11 Frictions in Paradise: Facing Facts

> "Yes: if, owing to the work of oblivion, the returning memory can throw no bridge, form no connecting link between itself and the present minute, if it remains in the context of its own place and date, if it keeps its distance, its isolation in the hollow of a valley or upon the highest peak of a mountain summit, for this very reason it causes us suddenly to breathe a new air, an air which is new precisely because we have breathed it in the past, that purer air which the poets have vainly tried to situate in paradise and which could induce so profound a sensation of renewal only if it had been breathed before, since *the true paradises are the paradises that we have lost*" (Proust 1999 [1927]: 259-261, emphasis added).

This chapter follows four interlocutors of this study as their imaginations and aspirations about Jamaica are confronted with local facts and experiences that result in unexpected boundaries. For these women, cultivating the dream of returning to their homeland, actual return migration and return visits become a reality check. Here, return aspirations are also intertwined with female desires for social mobility and living the 'good live' in Jamaica upon return. The return intentions that started from an inward wish and process to leave Montreal due to negative experiences will, for some women, be interrupted or shifted in the light of the emergence of new socio-cultural boundaries, differences that ground in being alienated from local social life and certain customs. While in Montreal, the interlocutors rarely feel a sense of belonging, they construct their identity around images of belonging to an ethnic homeland. However, upon return, some experience ethnic marginalization because they are seen as foreigners (see Kim 2009). Similar to Kim's study on Korean Americans, the women's returns result in the process of re-experiencing their "struggles with race, ethnicity, nationality, and culture" (ibid. 306). Their 'otherness' (cf. Spivak 1985) here is primarily based on cultural differences. Therefore, the study explores the frictions and adjustments made by the interlocutors under these circumstances. Several aspects hereby emphasise the 'in-between' positionality (Bhabha 1994) and 'special' status of these women. Thus, difficulties in making friends, problems regarding their accents, loneliness, feelings of being an

outsider, financial pressure, familial responsibilities, culture shock and aspects of resentment as well as having to accept things as they are will be analysed.

11.1 House of Horror

Her voice sounds hollow over the phone as if she is calling from a faraway place. "I am coming to town next Monday", she grunts into the telephone. A long, deep sigh came from the other end of the line when I asked her if everything was all right. When I picked her up at the bus stop on Monday afternoon, nothing was left of her happiness and motivation at our 'goodbye' at the airport. "I am so frustrated […]" she affirms. Her family reunification was not going as she expected. She arrived at the property in a happy mood, feeling great to be back home. When she got there, her sense of well-being was quickly shattered after she realized that the house was not in good condition: The roof and some tiles needed urgent fixing, the water pipes were leaking, and the formerly beautiful garden looked more like a neglected jungle. Above all that, the expensive kitchen appliances that Ms. Brown had shipped to Jamaica were not in the house. Her sister had never cleared them at the wharf, which requires paying customs charges and handling fees. The monthly money transfers (remittances) to her sister were no longer used for the house since Jodi had lost her job recently. Instead of telling Ms. Brown about her difficult economic situation, she used the money to pay her expenses. As a result, the mortgage payment as well as the electricity bill had not been made for two months. To make things worse, her cousin's family moved (without paying rent) in the other side of the two-story residence, which was thought to be Ms. Brown's upon her return. After confronting her sister, they had a great quarrel that left her feeling rejected in her own house. "They want me to pay for everything […]. I'm honestly in shock", she goes on in a broken voice. Ms. Brown's family was not expecting her to 'really' coming back to the house they built through her income. They ridiculed her, teasing her with questions about her intention to come back to this countryside place full of hardship and struggles for everyone and where she, after all, would be treated as an unknowing 'foreigner'. No, she was supposed to stay in her nice place 'up North', where everything was provided for her. Her sister finally reminded her that it was Ms. Brown's moral responsibility to take care of the problematic financial and familial circumstances since she was the only one in a successful living and monetary situation. The reminder of her being the 'foreign' breadwinner for her family hurt Ms. Brown deeply since she had never neglected her duty to provide and send money to her kin. She was left with feelings of guilt and a heavy heart: "The title [of the land] is in both mine and my sister's name, so that is a roadblock I have to face", acknowledges Ms. Brown. "I really thought they would make something out of themselves with all the money that I sent; dem just spent it on nonsense […]. I

tell you, dawg say him won't work, him wi' siddung an look fi him mus get a libin[1] [...]. No, I have the right now to come back and stretch my foot after all these years of hard work", she says. Realizing that being absent while her sister was supposed to build, renovate, and refurbish their grandmother's old house was a significant mistake. Seeing the house as being far from the romantic state she had wished it to be in was one thing, yet the experience of being back in her childhood village was another.

The flourishing area where her grandmother used to reside is impoverished and crime-ridden today. The former quaint little village was struck with unemployment and rural depopulation. Therefore, many houses were "for sale" or had been abandoned and most locals dream of getting away as fast as possible. Ms. Brown's sister who was ashamed about the situation, had not informed her because of the fear that Ms. Brown would have stopped sending monetary support or worse, might have looked around for a house somewhere else. After the disastrous effects of Hurricane Gilbert in 1988 and due to national and foreign policy changes that were introduced after the 1989 elections by the *People's National Party*, local demographic changes in the village occurred. Young people were trying to make it in the urban centre of Kingston or trying to get a visa to migrate to North America. In the following years, even at the time of Ms. Brown's last visit in 1993, the former peaceful countryside shifted. Infrastructural problems and crime rates significantly increased until the millennium while property values and school ratings decreased. Hence, many families that Ms. Brown knew moved away and the people in the village felt strange to her. Ms. Brown, who thought she was well aware about the local situation, had to realize that her family had not informed her about the new conditions. After she fought with her sister, Ms. Brown decided to walk through the town, down the road to the local police station to talk to the officer on duty; however, the answers there were also not pleasing and aggravated the overall picture of the problematic situation. In addition, Ms. Brown knows that locals, who move on to better areas and leave behind people of lower classes, commonly abandon impoverished places. "Jamaicans don't gentrify places", she lets out with a heavy sigh. "I should have been more careful, you know, ask around and also try to read local news online or so, but I have to confess I feel like an alien. It seems like all this is a nightmare, as if I had driven into the wrong village", Ms. Brown stops after letting out the tirade about her sister. We walk, awfully quiet, on our way down the village road, both absorbed in thoughts.

Two days later at a bank institute in Kingston, Ms. Brown draws a number at the entrance and sits down to wait her turn. Only one cashier is open, and a young

1 Translation: The dog says he will not work; he will sit down and look, for he must get a living. Meaning: Some people prefer to wait on others to give them handouts instead of working for their own money.

woman is being served. Senior citizens are generally being offered the privilege to be seated until served instead of having to stand up in the often incomprehensibly long line at the counter. Ms. Brown wipes her face with her handkerchief and sighs with relief at the cool air spreading through the air conditioning system. She takes out her phone and waits. After half an hour, Ms. Brown starts to get annoyed. The line is not moving. When another half hour passes, the next cashier becomes available, who seems to be absorbed with logging into her computer. The line still does not move and there is no signal of her number on the small, flat screen. Ms. Brown gets up abruptly and heads right to the desk, "Excuse me what numbers are you serving here?" she asks in a clear voice and proper English. Other people from the queue agree, nod, or make comments about the incredible length of the waiting period. The cashier holds her head down and continues organizing her belongings. "Give me a moment, Miss," she says. Now furious, Ms. Brown demands to speak to the manager who, upon arrival, states, "Of course, you will be served next, Miss. Just take a seat, please". Another 30 minutes pass, and the young woman finally leaves the counter. The screen releases a clear 'beep' and, regrettably, does not display Ms. Brown's number. An elderly woman behind us gets up and makes her way to the desk. Ms. Brown whispers "Jesus have mercy" and sinks back into her chair. That day, Ms. Brown and I spent four hours at the bank to finish her account business. After leaving the institute, Ms. Brown is still angry and rants that she will file a complaint to the banking institute's headquarter about the waiting time and the unfriendly staff.

Another incident happened when Ms. Brown and I went to a local wholesale store, where Ms. Brown wanted to shop for some Jamaican products to take back to Montreal. It was Saturday morning, and many people were out for their weekend shopping. Accordingly, the line was relatively long. After standing nearly 20 minutes in line, finally, it was Ms. Brown's turn to be served. Suddenly, two men come into the wholesale store. With their hectic gestures and loud talking, they attract immediate attention. They stop and then they are standing right next to Ms. Brown. A blink of an eye later, one of them waves to the cashier, smiles and passes Ms. Brown by stretching himself around her and loudly ordering several items from behind the counter. Ms. Brown, seemingly overpowered by this boisterous behaviour, interjects, "Excuse me, I'm next in line". Before the sales clerk can give her an answer, the man turns around and barks, "Where you think dis is? Foreign? Me a get served now!"[2] While long lines are nothing unusual in Jamaica, it is also commonplace that people will bend themselves over or around you to be served or interrupt you to talk to an employee. From a Euro-Canadian perspective, this behaviour should be blocked or at least excused by the sales representative

2 Translation: Where do you think you are? Abroad? It's my turn now!

or the shop owner. Often, especially when a person protests, staff members pretend that they were not aware of who was there first. It can happen that someone will stretch his or her arm across your face while attempting to jump the line. At times, this can happen so subtly and fast that one might not even realize it. Often an individual appears, ignores the queue, orders, or puts money in front of the cashier, takes the products and disappears. The salesperson will proceed while not even looking up to see who is next in line to be served. These practices of serving customers who are not there are prevalent in certain places in Jamaica. If Ms. Brown had been more accustomed to the local procedure at the bank, she would have known the waiting time that comes with opening an account. Similarly, the situation at the wholesale store would not have seemed so strange to her or better; she would have known a different way of addressing the man and his 'line-jumping behaviour'. The act of being or behaving what Jamaicans call "street smart" could have saved her a lot of nerves and frustration. Furthermore, the incidences show that she is no longer used to specific customs and is estranged from claiming her right to be served (which is intimately interconnected with the skilful negotiation of the 'right' local price). The years of absence from Jamaica showed her that she has to readjust to current socio-cultural practices in her homeland.

While lines in Jamaica are slow, driving in Jamaica is fast. Ms. Brown never drove herself and insisted on only driving with official drivers who work for established taxi companies. In the countryside, where only minivans or route taxis[3] operate, this is not an easy task. Similarly, it is hardly possible to order a regular taxi from a company in the middle of Kingston's rush hour. After several unsuccessful attempts to call a driver, Ms. Brown decided on taking a regular route taxi. As we walk in the direction of the stand, a rushed conductor appears in front of Ms. Brown, "forward Miss, dis way, mi ave di best seat fi yuh"[4]. We take our seats in the back of the car, with a middle-aged worker already sitting in the front passenger seat. After exchanging greetings with her, we waited for the conductor to fill the last remaining seat. The engine of the car powered up the air-conditioning system that blew strongly while the back door and the driver door were still open. The route taxi driver, a 30-something man, scolds the conductor for robbing him of his money while not bringing in enough customers. He drops into his seat and steps on the gas pedal to let the engine roar, holding in his hand a sizable and carefully folded stack of Jamaican 100 dollar[5] notes. Finally, the conductor found more customers and a mother with two young children squeezes into the car. Ms. Brown, who sighs deeply, tries to fasten her seatbelt, but reaches behind her into

3 Note: Route taxis are cheap cabs that drive only one specific route from point A to point B. If passengers want to come off somewhere along the route they usually call for a "one stop".

4 Translation: Come on Miss, this way, I have the best seat reserved for you.

5 Note: 100 JMD (about one USD) is the regular route taxi fee.

a void. All the seat belts have been removed from the vehicle. The driver wipes his sweaty forehead with an old rag, mumbling some curses about the conductor and drives off honking his horn and wildly gesturing into the congested traffic. "Yo, move di vehicle now, boss", he screams to another driver and swings down the road, around potholes, and passes, whenever possible, at an incredible speed. The loud music is still hammering the newest Dancehall music out of the speakers in the trunk. He had been driving on the wrong side of the road for a good while and had driven across several unbroken white lines when Ms. Brown, seemingly afraid, asks the driver to slow down and keep to the traffic regulations. The driver, obviously amused, passes another car in a blind bend and only grunts "time is money, seen". Kindness is not something drivers have in dense traffic, and they cannot afford to sit back. Whoever is first at the route taxi stand will get the next full load of customers. For one drive the taxi driver earns 500 Jamaican dollars (100 JMD from each customer), minus the fee he has to pay for the conductor and minus the cost of gasoline. During rush hour, traffic moves slowly and rushing is the only way to make more money faster. Whoever can manoeuvre their car between two others in the adjoining lane the best is the winner. This can be a very hard-earned win as neither driver wants to be the loser. In general, route taxi drivers earn very little for a relatively demanding job, especially as some of them have to share the pay with the owner of the vehicle they drive. One thing is clear: Ms. Brown will never set foot in one of Kingston's route taxis for the rest of her life. Finally, we reached our destination safely, though shaken and Ms. Brown sweaty with fear.

Due to her rosy imaginaries that she nurtured through her memories about the 'good old days' in Jamaica, Ms. Brown had certain expectations before going back to Jamaica. These expectations clashed greatly with local 'realities' which gave her an immense 'culture shock'. Even though Montreal has its challenges, Ms. Brown now reflected on living with proper socio-economic institutions that, for the most part worked, as they should. In Jamaica, she experienced numerous situations in which she felt helpless or confused as a citizen. Whether running necessary errands at the bank, shopping, or simply walking by the roadside, many incidences showed her that she was used to a much more advanced infrastructural environment. After her return to Montreal she stated disillusioned, "I can't remember my people being so rude to one another". The lack of a feeling of community or a collective sense, which she had often described as such a significant traditional value and which she carried in her nostalgia all these years seemed to be lost, especially in her beloved village. The unforeseen rejection she faced on her revisit to Jamaica and specifically the quarrel with her sister and the state of the house deeply traumatized her. This was nothing that she would have expected nor anticipated from her relatives. The situation in Jamaica put her quickly expected return to the island into question.

11.2 Begging and Giving

"No, they beg too much, it's getting worse every year", Carol rants while I accompany her to the grocery store. We are on our way to shop for some spices and groceries for her Christmas dinner, and she is furious about an incident that happened on the street corner next to her holiday home yesterday morning. While we are driving past the street corner, her eyes darken and she recalls yesterday's eventful morning: She usually likes to walk down to the nearby fruit seller enjoying the morning sun. A group of young men sits lazily on the wall of the narrow corner road next to a gully, drinking rum shots from the nearby bar, listening to music and smoking. The area is typical of Kingston, where uptown neighbourhoods with exclusive townhouses are side by side with smaller, impoverished ghetto areas. However, this one is not a 'bad' one. In Jamaica, this means that no real crime or shootings happen, and Carol always carries a few coins for the youths. "Of course I want to help, you know. I think it is our duty to help where we can. But, this time I just said to myself, 'no'! So, I said, 'why are you just sitting around here? Get up and try to find a job, you're too young just to do nothing!' And you know what this rude boy said to me 'Mi no work fi people, Miss'[6], she exclaims, taking a deep breath. "Can you believe this? So I tell him, 'so where you think this money I give you is coming from?'", she says and begins a tirade about the ambivalent relationship that some local Jamaicans have to employment and receiving money for free, 'handouts' as Jamaicans say. While many work hard to improve their living situation, to send their children to school or to escape poverty, some seem satisfied with their current living conditions. Carol got angry about the situation on that day. However, visitors and returnees like her unintentionally preserve this culture of "begging and giving". The understanding is that as a Jamaican foreign national, if you come from abroad, you have the responsibility to give back to the local population. The belief that making money overseas is easier and quicker is common amongst locals and especially family members who stay-behind foster the belief that foreign family members are responsible for them.

Many returnees like Ms. Brown and seasonal travellers like Carol continuously hear anecdotes of suffering and desperation by the people they left behind and this often results in guilt-infused obligations to send money or give money away. In addition, many returnees or foreign nationals who come as tourists exaggerate their wealth and stage their pride of 'having made it' by displaying foreign consumer goods, extravagant clothing, and generous donations of money. Carol belongs to the first category of annually returning visitors who want to help. She knows the difficult socio-economic situation in her country through these visits and is informed about ongoing struggles with the economic and political disorder. Fur-

6 Translation: I don't work for people, Miss!

thermore, migrants such as Carol or Ms. Brown will never forget who helped them and gave them monetary and emotional support when they left Jamaica; especially Carol, who feels responsible for many relatives and villagers (and their descendants) who back then gave her money for her flight to Canada. Carol is what Paerregaard (1997) defines a returnee with a "moral" motivation driven by the wish to see her country better in the future or as she contextualizes "I really hope our small island can improve, and you know, mi still gi dem[7], because they don't even know how it is abroad! They only believe what they see on TV, mi cyan blame dem[8]". Carol is referring to a phenomenon that explains why many local Jamaicans firmly believe that 'foreign' is more desirable. This concept of 'foreign-mindedness' is strongly related to the TV shows aired, reports, and documentaries as well as social media channels and their positive images of wealth and a modern, urban lifestyle sent from North America to the Caribbean. Here, Carol always mentions the popular "Bill Cosby Show" as an example. These shows and similar formats transported the idea of the global North as a place of luxury, readily available consumer goods, and easy access to money into Jamaica's mental landscape.

With many Jamaicans aspiring to leave the country and seeking socio-economic opportunities in North America, it can be a challenging undertaking to explain to local people the returnees' desires to come back to the island. There is a stigma about coming back to Jamaica; it tries to identify if a person returns successfully or has failed abroad. Failure is closely tied to returnees who have been deported[9]. Success comes in the form of accumulated wealth and status. A Jamaican saying to a person who comes from abroad is 'watch that you don't get stale' referring to foreigners as typically being 'fresh', well dressed, well fed and well off. Therefore, not only the remittance sending culture to family and kin but also the local handing-out of money strengthens the image of the 'rich returnee'. While Carol's initial choice to migrate brought her into the category of a foreign national with a higher socio-economic status in Jamaican society over time, many of her family members and social relations, as well as material assets such as her holiday home, stay behind on the island. These cross-border ties and international relationships that she fosters every year through her travels also involve interdependencies between herself, her family abroad and her family and kin in Jamaica. Even though her interest in returning to Jamaica permanently no longer exists, her motivation to stay connected with those left behind remains, whereby 'guilt, responsibility and morality' are altogether effective and strengthening aspects (Waldinger 2017: 11). Carol lives a lifestyle that creates a fluid concept of 'home'. Through regular reconnection to her homeland, Jamaica, she upholds and refreshes her contextual knowledge about

7 Translation: I give them money nevertheless.

8 Translation: I cannot blame anyone for not knowing how it is outside of Jamaica.

9 See further on the phenomenon of Jamaican deportees (Plaza/Henry 2006).

significant changes and shifts in the local society each time. Therefore, Carol can manoeuvre herself in both the Canadian and Jamaican environment with relatively little friction. Hence, the identification of migrants who find themselves in a "space of liminality" (Turner 1969) does not hold for Jamaican women like Carol. There are no fixed spaces of transition; instead, there are oscillations of knowledge around an equilibrium point that is Jamaica (see chapter 12). The homes that her life encompasses are constantly recreated and bring together material, imaginative, and actual knowledge through mobility, transforming her into a "transcultural" (Welsch 1999) sojourner and citizen. When I asked Carol about home, she said, "You know there is still a difference between comfortable homes and homeland […] the more you know a place, the more accustomed you are, the more you feel at home. I feel at home in Toronto, I feel at home in Montreal, and I feel at home in Jamaica. But Jamaica is the place I feel most at home, although I prefer to live in Toronto".

11.3 Pitfall Expectations

The little takeaway shop stands out. The multi-coloured hut on the beachfront lures customers with the cliché that many know about Jamaica. "Cold Beer - Joint" is written in hand-painted letters on the board wall. We park our rental under a large Mahoe tree while several young men loudly argue about who may take charge of our car while we are at the beach, for a fee of some Jamaican dollars, of course. After Elisha negotiated the price, which seemed a little too high, we walked past the booth, down to the seaside. The dreadlocked bar owner behind the counter smiles cheerfully: "Just tell me when you're ready to order ladies". Elisha immediately books beach chairs, umbrellas, fried seafood, and drinks. Today, on her first day at the beach, everything should be perfect. "Oh my Gosh, look at this beach! I'm in paradise […]", Elisha sings animatedly. While a young employee drags our beach chairs and umbrella through the hot sand and a friendly waiter delivers the drinks, the tall, well trained bar owner casually approaches to talk to Elisha. "Where are you from pretty lady?" he asks with an alluring smile, "if mi was Babylon mi would a haffi charge yuh with the crime of sweetness cyan done![10]" The small talk at the beach that seemed to be nothing more than a regular flirt turned out to be Elisha's major field of interest in the next couple of weeks. Although I tried to add some healthy scepticism about his sweet promises, she was utterly fascinated by his casual manner, his appearance, and his dealings with her, calling her his "Nubian Queen". Elisha's previous romantic interactions in Montreal were mostly rooted in

10 Translation: Where are you from pretty woman? If I were a police officer, I would have to charge you for your never-ending sweetness!

her extended friends' network, and she dated exclusively men who had an Afro-Caribbean or African background. Over the course of the fieldwork, it dawned on me that for Elisha moving back to Jamaica not only had an ideational motivation of going back to the land of her ancestors to start her new life and her own business, but also had the purpose of finding a 'real' Jamaican man. Eventually, getting married and having children –who also felt a connection to their homeland– where important considerations. However, I kept out of this matter for the time being in the sense of non-intervention in the course of the field research.

Two weeks later, we visited her relatives. Driving up to the gated-community complex where her aunt and uncle reside, shed some light on why Elisha's image of Jamaica, besides her holiday trips as a child, is transfigured into white sandy beaches and high-end communities. Her maternal aunt excitedly waves before greeting us at the footsteps of their exclusive villa. The impressive interior design and lush garden behind the house together with the veranda and outdoor swimming pool merged into an overall luxurious impression of the 'good life'. "I'm so glad you're taking this long holiday to come to see us, darling", her aunt speaks with an accent that I identify as British. While we're taking a tour of the house, Elisha immediately explains to her aunt that she is not on holiday, but here to stay permanently in Jamaica and to start her own business. Her uncle, who just came from the garden, overheard the explanation and laughed, "Can you believe this child?" he says to his wife with a good amount of disbelief in his voice. "Well I'm glad you're here darling, at least for the time being", he finishes the conversation with a smile. After Elisha finished her extended road trip around the island, to waterfalls, beaches, resorts, and musical events as well as extensive nightlife events in Negril and Kingston, she stayed her last weekend with her relatives. From there she returned to Montreal with an ample set of positive traveling experiences, continuously enthused about her trips and all the 'beautiful people' she met. Over time her relationship with the bartender became more and more serious, and she texted and video-chatted with him and her 'new' local friends as often as possible. When she told her parents about her new friends, they were content to hear that their daughter integrated well into Jamaican society. Her sister remained sceptical and did not like the idea of Elisha being involved with a Jamaican man in Jamaica or as Debby said herself "Dem island boy gi too much trouble[11]". After returning to Montreal, Elisha infused her daily activities with the planning of her next trip to Jamaica. It was the sole topic of conversation. She worked overtime in the salon and even got a little side-job in a friend's bar, where she started working as a waiter to save money for the flight.

11 Translation: These 'island boys' will give you a lot of trouble. Meaning: Local Jamaican men will give you a hard time.

About six months later, Elisha called me with the 'good news' that she had saved enough money and prepared enough ideas for her next visit which was to determine where and how she would live and start her business. We were able to coordinate our travels again and Elisha came while I was already in Kingston. She landed in Montego Bay and started her trip by visiting her aunt again. From there, she tried to get into contact with numerous people to realize her idea of a business that sells organic and hand-made products from Jamaica to tourists. However, she recognized that getting access to Jamaican society outside of the fun and rather touristic endeavours of her previous trip was harder than she had initially thought. People often promised they would ask around and make contacts for her. Nevertheless, all these promises fizzled over time. Her accent always revealed her as an outsider, which resulted in uncomfortable situations such as overpricing in taxis, at local shops as well as monetary expectations of new 'friends' who thought she was rich. What bothered her the most was, however, the fact that no one identified her as Jamaican. The 'starting difficulties', as she called these incidents at first, were becoming more and more unpleasant. After a month, which Elisha spent in different parts of the island to inquire about her idea, she stayed in Kingston to get in touch with local retailers who already sell similar products. She thought she could maybe get a job there; unfortunately, these attempts were unsuccessful as well. Most of the time, people told her that they already had enough staff or that they were not interested. Elisha began to have self-doubts and was sure that she could not get a job because everyone perceived her as a foreigner. This feeling of being an 'ethnic outsider' made her vulnerable to the status of what Brubaker (2015: 30) labels as "ethno-cultural separation". Brubaker describes how ethno-cultural insiders intentionally single out specific characteristics such as accent or appearance to exclude newcomers from an opportunity they would be appropriate for in terms of education or know-how as a "deliberate strategy of insulation from surroundings" that are like in Elisha's case "economically disadvantaging" (ibid.). Accordingly, she was happy when her aunt and uncle invited her to visit them for the weekend. She hoped they were inviting some other younger people or even supporting her with an idea and asked me to join her.

Upon arrival, we met a retired couple, the Reid's, who were direct neighbours and also invited for dinner. Likewise, they were returnees, whom Elisha's relatives knew from Birmingham. The Reid's immigrated to the UK in the late 1950s. Mrs. Reid worked as a nurse; Mr. Reid was in logistics. They had been back for six years now and bought a house in the same community as her aunt and uncle. Their pensions, savings and children who still live in the UK secure their future and the Reid's annually travel to Birmingham to spent time with their grandchildren. However, their lives in Jamaica seemed to be filled with church and returnee association schedules that organize trips to see the island and to meet new people. Elisha's aunt adds, "We have at least two excursions each month, one with the church and one

with the association". Returnee associations provide significant support in re-integrating their foreign nationals back into society. However, especially in the case of English returnees, they often create exclusive spaces in their returnee enclaves (see further Horst 2013). Some returnees, so Horst, cultivate their "Englishness" and, therefore, socio-economic distinction from the main society, especially in terms of class and mannerisms (ibid.). Elisha's uncle and aunt were the generation of the migrants who emigrated to England following the "Windrush" (Hall 1999) generation. Before independence, many Jamaicans, who respected the Queen and England as the 'mother country' at that time came back with what Jamaicans call 'royal properness' and being 'more British than the English'. These returnees live in the hills of Jamaica so Goulbourne,

> "In a prosperous ghetto characterized by some English pastimes: tea in the afternoon, the cultivation and display of well-manicured lawns and gardens ordered for more aesthetic pleasure than practical use, which stand in sharp contrast to the utilitarian kitchen and fruit gardens of rural Jamaica" (Goulbourne 1999: 164 qtd. in Horst 2013: 1).

Similar to Elisha's uncle, Mr. Reid spends much time in his garden. He boasted about how green his lawn was this season and how many different varieties of fruits and vegetables he was growing. While having dinner on the terrace, with a view of the sunset over the Caribbean Sea, Elisha's aunt repetitively emphasizes the beauty of life in Jamaica, "It's just sad how some people have to live here", she says. Elisha asks what she means by this comment. Her uncle paraphrases, "My dear, there are good people in Jamaica like us, but they hide away behind their security guarded houses, you don't see them much as long as you are not part of this class. And then, there is a majority of bad people in Jamaica […]. That you should not mix and mingle with, it's dangerous", he closes. Elisha looks puzzled and Mrs. Reid continues, "When we came here, I always used to invite local people that I knew from earlier days to dinner, no one ever invited us back […] you can just wonder why they keep everyone so distant, especially the good ones". "And you have to protect yourself", adds Mr. Reid, "everyone thinks you have something to give. Fake friends will surround you with open arms and open hands telling you about their hardships". Hammond exemplifies in her research on return migration to Somaliland that returnees make strict distinctions between the mentality of locals who never lived outside the country and locals who spent time abroad, which can advance into a feeling of superiority (Hammond 2015: 44f.). Further, the distinction between successful and unsuccessful returnees holds here again. When Elisha's aunt brings the dessert, the stories continue about 'foolish returnees' who show off their wealth in public spaces, advertising their 'foreignness' and inviting people they hardly know into their lives. "Most of them come from America", Elisha's uncle states and I pick up a little contempt in his tone. In her article about transnationalism, Horst (2007)

points out that despite sharing an identity as 'returning residents', Jamaican migrants in England who returned to Jamaica re-established themselves on the island by committing to the community, i.e., through the involvement with returning resident associations, whereas United States returnees continue to travel between Jamaica and the United States. "And worse, darling, you cannot find a husband out here […] you would really have to look in the right places", her aunt adds as she refills the wine glasses. "Seriously aunty?", interjects Elisha angrily. She told me later how intolerable she found the debate about the two-class society and the lesson she was receiving through her relatives and their friends. "Most of the men here are really not on your level, hun, not like the men you know from Canada, their stage of thinking about women here is not the same", her aunt urges. The conversations continued along those lines over the entire weekend and Elisha was glad when we left Sunday evening. She was irritated by her relatives' debates and the "set-up" as she called the dinner with the Reid's. Throughout the weekend, she was frequently trying to shift the conversation to aspects that are more positive since she was still filled with the excitement of starting her new life in Jamaica. Elisha could not grasp why her aunt and uncle, as well as their friends were living pleasantly in Jamaica and at the same time trying to convince her not to come back. Unable to change the ongoing lectures, she just kept silent.

On our drive back to Kingston she says, "It's just because they're old, they're just grumpy and negative. It will be totally different for me!". Therefore, she was looking out for a local job, which she quickly found in an NGO in Kingston, where she was able to get to know many new people. Through her aunt's contacts, she found a small apartment where the rent was relatively low and the area was safe, but it was different from what she was used to before; frequent electricity cuts and sometimes a whole day without running water caused a sense of uncertainty for Elisha. In addition, the warnings from local people not to walk anywhere, also not near her apartment after dark, which can be as early as 6 p.m. depending on the season, frightened her. After she found out from her aunt that she needed to activate, the water tank supply in her apartment complex and learned how to save water in containers for dry days and to always having candles at the apartment, the romantic idea of living in paradise Jamaica slowly faded. Meanwhile, the voluntary job at the local organization, which provided after-school programs for children from marginalized inner-city communities, brought her eye-to-eye with the oftentimes harsh, local realities of Kingston's urban poor. There, Elisha encountered young children who grow up with the prevailing mind-set that everything from overseas is better and who dream of going to 'foreign' one day. "These children are completely brainwashed", exclaims Elisha one afternoon over coffee, "I tried to explain to them that the image they have about the USA is complete nonsense, but they won't listen". She could not understand that the "American dream" still existed in Jamaica. Besides being confronted with local ideas about North America,

developing genuine friendships was, other than going out to party, a complicated undertaking. Unfortunately, it turned out that her aunt's warnings contained some truth. The love affair with the handsome bartender, which she had never mentioned to her relatives, ended after a few weeks back on the island as Elisha quickly became aware of the fact that it was far more complicated to navigate affairs of the heart than she had anticipated. The short interlude with the bartender unpleasantly showed her that he was less interested in a love affair, as his primary focus lay on her foreign accent, passport, and monetary support. This experience, which I cannot delve into further in this study, deeply shocked Elisha who thought so highly of him, his attitude and his appearance. The concept that she had in mind about local realities, specifically about local men who claim to be Rastafari, made her feel like she was a total stranger. "The first thing he asked me was, 'where are you from?' That's when I should have known better", she reflects on the phone one morning. It was less problematic 'to lose the guy' than it was to be continuously treated like an outsider, someone who did not belong and, worse, was seen as a source of income as well as a 'trophy' woman from foreign lands.

Being treated as a 'foreigner' deeply hurt Elisha. She had never imagined herself becoming 'othered' in the process of homecoming to Jamaica. While being marginalized and racialized for her blackness in Montreal, she expected to find a feeling of belonging in her ancestors' country. This "authenticity dilemma" (Kim 2009: 305) hails not from 'otherness' based on skin colour, but rather from cultural differences and inexperience with the changing local context. Even the local people, whom Elisha had known before coming back to Jamaica via her Facebook channels, were all of a sudden barely reachable or slowly alienated themselves from her the longer she stayed on the island. Although she liked her colleagues at work, she noticed after a while that she had little in common with most of them. As she said, they are all quite different "in outlook and in mind-set". Despite Elisha's initial expectation of an easy homecoming due to her ethnic affiliation and love for Jamaica, the actual course was different. The more she tried to live a local life, the more she felt excluded as an outsider. Adaptation difficulties are heightened for ethnic return migrants such as Elisha, "because they were born and raised abroad and are essentially strangers in an ethnic homeland that has become a foreign country for them" (Tsuda 2009: 4).

Elisha returned to Montreal after almost six months in Jamaica. Although she received a certain amount of rejection in her 'home' country, she has not lost her affinity for her place of 'heart'. However, she is already contemplating a next 'move' and considers traveling to Ghana visiting relatives of her paternal family. Drawing on Okphewo (2001: xiv), the diasporic life worlds and search for 'home' of third generation immigrant children such as Elisha cannot be detected in only one place, but rather in their engagement in a 'worldwide web' of entangled diasporic spaces. As previously mentioned, the creation of an idealized version of Jamaica through her

childhood memories and parental narratives created a romanticized picture of living on the island in contrast to the live she lives in Canada. Ms. Brown, Carol and Elisha perceive themselves as 'home comers'. However, their claim to the homeland is often called into question, not only by local Jamaicans, but also through their own realizations of socio-economic, cultural and infrastructural challenges. The gap between the nostalgic imagery and the "real-life space" (Norbye 2010: 145) is hereby varying for each individual. Therefore, the next chapter will show how experienced boundaries can again become 'porous' (see Faist 2011) through the privilege of holding dual citizenship and the possibility of ongoing cross-border activities.

11.4 Returnee Life: Riches and Regrets

Josephine Bailey sits on the large veranda of her two-story house looking across the flourishing green of her backyard. Mango season is just about to start, and she will soon taste one of the first Julie mangoes. Josephine is retired and returned to Jamaica five years ago and, in moments like these, she feels happy to be back home after facing all those rough, cold winters in Montreal. The garden was a long-term project in which she had put all her effort and money in the past few years. Her neatly mowed lawn just reached its perfection. Surrounded by colourful Bougainvillea and Hibiscus flowers and packed with numerous Jamaican fruit trees, the garden finally reached its most satisfactory condition. To the far end of the garden, near the herb beds, she arranged a little house for her chickens that she bought two years ago. The afternoon sun, which she likes to watch set sitting in her comfortable armchair, covers the backyard with a golden glow. After sitting me down with a big glass of homemade lemonade, she tells me about her new plans to rent out one part of her house to tourists, "so I could fly up for the summer", she explains in a pensive mood.

Before returning, Josephine was relatively aware of the fact that the Jamaica she had left behind would not be the one she was going back to. Concerning being aware of being an 'outsider' at first, she says "I'm in contact with my sister every day, she lives in Montreal. We write WhatsApp or talk on the phone. I do not like to miss out on what my friends in Canada are up to. They come to visit me too. I also talk to my relatives in England. I can call a lot of people if I need to". In his anthropological work on "Kinship and Class in the West Indies" (1988), Smith claims that Jamaicans are less concerned about typical 'western' definitions or normative rules of kinship or descent that characterized most of the early anthropological studies. He further suggests that kinship serves as an extensive network of possible connections expressed through the recognition of persons as relatives. As an example, his participants' collections of comprehensive lists of all those whom they viewed as relatives outnumbered with an average of 284 the number calculated by Schneider

for white Americans (Schneider 1968: 49). Smith's study bridges classical scholarly research done by e.g. Clarke (1966) and recent studies, e.g., Besson (2002), which analyse unrestricted descent and ego-centred bilateral kinship. Research suggests that kinship relations in Jamaica are rather extensive and multiple than rigidly structured. Horst and Miller's (2005) study on cell phone usage in Jamaica, presents similar findings concerning the prominence or significance of kinship in their respondents' cell phone usages. "Although kin was included, it was in much the same way as friends and acquaintances, all of them representing potential connections that were usually operationalized only at the time of a specific need" (Horst/Miller 2005: 760). How Josephine utilizes her phone and social connections resembles these findings, which can be understood as a virtual way of 'staying connected' (see her statement above) (ibid.). Her calls, text messages, or conversations are mainly used to have a friendly chat and maintain potential connections with family and friends over time, whereby conversations often consist of rather short exchanges and are hence less extensive. Here a virtual connection to a person can be direct or via a mutual friend and can be activated at any given time or whenever needed. Horst and Miller further state that "the only real difference between friendship and kinship" is that kin connections are latent and can be revived after long intervals, while with friendship "a minimal degree of sociality to preserve the relationship is preferred" (ibid.). As research on transnational Jamaican families suggests, telephones are crucial in maintaining connections with the more extensive family and social network over time and space, sometimes merely as a means of keeping in touch (cf. Horst 2006; Goulbourne/Chamberlain 2001). Josephine repeatedly confirmed the importance of "not missing out" and staying in touch with her friends and family locally and in various destinations abroad. Studying transnational families further reveals the importance of friends in providing mutual aid and support and the strategies used to create an extensive network not just locally, but also globally. As in Josephine's case, the virtual connectedness is a cultural practice of sustaining cross-border networks that establish visibility and support systems, which may prove useful to one's future needs. Here, the phone has been proven a vital tool in coordinating migratory moves and travels for all interlocutors. Before returning to Jamaica, regular trips to the island as well as regular phone calls were her primary means of staying connected to contractors who built her house, the gardener she initially hired, and friends who helped her move as well as her family. Like Carol, she knew the importance of staying connected and knowing sociocultural happenings. Local returnee associations that she frequently visited at the beginning of her re-adaptation process were not the right place for her to meet new friends. "I know this kind of people now, these people are all about their community, […] they are mostly home comers from England, they only want to stay amongst themselves, you know, […] and they have all these rules and activities. It's like in the associations in foreign, but with a better climate [laughs]. No, it's

not my thing. I still have my life outside of Jamaica". As Horst demonstrates, Jamaican returnees coming from North America are more prone to travel between both worlds, whereas Jamaican returnees from England tend to stay in Jamaica permanently and most likely amongst themselves (Horst 2013). Since air travel to Canada is relatively cheap, Josephine considers a relocation every now and then or when "paradise Jamaica gets boring" as she puts it. Especially in the hot summer months, when neither family nor friends are visiting from abroad, life can get lonely and tedious at times. "It's just the garden, the chickens, the sun, you know. It's too monotonous. […] I'm used to going out and meeting people. Here it's harder to do that. […] It's mostly church or funerals [laughs] or bingo nights. It's not the culture, you know". Additionally, Josephine likes to fly out and see her children, who live across Canada and the United States and often invite her to stay at their homes.

When Josephine left Jamaica as a child, she first migrated to England to live with her aunt for a few years. Married life brought her to Canada later on, where she lived, raised her three children and buried her husband. The ethnographic descriptions of the encounters that I had with Josephine and the narration of her migratory life pathways, provide insights of the transformations in the returnee's sense of ethnicity, namely being English, Canadian, or Jamaican. From firstly perceiving England as the 'mother country' and Canada later in life as the land of "possibilities and work-related success", to the final frustration felt about both countries post-migration resulting in a sense of belonging neither to England nor to Canada. She further stated that "being a Black woman" facing linguistic hurdles and racism while living in Montreal gave her a severe feeling of alienation and displacement. However, Josephine still feels a strong sense of connection to both countries since she spent many wonderful years of her life there, raising her children and living with her husband. "The racism was pure stress I admit, but as long as we stayed in our circles and I had my family surrounding me I was good", she reflects. The rebuilding of a new life in her 'homeland' Jamaica was a long-term project consisting of hard work, endurance, and saving money whenever possible. As in Ms. Brown's case, the task of building a house was a life's work, which accompanied her through all life stages. Returning to Jamaica was initially a dream she wanted to fulfil together with her husband, who sadly, passed away two years before Josephine was retired. Before her return to Jamaica, she sold her apartment and all her personal belongings in Montreal, including her car, and she shipped furniture as well as various kitchen appliances to the island. While living abroad, Josephine frequently travelled to Jamaica together with her husband to oversee the construction process of the house and the installation of utilities as well as the layout of her garden, which resembles –unlike other typical Jamaican back yards– a well-groomed park. Now that she is here, she sometimes regrets that she did not rent out her apartment in Montreal instead of selling it because she would have

had a place to return to every now and then. However, at the time, shortly before returning, she was very enthusiastic about leaving Canada and wanted to cut all ties. Besides, she thought it would be too much work to cater to the needs of tenants while being absent and in Jamaica. Thinking about another life model, she now wonders where to reside while in Montreal and what to do with her incredibly large Jamaican house.

Josephine's mansion has five bedrooms, three bathrooms, one large kitchen with a front room, one large representative living room and another smaller kitchen on the other side of the house. Surprisingly, she only uses one-third of her house, which entails the large kitchen, the veranda, and her bedroom, which she also utilizes as her living room. The other two-thirds of the house are 'untouched'. The large living or representative room that one enters through the front room when visiting the house, displays Josephine's prized possessions. Three different sized, plastic-covered sofas with a large mahogany coffee table, a large dining table with six matching upholstered armchairs, a crystal glass chandelier with eight arms, a set of open shelves filled with expensive-looking ornaments, vases, and decorative items such as fairy tale figurines and oversized decorative fruits, a buffet with crystal platters and artificial flower arrangements, on top a large ceramic swan figurine an animal not even native to Jamaica, which is the showpiece of the dining table. On the walls, paintings of woodlands and rivers together with a picture of 'The Last Supper' and a golden wall clock that does not work; all together with matching brownish carpets, pillows, blankets, and curtains that block out the outside world and wrap the room in a time capsule. Only rare occasions would allow the usage of the room, e.g., family visits during the Christmas season. The reason to go into such detail concerning the material objects in this room is to focus on the socio-cultural practice of accumulating objects of wealth and social status in preparation for the homeland return (see Miller 2008). The exclusionary status of the room with its shrine-like quality is something Josephine had fought for, a major accomplishment of her life, a sacred place of her success and respectability. Not only possessing this house and garden, but also having this decorative interior shows clearly that she 'made it' abroad, as she says "I did not waste my time". Similar utilization of material culture such as in Josephine's living room are also described in other studies on Caribbean returnees (e.g. Plaza/Henry 2006). They can be interpreted as markers of a process of trespassing, a sense of alienation from land and people in Jamaica, and highlights the relationship between particular objects of material culture and the inherent politics of identity.

Often she would say something like "you know, local people are hard to deal […], it's not like before that I can just casually meet with someone, there are always these expectations from the other side". There was a distinction she made between herself and the "local people". So, who was local in the end? The ones who never left Jamaica? I realized that Josephine's homecoming was more challenging for her

than she had initially thought. Even though she thought her connectedness via social media, telecommunication, travel, and her affinity to the country would make her reintegration easy (see Kim 2009) the opposite was the case. She had problems making friends as she did not like the exclusionary returnee associations, and she was always on the careful lookout for extended family member's expectations. As Cook-Martin and Viladrich (2009: 133) claim in their study on Spanish migrants, the materialization of social acceptance, or the absence of such, can become a source of deep frustration. The living room highlights not only her accumulated wealth and social status as a successful returnee but also her distinction from local 'others'. However, the objective criteria displaying successful adaptation or reintegration into Jamaican society are not congruent with her inner adaptation. Focusing on Josephine's perceptions of her adjustment and the extent to which the homeland has filled self-defined needs, show that readapting can also remain unfinished. Josephine finds herself in a space neither wholly Canadian nor entirely Jamaican. In her anticipated 'homeland' Josephine finds herself in a constant space of temporal and spatial "in-betweenness" (cf. Bhaba 1994) living "somewhere between foreign and local" (Wang/Liu 2016: 2). Returnees like Josephine seek to construct lifestyles that balance the years of hard work endured to return and retire in Jamaica. Large houses, lush gardens, and consumer goods assert and assist in the creation of a lifestyle of leisure and enjoyment. Nonetheless, reintegration into Jamaican society can be harder than initially perceived, which results in feelings of loneliness, boredom, and otherness. Hence, many returnees seek a mobile lifestyle that better reflects their individual needs and practice oscillating between Jamaica and North America.

As this chapter has shown, potential and actual returnees and frequent homeland travellers like Carol grapple with unforeseen difficulties, frictions, uncertainties, and issues of distrust when going to Jamaica, some to a larger and some to a lesser extent. People like Carol can manoeuvre themselves with relative ease between different life worlds since they have enough knowledge that makes them insiders in different localities. Staying actively connected with Jamaica and North America simultaneously is an integral part of Jospehine's and Carol's lives that comes with responsibility, morality, favours and caring commitments. Individuals such as Elisha and Ms. Brown can have a hard time finding out "what to believe and whom to trust" or simply how to get to know, and adapt themselves in a country that feels more different and difficult than they had perceived or imagined. Due to their childhood memories, nostalgia, intergenerational narratives, and online friends, the realization of local realities and conditions in Jamaica contrast sharply with the romanticized and rosy imaginaries about the homeland. A local family in Jamaica is, therefore, a sometimes-harsh reminder of actual local living conditions, whereby, perplexity, trauma, loneliness, and a great deal of annoyance result from being disconnected of local occurrences and information networks. In this

event, the understanding of ethnic belonging to Jamaica can become vulnerable and affects future planning and mobility.