

February 19, 2003

“Staging **EU**rope”

I.

We get to the Lungotevere Papereschi late, but this is Rome and we know the *spettacolo* will not begin on time. If we were going to the theatre in New York, London or Munich, well then. Still we walk quickly past the beautifully lit outdoor space that announces the theatre even before one is in it, the soft candles on the ruined wall, the milling about a makeshift bar. We round the corner of the theatre where there is a huge queue pressed against a side of the building not customarily used as an entrance.

It is unseasonably cold this October night—maybe 9 degrees—and I feel the urgency of wanting to go in to the theatre, be a spectator, take my accustomed place. The night is sold out, there are signs everywhere indicating *esuarito*-exhausted *biglietti*. So the agitation among people waiting is heightened by a sense of unfairness—*who* is already in there?

Finally the doors open—the one’s at the back of the building, what would usually be backstage. The press of bodies forward pushes out into a bare room, one of three spaces we will inhabit as a moving audience that night. We are invited to sit on the floor and two women begin to speak. The librettist for *The Story of a Soldier*, Gloria Enedina



Alvarez, reads her poetry, a mix of Spanish and English. The woman at the other microphone, rolling so richly the rest of the word almost disappears in the wave, speaks the same lines translated into Italian. They alternate between stanzas.

If you know who he is, you can watch the delight on the face of the director Peter Sellars, the sprite, who watches the active interest displayed on the faces of his audience. We are moved again, this time to a room on the left side of the building. Here we listen to the Ensemble Avanti! Chamber orchestra whose names on the program indicate they are from Denmark or Norway, whose fair hair and fair faces certainly confirm that indication, but who are at the moment dressed in cowboy outfits playing Klezmer music—Jewish folk music—while we sit on the floor. There is an egalitarian way in this moving because now those who got in first and got to the pads on the floor are at the back having left last from the first space of playing.

Finally, after an interval, we are ushered into a space recognizably one of audience and stage. The hanging against the back of the stage is a combination of Diego Rivera, surrealist graffiti and blood red sacred images. We are in the main space of the Teatro India, an empty, exquisitely beautiful hollow shell of what was once a soap factory: a space that echoes other prestigiously empty spaces for theatre, Peter Brook's Bouffes du Nord, the BAM Majestic. A young woman, African American perhaps, perhaps Latina, dressed in sweat clothes walks to the front of the stage. The opening musical phrases



of Stravinsky's *Histoire du Soldat* begin, she speaks: "From the Gulf to Panama, from Kosovo to Iraq...." It is a brilliant performance of mix—masques from the Mexican tradition, border language from the border of Mexico and California, Stravinsky's story of the price of greed and the lost place of the mercenary in a world too ready to give a mercenary work. Over the stage to the right liquid yellow letters appear translating the libretto into Italian, some words, however, are universal, *Yo bro*, for example.

II.

I am late. I always forget that the walk from the Argentina to the Center is not five minutes, and then I completely forgot to calculate getting up the Spanish steps. I rush into the massive doorway of the Villa Medici where two people thrust my tickets into my hands and send me up an exquisite spiraling staircase. I have hardly time to run my hand along the curves that propel me up with soft urging. I come out of the stairway and am caught breathless by the cortile where the seats are in rows and I know to take one, but where the left side of the audience space is the opening of the stairway down to the famous gardens of the Villa Medici. The audience seems much more formally dressed than others with whom I have attended performances. The 16th century music begins and the hush falls upon us. Throughout the night the performers will move between French and Italian when addressing the audience. I hold a program for the

RomaEuropa Festival across which the theme of the Festival is emblazoned, All'avanguardia, All'avanguardia," and I listen to the lute player and the sound of a clavichord

III.

We aren't late. Since the tram stops at the Argentina our sins usually are forgiven by the proximity of the transportation to where we are going. Tonight we enter the most theatre-like of theatre spaces. We have seats in the platea (orchestra) because, though new to Rome, we have already mastered the *Carte di Roma* with which one buys a 20,000 lire seat for any show. Surprisingly, the theatre is about half full. I am surprised because I have waited in the four-hour long lines for tickets to Pina Bausch; so the Tanztheater Basel, it would seem, would reap some of the benefit of the interest in dance theatre -- the form Bausch pioneered. Like the dance piece *Ombra* by Fura del Baus at the Teatro Olimpico, this work evokes the hovering presence of Federico Garcia Lorca. While Spain is not the country making the piece, the dance theatre production of *The House Of Bernarda Alba* brings things Spanish onto stage through Swiss performers. Bernarda Alba is danced by a dwarf, as if she had stepped out of a Velasquez painting, a woman so powerfully conveying Lorca's all dominating mother that I will never again be able to think of the character without her. The music is electronic guitar; the composers Helmut Oehring and Iris ter Schiphorst consider Jimmy Hendrix one

of their major influences. Lorca's sequestered grandmother is danced in drag by the choreographer/dancer Joachim Shchlomer; the women of the house are extraordinary, dancing a kind of self charged eroticism and frustrated bitterness as "faithful" to Lorca's play as the words of his text. The audience doesn't like it. I wonder to myself what the reception would have been at the Teatro India

IV.

At the back of the attention, under the quotidian process of getting tickets, making plans, attending productions, come these jumbled signs across nation. *Transnation* like *transgendered* somehow suggests a fact already manifested internally, now coming to light as gesture, as habit read by other bodies who can 'read' the performed attributions, of gender, of nation. Festivals organizers like those for RomaEuropa intend to develop and promote "art and other cultural and scientific initiatives that can contribute to the unifying process of European culture"; the organizers must pay particular attention to the crossover effect of national creation in a transnational milieu as it displays a "sympathy with and [a] challenge to other international cultures." But the lessons of internationality---what is more frequently now termed globalization---come swiftly these days, without an EU course instructor's guide on how to send messages about integration and how to guide the interpretation of those messages. Most of the festivals organized primarily as festivals of European



drama, dance and music produce a statement like the one from RomaEuropa that articulates a desire for cultural integration—sometimes specifically with other countries as yet to be included in the EU, “Eastern” Europe for example.

At the IETM (Informal European Theatre Meeting) in Cardiff, Wales 1998, the central question participants asked was, “where is the line drawn between positive affirmations of (a previously repressed) culture and tendencies towards a dangerous nationalism?” To which Koen Tachelet from the University of Antwerp wrote this response: “The large group of programmers, producers, festivals and organizations like IETM all have their roots in the aesthetic revolution that changed the theatre in the late seventies and eighties. The crisis in our perception, and the ways it could be changed into a new vocabulary, should in my opinion be put at the core of the discussion. In other words, how can we learn to think and talk about a nomadic theatre in a nomadic way, rather than being determined by Eurocentric discourse.” Tachelet’s comments remind us of the strands of history always at work in the making of performance. Not simply a country’s history—French drama at the time of the formation of the Republic, for example—but the history of a genre, what does it mean to invoke the aesthetic revolution of the late seventies and eighties? For whom in the audience does this delineation still have meaning? Yet Tachelet is right to identify how the aesthetic proclivities of those in the positions of choosing artists and their



productions for a “showcase” in a festival contribute to the language in which the performances will be understood: “confrontive and new” in descriptions of theatre and dance work are always relative terms.

The romance of the nomadic theatre (here I mean romance not in a dismissive flip of the hand but rather as a reference to a hard won romantic vision) is that of a theatre whose making can be free from the considerations of national ties: free to try out this supposedly borderless country, a longing in direct response to the very strictures at work throughout festival practice, and, indeed, throughout political language, the demarcation, the categorization by artistic work, or performance (and its reception) by nation. One will find almost no instance of advertisement for or playbill about a piece in a festival which will not announce the work by nation, and now often as well by region. British director Declan Donellan directs the French classic *Le Cid* at Avignon in the Palais des Papes. The war of the Roses with hatchets buried in a 17th-century story of Muslims and loyalty, Spain and France; a director borrowing from English drama condemned for not keeping the “dramatic unities” as Aristotle defined them in a country, France, theatrically wedded to those same unities.

It is no surprise then that one recognizes the nomadic in a contemporary work involving soldiers, loyalty, race and greed. As suggested above, in *Story of a Soldier*, the signs are all there—an American director who could not for years be described in English but must be instead referred to as the *enfant terrible*. No longer an enfant,

Sellers makes work unmistakably identified with the need to tell a US story, the story of border injustice across NAFTA territories, Mexico and California, plays out across a fundamentally European map. For how can we hear Stravinsky and not be set in a certain place at a certain time absolutely European? Hearing those strings played by those blond guys in funny cowboy suits so vividly part of the visual information still does not supercede for the audience the sound of the music they are so expertly making. Costumes can be turned away from, even the young women on stage in sweats and sneakers have yet to grab the incongruities together and thrust them out at us.

And then they do, because the time and the space made by the music must be shared with the voice and the words of a moment in no way “European,” though the word Kosovo gestures towards Europe’s own border injustices. But from the subscribed world of spoken libretto issues forth the conditions of the mercenary for hire, for hire to protect US oil interests, for hire to subdue darknesses, his own, Mexican-American, taking aim at another, Iraqi. In this private story of army life and longing for a monetary release from it, the world will remain nationally bound. But in the subsequent scenes the signs of European history in the American way through the various human trade routes, Spain to Latin America to the West Coast, Central Europe to England to the North Coast, all stretch across the painted canvases of Dada, graffiti, Mirò, across the intertwined play of the stringed instruments and the smoke voice, the stringed instruments



and the dancerly bodies making a pantomime of gender designed by Donald Byrd.

What then does this piece, an artistically powerful hybrid mix, have to do with the integration of Europe? What challenges does its internationality offer to the notion of cultural, artistically represented internationality? Are these even questions the makers and receivers might ask? And if not the makers, will the funders?

V.

In each of these sudden and too brief moments of the Romaeuropa 1999 festival, I hope you “hear” the indicators of the mix of nationality and the strange world of festival that is about occasion and place and spectacles offered to the audience tagged by national origins, whether it is the origin of the tradition of the piece itself, the origin of the makers, or the origin of the presiding director.

Scholars investigating nation formation and citizenship identity of earlier centuries look to every aspect of national life, economic, social, political, popular, and artistic for clues about the development of a “national character,” a national identity. In the press and urgency of the present, however, when nations form or re-form out of new boundaries or when they form trans-national alliances, the culture of scholarship shifts its focus towards political science, often postponing the examination of the ongoing influence of cultural creation and reception. This is in part due to the press of practical problems, crises of monetary union, trade, employment and policy.

Yet it is crucial to map, as time passes, where citizens look beyond governmental bodies for information about their role and proximate alliances towards the artistic work being created in the wake of political upheaval and transition.

Akhil Gupta, comparing transnational identities in the non-aligned movement and the European Union, suggests it is only by examining such non-national spatial configurations that the ‘naturalness’ of the nation can be radically called into question (Akhil Gupta, "The Song of the Non-Aligned World: Transnational Identities and the Inscription of Space in Late Capitalism," *Cultural Anthropology* 7 (1992) 63-79). My work on the project “Staging **EU**rope” incorporates questions of nation and its supposed naturalness with a sense of the history of dramatic representations of nation in the theatre. The myriad ways in which nation and the space that is ‘not nation’ are portrayed in performative spaces suggest that theatre both calls for and makes a critique of the imagined communities of the makers and of the audience.

Festivals offer an aesthetic crux of the non-national/national space by offering works from ‘elsewhere,’ often made accessible to the nation where the festival is being held by the use of surtitles and translation. The cross-cultural exchange that is the history of European theatre intersects with the contemporary cross-cultural exchange that looks to incorporate a trans-national and even a “global” identity; too often a facile exchange creating what one might

call a Benneton production employing bodies and faces marked by difference but molded into a beauty recognizably that of a marketable model.

As Bruce McConachie suggests, “the rise of international festivals, like the Olympic games, are often arenas in which nation-states can strut their stuff...” (Bruce McConachie, “Theatre History and the Nation-State” *Theatre Research International* 20 (Summer 1995) 141-148). But unlike Olympic Games where the language of encounter and challenge is one of physical endeavor and widely understood rules, in festivals the “arenas” must attend to the difficulties of language and comprehension between performers and audience, so often an exchange of one nation to another.

To see how rumor and innuendo permeating a national (and transnational) culture might effect the production of performance, we might remember the influence in the 1950s and 1960s of the claims of the ‘Freudian.’ The importation of certain over generalized tenets of psychoanalysis into everyday life—boys wanted to kill their father and marry their mother and that’s why they behave that way—became an equally blunt shorthand for a certain cultural language of psychology adopted by many forms of print and performance media. A Hamlet who did not writhe longingly and disgustedly against his mother in the closet scene was a rare Hamlet indeed. The myths of why we behave how we do are just as much informed by over generalized ideas of nation. The transnational world is still negotiated by place, and place



is relied upon to form impressions: “Ho capito, lei e un’americana” or “Well what did you expect, it’s by a German, a Swede, an African, a French person, an Algerian...etc.

VI.

The theatre, in its traditional forms, has always created, nurtured, maintained certain stereotypes. The company roles--the ingénue, the mother, the old man/lecher, the soldier--were copied from life and set in motion on a stage with their most notable qualities exaggerated for play. An extra dash of 'costuming' added a nationality, the Venetian doctor, the German soldier, or the Irish ingénue. These stock characters often contribute a creaking woodenness in 'old-fashioned' theatre where the boisterous, the blustering and the bawdy all work in a far too predictable a way.

But stereotypes are created and maintained precisely because they are predictable; groups of people hitherto foreign can be gathered under categories. Though the stereotypical categories still reify the foreign, they supply traits that identify people as a certain kind of foreign. Theatre, a medium that can exploit the stereotype, can also stage the inaccuracies inherent in the constructed categories or the social adjustments made to stereotypes over the course of years. For example, in the 19th Century, some theatre performances began to reflect the shift in perceptions of race due in some part to public sentiment about abolition and to the intent of the theatre producers to



try and influence public sympathies. Only after many years were the most virulent forms of racial stereotype presented on stages found to be less 'innocuous' than they had once been perceived. This supposed 'innocuousness' is one of the indicators of the state of racism, sexism, classicism, nationalism in spectator and show. [here the problem is to speak both of what has been acceptable, but no more; while still regarding the phenomenon of making fun (oh yes, we are like that) or of a knowing reception] New playwrights have written plays based on breaking stereotype and comedians, often comedians identified ethnically themselves, use satire and exaggeration to ridicule what the audience 'thinks it knows' about other people by way of stereotypes. Yet, the intransigency of rumor and habit makes the act of breaking stereotypes (a verb that points to the solidity of their construction) an act requiring complexity and consistency in a way rarely employed in performances whose territory is the quick hit and the realist portrayal.

VII.

Stereotypes flourish by comprehension and incomprehension, aided by 'bad' accents, untranslatable nuances and basic language acquisition. How many languages can you hear? How is your aural French, your comprehension by ear of Russian, your listening knowledge of Spanish? Most often we speak of speaking languages but at theatre festivals with international productions it is as

important what languages you can see on stage and hear and comprehend.

The addition of small white bands at the top of festival stages over the last decade announced the end of linguistic homogeneity for the notoriously insular Avignon Festival. Or to put it more accurately, those bands upon which are projected liquid yellow French translations announced the change in expectations of the audience and in the accommodations made by the Festival organizers. When the Living Theatre arrived to explode the conventional stages at the Avignon Festival in the 1960s, the strangeness of their English complimented the foreignness of their acting style. You either understood what they were saying, or you created the sense of the piece from the sense of the body, the gesture, and the intonation.

At the Avignon Festival 2000, however, a spectator could hear Hungarian, Romanian, Russian, German, Italian, Polish, Lithuanian while reading the French translation in surtitles above the players. If you surrendered yourself to the confusion, you can become part of the making of the play, if perhaps not the most accurate interpreter. Let's say you began with your own rusty French. Your comprehension is good but lately you have been listening only to Italian. Happily your theatrical memory is excellent, so you wed your intuition honed by seeing many, many performances in many different languages to the information filling your halting ear. Next you looked up from time to



time to read the French as it flashes on the white band, trying to comprehend the meaning of the words without losing the next action which might deepen or change the meaning of the words.

What would we call this form of spectatorship? Certainly not the passive receiver of entertainment--perhaps a smuggler across international borders, picking up goods in boxes stamped by nation and collecting them for export to the corners of the mind and body able to reuse them? For nation and creations defined by their origin are at the heart of festival encounters. *Le Petit Kochel* according to the last line of description in the official Festival program is a totally “quebecoise” creation “born” at Avignon. These theatrical passports for pieces do render the spectators aesthetic tourists; cross the border to Poland, return to France for a revival of Racine, go back again in time to catch the last arts train to Lithuania.

Meanwhile the ear attends. *Voilà, voici, ici*, the words in French began to accumulate into meaning. For those whose mother tongue is not French, the body must strain to comprehend; if the piece is long there are moments of exhaustion, not from boredom -- a luxury not granted to the foreign ear which cannot comprehend enough to be able to dismiss it -- but from lack of stamina, the attention trained hard on a set of words until the meaning almost comes clear only to lose it in the twist of an unknown verb.

VIII.

From identity, stereotype, language and nation as themes taken up either in production or reception on festival stages we come to our last theme that in some sense combines them all: the immigrant. In a festival called “Palcoscenico Africa” last January in Rome the subject was “Voices of Immigrants”: five plays by five different companies from Italy and France written by authors from the Ivory Coast, Algeria, and Sierra Leone. As I sought to elaborate on writing about immigrants certain set phrases passed through my mind: the plight of the immigrants, the immigrants’ struggle. Language maps the stereotypical landscape as we are supposed to see it, charting oppression as if immigrants were people constantly carrying metaphorical bundles piled high on their overburdened heads and shoulders. In the five plays only one set out directly to give a ‘portrait’ of the life of an African immigrant in Rome. The others portrayed stories taking place in Algeria, stories of a woman whose suffering from sexual violence was reported in a series of responses to a ‘hidden’ Inspector’s questions, stories of a lost child warrior kidnapped in Sierra Leone whose mother longed for news of her missing daughter while the mother waited in a Northern Italian town.

In the first play, *Chiamami Venerdì* (Call me Friday the title’s joke recalls Robinson Crusoe when at the end of the play the white Roman matron asks the African man to call her on Friday) the



playwright and the players demonstrate with painful accuracy the limits to which theatrical realism serves as a way to help audience's rethink national, racial prejudices. The action takes place in a trattoria. The stage on which the tables are arranged is very small so the tables only allow for a small, awkward space for playing. A woman enters, physically she resembles an older Italian woman not terrifically elegant, large in stature. She has draped her coat over a chair at a table, but while she is surveying the food, a young man takes the table leaving her to her only choice, a shared table with a man who looks African.

Thus it begins, the woman's discomfort, the man's tolerance; her ignorant suppositions about immigrants, his gentle explanations. The territory over which they traverse is a territory stultifyingly predictable--food, music, tradition, and education. At one point when the first tension about whether she will sit with an African has abated, the man gets up to show her a dance and all the patrons (revealed to be mostly immigrants themselves though of the less immediately recognizable variety) begin to dance as he, the African immigrant gracefully shows them all up.

The intention of this drama by Habté Weldermariam from Eritrea, Italy's former colony, sticks out all over its badly plotted and badly acted production. So why if the sole purpose of a work is to poke fun at the fallacious and wounding suppositions people operate

with when dealing with people they do not know, does this exercise seem to reinvigorate the very boundaries its purportedly breaking? One wonders as well about the immigrants not marked immediately by visible color. What would ‘Palcoscenico Albania’ look like for example? And how would those stories represented confront the stereotypes embroidered and embellished by the media attention to the “problem of immigration?”

What you have been reading is a bit like a ‘report from the front’ (row) of the project. Immigration, for example, is a far larger and more complicated topic in several essays I have written in the last years than in this snippet from a particular festival. Other themes I have taken up in this project include reparation, festival tourism and the cultural commission of the EU’s interest in developing the young as new “Europeans.” So I will end with a somewhat general description of the project and the planned book. It will be clear to you that I do not want to write about this project without giving a ‘sense’ of how experiencing the signals of national identities on stage and the clash of those signals (and experiences) affects the spectator. Somewhere at the crux of performance studies, history of theatre, and cultural studies of nation and identity I hope to find a way to represent what I have seen and how it was shown that speculates on the purpose of the representations and suggests some audience responses without simplifying the complexity of audience into a single entity.



As you have read, for the past several years I have been working on a project about European identity and its representation on European stages. For Europeans the question of obligation to the state and role of citizen is now doubled, however vaguely, in national elections and European parliamentary elections (responses to the Euro however are less vague and much less remote). As is clear from the pleading tone of EU publications prior to elections, the role of citizen of the 'new Europe' is neither one taken up with urgency, energy or in fact with an understanding of one's place as participant. [Perrineau et al, *Europe at the Polls 1999* "Voters are consistently, and considerably, more skeptical about integrationist policies than their representatives are."]

When the theatre responds to this debate it does so on an individual basis: generally the drama represents individuals responding to the articulated obligations of nation and community, often the drama itself is written by an individual in response to his or her notions of nation, and it is received by individuals in a communal setting. Questions of identity and national affiliation occur not solely in new drama written in response to the contemporary situation but also in the revival of traditional plays where these questions take on a doubled urgency, that of the history of individual responsibility for national acts and that of the choices in the present moment.

The theatre is a performed event where often the consequences of knowledge and the actions taken in response can be shown in an

experimental space.¹ The performed and elapsing nature of theatre matches the performed and elapsing nature of national identity; someone may 'feel' unmarked by national identity and yet be received by others as identifiably German, Swiss, Russian. It is no surprise that the language of theatricality appears in the rendering of national moments: *actors* upon the world *stage*, statecraft and stage craft, etc. We can watch (a potentially passive position, but also one where we might be moved to re-evaluate our role not least because we are in physical contact with other human beings) someone stand in proxy for us in the theatre, with words in his or her mouth given by an author or authors whose artistic creation might very well concern a community that is not our own, a suffering not immediately familiar to us, and yet in a space where the event allows us to reflect and possibly be persuaded to act. (Forgive me if in this brief space I err on the side of the utopian possibilities of theatrical possibility and intentions.)

The book I am completing, *Staging Europe*, will explore the creation of cultural memory that is traditional drama and annual festivals, and how changes in identity depend upon revisions of common memory, amending and reinventing tradition to perpetuate the past in a way that can be serviceable to the future. The utopian ideal of the new Europe is built on a paradox, how to encourage the collective identity 'European' while maintaining the history and autonomy of each individual nation.² And the skepticism of the public

for the possibility of a new Europe has only increased in these passing months. The most uncritical media sources were decrying the death of Europe when France and Germany split from other European countries in opposing the US war in Iraq. What will be the ‘European’ role of the countries just now joining the EU whose governments support the US administration while their people do not? The theatre of the last months has been the theatre of the streets, the massive protests all over the world that gave the lie to the language of consensus: for example in defining a national agenda, where would we place the transnational Great Britain, with its army and Parliament or with its people?

As presently planned the book will have five chapters. 1) Dramatic Integration: a consideration of the productions in the last years in festivals from ‘traditional’ canons and new drama that directly addresses European integration and future expansion; 2) Surtitles: The New Fourth Wall—about the use of simultaneous translation and its effects on the dramatic representation; 3) ‘That’s Very French’—an analysis of the seemingly insurmountable representation of national type within the companies and within the productions. 4) The New (Young) Europeans—addressing the concerted effort in funding and in collaborative festivals for transnational youth. 5) Borrowing Trouble—about the importation of racially charged drama from countries outside the EU to address the gradual awareness of the racism within

the EU.

¹ The quotations supplied in the Notes are given to indicate the theories that inform my consideration:
S.E. Wilmer

Theatre, Society and the Nation

“Unlike public speeches and literature, the theatre often works through live visual images that carry sub-textual and symbolic messages, and so the rhetoric is not only conveyed in the verbal dialogue and written text.” P. 5

Laurence Senelick quoted in Wilmer: “Most national theatres arose in reaction to a dominant culture imposed from without; they were a means of protest as well as of preserving what were considered to be salient features of the oppressed group. Theatre was a catalytic factor in the formation of its identity.” (forthcoming publication)

² Jurgen Habermas

“Citizenship and National Identity: Some Reflections on the Future Europe”

“If democratic citizenship doesn’t necessarily root itself in a national identity of the people, notwithstanding a plurality of cultural forms, it requires nevertheless a socialization of individuals in a common political culture”

European identity as potential, projection of the future, what it could be...

Talal Adad

“Muslims and European identity”

Adad quotes Tadeusz Mazowiecki (who resigned as the UN representative on human rights in the Balkans) in 1995 “ It bodes ill for us if, at the end of the twentieth century, Europe is still incapable of coexistence with a Muslim community.’

Mazowiecki’s assumption...is that Bosnian Muslims may be *in* Europe but are not *of* it.”

Anthony Pagden

Introduction to *The Idea of Europe*

“Creating a modern European identity has, therefore, little in common with the processes used by the only other modern peoples who have been faced with a similar need to create or fabricate an identity for themselves: the settler and indigenous populations of the former European colonies in Africa and Asia. Both these groups constructed ‘imagined communities’....