possibly compromise it (95). This is done in part through the creation of systems that attempt to replace or remove that, which is opaque. Street protests, graffiti, those things that threaten to disrupt the rational organization of the city, must be replaced and disciplined. These produced and controlled spaces are the means through which cities are increasingly defining themselves as cityscapes and compete for tourism and global city status. Tourist sites, for example, are an attempt through which the visitor is managed while in the city specific neighbourhoods and routes are managed and controlled. The state/city is visible in these spaces in the form of security, guides, information kiosks, additional street sweepers, "official" designated tourist shops etc. Walking through these routes, the tourist is participating in the official narrative of the city.

In her critique of De Certeau's perspective of walking as a political act, Middleton (2011) argues "it is questionable the extent to which those who navigate and traverse

the streets in their everyday lives frame their walking practices in such a politicised way." (94) Yet as the above vignette describes, the narratives of Punta Carretas as a fashionable and upscale district that controls how the country's political past is remembered can be disrupted and challenged. Whether unintentional or haphazard or as in my case, through interviews over lunch with my aunt about my family's migratory history the emergence of counter-narratives, however fleeting or a result of a chance encounter, can be deeply politicized. I argue that unintentional encounters with sites that were part of the dictatorship's past can be a political moment under the right circumstances insofar as I had not specifically set to find these places.

In this instance walking through the neighbourhood having been recently told the story of torture registers somatically through familial stories and connection to the past. This re-inscribes the space with stories that most tourists will be unfamiliar with, and do not have such a personal connection to; these are stories that are not part of the promotional literature of the shopping centre or of the boutiques that now line the streets. They are also stories that the everyday life and gentrification of city residents are made to forget in a city where memorials of the past are pushed to the periphery of the city. Yet, the building remains haunted by ghosts of the not so distant past: Punta Carretas is a ruin with ghosts, despite efforts to transform the site into a gleaming monument to a post-dictatorship future the ruins of the prison remain. These ruins haunt visitors with the past, refusing to be contained, haunting the desire to fix memories of the past to the city's outer rings (Edensor, 2005). This haunting can be seen in the embodied reaction of confronting the history that remains near the surface, when coming into the realization that I purchase clothing at a store in the mall, thus participating in the erasure of Punta Carretas, my body feels nauseated. This sense of unease and physical discomfort is no doubt a result of the contradictions I encountered between bearing witness to a testimony of torture and exile (also see: Lessa & Druliolle, 2011; Di Stefano, 2012; Ruetalo, 2008) while participating in the reinscription of the cityscape as an upscale neighbourhood linked into networks of global commerce.

Using the allegory of language De Certeau (2011) describes walking as an elementary form through which the city is experienced. "...walkers, whose bodies follow the thicks and thins of an urban 'text' they write without being able to read it." (93)

Walking through the diasporic homeland, the returnee is writing a narrative through which the official narratives of the city collapse into themselves; a collapsing that can be seen in the way the walker moves between official routes and unofficial routes, between shopping at the trendy boutiques and becoming aware of the brutal history of the land that has been passed down to them by their family who fled Uruguay. This collapsing is also internalized by the walker, in this case myself, pointing to the unidirectional nature of place making practices and goes beyond an analysis of 'discourse' or 'narrative' typically used in Communication and Cultural Studies which is based on a structuralist understanding of language (see: Dijk, 1985, 2011; Wodak, 1997)

Crossing between the official and unofficial, the glamorous shopping centre and its questionable history the second-generation walker comes into contact with the messy aspects of history that have been pushed aside, forgotten or covered over. In his lecture series *Society Must be Defended* Foucault (2003) identifies what he defines as the emergence of subjugated knowledge: knowledge that that have been disqualified as non-conceptual, insufficiently elaborated, naïve, inferior or lacking in scientific or theoretical rigour. This knowledge, he argues, should be understood not as common sense or common knowledge but as knowledge that is local, or differential, it is the reappearance of what people know (8). I argue that the returnee's sensuous experience of walking is precisely an example of Foucault's subjugated knowledge: while the experience of walking through a city in the homeland could be dismissed as banal or perhaps a gauche nostalgia by scholars committed to structuralist analysis, the embodied experience of walking evokes and generates emotional and sensuous responses that point to something far more complex. Walking generates a searching for a connection to familial histories, for a sense of belonging in the homeland as an awareness of violent, brutal histories that are embedded in the land erupt across the skin and memory. In walking the city our connections to it are experienced at the level of the body, what Ahmed and Stacey (2001) describe as "thinking through the skin" which they define as "a thinking that reflects, not on the body as the lost object of thought, but on inter-embodiment, on the mode of being-with and being-for, where one touches and is touched by others" (3). This form of embodied thinking which places the body at the centre of the text provides us with new ways of thinking about belonging as an embodied practice which reconceptualises it as a state of doing rather than a state of being.

I would argue that walking is valuable for the potential it brings as both a stabilizing and destabilizing practice in the field both as an ethnographer but also as a returnee. Walking through the streets of Montevideo as a researcher provided me the opportunity to observe not only those around me but also to explore how my senses perceived the city. Walking as a second-generation subject was a process through which I explored the boundaries of belonging and began to map out, on my own terms, my relationship to the homeland. Walking while I wore 'both hats' brought into view the tensions and contingencies that must be navigated both in the homeland and back home. Revealing the fragile and fleeting sense of belonging that can be experienced in the fragrance of a flower or the affective burden that comes with bearing witness walking provides researchers with a bridge or connection to the lived experience of the field.

Finding a vocabulary through which walking and the sensuous emotions that are generated can be articulated coherently proves to be challenging, yet a timely and crucial area of scholarship. There is a need for a sensuous approach to communication studies that seeks to recognize the senses as a valid site of research which could engender a broader discussion of the role of ethnography, the senses and emotion in the field of communication studies. Given the ever increasing rates of migration, displacement and movement that has come to characterize this period of late-capitalism a focus on questions of how these conditions imprint themselves on our bodies seems both timely and necessary.

Chapter 3. North

Unlike previous chapters, where my own sensory and autoethnographic experience is the central focus, North/Norte is constructed almost entirely from the voices of others. This is intended to provide insight into the views of a range of second generation Latina/os in Canada, to both contextualize my autographic narrative as well as demonstrate both the similarities and differences between my own experience and that of the participants. As discussed in the introduction, while the 3M document, as an example of a public policy document, describes second-generation Canadians as being both a risk and resource to be managed, this chapter examines how these specific individuals make sense of, relate to, identify and perform their Latinicity (if at all).

To answer these questions, I conducted interviews with Latina/o-Canadians in Vancouver, Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa and an unnamed city. In order to comply with the research protocols of Simon Fraser University's Research Ethics Board I could not directly approach participants to solicit their participation, meaning that I could not approach people and solicit their participation, rather they had to initiate contact me to express interest. Since I could not directly ask people to participate, I circulated an advertisement (see Appendix A) via social media, email listservs of my current and former graduate program, as well as in local Latina/o shops in Toronto where my mother knew the owners. Participants were also recruited using advertisements with university Latina/o student associations of which I had been involved with at Simon Fraser University, York University and Wilfrid Laurier University. Finally, I also asked participants to pass along the recruitment advertisement to anyone they knew who might be willing to participate. Participants were recruited on a voluntary basis, meaning that only those individuals who initiated contact with me and expressed an interest in participating were interviewed. Focused on qualitative analysis, my study is not intended to produce a representative sample of all second generation Latina/o Canadians but

instead to generate detailed individual accounts of belonging and identity through open-ended exploratory interviews.

As a result of this passive recruitment strategy I, essentially, interviewed anyone who contacted me and did not perform much in the way of screening candidates. The only stipulation was that they had to be second or '1.5' generation Canadian. Early on, I decided to include 1.5 generation Canadians as several of my participants, though they identify as second-generation, fall under the definition of 1.5 which Rumbaut (2004) defines as having immigrated under the age of 12. As there has been so little work on Latina/os born in Canada or those raised in Canada from an early age I argue that inclusion of these voices, who identify as being second-generation despite having moved here before the age of six, are important voices that need to be heard. Out of the fifteen participants, twelve identified as women and three identified as men.

Out of the total fifteen participants that were interviewed, three were known to me personally and twelve were reached through the aforementioned recruitment strategies. I provided the option for participants to use their real identities or a pseudonym, both at the start of the interview as well as immediately after with the option of contacting me to request a pseudonym if they changed their mind. Fourteen participants chose to use their real identities and one participant preferred to remain anonymous citing the public nature of their work and a preference to remain anonymous.

Participants ranged in age from twenty to thirty-five years of age at the time of their interviews: Silvia (Vancouver), Micaela (Vancouver), Beatriz (Montreal), Sonya (Ottawa), Jorge (Vancouver), Sandra (Ottawa) were between 20 and 24 years old; Christian (Toronto), Claudia (Montreal), Melinda (Toronto), Paula (Vancouver) were between 25 and 29 years of age; Diego (City Withheld), Marisa (Ottawa), Mayte (Montreal), Virginia (Vancouver), Gabriela (Toronto) were between 30 and 35 years old. I did not specify a specific age range though by virtue of specifying second-generation Latina/os in my recruitment material (see Appendix A for text) most second-generation Latina/os in Canada would fall within this age range by virtue of when their parents migrated to Canada. Interestingly, out of my participant pool all but two respondents were born after multiculturalism was recognized in section 27 of the Canadian Charter of

Rights and Freedoms in 1981. By the time the Multiculturalism Act received royal assent in 1988 the language of multiculturalism had already become commonplace thus all of my participants would have been raised within an officially sanctioned multicultural milieu in Canada. All respondents reported learning about multiculturalism in their primary and secondary educations with two thirds of participants being born after 1985. What makes these details important is that this was the first generation of second-generation Latina/o Canadians to be born, raised and educated with multiculturalism as an official public policy and as a central discourse of the nation-state. This means that state discourses supposedly would have fostered and supported their embrace of their ethnic heritage, even if only through the limited parameters that I have discussed in the introduction. Furthermore, this generation was also the first generation born after the initial large waves of Latina/o migration into Canada in the 1970s and 1980s. With large waves of Latina/o migration to Canada, a 32% increase between 1996-2001, we can see there will be an increasing presence of second-generation Latina/o Canadians in the country (The Latin American Community in Canada, Statistics Canada, 2007).

When I originally began planning my interview recruitments I had thought about only working with participants from the Southern Cone region of Latin America. Eventually however I decided that I would not make any regional specifications in the recruitment material. Though there are some important regional differences between countries in the Central Cone region and other regions and thus, also for members of the diaspora and their children, I thought it important to include participants who identified with the language of the recruitment material and who self-identified with terms like Latino/a, which also reflects how Latin/o identity of second gen forms in Canada – not necessarily replicating the terms of identity in their parents' homelands. This suggested a pan-ethnic identification with Latina/o identity, which several participants discussed as being part of their identity. But Umana-Taylor & Fine (2001) provide a detailed critique of the use of Latina/o as a pan-ethnic term in the social sciences, noting that: "Although Latinos are often considered a homogenous group, there are often major differences in nationality." (348) Stressing the need to recognize and acknowledge the differences and diversity contained within the term 'Latina/o', in relation to their research in the United States, they stress that characteristics of Latina/o nationals vary greatly in terms of their

historical migration, socio-economic class, and educational attainment (to name a few). (360)

While I would not argue with the importance of recognizing the diversity within the term Latina/o as significant, within their new countries as migrants and children of migrants, the cultural similarities are just as significant. Bernal & Robriguez (2009) argue:

Latinos are also one in the sense that many share a common legacy evident in a shared language, and cultural values, such as personalismo and familismo. The sense of oneness is, of course, defined by context (Falicov, 1998). The behavioral expression of cultural values may change over time, but the continued documentation of these Latino cultural values suggests that certain concepts are stable within the broader pan-Latino group. Latinos can also represent one community in the similarity of experiences. For example, acculturation as a phenomenon has been observed and studied across Latino groups, across generations, and over time, and is consistently observed in Latinos regardless of national origin, social class, age, gender..." (173)

More specifically, I would argue that within a second generation context, rather than just a first generation context, identification with the pan-ethnic term like Latina/o has been well documented identity strategy when communicating outside of their ethnic communities to members of the mainstream population who may not be familiar with their parent's country of origin. (Portes & MacLeod, 1996; Sanders, 2002; Pedraza, 1994; Padilla 1985; Gimenez, Lopez, Munoz, 1992). Nagle (1994) sees the use of pan-ethnic terminology as part of a layered identification practice and argues that:

The chosen ethnic identity is determined by the individual's perception of its meaning to different audiences, its salience in different social context, and its utility in different settings... Others lack of appreciation for such ethnic differences tends to make certain ethnic identity choices useless and socially meaningless except in very specific situations. (155)

While these studies are American, there are similarities to Latina/os in Canada where defined as "layering", this process can best be described as the means through which individuals choose when to identify with a pan-ethnic term like Latina/o, Asian or a pan Indigenous term like First-Nations and then to refer to a specific national origin like Uruguayan, Chinese or Nakoda. While not all participants in my study used pan-ethnic labels with respect to their diasporic heritage, they did all talk about and refer to their

parent's home countries when asked how they responded to the question "where are you from?" which will be further discussed later in this chapter.

All interviews were semi-structured. A list of pre-formulated open-ended questions (See Appendix B) were used to begin the interview and participants were encouraged to elaborate. Going 'off-script' was encouraged as well and I would try to "get out of the way" (Bernard, 2006, 216) when participants would discuss topic of interest, meaning that rather than stick to my scripted questions I allowed participants to take the lead in the conversation which sometimes meant departing from the list of interview questions I had prepared. Interviews lasted between 1 hour to 1.5 hours.

Fifteen Participants, Four Voices

When I first began to write this chapter I had envisioned including all fifteen participants into my discussion. As I began to write I noticed that my descriptions felt cold, clinical even, and did not capture the richness of the interviews. Voices became muddled and it became difficult to keep track of who had said what when reading the text. My first attempt at a draft was chaos and the voices of my participants felt detached from the individuals I had met and spoke with. In order to provide a sense of who second-generation Canadians are, I decided that I would select four interviews to focus on which I determined to be characteristic of the larger set of interviews. In reorganizing this chapter around four specific participants whose responses best captured the shared and divergent experiences of the larger participant group, there were some common themes that emerged out of all of the interviews, some prompted a direct result of the questions asked while others emerged organically. These specific four participants demonstrate some of the commonalities, as well as some of the differences I found in themes including (but not limited to): (a) identifying with terms like Latina/o; (b) relationship to the homeland; (c) fluency in Spanish; and (d) celebration of Latinicity and belonging. I will discuss these themes briefly and draw on the responses of several participants.

Identifying with terms like Latino/a

Participants expressed a range of identification with pan-ethnic terms like Latina/o pointing to a range of identification with both Latina/o and Canadian. As I will discuss further below, Diego (pseudonym) rejected the term Latina/o and identified as being a Canadian born when he was in Uruguay when asked where he was from. Conversely, despite being born in Ottawa, Marisa whose interview I also discuss in more detail below, completely rejected the idea of being Canadian or, 'Whitey McWhite,' and identified as a Latina and Argentinian. Other participants like Sandra, described not feeling as though the word Latina/o applied to her like Diego but, like Diego, Sandra referenced her parent's home country as well as Toronto when asked where she was from. Another participant, Christian talked about being told he didn't look Latina/o and constantly had to assert his identity.

Fluency in Spanish

While none of the participants were fluent in Spanish, they all identified it as being important. Regardless of their own language ability each participant thought that being able to communicate in Spanish was part of what shaped their identity. For Melinda, who will be discussed further below, reclaiming Spanish was a significant part of beginning to identify as a Latina. She talked about the joy she felt when she could pass as a native speaker in the homeland. Mayte described not being as fluent as she would like and expressed a desire to improve her language skills as communicating with relatives in the homeland was difficult. Silvia reflected on how having to translate from English to Spanish in her head made her reluctant to speak while in Colombia, as I explain below, thus making her come across as shy in Colombia while she described herself as outgoing in Canada.

Celebration of Latinicity

While not all participants shared a celebratory feeling for Latinicity, many expressed positive emotions and had positive associations with being Latina/o. Silvia (see below) discussed her identity as a Latina as being her "specialty" and saw it as being a central part of how she related to others and the perspective it gave her

compared to her Canadian friends. While Diego did not identify as Latina/o he discussed taking his partner to Uruguay and the pride he felt in showing her around the city as well as feeling a sense of attachment to the homeland. While Mayte and Christian had not returned to the homeland in over a decade, they both talked about how being Latina/o gave them a sense of pride.

Belonging

Among all fifteen participants belonging was discussed both in relation to the homeland as well as to Canada. This theme was common insofar as all each participant described how the homeland and Canada had a different significance for each of them. With respect to what was common to all participants, was how they each had developed strategies to belong, for instance as I explain below Melinda, had to recover her heritage language after her parents stopped speaking it to her, as I will explain below. Mayte describes finding other second-generation Latina/os and nicknaming their peer group *Latinos Unidos*²⁴.

The four participants I have chosen to focus on: Silvia, Marisa, Melinda and Diego, are demonstrative of the broad range of identification and sense of belonging found among the fifteen participants. Located across Canada their experiences and identity practices resemble and differ from my own. Ranging from identifying primarily as Canadian to an outright rejection of being Canadian, they demonstrate how the existing policy documents that describe second-generation Canadians as a problem population fails to recognize the immense diversity and range of experiences even within a single diasporic community.

²⁴ Translation: *Latinos United*.

Silvia

Silvia and I meet at a coffee shop on Simon Fraser University campus. She is completing her bachelor's degree in Health Sciences and was eager to take part in a discussion of belonging and Latina/o-Canadian identity.

It's always something I've been wondering about. Nobody really gets it; My girlfriends don't get it, they've been Colombian their whole lives, they are very Colombian. My parents don't get it but it's nice to find out that there is a group that have been struggling between Latino culture and Canadian culture. (S. Mora, Interview, September 2012)

Silvia's parents are Colombian and she herself lived in Colombia for several years as a child during elementary school before returning to Canada. When describing how she felt in Colombia in terms of the way she speaks and behaves, Silvia described a shift in her personality that occurred when she was in Colombia; she became quieter and less outgoing which she sees as being very different than when she was in Canada. "I notice when I go visit back home. I go every Christmas to visit my family. But I notice the difference between my character. I'm very laid back... I'm kind of an introvert in comparison to a lot of them" (ibid). Noting that while she is comfortable speaking Spanish with her family back in Colombia Silvia feels nervous speaking to strangers and becomes shy:

With my family I'm very comfortable... But whenever I meet new Colombians and they're speaking Spanish I do have a stutter. I think that also applies to why I'm quiet at times... the shyness of speaking out loud. (ibid)

Despite her sense of shyness in Colombia, Silvia identifies as an extrovert when in Canada which she credits in part to her Latin identity:

When I'm here I'm the extrovert. It's odd, it's just odd because over there I'm very quiet and laid back and here I'm very straightforward... I have that Latin spice I guess. (ibid)

While Silvia identified a different way of being while in Latin America she notes that when in Canada her Latinicity, or what she calls her 'Latin spice' is a central part of her identity. In some ways it could be said that Silvia performs her Latina identity in Canada and then does the reverse in Columbia where she performs her Canadian

identity. Silvia maintains a close friendship network with several other Latina-identified women in Canada, many of whom are “FOBS from Latin-America” (ibid) her friendships are strengthened through her peer groups bilingualism as they use both Spanish and English to communicate.

I don't know but to me... the reason my girlfriends and I have such a close relationship is because we speak both languages. We have two methods of communication. So there are certain sayings we can communicate in English very well and there are certain sayings that we can communicate in Spanish very well. I feel like that connects us in a different way. (ibid)

FOBS, an acronym for 'fresh off the boat' is a term used by some of the respondents to distinguish between themselves and newly arrived Latina/o immigrants. While the term FOBS is associated with internalized racism and a strategy of differentiation between second-generation and first generation immigrants (Kobayashi & Preston, 2014), I argue that the term can also be used without prejudice, as in the case with Sylvia who uses it to distinguish between her first generation and second generation friends. Though making a similar distinction, Sylvia does not discriminate, indeed, she places a great deal of value on having friends to speak Spanish with. I would argue that, for Silvia, having friends who are “FOBS from Latin America” (S. Mora, personal communication, September 2012), provides her with another means of connecting to her Latina identity, they provide a social and emotional connection outside of the familial network.

Silvia speaks with great affection about her Latina identity, and identifies her background as being Colombian which she describes as her specialty. “I feel so special when I'm around a group of Canadians and I say I'm Colombian...It kind of distinguishes you.” (ibid) In contrasting Canadian and Colombian culture she notes the formality, distance and reserved nature of the culture here and contrasts it to what she sees as the less rigid and more laid back culture of Colombia.

It's a different culture for sure. It's more expressive, it's more emotional... the family moments, it's something Canadian culture lacks... I feel like Colombian culture has that kind of gift... like everyone that goes there says I just love the feeling of community... the friendliness... people are able to touch. (ibid)

Silvia sees the Colombian cultural norms around physical contact as an asset in her life. She uses touch as a means through which she is able to connect with other people:

I do a lot of touching when I talk to people and I feel that is what's given me really good interpersonal skills. Maybe it's a little different for a guy to do it but for myself it's easy to touch someone and say thank you and they right away feel a connection with you and that's part of my Colombian culture. (ibid)

For Silvia the tactile intimacy, an embodied and sensuous feeling, that she sees as part of Colombian culture, particularly as a woman, has made establishing social relationships easier. Crediting her outgoing nature in Canada (though again, she describes herself as shy in Colombia) as being a product of being Latina. She identifies with her Colombian identity as being a gift, one that has made her outgoing and friendly: "Being Latin has its pluses and minuses, for sure. I feel like when we're at a party we're the party," she says laughing (ibid).

However Silvia also notes some of the challenges that come with being Latina/o, particularly around questions related to family and family dynamics.

That's a little difficult for me because sometimes with boyfriends I've had, they don't understand the customs and they don't understand where my parents are coming from half of the time, and that's important to me because my parents are very important to me. (ibid)

Respecting the significance of her family and the obligations that come with being part of Latin family, which she places a great deal of value on, is something that Silvia sees as a challenge to explain to non-Latina/os.

People don't understand 'Oh, I couldn't do this because I had to do this family function' if you lived in a Colombian family you would understand. I'm stressed out! The drama is intense. (ibid)

The drama Silvia is referring to comes in part from finding a way to balance the cultural expectations of her household around familial social obligations with that of her friends and romantic partner.

I haven't ever felt Canadian... Let's face it I'm not fully Canadian. My whole life has been in this little Colombian household eating pan de yuca²⁵... but I don't feel like I belong in Colombia. I feel like too much of a visitor there. The language barrier, that time when you're talking and you stutter and the fact that usually I'm so quiet. That I'm not in my comfort zone. (ibid)

Silvia's answers point to a complex and nuanced relationship, to both Canada and Colombia. In Canada she actively works to maintain a connection to her heritage, this is especially evident when looking at Silvia's concerted efforts to regain a sense of connection and belonging to Colombia through her family:

I've been making a huge effort to be connected to it. That's involved me contacting my family more, because I realized three years ago I wasn't as close to my cousins as I am now. Also with my friends, I used to feel disconnected from them... now I feel like I can express myself and feel more comfortable. I made the effort. (ibid)

This effort to connect to her Latin heritage however comes with, according to Silvia, a letting go of some of her Canadian identity "As you make the effort to get more connected to your Latino culture you are also losing a little bit of your Canadian culture. You have to find that balance" (ibid). For Silvia the balance between the two cultural identities is skewed towards her sense of Latin identity that she has worked to develop over the past several years.

Silvia takes a great amount of pride in her ability to speak Spanish, not just with her family at home but also with her Latina friends. Being bilingual is a source of pride for Silvia as it gives her the ability to speak to her friends without worrying about non-Spanish speakers understanding what she is saying. "When I speak Spanish I find joy. I love the fact that I can whip it out here and there, or when I'm with my girlfriends we can communicate and people don't understand us" (ibid). Using Spanish as a form of cultural capital Silvia is able to determine when she wants to include non-Spanish speakers into her peer group and when she wants to exclude people from a conversation. She and her friends use Spanish tactically to demarcate a space in which only other Latino/as can belong.

²⁵ Translation: Bread made from Cassava starch and cheese. A regional food from Colombia and Ecuador.

Like her bilingualism, Silvia expresses her Latina/o identity through music and popular artists when she goes out with her friends. These practices are an important part of her social life, that she sees as a way to claim and articulate her identity. “Every time we’ve gone to clubs and we ask for Shakira or Reggaton²⁶ and it just becomes our dance floor. We own the floor. It distinguishes us and I like it, I really like it” (ibid). Being able to ‘own’ is a result of seeing herself reflected in an element of Latina/o popular culture that now has currency in Canada.

What Silvia’s answers demonstrate is that while drawing on traditional narratives like “in-between” and recognizing differences in the way she acts and speaks between “Canadian” and “Latin” space, her engagement and identification with, in her own words, her “Latin spice” point to a strategic deployment of identity as a means to demarcate and distinguish herself from being just “Colombian” and being just “Canadian.” I would argue that through the course of the interview, several of Sylvia’s answers asserted a strong identification with her diasporic heritage while also recognizing that her connection was the result of continuous effort and active negotiation. The fact that she has developed practices to assert her identity, as a Colombian and Latina and framing this identity as a gift demonstrate an attachment and engagement that transcends the liminal space of being in-between. Reflecting on her shyness and the changes in her personality when in the homeland, Silvia demonstrates an experience of contingent belonging which she experiences in her body as a stutter, something I also developed in Montevideo [?]. Furthermore, Silvia’s effort to remain connected, the active choice to practice and retain her fluency in Spanish demonstrate the labour required by second-generation subjects to a sense of Latinicity.

Marisa

I meet Marisa during her lunch hour in suburban Ottawa at a tiny Greek restaurant overlooking the Rideau River. Born and raised in Ottawa, she is married with two children and works as a civil servant. Having completed an MA in Linguistics she

²⁶ A genre of music with Latin and Caribbean influences.

laughed when signing consent forms, “I remember these too well” she said chuckling. “I love to talk so I’ve been looking forward to this” she says brightly. When I begin to ask her how she identified herself and whether or not she used terms like Latina or Hispanic she immediately answered, “Yes. Very much. Like that is there is no other words to describe. Like me and my sisters always uses Latina. Always” (Marisa Sosa, Interview, August 2012) she said emphatically.

For Marisa, being Latina/o was more than just about culture; she also talked about the physical differences that she said she and her sisters noticed between themselves and those around them:

...when we talk about Latino, like for me and my sisters, we talk about how different we are from the people that we work with, and the people we are surrounded with. Latino for us is dark hair, dark skin, big legs, loudness and non-stop talk. That's what it means to us. When you are growing up all you see, you see a blonde hair and blue eyes and names like Stephanie, Lisa and Michelle, those were the names. (ibid)

Marisa’s distinctions between being Latina/o and not being Latina/o draw on physical, cultural and linguistic differences. Differences in names and their pronunciation, for example, provided clear demarcations beyond those of biological phenotype to include correct pronunciation of names.

Born in Ottawa, Marisa has a very strong sense of Latin identity that lies at the root of identity, she unequivocally rejects the notion or identification of being called Canadian. When I ask her where she is from she answers:

Argentina, I never even pause. They kind of look at me they are like while your English is perfect. Okay, I was born here, oh well then you are Canadian. But I don't have an ounce of Canadian blood in me. My customs aren't Canadian, my way of thinking isn't Canadian, I wasn't raised as a Canadian. My ideals are not Canadian. (ibid)

Marisa’s disavowal of being Canadian is rooted in the strong sense of Latina/o identity that surrounded her when she was growing up. For her the demand by others to identify as Canadian on account of being born here is something she actively rejected. Seeing herself as Latina she rebukes the idea of being Canadian on the basis of not being raised Canadian or having what she describes as “Canadian blood.” She argues:

Okay, I was born here, so then people say 'Oh well then you are Canadian' My ideals are not Canadian; can you call me Canadian? What if my parents had flown to Japan and I happened to be born in Japan, do I look Japanese? Would you be saying that? I always say, I am **from** [her emphasis] Argentina, I just happened to be born in this country. Because growing up like there was Argentinian food at home. Argentinian ideals, you know Spanish spoken at home. There was nothing Canadian about the way, I grew up in any way, shape or form so can I actually call myself a Canadian? There is no Canadian heritage in my family. I always say I am from Argentina. (ibid)

While unspoken, the implied ethnic and cultural "Canadian" she is referring to is clearly white and Anglo-Saxon. Though unspoken, Marisa's earlier reference to "the names" like Lisa and Stephanie and her distinction of her "dark features" as being Latina demonstrate a demarcation between her and Canadians despite being born in Canada, a Canadian citizen, and educated at Canadian institutions. I'm intrigued by the firmness of Marisa's answer. Out of all of my participants she has the firmest grasp on her identification as a Latina and is one of the few participants who rejected outright any sense of Canadian identity. While other participants also identified primarily or entirely as Latina/o her answer had a firmness the others lacked because of the outright rejection being identified or identifying as a Canadian.

Seeking further clarification, I press Marisa to elaborate on why she so firmly rejects any form of Canadian identification, and how people react to her answer. Interestingly, Marisa explains that she used to describe herself as being from Ottawa when asked where she was from but got tired of being second-guessed and having to answer follow up questions that required her to detail her family's migration.

When people say 'Where are you from?' and I would say Ottawa, and they look at you like 'Really? Dark skinned, dark haired, dark eyed, really?' You get that look, and then I would say, I am originally from Argentina and then they would say stuff like 'I knew you weren't from here.' So I think that kind of pushed me over to the, why I even bother explaining, I just say from Argentina right away. (ibid)

Marisa emphasizes an experience that I myself identify with, the disbelief by others when you answer the question 'where are you from?' with a Canadian location. This experience of being rejected has shaped part of her rejection of any affiliation or attachment to a Canadian identity when others have so clearly perceived her as being

from elsewhere. For Marisa, then, while Canada is where she lives, works and raises her family Argentina remains the place she identifies as home.

I always say 'when I go back home' because that is home. Because you know when you get there you see everything you grew up with. You go to the supermarkets and you see dulce de leche, you see yerba mate... you don't see it here which is what we grew up with. I find it hard to identify say, yeah I am from here. When people clearly see me as **not** being from here. And some make it obvious with that look that just says 'Really? Like, really you're from here? Oh! Yeah, I knew you were different'. (ibid)

For Marisa then the articulation of a Latina identity and the identification with Argentina as home are informed from her perceived differences and the reactions of those around her. The rejection of any identification with being Canadian is thus a response to continuously being seen as *not being* Canadian by Anglo-Canadians who she refers to as 'The Whitey McWhites.' When I ask her how people react to her assertion of identifying as Latina and being from Argentina she responds:

People who aren't ignorant, who have been exposed to other cultures really embrace it and ask questions. I find what we call the Whitey McWhites are not even interested in us... Neighbors which we call Whitey Mcwhite: Born and raised Canada, like they actually made me feel like the help... Just the way they talk to you. You know you have no interest in your culture, in your food. If you talk about something they react 'it's gross' or wrong. They will be like 'oh what's that?' [said in a disgusted, mocking tone] like it's somehow wrong you know? My friends would say 'that's interesting... How you make that? What do you guys eat? Or how do you celebrate?' (ibid)

For Marisa, it is important to draw distinctions between herself, her friends and those who she perceives as the Whitey McWhites. I argue that the use of the term Whitey McWhite, beyond being used as a pejorative demarcation between Latina/os and Anglo-Saxon Canadians, is also the articulation of an unspoken understanding of who counts as a Canadian and who does not and points to the ongoing centering of Canadian identity around an Anglo subject. Whitey McWhite is similar to the term used in Italian diasporic communities of southern Ontario of *mangiacake*. This term is used to refer to "define the dominant white, Anglo Saxon, English speaking majority... passed down from the first generation Italian immigrants who used them in pejorative ways to refer to the Other." (Giampa, 2001) Though the etymology of the term is disputed, *mangiacake* is believed to originate from the "sentiment that Canadian bread is sweet as

cake, compared to the taste of Italian bread.” (Santilli, 2014) Originally an exclusively pejorative term *mangiacake* has become a more ambiguous term, though it can still be used with negative connotations, it is often used as shorthand to describe the differences in language and culture between Anglo-Saxon Canadians and immigrant communities.

Like *mangiacake*, Marisa’s description of “Whitey McWhite” indicates a clear and distinct ethnic, cultural and linguistic demarcation between herself as a Latina and the Anglo-Canadian population. The inclusion of the prefix “Mc” as part of the descriptor indicates a clear understanding of what exactly sort of whiteness Marisa sees as being ‘Canadian’ specifically, an Anglo-Saxon whiteness with roots in the England, Ireland and Scotland. Like the African American term ‘cracker,’ a pejorative term used on white people with historical references to the antebellum south (Smitherman, 1994), terms like *mangiacake* or Whitey McWhite make reference to and acknowledge the ongoing racialized demarcations of belonging in Canada. They verbalize the racial asymmetrical relationships of power between migrant communities and the Anglo ‘host’ nation.

While Marisa frames part of her Latina identity in a language of biology, she refers to physical features that distinguish her from the ‘Whitey McWhites’: her dark hair, olive skin, and facial features as examples. Language is, for Marisa who is herself fluent in Spanish, an important part of her Latina identity. Moreover, she notes that as subsequent generations marry non-Latina/os, language is for her one of the most important parts of a Latin identity. “I mean, how can I call myself a Latina if I can’t speak Spanish?” (ibid). While culture and lineage are important, she sees maintaining the language as an important, if not crucial, link to her family in Argentina. “You need to maintain it because blood thins out. I married a Middle Eastern guy, my sisters married a white guy. You lose every generation, you lose something that goes away with every generation... and I find that very sad. Unless you make an effort... If my parents didn’t speak Spanish with me when I was growing up, we [her and her sisters] wouldn’t be able to go back home” (ibid). In situations where Latina/os marry to non-Latina/os, again in Marisa’s case, as mentioned her own partner is Middle Eastern, she explains that ensuring her children are able to speak Spanish is an important way to continue to pass

on traditions and the connection to the homeland. For her, ensuring that her children will be able to speak Spanish means that they too can choose to 'go home.'

For Marisa, home always refers to Argentina. When speaking about travelling to Argentina she consistently talks about "going back home" or "going to visit home." When asked to elaborate on why she refers to Argentina as home she has an emotional reaction as she begins to speak about home.

Oh you're making me cry! It is home. It is home. You know people say 'Oh, you grow up here and live here.' But, I say 'yeah, but you don't understand'. You walk out the door from your house and it's what you don't know, right? So you go to school and there are all these Michelle's and Stephanie's and they are all eating peanut butter and jelly sandwiches... (ibid)

Marisa's eyes moisten and fill with tears; she wipes them away and takes a deep breath. Her identification of Argentina of home evokes a physical, embodied reaction that, though smiling her face betrays a certain sense of *saudade*²⁷, an awareness of a connection to Argentina that though treasured and prized will never be entirely sufficient for her. Despite her efforts and emotional attachment to Argentina as the homeland and foundation of her identity, Marisa recognizes that her efforts to remain connected are predicated on her actively seeking out the material through which she builds a sense of identification with Argentina. Her attachment to the homeland, I argue, is predicated on choosing to engage and remain connected through trips to the homeland but also in her everyday life when finding grocers that carry Latin American foodstuffs in Canada, much like my own efforts to bake ..., as I will discuss in Chapter [?]. This is, arguably, a form of contingent belonging insofar as it requires the subject to seek out objects that remind them of being 'home.'

So when you go home, you go back home, everything is what you grew up with... I don't have to go to this hole in the wall on Montreal Road here El Mercado Latino to get my yerba mate Right? It's like a special trip to get this mate that I drink every day. So home, being there, I go to the grocery store and I can buy helado de dulce leche, yogur con sabor de dulce de leche! Mate yerba,

²⁷ This concept is further explored in in Chapter 4.

alfajores si quiero, están ahí!²⁸ Like you don't have to order them every time someone goes to Argentina or make them yourself. Everything I grew up with is there and here it is not because inside the confines of my home, it was... Just like a little Argentina you know? I really didn't care about it when I was younger, but now the more that I see it and now that I'm older we can talk about stuff like this. We found that it was difficult growing up because it was a different world outside our home. (ibid)

Marisa's description of why Argentina is home is rooted in her experience of growing up in a household with Latin culture and customs. She discusses the work involved in maintaining her own 'little Argentina' in her home. In her description of the groceries that require trips to specialty stores here her voice becomes agitated connoting the extra labour involved in the acquisition these items demand from her in Ottawa. These foods, dulce de leche, yerba mate and alfajores, are central to Marisa's maintenance of the 'Little Argentina' that she described, first in her parent's home and then in her own. Her description of growing up in a 'different world' outside of her parent's home, of having to learn to cross these boundaries with great awareness and care resonated deeply with me and I could feel myself tear up as well. Marisa's description of the difficulty of growing up navigating these differences is, I argue, demonstrative of the complexities of belonging and the insufficiency of the narratives of 'in-between' that have been used by scholars and policymakers. A description of second-generation identity as being 'in-between' does not address or acknowledge the negotiations of space or labour involved in maintaining a connection to a sense of Latina/o identity in Canada. Marisa's description of the challenges of remaining connected to a Latina/o identity requires effort, time and energy that, though done willingly, should be recognized as part of the way she constructs her identity. That through objects like dulce de leche, or through the practice of preparing yerba mate, which requires specific cultural knowledge as well as physical practice, Marisa actively seeks out to maintain connected to her Latina identity. Staying connected to family members via social media, and teaching her children to speak Spanish so that they can communicate with family in the homeland demonstrate the active engagement and effort she must perform every day in order to maintain a sense of latincity. In creating

²⁸ Translation: "...dulce de leche ice-cream, dulce de leche yogurt, Yerba tea, alfajores if I want them. They are there!"

distinctions like 'Whitey McWhite' Marisa is creating a demarcated space for herself distinct from Anglo-Saxon Canada that asserts, if not demands, that her Latinidad be acknowledged as central to who she is.

As part of this identification, Marisa's understanding of being Latina is the articulation of what Padilla (1985) describes as a pan-ethnic Latin identity. Marisa's language around the term Latina/o transcends the national boundaries of Latin America. She does not identify exclusively as "Argentinian" but instead identifies herself as Latina, from Argentina. She describes getting excited when she finds "her people" or is recognized as Latina by other Latina/os, particularly in Canada where she seeks out compatriots:

I find that here in Canada when you find another Latino you just latch onto them. Like, oh back home! My peeps! I was at a street party, all Gringos, and there was a Colombian girl and she didn't know me and I walked out and she made a beeline straight for me. She didn't even hesitate, she said 'tu hablas espanol²⁹!' I looked at her and said 'como sabes³⁰?' She said 'yo me di cuenta que eras Latina el minuto que te vi³¹!' I didn't even know her but now we're friends, because you connect you know? Because even though we are from different countries the culture is the same. (ibid)

This pan-ethnic approach to belonging is in part a response to being treated as an outsider in Canada. Marisa seeks out other Latina/os with whom she identifies as sharing a common culture. Though from different countries, the commonalities in Latin cultures makes it possible for Marisa and her friend to find common ground. Despite being born in Canada, Marisa's strong attachment to her Latin heritage and identity, led her to find other people from the diaspora with whom to spend time:

The group of friends like <name redacted> are 1st generation Argentinians, they were born there and they came here so it's different. So I hang out with all of them I call them my Latina friends. We get together and we talk, when I'm with them I don't feel different, but when we get together with any Whitey McWhites and I'm usually the only Latina I do feel different. It is like coming home. Everything you knew when you were growing up, there is actually a whole land

²⁹ Translation: You speak Spanish!

³⁰ Translation: How did you know.

³¹ Translation: I could tell right away from looking at you.

out there of the same people. Same *costumbres*³², same *manias*³³, like everything is the same which you don't get here. (ibid)

In contrast to Silvia, Marisa's rejection of being perceived as in-between is predicated on her strong attachment to Latin identity and customs. She maintains this identity through frequent contact with family in the homeland, trips to the homeland when possible, active engagement with cultural practices and objects like food and tea, and through her social networks of Argentinian and other Latin friends. She rejects the idea of being seen as Canadian and instead refers to herself as Latina and Argentina as home. For Marisa then, her sense of belonging is negotiated through the active refusal to pass and the maintenance of an identity and way of being that refers to the diasporic homeland. She maintains a sense of identity through frequent contact with family in the homeland, trip to the homeland when possible, active engagement with cultural practices and objects like food and tea, and through her social networks of Argentinian and other Latin friends.

Melinda

Melinda sits across from me in a busy café in Toronto's posh downtown neighbourhood of Yorkville, where she meets me after work. Similar to me, she has spent time writing on Latin-Canadian issues. Having worked as a journalist in both Ontario and Korea, she is a writer in the city, reporting and writing articles for various publications on issues of Latina/o identity and belonging. Unlike many of my other participants, whom had two Latin American parents, Melinda claims both Ecuadorean and Mennonite heritage: her father is Ecuadorean and her mother is Mennonite. While she did not discuss being Mennonite with respect to either religion or culture she made a specific point of noting that she identified with both. Though born and raised in Toronto, Melinda has travelled to Ecuador frequently to visit family and cites this as one of the

³² Translation: Customs.

³³ Translation: Manias directly translates as mania implying psychiatric disorder but in this context it would be better translated as a habit. Often used to describe habits that do not require thought but that are noticeable to others. For example, being a 'neat freak' or always being punctual could be considered manias.

ways she maintains a sense of connection to her Latina identity. During her undergraduate studies she had the opportunity to do a semester long exchange program at the Pontificate Catholic University of Ecuador, which she describes as being an important period of time in her life.

For Melinda the term Latino/a evokes initially an image that is mediated with images from popular culture. She describes how popular Latin musicians have come to dominate mainstream understandings of Latin identity. Though she does not identify as a Catholic herself, Melinda sees elements of Catholic religious practice as being important icons of Latin identity which she references when describing what words like Latino, Latina and Latin mean to her:

Reggaeton artists and rosaries” she says laughing. “A lot of people disagree with me but I really believe rosaries are cultural symbols. That’s how I read them and to me sometimes when people wear them it’s a way of showing the world that you are Latina... I think of one phenotype, one look sort of like the J.Lo [Jennifer Lopez] skin colour, the dark hair, dark eyes and I think people are a bit thrown off when someone doesn’t fit in that box... like the whole Mexican stereotype would be the ‘ponchos and sombreros’ but I feel like those are things around me that I don’t believe but they are the images that come to mind when I hear the term Latino. (Melinda Maldonado, Interview, August 2012)

Melinda is still working through her relationship to terms of identity like Latina and in contrast to the other two interviewees discussed above, though she is still in the process of working through exactly how she identifies herself, she currently sees Latina as the term she is the most comfortable with. What she likes about the term Latina is that it is gendered and reflective of her experience as a woman and a feminist. Hispanic, however, is a term that she flatly rejects as she feels it is more of a linguistic identity that flattens the differences between Latin America and Spain. Furthermore, she argues, it erases some of the important colonial history and ongoing colonial legacy by making it seem as though there is no difference between being Spanish and Latin American.

Melinda is in the process of negotiating what terms will allow her to articulate her sense of being and identity as a Canadian, Latina and Mennonite. In our discussion she often does not reference her Mennonite heritage specifically and discusses her identity mainly referencing Canada and Latina:

I've thought a lot about the terminology, I think I'm still deciding what I like but I tend to use Latina... but Latina-Canadian I think for me sometimes also might exclude the fact that I'm bi-ethnic, like it might make people think I came at a young age from Ecuador. So I prefer to identify... I think I'm fully Latina, I'm also fully Canadian. (ibid)

Melinda's response is indicative of the complex relationship that several participants expressed: that they see themselves as being 'fully' both Latina/o and Canadian. Rejecting the 'in-between' narratives, she expresses the importance of recognizing both aspects of her ethnic identity. Being able to articulate and identify as a Latina is important to Melinda, she sees this as part of her roots and as one of the communities she identifies with.

I feel a sense of pride of being able to identify too. I do acknowledge my roots, I try to actively stay in the community and keep up with the language, so I guess I do want to be recognized with the words as well. (ibid)

Though now comfortable with claiming both identities, Melinda recounts how part of her reclaiming process involved rejecting her Canadian identity. This rejection included obscuring her Mennonite heritage and embracing the fashion and popular culture she associated with being Latina/o.

The other thing was, I was trying to hard I was dressing like a Reggaton back-up dancer and I would not mention my mom's ethnicity sometimes. I was just trying... I think I needed to make up for lost time or something. I felt like something was missing in Canada, when I went to Ecuador I think I saw that it was very different than what I thought it was like because here I had access to North American understanding of Latinas but then I realized 'Oh! This is a lot more Catholic and conservative than I thought. In fact I don't like these constrictive gender roles at all!' So after seeing that I was able to sort of come to more balanced place and negotiate with my Canadian identity and now I'm proud to tell people that I'm mixed, but I think that comes with maturity too. I was raised here; you can't change 20-something years in an education system. (ibid)

Melinda's first attempts to perform her Latina identity were informed through North American popular culture and media which, led her to construct a Latina identity that she describes as a "Reggaton back-up dancer", a sexualized aesthetic that emphasizes heavy make up and form fitting clothing. As she discovered on a subsequent trip to the homeland, cultural norms in Ecuador did not match the images she saw in popular culture. Melinda notes how this was in part a result of only having

access to what she describes as “North American understandings” of being Latina. When confronted with the cultural realities of the homeland she begins to negotiate her own identity in relation to being born and raised primarily in Canada.

Unlike Marisa and Silvia, who claimed the term Latina for their entire lives, Melinda became more interested in exploring her Latina heritage as an adult. In part, this was due to pressure put on her parents from Melinda’s primary school to stop speaking Spanish at home due to her use of Spanish in the classroom.

I wouldn’t have identified as Latina when I was younger. My dad has always told me that I am... When I started kindergarten I was speaking Spanish in class so the teachers told my parents to cut it at home, so they did. (ibid)

The decision to stop using their heritage language, a vital link for maintaining relationships with the homeland, was a significant obstacle for Melinda to overcome. Her inability to speak Spanish as a child had lasting impacts and was a source of emotional pain for her.

So I actually didn’t speak as much for a long time and sometimes it was a source of a lot of pain actually because I was a *vergüenza*³⁴, that’s the correct word because it’s stronger than in English, so now I speak 100% Spanish with my dad but that was an active choice as an adult. (ibid)

Her use of the Spanish word for embarrassment or shame, *vergüenza*, is significant. This reflects the powerful role of feelings/senses in identity for second-generation subjects and reflects my own experience with shame and embarrassment at my thick accent when I was speaking Spanish in Uruguay. The word resonates more deeply for her than the English. Part of this deeper resonance, I argue, is association with being a *vergüenza* for her family, a prospect that has deep cultural significance and implications within a Latina/o family. Feeling excluded at family gatherings and unable to communicate with her relatives in the homeland were motivations that Melinda felt impacted her as a child and were part of the motivation for her improving her Spanish comprehension.

³⁴ Translation: An embarrassment, a source of shame.

As a kid I remember going to my aunt's and uncle's house and everyone would be speaking in Spanish and sometimes they would say something to me and my brother and it would go over our heads and everyone would laugh at us. I remember that really affected me. (ibid)

Beside the shame she felt within her family, Melinda described that this sense of shame was also tied to her identification as a woman of colour:

I felt the need to recuperate it out of shame too, like I needed to. The way I look too, people expect me to speak it... I had to deal with that because I felt embarrassed for not knowing the language... (ibid)

Being what she describes as "visibly Latina" Melinda felt a sense of obligation for being able to speak Spanish as a result of external pressures from people around her who assumed she would be able to speak Spanish. Being read as a woman of colour by those around her, Melinda notes that her experience as a racialized person in university played a part in her identity as a Latina:

It became more important for me when I started university, probably because there were less people of colour and I kept being asked where I was from. Constantly being recognized as being from elsewhere made me think about it a lot, that was a big push. (ibid)

There was no single event or moment that impelled Melinda to decide to reconnect to her Latina/o roots, she identified several different experiences that occurred over time that drove her to study Spanish in university and make a concerted effort to learn about her background. Among these, she identifies travelling to the homeland as being an important part of the process. Describing this experience with great detail she identifies it as a moment that is clear in her memory.

I was seventeen and I went [to Ecuador] with my dad, we were just waiting in Miami and I looked at this girl and for some reason that was the first time that I noticed that I looked Ecuadorian. I actually hadn't really thought about it or noticed. When I started to let my natural color grow back in I started to look more Latin and or be recognized by other people. It was that trip though, I remember that moment, because I think it was a small epiphany, I looked like her. In that trip what's really struck me, was I started to recognize things that I thought were personality traits of my own but realized that I have absorbed some of the culture even though I grew up a little more with my mom, even though I was in Canada, but something about me was Ecuadorian and I really, it resonated and identified with it. (ibid)

Travelling to the homeland was, for Melinda, an important part of the process of reclaiming her Latinidad. While she had gone several times as a child, she refers several times to the trip she took when she was seventeen. Undoubtedly, the significance of her “small epiphany” (ibid) in airport was a moment that Melinda identifies as a crucial moment for her.

It was after the trip to Ecuador when I was 17 that I started caring. When I started university I decided to sign up. I talked to the professor and I had a [language test], I knew a little bit but it wasn't up to par; even that moment was embarrassing but it pushed me to study a lot harder. I was quite obsessive and I probably devoted more time to it than any other class. Shame was my biggest motivator. I wasn't able to let go of that intense need and the jealous grip on being fluent until I was fluent. (ibid)

Melinda refers to this drive to become fluent as an obsession, for her fluency in Spanish is an important part of her identity and she places a great deal of value on the ability to speak Spanish as a key aspect of her identification of being Latina. “If somebody threatens my claim to being Latin I can be like ‘well fuck you, I can speak Spanish’” (ibid). Like Silvia and Marisa, she sees being able to communicate in the language as a crucial, if not the most important, part of being able to claim a Latin identity. This is in part due to the importance Spanish plays in being able to maintain connections and contact with relatives living in the homeland. Melinda articulates a desire for closeness with her relatives in Ecuador which also necessitates being able to communicate in Spanish, she sees her family as part of the way she maintains a sense of belonging in the homeland.

For me there is something I crave to be in touch with my family in Ecuador and sometimes I felt like there wasn't that sense of closeness with my Canadian family. Maintaining the language is a way of maintaining that link. I wouldn't have the close relationships with my cousins who live there if I wasn't able to talk to them in their language. So for me its incredibly important to maintain the roots and the ties to the country. (ibid)

For Melinda, family and being able to foster close connections to family are an important link to her sense of place and belonging in Ecuador. The closeness and connection she describes above, something that she sees as lacking with her Canadian relations, is possible through being bilingual. Identifying connections to family as an important part of the way she maintains roots in the homeland, Melinda works to ensure

that she stays in touch via social media and Skype while in Canada and prioritizes spending time with all of her cousins during trips to the homeland. The importance of family was also emphasized by Marisa and Silvia. All three of these participants spoke about family and the importance of maintaining contact with family abroad. This points to the significant role that families in the homeland play for second-generation Latina/os for whom close relationships with relations abroad can be a means through which trips to the homeland are facilitated. Staying in contact with extended family in the homeland also has material consequences that provide opportunities to further foster family relations and attachments to the homeland: they may provide places to stay, offer the chance to visit landmarks, historical sites or cultural events. Even simple acts like conversational practice can provide direct benefit to a second-generation returnee's sense of belonging and connection. Melinda notes the important role her family in Ecuador play in her own identification as a Latina.

I also just felt like an immediate connection with family, like so much time had passed but I felt like, they embrace me to open arms just because I was blood. You know it didn't matter, I didn't have to prove myself, I didn't have to you know be really good at something or just because I was not there, I belonged. I guess I've always felt a little bit like, felt a little cheesy, but I almost felt like a wing spread over my back and it kind of protects me when I am there, I feel like I belonged to something more than I feel here sometimes. (ibid)

In referencing blood, Melinda notes the significance of the close ties and emphasizes the importance of family for her experiences in the homeland and talks about how this sense of connection is important and grounding. Indeed, the cultural emphasis on family connectedness, and the attendant obligations of care and support that are implied, are what Falicov (2005) describes as a "cultural tendency" in Latina/o families. Able to withstand migration, the emphasis on family connection can manifest in "the persistence of long-distance attachments and loyalties... When extended family members are far away, *la familia* may become the emotional container that holds both dreams not yet realized and lost meanings that are no longer recoverable." (200) This is evident in the way Melinda talks about the sense of belonging and the attachment to place that she experiences in Ecuador through her family. They provide her an emotional interface through which she feels that there are times when she belongs more in the homeland than she does in Canada.

Though she has worked to develop a deep connection to her sense of Latina identity and to her family in Ecuador, both of which required her to actively seek out opportunities to travel and learn Spanish, Melinda recognizes there are some cultural and linguistic differences which she identifies as a result of being raised and educated in Canada. Cultural norms and values of 'personal space' and privacy, both of which she identifies as being important to her, were not always understood or valued by her family in Ecuador.

Privacy and personal space, there didn't seem to be a concept of 'me time' like if I just want to go for a walk. There didn't seem to be a concept of me time, it was like, "Well, your cousins can go with you," sometimes I did need little bit more time by myself to recharge even it just like half an hour or something. People didn't really understand or didn't seem to need it. They seem like perfectly happy to be surrounded by fourteen people all day. (ibid)

As mentioned above, Melinda also noted differences in issues related to cultural and familial expectations placed on women that she "didn't want to play into." She describes some of these differences as being a result of her feminist politics and being considered "very liberal" while Ecuador has a conservative culture particularly with respect to women. Recounting a recent visit, she describes how she had to spend a lot of time "drinking tea and explaining why she wasn't married" to a particular aunt who was concerned that she was twenty-eight and unmarried. Her politics aside, Melinda noted that her relationship to time also made her feel more Canadian, "sometimes I felt impatient like I wanted things to happen more quickly and everyone was more relaxed" (ibid).

While aware of differences between herself and her family in the homeland, Melinda describes a deep desire to find ways to connect, identify and relate to them. She describes that her accent is something she still wishes she could lose, despite being aware of the improbability, if not impossibility, of this. Similar to my own experience with my Canadian accent in Spanish, Melinda feels a deep sense of accomplishment when she is able to pass as a native speaker despite having an accent that marks her as an outsider.

One of my grandfathers said *nunca vas a perder tu acento gringo*³⁵, and from what I've studied in linguistics I know that I can't but I actually feel a strong sense of pride when I pass as a native speaker. To me it's the best day ever, I can get away with it a lot even in Latin America where they think you are from Colombia, or Puerto Rico or something. I do actually want that. (ibid)

I argue that Marisa's desire to 'pass', something I also desired in Montevideo, is part of the complex belonging and identity practices of second-generation Latina/os. That while aware of the reality that her accent will never be perfect, Melinda experiences moments where she passes as Latin that allow her to feel a sense of belonging that allows her to identify as Latina. Simultaneously, Melinda is also firm in her identity as a Canadian, and sees herself as part of a group of Canadians whose identities take them around the world.

The experience of 'different Canadians' is a lot more new ones and multi-faceted and I think I identify more the place like Toronto where a lot of people have ties to elsewhere and multiple ties and networks across the globe and I think that's more understood here. It's definitely shaped my worldview and I think it's actually enriched my ability to connect with people and be a little more open minded. I don't feel like I am just Canadian, that wouldn't be enough to define my own, but I also don't want to go, 'Oh I don't fit in here, and I don't fit in there.' I think that if you want to be like Latino in Canada, you almost have to go out of your way to put yourself into those moments because they are strung along or like a strand of pearls, you have to catch the next one. (ibid)

Melinda describes how for second-generation Canadians like herself, who she describes as 'different Canadians' maintaining connections around the world is an important part of her identity and has given her an ability to be more open minded and easier to connect with others. While rejecting the idea of being 'in-between' she also is cognizant of effort and labour required to find moments and opportunities to connect to her diasporic heritage. These opportunities to connect are the means through which she negotiates the complexities of her identity which is an ongoing process that involves family, practicing Spanish whenever possible with her friends and relatives, and keeping up with Spanish media. Visiting the homeland is an important part of this process, one that she sees as being integral to who she is.

³⁵ Translation: You're never going to lose that gringo accent.

Identity negotiation still is in a work in progress for me. I am pretty comfortable being bi-ethnic, if you want to use that term, and I think it's an ongoing relationship with my family in Ecuador. Keeping up the language, going out of my way to you know read something in Spanish or listen to some Spanish radio, just to keep it up while I am here, until the next time I get my dose. If I am away from Ecuador for a long time, I feel a need to touch base again. I feel really proud of my different backgrounds that are woven into reality. (ibid)

Melinda's use of the term "different Canadians", referring to other Canadians with connections and family in other parts of the world, points to a recognition of identities that do not fit the traditional narratives of being Canadian. Rather than see these as being a 'problem' that needs to be managed, she describes how her diasporic roots have given her a more confident sense of identity both as a Canadian and as a Latina. Firmly rejecting the idea of being in-between, she asserts her identity as being Canadian and more, thus asserting a diasporic *and* national identity on her own terms.

Diego

Diego is a family friend and thus known to me prior to volunteering to participate in this study. Due to the nature of Diego's work he was uncomfortable with using his real name so (at his request) I have given him a pseudonym and will only provide limited background information, which he has approved, in order to honour his request for privacy. Diego's family also originates from Uruguay, they emigrated to Canada as part of the wave of Uruguayan migrants who left due to the unstable political situation and military dictatorship. Technically, Diego is what is loosely defined as a 1.5 generation, meaning that he was born in Uruguay but moved at a very young age (see: Rumbaut, 2004). As stated earlier in the chapter, given his own identification with the term 'second generation' and willingness to be interviewed I included Diego in the four participants whose interviews I discuss in detail. He is approximately 35 years old, works and lives in a large Canadian city and is married to a non-Latina Canadian woman who I will refer to as Angela.

Unlike the other participants in this chapter who all identified with terms like Hispanic or Latino/a, Diego didn't: "I don't think I would." While comfortable participating and attending Latin events, which he described as gatherings or festivals, he didn't

consider himself to be Latina/o as he didn't use terms like Latina/o or Hispanic as part of his daily life:

I would feel comfortable like at a gathering or a festival I feel like I could be part of that, but I don't use the term to describe myself. I don't use an ethnic... maybe if I was filling out some kind of documentation, like official what's your background. But I don't use those terms very often on a daily basis. (Diego X, Interview, September 2012)

Unlike Melinda, Diego does not actively engage in cultural practices or media from the homeland which, I argue, may be one of the reasons that he expresses a sense of distance and removal, "it's more like about memory than my experience right now." For him, terms like Latina/o and Hispanic evoke images of countries in Central America like Guatemala and Colombia as opposed to countries in the Southern cone.

If there was a Latino festival I would picture more central American... But when I hear things like Latin American Studies I think of the history of South America. I took a course at university on Latin American History so I'm thinking more of Argentina, Eva Peron, the historic 60s, 70s, 80s political and social movements. (ibid)

Despite feeling removed from the term Latina/o, Diego resonates with terms like "Latin American" as it makes him think about the political history of South America and more specifically of Uruguay, Argentina and Chile. This could be a result of growing up in a politically active household where Latin American politics were often discussed. Diego's family left Uruguay as a result of the political unrest of the 1970s "It was political reasons, it was not a good place to be, it was unsafe at the time. We had relatives here so this was the place to go. That's why they came" (ibid). Growing up in this milieu influenced Diego and inspired him to study Latin American political history while at university.

While Diego doesn't describe himself as a Latina/o, he does however feel as though he could participate in Latin events be they familial or community events and he also would consider identifying as Latina/o on state paperwork. Diego's relationship to Latin America is complex, though he doesn't identify as Latina/o he doesn't reject it either; when asked if he didn't think terms like Latino/a were part of his identity, Diego responded defensively,

I don't know if I would say they aren't part of my identity, I guess I don't need to define... I don't find the opportunity to say 'here is my identity', I don't sit down and academically think about it. Spanish is a big part... I say I speak Spanish. I don't avoid it but I don't use it in my day to day. (ibid)

While Diego doesn't use terms like Latina/o to define himself he does however talk about his comfort in Latin spaces and his ability to speak Spanish. When asked if he rejects the label Diego replies ambivalently rather than providing an outright refusal. In his responses Diego refers to feeling comfortable and that while not part of his daily life, he is open to, and enjoys participating and partaking in Latin culture. Diego connects to these opportunities to participate through his friends who he sees as being Latina/o,

My friend <Name Redacted>, he's Colombian Argentinian mix. When I'm at his house and he has the parilla³⁶ on. Then I'm like, that's kind of the image of a Latino get together. Uruguayan, Argentinian style, big barbeque... that's what I picture. That experience is kind of like not in my everyday experience, but I'm very welcoming to it and would say 'let's go do that' but it's not in my regular backyard gatherings, but I partake in it and I'm pretty comfortable in it. (ibid)

Diego refers repeatedly to a sense of removal or distance, of Latin culture from his daily life, which is part of the reason that he does not necessarily identify as Latina/o directly.

I'm a little bit removed like if we go back to your parent's house and interact with your parents I'm going to be very comfortable with them and comfortable with your uncle and aunt. My Spanish is a little choppy but my understanding is solid. (ibid)

Like all three previous participants, language and the ability to speak and understand Spanish are very important for Diego. While recognizing that his ability to speak may "be choppy" he is quick to add and emphasize that he can still understand it completely. Spanish was the primary language at home and Diego grew up speaking it until he left his parent's house. Diego's mother is remarried to a non-Spanish speaker which means that Spanish is spoken less in his familial home. While this has impacted the opportunities to speak and practice, he remains confident in his ability and describes his ability as fluent.

³⁶ A grill for cooking *asado*, a style of barbeque typical in the Southern Cone region of South America.

When I was growing up all the time. It was probably primary language in Canada all the way until I moved out. Only now that it's not the primary language for politeness purposes because my mom is remarried. Spanish was my first language. I can speak fluently... I can understand very well... I would consider myself fluent. (ibid)

For Diego being able to speak Spanish is an important part of his sense of self and identity, he describes feeling a strong connection to the language and the pride he feels when he is identified as a Spanish speaker. Diego is sometimes called on at work to help translate from Spanish to English when dealing with someone who doesn't speak English, being able to translate and being seen as someone who is able to assist in these moments is a source of pride for him, "I feel really proud of that, that I can do that. It's a good feeling." (ibid)

These good feelings about being bilingual, of feeling comfortable attending and participating in Latin events point to some of the ways that Diego, despite feeling removed, engages with his diasporic heritage. There are specific objects and places that resonate with him he feels a connection with. When travelling in Uruguay he describes a sense of nostalgia and things he "had to do" while he was there, pointing to what I would argue is a sense of belonging and connection to the homeland. He identifies specific places and sites that he feels a connection to as well as several kinds of food and practices that evoke an emotional response.

I would go to La Pasiva³⁷, for the sake of going to La Pasiva and having a chivito³⁸. I went to Centenario³⁹, I had to go to Centenario for the soccer history. See the old town... those kind of things were on my Montevideo checklist. Outside of Montevideo, was more like find a nice beach and relax, have some dulce de leche ice cream... those were kind of things I found on my checklist for the sake of memories. Chivitos are a big deal, dulce de leche is a big deal for me, mate is a big deal for me. I romanticize that stuff. (ibid)

³⁷ A restaurant chain famous for serving traditional Uruguayan food.

³⁸ One of Uruguay's iconic national dishes, a thinly sliced steak sandwich with mozzarella, tomatoes, mayonnaise, olives, eggs, ham and bacon.

³⁹ Estadio Centenario is a soccer stadium that was originally built for the 1930 FIFA World cup and to commemorate the centennial of Uruguay's first constitution. FIFA has declared the stadium to be the only historical monument of World Football.

In his romanticization of Uruguay, Diego notes that he experienced a sense of sadness while there that were difficult for him to understand in the moment. I argue what Diego is describing is a sense of *saudade*, a nostalgic sense of yearning for a sense of belonging in Uruguay. Describing it as “almost magical,” he reflects on how the emotions he experienced in relation to being in the homeland made him fantasize about buying a home on the Uruguayan coast.

I questioned that when I was down there. Does this feel like home? What am I feeling here? There was like a sadness to it that wasn't a home comfort... it was like a sad... like I was walking into history a little bit. That sadness does not translate into home for me but I felt a strong connection. I don't know why I was sad, maybe it's just me... it's kind of sad but it's magical in some way. So was it home? No, but I definitely could play out a scenario in my head where I buy a home on the coast and I get very comfortable... There is a kind of dream... so, not directly home but I did feel comfortable there. (ibid)

The sense of comfort Diego experienced in Uruguay, a sense that while it wasn't home that the homeland was a place that evoked feelings of nostalgia and comfort point to a relationship to Uruguay that goes beyond being a tourist and describes many of the similar emotions I discussed in chapter one (of four). Upon arriving in Uruguay Diego was identified as Uruguayan by officials, which. Like myself and Melinda, was something he was proud of,

When I arrived, I was put into the other [customs] lane.... I was put in the Uruguayo lane and just zipped by because I was home, so that did make me feel really good... which is kind of cool right? You don't know me but I'm home. It was a really good feeling. So not necessarily directly feel like home but I think I could make one and I would want to. (ibid)

Being seen as a Uruguayan was important to Diego and made him feel as though the homeland could be home if he tried. The good feelings he discusses associated with being put into the Uruguayan customs lane demonstrates that Uruguay remains an important place for him. Recounting his visit, he identifies moments where he feels a sense of connection which he describes as feeling like “yeah I could do this” which refers to feeling like he could live in Uruguay and settle down.

There was two moments one time I was on the beach and I saw a mother and she was drinking mate on the beach and I really felt at a pleasant spot... “yeah I could do this” and there was another moment where I was downtown to pick up

some cigarettes for a friend who really loves this specific brand of south American cigarettes and the guy [cigarette vendor] made a comment about Angela [his partner] and I that was really friendly, like oh you seem like a very nice couple. I kind of felt in there. (ibid)

Diego notes that these moments of connection, of feeling attached to and belonging in Uruguay were significant, though he derided the idea of thinking about his identity “academically” at the start of the interview he was very self-reflective in his responses to interview questions. When thinking about the two moments where he felt “yeah I could do this” Diego notes that these are more than passing feelings and could be the basis for establishing a sense of place in Uruguay.

I think with those [referring to moments of connection] if you combine a couple of them you can probably build your spot... I never got to establish that and I would like to. I'd like to do that. Did I feel it? No, but I could definitely imagine me creating that because I'd like to. I want to do that. I should, if you think about it. (ibid)

Recognizing that these moments of connection could be combined Diego points out that they are, taken together, indicative of the possibility of belonging in Uruguay. He can picture himself ‘building his spot’ in Uruguay through these experiences that draw him and make him feel connected. Part of these feelings of pride come from being able to share the trip with his partner, of showing her the homeland and “representing Uruguay” to someone who had never been before. For Diego, taking his partner to Uruguay was an important trip and he described the sense of pride he felt in showing her where he and his family came from. “I do feel Canadian [while in Uruguay with Angela] but I was representing Uruguay, so it was like showing off my Uruguayan to Angela, so I was very proud” (ibid).

Diego describes going to specific places and consuming specific kinds of food “for the sake of memories” these memories, identified as significant and important, evoked a sense of nostalgia. Acknowledging his romanticization of Uruguayan food and customs, Diego emphasizes their importance to him despite not necessarily being part of his everyday life. They remain important signifiers of past family occasions and community celebrations. Using and consuming ‘Uruguayaness’, practices and objects

associated with Uruguay was not just restricted to when he was in the homeland, Diego on occasion brings his mate⁴⁰ with him to non-Latin events.

We went out for [Event Redacted] one night, and I brought my mate and thermos and someone made a comment as I walked by “that guy is drinking mate” I like that. That’s kind of... those kinds of objects and activities I really relate to, I have a strong connection to. (ibid)

I would argue that Diego expresses his sense of belonging and identification with his diasporic heritage less through an active engagement and identification practices and more through his sense of connection to Uruguay. While he does not identify as Latina/o, Diego takes immense pride in being Uruguayo but is also clear about identifying as Canadian. Similarly, to Melinda, Diego does not reject or disavow being Canadian and though he doesn’t identify as Latina/o he does express an emotional attachment and identification with Uruguay specifically.

Yeah, I mean, I am Canadian I did feel Canadian. This is interesting, when I went to Spain and I spoke Spanish people were like... first of all they tell you you’re from Argentina because of the accent and then I had to explain, No I’m Canadian but I was born in Uruguay. (ibid)

Despite his rejection of the term Latina/o, this quote shows how Diego continues to reference Uruguay when describing his origins while also identifying himself as Canadian. Thus Diego is not ‘in-between’ but instead is both, and feels connected to both the homeland and to Canada.

All four participants, Silvia, Marisa, Melinda and Diego articulated a sense of connection to their diasporic roots with Marisa expressing an intense sense of attachment while the others expressed a more negotiated or ‘loose’ attachment. While they demonstrate some of the variety in sense of belonging and identity, what is significant is the breadth of connection expressed across the four participants and how this was reflected in the eleven other interviews.

⁴⁰ Yerba mate, known colloquially as mate, is a tea served in a dried gourd. Hot water is poured over the tea leaves and drank through a sipper known as a bombilla.

Furthermore, I want to highlight and underscore how no participant out rightly rejected any attachment to their diasporic heritage. But four of the fifteen participants (Marisa included) out rightly rejected any sense of Canadian identity. This position, however, was in the minority as the remaining eleven participants, who were not primary voices for this chapter, had positions that resembled Silvia, Melinda and Diego, ranging in expressions of identity from “I feel Latina/o” to “I don’t feel Latina/o but I feel a strong sense of connection to my parent’s homeland and the culture.”

What this points to, I argue, is that while expressions of diasporic identity can vary in relation to pan-ethnic terms like Latina/o, a strong sense of belonging to and being a member of their ethnic community remains. While cognizant and aware of the contingent position they occupy in relation to their first-generation family and friends as well as to those who remained in the homeland, a strong identification with their heritage remains. Focusing on four participants, this chapter highlights demonstrates the complex, multiple and active identity making practices of second-generation Latino/a Canadians whose voices, up until now, has gone largely unresearched. Eschewing more quantitative approaches like those of the 3M report discussed in this dissertation’s introduction, and my initial approach to writing this chapter, I sought to personify the varying ways second-generation subjects express themselves and talk about how they relate to the diasporic community they come from. The responses of these individuals are demonstrative of some of the ways in which second-generation Canadians experience a complex sense of belonging and attachment. While their individual experiences vary there is commonality in the importance they place on cultural objects, developing identity practices and their parents’ homelands. Through these, the participants were able to foster and nurture a connection to the culture and countries they came from. What is clear from the interviews and accounts, is that the lived experience of these second-generation Canadians is evidence of a sense of identity on is negotiated on their own terms. Furthermore, this identity that is so often misconstrued or misunderstood is far from being a problem in need of state intervention, rather it is evidence of a sense of identity on their own terms that challenges narratives of belonging and citizenship.

Conceptualizing Contingent Belonging

The act of belonging is often thought of as being a concrete and fixed concept: people belong or they don't, this binary however fails to consider how some bodies belong contingently, which requires a constant negotiation and renegotiation of membership. Contingent belonging sees belonging as a far more dynamic process that reflects the realities of immigrant communities and their second-generation children here in the west. For second-generation Canadians, while born and raised in Canada, immersion, attachment and participation in their parent's 'home culture' or the rejection of it come to shape a complex relationship with both their Canadian and 'ethnic' identities.

This is where the language of being 'in-between' becomes imprecise: it limits understandings of the second generation as belonging to neither which completely erases the attachments to both. Melinda's efforts to re-learn Spanish and practice it whenever she can, Marisa's trips to Latin grocers to ensure that she can construct her "Little Argentina" or the sense of pride Diego feels when he is hailed as a Uruguayan in the customs lines are devalued and their significance dismissed. Furthermore, given the relative ease of travel, of inexpensive communication via the Internet, and the possibility to engage with cultural texts from abroad via digital communication technologies, the connection to the diasporic homeland can be negotiated if, as demonstrated by my participants, a second-generation subject is willing to actively engage. These engagements, be they trips to visit the homeland or downloading and streaming content online change the relationship between the diasporic homeland and the second generation subject.

Drawing on my own experience as a second-generation Latino Canadian and that of my participants whose efforts and experience I have just discussed I argue the sense of connection and place that second-generation citizens experience can be thought as what I call 'contingent belonging': a more negotiated and affected form of belonging that must constantly negotiate their sense of place and membership. The experience of both myself and that of participants point to some of the challenges faced by second-generation Canadians who may feel emotional connections to the diasporic

homeland but lack the cultural capital necessary to function within it. While emotional connections to specific places, objects or practices give the second-generation a feeling of belonging or attachment with their cultural heritage there remain issues like accent, language ability and cultural capital that make these connections fragile. Yet, to deny the existence of these connections and the labour they entail erases the uniqueness of this population in Canada.

Chapter 4. Cooking

Returning to Vancouver after being in the field in Montevideo was a shocking experience. The first few days were disorienting, it felt like I had fallen into a pool of icy cold water and my body was in shock. I missed the streets of Montevideo. Returning from the fieldwork I found myself identifying even more as a Latino, I noticed that during conversations with my mother and other Latin relatives my sense of humor, my ability to tell jokes in Spanish had changed. I moved through the language slightly differently and even though my voice was still thick with my accent, which I derisively referred to as 'mi acento del norte', there was edge to it that felt different than before. This rerooting in my parent's homeland though did not emerge without a cost, I found myself completely undone by my lengthy stay in Uruguay.

To combat this undoing I took solace in the practice that rooted me while in the field: walking. I would start my walks on Denman Street and walk to the Seawall at English Bay, from there I walked along the sea wall remembering a similar route I had on Montevideo's Rambla. Unlike Montevideo however, there were no clusters of people drinking mate, playing soccer on the beach, the seawall was much quieter as people walked with headphones clutching their coffees bundled up against the damp, cold weather. These walks felt lonely, although I rarely spoke with people in Montevideo while on a walk there was a thicker sense of life on the streets made possible in part by the warm spring and summer weather I enjoyed while I was there. Undoubtedly, my own desire to return to the field, to have had more time there, coloured these first few months back in Canada. Coincidentally, the winter weather of Vancouver reminded me of the winter weather of Montevideo that I used to experience on trips in August to visit my grandmother: damp and rainy. The vignette below, taken from fieldnotes, details the experience of returning and demonstrates the sense of disconnection and disorientation I experienced upon returning from the field.

The cold January air blasts my face as I walk along the sea wall heading towards Second Beach in Stanley Park, it's hard for me to believe that only a week ago I was thousands of kilometers away enjoying the warm weather of the start of summer in Montevideo. I'm back on the coast and I've sublet an apartment for a few months until I can find something more permanent. I find myself back in the routines of the university with its demands on my time and attention, the flurry of the start of a semester, the requests to join committees and reading groups all the while I keep thinking to myself "what is the fucking point?" The routines of university life, of which I had been an active and eager participant prior to departing for fieldwork, seem meaningless.

The perpetual rain, gray skies and damp air make the days bleed into one another. I find returning to my 'pre-fieldworklandia' life, as I've taken to calling it, rather difficult having grown accustomed to Uruguayan customs. Unlike 'back home' I found people to be very cold and reserved, very "British" as Uruguayans say when they want to refer pejoratively to someone being very formal and unnecessary. I walk into one of my favourite pubs on Davie Street and find all the old regulars there, friends yell out and welcome me home. I can't help but wonder why nobody is dancing, everyone is standing in circles talking, I must have been terrible company when I first came back. I miss the dance floors of Il Tempo and Cain, I miss Anaconda Trash and the other sharp-tongued queens. I miss medio y medios and walking home at dawn after a night of dancing.

While in the field I found myself often being interpreted as being too "British" myself and now it's as if I'm aware of the peculiarities of Canada's very Anglo-Saxon reserved culture at the level of my skin. Not hugging and kissing people hello is weird. Formal invitations for brunches to catch up with people seem silly, and I find myself irritated by the very things that I missed while in the field. "Why don't people just drop by?" I ask myself while replying to a friend's invitation to a dinner party. Reaching out to colleagues and friends is tiring, people want to tell me what I've "missed" while being away and I find myself completely unwilling to engage with it. I'm sure I must seem insufferable to those around me as I have often caught myself rolling my eyes at both friends and colleagues when they complain about the headaches and stress they were dealing with. It feels like only moments ago I was staring at the photos of the disappeared in the Museum of Memory in El Cerrito.

Writing, which was the plan for these first few months seems like an unlikely even impossible goal. When I sit down at the computer to begin to transcribe interviews and fieldnotes I begin to panic. In an email to a friend I describe what I'm feeling:

I feel as though all attempts to begin to capture my time in the field will fall short of trying to describe my time down there. How do I begin to capture the importance of the tiny, small, seemingly meaningless facets of my day that were actually incredibly important to this project? How do I explain my silent frustration at the endless cups of sugary coffee I was served? How do I explain the joy I felt when figuring out the proper way to order bizcochos surtidos⁴¹? I can't write. I just can't. (Fieldnotes, February 2012)

As a result, I throw myself into the gym and working out. A friend notes that my compulsive behaviour could be seen as an eating disorder, an obsession with the physical changes I begin to notice. I carefully measure and weigh meals, calculate my BMI and chart my progress as I begin to lose weight. Spending about two hours a day at the gym almost everyday I lose close to twenty pounds in a few months. People begin to notice and while their praise and encouragement is meant with good intentions I react with hostility. Who are they to comment on how I looked? As a means of escape, the intense period of exercise proves to be effective: I'm unable (or perhaps unwilling?) to begin to look at the material I collected in the field.

During a meeting with my supervisor she notices that, when trying to get me to talk about the material I've collected, that I begin to recoil and curl my shoulders as if protecting a vulnerable part of my chest. "I can't!" I burst. "I can't talk about this right now," I say startling both myself and my supervisor. The field feels like a precious object that I try to protect from analysis, or even description, lest any attempt to structure or make sense of it through an academic lens somehow cheapen or unravel it. Crossing the threshold "back to reality" where the last several months needed to be scrutinized and turned into 'data' feels like a violation of the rich experience of being in 'the homeland' somehow. Sitting down to begin processing the experience of being there and my conversations with participants and family members I found myself at a loss for describing and thinking through the material. (Fieldnotes, February 2012)

⁴¹ Translation: assorted pastries.

Only months later would I recognize that this rough transition, experienced as a confusing and disorientating several weeks, was exactly what occurred to me when I first arrived in Uruguay. My “landing” in Montevideo several months ago was not an effortless move but required the transition between practices of identity. Re-integrating to Canada after such an extended experience requires a similar process in which the end of such an extended stay can be mourned. As discussed in Chapter One, I draw on the concept of “landing” from Lecker’s (2015) research on the Radical Faeries who describe landing as the period between being physically and mentally/psychically present at a faerie retreat. The language of landing which aptly describes my re-entry to Vancouver, provides a vocabulary for what I am experiencing. I feel immensely changed by my time in the field, my landing back in Canada feels bumpy and rough, things familiar become sources of irritation and Uruguay, beloved Uruguay, evokes in me a deep sense of *saudade*. I first encountered the concept of *saudade* during an interview in Salto, a city in the interior of Uruguay, I asked Lithe, one of my interviewees, what she thought about emigration and having family abroad. She studied my face for a moment and tilted her head slightly giving me an inquisitive look and asked if I spoke Portuguese.

“No, I’m afraid I don’t” I replied. “Say it anyway and maybe I’ll be able to understand”. She waved her hand as if to dismiss what I just said, “No. There is a word in Portuguese called *saudade*, which doesn’t have a translation into Spanish,” she explained. “It refers to an emotional state of longing, of nostalgia, of knowing the person you are missing isn’t going to be returning. That’s how I feel about immigration, I understand why people leave but I think it’s horrible.” (L. Avellanal, 2014, December 8. Interview) I nodded, reflecting on my own experience in the field, of longing to blend into my parent’s homeland, of speaking without a thick Canadian accent which often resulted in not quite fitting in or having to have jokes or cultural references explained to me.

Feldman (2001) describes *saudade* as:

...a Portuguese word that has no exact equivalent in English. *Saudade* means yearning, longing, and desire triggered by separation and absence. To experience *saudade* is to experience an emotional state suffused with a melancholic sweetness that fills the soul with longing, desire and memory. (51)

My own lifelong connections to Uruguay made aspects of my fieldwork very much like an extended diasporic return to the homeland and as such were full of affective and emotive connections. Amidst the memories of family, of community events and gatherings on the beach there were also memories of the damp cold weather that would greet us when we visited in August. Childhood memories running down the streets of downtown with my cousins, of playing in my grandmother's yard with the scent of gardenias thick in the air made returning a complicated process, I longed to be there and sought to reconnect with the city and country as a place with deep emotional connections which were often not necessarily reciprocated. Despite feeling an attachment to this place both through previous returns to the homeland and through shared cultural practices that the diaspora continued in the north I longed for a belonging in the field that was entirely foreclosed to me. Feldman argues:

...*saudade* is a longing for a kind of emotional paradise, for an immersion in the softness and tenderness of intimate moments and connected states of being, much like the state of mind of the infant in the arms of a secure and loving caregiver, as well as the tender and erotic embrace of lovers in states of quiet passion. (52)

Seeking succor, in Vancouver I take solace in walking when the weather permits, although these walks feel different in that, while I continued to feel a sense of loss upon returning, they were also a space I used to begin to reconstruct my connection to Vancouver. The long stretches along the seawall with my headphones give me a sense of calm on days when I find myself searching for flights back to Uruguay or English teacher positions in Montevideo. The steel-grey waters of Burrard Inlet and English Bay do not resemble the earth-tones of Montevideo's coast but being close to the water seems to help. I develop routes through the streets of Vancouver and the city and I slowly begin to connect. My favourite phở place down the street, the green grocer a few blocks away. The shop where I buy spices on Commercial Drive. Through these quotidian and mundane nodes, I slowly re-establish connections to the city, tangible places that I grab hold of when I feel the deep sense of loss taking hold.

I describe these as 'nodes of connection' places that during these walks I find myself concerned as much with re-establishing myself in this city as I do with finding small reminders of the field. Unlike Toronto, where I grew up surrounded by a large

extended Uruguayan family and friend network, there are few places on the West Coast of Canada with Latin American cultural influences outside of the new trendy Mexican restaurants that have begun to pop up. While walking along Davie Street on a cool March day I find a place to buy beef empanadas served with chimichurri sauce. The owner, a Chinese-Argentinian man who had spent many years in Buenos Aires, was keen to hear my impressions of his confection. I take a bite of one and savour the beef and olive filling dumping the small container of sauce right into the empanada, smiling to the shop owner I thank him for the tasty reminder of Uruguay and head back out to the cool spring air.

Looking over my fieldnotes from Montevideo one day I realize, as mentioned above, that this process of reintegration was an almost identical process in the field. My notes, indeed most of my writing outside of interview data, is on minute details of my time in the field: the day the drycleaner recognized me by name; the day I learned how to say "assorted" when ordering pastries for afternoon tea (you ask for them by weight and say *surtidos*); when I finally began to "think" in Spanish and the thickness of my tongue seemed to subside. Looked at individually, these moments seem small and inconsequential, meaningless even. Yet when taken together, examined in relation to one another they form what I call "practices of belonging" modes of speaking and living that are informed by the surroundings we find ourselves in.

While I would hardly call myself a Uruguayan, I moved into a sense of belonging that was no longer that of a tourist. By the end of my fieldwork I was becoming a Montevideon even if only a temporary one. I had my favourite place to sit and read, my favourite cafe for afternoon writing. I had specific routes and relationships to people and places in the city that crossed the lines between "tourist zone" and "everyday city" this was in part a result of my ability to pass; my visual appearance of dark features, olive skin and coarse facial hair made me look like I belonged. My physical appearance however offered only a limited ability to pass: the minute I spoke I was clearly demarcated as being an outsider. Returning to Vancouver I went through a similar process of reintegration: a period of intense mourning and confusion, an overcoming of a sense of placelessness and establishment of social networks and connections, and the development of physical roots with locations around the city. While the process of

“returning” to the North was different from my return to the diasporic homeland it required effort and time to reconnect to being back in North America.

Part of this reconnection included returning to a performance of self that was quite different than the one I inhabited for the last several months. In Chapter One I discussed my experience/performance of self while in the homeland: the shyness, the stutter, the difficulty in grasping humor or conversations. Suddenly, all of these were gone, and I was back to a self that I had not been for half a year. Yet despite being ‘back home’ I found myself constantly searching for ways to hang on to anything that made me feel connected to Uruguay. I drank copious amounts of mate, I researched every TEFL⁴² job from Montevideo to Salto, I read the newspaper online and began to teach myself how to cook food that reminded me of the homeland. During a trip to visit family in Toronto I pull out my mother’s recipe book and begin to look for ways to cook things that will remind me of being back in Uruguay.

My mother’s recipe book has, for as long as I can remember, lived in the second kitchen drawer between the stove and the refrigerator. The book was always under a pile of recipes that were clipped from newspapers and magazines, and despite its shabby appearance I knew the book was something my mother valued greatly as it was a wedding gift from my grandmother which she brought with her to Canada in 1973. “The book was published by a culinary school in Uruguay” my mother explains, she pauses and uses her finger to point her nose upwards to indicate that the school was considered to be very posh (Fieldnotes, August, 2014). The book’s cover is now covered in paper, my mother’s effort to preserve the book, but I remember the cover had a picture of a *budín ingles* (English pudding) with drizzled icing on the front and was titled “Manual de Cocina del Instituto Crandon” (The Crandon Institute’s Kitchen Manual). Growing up I would get very excited when the book would be pulled out as it indicated that my mother was making something for a special occasion or because it was a holiday. Out of this book would come a freshly baked *pascualina* (spinach pie), or *empanada de puerro* (leek pie), which I would thoroughly enjoy, sometimes eating the lion’s share of the dish myself and getting into trouble for it. Because the book was in Spanish I was unable to

⁴² TEFL: Teaching English as a Foreign Language.

read it as a child having only become literate in Spanish after attending university, I would turn the pages and stare at the images in the book and wonder what confection or dish my mother was making this time.

Opening the book now, turning its yellowed pages carefully I immediately feel eight years old again and being shooed away from the kitchen because I was constantly getting underfoot of my mother. The book is far more technical than I expected, laid out almost like a home economics textbook, the first several sections systematically approaches topics like measurements, nutrition, techniques and common ingredients. The rest of the book is taxonomically organized according to type of dish, sections include breads, meat, salads, and desserts with various sub-categories that further refine each section. Recipes are short, the instructions are functional with variations of the original recipe listed below as a sub-category, not every recipe has an accompanying photo and only a few of the photos are in colour. As I turn the pages of the book, I think about how this book is an immediate connection to a food heritage that I grew up with. Sitting down in the summers to *carne asada* (grilled beef) accompanied by my mother's *chimichurri* (a herb sauce used on meat) and *ensalada rusa* (potato salad) or in the winter to *guiso* (stew) or *puchero* (meat and vegetable soup) these dishes, many of which are themselves products of waves of European migration to Uruguay are, in my mind, foods from "back home" as my mother describes them.

While Chapter Two examined walking as a practice for "landing", and in the introduction of this chapter I relate how walking in Vancouver played the same, this chapter explores the role and relationship of food to second-generation Latino Canadians and how food and foodwork can be used as part of diasporic identity practices both in Canada and in the homeland. Bove and Sobal (2006) define foodwork as:

...the material, mental and social labor involved in meals and snacks... Most foodwork is done as a necessary unpaid household and family task... Foodwork may be seen as a component of the larger concepts of housework and domestic chores although some foodwork activities extend beyond the house and home. (70)

Feminist scholar, Meg Luxton (1980) also describes foodwork as involving various tasks including planning, shopping, setting the table, preparing foods, cooking, serving, clearing the table, disposing or storing of leftovers, washing dishes, putting dishes away, and cleaning stoves, counters, and floors (146).

Drawing on the performative work of Maria Antoniou, who describes the tracing of her Cypriot heritage through food “performative cooking,” (2004, 140) I trace my own Latinidad through the preparation of traditional Uruguayan cuisine as it has been an integral diasporic practice for my family in Ontario. For Antoniou cooking provides a means to perform her Cypriot identity, arguing that “Cooking is a performative act. And, as I’m cooking, I’m realizing that ethnic identity is also performative. I’m performing my Cypriotness through food” (140). Like Antoniou, Bordo et. al. (1998) similarly note that the kitchen (and the practices associated with the kitchen) are “where crucial aspects of culture and ethnicity are [learnt and] maintained” (77). Cooking thus is a way through which ethnic identity, can be explored and (re)claimed. Evoking a sense of nostalgia (a yearning for connection to the homeland both real and imagined), and familial memories (both in the homeland as well as in Canada), the goal of this performative practice is to open up new and embodied modes of examining the ways in which second-generation subjectivity “requires a rethinking of national boundaries and citizenship” (Walcott 2001, 127).

My aim is to consider how the preparation of diasporic food can be used as a generative practice, one through which the relationship between diaspora and belonging can be examined. Drawing on performance (Denzin 1997, 2003; Conquergood, 2002) and experimental (Castañedas 2005, 2006a;b) ethnography I use a performative practice, in this case cooking, to examine the tensions and complex feelings of belonging and unbelonging experienced by second-generation diasporic subjects. Kirshenblatt-Gimblett (2014) argues that food and food-work are fundamentally performative insofar as “food, and all that is associated with it, is already larger than life. It is already highly charged with meaning and affect. It is already performative and theatrical” (1). The link between food, identity and performance has been the topic of a great deal of scholarship (see: Wilk, 1999; Sutton, 2010; Mintz & Du Bois, 2002) which

emphasizes the important role food plays in the construction and negotiation of identity as an embodied practice.

Holtzman (2006) identifies the surge in scholarship surrounding the question of food and memory that examine issues of embodied memories in relation to questions of identity that include: “food as a locus for historically constructed identity, ethnic or nationalist; the role of food in various forms of ‘nostalgia’...” (364). Like Holtzman (2010) and Kirshenblatt-Gimblett (1999), Sutton (2000, 2001) argues that the sensual nature of food makes it a powerful medium for memory and is thus a useful site of analysis for questions of identity and memory. Thus, informed by my own sense of placelessness, my queer subjectivity and identification as a cisgendered male, I draw upon the ‘realness’ of cooking, through its sensuous nature, to explore how it can provide a tangible sense of place and identity for second-generation subjects.

As I have already discussed in the Introduction, second-generation populations continue to be seen by governments and policymakers as outsider populations that need to be integrated through state policy frameworks. Thus far I have argued that this population articulates a more complex sense of identity than that described by policymakers and government reports. In the previous chapter I discuss how the four research participants demonstrate some of the ways in which second-generation Latino-Canadians describe their sense of belonging and identification with their diasporic heritage. Second-generation belonging, I argue, is an active process in which the subject continuously negotiates their identity in relation to their surroundings. Similar to the work done by queer and feminist scholars on the performativity of gender and sexuality (Butler 1990, Sedgwick 1990), second-generation identity is an active and dynamic process.

This differs from the ‘in-between’ language commonly used to describe this population by cultural theorists like Homi Bhaba (1996) and Stuart Hall (1991). What the in-between narrative forecloses, I argue, is the possibility of ever achieving a sense of belonging; the in-between narrative seals second-generation subjects into an interstitial space apart from both diasporic and host land belonging. Instead of thinking about second-generation subjects as somehow trapped in-between these two cultures that are constructed as binary opposites I argue that this population practices what I define as

'contingent belonging' where a sense of inclusion or place is not necessarily guaranteed but rather a negotiated practice.

Using ethnographic approaches, I have delineated the embodied and sensorial aspects of belonging in previous chapters. Similar to Chapter Two, which examined the role of walking as a generative practice in the South/Sur, this chapter will focus on another practice, cooking, and its generative possibilities in the North/Norte. Like walking, I argue that cooking can provide possibilities for creating a sense of belonging, if only for brief periods of time. This temporary sense of connection, is demonstrative of what I have described, as I noted above, in the dissertation as 'contingent belonging.' This term attempts to recuperate the negotiated and complex identity of this fast growing population while moving away from the existing literature around hybridity that tends to romanticize or flatten the often difficult or conflicted experiences of the second generation (see for example, Anthias 2001, Bhabha 2004, Hall 1996). Shifting away from these earlier models, contingent belonging as a conceptual framework seeks to engage with the complex identification practices and negotiations that second-generation populations participate in as a means of creating space for themselves. Most often these practices rely on embodied meaning that can be difficult to articulate without referencing the sensuous and embodied experience.

Drawing on Dian Million's (2009) "felt theory" I seek to create a space where cooking as a practice of cultural knowledge and identity is recognized as a source of academic knowledge. Million examines the impact of indigenous women's personal accounts and experiential narratives on mainstream scholarship and is critical of the role of academia in producing gatekeepers that keep out work by indigenous writers and scholars who do not conform to Western epistemological traditions. In arguing for the recognition of the preparation of traditional food as being a theoretical practice in itself that can create what Million calls "a context for a more complex telling." (Million 2009, 54). Though she is specifically focusing Indigenous knowledge, I find her analysis informative for developing other types of non-mainstream knowledges. I use this performative approach with two goals: the first, to analyze the connections between food, culture, and belonging through performative cooking that will allow me to examine how contingent belonging is *felt and experienced* at the level of the subject. Second, is

to use these sensuous experiences to analytically articulate foodwork as an identity practice.

By drawing on the practice of cooking, I am negotiating my own Latinicity through the preparation of food that is associated with my own diasporic heritage. The use of food in this way is not unique or new. Ethnic and cultural identities have long been connected to food thus making it an excellent site of analysis for the exploration of personal emotive and affective connections to ethno-cultural heritage. For subjects whose identities lead them, at least partially outside of the Canadian state, food, in the words of Mannur, becomes “both intellectual and emotional anchor” (2007:11). Given the intimate and embodied connection between food, culture, and belonging, foodwork becomes a rich site for the development of a performative practice that seeks to engage and activate a sense of belonging through memory and emotional connection.

Theorizing the sensuous experience of cooking as a second generation subject opens up possibilities for further understanding and considering the interplay between social, cultural and linguistic practices that are constantly being negotiated by these subjects. In accounting for what being a second-generation Canadian *feels like* the distinction between first and second-generations, and the unique position that this subjectivity occupies becomes further elucidated. As this population grows in size it will become increasingly important to understand ways in which second generation subjects reconcile seemingly disparate cultural identities.

The use of food has a tradition in research relating to Latino border identities, Counihan’s (2010) text *A Tortilla Is Like Life Food and Culture in the San Luis Valley of Colorado* points to how scholars have begun to examine the relationship between Latinos and food (see also: Cardona, 2003; Mares, 2012; Marte, 2007; 2012; Perez 2014, Molina, 2014). This body of work however is largely grounded in an American context building on the scholarly traditions of Chicano/a studies and Latin American Studies that primarily focus on Latino-American identities in the United States, more specifically in California and along the Mexico/U.S. border. As I explain in the Introduction, the social, cultural and geographic context of my case study differs, but Latino food scholarship still remains a rich site from which to develop a conceptual

framework and methodological approach to examining identities that are constituted in the diaspora. Applying this scholarship to a Canadian context requires, however, a re-conceptualization of the way borders are theorized given the geographical differences between the shared border with Mexico. Unlike the Mexico/U.S border, which is a tangible geographic boundary, evidenced by fences, barriers and checkpoints, the borders between Canada and Uruguay are abstracted and ephemeral; they do not come into direct contact with one another nor can one travel directly between the two countries. When travelling to and from Uruguay one must pass through airports, take connecting flights in airports of other countries (as evidenced in the South/Sur chapter) thus crossing through what Marc Auge (1995) describes as “non-places” which he describes as “two complementary but distinct realities: spaces formed in relation to certain ends (transport, transit, commerce, leisure)” (94). This is not to say that the borders of the Canadian state are not ‘real’ but rather that the border between Canada and Latin America is fundamentally different (as discussed in the introduction) and thus must be conceptualized and theorized as a unique relationship. While drawing on the scholarly traditions of Chicano/a Studies is useful Chicano as an identity and political project takes place in a very specific geographic and cultural context along the US/Mexico border. Given the specificity of Chicano as a field of study, identity and political project it would be careless to collapse the differences. In this dissertation I have sought to specifically account and identify these differences by specifically detailing the Latino-Canadian context through my examination of multicultural policy documents; an overview of the relatively recent histories of migration to Canada in much smaller numbers from countries across the Southern Cone and Central America and interviews with a selection of self-identified Latina/o Canadian participants.

Further, given the differences in Latina/o migration in the United States with respect to rates of migration, the socio-political issues of undocumented workers as part of the public discourse in the United States and the overall larger presence of Latina/os both in population and cultural presence, there are significant differences between the United States and Canada in terms of Latin identity and migration.

Performance Ethnography and Creating Conditions of Possibility

In his book *Performance Ethnography* Norman Denzin (2003) calls for a consideration of a performative cultural studies. Citing the history of African American theatre, Denzin sees performance as a means through which critical race scholars can confront questions of race and racism, citing the work of contemporary performers like Anna Deveare Smith whose performances have examined the race riots in both New York and Los Angeles. These performance projects “can confront and transcend the problems surrounding the colour line in the 21st century” (Denzin 2003, 5). Though racialized communities have long been sites of study, Denzin argues that performative approaches enable new modes of investigation that highlight them as agents where their experiences are articulated from their perspectives.

With respect to this chapter I draw on performance in order to provide a means through which second-generation subjects can negotiate and articulate their identity with greater nuance and care. I argue that the preparation of traditional food as a belonging practice allows second-generation subjects to connect to ‘back home’ in the south while ‘at home’ in the north. Recognizing how these seemingly quotidian practices are indeed significant modes of engagement and belonging provides further clarification with respect to my critique of the ‘in-between’ discourse that I criticized in Chapter Three. What the ‘in-between’ discourse ignores, I argue, is the more complex practices of belonging that point to the intricate engagement with their diasporic heritage. Disruption is precisely the goal of performance ethnography, which, Denzin (2003) argues, can be a site of transgression and resistance through which it “becomes possible to break through sedimented meanings and normative traditions” (4).

In her overview of the contributions of performance to the field of ethnography Della Pollock (2006) identifies five correlated directions for performance ethnography research: international, immersive, incorporative, integrative and interventionist. These directions each pose questions and challenges that ethnographers working with performance should negotiate in the development of their performative practice. In

thinking about this chapter in relation to Pollock's directions I situate the project across two directions: international and interventionist.

For Pollock, the international direction in performance ethnography should focus on "culture as an interstitial process, we are particularly well positioned to address contested boundaries, threshold experiences and emergent diasporas" (326). I would argue that performing traditional cooking provided me with a language to think through my own relationship to the Uruguayan dessert I attempted to learn how to prepare as well as the meanings that both I and my family have attached to it. Beyond merely describing how this made me feel as a second generation Latino, the performance provided me with the opportunity to think through my own positionality in reference to the traditional knowledge of women in my community and the challenges posed in being a queer subject accessing it.

Pollock further describes this direction as being well suited to examining "the distribution and circulation of performative power within global markets in whose shadow the "nation" as such is ever more vigorously rehearsed" (326). Given the topics explored in—this dissertation, the examination of belonging and identity within a diasporic community, it seems only natural to situate myself within this direction. In terms of performative cooking as a practice I argue that it generates a sense of belonging that disrupts the policy narratives about second-generation subjects, destabilizing narratives of the multicultural nation state, which is precisely what Pollock claims this direction can accomplish.

Pollock's second direction, interventionist, is drawn from Conquergood's work and is described as a direction which is concerned with how performance opens up "the subjectivity of researcher-researched, the dynamics of cultural performance and performativity (e.g. Diamond, 2015; Dolan, 1993; 2001), the excentric spaces of performing social potentialities (Munoz, 1999), and aesthetic practices of reiterating sociocultural moods, structures and relations" (327). Yet despite being attendant to these issues, Pollock remains cautious about interventionist performance ethnographies, while performances may evoke empathy and emotion they may not critically engage with the feeling of empathy itself.

In relation to this chapter, aware of and careful to recognize the possibility of romanticizing the practice of cooking I have included feminist critiques of the kitchen and recognized the ambivalence of cooking, for instance, in terms of the normative roles it can prescribe. I also recognize my own positionality in relation to foodwork and the instances in which I reinforced the normative gender roles of the kitchen (discussed later in this chapter).

If cooking is a field riven with concerns about gender norms and powerful emotions that make it difficult to be critical, why then would I choose to approach cooking through performance ethnography? The decision to engage in this approach stems in part from the need to articulate and recognize how powerful the lived experience of cooking is when it comes to our subjectivities: the way cracking eggs and folding flour together feels and what it makes me feel about being Latino/a. Cooking, as a generative practice requires an understanding of how performance provides an opportunity to attend to the aspects of culture that remain unspoken. Johannes Fabian (1990) argues:

What has not been given sufficient consideration is that about large areas and important aspects of culture no one, not even the native, has information that can simply be called up and expressed in discursive statements. This sort of knowledge can be represented- made present- only through action, enactment, or performance. (ibid, 6-7)

Cultural knowledge, he argues, is mediated through performance and requires ethnographers to go beyond the positivistic binary of investigator and participant. Critical of structuralist epistemologies, Fabian sees the role of the ethnographer not as the classic “investigator” but rather as the initiator or “catalyst in the weakest sense,” whose role is “provider of occasions” (7). The role of the performance ethnographer, according to Fabian, is then to provide an occasion or opportunity for the performance of cultural knowledge to occur. Like Antoinou, herself a queer-identified second-generation British-Cypriot, I have used cooking in this manner: as a means through which the performance of cultural knowledge could express the embodied experience of contingent belonging that I have defined elsewhere in the dissertation (see Introduction).

But cooking for many members of the diaspora has a strong nostalgic pull so why are the nostalgic feelings that emerge while engaging in diasporic cultural practices like cooking important sites of study? Cultural Studies scholars have been critical of nostalgia for the way in which it “turns to the past to find/construct sources of identity, agency or community, that are felt to be lacking, blocked, subverted, or threatened in the present” (Tannock, 1995: 454). Scholars like Raymond Williams (1977) and Frederic Jameson (1991) have argued that nostalgia has been used to present an edited version of the past that reconstructs historical periods into idealized versions of themselves. The cultural production of films centered around the family unit of 1950s American suburbia, are an example of what Jameson (ibid) describes as “false realism” which “does not reinvent a picture of the past in its lived totality” but instead reinvents “the feel and shape of characteristic art objects of an older period.” In this view nostalgia is an attempt to recuperate a past that never existed rather than attempt to delineate a present that does not rely on a pastiche view of the past. This critique however, ignores how nostalgia functions as a practice and generally reflects the anxiety or even hostility that Marxist cultural studies scholars have towards emotion. Stewart (1988) argues:

In positing a ‘once was’ in relation to a ‘now’ it creates a frame for meaning, a means of dramatizing aspects of an increasingly fluid and unnamed social life... By resurrecting time and place, and a subject in time and place, it shatters the surface of an atemporal order and a prefab cultural landscape. To narrate is to place one-self in an event and a scene- to make an interpretive space- and to relate something to someone: to make an interpretive space that is relational and in which meanings have direct social referents. (227)

I use the preparation of traditional Uruguayan cuisine as a means to explore my own relationship to my cultural heritage. Similar to Stewart’s argument the foodwork evokes memories of the past but not in an attempt to somehow recuperate an idealized past, rather, as means through which to connect to a cultural heritage that was already displaced.

Mintz & Du Bois (2002) note that “Like all culturally defined material substances used in the creation and maintenance of social relationships, food serves to both solidify group membership and to set groups apart” (109). In this sense cooking becomes a space through which I can place myself in relation to the diaspora and the practices they brought with them to Canada. Through cooking I am able to directly engage to a practice

that connects me to a sense of Uruguayaness. While cooking within the home is perceived as being an everyday practice the use of it in performance disrupts these meanings through its intentional engagement with cooking for purposes beyond just nourishment and the social reproduction of family life. When second-generation subjects *intentionally* engage with practices from the homeland, the act of cooking becomes an interface for second-generation subjects for whom the preparation of traditional food may be unfamiliar or relegated to members of the older immigrant generation. In learning specific cultural knowledge, second-generation subjects are provided with a medium that enables connection to their diasporic roots and a bridge to memory and feelings of nostalgia. Conquergood notes:

The dominant way of knowing in the academy is that of empirical observation and critical analysis from a distanced perspective: 'knowing that,' and 'knowing about.' This propositional knowledge is shadowed by another way of knowing that is grounded in active, intimate, hands-on participation and personal connection: 'knowing how,' and 'knowing who'... Dominant epistemologies that link knowing with seeing are not attuned to meanings that are masked, camouflaged, indirect, embedded, or hidden in context. (2002, 146)

Using a series of vignettes reconstructed from audio recordings and fieldnotes, I argue that acts like performative cooking are sites through which the in-between narrative can be challenged. They reveal the complex subject position occupied by second-generation subjects whose own attachments to both diasporic homeland and hostland are ambivalent. They are not “from there” nor do they feel “from here” while articulating an emotional connection to the diasporic homeland despite being a place that they may have never even been to. The use of cooking for connection building creates what Castañedas calls “the conditions of possibility” (2006, 135). Though Castañedas was referring specifically to the creation of alternative ethical encounters between ethnographers and participants, I apply this term to cooking as a means for second-generation subjects to engage in an exploration of identity. This exploration creates spaces and practices that circumvent normative discourses of diaspora and migration through a direct engagement with a cultural practice accompanied by a reflective process that recognizes the sensuous and haptic experience as being informative of the bodily experience of belonging. Gould (2003) identifies food as an important vestige of ethnic identity, while the children of immigrants are often assimilated into North American culture, food “is usually the last thing to go” (ibid, 32). While

language and customs may be forgotten or outrightly rejected, the sensuality of food makes it a particularly intense site of memory, making food an important repository for ethnic and cultural identity.

Something Queer Cooking In Here...

Feminist scholarship has provided several thorough critiques of the kitchen, cooking, and domestic labour as sites structured by patriarchal power that is oppressive towards women (Glazer-Malbin 1976; Meah 2014; Shelton & John 1996). Indeed, the treatment of domestic labour, like foodwork, by “progressive” critique has been circumspect. Feminist scholars in the 1970s and 80s have noted the erasure of domestic labour from Marxist critiques and have called this dismissal of housework as a means through which the exploitation of women is reinforced. This points to the need for scholarship that engages with the intersections of gender and the domestic sphere (Folbre 1982). Recent scholarship continues this critique, arguing that the practice of cooking and the kitchen remain sites of gendered power where gender norms and mores are practiced, disseminated and upheld (Casanova 2013). Simultaneously, however, the kitchen also is a site of contestation. So as a site wherein the transmission of tradition and cultural knowledge can occur, as a queer man in the kitchen I myself am also potentially participating in this transmission and contestation. Intergenerational knowledge transfer in the kitchen goes beyond cooking, as the kitchen is often a social gathering space. The phenomenon of the Newfoundland impromptu “kitchen time” a social gathering characterized by “open drinking, singing, reciting, and yarning” (Wareham, 1982) demonstrates the kitchen as a complex social space of multiple types of cultural performance.

This is not to say that kitchens and cooking have been reclaimed and are now entirely free from patriarchy; rather, I argue cooking is an ambivalent practice that *can be* reclaimed. Indeed, food studies has examined the complex relationship between gender and foodwork and how these tensions are negotiated and reconciled by women, many of whom seek to reclaim the kitchen as a space of identity and empowerment (Blend, 2001; Neuhaus 2001, Avakian & Haber, 2005; Counihan, 2005). This reclamation of cooking and the kitchen does not foreclose the important critiques by feminist scholars but rather

underscores the importance of research that examines how cooking and the kitchen are sites where gender and the accompanying meanings, norms and values can be contested and negotiated. Indeed, contemporary feminist food scholars have begun to open up a space to examine how the dynamics of power are confronted, subverted and challenged in the kitchen and through the practice of cooking (Sachs & Patel-Campillo 2014).

Entering the kitchen as a cisgendered queer male I approach the practice of cooking through a position that seeks to subvert the traditional discourses of the kitchen as a site of heterosexist assumption and oppression. This chapter seeks to 'queer the kitchen' using what Alexander Doty's definition of queer recognizes as "the existence and expression of a wide range of positions within culture that are 'queer' or non-, anti-, or contra-straight." (3) Extending Doty's definition from media to cooking, this chapter takes up cooking as a performative interruption to the normative discourses of the kitchen that are used as a means to marginalize or silence the potential this space offers. Furthermore, though there has been a great deal of scholarly work examining questions of belonging, national identity and diaspora, the existing literature has largely focused on 'high culture' through various analysis of literature, visual art and cinema (Oliver-Rotger, 2014; Yue, 2010). While these texts are vitally important sites of analysis this focus has resulted in the neglect of the examination of everyday life that does not have the same level of cultural capital and requires more complex and lengthy forms of analysis and involvement in the field methodologically than studying texts like literature, art and film. This emphasis excludes working-class diasporic communities to whom high culture is often foreclosed. More emphasis needs to be placed on recognizing the cultural value of everyday practices and objects. For second-generation subjects (like myself) whose parents lacked educational and cultural opportunities, the cultural practices that were passed down to me were not cinematic, literary or artistic texts; they came in the form of food, soccer and popular Latin American music from the 1960s and 70s. Recognizing these as important sites of identity formation and the way through which a sense of Latino/a identity was transmitted I argue that practices like cooking are important sites of cultural practice.

In order to examine how performative cooking can be used to feel connected to a sense of cultural belonging I have structured the rest of this chapter around the preparation of a Uruguayan dessert called Postre Chaja. I prepared this dessert on three separate occasions: the first two times in December of 2014 and the last time in February of 2015. While cooking I audio recorded myself in the kitchen and also kept a journal where I would write down observations. I have created four vignettes in which I examine how cooking a dessert which I have given a great deal of cultural significance. Postre Chaja is a uniquely Uruguayan culinary invention and one that was routinely served at family events.

Vignette 1: Preparación | Preparation

Making merengue, one of the principle ingredients in a traditional Uruguayan dessert called Postre Chaja, requires the baker to make hard meringue, which is then crumbled and sprinkled over sponge cake layered with dulce de leche, peaches, and then covered with whipped cream. Growing up this dessert was often served at family gatherings, community events and special occasions, and is a dish that I remember with great affection. Chaja is considered to be an authentically Uruguayan confection, created by Orlando Castellano in 1927 in the Department of Paysandu. When asking relatives about traditional Uruguayan cuisine, everyone mentions two things: parillada (Uruguayan style barbeque) and Chaja. I chose Chaja specifically for this reason: unlike most Uruguayan cuisine that is European in origin, this was uniquely Uruguayan. Unsure of where to begin I call home and ask my father, a former pastry chef, for tips. He sighs heavily and tells me that it is not worth the time and trouble it takes. Instead, he suggests, that I go to my local Costco and spend fifteen dollars on a cheesecake. "Why go through all that trouble? Just go and buy a dessert instead, it's a lot easier that way," he tells me on the phone.

I try to explain that I'm not just making Chaja for the fun of it but as part of a project and he begins to laugh. "Why are you complicating your life" he asks. Resigned, I hang up the phone and head to my computer soliciting help via social media and facebook to my aunts and other relations. Almost immediately I receive suggestions and tips with relatives in Canada, the United States and Uruguay each of them eager to

share their culinary knowledge. One of my relatives ends her email with the encouraging words, “you’re becoming more Latin, everyday.”

I speak to my mother over the phone and she offers to email me her recipe for the bizcochuelo that I will need to make later on. As a child my interest in baking was seen as a transgression of gender norms, a problem and a concern for my parents who would later not be pleased by my coming out as queer. My interest in baking was a source of deep concern when I was younger, perceived as being unmasculine and behaviour that needed to be discouraged at every opportunity. When learning about this project an auntie mimics a conversation between her and my mother who had voiced strong objections to my interest in baking. “Le gusta hacer... tortas” she mimicks, even doing the long pause. My mother looks at me, clearly uncomfortable at the revelation of this conversation though my “unmasculine” behaviour did not begin or stop there and was a continued source of anxiety for my parents who were entirely unprepared for the queer boy there were stuck with. Perhaps her support of this is because I told her about the research project around cooking? Or perhaps that I now as an adult am expressing interest in ‘back home food’ is something she takes comfort in? Or maybe, even on a subconscious level, she is trying to ameliorate some of the disdain I remembered growing up?

Feminist critiques of domestic labour have long made arguments about the gendered nature of food preparation, while food for consumption in the domestic sphere is gendered feminine, food produced and consumed in public urban space is gendered masculine. Unlike ‘professional’ culinary traditions, domestic culinary practices have long had traditions of what Meyers (2001) describes as food heritage the passing down of culinary knowledge between mother and daughter. Avakian (2005) notes that for her subjects foodwork becomes a means to transgress patriarchy while still cognizant of how it plays a role in maintaining gender oppression. In her study of Chicana women Counihan (see Bagh, 2008) observed how her participants would try to minimize the oppression associated with food and celebrate its empowering aspects. In my own preparations I inadvertently reinforced the gendered structure of food work, turning first to my father and only after he refused did I solicit the advice of my female family members. They were eager to pass along their food traditions as few of my fellow

second-generation relations express any particular interest in learning how to cook Uruguayan cuisine. I would argue that my initial approach was indeed a reinforcement of foodwork's more oppressive elements yet the failure of my initial approach through my father and the subsequent involvement of my aunts points to how the more oppressive aspects of cooking can be challenged and subverted. When framed as a project about learning ethnic cuisine and cultural identity my mother was perfectly willing to participate, and the reservations around being male and baking which were once a source of panic evaporate and I am given access to the expertise that I need.

Thus while my interest in baking was a source of anxiety for family members because of its perceived femininity, the framing of the cooking around learning about tradition and food from 'back home' proved to ameliorate any perception of effeminacy. This may be a result of the interest in tradition, an interest that many of my first generation family members have expressed as a desire for their children or it may be a result of time, having come out of the closet sixteen years ago, for my parents and their relatives my displays of 'feminine' behaviour no longer cause the anxiety and panic they did as a child. I'd speculate that both are true, that though my relationship to food and cooking are perceived with curiosity, my interest in learning the culinary traditions of the diaspora are seen as being an attempt to connect with my cultural roots. Using the narrative of culture and heritage immediately dispels any gatekeeping or social sanctions, and in their place expertise and words of encouragement are offered. More than one relative reaches out via social media asking for photographs of the finished product. At other points in my life similar behaviour or interest in baking would have generated discussions in hushed tones or silent knowing glances between family members that confirmed their suspicions of my sexuality.

Molina notes that while "Latinas have made an unequivocal contribution to the study of gender formation, social space and food" Latinos are a "distant reference in the conversation" (2014, 236). Foodwork in Latin-American families remains a highly gendered activity (Molina 2014; Marte 2012), with the kitchen remaining an almost exclusively feminine space. Male foodwork within a Latino-American context falls along the gendered divisions of domestic labour that identify "the kitchen as feminised space while the exterior of the house represents masculine space" (Molina 2014:242).

Foodwork outside the home either for social events (in the form of barbeque), or for wage-labour, are perceived as masculine. There remains a clear demarcation between this and food intended for domestic consumption that remains the domain of women. This division, and my transgression of the gendered line, evoked memories of queer difference during the process; though my initial reaction to female family members' willingness to help, an eagerness to assist me in learning to make *postre chaja*, was one of gratitude the memories of my queer behaviour being sanctioned begin to emerge. Warm feeling suffused with memories of family, home, and hearth slowly cool as conflicted memories about coming out, being effeminate, and a sense of disappointment slowly creep back into my memory. Specifically, an awareness of my queer difference and the transgression of my desire to cook evoke deeper feelings of failure, a result of my perceived failing to conform to the expectations and discourses of *machismo*. In a focus group with Latino-American gay men Guarnero notes that "exhibiting effeminate behavior was usually met with negative reactions from family and community. The taunting that many of the participants experienced created a deep sense of insecurity and shame, and devastated them as children..." (2007, 17) This sense of insecurity and shame, memories from a sense of inadequacy for failing to conform to the normative ideals of Latino masculinity demonstrates the ambivalence of foodwork. Though often associated with positive emotions and memories it may register across the emotional spectrum and evoke both positive and negative memories and feelings.

Vignette 2: Making Merengue

The yellowy-orange yolk slides back and forth holding its membrane intact making it easy to separate from the rest of the egg. Repeating the process again I have to stop to fish some eggshell out of the whites. My brow furrows and tiny beards of perspiration form as I try to get the tiny bits of shell out. On the fourth egg catastrophe strikes: I crack the egg against the side of the bowl and accidentally pierce the yolk with my finger. I watch helplessly as yolk falls into the bowl below me. I begin to curse and I pause for a moment and try to rescue the mess I've just made, to no avail. Pouring the now ruined remains of my first attempt at making merengue I rinse the mixing bowl out and start over. I didn't expect this to be a difficult process.

Reinfelder (1996) argues that racialized identities are heterosexed making the coming out process for queers of colour even more difficult. As queerness is equated with whiteness the normalization of a white, middle-class homonormativity becomes embedded in definitions of queer sexuality (Ward 2008). Antoniou (2004) works through similar struggles around reconciling her ethno-cultural and sexual identity:

So why is my Cypriotness so problematic for me? Why is it so emotionally painful? The fact is that I'm a lesbian... In dominant terms, lesbians don't fit into Cypriotness. We don't even exist within it. The possibility of our presence is totally unimagined. Within the space of my family, my ethnic 'community', my 'home', I'm forced to make a 'choice': Cypriot or lesbian. It's impossible to be both. I'm not alone in these experiences. Black and ethnically Other lesbians are frequently 'pressurised into making a hierarchy of oppressions'. (2004, 128)

The kitchen is a site of ambivalence a place where culture and ethnicity are passed on from one generation to the next. Customs and practices are taught and learned, but also sites of refusal and rejection to participate. Antoniou identifies the repudiation of her Cypriotness as a result of being queer "My Cypriotness is a blister. A sore. Caused by the rubbing, chafing of incompatible materials" (ibid, 128). This incompatibility between her Queerness and Cypriotness, common emotions for racialized queer people, is indicative of how diasporic homelands are often constructed as regressive or conservative placed in binary opposition to the hostland which is constructed as being a site of social progress. Like Antoniou my own attachments to Latinicity have been imbued with cultural values and histories of homophobia, despite the history of interventions by queer Latino and Chicano/a artists, writers and activists in part because I had no exposure to them as a child or adolescent. This equation of homophobia and diasporic culture, a remnant of childhood memory and experience, makes practices of reconnection and celebration all the more timely and important.

Through her performative cooking and food Antoniou begins to reassert a Cypriot identity that is negotiated and incorporated alongside her queerness. This assertion of her Cypriotness, she argues, comes with the construction of an identity that occupies multiple subject positions "Cypriotness belongs to me too. It is possible to create an identity with new layers of meanings, to have multiple subjectivities... to be one with many parts." (ibid, 131) Using foodwork Antoniou begins to weave together a subject position that incorporates being Cypriot on her own terms. She is both Queer and

Cypriot; indicative of a negotiated position that rejects the discourses of homophobia and oppression. Rather than perceiving foodwork as oppressive she uses it to assert an aspect of her identity that she had previously rejected thus subverting (at least momentarily) its oppressive elements. She notes: “I can slip out of restrictive social categories. Out of boxes built by others... More reflective of the multiple ways I experience my ethnicity.” (ibid, 141)

Similarly, through cooking I am restructuring my assumptions of Latinicity and negotiating an identity that is both queer and Latino, reconciling subjectivities that I was taught were irreconcilable. Using foodwork as a medium I create a space in which I can occupy these multiple subjectivities and it is this recognition of the multiplicity, I argue, that challenges the narratives of in-between that have been used by academics and policy makers in their descriptions of second-generation subjects. Through cooking, for example, a cultural sensibility is reclaimed and negotiated, used to celebrate a sense of identity that transcends the categories of ‘Ethnic’ and ‘Queer.’ In the kitchen, I am both and neither, stumbling as I try to recreate the effortless gestures of my mother and aunties, who consider making Chaja an easy dessert. Through this process I too am seeking to find ways that reflect the multiple identities I inhabit. The diasporic imaginary, Mannur argues, distorts and recreates memories in subjects whose connections to ‘home’ are ambivalent. Domestic practices and spaces, like the kitchen, become “a space to reproduce culture and national identity” (2007, 14). Yet this reproduction is a negotiated reproduction one that attempts to use foodwork to destabilize the traditional discourses that surround, in my case, Latino masculinity.

Vignette 3: Bizcochuelo

In the yellow-tinged light of my small apartment I’m squinting at the recipe my mother emailed me. Written in Spanish I have to stop and make sure to read everything carefully several times. Though fluent I experience a lag between reading and comprehending while I translate what I’m reading in my head. While doing fieldwork in Uruguay this lag manifested itself as a stutter, back home I mostly experience the lag as a momentary pause between reading and actually understanding, while brief it is noticeable to those around me. I print the recipe and tape it to the cupboard door

stopping to consult it several times. I stop to look up the word ‘cernida’, which means sifted. Having no idea what it meant which led to a disastrous first attempt at making bizcochuelo, the sponge cake base of Chaja. This time I make sure to sift the flour and double check that I understand the recipe in its entirety before I make another attempt. I turn my attention to the four eggs that I need to separate, my thoughts drift to my earlier attempts to make merengue and I begin to swear.

I cream the eggs and sugar together until the mixture resembles the colour of lemons. Setting the bowl aside I sift and mix together flour, salt, and baking powder into the yolks making sure that all the dry ingredients are properly mixed in. They form almost a thick paste and I begin to worry that I’ve done something wrong. I try to reassure myself that it will work out as I turn to the bowl containing egg whites. Beating the whites into foamy stiff peaks I watch as they expand and transform in the bowl, I think of my aunties, two of who are the women charged with making this dessert back in Toronto for family events. I slowly begin to fold the whites into the rest of the ingredients trying carefully not to over mix the batter. Pouring the mix into a cake pan I slide it into the oven and set a timer. As it bakes and the apartment is filled with a citrusy aroma from the lemon rind in the bizochuelo, a familiar smell that makes me nostalgic for my mother’s kitchen.

Pulling the cake out of the oven I immediately feel a sense of satisfaction. Although it is a simple sponge cake my first attempt resulted in a heavy dense cake that didn’t resemble the light and airy creations that my mother and aunties seemed to make effortlessly. This, my second attempt, is still not perfect. The cake is still denser than it should be, I feel a sense of failure in the pit of my stomach, and it is a feeling that lingers regardless of how many times I try to brush away. Resigned to a less than perfect bizcochuelo I trim the edges away and cut the top to even it out, preparing it for the dulce de leche and peaches. I didn’t expect this to be a difficult process.

While reviewing the recordings and notes I had created throughout the process one of the last entries ended with that particular sentence: I didn’t expect this to be a difficult process. This is written several times in my notes and along the margins of the page. This refers both to the cooking as well as emotions that were generated while

preparing the dessert, I had not prepared myself for the range of feelings that emerged: sadness, nostalgia, happiness, and accomplishment to name a few. These embodied sensations point to how cooking can generate what Dennis and Warin define as a “compelling bodily and relational milieu within which experiences and memories could be rendered meaningful in a very embodied way” (2007:2). Foodwork becomes a medium through which contradictory memories and feelings can be processed. While this may not result in resolution or reconciliation, it provides a lens through which the cook can engage reflexively with them. In my case the performance generates a sense of belonging that I feel while preparing the dish and when consulting with the various family members who helped me prepare it. My ethnic identity, my sense of belonging to the diasporic imaginary are embodied practices that are experienced in relation to objects and practices that I consider ‘Latino’. In the performance of my ethnic identity I feel more connected to memories of familial events and to the diasporic homeland. Simultaneously, the failure to ‘correctly’ make the recipe I was provided produced a sense of aggravation and frustration, a sense of distance, an awareness of being ‘not quite Latino’ as a sense of the failure. These sensations of connection and disconnection are mediated through the foodwork, predicated on being engaged with ‘something Latino’ and are at best, temporary and can fall apart, thus my use of contingent belonging to describe the experiences of identity by second generation. So long as I am engaged in a practice that I associate with the diaspora my identity is engaged in the performance of a Latino sensibility. This is similar to Antoniou’s urge to grasp a stable and fixed sense of identity, however fleeting, pointing to the contingency of her identification as Cypriot. “I feel a strong need to find something Cypriot... jar of tahini, tub of black olives... I’m standing here staring at this still life entitled ‘my Cypriotness’ that I’ve created” (139). Relying on “something Cypriot” Antoniou reveals the fragile connections through her identification is formed. In turning to objects associated with the diaspora Antoniou is able to interface, via the objects, to her Cypriotness.

Like my own contingent Latinidad, this contingent Cypriotness, however mediated, allows Antoniou to maintain a sense of identity that looks toward her ethnic heritage for a sense of belonging and place negotiated on her own terms. Svetlana Boym describes these temporary and partial connections as diasporic intimacy which she describes as “rooted in the suspicion of a single home, in shared longing without

belonging” (2001, 252). For Boym this form of intimacy is the product of diaspora, of being uprooted, a form of intimacy that constitutes diasporic subjects. Part of this form of intimacy, Boym argues, is an awareness of the transience that comes with it, that the emotional and affective longing for a rooted sense of belonging can never be completely reconciled. While a sense of belonging is cultivated through cooking there is an awareness of the precarity of this feeling and how it is predicated on a sensual engagement with the objects and practices that evoke them.

Vignette 4: Dulce de Leche

This is the first time in the cooking process that I have felt genuinely scared. Walking through the less lit and more dangerous streets of Montevideo I knew how to blend into the crowd and remain inconspicuous. While interviewing strangers in Spanish I would just turn on the charm and win them over. I'm standing in my kitchen looking at the pot of water and the can of condensed milk and wondering to myself how I managed to consider this a good idea.

Prior to its “discovery” by Hagan Daaz and Starbucks it was impossible to find dulce de leche outside of a handful of Latino grocery stores in Toronto. The stores that did carry it charged what my auntie described as ‘una fortuna’ (a fortune) for a small jar. On trips to Uruguay our relatives would think my sister and I had departed our senses with our obsession over such a common foodstuff. I would routinely get scolded for eating it straight out of the jar with a spoon. Dulce de leche was a rare treat at home as it required my mother to stand in the kitchen for hours and yelling at us to get out of her away and away from the stove. The method for making it at home involves putting an unopened can of sweetened condensed milk into a pot of simmering water for four hours making sure the can remains underwater at all times lest it explode. Once cooled my mother would open the can to reveal the beautiful caramel-coloured spread that was used as a spread and in various types of baking. Growing up I had no idea how to explain what it was to non-Uruguayan friends, to this day I stumble when trying to explain it and I cringe when I hear gringos butcher the name. The other day a waiter, unfamiliar with Spanish pronunciation, tried to correct me “Uh, it’s pronounced dolche de leche” he said feigning an Italian accent. “Look, my mother was making this stuff at

home long before you cracker-white folk figured out how to put it on cheesecake” I responded angrily my voice raising more than I meant it to. Stunned, he walked away and I sat at the restaurant table fuming. Though inappropriate and condescending, my anger came from a place of irritation about the appropriation of ‘back home food’ into North America. Only later did it dawn on me that my snotty response to someone just trying to get through the work-day was incredibly dismissive and inappropriate.

I can still remember the angry sensation from the restaurant as I peel the paper label off the can. Dulce de leche is something I’ve never been able to describe to a non-Latino and its new spot on the culinary zeitgeist is something I resent, although I’m not sure why. Hearing the anglicized pronunciation of it immediately makes me fume. Why do I feel so much ownership over this? I slip the can into the large pot of water and cover the lid making sure to keep a kettle full of water nearby to fill the pot as water begins to evaporate. The timer beeps and I breathe a heavy sigh of relief fishing the can out of the water with a pair of tongs I leave it on the counter to cool.

The use of foodwork to maintain diasporic identities is one that engages in what Stoller calls “sensuous scholarship,” which he describes as “a mixing of the head and heart” (2011: xviii). Sensuous scholarship seeks to write the embodied and haptic experiences into academic text providing a means through which traditional academic epistemologies can be challenged. Like Boym, I argue that these performative practices do not stabilize or anchor identities; they do not create a more stable, more “authentic” sense of ethnicity but rather become the means through which the multiple subjectivities of second-generation subjects can be negotiated. In using foodwork to articulate the contingency and precarity of belonging, the discourse of being “in-between” can be challenged. Though complex, second-generation subjects are not cut off from belonging but rather engage in a negotiated practice of belonging. Performative cooking functions as a conduit or interface that provides a vehicle for the articulation of a connection to the diasporic imaginary. Through these connections, second-generation subjects like myself create opportunities to engage in cultural practices that, albeit temporarily, allow us to experience a sensation of ‘being there, here.’ This sensation, experienced as being physically present in the north (in the here), but referent and aware of its connections to the south (the there), opens possibilities for considering the negotiated sense of identity

common amongst second-generation subjects. In allowing for this more complex understanding of second-generation identity, new models and frameworks for conceptualizing belonging become possible. In reflecting on the tensions this project explored with respect to gender, sexuality, and ethnicity; cooking became a practice of healing that reconciled, or at least sought to reconcile, what were once sites of queer anxiety and disruption. Through the process of cooking, practices previously seen as a 'problem' by family and community elders was reclaimed and celebrated as a passing of tradition and knowledge from one generation to another. The practice of performative cooking, as demonstrated here, can provide a means of reconfiguring the kitchen towards a more ambivalent and queer space, one cake at a time.

Conclusion

In this dissertation I argued that second-generation citizens, using Latino-Canadians as a case study, articulate a complex sense of belonging and identity that transcends current scholarly and policy discourses that describe them as being 'in-between' Canada and their parent's homeland. Instead, I argue, that this population negotiates a sense of belonging, through cultural practices, kinship and social networks that is reflective of an identity that transcends national borders that is fundamentally misunderstood by the state. This is evidenced in the recent government reports on second-generation Canadians identify them, broadly speaking, as an under-researched population that has the potential to be both a risk but also a potential resource to be exploited (Understanding Canada's "3M" Reality in the 21st Century, 2009).

Rejecting this discourse, I argued that public policy continues to describe and define second-generation citizens as being migrants which erases the differences that exist between first and second generation communities, where the first generation is the group the migrated to Canada. Identifying the role of multicultural policy in perpetuating unequal power relations between diasporic and white Anglo Canadians, I argued that the white subject is centered in a position of dominance which frames multiculturalism as an act of benevolence towards racialized subjects while obfuscating power inequities between migrant communities and Canada (Kamboureli, 2006; Hage, 1997). Drawing a brief history of Latino migration to Canada, I identified that unlike Latinos in the United States whose shared border has resulted in a much longer history of movement, Latino migration to Canada is relatively recent. Noting the growing rate of migration from the late 1960s onwards that has resulted in a significant growth of Latina/o Canadians from virtually zero prior to the 1960s to 741,760 persons according to data from the 2006 Canadian census (Eberhardt, 2010). Significantly, the Latina/o population has been identified as one of the fastest growing immigrant communities in the country thus, research on second-generation Latino-Canadians is both timely and necessary.

Recognizing how little work has been done on Latina/o Canadians, especially on the second-generation, my dissertation examines the problem of belonging and identity for this population and challenges the in-between narratives of scholars and policymakers that fails to recognize the complexity of second-generation belonging practices and identification with both Canada and their diasporic roots in a transnational era where multiple passports and travel to the South for children of the diaspora has become easier. Replicating historical patterns of the state's treatment of racialized communities as a problem, policy documents like the 3M report see this group as a population that is potentially both a problem and a resource in need of state intervention. In reality, second-generation Canadians challenge notions of belonging and identity by developing a sense of identity on their own terms that disrupts the narratives of white liberal multiculturalism.

I approached this project through ethnography, mainly focusing on participant observation and interviews both in Montevideo, Uruguay as well as in Vancouver, Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto in Canada. Rather than providing a quantitative analysis that sought to provide a representative sample of second-generation Latina/o Canadians, I focused on a qualitative approach that provided personal accounts from a small group of self-selected participants. Given the lack of studies with personal narratives that focus on the experiences and views of this population, I moved away from replicating the approach of studies like the 3M report, which I critique and instead provide an analysis that draws on both my autoethnographic narrative as well as interviews with second-generation Canadians. In taking this approach I have made room for what Million (2013) describes as "the importance of felt experience as community knowledge." (57) My own fieldnotes (both in Montevideo and in Canada) as well as my participant's interviews provide an example of the broad range of identity practices and range of attachment to the diasporic homeland by second-generation subjects.

In Chapter One, I explored the process of the diasporic return through an autoethnographic account of my fieldwork in Uruguay. Using Lecker's (2015) concept of landing I discussed how the process of 'returning' for second-generation subjects is a complex process. Through the writing of vignettes that focused on exploring the concept of contingent belonging this chapter examined how belonging, in the case of second-

generation diasporic 'returnees', was contingent and predicated on memories, family and a sense of connection to the homeland. Exploring the streets of Montevideo, I describe my own experience of returning to the homeland through landing which Lecker defines as "the period between becoming physically present and psychically present... the period between detaching from muggle expectations, norms, and ways of being..." (67). This process of landing involves a sense of displacement and uncertainty, which is part of the process through which a sense of place is developed over time. Using this concept as it has been developed by Lecker (2015) I argue that, demonstrated through my experience of return, the process of landing in the homeland for second-generation subjects involves a similar period of transition and adjustment to the homeland.

Drawing on my own experience of landing in Montevideo, I described my sense of displacement both as a returnee as well as a researcher and discussed how the process of landing was experienced and felt through the emotions that were generated while in the homeland. This was done through an examination of how familial and social obligations, childhood memories and being in queer spaces played a role in my own experience as a returnee and researcher in the field. Moving from an initial sense of displacement both physically and psychically, the chapter elaborates the process of landing that occurred over the course of time. Challenging the sense of being out of place, the chapter documents the move from my initial arrival to the eventual sense of belonging that I had developed in the field and homeland which is further discussed in Chapter Two where I discuss the role of walking in the homeland as a method for analysing feelings and embodied sensations as well as a place-making practice.

Chapter Two addresses the issues of ethnographic and embodied methodologies in the study of belonging by discussing the role walking played in my fieldwork. I make a case for the inclusion and consideration of the sensuous in the field of cultural studies, in particular the embodied practice of walking, which has not traditionally seen embodied knowledge as an area of inquiry. Paying close attention to the role that walking played during my fieldwork, I argue that it became a place-making practice through which I developed and maintained a sense of connection to the city. Drawing on my experience of hearing stories of torture at Punta Carretas in my family, the former prison now shopping mall, I argue that walking provides a way to disrupt the official narratives of city

and uncover what Foucault (2003) describes as common knowledge. Using de Certeau (2011), this chapter highlights the differences between second-generation returnees and the traditional tourist noting how their relationship to the city can be fundamentally different with the returnee being able to navigate around the 'official' narratives of the city while the tourist experiences a city-scape that has, most often, been pre-planned.

Providing a review of the marginalized role of ethnography in cultural studies, which going back to Stuart Hall, privileges a structural framework for analyzing culture, this chapter locates the project as part of the multidisciplinary West Coast School of Cultural Studies, recognizing the emerging tradition of ethnography in cultural studies in western Canada.

In Chapter Three I move away from the autoethnographic voice of my fieldnotes and focus instead on the voices of my research participants whom I interviewed in Vancouver, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and an unnamed city. This group is not a representative sample but rather answered the advertisements I had placed via student associations, community businesses and social media. Given the history of Latina/o migration to Canada the chapter recognizes that the participants are part of the first generation of second-generation Latino-Canadians, a population that is set to grow given the increasing rate of migration to Canada from Latin America since the mid-1960s. As I explain, I focused specifically on Latino-Canadians within an age range of twenty to thirty-five years old in order to specifically examine how the first second-generation of Latino Canadians, most who came of age in Canada's multicultural era, discuss questions of identity and belonging. I explain why I focus broadly on a selection of second-generation subjects from different countries in Latin America rather than just Uruguay, who identify with the term Latina/o.

As the participants' transcripts demonstrate, in Canada as in the United States, many second generation subjects use of pan-ethnic terms like Latina/o to identify themselves but also articulate an identification with the specific home countries of their parents. This process of strategically identifying with pan-ethnic terms when talking with outsiders is described by Nagle (1994) as layering, and is a strategy that is often used by racialized subjects, whether Asian American or Indigenous. Finally, the chapter

details how each participant describes their sense of belonging, identity and attachment to their diasporic heritage, which demonstrates some of the diversity within this population. Ranging from seeing themselves entirely as Latina/o or seeing themselves as Canadian but comfortable in Latina/o spaces, the participants demonstrate how they have negotiated their own position and place in relation to both Canada and Latinicity and experience and develop their own practices to navigate their contingent belonging

Chapter Four focuses very specifically on the practice of cooking. Drawing on Antoniou's concept of performative cooking, this chapter explores how everyday practices can be used as an interface between second-generation subjects and their diasporic heritage. Drawing on performance ethnography I discuss the role of nostalgia and food in relation to maintaining a connection to traditional food from the homeland. As a site of powerful emotions and gendered roles, I discuss now it is both a site for the reproduction of the devaluation of women's labour and also as an important site of cultural knowledge and resistance thus making it an incredibly rich site for the examination of diasporic identity. Through the preparation of a traditional Uruguayan dessert, I explore the complex positionality that I occupy in relation to foodwork as a result of my own gender and sexuality.

Fundamentally, Chapter Four looks at cooking as what I describe as a practice of belonging, a means through which second-generation Canadians can develop a sense of connection and identification with cultural practices that connect them to memories and traditions of the diaspora. Through the preparation of a traditional dessert I consult various relatives for help, directly engaging with the first generation members of my community in knowledge transfer. Noting the feminist critiques of domestic labour and the kitchen (see: Glazer-Malbin 1976; Meah 2014; Shelton & John 1996) I reflexively consider the possibility of reproducing normative gender roles, which was the case for my initial approach whereby I first requested my father to pass on his knowledge of cooking, rather than seeking out my mother and aunties. Working with my mother and aunties I explore the potential of foodwork and food in maintaining a sense of connection to the cultural objects of my parent's generation and evoke memories of family and community events that generate a feeling of home and place.

This dissertation contributes to the fields of Communication and Cultural Studies by examining and recognizing the perspectives, experiences and practices of a largely unresearched community in Canada. In defining this project as a study in the field of Communication I argue for a recognition of the importance of researching the felt experience and community knowledge of racialized communities. Given the relatively small population of Latinos compared to other ethnic groups there has been little work on the Latino-Canadian experience. Rather than seeing the size and relatively nascent population in Canada as a problem I argue that they provide insights into diasporic communities that are still in the process of establishing themselves in Canada. Furthermore, with the increasing rate of migration and reliance on immigrant communities for population growth studies that address issues of belonging and integration are of vital importance in Canada.

Most significantly, this work has sought to provide a more complex understanding of second-generation Canadians practices of identity and their relationship to their diasporic heritage and feelings of belonging/not belonging both in Canada and in the diasporic homeland. Throughout the project, I have tried to engage and write through the emotional experience of this research, not just the nostalgia and moments of belonging but also to recognize and make room for the rage I feel as a Latino-Canadian. This rage stems from the experience of erasure and misrecognition, returning to the opening vignette I feel a sense of rage at the lack of scholarship on Latina/o Canadians but I am more enraged at the discourse that surrounds all second-generation Canadians. For me and those like me, born here with connections to elsewhere to be discussed as a problem or resource for the state reduces a rich experience that points to new ways of thinking about citizenship and belonging. In a time where borders have become increasingly important, where pathways to citizenship are being replaced with guest-worker programs and temporary visas it is incredibly important to seek new modes for conceptualizing what it means to belong.

Finally, in using a combination of autoethnographic and ethnographic methods I provide a 'first-hand' account that highlights the differences that exist among second-generation Latino Canadians with respect to their identification with the diasporic homeland, Canada and pan-ethnic identity. As Latino migration to Canada continues to

grow there subsequent 'waves' of second-generation Canadians facing similar challenges.

This project contributes to the scholarship in Communication Studies by being the first study of second-generation Latino Canadians in the field. Focusing on questions of identity negotiation and contingent belonging, I have contributed to scholarship examining this issue and have contributed to making a place for the study of belonging through embodied and ethnographic methods within the field of Communication Studies in Canada. Recognizing the importance of the way racialized subjects communicate a sense of identity through everyday practices like cooking or walking I have contributed to efforts that seek to stress the importance of the quotidian in this field.

Future Research

Further research that expands on the work laid out in this dissertation should continue to focus on contingent belonging and practices developed by second generation Latina/os in the context of multicultural policy and globalization. Specifically, future research should begin by conducting a larger scale study that focuses on interviews with second generation and the opportunity to engage first-generation migrants in a conversation with their second-generation children. The interrelationship of these two populations was not discussed as part of this project but given the importance placed on kinship ties by interviewees a study could prove particularly insightful.

As this study had participants from three major Canadian cities, I see two possible future directions at a demographic level: an examination of Latino-Canadians in smaller communities and/or a study that focuses on the Latino community in one particular city. Future directions for research could also focus on specific nationalities within the pan-ethnic collective and provide more details regarding differences between nationalities. The need for further qualitative research on second-generation Latinos is evident, particularly around questions belonging and identity. Given the proximity of Canada to the United States with its large Latino/a population it is crucial to further develop scholarship that distinguishes the Latino-Canadian experience from that of Latinos living in the United States.

Finally, future research could further develop the methodologies that I have used in this dissertation to expand on the felt experience and community knowledge that I have begun to elaborate in this dissertation. The use of performance in specific communities, for example, could focus on local and regional issues that impact the sense of belonging and identity in second-generation populations. Related projects outside of the scope of this dissertation could include studies of family members from the south visiting Canada and their impressions of Canada and Latino communities in the North.

The implications of the work for Communication Studies and its subject areas are twofold: first, this dissertation calls for more emphasis on ethnographic approaches in communication scholarship and second, that the study of race in relation to the body and emotions be recognized as an area of inquiry within the field. Given the increase in movement between the north and the south there will be an increasing need for communication scholars to examine how diasporic communities from the global south communicate their sense of identity, belonging and place within the global north. What is necessary now is to draw on the voices and perspectives of second-generation subjects themselves, not policy makers. Given the rich and complex identities of this population, and the way in which they negotiate a sense of place and home both in the North and the South new models of belonging, citizenship and integration could be developed that recognize the possibilities for identities that transcend borders rather than live in-between them.

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Appendix A. Recruitment Flyer

Hijos del Norte, Padres del Sur A Study on Latino-Canadians and Questions of Belonging

ENGLISH: Hijos del Norte, Padres del Sur is a research study being conducted by Marcos Daniel Moldes, a PhD candidate in the School of Communication, Simon Fraser University, on second-generation Latino Canadians. The study examines how second-generation Canadians (people born in Canada with at least one parent born outside of the country) understand themselves as citizens, their cultural heritage, and their experience of growing up in Canada.

I am seeking participants above the age of 18 who identify either as second-generation Canadians (born in Canada) and “One and a half” generation Canadians (born elsewhere but immigrated to Canada under the age of 8) to participate in this study.

Participants will be asked to complete an interview lasting approximately one hour; questions will focus on how they identify, their engagement with Latino culture and their experience of growing up in Canada.

If you are interested in participating please feel free to email

@sfu.ca or visit www.marcosmoldes.com/study for more information.

SPANISH: Hijos del Norte, Padres del Sur es un estudio sobre la segunda generación Latino-Canadiense (los hijos de los emigrantes Latinos a Canadá) realizado por Marcos Daniel Moldes, un candidato doctoral de la Escuela de Comunicación de la Universidad de Simon Fraser. El estudio se trata sobre las experiencias de los hijos de Latinos, su identidad cultural y como ellos mismos entienden y hablan de su identidad como Latino-Canadienses.

Estoy buscando participantes con mas de 18 años de edad que nacieron en Canadá o inmigraron con menos de 8 años para participar en el estudio.

Participación en el estudio requiere una entrevista de mas o menos una hora; las preguntas se enfocan en como los participantes se identifican, sobre su relación con la cultura Latina y sobre su experiencia en Canadá.

Si están interesados en participar pueden contactarse con Marcos al correo marcos_moldes@sfu.ca o visita la pagina web www.marcosmoldes.com/study

Appendix B. Interview Questions

- What are your interests?
 - Do your interests relate to your work or studies?
 - Do you have, or plan to have, a family? Children? Subcultural Membership
 - Reflect on terms “Latino” “Hispanic” & “Latino-Canadian”
 - Do you yourself use them (for self or others)?
 - What do they mean to you? Differences?
 - What images/characters/people are associated with them?
 - How well do these images/characters/people reflect your experience?
-
- Was Spanish spoken at home?
 - Do you still speak Spanish? How would you describe your ability?
 - Do you think Spanish is an important part of your identity?
 - When Canadians ask you “where are you from?”
 - How do you answer that question?
 - Do you have multiple answers? If so, which do you use when and why?
 - How do you react when people ask you that question?
-
- Have you gone back to Latin America?
 - When was the last time?
 - Where did you stay?
 - Did you stay with one relative or several?
 - What neighbourhood did you stay in?
 - What do your relatives do for a living?
 - Do you communicate with your relatives in Spanish? English? Or something else?
 - When you’re in Canada do you communicate with your relatives in the homeland?
 - How? Skype? Facebook? Email? Phone? Letters?
 - What did you do?
 - Did you fit into the daily routine of your relatives or did you do your own thing?
 - What sorts of activities did you do?
 - Are there cultural events or venues that your family frequents?

Reflect on the idea of “belonging” in the homeland

- Did it feel like home?
- Did you feel more “Canadian” there?
- Did you feel welcomed? Or like a tourist?
- What did you see while you were there?
- Did you visit any memorials or museums?
- What are the themes/topics of these memorials and museums?
- Did you go to popular tourist destinations?
- Do you remember how you felt at these places? Describe.
- Do members of your family discuss why they moved to Canada?

- Do you know other families who are from Latin American countries?
- Do they discuss why they moved?
- Is this something you discuss with your friends or siblings?