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"WE'RE NOT EAST INDIANS; WE'RE BLEDDY ANGLO-INDIANS" REFLECTIONS ON GLENN D'CRUZ'S *A PASSAGE FROM INDIA: ANGLO-INDIANS IN VICTORIA (2004)*

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"You cannot give a complete account. A complete account is an exhausted thing. You are looking for the one detail that lights up the page…"

– Hilary Mantel[1]

ABSTRACT

Glenn D'Cruz's video, A Passage from India*, consisted of interviews (mainly of Anglo-Indians from my hometown of Kolkata*[2]*) along with archival material "connected with the hazards and bureaucratic frustrations of immigrating to Australia during and shortly after the dismantling of the so-called White Australia Policy" (D'Cruz, 2023, p. 5). Using A Passage from India as a touchstone for my observation that Anglo-Indians probably never learned Anglo-Indian History as "the one detail that lights up the page", I review the culture of migration in Kolkata of that time.*[3] *I explore how such a profound deficit within the psyche of Anglo-Indians may have manifested and transacted itself in obvious and subtle ways into the procrustean*[4] *Australian immigration policies of the 70s by posing several interconnected questions I have been pondering for several year now: What is the evidence for the premise that Anglo-Indians probably never learned their history? What were the possible effects on Anglo-Indians of such a profound scholastic neglect, and how did that play out with the procrustean Australian immigration policies? Is there a possible historic and foundational link between Anglo-*

Indian's not knowing their history, and the self-fashioning of Anglo-Indians as a model Australian immigrant group, that is, "the poster children for the twenty-first century globalization" (D'Cruz, 2017, p. 202)? Whilst A Passage from India *is a central reference point for the essay, the video also prompts autobiographical comments, and general observations including some based on my Immigration dossier from* The National Archives of Australia*, to advance the narrative.*

INTRODUCTION

This essay is a response to Glenn D'Cruz's 2004 documentary film featuring a group of Melbourne-based Anglo-Indians talking to him, and each other, about being Anglo-Indian. I was one of those Anglo-Indians and this work is a reflection, 20 years later, of that experience, guided by questions I have been reflecting on recently.

The key **"**detail that lights up the page" (Mantel) and directs the trajectory of this essay is my observation that Anglo-Indians were probably never offered the educational option of a course of studies called Anglo-Indian history or its equivalent in colonial and Independent India. In order to illustrate how I arrived at that premise I begin with showcasing reactions of some Anglo-Indians to news of the 2004 exhibition *A Passage from India: Anglo-Indians in Victoria* at a Melbourne club, coupled with a family observation documented in the video *A Passage from India.* The personal realisations I made then led me on a voyage of further research and discovery.

In addition, using educational neglect as a suppositional platform I provide the thoughts of one Anglo-Indian youth (as quote by Blunt (2000)) on his inchoate sense of self. I also explore some measures that could be taken to empower and give agency to youth in the hope that they themselves can affect their own change. I also investigate how the Anglo-Indian blankness about their history played out with the procrustean Australian immigration policies with some surprising results. I pose the possibility of a historic and foundational link between Anglo-Indian's blankness about their own history and the rhetoric of Australian multiculturalism that suggests diasporic Anglo-Indians were, as one scholar, Julie Mathews, noted, "the poster children for the twenty-first century globaliszation" (as quoted by D'Cruz (2017, p. 202)). I look firstly though, at the context of D'Cruz's film.

THE EAST INDIA CLUB WAS UP TO SOMETHING

Of ourselves we say, "Anglo-Indians are always up to something." I found myself in the middle of such a "something" in early 2004 when news had spread in the Melbourne community that the East Indian Club (EIC) was curating an Exhibition about Anglo-Indians in the Immigration Museum, Melbourne. I was a member of the recently formed (in the early 2000s) East India Club whose mission was to promulgate and perpetuate Anglo-Indian history and culture. Glenn D'Cruz was also a member and had created this approximately 20-minute film, *A Passage From India*, to say something about us as Anglo-Indians, to visitors of the exhibition. The film comprises a series of questions and responses from Melbourne-resident Anglo-Indians, such as why and how they had left India, what 'Anglo-Indianisms' they retained, how they felt, or had been made to feel about being Anglo-Indian. This included the experience of racism, of fitting in, and of food as crucial to their sense of history. The film was played on a loop for the duration of the exhibition in 2004.

As well as being a member of the EIC, I was also a member of a Melbourne hockey club which was comprised of many Anglo-Indian players. Some of the Anglo-Indians had played for top clubs in India in their heyday. One example of many was the ever-humble and talented club member Derek Claudius, brother of the late Leslie Claudius of Indian Olympic Hockey fame.

In many ways the hockey club was an Australian version of The Calcutta Rangers Club in that, like the CRC, more happened at the club than engaging in that most hallowed of Anglo-Indian sports: hockey. The members, Anglo-Indians and others, also enjoyed a programme of typical Anglo-Indian activities: dances, bingo (housie), lotteries, and dining out. The club even hosted a *pagal gymkhana* (fun, informal set of sports events) for the World Reunion of Anglo-Indians (2004). Needless to mention, Anglo-Indian cuisine such as ball (aka "bad word") curry, yellow rice, 'dol'[5], kati rolls, vindaloo, and more, was a ubiquitous feature of socialising at the club and echoes the Anglo-Indian food which features prominently in *A Passage from India.*

Suffice to say this hockey club venue was a gathering place of Anglo-Indian culture in the south eastern part of Melbourne, where many of the community had settled. It

wasn't a centre of Anglo-Indian *activism* – a word in its pure sense, foreign to the nature of our culture – but it did develop an *esprit de corps*. This could turn prickly when "something" about Anglo-Indians was happening in the public space such as the Exhibition being curated by the East Indian Club, noted above. So it happened that on that account – to use an Anglo-Indianism – I got it in the neck from some of my *jhat bhais*[6] about the Exhibition. Their exhortation was *"We're not East Indians; we're bleddy Anglo-Indians. Anyway, who gave them permission to put on a show about us?"* There was always the reminder: *They'd better get it right.*

Thus, the local politics played out in that time and place, a diasporic Down Under Them vs. Us: "Them" being the East Indian Club of Melbourne consisting of a group of Anglo-Indians with a mission statement to propagate Anglo-Indian history and culture. "Us" was the "bleddy Anglo-Indians", Custodians of the Faith.

As it turned out the exhibition was well attended and received favourable reviews[7]. I now write, twenty years later, the *junjut* surrounding it has quietened, the storm has passed, but with the passage of time a different set of questions appear. Now, I ask, perhaps even more perversely, do Anglo-Indians, generally, know they were once called East Indians? Closer to home, did I always know the answer to that same question? Listen to my daughter in the video saying I, as her Anglo-Indian dad, didn't push being Anglo-Indian upon her. She adds, "I don't remember dad being into it…".[8] She was right. I didn't know at the time that Anglo-Indians were once called East Indians. I had become a "good Australian" (D'Cruz, 2017), the inference being *don't push your heritage onto your children; integrate Mate!* However, I feel now, that I failed in my duty of passing on my heritage to my daughter.

Re-viewing the film, I ask: Why didn't I know the history of my people? How did this happen? Were other Anglo-Indians similarly not taught our history? What could be the ramifications of such a neglect. My search for answers started with a reflection on my higher secondary education at St Thomas' Boys School, Kidderpore, Calcutta.

This venerable Anglo-Indian school made a material and profound change to my life. Receiving an Anglo-Indian scholarship in the 1960s allowed for me to become a

boarder at this school and I traded a life as a student in the slums of Kidderpore for one in a historic, verdant and spacious school campus.

What value does one ascribe, when you belong to a somewhat beleaguered minority community in a populous city, embedded in your own community for all the waking hours of your school and college life? It’s nigh impossible to measure the boon of being in such a milieu where the Headmaster, the Vice-principal, the Sports teacher, the Heads of Department and most of the staff and enough students were all Anglo-Indian. I felt protected and looked after. It’s important to state the school was never a ghetto for Anglo-Indians but the very opposite, an institution where staff and students of all communities, castes, creeds, and classes attended. This is not to say it was a perfect institution, but it was more than enough. Such was the culture I lived in for the formative years of my life, which included attending the Teacher Training College attached to the school. This teaching qualification was endorsed by the Australian credentialing authority and allowed me to emigrate to Australia as a professional (NAA 446,1970/73423). I never paid a *cowrie* for all my education. I am, therefore, forever indebted to the Anglo-Indian and Indian staff for their care, knowledge of subjects, and skill at teaching.

Culture and company aside and thinking about the questions and responses in D’Cruz’s film, I now turn to the curriculum offering in History at the school. This is following a key point in this essay, that of tracing the origins of the gap of history within ourselves.

As part of the Humanities, the curriculum offered Ancient, Medieval, and Modern Indian History, all taught by talented Anglo-Indian and Indian teachers. However, sadly, I do not recall a subject called Anglo-Indian history being offered despite the majority Anglo-Indian students, teachers and the heritage of the school itself. Nor do many others I’ve asked. It simply wasn’t a thing in those day. I can only imagine with how much vigour the Anglo-Indian teachers at this school and others would have set about teaching Anglo-Indian history. They would have injected that same fire into us, the students. I fear that lacuna was present too in other Anglo-Indian schools of the time. The neglect in that aspect of our education was also noted at the highest level. No less a person than the great leader of the community, Frank Anthony, thought it fit

in 1943 to make the following comment: "the teaching of Anglo-Indian history which should form the first and basic ingredient of the curriculum, has been completely ignored in Anglo-Indian Schools. […] Not only European but Anglo-Indian educationalists are utterly ignorant of the history and achievements of the community." (Charlton-Stevens, 2022, p. 212).

Have things changed since that time? Well, nothing can get worse if it hasn't started. In Lobo's 1990s study on Anglo-Indian educational disadvantage she conducted, "An examination of the history of Anglo-Indian education since its inception in the sixteenth century and through an empirical investigation of Anglo-Indian schools in 1990 found low academic aspirations of Anglo-Indians being attributed to personal failure; this justified the academic success of privileged Indians, thus creating educational disadvantage for Anglo-Indians (Lobo, 1996a, p. 13). The study is significant, the recommendations comprehensive, except in one area central to the concerns of this essay. Under the heading of Accountability to the Community she recommended that "schools must apply an educational philosophy of personal development for all Anglo-Indians" (Lobo, 1996a, p. 22). Interpreting this to include what Anthony deemed the "first and basic ingredient of the curriculum" – to teach Anglo-Indian history – would have been a worthy intervention. But no such provision for this was included in the study's recommendations. The need to study Anglo-Indian history seems extraneous to the project of their personal development, even up to the 1990s.

For my part, in 2024, I did what I could to reach out to those who could enable a change. In this matter Barry O'Brien, President-in-Chief of the All-India Anglo-Indian Association has been exceptional amongst Anglo-Indian leaders as a conversation partner. I also presented papers addressing the issue to audiences at the International Reunion of Anglo-Indians in Canberra (2024) and at the 149th AGM of the All-India Anglo-Indian Association (2024)[9] where about sixteen Anglo-Indian Principals were in attendance. At this latter event I conducted quick-fire surveys on Anglo-Indian adults and students educated in India. This elicited responses that were varied but also similar. Some responded straight up, "No, we didn't do Anglo-Indian history, it just wasn't available." Others just shook their head and said, "Not that I recall," and yet others registered surprise at the question, as though it's exceptionally original to suggest that Anglo-Indian History be taught in Anglo-Indian schools. Yet, for all of the

variety of answers, the one common emotion I read in the eyes of those being interviewed was shock, hurt, embarrassment, and perhaps even anger, at the dawning realization of such institutional neglect. Clearly, I was not the messenger of good tidings.

Therefore, since there appears to be no material and or anecdotal evidence that Anglo-Indian history has been taught in Anglo-Indian educational institutions, I think it's justified to claim that most Anglo-Indians don't have a formal sense of their history.

As such, profound dearth of knowledge of one's history must necessarily cause profound personal impact upon the individual. Here's the uncertainty – which elsewhere D'Cruz identifies as "fluidity, liminality and indeterminism" (D'Cruz, 2017, p. 202) – that Anglo-Indians embody. I build upon this later in this essay. Covering similar ground, Alison Blunt reports how a youth in Perth expressed their own dearth of knowledge:

> [Our identity] is borrowed from two places and nothing is ours, we don't have our own country, there's no country called Anglo-India. We don't have our own flag, we don't have our own dress – it's borrowed from the British, we don't have our own food, that's borrowed from the Indians, we don't have our own language, that's borrowed from the British. So we're just bits of everything and then when you get someone like me that's living in a whole other country… it's not really recognised as a true identity… Being Indian is like a checkbox kind of thing, you have a survey and you choose A, B, C, D, or being Anglo-Indian being you choose other so I just feel like we're not A, B, C, D, just other…(Blunt, 2000, p. 11)

Watching D'Cruz's film and thinking about our lack of historical knowledge, I gathered my thoughts about future students. It's unconscionable for current and future cohorts of Anglo-Indian youth attending schools to be similarly neglected on the point of their education about their history. Lobo's 1990s recommendations that "schools must apply an educational philosophy of personal development for all Anglo-Indians" (Lobo, 1996a, p. 22) needs to be redirected, perhaps, to 'pupil power': change for youth can be effected by youth themselves. Although no manifesto like a Bill of Rights for People of Mixed-Heritage exists for Anglo-Indians is it timely to offer a kernel of what one may contain? A Bill of Rights for Anglo-Indian youth, that at least Anglo-Indian educationalists should consider, could read:

A Bill of Rights for Anglo-Indian Youth

> Knowing my history is my birthright. Without it I am less rather than more. It is a validation of my existence. It is the bedrock of my identity. It equips me in an everyday sense for the individuality of my life. It speaks to me about who I am and trail-blazes for me where I'm going. I listen to that voice. It gives me confidence to explain myself to others. Especially when I'm required to defend myself against stereotypes about me from others that because I'm mixed-race I must be mixed-up. The voice has lifted me above such silliness to accepting hybridity as normal. After all who is a pure race or even wants to be? I also need to insulate myself from the other extreme. From grandiose ideas that because I'm a hybrid I am somehow special. I am only special because all people are uniquely special. This is the normal I seek. This is what my birthright tells me.

THE SPICE OF ANGLO-INDIAN LIFE

What is characteristically normal, for the community, on another plane, is their attachment to Anglo-Indian food. Over a quarter of *A Passage from India* is devoted to Anglo-Indian cuisine under the heading, "The Spice of Indian Life." The interviewees demonstrated considerable interest and pride in Anglo-Indian food from vindaloo to oxtail to kul-kuls. The cooking practices are taught and passed on to the next generations almost as ritual. "Mum sat me down there and taught me."[10] It's also where I make a cameo appearance – looking quite the *jhapsu* with my tea strainer moustache and unsightly sideburns. I histrionically threaten to report the Australian Government to the United Nations for a very serious crime being committed against humanity: that being Vindaloocide, the degradation of the signature curry of the Anglo-Indian community – Vindaloo – to a stew. In a way I was deadly serious.

Some years after D'Cruz's film was made I registered my gastronomic protest by writing a satirical novel, "The Secret Vindaloo" which foregrounded Anglo-Indians by way of deep metaphor, and not via their chronicled history. Later still I document the challenges of foregrounding Anglo-Indians in narratives without knowing their history (Butler, 2022). The greater point being made here is that, significantly, no interviewee in the documentary refers to Anglo-Indian history per se but it is often food that's employed as the marker of identity, culture and history.

Whilst the baby boomers interviewed in D'Cruz's *A Passage from India* identify with being Anglo-Indian, not surprisingly, with little inherited adhesion to their roots, Gen X appear to be more than content to pass on the option of being Anglo-Indian. They saw themselves as primarily Australian, sometimes equating that with multiculturalism. Going beyond those living private contented lives are others in the public glare who used their Anglo-Indian heritage to curate themselves as "culturally adaptable". In his seminal article, ""The Good Australians" Anglo-Indians, Multiculturalism and Cosmopolitanism" (2017), D'Cruz cites the example of the cricketeer Mark Lavender who claims that "his 'mixed heritage' has enabled him to 'fit in' wherever he goes" (D'Cruz, 2017, p. 212). The former Green Party Senator, Christabel Chamarette, is also quoted as saying that her Anglo-Indian identity helped her see herself as a global citizen rather than one distinct nationality. It helped her in Australia to identify with Aboriginal Australians as well as the multicultural community (D'Cruz, 2017, p. 212).

D'Cruz asks, in the same article: "How do we account for a sudden interest in such a marginal community?" (2017, p. 202). I include his complete reply. "One plausible explanation is that globalisation, cosmopolitanism and post-modernism—rubrics that purport to capture the *zeitgeist*—are all obsessed, in their own ways, with fluidity, liminality and indeterminacy. Anglo-Indians, along with other 'mixed-race' peoples, embody these qualities" (2017, p. 202).

Building upon D'Cruz's idea of "fluidity, liminality and indeterminacy", I ask: are mobilities possibly symptomatic of a people divested of their history? And if so, I theorise that this divestment of their history created an empty space within Anglo-Indians to be all too easily filled with Australian self-serving multicultural policies. This included the rhetoric of constructing diasporic Anglo-Indians in Australia as "the poster children for twenty-first century globalization" (Julie Mathews, as quoted by D'Cruz, (2017, p. 202)).

A Passage from India is replete with expressions of Anglo-Indian frustration at the Australian Immigration policy. In the video, David Frowd-Smith, obviously suffering from application fatigue, laments the ever-changing policies that resulted in him submitting immigration applications numerous times. Ian Britain, who presented as very European with an attitude of doughty confidence in the video, felt it important to

correct the other European in the room, the Deputy High Commissioner, on a point of anthropology: that there are no 'pure' races. Pauline and Ron D'Cruz, contrastingly, said their immigration interview went smoothly.

So, what was Australia's Immigration policy of the 1901 to the 1970s? Generally, it appears procrustean; cutting, recutting, paring and then stretching and shrinking its ideology in a journey from race to culture. Starting with the White Australia policy of 1901, enshrined by a politician as, "the noble ideal of a White Australia - a snow-white Australia …" (Blunt, 2000, p. 6) the policies constantly changed over time. In 1950, the requirement for immigrant entry was that applicants had to prove at least 75% European ancestry (Blunt, 2000). By 1957 it changed again to emphasise European appearance and culture, rather than proof of origin, then it became that applicants had to be "fully European in outlook, mode of dress and way of living" (Blunt, 2000, p. 9). In 1964 the criteria used to ascertain a person's desirability as a migrant was based on an 'applicant's capacity for integration', although other factors such as family reunion, the possession of special vocational skills and even arguments based on humanitarian grounds' were included (Blunt, 2000).

Whilst the above is a summation of policies, we now turn specifically to the late 1960s and 1970s where an integral part of the application process for immigration to Australia was a face-to-face interview with the Australian Deputy High Commissioner in Kolkata. As noted above, in *A Passage from India,* Pauline and Ron D'Cruz fleetingly mention that their interview went well.

ANOTHER STORY

I now offer beyond the documentary, my own story, which includes an account of my immigration interview. My father was an Englishman, born in Kandy under the British Raj, studied at the Lawrence school, Ootycamund, South India who became a drummer in the British army in India. I recall my father as a somewhat shy and diffident man who never left India and had the same 'colouring' as Ian Britain. He married my mother who was born in Burma. Her maiden name was Cabral, which was a Portuguese name. Interestingly enough my dossier describes my mother as Burmese and wholly non-European (NAA 446,1970/73423). My parents had two children, my younger sister and me.

In our case it was never ***if*** my sister and I would emigrate from India but ***when***, as far as my parents were concerned. From early in my life I recall them constantly talking about leaving India, window shopping for destinations; Canada, UK, Australia. As one door of immigration closed in a country, they shopped for another. Leaving India was a project for us and many other Anglo-Indians.

When my father died in the 1960s, the fortunes of the family become dire. My uncle became our guardian. The prospect of going to Australia, as the only possible alternative now open to Anglo-Indians, became even more attractive.[11] Having had a British husband my mother was granted a British passport with Citizenship status. She bandied around the passport with great pride. Were my father alive, all he had to do was walk in, show himself as the Englishman he was, and the immigration process would have been much smoother for all of us. With his demise the paper quest began in earnest to obtain documentation that I had a British father.

Finally, his papers arrived from Somerset House in London, and I applied for a British passport which was eventually granted but it posed another challenge. I had been granted a British subject status, not a citizen status. To complicate matters, my sister who definitely looked European (NAA 446,1970/73423), on account of some obscure bureaucratic rule, was given an Indian passport. Whilst the ploy of obtaining a British passport served the purpose of me complying with the Australian criteria to prove European descent there was a term of purgatory ahead of me. Being a British subject in India also meant that I now had the status of being an alien in the subcontinent and I had to apply for a visa every six months. I was hoist on my own petard.

By this time, I was a teacher at St Xavier's School, Park Street, Kolkata. Every six months I took a couple of hours leave from the school and, wearing a suit, I braced myself for the experience of visiting the Indian Border Control Headquarters near Park Street, to request an extension of my visa.[12] There, I lined up with refugees from neighbouring countries like Burma, Tibet, and Afghanistan, for an interview. The staff who interviewed us were uniformly belligerent and threatening. They barked questions at us. When my turn came, I sat before the interviewer who never looked directly at me. He shot rapid-fire curt questions to me and scribbled in a yellow dossier which he

covered with one palm. I always got the impression that whoever interviewed me enjoyed dealing with a stranded Anglo-Indian who had got what he deserved for giving "insult to India" by taking a British subject passport and then not leaving the land. The same staff never failed to let me know one way or the other that they had the power to send me directly from the interview to a refugee camp God-alone-knows-where. In addition, when they dismissed me from the interview, they would direct me to carry messages to the other overstayers to report to their office immediately: these were the Belgian Jesuits whom I worked with at St Xavier's College, Park Street.

My dossier shows that I was granted an interview on 30 Dec 1970 (NAA 446,1970/73423). That's over half a century ago so I have only a dim memory of what transpired at that all important meeting, but I would have gone suited and booted, all spruced up. My uncle, who was a journalist, accompanied me and had tutored me to expect at least one question, "Why do you want to go to Australia?" I recall the Deputy High Commissioner eventually posing that query to me. I do remember saying that I wanted to make a contribution to Australia, especially to the youth of Australia by virtue of me being a teacher and then a bit later suddenly diverging to talk about how many sheep were exported by Australia, much to the surprise of my Uncle and even the DHC. This information was what my Geography teacher at St. Thomas' Boys' School, Kidderpore, taught me from the standard Geography textbook by Dudley Stamp.

Whatever the case, I must have made a positive impression on the DHC because on 4 November 1971, the family received a letter saying my application had been accepted, and that my sister could accompany me. Later my dossier revealed what the DHC had said of me. Under Appearance was "Anglo-Indian. 80% NE" (NAA 446,1970/73423). I'm unsure what NE stood for. The line heading, Knowledge of English had: "V. Good". "Knowledge of English was V. good. Was educated in the English language and is teaching in this language" (NAA 446,1970/73423). Under Comments: "A good looking and well set up young man, should have no trouble to integrate into the Australian community. Recommendation: 'Approve'" (NAA 446,1970/73423).

So, there it was, my not knowing my history hadn't blocked my application, conversely it may have lubricated the process; after all, wasn't I the perfect migrant? I was "a good

looking and well set up young man", spoke English, was a qualified teacher and, to boot, would readily adapt. As I argue, this was precisely because I did not have any adhesion to my own historic roots.

My sister and I flew out of Calcutta on 26th February 1972 to land in Australia. Several years later we successfully sponsored my mother and my Uncle to Melbourne. Our immigration to Australia project was completed.

CONCLUDING COMMENTS

In order to write this reflective essay on D'Cruz's, *A Passage from India* I found it singularly useful to follow Mantel's mantra to find "the one detail that lights up the page." That "one detail" was my own realisation that Anglo-Indians had probably never learned their history because it has never been formally taught in Anglo-Indian institutions. Using *A Passage from India* as a touch stone and Anglo-Indian lack of knowledge of their history as a rubric I explored the journey of Anglo-Indians "from colonial footnotes to exemplars of (Australian) neo-liberal cosmopolitanism" (D'Cruz, 2017, p. 214) in several interconnected ways. It's been an invaluable exercise to think back to the time I was involved in the production of the documentary, to now. My continued reading and writing since then, on topics covered in D'Cruz's work, has led to my awareness of the community's profound lack of knowledge about their history – a situation that was not obvious to me until quite recently. The next task is the rectify this travesty. Watch this space for my response.

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ARCHIVAL SOURCES

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NAA 446,1970/73423: Record of Keith Butler's immigration-related documents.

NOTES

[1] Quoted by Olivier, M. (2019, p. 7).
[2] Kolkata used to be called Calcutta
[3] Applications made by Anglo-Indians in Calcutta alone increased from 400 in 1965 to over 3,000 in 1968 (NAA: A446/182, 60/66167) as cited in Blunt, A. (2000, p.9).
[4] Procrustean means being marked by arbitrary, often ruthless, disregard of individual differences or special circumstances.
[5] The idiomatic Anglo-Indian term for dhal or lentil curry.
[6] I resort to Anglo-Indian slang and patois as the morally appropriate language for an Anglo-Indian to employ. See *What is the Morally Appropriate Language in Which to Think and Write?* by Arundhati Roy https://lithub.com/what-is-the-morally-appropriate-language-in-which-to-think-and-write/
[7] Khoo reviewed the exhibition, see https://www.tandfonline.com/doi/pdf/10.2104/ha050052
[8] *A Passage from India,* at 18:27 minutes
[9] At Barry O'Brien's invitation I presented a paper at the 149th AGM (2024) in Namkum, Ranchi, entitled, "Making your unknown known is the important thing."
[10] *A Passage from India*, at 15.09 minutes
[11] Blunt also notes this in her article (2000), giving some the statistics for immigration to Australia at this time.
[12] I'm unsure if that is the exact name but it was the authority that generally policed the issues of visas.