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Visiting as an Indigenous feminist practice

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ABSTRACT

In this essay, four Indigenous scholars from three different communities write about visiting as Indigenous feminist practice, a practice that is queer, anti-capitalist, and rooted in the cosmologies of our communities. Visiting is at the heart of how we research and how we make relation within our research. As an Indigenous feminist practice, visiting centers relationality and an ethic of care. Visiting as framework suggests a responsibility to the past and future of a place through the impermanence of our presence.

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In this essay, four Indigenous scholars from three different communities write about visiting as Indigenous feminist practice, a practice that is queer, anti-capitalist, and rooted in the cosmologies of our communities. Though we do not go so far as to characterize visiting as a research practice, or a distinct pedagogy, visiting is certainly at the heart of how we research and how we make relation within our research. Cosmologies, in this instance, refer to collectively-held ways of thinking about the universe and our place within it. Cosmologies are often the stories we tell ourselves and others about how the world was made; for Indigenous peoples in North America, these stories reach for millennia before and beyond colonialism and transatlantic slavery, which also made the world as we know it now. When we think about visiting as an Indigenous feminist practice that is informed by cosmology, we think about our relationship to space and time, to lands and waters, and to all older-than-human persons. Visiting implies being in a relation that is by design impermanent; it is a passing-through of space and time. As an Indigenous feminist practice, visiting centers relationality and an ethic of care. Being a visitor is showing care and being responsible for our impact and presence. Visiting does not assume entitlement to space, or assert control, or ownership over land. As we discuss herein, we find visiting to be a compelling framework because it suggests a responsibility to the past and future of a place through the impermanence of our presence.

As a practice of being in relation across space and time, visiting enacts futurity and remembrance in the present. As an Indigenous feminist practice, visiting allows for being with the Indigenous histories/futures of a place, the queer and trans histories/futures of a place, the racialized histories/futures of a place, the histories/futures of a place that are buried in the dominant storying of the land as white, as [insert title of nation-state], as property, as Christian, as resource.

Over the past several years, there have been numerous written and artistic works by Indigenous scholars which have elaborated upon visiting as a practice, protocol, intervention, and form of remembrances engaged by Indigenous communities everywhere (Robinson 2020; Lukin Linklater 2022; see also ‘The Elders Say We Don’t Visit Anymore,’ by Dylan Miner). Xwélmexw scholar Dylan Robinson writes extensively about visiting practices in *Hungry Listening*, 2020, particularly thinking with scholars and artists Peter Morin, Jeremy Dutcher Mique’l Dangeli and Mike Dangeli to consider how visiting works to remind and renew relationships, with underlying messages of still being here, having not forgotten, and bringing relations back to life (Robinson 2020, 168–9.) Robinson goes on to also consider the works of David Garneau and Michelle LaVallee as well as Garneau’s collaborative work with Clement Yeh, which reveal aspects of visiting as a social practice which, ‘move us away from normative settler cultures of display and hungry perception,’ (Robinson 2020, 171). Yet, as Robinson reminds, visiting is not a guarantee of tea and easy companionship. ‘Visiting is political work.’ It is to go deeper into relation, with all of its complexities. Robinson continues,

Whether explicitly or implicitly, visiting is a process of affirming our varied responsibilities as Indigenous people to each other, our responsibilities to the communities we are part of, and asserting this ... through a process that has careful listening at its core. (177)

Visiting is a relating that is imbued with accountability, vulnerability, and mutuality.

Two of the authors of this article (Haliehana and Eve) are Unanga̓x from Unangam Tanangin, the Aleutian Islands of Alaska. Unanga̓x stories, their teachings, meanings, and values remain at the heart of Unanga̓x epistemologies, cosmologies, and pedagogies. Through the medium of visiting, story becomes a way to engage Unanga̓x cultural values, such as those associated with subsistence processes, practices, and protocols. These values, as told, shared, transmitted, and continued through story and storied experiences (Smith 2021) contain what Unanga̓x, and many Indigenous Peoples of the Arctic and Subarctic, understand as guidelines for how to live as human (Kawagley 2006).

Stories invite and invoke relationships. Visiting embodies Unanga̓x praxes of relationality. As an embodied practice, visiting as a medium to transfer Unanga̓x knowledges carries them across generations and time and space, while remaining grounded in Indigenous feminist cosmologies. Visiting is an Indigenous feminist practice in that it enacts respect for each person’s autonomy, supporting collective and ‘individual self-determination’ (Forbes 1998). Visiting is a practice based upon consent, allowing to know and unknow, considering a willingness to receive visits as gifts, and eventually a responsibility to continue the perpetuation of stories facilitated through visiting.

Visiting enacts community roles, family roles, kinship roles. Within Unanga̓x cosmologies, our most clear role is to listen. We are expected to be careful listeners throughout our lives. Our role as listeners does not come to an end, is not a stepping stone in some teleology of advancement. Unanga̓x people value humility. We can never know everything. We are always learning. We must always be willing and open to learning. This is a method of Alaska Native survival (Kawagley 2006). Visiting invites learning, welcoming what we know to constantly shift from under us. We are Unanga̓x, after all. Indigenous to volcanic islands that constantly remind us of their unfixed, always moving nature (Diaz 2015). Visiting reinforces lessons, allows us the opportunity to listen to a story

again and again until the lesson is clear. Or perhaps, the lessons shift. Visiting invites lessons. Intentionally seeking visits invites learning.

Visiting as in togetherness, as in company, 'as in not alone' (Tuck and Reollet 2018). Our existence has always been bound up with our relationships to place, one another, more-than-human kin, the environment, to natural cycles and expected returns. Visiting is memory work. Tuck and Reollet explain, 'When I create a visitation, it is a remembrance of an old futuristic way of relating to place, non-human persons, and each other.' (2018, 11). Visiting is creative. We constantly create and construct ourselves and our worlds through visiting. We sustain the memories put forth generations ago for 'how to be a good Ancestor' (Justice 2018) through visiting. Visiting is creative work. It facilitates the creation of spaces for nurturing, for sustaining. We are reminded of the gentleness accompanying strength and perceived success. We learn the roles of host, helper, provider, parent, through visiting. Eating *hudaḥ* [dried fish] and *chaduḥ* [(seal) oil] together is to share gifts from the sea, which is to share wealth. We do not eat these foods alone. We always share. These foods are a labor of love, best enjoyed with company over conversations that build worlds.

When the editors of this journal approached Eve about writing an essay on Indigenous cosmologies, her mind went immediately to visiting, but also to the work of co-authors Haliehana Stepetin, Rebecca Beaulne-Stuebing, and Jo Billows. Writing from different places, each of us has been working with visiting as a set of practices. Whereas one approach to this essay might be to get into specifics about the cosmologies (from our communities) that literally story the way the world works, how lands and waters came to be our relations, and how our relations with one another and older-than-human persons inform what we know as visiting, we did not take this approach. Instead, we keep the details of the cosmologies that inform our understandings of visiting offstage. We actively engage them, refer to them, relate to them in the sections below, but we do not recount or divulge them. In doing this, we keep the specificities of the cosmologies that inform our work out of the pile of knowledge that academia is always trying to collect. At the same time, we write in a way that aspires to be legible to members of our communities who also know these big stories about where everything in the universe is coming from and going toward. We each write in our own sections below about how we think with themes and practices of visiting in our work. We do this not to bring them together like pieces of the same puzzle. Instead, we do this to visit with one another.

Visiting as an invitation to slow down – Jo Billows

Visiting is part of my art-making, gardening, walking, writing, and other practices of being (in relation). I have thought about visiting with sites of resistance as part of my youth work and arts practices, as well as through my relationship to urban lands and waterways.

I think about visiting as practices that collapse time, ways of being in the present that both remember and imagine otherwise. In urban spaces, visiting is listening to sounds of creeks that have been pushed underground. It is recognizing Indigenous land not as elsewhere but as ever present. It smells like lemon balm growing along the sidewalk. It tastes like purslane, sorrel and other 'weeds' harvested from the in-between spaces of a garden. Visiting is meeting the land and each other where we are at. I learn about this from Erin Marie Komsom and Karyn Reollet who write about harm reduction, 'meeting the land(s)

where they are at,' and an ethic of care that refuses the notion that any of our kin (human and otherwise), lands or ourselves are 'damaged goods' (Konsmo and Recollet 2018, x). I learned about this also from gardening and working in land-based youth programming on Musqueam territory at the University of British Columbia Farm. There, visiting smells like the fire at the center of our circle, sounds like playing games in the forest, feels like hands in the soil tending the plants, looks like making salves with Elders in the Medicine Collective. To me, visiting makes possible a relationship to place, to history and to each other that is not constrained by the limits, structures and frameworks imposed by the settler state or by the logics of settler colonialism.

Homalco or Xwémalhkwa comes from the word for swift moving waters. One of the ways I find myself drawn to visiting a place is through the waterways. In the cities where I've lived: Vancouver, Toronto and most recently, Montreal, many of the waterways have been pushed underground. Built over. Diverted into the sewer systems. I learned about visiting while walking through urban parks and neighborhoods, reading signs, plaques and public art, recalling stories I've heard about how things used to look, the human and more-than-human histories and ongoing presence. My literacy of public art and signage is informed by what I learned from Dylan Robinson during a course he taught on Indigenous Public Art and Activism while I was an undergrad student. He brought us to public artworks around Vancouver, such as Systems of Sustenance in Creekside Park, which calls our attention to the salmon that used to live there before the marshland was filled in and built up. I think about visiting with the salmon that are there, that used to be there, and will return again if given the opportunity. The language of these urban waterways often focuses on lost rivers or forgotten streams, but these waterways were never lost; they are where they have always been. Even if their courses have been disrupted, or pushed below the surface. And if they are blocked by obstructions, when those are removed, they will no doubt resume their course.

When I lived in student family housing near the University of Toronto, I would walk to the OISE building through 'Philosopher's walk,' a walkway located in the ravine of Taddle Creek. Though the creek was diverted and buried by 1884, the shape of the land there still has the feeling of a creek, the contours of a ravine. Visiting a buried creek is visiting the past and the future (re)surfaced creek. Visiting a place is also a practice of visiting with the histories of resistance located there, and resurfacing them if they too have been buried. As I walk holding a date's hand, I think about the policing of queer desire and the resistance history of Philosopher's Walk as a gay cruising site subject to undercover police surveillance during the 1970s. I think about the resistance of the land, about how the waters of Taddle Creek rose up and flooded the building site of the Toronto Police Headquarters in 1985. I read the plaques and signage along Philosopher's Walk, noticing what is said and what isn't. I think about gathering outside of a TD bank 4000 kilometers away in 2017, protesting TD as one of the major backers of the Kinder Morgan Trans Mountain Pipeline- I think of that moment in this moment, while reading the plaque where the University of Toronto express gratitude to TD and praises their interest in environmental sustainability and education.

I learned about visiting with sites of resistance while working in the Museum of Anthropology at UBC through the interventions made by Indigenous-curated exhibits in that space. During the summer I worked there, the exhibit 'čəsna?əm, the city before the city' co-curated by Jordan Wilson and Susan Rowley, brought attention to the Musqueam

village site of *čəsnaʔəm* and the 200-day vigil that protected the site from condo development in 2012 (Museum of Anthropology 2015). The exhibit also intervened on the language of the museum space, recognizing the relationality of the materials held there through renaming them as belongings. The exhibit also disrupted the mode of interacting with the gallery space. For example, in one area, a kitchen table was set up with the invitation to visitors to slow down, to sit and listen to the conversation that played through the speakers around them. During the summer program, I noticed the disruptive ripple that our group of Indigenous young people and student workers made in the museum by our presence, our visiting with the belongings housed there, and our visiting with each other, artists, and community members. Our way of visiting in the museum space disrupted and exceeded the norms of the space dominated by a settler gaze, which emphasized historicization and preservation of the past rather than a relating-with and a creating-of a present and a futurity.

Some days our visiting in the museum space looked like spray painting and making mixed media self-portraits on the rooftop patio where museum staff would otherwise be quietly eating their lunch. It looked like creating found object exhibits with artists Sameer Farooq and Mirjam Linschooten, bringing the everyday or ‘mundane’ objects into a place of importance alongside the formalized gallery space. As well as a lot of time spent in the *čəsnaʔəm* exhibit. During that summer, our visiting with *čəsnaʔəm* started before we ever physically visited the site. We started learning through our work in the exhibit at MOA, and through our discussions together that placed the exhibit and the vigil that had taken place within a larger context of Indigenous resistance. Our physical visit started by having lunch with community members at Musqueam and seeing the sister exhibit at the Musqueam Cultural Centre, then traveling down to *čəsnaʔəm*, walking together and pausing to play in the forest before sitting down in a parking lot alongside the site of the 2012 vigil for a poetry workshop. All of this – the learning and researching, the discussions, the eating together, the walking and playing – was part of our visiting with *čəsnaʔəm*. We brought all of this with us, as we gathered to sit, listen, and write. The collective poem the young people wrote that day expresses a visiting with *čəsnaʔəm* beyond the current urban soundscape dominated by traffic noise, and a remembering and imagining of the land beyond ‘Vancouver’ (Ducharme et al. 2015, 23, 58).

Visiting as Unangaʔ pedagogy – Haliehana Stepetin

Visiting may not always be an invited activity, but is oftentimes suggested in that indirect, Unangaʔ manner. ‘I’m making fish pie today,’ or ‘I have leftover salmon patties,’ or ‘it’s your Uncle’s birthday,’ or ‘bring some coffee in the morning.’ These are invitations to visit. Sometimes an invitation is not necessary. The visit is expected. Every morning at 7:30 am I walk down the boardwalk to my dad’s house in Achan-Ingiga [Akutan Village/Salmonberry Bushes Below It]. Before Adang, my dad, passed away, he already ensured that I would have Uncles to father me, in the typical Unangaʔ fashion. My dad played an important role in uplifting an Unangaʔ matriarchy through raising me with my ten Aunties, as a person with agency in our house and family. He always ensured our voices were given proper respect. I never knew this was not customary until leaving my village. I understood heteropatriarchy in an unwelcome cacophony of experience, baffled at the violation of the values I was raised with. My dad’s brother, who is also

a father to me, continues this legacy that understands the significance of each voice, each family and community member's autonomy. So, too, do my Aunties. The men in my family are important interlocuters of the matriarchy, reinforcing Indigenous feminist cosmologies that they were raised with.

When I get to my dad's house, he has already made me breakfast. He left a cup for me on the table with a fresh pot of coffee and drank his last cup with me, as this is his third pot of the morning. He's been up since 3 am, he tells me. He can't seem to shake the fisherman hours he grew up with. He talks of the weather and his memories. Visitation invites memory. He fills the role of what Maracle (2015) calls 'rememberer,' or People who transmit Unangaŋ stories, values, and protocols at our morning visits. As 'rememberer,' our visits include passing on stories and lessons that he expects me to remember and (re)tell. This is how Unangaŋ oral histories are transferred— through visits that are expected. I am expected to pay attention throughout our visits. To listen. The stories told are not simply told to pass the time, to break the silence. Silence is expected. We are comfortable in silence. It wraps around the table like a fog blanketing Akutan Bay in the morning. When he speaks, he invites me to consider carrying the responsibility of these stories, this knowledge. I have a choice in it. I am not expected to immediately begin my role as rememberer. Unangaŋ uphold concepts of individual self-determination (Forbes 1998). Everything happens in time when the time is right. My dad shares with me stories of Unangaŋ science, 'This kinda weather, man, salmon usually travelling' (Jacob Stepetin, personal communication). In uttering this statement aloud, my dad reveals a density of Unangaŋ place-based knowledges informed by patterns of weather and intimate understandings of seasonal migrations of subsistence foodways that we rely upon for survivance in Unangam Tanangin [Aleutian/Pribilof Islands]. Many such Unangaŋ Knowledges are embodied within this type of communication style, common to the rhetoric of visiting.

Visiting is a naturally occurring event in the village. But that does not mean that visiting is not intentional. Visiting is intentional. Visiting is not only a way to connect, but it is also how our histories, family stories, values, lessons, and ways of life are transferred. It is an Unangaŋ pedagogy, how we transmit Unangaŋ Knowledge across generations. Visiting is an act of Unangaŋ futurity. We live on through memory, and visiting is the site where memory is invited. Ancestors have a seat at the table. There is always food, coffee, or tea. Sometimes chores. Chores while visiting is a labor of love. It is part of my role and duty as daughter, niece, fisherman, hunter. Sometimes we will get on our hands and knees in Auntie Jennie's green and white tiled kitchen, pass a soapy dish towel back and forth, as we scrub the traces of a dinner or birthday party from last night away in exchange for memories.

Sometimes my Aunties will come to the city where I now reside. This changes the visiting interaction. I request visiting. Nowadays, I will bring my recorder along, with their consent to document their voices in an archive on my computer. But since I was young, they have always expected me to remember these stories without the aid of technology. Without the imposition that we cannot remember without recognizably Western documentation. We must remember. This is how we survive. Remembering is how we thrive and build futures. How we pass along values of sustainability, roles of kinship, and lessons from generation to generation eternally. Unangaŋ Knowledges live and become shaped, contested, and negotiated in community. In interactions with one

another. In visits that layer upon one another and over time become known as truth, always with room for transformation.

Stories are not just stories, told to fill a room with echoes of voices and laughter. Laughter is good medicine, too. Humor remains a steady undertone in our stories. Teasing is a sign of love, trust, a close bond. Stories govern life (Maracle 2015; Stark 2017), social, family, village, village-girl-in-a-city life. Through stories told made possible through visitations or remembering, kin and societal roles are made and (re)made. Subsistence processes of sustainability are (re)iterated before summer harvests. Subsistence stories are told in the winter, as reminders of our eternal thanks to more-than-human kin of the land, sea, and air for their sacrifices that enable our survival in the Subarctic.

Storytelling has rules. We must never brag or boast, especially of our harvests for the animals consider that to be the highest level of disrespect. We must never complain, especially of the weather for it could always be worse, change on a dime. As Unangam Tanangin currents are known to do. There are ways to talk about discomfort, through metaphor. We must not upset the balance of reciprocity, or our existence made possible through maintaining human and more-than-human kin relations. Of course, that does not mean that sometimes a boastful word is not uttered. There are consequences for these violations reinforced in oral histories. Sometimes the violator will become the new story. Our stories are not stagnant. They respond to changing environments, changing social life. Will they respond quick enough to a changing climate? There is always a lesson.

Visiting as reciprocal, as exchange, upsets economies of scarcity. With one another, we are always rich. We carry the stories of Unanga's existence in place with us. This knowledge is valued, respected, honored. It is expected to survive. It is not a deficit, a chore. It is a welcome responsibility.

Visiting with plant medicines and gardens – Rebecca Beaulne-Stuebing

I have been thinking about visiting with plant medicines as part of my research practice, within and as part of the urban Indigenous communities of Toronto. Pluralizing 'communities' acknowledges the complex relationships in this place and that community members include older-than-humans. And so, I visit with plant medicines through caring for them in gardens as a research method. I have come to understand this as a way of doing Indigenous storywork (Archibald 2008) with plant medicines, what it means to learn from plants as teachers, to listen to the stories they have to share. In this process, I am a helper, learner, and listener, seeking to support the life of the gardens over time through all the stages of work: prepping, planning, planting, transplanting, watering, waiting, feeding, mulching, harvesting, processing, and giving away. These aspects of garden work are the practices involved in caring for medicines as a research method. Visiting, in this way, is a relationship of learning, time spent helping elder teachers. There are periods of activity, hard work, and also much time spent in quiet, resting presence as everything grows. There is a certain rhythm in a garden which reflects the rhythm of a place – the movement, sound, and pacing of the land. I take time with the seeds, the roots, the sprouts and eventually the flowers, tending carefully to medicine seedlings as I also tend to the structures of soil life, feeding them over time.

It is possible to communicate with these whole structures of soil life, a way of visiting throughout the season. Preparing compost tea, and sharing this with the soil, is one way of interacting with the soil, and all that lives in and around the earth. Compost tea is a brew made over time with a combination of plants, water, and air. We can extend this tea to our relatives over regular visits. I am also reminded to make tea for myself, to bring medicines into my body, too. Gardens move at their own pace, which sometimes feels too fast as I strive to keep up with a growing season. But approaching this work as a visit encourages deep breaths and present awareness, focusing on the relationships in the garden. I notice more. Visiting is a way of relating which has a slowness to it.

As part of my dissertation research, I cared for medicine gardens at four sites in Toronto, and at my home, over two years. The sites are known as the garden where the sumacs are, the garden where the maples are (both at so-called High Park), and the garden where the river is (along the so-called Humber River). I started medicine seeds at home, and shared these seedlings with community members in addition to growing them at the garden sites. The seedlings I grew, cared for, planted and distributed included ceremonial tobacco, sweetgrass, prairie sage, yarrow, rudbekia, wild bergamot, strawberries, and marshmallow. I learned about the relatives who were already growing in each place, the goldenrod, asters, lamb's quarters, burdock, and sumac, even the so-called invasive relatives like dog strangling vine, who are teachers, too. I also tended to three sisters gardens in the second year – corn, beans, and squash – alongside other relatives like sunflowers and strawberries, planted in mounds as part of whole ecologies.

Visiting with plant medicines is one way of learning from them as elder teachers, in relation to specific places, lands and waters. This involves spending time as a helper, learning to communicate, and coming to relationships of consent. Time spent in a place, in this way, can help us to come to be in good relation with all of the beings there. In caring for gardens, I am watching, waiting, and noticing how the medicines live, what their needs are, and what they are saying. There are messages everywhere, from the colour of leaves to the dryness of the soil. Visitors, too, like insects will share messages about the conditions for life in a place – especially when the environment is under stress. Over time, I can come to understand the needs of the medicines, the soil, the place. I can better realize my role as a helper, coming to know what it means to care for the land and all who are living there.

To make a visitation – Eve Tuck

Over the past ten years, I have written a triptych of essays with different configurations of collaborators on themes of haunting, justice, grief, and visiting. For now, there are three essays, titled *A Glossary of Haunting* (Tuck and Ree 2013), *Before Dispossession, or Surviving It* (Angie Morril, Eve Tuck, and the Super Futures Haunt Collective, 2016) and *Visitations (You are Not Alone)* (Tuck and Recollet, 2018). Someday there may be more essays in the series. All three essays are organized as a glossary, a set of alphabetized yet-unstandardized entries authored by a composite-voiced narrator who, themselves, is a visitor. A future ghost, a monster, a revenge-seeker, a window shopper; one who remembers, one who won't let you forget. Truly, that narrator visits me easily; they are always at my elbow, tugging.

I have long been curious about the generative, almost poetic, recursive meaning of the words visiting and visitation. There is a slippage that can happen between them – visiting and visitation – that I find compelling. A visit, a noun, a chance or planned time set aside to be together. Visiting, an activity, something we are doing now or do so often we are always doing it. A present tense activity. A presencing. A visitation is a word that combines both the visit and the visiting– the occurrence in time, and also what we are doing in that time. Visitation is the word used for scheduled visits with those whose time is shaped by incarceration, by a family separation. Visitation is also a gathering that some communities have when a loved one has died. It is to offer comfort, to remember, to mourn, to show up. So, I am curious about the little hoop of connections between visiting as an Indigenous feminist practice of meaning-making, presence, collaboration, and also as an Indigenous feminist form of collective grieving and mutual offering of comfort.

There is a theme of visiting and visitation that emerges between the second (Morrill, Tuck, SFHQ, 2016) and third (Tuck and Reollet 2018) essays in the triptych on haunting. In *Before Dispossession, or Surviving It*, there are two relevant entries under the headings *Visitations* and *Visitation-Spirit Lights*. The entries can be found between ‘Time Machine,’ and ‘Year 0’

Visitations

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

Visitation – Spirit Lights

I was standing at the sink washing the dishes and five or six, small bright lights appeared and spoke to me. They commented on what I was doing, washing the dishes. “Oh, it’s good you are taking care of your family.” They stayed for several days. If I made a cup of tea they would say, “That’s good you are relaxing and taking care of yourself.” They affirmed everything that I did, they told me I was good, I was doing good things. One day, after they had been visiting for nearly a week, they said, “You are going in a good direction. We love you. Goodbye.” And before I could say goodbye they were gone. Everything had changed. I can’t tell this story without crying. (Morrill, Tuck & Super Futures Haunt Collective, 2016, 17).

These themes reverberate, recirculate, amplify in *Visitations (You are Not Alone)*, an essay¹ that begins with epigraphs from Edouard Glissant, Lisa Lowe, and the entry above ‘Visitations.’ Nearly every entry in this section of the glossary is concerned with visiting, but this time, with dimensions of expectations, attention, intention, and assembling. There are entries on being from a place and being from somewhere else, of what Lowe refers to as ‘returning to the past its gaps,’ (2015, p. 175). The final entry in this section, too, is called *Visitations*

Visitations

A call and response can make a visitation. When I create a visitation, it is a remembrance of an old futuristic way of relating to place, non-human persons, and each other. I have a sense of the sovereignty of a place before we arrive, a sense that it will continue long after I have left– so my presence is meant to play a good part. Practicing visitation in a good way can be overshadowed, overburdened by the habits of touring, of settlement, of occupation. Visitation is the

way that we come together to comment on our togetherness, to attend to the changes afforded by time and our own agency. When I practice visitation, I am not visiting you. I am visiting our children's future homelands. I am *their* guest, not yours. (Tuck and Reollet 2018, 11)

I am referring to this set of essays in a strange way, I get it. It is because the narrator is both me, and more than me. Not all the time me, but sometimes me. Both me, and more than my collaborators. I remember the details of how these ideas got to a page, and who was washing the dishes. I remember all of the grief that seethes at the belly of the narrator who visits. At the same time, if you want to know what I think about visiting as an Indigenous feminist cosmology, this is how I think of it. As a thread that can be tugged, just like my elbow. As a preoccupation. As yes, 'an old futuristic way of relating to place, non-human persons, and each other.'

Writing in this essay alongside another Unangaꝥ scholar is especially significant to me, because of how important visiting is in Unangaꝥ cosmology. The stuff about being the guest of our children and their children is a massive animator in all of my thinking, but I am still learning about how much I want to say about that in academic writing. Writing with Haliehana is a chance to think this through a bit more, but maybe not in time for this particular publication. There is always going to be part of our thinking that is unspeakably important, happening out of reach for readers.

A desire for visiting

Some essays that we write are very tightly bound, made of small intricate loops. This one is a loose gathering, in part, because we are not trying to make it do too much. You ask us, what are Indigenous cosmologies or thought systems that inform our theoretical frameworks and research practices, and this is the answer. We picked up this stone, carried it in our pockets, and put it down here for someone else to pick up. We don't think a goal should be to overly define visiting as a practice, pedagogy, methodology or framework. Let's please not trademark it or try to nail it down.²

Visiting is a way to think about being present, in relationship, over time. This attention to relationship engages places, lands and waters, just as we can connect with other relatives – humans and more. In Rebecca's words,

I think about being a young person, on time spent with older ones, sharing tea. I think about playing cribbage around the kitchen table, walking through the bush with dogs close behind. I think of hummingbirds and offerings. These are memories of being with my late Métis grandmother. I also think about going to Midewiwin ceremonies, gathering cedar, cleaning that cedar, and the conversations that happen throughout. Collecting ferns and flowers, weaving them into sacred structures. I think about preparing food.

I am thinking about visiting from the perspective of a young person. I understand myself as a helper and learner at this stage in life. For example, I visit with asemaa, traditional tobacco used in Anishinaabe ceremonies, in gardens each year as I grow this medicine to share with community. As an Indigenous feminist practice, I am attending to the relationships in this process through careful listening, being a helper, and learning to communicate and come to consent at a spirit/beyond-physical level. Tobacco is activated through relationship. A tobacco plant, too, is not separate from the garden they are grown in, from the microorganisms in the soil, to the aphids who stick to their leaves, and the other medicines growing alongside them. Asemaa is also rooted in the stars, reflecting relationships to kin and constellations which

open to worlds in and beyond the sky (Recollet 2018). Growing asemaa, and other medicines, has become part of my research practice. Visiting has been central to this practice.

Visiting takes place in and through these practices of being together. And sometimes, the visits happen during the in-between times, moments when there is nowhere else to be.

In considering how visiting is an Indigenous feminist practice informed by the cosmologies of our communities, we think about visiting as a way to develop and sustain relationships. Our moments and memories shared here on visiting do not seek to tell the whole story, but rather, to add to the needed conversation of visiting in Indigenous contexts. Other Indigenous scholars have also described the importance of visiting practices as informed by their own contexts and cosmologies. Anna Corrigan Flaminio, Janice Cindy Gaudet and Leah Marie Dorion discuss Métis-specific ways of visiting with relatives and with the land. Building on the previous work of Gaudet (2019), the authors used a ‘kinship-visiting’ methodology to explore the correlation between the ‘way of visiting’ and wellness among Métis women (Flaminio, Gaudet, and Dorion 2020, 55). To reiterate Gaudet (2019), visiting is ‘vital to the continuity of living and being’ (47). All the relationships that matter need to be maintained, tended to, cared for. There is reciprocity in this process, necessarily, as no connection can be endlessly carried without reciprocal relation. There is engagement, too, with the whole environment, ecologies of relationships activated when we spend time together in places. Leanne Betasamosake Simpson (2014) describes land pedagogy as a process of learning *through* the land, rather than only learning about or from the land, as a process of Indigenous education central to living well. The land, and waters, and all of the more-than-human beings who make their homes in these places are complex constellations of life, made up of relations much older than us human beings (Watts 2013). In this way, humans can be humble learners seeking good relationships with all beings, in all of our practices and relating.

Notes

1. This essay was commissioned to be part of the catalogue of the exhibition #callresponse, co-organized by Tarah Hogue, Maria Hupfield, and Tania Willard, with works by Christi Belcourt, IV Castellanos, Marcia Crosby, Maria Hupfield, Ursula Johnson, Cheryl L’Hirondelle, Isaac Murdoch, Esther Neff, Tanya Tagaq, Tania Willard, and Laakkuluk Williamson-Bathory.
2. As an aside, when Eve had a chance to create a name for her Canada Research Chair, she did suggest that it be a Canada Research Chair in Visiting. But a visiting professor means something else in academia, so the university didn’t go for it.

Disclosure statement

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