

The Place of the Past: Remembering Australia

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ABSTRACT

It's hard to ignore the power of place in Australia's historical narrative: Botany Bay, Port Arthur, Myall Creek, and Ballarat all resonate in our national historical imagination. Place literally locates our individual and collective historical consciousness in the world around us—family, community and national narratives are bound by the places in which they play out. (Just think of the extraordinary annual pilgrimage to that place, Gallipoli.) But what do Australians actually think about historical places such as these? And how do they place themselves in the past?

This paper draws on interviews with 100 Australians to explore the meaning of place in Australian history, and notes that even the past itself has become a 'place' of sorts in our historical consciousness.

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Reflecting her love of fish and fishing, she has also recently finished a history of fishing in Australia, which will be published in 2017.

The Place of the Past: remembering Australia

A few years ago—pre-mortgage and pre-kids—I travelled around Australia with my partner in a battered old 4-wheel drive. We wanted to fish our way around the country. Up the east coast we drove, camping by beaches and rivers to Cape York. Then across the Gulf of Carpentaria, before driving on to the Top End, the Kimberley and then down the West Coast and along the Great Central Road to Uluru.

We ticked off our bird book and fish identification guides as we dotted our way along. Like a long, snaking line of Morse code criss-crossing the continent, our trip resembled those confident maps of explorers' journeys in school textbooks. And, thanks to my understanding companion, I eagerly overlaid our own dots onto some of those historic ones: we crossed paths with Leichhardt's journey to Port Essington, Burke and Wills' camps in the Gulf of Carpentaria, and Lasseter's cave in Central Australia; we traced our hands over vivid Indigenous art in remote caves in Central Australia, and Bunuba resistance sites in the Kimberley.

These places got into my pores, and I was reminded of British economic historian R.H. Tawney's comment that to be a good historian, you need a good pair of boots—or a clapped out Toyota with no air-con, in our case. But there was one particular pilgrimage that got me thinking in a more scholarly sense about the importance and complexity of place in our connection to the past. (Although it bears remembering that such collective pronouns, while linking 'us' together, also have an unhelpful resonance in places and histories that simultaneously **exclude and elide and silence**, as well as connect.)

Gab and I arrived in Burketown after a particularly hairy trip along the Burke Development Road. Nearby Escott Station was our destination.

Escott was established in 1884 and, despite battling through a severe drought the year we visited, it still ran thousands of head of cattle over its thousands of hectares. Until recently, the station had even run a thriving 'Barra Lodge' for fishing enthusiasts like myself. Now it was being rapidly destocked, and the manager wasn't particularly keen on visitors.

For once I wasn't interested in throwing in a line but the place of Escott and its history: my great-grandfather Norman [PPT] had owned the station a hundred years ago and had lived there, and later at the nearby Robinson River station near Borrooloola, until his death in 1946.

In the first decades of the twentieth century, when my family were there, Escott was perched on the margins of Australian settlement and straddled what can only be described as a troubling and terrifying Queensland frontier between white pastoralism and violent Indigenous dispossession.

I came across a ranting, self-published book by Norman, titled *White Australia: The Empty North*, while I was researching material for the book this paper is based on. In it, he described the precariousness of station life. It was several weeks' travel from Brisbane and Sydney by boat, law was local and often violent, public infrastructure was almost non-existent and health treatment was sporadic and inventive.¹ (And that was as a privileged, white land-and stockowner.)

Norman dreamed of unlocking the 'frontier' for pastoralists, miners and industry. He obviously thought of himself as a visionary, but was actually a bit of a crank—possibly even a public nuisance—and his book is filled with slightly crazed, ingratiating letters to numerous politicians and establishment figures about the need to support his great plans to industrialize this so-called 'empty' land.

Despite that, he certainly wasn't wrong about Escott's remoteness. One hundred years later, Gulf Country still felt an awfully long way away from anywhere. [PPT]

Gab and I had a beer at the pub, we stocked up on supplies at the store—I vaguely remember a \$10 cabbage—and we made our way over to the Information Centre on the edge of town to get directions.

I mentioned to the volunteer that I was looking to visit Escott station. *What do you want to do that for?* he asked, incredulously. Escott had clearly stopped being a marker on the tourist map.

I was undeterred. *Norman McIntyre's my great-granddad*, I said. And I explained that I wanted to learn about the life he'd made for himself and his family.

The guy at the office waved out the window at a hulking, rusty engine shell on the lawn. 'That's his tractor!', he laughed. [PPT]

And then he turned around and pointed to a row of pictures behind him: thumbtacks pinned a line of laminated photos around the plasterboard walls of the demountable, copies of which I remembered seeing in an old spiral-bound family history written by my great aunt Peggy. [PPT]

There were photos of Aboriginal people standing next to giant sacks of salt they'd scraped off the marshes at Escott at the turn of the century; of Peggy and my grandfather Jock being watched over by a young Aboriginal domestic servant in the garden; and of the family standing in front of giant termite mounds in the bush and on the steps of the station house.

Then we drove out there: through the dry, dusty scrub; over old causeways, past mangroves and towards the homestead. We walked around the stockyards and the house, along beaten paths and past old sheds. Having a connection to this place made it feel less remote, somehow. And I felt myself peering across the landscape through the lens of an earlier generation. [PPT: Escott stn]

It was as if I'd been given an entrance to understanding Escott, maybe even belonging to it—and that connection allowed me to imagine myself into its past.

I'm not alone in that popular historical pilgrimage. Heritage groups, genealogical societies and community history organisations are actively engaging communities around the country, and are avid producers and consumers of history, drawing on place as a powerful historical hook. The Federation of Australian Historical Societies represents about 1000 groups,

including nearly 100,000 members, and there are around 3000 local and community museums.²

The phenomenon of mass travel has unlocked places previously out of reach to ordinary people (due to distance or cost, or both), and the growing digitisation of archives and reach of the Internet has enabled unprecedented **virtual** access to places and their pasts.³ Australians' connection to the past has never been more piqued, it seems. And the idea of place is critical to that flourishing **historical consciousness**.

By historical consciousness, I mean both the ways people orient themselves in time, and the historical and cultural contexts which shape their sense of individual and collective memory.⁴ People live both **in time** and **with time**.

'Human beings are history-makers', as the late Australian ethnographic historian Greg Denning once wrote. 'Of all the systems that are expressions of who a people are, the sharpest and clearest is their historical consciousness.'⁵

The influential German historical philosopher Jörn Rüsen described historical consciousness as *making sense* of the past.⁶ What's more, it covers '**every form**' of thinking about the past, he insisted, from 'historical studies' on one end of the spectrum to the 'use and function of history in private and public life' on the other.⁷

This is important, because it hints at a significant tension this paper turns on—between professional understandings of the history discipline, and a more vernacular historical sensibility, which was encapsulated in that moment looking out across the scrub at Escott. (Through that place I felt I was inhabiting its history, and yet also realised the impossibility of this.)

That tension has been at the heart of recent historiographical debates about what history is, and who makes it, which have increasingly come to the fore among the historical profession.

Yet those public and professional conversations about the meaning of history to Australians rarely include the voices of people themselves. What does history mean to us, as individuals and communities? How do we place ourselves in the past?

I guess it was that desire to include quotidian perspectives that was the prompt to try and map historical consciousness in Australia—to explore the attitudes of ‘ordinary people’ alongside public historical discourses, contemplating themes of historical engagement and inheritance, as well as commemoration, place, and contestation.⁸

To find those elusive historical meanings, I decided to talk with people from around the country. I wanted them to speak in their own words about what history means to them: how they relate to their local and family histories, and how they engage with Australian history more broadly.

In the end I picked five communities that broadly reflect the geographical, cultural and socio-economic diversity of Australia from which to invite (or co-opt) my participants: Marrickville (a municipality and suburb in inner Sydney), Chatswood (a community in Sydney’s affluent north shore), Brimbank (a multicultural and working class community in outer western Melbourne), Rockhampton (a large country town and regional hub in Central Queensland), and Derby (a remote town with a large Indigenous population in far North-western Australia).

Place is critical in this study, because it’s a narrative anchor that *locates* our individual and collective historical consciousness in the world around us. Family, community and national narratives are bound by the places in which they play out. ‘Our sense of place and of history are inextricably intertwined’, writes American public historian David Glassberg.

Given that, it’s probably unsurprising that participants in this project repeatedly acknowledged the historical significance of place in their own lives—particularly in relation to their memories of childhood.

Is there a special place that connects you to the past? I asked Stacy, in Sydney’s Marrickville:

It’s not necessarily a place, it’s the whole of Sydney. It’s just this vibe that you feel in your bones. And unless you were born in Sydney, you don’t have it. I got the ferry the other day and went to Watson’s Bay, and just, the wind in your hair and, it’s just wonderful. That’s my special place.

For a number of participants from migrant backgrounds, moreover, their historical connection to place was tied to where they had *come from*, echoing geographer Doreen Massey's observation that 'the characterization of place as home comes from those who have left'.⁹ Anu from Chatswood said it was the homes she had lived in as a girl in India and London that she sought out in her travels: 'It's these sort of structures', she explained. 'When I went back to the UK for the first time three years ago, that's where I went. I just walked around to my old school and old house.'

For Yasmini, a first-generation Greek-Australian, a visit to Greece as a young adult assumed almost biblical significance: 'I remember going there and wanting to be there with such a passion that I wanted to kiss the ground when I arrived, because for me, it was like completing a circle.'

A place from her parents' history particularly resonated with Deborah, a member of a Chatswood synagogue:

'I think the place that I felt really connected to in the past was the concentration camp that my parents were in', she explained. 'I went there with my children when I first went back to Czechoslovakia in the early 'nineties, after the fall of communism. And we went out there on a very cold winter's day, and had like a private tour by a Jewish guy, and it was unbelievable.'

[PPT: WDYTYA] These yearnings for the past through place are echoed in TV shows such as *Who Do You Think You Are?* and *In Their Footsteps*, in which place and past are merged—sometimes problematically—and the **journey** of the show's protagonist/subject **activates access to the past**: Mal Meninga travelled to Vanuatu; Delta Goodrem to rural Victoria; Rebecca Gibney to a Maori Marae in order to uncover their family history.

The popular success of these shows **hinges** on a trope of historical pilgrimage—a 'genealogical quest'—to tell not only personal histories through time, but *excursions* through place.¹⁰ What's more, such programs 'endorse the idea that it is places that yield the emotional understandings that the participants crave, and that only by experiencing these places will one gain unmediated access to the past', writes historian Michelle Arrow.¹¹

Beyond those pilgrimages of historical composure and self-discovery, participants also explained how they connected to the past through place in their day-to-day lives. At the Rockhampton Historical Society, Julia described an everyday historical 'pilgrimage': a short drive to the place where her parents were memorialised at the North Rockhampton cemetery. 'I like to sit there, actually, and just reflect', she said. 'It's so beautiful there, looking to the mountains, and I really feel connected there.'

Speaking in her group at the Rockhampton CWA, Babette described how her extended family's connection to the land had become inseparable from her sense of self: 'that farm's been a long time in the family and it sort of gets, you know, to be part of your life'.

Urban participants also articulated a deep historical attachment to place, which they explored in their interviews. When I asked the Chatswood Bushcare Group about places that connected them to the past, Amelia said it was visiting the George's River in Sydney.

'I spent so much time playing around Lugarno on the George's River, where the punt went across while my father fished for blackfish', she described. 'And after he died, there was a lovely fish restaurant there, and after he died all I sort of wanted to do was go down, sit at this restaurant and look at the river.'

For Sarah, similarly, it was a Sydney landmark that resonated:

'my dad was very closely connected with Sydney Harbour, and when he died I had this, and my family, we just spent a lot of time around the harbour', she said. 'And it was part of a sort of coming to terms with his life and the loss of him. And now, Sydney Harbour and the Harbour Bridge *powerfully* reminds me of my dad. It's a really, you know, strong connection.'

While real places acted as important physical sites of participants' life stories, locating (and relocating) their memories in time and space, a number of migrant participants also described in their interviews the special places they **couldn't** visit but were conjured **sensorially** in Australia. At a Marrickville migrant resource centre, Madisah and Thanh poignantly described how certain aspects of Sydney piqued their historical imaginations and evoked a sense of place from their countries of origin:

And is there a special place that connects you to the past?

Madiah: If I go to any old houses, very old, like antique sort of house, then I feel like I'm connected. I don't know why!

Thanh: For me, it's the weather. I feel that it's Vietnam—especially a moody day, it reminds me a lot.

Madiah: I think it might be because in Bangladesh we have a lot of old British houses—and my grandparents used to live in one—so maybe that's why when I go and see an old antique house, that's why I feel connected.

Such comments reflect the complex, redolent relationship between memory and the senses, where our historical consciousness is **embodied** by sensory experiences.¹²

They also recall the French historian Pierre Nora's insistence on the complexity of locating place geographically, since 'place' infers a site of meaning and memory beyond any markings on a map. 'Some places, while retaining no tangible remnants on the ground, can still have a powerful hold on popular imaginings', write historians Paul Ashton and Paula Hamilton.¹³ Indeed, adds Leif Jerram playfully, places 'need not have a geographical location at all—like heaven, or Hogwarts'.¹⁴

To that end, while these interviews confirm the importance of place to people's individual historical consciousness, they're also suggestive of a popular desire to locate and experience historical memory as foreign and exotic. Participants consume the past seeking self-identity, belonging and historical connectedness, but that historical imagination also extends to **seeing and understanding** lives beyond their own.

In several conversations, participants described the urge to make those imaginative leaps beyond their own immediate familiar and familial pasts, to empathise with and recoil from the historical lives of others. For some, such as Daniel from the Chatswood Bushcare group, this simply meant visiting places where history 'was made'. *Being there* was a crucial part of that process of historical imagination: 'This is where it happened', he said. 'This is real. It's not just history in a book.'

That desire to see *real* history, as Daniel calls it—to literally step into the past—has boomed in recent decades. Re-enactments crowd the Civil War battlefields in the US; historic sites,

heritage trails and battlefield pilgrimages strive for authenticity and accessibility in their competition for the history tourist trade; while monuments and markers to the past such as the Burke and Wills DIG tree are threatened by an explosion of hardy visitors in 4-wheel-drives.¹⁵

In other words, these **places** of the past facilitated not only a connection to the past, but a historical journey or adventure, for participants like Tony.¹⁶ ‘Wherever you go in Australia, there’s always a small museum or there’s *something* to remind you of the history of the area’, he continued. ‘Even in the smallest town, usually there’s a museum of some kind.’

Historians have long advocated walking in the ‘footsteps’ of the past to access the experiences of previous generations. In a series of beautiful perambulatory essays in 1985, biographer Richard Holmes famously followed the journeys of Robert Louis Stevenson, Mary Wollstonecraft, Shelley, and Nerval—as a way of pursuing and contextualising their lives.¹⁷

Place was just as essential for Sarah Murgatroyd’s brilliant history of Burke and Wills, which was framed by the author’s methodical retracing of the explorers’ doomed journey across Australia. And in her study of early Sydney, Grace Karskens literally immersed herself in the archeology and material culture of the city, as well as the archives, to create her scenes of colonial life.¹⁸

Tom Griffiths describes this sort of ‘**place-work**’ that historians do to conjure the past in his stunning recent book, *The Art of Time Travel*. Be it in remote central Australia, or The Rocks in Sydney, or the Monaro, many historians use place as an historical mediator.¹⁹

These interviews reveal that place-work isn’t simply a narrative device used by professionals, but a common and lived experience for many ordinary Australians, as Daniel’s comments about *real* history attest. Many of us share that desire to ‘be there’, and see where ‘history happened’.

At the Derby Bowling Club, Tanya explained how certain local places connected her to the past in that process of historical imagination: ‘You can see it and be walking on that place’, she said. ‘Like, “This is where this happened”, and, I don’t know, it’s a bit closer.’

In its concrete literalness, place has the capacity to ‘anchor’ memory and history.²⁰ In doing so, it can cast the past to be as real as the very ‘place’ before our own eyes.

Yet that tendency to ground and locate our collective and individual pasts in place also has the effect of essentialising it. Place *feels* objective because it’s elemental and autonomous, but we infuse it with meaning like any other historical artefact, as the late geographer, Doreen Massey, insisted: ‘it is absolutely **not** a seamless, coherent identity, a single sense of place which everyone shares’, she wrote.²¹

Discussion among the Chatswood youth group demonstrates that the significance of place in our historical consciousness is relative, to say the least:

Is there a special place you associate with the past?

Jed: Probably just hangin’ out at the skate park with friends.

Samantha: Not really.

One person’s pilgrimage is another’s exodus; sites infused with significance may mean nothing to others; and the places we privilege and remember must be considered alongside those we forget.

That subjective fluidity of place was particularly prominent between Indigenous and non-Indigenous participants.²² In the Kimberley, a number of non-Indigenous locals described how the place and its history had **grown** on them over the years, how they had become increasingly interested in and connected to its past by being in the place itself.

Yet for several Aboriginal participants, that place was frequently mentioned in the context of coercion rather than sentiment.

Derby elders, Jenny and Violet, were desperately trying to consolidate knowledge of their traditional country up the Gibb River Road, which their families had been removed from decades earlier. Hannah from Derby described how her parents grew up in Moola Bulla, in the Kimberley. ‘But, you know, they used to recall going hungry and having to sleep under the house, because they didn’t have any proper shelter. They were just taken there on trucks and left to their own devices. You know, and the government took them away from

loving families to a situation like that.’ Another spoke of being sent to an Aboriginal hostel in Derby as a boy in the 1960s.

Such comments show that while place is a vital ‘way of seeing, knowing and understanding the world’, it also reflects the inevitable subjectivity and elision of our individual and social memories. ‘The word “place” hides many differences’, argues geographer Tim Cresswell.²³ Despite its capacity to locate and consolidate our historical consciousness, the idea of place also offers possibilities for divergent and counter histories and understandings.

While place has the capacity to **make** historical consciousness, it is also **made** by it.

‘Whether you are studying the North Pole, Antarctica or the Gobi Desert, going there may provide you with a particular connection with place’, Ann Curthoys and Ann McGrath described in their historical guidebook, *How to Write History that people Want to Read*. Responses to place can provide not only analytical insights, they offer, but also a more ‘romantic’ and intuitive engagement with the place being researched.²⁴

And that can be problematic. As US history educationist Sam Wineburg has tirelessly advocated, skills of historical thinking demand critical faculties, which don’t come naturally, and require historical and pedagogical expertise to teach well: an ability to interrogate historical sources (such as ‘place’), to negotiate different perspectives and to reconcile historical values with contemporary judgements.²⁵

When the anthropologist Raymon Madden went back to his hometown in rural Victoria as an exercise in exploring place and memory, he reviewed his own past and place with new lenses—academic, Indigenous, critical—and noted how different that place felt.²⁶

Given that, it bears asking just how **knowing** was my historical gaze out across the dusty savannah at Escott station, for example? Could I really imagine myself into that world?

The late, and wonderful, historian Inga Clendinnen in her analysis of this ‘History Question’, as she called it, criticised writer Kate Grenville for doing the same thing: for feeling and intuiting her way into colonial Sydney. Grenville had mentioned a revelatory moment standing at the gunwales of a ferry across Pittwater on a boat pitching and rolling on the

swell. 'I was terrified', she explained. 'I was gripping the gunwale like Thornhill [the main character in her historical novel, *The Secret River*], and I suddenly tasted the salt on my lips, and I realised that I was more frightened than I had been for many years.'²⁷

Clendinnen was scathing in response. She had earlier warned against harbouring 'the eerie conviction' that people from the past 'are simply ourselves in fancy dress'.²⁸

That debate brings us back to that early tension I alluded to in the beginning of his lecture—between the professional and the popular—when it comes to historical engagement.

'In popular memory, the *distance* from the past prized by professional historians takes second place to being *present* in the past, to the language of immediacy, spectacle and recreation', writes Mark McKenna.²⁹ Can we ever inhabit the past as a place—as we might inhabit our neighbour's holiday house, or a cave by the beach?

Because 'Any good history begins with strangeness', argued the American environmental historian Richard White. 'The past should not be comfortable ... The past should be so strange that you wonder how you and people you know and love could come from such a time.'³⁰

Influential scholars such as David Lowenthal, Pierre Nora and John Tosh are similarly unsettled by the impulses of memory and popular history, unregulated as they are by the scholarly scaffolding of endless peer-review, research and historical training. Like 'other tourists, those to the past imperil the object of their quest' warns Lowenthal.³¹ Nostalgia is the enemy of critical historical engagement.

Yet it seems that History with a capital 'H' can be the enemy of *any* sort of engagement, if you listen to popular historian Paul Ham, since many texts don't lend themselves to a wide readership. 'Academic historians occupy an unenviable place in the intellectual firmament', he provocatively argues. 'With a few glamorous and brilliant exceptions ... they tend to stick to their university departments, producing articles and essays that are almost universally unread.'³²

The key, insists Ham (confirming my participants' comments), is in the storytelling. 'Great popular histories, are written in a rich narrative style, with a strong authorial voice and an intimate sense of character and **place**', he says.³³

And in Ham's defence, historical fiction (that most imaginative of historical '**journeys**' and '**places**') is consumed with fervour by Australians. (By the end of 2008, for example, Grenville's *The Secret River* had sold close to 500,000 copies.)³⁴ Like popular non-fiction, its success hinges on its capacity to create emotional connections to the past, and to recreate a believable place.³⁵

'Novelists working with the past have to create historical worlds that are so richly furnished and completely realized that their readers can actually inhabit them, often for days at a time', writes US historian David Harlan. 'To create such worlds they put down layer after layer of tiny, now almost forgotten details: how bedpans were emptied, how turnips were stored, how quilt patterns were named, how bodies were washed.'³⁶

In 1996 novelist David Malouf in conversation with Helen Daniel about his novel, *Conversations at Curlow Creek*, described the power of what they called 'fictive' history and its implications for 'real' history:

Our only way of grasping our history—and by history I mean what's really happened to us, and what determines what we are now and where we are now— the only way of really coming to terms with that is by people entering into it in their imagination, not by the world of facts, but by being there. And the only thing which really puts you there in that kind of way is fiction.

So place is both problematic and essential in historical consciousness. The place of **place** in these historical debates is fascinating, because, as we have seen, its power to locate is essential to historical engagement.

The past is both 'a foreign country' as American historian David Lowenthal famously intimated, as well as being intimately linked with our own individual and collective narratives.³⁷

In fact, quips Harlan, the success of popular history—such as historical fiction—has created

something of a 'crisis' in the academy. 'We academic historians do not know quite what to make of all this', he admits. 'We are delighted to see so many people interested in the past, of course,' but are concerned when these popular interpretations of the past are 'little more than historical melodramas, long on misty nostalgia but short on critical analysis.'³⁸

To be sure, international studies have increasingly recognised the need to broaden our conception of history to reflect the many ways we make history, and consume it. German historian Stefan Berger notes 'the importance of other genres to the evolution and shaping of national narratives'. Rüsen himself similarly advocates a much wider definition of historical practice: 'History is much more than only a matter of historical studies', he maintains. 'It is an essential cultural factor in everybody's life.'

My research confirms that ordinary people aren't all that interested in reading the latest scholarly works. Most people get their history from familial and popular sources such as *Who Do You Think You Are?* or *DNA Nation*, from family and local history groups, from visiting places literally or via the imaginative possibilities of fiction, film. I'm sure my partner learnt more about Australia's colonial history watching the ABC mini-series of Grenville's *Secret River* than he had ever read in the pages of a history book.

Given that, surely there is an obligation on historians to try and understand the methods and contexts of these colloquial histories and contemplate their influence—especially that sense of history as a **place** of proximity.

Ultimately it is in understanding that tension—a creative tension, perhaps—between the need for critical distance from and proximity to the past, which will continue to frame these historical discussions. Tom Griffiths describes it as history's 'double quest': it's a dance 'between the past as familiar (and continuous with our own experience) and the past as strange (and therefore able to widen our understanding of what it means to be human)'.³⁹ 'All history is a negotiation between familiarity and strangeness', adds British historian Simon Schama.

While some historians worry that popular history privileges nostalgia over judgement and critique, it's also clear that this widespread public consumption of the past—what Jerome de Groot calls a historical 'enfranchisement'—sates a collective and individual desire to

participate in memory making. History's increasing inclusivity has broadened not only access to historical practice but historical subjectivity itself.⁴⁰ And Clendinnen herself admitted that historians 'have to live with the fact that ordinary people are practising historians too'.

Critically, this democratisation of history has also expanded of our understandings of historical consciousness to include everyday, vernacular historical engagement. Just as the iterations of public and academic histories play subjectively into the ways we think about the past, popular histories—occupying a distinct and influential 'place' in our historical consciousness—are difficult to generalise.⁴¹

History may be a foreign country, but it's one that defines our identity and speaks to a popular need to link the past and the present. Clearly there's a catch to this urge to place **ourselves** in the past, but there is no denying the past lives on all around us: we continuously inhabit it and it inhabits *us*.⁴²

Endnotes

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