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WHAT THE CROW SAID
Though friendly to magic
I am not a man disguised as a crow
I am night eating the sun.
Michael Hammond

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12 June, 1986
Dear borderlines,

Joan Davies' article, "News Without Photographs," in your winter 1985-86 issue, makes some interesting observations about Bermuda. Unfortunately, such insights tend to be overshadowed by a significant distortion and few inaccuracies which leave one with the mistaken impression that the island is little more than an American outpost and the people politically malleable.

First there are some minor errors: Bermuda is even smaller than Davies believes; it is 21 square miles not the 46 mentioned; the population is 57,000 as opposed Davies' 25,000 (60% of whom are black and 40% white); and the government does not routinely rid the streets of social misfits come tourist season -- I have seen the same hobos, eccentrics and lumpenproletarians for over a decade now, and their presence is as constant as the American.

More importantly, though, is the claim that the police force and civil service are "completely foreign." For over twenty years ordinary Bermudians pressured an intransigent government to Bermudize the work force, and these two areas in particular. Through sustained struggle, some success has been achieved. Bermudians now comprise just over half of the police force, and it is run by a Bermudian born police commissioner. The civil service has also made significant steps in the direction of Bermudization. To deny this, as does Davies, is to ignore the ability of a dominated class to make things happen.

Some distortion arises in Davies' handling of the question of oppositional politics. He is correct to argue that the Progressive Labour Party, in its present form, is not all that different from the ruling United Bermuda Party. To suggest, however, that the Hebrew Israelites (a small yet vocal, and extremely reactionary band) has played some part in the creation of an alternative politics -- producing a "splinter of the underlying tinder that might be ignited by a well-placed match" -- is to provide this flock with unwarranted significance and misread the political scene. This underlying tinder has been ignited repeatedly since the labour movement emerged in the 1940's -- its most recent incarnations being the 1977 rice of and the 1981 General Strike. It is true that dissonance, opposition and struggle persists, or as Davies puts it, "the natives are restless." But no sustained political alternative has emerged since no movement or party has thus far seriously committed itself to articulating such a project and grounding it with the aspirations of workers.

Sincerely,
C. Walton Brown Jr.
Doctoral Student
York University

2 August 1986
Dear Joan Davies,

I was recently sent a copy of your review of Critical Arts in borderlines by a colleague of mine in Germany. I am unaware of Granua, but my colleague, Nongela Mailela, assures us that the praise you gave us was high indeed in the face of other critical comment about Granua being an indication of a new "moment."

I personally found your review very perceptive, an analysis which could only have been written by someone outside of South Africa. It is reassuring to know that we remain relevant to our rapidly deteriorating situation here.

The journal is now being edited out of the Contemporary Cultural Studies Unit of the University of Natal. Whereas the Journal was hardly tolerated by the previous Departments in which it was edited, the University of Natal has been much more supportive of the venture. Apart from our accounts being managed officially through the Unit in conjunction with the University Administration, it is also being typed free of charge by the University. Despite the latter, we are retaining the previous "rough" appearance by now concentrating much more on design that we did in the past. We wish to remain radical both in terms of content and appearance. However, the journal remains independent of the University, thus protecting itself from co-option by institutional vested interests.

Sincerely,
Kevin Tomasselli
Editor

pp editorial board

Critical Arts
In Ottawa it is always 5 degrees colder at least.

It's not always clear what the comparison is with, necessarily, but it is still always 5 degrees colder, and there's still always a comparison.

It must be very Canadian.

A lot of people ride bicycles here and often you can't tell by looking at people what they do. There is a kind of gentleness about the edges. People seem to be disregarding the fact that this is a risky business, that it is better to know exactly what and where people are if you want to know that about yourself. After all, this is the capital. In fact, it's not that they really forget at all, because insofar as there is a cafe culture it is still based very much on a class system which is based very much on knowing who people are and what they do. But this knowledge is more esoteric than in other places. You can't tell by looking at them, so perhaps the richness lies in identifying the more esoteric (less visible) with the more gentle (less dangerous). This would never happen in Toronto. I'm not even sure it really happens in Ottawa. People seem to spend a lot of time at home, theirs or somebody else's, not in cafes.

But Ottawans like art. There is a big regional art fair about to happen and the paper has given it a big centrepiece advance schedule. Everything is anticipated very positively and equitably: performance, poetry, new art, curated crafts, very different kinds of music. It is truly regional and yet there is a certain degree of variety, and everything seems to be very interesting and promising, and it is evident that it will all be very enjoyable. It is clear Ottawans like art.

Feeling homesick and observant at the same time, I found this item pretty interesting:

... Unlike the capital, the metropolis has no identity to preserve: it is only concerned with promoting certain proportional relations. In the name of these relations, which are sometimes confused with relations of equality, the metropolis feels free to exploit all regions of the world. The capital, on the other hand, is primarily concerned with safeguarding the national territory and population to a common heritage. Consequently, whereas the metropolis is more readily maritime than continental, the capital is necessarily bound to its hinterland. Even as the capital drains the resources of the hinterland, it must protect it; for it is on this guarantee of protection that its legitimacy depends...

The center of the capital represents the political power by which it has subjugated its territory. This center, sporadically alive with the comings and goings of representatives, is often apparently vacant, especially at night: it is never the heart of metropolitan life. The metropolis meanwhile is the place where people congregate... The metropolis puts an inconceivable mix of beings into circulation; it offers its own mode of space-time to those for whom the principles of a sovereign people and a nation-state do not apply. It is a place of experimentation, where new operational propositions can be mode concerning current practices - as long as capitalization does not set in. As soon as it does, the metropolis begins to be eclipsed.


I have used my new computer to render the above information in proper form. I have now truly joined the School of Journalism with this equipment. At university, journalism and mass communications co-exist on one floor of the building. Journalism students are trained to produce things, while mass communications students are trained to analyse them. Recently there has been a shift of emphasis, they tell me; not that there is a shortage of good journalism students, but that mass communications is growing so much faster; they have to limit student enrollments, even turn people away. Putting aside self-interest, this is a strange situation, if only in juxtaposition with other recent events. During the first week of classes, Pierre Juneau was recorded as claiming that the CBC was being underfunded because the government doesn't like what CBC journalists are saying about it. In fact the CBC has always been underfunded; perhaps that's been one of the reasons. But of course it's much worse now, because of Mulroney. Otherwise I'm sure Juneau wouldn't say anything about it. So it worries me that there might be a gradual geological shift from critical journalism (criticism as intervention) to critical analysts, a kind of meta-media. Like this. Perhaps it means that the hard-hitting CBC public affairs reporting tradition really is going to go to the dogs. This is purely conjecture. But it is an important issue here on the third floor. I will be paying close attention, of course.

My bank manager, upon learning that I was teaching mass communications, asked me while appending his signature to a form, why the press was so hostile towards Mulroney. Well, I said, because there is a relationship between press and government, and Mulroney has managed it by thinking too much about his own image and not enough about political negotiation and direction, and has then insulted the press, and they know it, I didn't use those words. (I didn't call it a "failure to communicate" - thank god I have some dignity left.)

But it was a very superficial and sloppy answer, really. Add to this Mulroney wants to model himself after Thatcher (who commands) and Reagan (who communicates). He wants to be that kind of political leader. He imagines some sort of national destiny in that direction. He imagines putting punch into the annihilation of the public sector, he imagines the thrill of military bravado, he promotes government by advertising its retreat. But this doesn't work in Canada at all. It doesn't work in terms of style. Even more it doesn't work in terms of social policy or political orientation. He isn't smart or principled or aggressive enough to solve this contradiction (not to solve it but to go ahead trumpeting regression) so he tries to play across all the fronts at the same time. He puts his face where his head should be, he puts tooe of voice where there should be an answer. Have you heard him being interviewed? It gives me vertigo, truly.

What looks like a psychology of weak ego and image-obsession is actually a logical play for solving political problems through non-political means, which is what that sort of psychology is about, largely speaking, anyway, all the more so surrounded by cameras and micros. Most people are aware of aspects of this larger explanation for the shorter answer. But in Ottawa, answers tend to become very technical. I realized this walking away from the bank.

Happy second birthday, borderlines. Many happy returns of the day, and don't forget to write.

love, Jody

Jody Berland has recently moved to Ottawa to teach Communications and Popular Culture at Carleton University. She is a contributing editor of borderlines.
We are then divided into two teams according to the department we will be working in. We are engaged in a competition to try and identify various site features from a huge map on the wall. Site orientation will be of crucial importance in our "embassadors to the world" role. Someone correctly identifies one of the amusement rides: The Screem Machine. "You'll never get me on that thing. It's a-sca-a-a-a-ary!" trembles our instructor. More kiddie talk and tales of economic benefits. I expect milk and cookies any time now. None arrive.

The list of employee do's and don'ts is especially extensive. The rigorous dress code goes as far as limiting the number of rings on one's hand (the number is different according to gender). It "suggests" shoes of make-up for women. According to our handbook, our appearance is to be "neat, natural and nothing extreme." It is ironic that a fair which allegedly celebrates world cultures would suppress those found in the host city. The assumption is that cultural expression is fine when it is contextualized by a stage or performance space but not as a product of day-to-day life in a particular milieu. Ideas of what is normal and what is not continue to be reinforced for the benefit of the Expo audience which is predominantly white, English-speaking, middle-class families. We are told further that once we have our photographs taken for the LD cards, we cannot alter our appearance for the duration of the fair so that positive identification can be made by security. Speaking of security, we agree, in writing, to submit to searches of our persons and belongings at any time.

We are informed that there are four (count'em) employee break areas, with toilet, for the 173 acre site. Food may be purchased from vending machines in these stark buildings. Food cannot be purchased from any of the outlets available to the public. One woman, obviously perturbed by this information but still anxious to conform asks for permission to "... bring my own apple or orange to work." The figure at the podium smiles and says it's okay.

The Grounds for Dismissal section of the orientation includes a host of specifics, but also such vague actions as "insubordination," "harassment," and the catch-all "any other activity detrimental to the Exposition." When asked to provide specific examples of the above, there was a brief acknowledgement of the "subjectivity" involved. And when asked to outline mechanisms in existence to protect employee rights, the reply was that the hierarchy of supervisors could be approached at air grievances. My confidence soared.

Perhaps the vaguer area in terms of policy was that of overtime. "Overtime is a no-no" our instructor warned, wagging a finger to and fro. Supervisors in future indoctrination sessions stated flatly that "overtime does not exist." This was certainly true, but only in terms of being paid for it. Much was made of the fact that the Corporation would provide two paid 15 minute coffee breaks even though it was not mandatory according to the provincial labour code.

The session began to wind down with a discourse on providing "a genuine, not phoney, smile and sense of warmth for our guests." It was suggested that one could accomplish this, even while dealing with a belligerent guest for the umpteenth time that day, by thinking of "laying on a hot, sunny beach" or if that fails... wait for it... "thinking of me here today."

It would take a lot more than thinking about beaches to help the employees once they were on the job. The stress produced by attempting to be warm and accommodating to 130,000 impatient and demanding people every day, for five and a half months is staggering. The employer's expectation of paying a worker to repeatedly exhibit an emotional response totally contrary to the immediate social context does not make for a calm and well-adjusted person.

The session ends by viewing a slick slide-tape featuring the fabbed, ever-courtious, vigilant and genuinely warm employee. The subsequent portrayal of the typical Expo guest is honed from the same myth. It's a far cry from the type of guest we will actually witness during the summer. Imagine a half-drunk man, potbellied distending his "I Tamed My Buns In Pazo Vallarta"'s-shirt to the ripping point, wanting to know if the Native elders cooking barneck over an open fire are making "Italian food" and where can be buy some?

Memories of the winter orientation dimmed as I found myself near the fair's end. By all official accounts, Expo is deemed a huge success. Final attendance figures probably exceeded original projections by 40%. It is a different story behind the scenes, however. The board of directors remain tight lipped about expenditures despite a government ordered request for complete disclosure at the beginning of the year. The government's insistence has waned for the moment, probably because it is so hard to have the embarrassing figures made public. Even though attendance was up, a new series of budget cuts were implemented. Lay-offs...
T
There is a place in between. A place which, seen, if not understood, is
contradictory. Maybe an uncomfortable
place.
It's clear that a whole lot of folks from
California to Newfoundland have bought the
Expo hype. And this includes many red,
white, and blue British Columbians. But it is
equally certain that many have not. For
reason after reason -- the labour struggle to
keep it a union site, the cultural protest
issue on local artists, the eviction of
time hotel residents -- Expo was
injured, if not boycotted in an
organized
way.
But still there is that place in between.
There are people who are not crazy about the
Social Credit government yet they still
went. Boycotters worried that attending
Expo would change these people's attitudes,
maybe even their vote. I asked 17 Expo
visitors who had not voted for the Scream if
they would change their vote because of the
fair. None would. Not social scientists, I
know, but it indicates something. Most of
them found it quite possible to maintain a
critical view of Expo and the parties
responsible for creating it even while on the
site.
Why then do they go? Here are some
answers.
I'm going for the kids. I promised them
that we would go as a family. All their
friends are going too. But it's been a hell of
a day... like everything else in this
province, nothing works. We had to wait 45
minutes just to get on the monorail. And
then it was stalled for half an hour. No, I
came because I got a free ticket pure and
simple. I hate this government. I've been
told to do everything to work this place
but no way... I think I blew it at the
interview. Anyway things are supposed to
good with Expo but I can't see it. There
will be thousands more people unemployed
after it's over. What's going to happen to
them? I don't know, really... I guess I
came to see about other countries, some of it
is pretty interesting but most of it seems
like they want you to buy things.

Chris Creighton-Kelly is an artist
and writer in Vancouver. His book Television
and Culture will be published in Spring
1987.
Beyond Genre,

or how the Women's Writing Collective saved the Perfect Tense

To the women of West Word.

When the women writers all together began to compose an epic Romance, I excelled as the Perfect Tense, faultless in my execution of History. Subordinate Clauses were left to another woman who had a stronger set of ego boundaries. Punctuation remained up for grabs, so Histas, who specialized in pauses, was forever being called into the act. Personified by urban glitter, UPPER CASE constantly jeered to international film festivals. The screen consultant learned to do without midmorning breaks. Forever echoing up and down the stairwells, Voice remained elusive and unmanageable. She flirted with one of us after another. Some held out for the longest time, though eventually everyone succumbed.

Night after night the tapping of machines called back and forth down the long cream-tinted corridor. Sticky name tags rapped on their doors in answer. Everyone knew where they came from. Some from Biography. Others from Intention. While the most deliciously Sirenean of the lot still circulated in the mirror stage. All were writing. There was no doubt about this. But occasionally Romance became virtually hypnized by Ixox. Though when I returned from swimming, Narrative was rushing forward with a flurry of promise and intrigue. One day Subjective got completely out of hand. "If I were you," ran the text on and on into "be that as it may". Finally "god help you" slipped out to our collectively chattering. Sufficed to say, Subjective was taken for a lengthy educational walk along the ocean cliffs. Returning chastened, she reforged her intrusive persona.

I sometimes collaborated with Future, an Uruma LeChat lookalike. When we became erotically entangled, there was a general outcry that nothing was ever getting done. Eventually, Narrative benounced this turn of events, and encouraged us to maintain an appropriate sense of distance and autonomy. Worrying that unfashionable outcast Plot, we suffered separation anxiety of the worst sort. Future plummeted into a dreadful depression refusing to acknowledge that anything was possible. I paddled on through what seemed like an endless winter of days. Migraines and backaches punctuated my own internal contradictions. One moment I'd be struck by the most outrageous feelings of grandiosity, after all I was perfect. The next instant, my delusions of faallass completion would be shattered with visions of Future, unseating in her proximity.

Finally my story became our story, as I, like others in the collective, sought refuge in language herself.

Less temperamental than many of us, Lexicon guided tours through her towering chambers past tiers of words reclining in their skyskr chalets lounges. On particularly busy mornings when Syntax jogged down in the chaotic corridors of Mine-en-Scene, the lexical digs became a beehive of activity. There was a tremendous crush around the 'W'. Woman would open her house and share stories with Womb, or Wombat, Wolverine, or Wanton. Happily Wonga-wonga was having a heavy number with Woe, and spent most of her time at Bygone's. (Wow was heartbroken.) The ever charming and vigilant Liberation continually backed Miss Gaytee into Contradiction's corner. Thus, at least for the moment, Woman was free to wander and chat with Ex-Wife and Housewifery, White or Colour, while maintaining her ever vigilant eye on that gorgeous seducer, Lesbian.

Writing cut a glamorous figure, gossiping with Inscription and performing sensuous improvisational dances with various parts of the Body. The dance of the Hieroglyph became a sellout, with Phaellas growing limp and limper from lack of attention. Hardly anyone outside of the alliterate remembered the ceremonial Phaenon of the Phaellas in his blazing Phaeton. Even though the carriage was said to have been drawn by a phalanx of rather acidic pH factors. Gossip remained uninterrupted, the Women, unimpressed.

Meanwhile, the Lips Doxt became a classic. The formerly gothic corridors of the Female were now the Scene of Writing. Thin membranes of the Futility sat surrendered to Alphabet's swift current. Dreams no longer lost themselves in the domain of the past, but recovered their telling in the movement of the everyday. Sometimes there were children and sometimes there were not. Sometimes worms were blood. And then there would be a listening to the long streams of being where membranes wret with holding unced words. Somewhere between a voice and a speaking.

Janice Williamson is a Toronto writer, critic and teacher.
Within the hallucinatory and manifestness of image which offers at Toronto's Festival of Festivals, there exists a category of film that often is pre-empted by more seductive fictions. The documentary film, usually glossed over by buffs and cognoscenti alike, sits quietly on the sidelines. For most viewers, the presence of "real" people on the screen, telling their own stories, drains the image of "otherwise," thus depriving them of the transformative magic invoked by "real movies." Francine Ramond's Mix Up stands out as one documentary that questions the classification non-fiction and its effects, inventing a new form of hybrid film in the process.

Mix Up is a strange composite that suffuses the complex interplay between history, discourse, and memory. It is played out at the juncture between the real and the imaginary. Through sometimes playful, sometimes painful re-enactment of a popular industry of two families, a collective "talking cure" takes place. And it is this self-examination by the participants, regarding themselves from a distance, relating the sequence of events twenty to thirty years prior, that comprises the unique site of the film.

Ramond does not subject a specific incident, a bizarre but true tale, of two English babies mistakenly exchanged in a Neonatal Intensive Care Unit. Margaret Wheeler wound up with Blanche Rylatt's baby Valerie, and Blanche, with Margaret's baby Peggy. Twenty years later, it is acknowledged that a terrible mistake had occurred. The film does not fix responsibility, does not explain how this event occurred. Instead, through interviews that are often poignant, at times hilarious, it exposes how the six people most concerned were affected and how they dealt with a situation that is still in the film, but tragic in life. Mix Up is a farcical tragedy that recalls a fiction inscribed in the real: it plays out every mother's nightmare and every child's fantasy. In this way a hyperreal effect is struck, contributing to its familiar, yet strange, aspect.

Margaret Wheeler, the mother who "knew," the one who was convinced of the switch, is the "star" who doubles and plays both the good and bad mother. (Her warm, fleshly aspect recalls the mother of Hollywood fiction.) Her knowledge of the exchange, however, caused an emotional withholding towards Valerie, the child that she reared. In this way, she becomes the villain of the piece, a role unintentionally adopted.

Mix Up opens with an image of a scale symmetrically balanced with two babies suspended, a visual reminder of the myth that is encoded in all of us, that justice prevails, that equality and fairness rule the world. Margaret Wheeler then begins to recount the events in the nursery. She was shown a long and skinny baby, and received flowers and telegrams for Mrs. Rylatt, engendering suspicion. The film then alternates between interviews with the others involved, and the occasional re-enacted sequence, showing Margaret's campaign to establish the truth. In her empirical cradle, she sought the advice of genetic scientists and Bernard Shaw. During the following exchange, the Rylatt family received a barrage of photographs, blood samples and entertainments from Margaret. Given that Blanche Rylatt and Peggy, the daughter she reared, immediately bonded, the reminiscences from Margaret Wheeler were equated with post-partum psychosis. Blanche Rylatt evidently felt no doubt and brought up Margaret's child as her own. One family denied, the other knew.

Ramond reads about the incident — with its eccentric English tone of "Oh, what a mix up, but now we are one big happy family" — in a newspaper on the occasion of Margaret and Fred's golden wedding anniversary. And she knew that beneath the hegemonic family viceroy, trauma and division were sure to be lurking. In Ramond's hands, through re-presentation, the impossibility of a univocal history/representation emerges in spite of the efforts by those depicted to graft the image of a homogeneous family onto the film. This effort, "their to us one" stance, constitutes the desire to weld, to forge those multiple memories together into one narrative, the ideology of the family.

Mix Up dissolves this mask of "we are all one" through the sufferings of Valerie, Margaret's foster daughter and Blanche's real daughter — the victim of the tale. Valerie confesses that for twenty years she felt that she did not belong, explaining her present insatiable need for love. The scene in which Valerie re-enters her first arrival in the Rylatt house is especially poignant. When she hears the gate close behind her, the gate that opens on the home she never had, she muses that this is the sound she should have been hearing for twenty years. The family facade also is put under strain by the film's mode of depiction. In the last shot of the film, for example, the extended members of the two families pose for a family portrait, the edge of the frame is bordered by another frame. The camera continues to shoot longer than is necessary; the family members switch places, but a general tone of uneasiness pervades the scene, undercutting the portrait's cohesiveness.

The non-fiction classification of this film presupposes a seemingly immediate relation with the real, and often preempts any critical considerations of its construction. Ramond counters this dilemma of transparency by inventing a new form: she breaks away from the usual straight interview format.

By drawing attention to the distance between the bizarre events being recalled and the rational ordinary world in which the story was played out, this hypenesis, this double movement, moves beyond the material confines of the story, from other documentaries. Mix Up is truly stranger than fiction.

Ramond's subjects are grounded in a realism this drama did indeed occur and the participants themselves tell the story but she separates the telling of the story from the story itself. The spectator distinguishes between the extremely stylized scenes and the mannerisms of the characters, and moves beyond the material confines of the story. This meaning effect comprises a new form of documentary, the other side of the authorial voice-over that we associate with the documentary. Generally, one participant delivers a line and another picks up the story line. For example, Blanche reads a story to a child on a rag. Later the child is replaced by Valerie, her grown up daughter. And the repeated (obviously re-enacted) image of two young girls crisis-crossing on railway tracks visually replays the psychic side of the film. The additional use of numerous devices for reflecting and doubling, such as mirrors and windows again asserts the doubling of things, how Valerie is lost, in the throw of the dice, the balance of happiness. A constant double edged tone informs the work. The swap does not transcend class: Valerie receives a university education intended for Peggy but does not recover from the early neglect, whereas Peggy appears well adjusted, as though she has limbed horizons. It is a black comedy that slips from pathos to the cartoon-like, and vice versa in a flash.

The "family romance," a term coined by Freud, to characterize the fantasy of origins as a universal phenomenon, is evoked by this tale. As myth, the family romance is played out here by the mother who "knows" and by the foster daughter who voices her suspicions. (Valerie once told Margaret that "if there was a fire in the house, you would save the other children first"). The family romance usually involves the fantasмагic inversion of ideal parents by children to replace real ones — correcting reality against the disappointments of life. This often involves the re-production of the foundling or bastard scenario. Mix Up however, does not take place at the same locale as The Changeling, The Prince and the Pauper, or famous fables that precede and follow the Moses legend. Through the intersection of myth, memory, discourse and history, Mix Up is constitutied in a diachronic play of the fictive and the real. And in this way, the petite fabuliste of the family romance rejoints the cinema spectator; both are fictive elaborators of story origins, remaking the world to the measure of desire.

Kass Rowden teaches Cinema Studies at the University of Western Ontario in London.
he was letting her imagination sweep unchecked round every rock and cranny of the world that lies submerged in the depths of our unconscious being. ... was a smash. There was an explosion. There was foam and confusion... she had thought of something, something about the body, about the passions which it was unfitting for her as a woman to say... Men, her reason told her would be shocked... She could write no more.” (Virginia Woolf, Professions for Women, 1931)

The late-night club slowly darkens as a woman in a long robe finds her way onto the stage. Coming to stand in the smoky stream of light next to the microphone, she pauses and smiles — almost shyly. Then, not a moment later she tears off her robe in a gesture which is quick, mechanical, mandane. She adjusts the top of the slinky black dress and thrusts her breast into the microphone with both hands. Her eyes closed and her legs slightly apart, she appears the more or less perfect encapsulation of male eroticism — the woman alone in the dark but really on stage, with her eyes closed, quietly dreaming, silently moving...that is, until she opens her mouth.

KAREN FINLEY WRITES

An explosion, foam and confusion — a stream of obscenities pours out of her mouth, she is your worst nightmare: WOMAN as speaking subject. Like blood on a switchblade, the microphone relays her shrill sputter of words, piercing the room with her stiletto voice. The cat calls and whistles, cries of encouragement, slowly fade into an uncomfortable hum:

"I mean feel my nads nizer, just feel my nads, spit on these nads, oh suck those nads, oh suck those amputated parts, feel those parts boy... Hank and I were in the nursing home and we saw this ninety-three woman sitting in her own piss and shit stenching like nothing, she was nothing before I raped her." Or: "I go down on that ass with my mouth, my penis still little high and hard and I suck suck suck my own cum out of your lusty juice with a little bit of yum yum yum baby liquid shit mixed up with that cum baby. You can jerk off on my pancakes anytime..."
Confined to this lexicographic dung con, Finley spits, sucks, bleeds, scratches, acruses, shits, curves, pounds, punches, pisso -- that is, she redecorates but also reflects her surroundings. In the process she does a lot more than simply break a few Oedipal taboos. Finley’s excursions effect the reorganization of the language as sex -- a language which excludes women. At the same time she mirrors the problematic of female subjectivity and desire, and the paradoxical difficulties inherent in attempts to find and define that specificity.

As Finley stands on stage looking like she wants it, she appropriates a male point of view and in this way speaks her contradiction -- women’s formation in and subjugation by the symbolic:

"I mean I’m an ass man honey, oohh I’m an ass man. I had my hand inside a ramp roast but just before I was gonna push my tool inside her, I wanted to get some good butt action...and I get my arm inside that butt...and when I took my elbow out...I took it out and I looked at it and it was all red and goosy with menstruation. I mean bitch you on the snatch how could you be on the rag woman...how could you be on the period be the best fuk in your life...be the best rape in your life...ooh I wanted to wash those hands, that menstruation off of my finger nails...but it wouldn’t wash out, it wouldn’t wash out of my finger nails...out of my life line...It’d be a long time before I see that hand to shake my dick after I piss."

Alienated from her own body, re-enacting thejection of woman from the realm of her own sexuality, Finley’s defilement becomes grossly transsexual. She becomes a living text made only of quotes, a human quotation stepping outside the reassuring affections of parody.

If subjectivity is relational -- 'T exists through its opposition to you' -- then Finley’s self collapses, folds in on itself for her persona incorporates both the 'T and the 'you', oppressed and oppressor into one body. With the collapse of a clear identity, of a clear division between inside and out, Finley turns her insides out.

In her writings on abjection, Julia Kristeva describes such a process: "It is as if the skin, a fragile container, no longer guaranteed the integrity of one’s own clean self but, scraped or transparent, invisible or taut, gave way before the deflection of its content." Finley’s work foregrounds the wound we all carry, the hole in the psyche, the hangman’s that nothing ever satisfies, by unmasking the limits of its exhaustion, blood, urine excrement, spasm, saliva are made to congregate in a freakish orgy of bodily functions. The fluids and the activities they are made to serve are not placed within a hierarchical scheme and are left undifferentiated as Finley’s vernacular locutions operate their de-sexualization. The language of pornography is in this sense disarmed, deconstructed -- laid out to dry.

By digesting food on the outside, by discharging verbal fluids, by emptying herself, Finley strives to articulate the unthinkable, to exhibit the inintelligible, to de-consecrate, to explore the centrifugal powers of language: to boldly go where no man has gone before. However, in her incantations through the dump pile of significations she comes to expose the dark truth of man: the turgid circularity of his language. Woman is constrained within this obscene sphincter enclose and there can be no one point of departure. She might learn the different ways to penetrate its margins by developing new forms of deconstructive laughter, by using it to unit her own ends. What Karen Finley’s performances propose is that it is only by speaking from within the recesses of male desire that any transformation of destitute language itself can be affected and the ground for a new erotics be laid: "Oohh, you call that passion, you call that romance, honey you don’t know what it’s like for a woman to get cystitis!"

1 This is an excerpt from a disco song Finley wrote and recorded with Mark Kamin, who recorded Madonna’s first album. Needless to say the radio stations didn’t pick it up.


Janine Marchessault is currently teaching film at Ryerson Polytechnic Institute in Toronto.
We present on these pages ten cultural-studies magazines from outside North America. By cultural studies we mean any generalizing inquiry into forms such as radio, television, film, newspapers, magazines, advertisements, and writing in literary and other situations. We have included a few specialized magazines (on community radio and visual arts) because they tend to raise general issues of culture and politics. Cultural studies as an inquiry intends to make connections between contemporary and historical research, and the practice of politically committed broadcasters, film-makers, video-producers, writers, etc. We have grouped the magazines by country, though our intention is to bring together on these pages the work of groups in many parts of the world.

Alan O'Connor

Australia

The Australian Journal of Cultural Studies is written in a fairly difficult academic style, with semi-otic diagrams and discussions of difficult French theorists. On the other hand, this issue includes an article on time by a prison inmate and a discussion of the naming of the two new Australian commercial banks. *Arena* is centrally a politically journal though it has an interest in cultural criticism. This issue includes a long discussion of Un's novel *Exodus* (twenty-million copies sold since 1959) as part of the ideological discourse described by Edward Said as "Orientalism." *Art & Text* is one of the more readable theoretical art journals. This issue entitled "Margins and Institutions" is a fascinating special issue to accompany an exhibition of recent art in Chile.

England

*Block* is a theoretical journal about art (mainly photography). This issue includes articles about the design of typewriters and an advertising campaign for cosmetics. *Media, Culture and Society* is the best academic journal in the field of historical research in culture and politics. *Red Letters* is mainly a literary journal but includes more general articles and reviews. This issue has an article "Travelling the Ban: The Cultural Politics of Television Shakespeare." *Relay* is an interesting example of a magazine by people who would rather be producing culture than
France

Actes de la recherche en sciences sociales is the journal of Pierre Bourdieu and his school of cultural research. (For an introduction to Bourdieu see David Macleod's review in Borderlines no. 3). This issue includes a study of the covers of the best-selling French women's magazine, the birth of the detective story, and anatomical museums in fairgrounds in the late 19th century.

Latin America

Chasqui: Revista Latinoamericana de Comunicación is published in Quito, Ecuador by the Center for the Advanced Study of Alternative Communications (CIESPAL). Chasqui deals with subjects such as the New World Information Order, alternative communications, developments in technology, and the democratization of information systems.

South Africa

Critical Arts deals with the relation between media and society and also has an interest in Third World (mainly African) media. It is published by the Dept of Journalism and Media Studies at Rhodes University in South Africa. This issue (from 1992) deals critically with a South African government report on the media. (See Joan Davies' detailed review of Critical Arts in Borderlines no. 4).

Addresses:

Actes de la recherche en sciences sociales, CDR-Centrale des Revues, 11 rue Gonin, 92543 Montrouge Cedex, France.

Arena, Box 18, P.O. North Carlton, Vic., Australia, 3054

Art & Text, (address for North American subscriptions) P.O. Box 325, Prince St. Station, New York, NY USA 10012.

Australian Journal of Cultural Studies, School of English, Western Australian Institute of Technology, Bentley, West Australia 6102

Block, Related Studies Office, Middlesex Polytechnic, Cax Hill, East Barnet, Hertfordshire EN4 8HU, England

Chasqui, CIESPAL, Apartado 584, Quito, Ecuador, South America.

Critical Arts, c/o Dept of Journalism and Media Studies, Rhodes University, P.O. Box 94, Grahamstown 6140, South Africa.


Relay, Unit 57, Omnibus Workspace, 39-41 North Road, London N7 9DP, England.
Mozart has been my musical idol since early childhood. My father taught me to regard him as the "Christ of music."

Mozart is the reason I am in music today; and, to a very great extent, his music defined my world for me.

Over the past few years, I have become increasingly concerned with the need for a feminist criticism of music. And rather than introducing my program of feminist criticism by analyzing omnipresent musical images of phallic aggression, I wanted to make my first foray as positive as possible. Thus, I turned to my first love, Mozart operas.

It seemed to me when I first began working on this project that Mozart's images of women are rather more palatable than those of most other composers. Mozart at least does not kill off any of his female characters. By contrast, the death of the female becomes a requisite ingredient in nineteenth-century opera; closure and the reestablishment of social order demand it. As Mérimée says at the top of his version of Carmen (which is downright liberal compared to Bizet's version), "A woman has two good moments: in bed and death." All of Mozart's women continue to live. And sometimes they are even portrayed as smarter, more ethical than the men that surround them.

In my eagerness to hold onto Mozart in the midst of whatever critical revision I undertook, I even thought I could make the case that Mozart occasionally appears to identify with his female characters and with the so-called feminine themes in his instrumental music. Alas, my subsequent research disabused me of that illusion, and I realized finally that my choices were either to abandon the project altogether or else to speak the truth as I understood it.

Once I chose speech over silence, I found that the tone of that speech became a major problem. For if I have learned one lesson from Mozart's operas, it is that passionate women tend to be written off as hysterics. Unfortunately, he compassionate women offer no acceptable models either, since they agree to remain quiet like Pamina or else acquiesce charmingly to the role of coquette. That left little choice except the uncomfortable one of appropriating, to some degree, the patriarchal voice. Or, alternatively, of inventing a new one... to adopt the father's voice is not a new strategy for women scholars in music.

To the contrary, it is only if a woman agrees to speak in male drag - that is, if she relinquishes her right to observe and write from a female point of view - that she is permitted into the profession at all. But, as Audre Lorde has so aptly put it, the master's tools will never dismantle the master's house. Standard musicological discourse may allow me as a woman to enhance and decorate the established canon, but it will not permit me to address Mozart's construction of gender.

Here, I wish to deal primarily with Mozart's music itself and only incidentally with the librettos. Many of the points I want to make have not been concealed in criticism, but they have been left at the doorstep of Mozart's collaborators, Da Ponte and Schikaneder, who produced the words. The idea is that music (and most especially Mozart's) is pure, devoid of ideological content, and exempt from criticism; that while it may be deplorable that he happened to work with these poets, he himself can be faulted with nothing more than poor judgment in his choice of company. The texts do, of course, render far more explicit the contexts within which Mozart's characters operate, and therefore they cannot be ignored. But in order truly to be engaged in a feminist criticism of Music, I will be arguing principally from Mozart's compositional choices - from his manipulation of the semantic codes and procedures of his musical language.

I should admit at the outset that I do not believe in perfect unity and internally defined coherence in human artifacts. To take works that have been granted the label of Great Art at face value and to limit the search for meaning to their own boundaries is at best to mystify and obscure the social dimension of artistic production ad reception. At worst it is to transmit uncritically and irresponsibly - for the sake of aesthetics - certain ideological constructs that are potentially pernicious.

I am not advocating that we cease to take the canon of Great Art seriously. Indeed, I propose that the canon is dead serious. Hidden among those matchless melodies, I will be looking for answers to questions that continue to plague women in this society: where and how, for instance, do women learn to be masochistic, to remain with men who abuse us, to silence ourselves in submission to patriarchal law. In other words, rather than continuing to marginalize Mozart's compositions as a collection of beautiful but trivial objects, I am suggesting that they (like all the other cultural models and images put before us) influence the ways in which we shape ourselves - our notion of proper behaviour and values.

Thus I will not be providing readings of these operas that aspire themselves to internal consistency, for to do so is to submit to their claim to autonomy. Instead, I will be introducing rupture into the musical texts, frustrating our usual desire to believe unreservedly in the illusion of perfect order attributed to Mozart's music.

Indeed, I would say that the more glorious the music, the more urgent the need for critical examination. In The Magic Flute, Tamino is initially tricked in by the Queen of the Night's aesthetic virtuosity, and he must be trained to prefer the less sensual Enlightenment of the Father. In a subversive appropriation of Sarah Clarke, I want to recommend that we scrutinize the seductive power of Mozart's music in the light of feminist theory.

In The Marriage of Figaro, the women characters, the Countess and Susanna, are both marked in the libretto as much more intelligent and - especially in the case of the Countess -- more virtuous than their male counterparts. This configuring of the situation differs somewhat from the Da Ponte's model, the play of the same name by Beaumarchais. I do want to suggest that this change in emphasis is motivated by feminist interests. Rather this reversal of what was taken to be natural order is something of a displacement of the more explosive issue of class politics; a subterfuge that was all too evident to contemporaries. But whatever the covert motivation, Mozart did create quite positive female characters for this opera.

I want to examine in particular the music written for the Countess. On the one hand, as Greg Sandow pointed out recently in the Village Voice, when around Susanna she chatters, gossips and giggles, "true to the sexist idea that women never can be quiet." Yet, on the other hand, the Countess turns out to be truly noble. How is Mozart's construct manifested in music? How do we come to know this about the Countess?

The Countess is first introduced to us in her aria, "Porgi amor," the first of her two important soliloquies. The Countess knows that her husband is habitually unfaithful to her; and indeed, her involvement in the opera's farcical plot is motivated by her desire to trick him - if necessary - into returning to her. In this first aria, she sings that she must either get him back or die. (Thus do mens define the male-centered essence of female existence. At least the Countess knows that the Countess doesn't have to choke on her ultimatum.)
Don Giovanni is a rather more problematic work. The political axis upon which the opera is situated is a good deal less clear-cut. On the one hand, Giovanni is a corrupt aristocrat who is intent on claiming his right to his peasant girls on their wedding nights as was the Count in Figaro. But on the other hand, he is a social rebel who flamboyantly defies the rigid structures of society (as represented by both father and the spoilt boy) and who, although he is portrayed at the end, commands our sympathy. It is with Giovanni that we are encouraged to identify throughout the opera -- to him belong physical energy and ease of musical expression. He alone knows truly how to manipulate notes: in contrast to the noblemen and Don Ottavio, all of whom are given high, treacherously difficult parts that are middled with artifice, Giovanni sings naturally, in a medium range, and as though stylistically unmeditated. He is musically seductive -- even irresistible. Moreover, his commentaries gloss virtually every other character for us: we perceive them through his eyes.

A case in point is Donna Elvira, a lady who has been seduced and abandoned by Giovanni but who follows him, partly for the sake of revenge but more because (as she never tires of telling us) she still loves him. In her first scene, she sings what is -- significantly -- an old-style rage aria, "Ah, chi mi dice mal." Her part lies intermittently very high, with an eratic melodic line that causes her quite literally to shriek. She is thus portrayed as hysterical, shrill, irrational. As she sings of the crime against her, she is underscored by lecherous airis by Giovanni and his servant, Leporello, who finds this whole scene hilarious. Mozart cleverly intertwines the two parts so that she is musically humiliated from the outset. A cruel joke is lodged in the unfolding of her complaint: the vicious airis seem organically inevitable, necessary for completion of the harmonic syntax and for the resulting image of musical perfection.

As the opera continues, Elvira is repeatedly mocked before our very ears. Time and time again, she is tricked into thinking that Giovanni might one again care for her. Invariably she confounds that, despite his treatment of her, she still loves him. In some horrible way, she is a parody of Figaro’s Countess, in that she is always prepared to return pity and love for cruelty. There have even been critics who have tried to make the case that she is finally the heroine of the opera because of her forgiving nature. Such explanations are, I believe, desperate attempts to salvage what is essentially an amoral composition, to reaffirm its perfection, to impose an interpretation that makes the piece seem not only less repugnant but even feminist. But this is not how Mozart writes her part. For it is Mozart finally who skewers her, who makes her musically ridiculous, who renders her dilemma consistently silly.
In the midst of all this, however, there appears quite unexpectedly a trio among the two women and Don Alfonso, the sadistic cynic who set up the practical joke. This trio, "Save sia i vento," comes as close as anything I know to epitomizing sublime beauty and perfection in Mozart's music. I used to think of this trio as compensation for suffering through the humiliation of the rest of the opera. But it now seems to me as the worst part of the bad joke. It proposes the possibility of perfect harmony among the still unwitting victims and the perpetrator of the crime against them. This harmony is false to the core - a trick played on us by the master of the invisible, the magician of perfect universal order. For what does it mean to have something morally repugnant wrapped in garments of transcendental beauty? Is it really laudable that Mozart's music can distract us from what is at stake?

The overt theme of The Magic Flute is the transfer of patriarchal power. It presents two parental forces: the Queen of the Night (the mother-goddess, representing darkness, spiritual superstition, and Sarastro (the father-protector, representing light, masculinity, Enlightenment, reason, lawful order, morality). The Queen is a virtuoso coloratura who seeks to dazzle with her pyrotechnics. Her music is carefully constructed from the excesses of the pre-Enlightenment style. For instance, in her opening aria, "Da, du wirst sie zu befremden geben," she finally forgives verbal articulation altogether for the sake of spinning forth and enfolding us in coils of glittering (if subservient) ornamentation.

I used to think that her music was benign. I had heard it only in the context of the Ted Mack Amateur Hour, in which almost weekly some dim-witted young woman would attempt these arias, smiling as sweetly as possible throughout the ordeal. It was only much later that I was able to hear how utterly vicious this portrayal is - and yet how very consonant with other traditions in our cultural heritage that caricature powerful women as witches, dykes, and man-eating amazons. In contrast to her, Sarastro sings with straightforward, calm, rational (if fanatical) declamation, surrounded by orchestrations that mark him as a sage.

Pamina is the Queen of the Night's daughter. She has been kidnapped and is being held captive by Sarastro. At the request of the Queen, Tamino goes to rescue her - only to find that the patriarchal Enlightenment is absolute truth and that the Queen is absolute evil. Tamino is initiated into the mysteries of the faith. Pamina too is permitted into the hallowed halls, but only on condition that she submit unquestioningly to patriarchal law, that she silence herself and expect no direct access to knowledge. She becomes the quintessential dutiful daughter of the patriarchy, who (incidentally) required to repudiate the mother. She, as the model of femininity, sings beautifully - no shrieks, no operettas. But she is betrayed by the supposedly humane Sarastro: in the midst of one of the tests about which she has, of course, been kept ignorant, she becomes so distraught at Tamino's stubbornness of her that she almost commits suicide. Once again, it is the old story that she must have his love or die, and we as listeners are directed to relish her lament, "Ach, ich fühle," as aesthetic object. Her tormented arie operates by withholding from us the cultural spell of love and death, and Mozart teases us by making us desire both that inevitable conclusion (her death) and also its deferral (the continuing spectacle of her suffering). She is Sarastro's dutiful daughter and also his plaything.

It will undoubtedly be objected that these are works from the past, from a time when values were different from ours, and that it is not appropriate to apply our later ethical standards to these documents. It is true that these are works of the past, and I would not be so concerned with them if they were not still performed year in and year out; if they were not taken to be manifestations of perfection, the pinnacle of cultural achievement. Indeed, if the people who study, perform, and listen to these operas did so critically, there would be no need for this paper. But I see no evidence whatever that we try to distance ourselves from the ideologies they articulate. The misogyny in these operas is never (or very rarely) problematized in performance - the way it is now, almost as a matter of course, with the less a canonical figure than Shakespeare. We choose to keep these images ever before us, to teach people to love and submit to them unquestioningly.

And we also make use of these models in order to justify new compositions that perpetrate the custom of constructing more and more brutal portraits of women, women who are then killed off as jokes. It is when I truly scrutinize these scores, read the standard interpretations, and witness their new offspring that I feel very alienated, despite, or perhaps because of my patriarchal drag. For it becomes clear that I am really in a boy's club. I can either laugh nervously at the jokes and hope to escape detection - or else begin to protest.
This is not an argument for censorship. Indeed, when we as women try to uncover how we learned we were supposed to love our abusers, to submit silently to patriarchal law, to identify against ourselves, we can begin to find clues in the elite cultural models that have participated for so long in the reproduction of such social values.

These pieces need to be studied very carefully — but as social texts, rather than as aesthetic objects of Great Art before which we humble ourselves. It is precisely because this music is so powerful and so seductively beautiful that it and its agenda need to be deconstructed. If it didn’t work, we wouldn’t need to break it.

If I were to accept the alternatives offered in The Magic Flute, I would have to choose to be either Pamina or the Queen of the Night. I too learned in graduate school that in order to be admitted to the hallowed halls, I had to become a dutiful daughter. I had to silence my own observations and submit to the patriarchal law of my discipline. A strong tendency in me still wants to find a way to recoup Mozart, so that I too can continue to adore his music unproblematically. But to continue thus to submit is to be an Elvira, to love my abuser despite the humiliation he heaps upon me, because of his great beauty. I find I must either acknowledge that the perfect humanistic world necessarily includes megriny and accept that, or else declare that world to fall very short of perfection and part company. If anyone asks, "Why are you dragging sexual politics in here?" I can only respond, "Sexual politics are already here, and they always have been here. I am simply pointing them out."

So given the choice, I would rather be the Queen of the Night, raging in the manner of "Der Hölle Rache" against the amoralities of patriarchal law and culture rather than remaining demurely silent. But I resist that too, for I refuse to identify with qualities such as obscurity, irrationality, and superficiality. To charge Civil Fan tute, "All women are like that," I must answer calmly and firmly, No. Insofar as I claim the right to rationality, voice, and intellectual substance, I am no longer willing to be his apologist, no longer willing to be one of Mozart’s women.

"Mozart’s Women" previously appeared in Hurricane Alice, Vol. 3, No. 3.

Susan McClary is Associate Professor of Musicology at the University of Minnesota. Her publications include articles on seventeenth century style, on ideological dimensions of music by Bach and others, and on problems in the reception of new music. She is co-editor of a volume forthcoming from Cambridge University Press, Music and Society: The Politics of Composition, Performance and Reception, and she wrote the afterward to the translation of Jacques Attali’s Noise. She has also just completed a piece entitled Susan Does the Elders.
FEMINIST NEW NARRATIVE

In 1986 one might easily conclude that political filmmaking is in disarray on a global scale. Mass popular culture, historically a site for opposition on both aesthetic and political grounds, is being embraced not only by the post-modernist art community, but by those who see themselves as artistic guerillas in a war whose weapons are images. Feminists especially face a serious dilemma, for feminist aesthetic theory of the past ten years has consistently reiterated the complicity with patriarchal ideology of the formal properties of mass culture, as well as of popular image. The wholesale abandonment of such insights is impossible. Yet production in the dominant modes--fictional narrative in the most "entertaining" genres such as the fantastic, the musical, detective, romance and melodrama--is burgeoning on an unprecedented scale amongst feminist filmmakers. Feminist film theory is also undergoing some renovation, as it comes to grips with feminist filmmaking practice.

The earliest political attacks on the popular cinema came from the Russians. Formalism, Constructivism, and eclecticism are labels attached to fine differences, but what the poet Maykovski called "the Army of Art" was united in its desire to build a new art, an aesthetic revolution which would mirror the aims of the social and economic revolution of 1917 (Schneider & Martin, 1957, p. 40). There are two points to be made here which illuminate our history of political aesthetics. The first is that fundamental to the new art was a critique of the old, the popular art founded in the psychological narrative of the nineteenth century novel and exemplified in the new methods of theatrical realism being developed by Stanislavsky in the Moscow Art Theatre. The second point is that both documentary and avant-garde formats were argued with equal conviction as the correct vehicles for this new political aesthetic.

Everyone knows the ending of this chapter in film history. Stalin didn't agree. In his view, the popular forms which emphasized discursive narrative, individual psychology, and domestic naturalism were most appropriate to the services of the state. "Social realism" was born, and the practitioners of a revolutionary art found themselves in exile or worse. This dramatic episode in cinema history would forever mark the conjunction of realist narrative with dominant ideology, whether in Hollywood or Mosfilm, and the assignment of a political agenda to the henceforth marginal forms of documentary, and the avant-garde.

In fact, for the next fifty years, as the avant-garde increasingly removed itself from the realm of social life, becoming entrenched in abstraction or personal expression or the meta-discourse of art itself, a political cinema would be virtually confined to the documentary mode. Under the widening influence of John Grierson, the definition of the very word "documentary" was changed to include the expectation of a social point of view. When he worked with the General Post Office in the late 1920s, the heroic, formative period of the British documentary, and when he came to Canada to found and guide the National Film Board, Grierson documentary was political propaganda. Despite the shift in ideological motivation, neither the cinematic apparatus nor the aesthetic assumptions were significantly altered, however. Under WWII, 35mm film still dominated both theatrical and nontheatrical production, thereby distinctly affecting the formal properties of political documentary. Dramatic lighting and sets shot in studios were backdrops for directed action sequences, and the use of models, rain and wind from hoses and fans, re-enactments often by professional actors, and stock footage were normal even in newsreels. Post-production techniques favored modern classical scores,

Einseitinn's rhythmic montage, and poetic voice-over commentaries or post-dubbed dialogues. In short, the techniques of the documentary were not far removed from those of 35mm dramatic films. The "truth" of realism was not an issue for the Griersonian documentary.

Cinema vérité in 16mm, or direct cinema as it was also known, was the first new film genre in thirty years to develop a theory based in both politics and aesthetics, as well as in the cinematic apparatus itself. An understanding of the political significance of cinematic language was crucial to cinema vérité, which was based not only on a political agenda, but a new approach to documentary material facilitated by the lightweight portable 16mm camera and crystal sync sound equipment. The implicit critique was of cinematic illusionism. The flawless and highly orchestrated soundtrack, the dramatic chiaroscuro of Hollywood lighting, the perfectly composed and smoothly executed framing and tracking, even the now too-familiar faces and voices of professional narrators, and the fluid, quick-cutting montage sequences had all been conventional aspects of documentary, but were now considered signs of "manipulation". Shaky hand-held camera, light spills, changes in exposure, swish pans, reframing and refocusings, background noise in the ambient sound, anecdot shots that would continue at length to allow for full self-revelation without the aid of pointed montage—all of these qualities, once considered signs of amateurism, became the cinematic signifiers of truth. Where once an urgently committed point of view had been considered appropriate to political filmmaking, now a rigorous lack of involvement, an ambiguous jumbling of contradictions, a refusal of narrative explanations or comments, and the insistence on the eloquence and truth of intimate observation characterized political filmmaking. Above all, it was the new focus on people talking which produced the most revolutionary impact.

Throughout the sixties, cinema vérité proliferated in the hands of a leftist and increasingly feminist counterculture. Their subjects were striking workers, civil rights activities. Vietnam protesters, presidential candidates, rock stars, children, men and women in the street. The constant social message: the range of social institutions on the well-being of the individual. The cinematic message was again the critique of fiction and illusionism, for these were the people that Hollywood had ignored, forgotten, or distorted for fictional purposes.
By the late sixties, feminists had also turned their attention to the distorted stereotypes of women found in most mass media and in Hollywood and TV films in particular. The meaning of feminist filmmaking quickly became the replacement of such false and negative images with “positive” images of “real” women, primarily through documentary films.

The theory which informed such feminist criticism and practice later became known as the “images of women” approach. A sociologically based theory, images of women criticism grew out of the political theories and strategies of the North American women’s movement dominated by Radical Feminism. The central strategy of Radical Feminism was the technique of consciousness-raising, which asserted that the world could be changed by increasing the awareness and understanding of the oppression of women, and by changing attitudes towards virtually all aspects of life in a patriarchal world. Although Radical Feminism rejected the abuses of women perpetrated by the psychiatric profession and the popular applications of Freudianism, consciousness-raising ironically had its roots in assumptions similar to Freud’s. Both “talking cures”, they assume that change will come about through bringing the unknown to the level of consciousness, and that the most deeply felt socializing forces come from our relations with the world around us. Whereas Freud had emphasized the structural relation between family members as the crucial factors in the formation of the unconscious, Radical Feminism emphasized institutional forces such as schools, mass media, and the culture at large. The images of women found in advertising, television, primary school textbooks, and Hollywood movies were significant targets in the battle to reclaim women’s bodies, faces, and psyche. The feminist documentary was the principle weapon of struggle.

The approach to political filmmaking was no less sophisticated from women than from the institution of cinema itself, which accepted cinema vérité on its own terms, as an alternative to the illusionist distortions of popular genres. Generally, cinema vérité was seen as transparent; its formal properties were accepted not as signifiers of a constructed reality, different from fiction films in form but not in degree of “oscillation”, but as unmediated reality itself. The documentary mode was fully accepted not as a tool with which to construct a new reality, but as a transparent window through which to see the “real” reality that was already there, simply falsified by Hollywood and commercial television.

In the early 1970s, however, a new breeze began to blow through feminist thought, a breeze that wafted across the Atlantic predominantly from Britain. As Claire Johnson said in 1974, “You can have films that on a content level appear quite progressive but that at the same time, at the level of cinema, the level of the way the sign is used, are still extremely fetishistically involved with women. This is particularly true of the modern cinema where there seems to be a direct attempt by a number of liberal filmmakers, and even women, to project a free woman (Kay & Peary, 1977, pp. 405-6). With statements such as this, a new theory and practice were instituted. The critique of the operations of cinematic illusionism returned once again to the Russians and to Brecht for inspiration and instruction, as well as to Bardin, Lacan, and Althusser. For many feminists, the documentary mode was seen to be inadequate as the site of struggle, which must involve crucial work on the signifier as well as the signified.

The critique of realism as the bourgeois convention which worked to efface the ideological functioning of textual meaning production was enhanced subsequently by a critique of narrative per se. “Sadism demands a story”, wrote Laura Mulvey, “depends on making something happen, forcing a change in another person, a battle of will and strength, victory/defeat, all occurring in a linear time with a beginning and an end (Mulvey, 1975, p. 14). Mulvey’s seminal essay provoked almost a decade of theory which developed the connection between the workings of narrative, the phallic, the fetishized body of woman as the object of desire, and the relation of the play of looks within and across the film text with the constitution of the spectator/subject.

As for a feminist filmmaking practice, it was clearly no longer sufficient to tell a new story, a story of “real” women in film—women who face problems, live and think out solutions, rather than women who only cause crises, bewitch and wane”, as one early feminist guide put it (Bettancourt, 1974, p. 136). Whether in the documentary or fictional mode, all stories were eventually the same. Teresa de Lauretis put the argument against narrative:

In its ‘making sense’ of the world, narrative endlessly reconstructs it as a two-character drama in which the human person creates and recreates himself out of an abstract or purely symbolic other—the womb, the earth, the grave, the woman...The drama has the movement of passage, a crossing, an actively experienced transformation of the human being into-man (de Lauretis, 1984, p. 121).

Feminist filmmaking was thus recommended as an oppositional practice, a cinematic interrogation of narrative and the dominant conventions of cinematic illusionism. The chief vehicle for a political filmmaking practice was to be no longer documentary but an oppositional avant-garde. The feminist avant-garde catalyzed a great deal of working centering on issues of representation, the filmic text, the relation of the spectator to the text, and the play of language within the text.

The formal strategies of the structural avant-garde, which had dominated the preceding period, had effected a materialist examination of cinema. The material operations of the cinematic apparatus itself, the effects of grain, light, lenses, filters, projection, the emulsion and even the projection itself had occupied filmmakers for what came to seem like an inordinate period of time. But now, what had formerly appeared to be a modernist fascination with the object itself was incorporated into a political project which used these examinations of the apparatus to emphasize the relation of the spectator to a constructed, ideologically implicated practice of representation. For a decade from the mid-seventies, in feminist filmmaking, the avant-garde once again asserted its former position as a mode of political discourse in cinema.
In the same period, feminists did continue to produce documentary films, but the ‘innocence’ of cinema vérité was no longer possible, at least for theoretically informed critics and practitioners. The ‘formal’ documentary which analysed or foregrounded its own discursive practices or the entirely constructed film which performed its own discursive practices or the entirely constructed film which performed fictional upon documentary conventions got some attention, but critical interest was focussed on the "feminist theory film" which dominated the festivals and cinema studies classrooms. Meanwhile, interestingly enough, the grass roots women’s movement increasingly tuned its attention back to the beliefs documented in the early and mid-seventies, and embraced with too-quick delight the odd Hollywood film that presented "positive" women characters (eg. Norma Rae, An Unmarried Woman, Julia) or the few European art films that seemed to present a "female sensibility" (eg. Entre Nous, Marianne and Juliane, A Question of Silence).

Laura Mulvey has also called for an end to binary oppositions (Mulvey, 1983), but from a somewhat more intricate theoretical base. The debate around narrative has focused on strategic formal points, such as the operations of nature, the positioning of the subject through the play of looks in the working of recognition/identification, and particularly on the eradication of sexual difference in the impetus towards closure. It is the beginnings and endings, she suggests, which return to the insistent interpellation of viewers into familiar subject-positions, maintaining thereby the existing cultural order. Mulvey hopes that we may employ the idioms and conventions of mass culture, specifically narrative forms, but that we may find our potential for subversion in the opening out of the narrative, the resistance to closure through and expansion of the "middle"—eg. through cyclical forms or celebrations of the ludic or carnival, an ecstatic dilation of elements of the spectacle (Mulvey, 1984).

Teresa de Lauretis is much less cautious, arguing that "the most exciting work in cinema and in feminism today is anti-narrative or anti-Oedipal; quite the opposite. It is narrative and Oedipal with a vengeance, for it seeks to stress the duplicity of that scenario and the specific contradiction of the female subject in it, the contradiction by which historical women must work with and against Oedipus" (de Lauretis, 1984, p. 157). As for feminist theory, she argues, it is time for some change: "Which is to say that we should dispense with rigorous analysis and experimentation of the formal processes of meaning production, including the production of narrative, visual pleasure and subject positions, but rather that feminist theory should now engage precisely in the redifinition of aesthetic and formal knowledge, much as women’s cinema has been engaged in the transformation of vision" (de Lauretis, 1985, p.188). Some writers see the return to narrative as simply a sellout, or more viciously, the willed destruction of the avant-garde. Some see the current trends as embedded in the endemic weaknesses of the theoretical project, which was always attendant first and foremost to the working of classical narrative and Hollywood and never "really" committed to the avant-garde (Elder, 1983).

By 1983, at least one feminist theorist was arguing the exhaustion of the feminine "theory films", and criticizing the feminist documentary was still stuck in the uncritical use of realism, while theory itself she saw as immersed in a ping-pong game of simple opposition and biculturalism. B. Ann Kaplan called for a move "beyond deconstruction to reconstruction" to learn how "to manipulate the recognized, dominating discourses so as to begin to free ourselves through rather than beyond them" (Kaplan, 1983, pp. 140-141). She calls, in other words, for the return to narrative, and moreover, to narrative at its most hysterical—melodrama—with the subject motherhood which, she argues, remains at least in part unviolated by the patriarchy, unmeshed in the symbolic (Kaplan, 1983, pp. 205-6).
De Lauretis characterizes the shift to narrative amongst women filmmakers rather differently. It is "a shift...from modemist or avant-garde aesthetic of subversion to an emerging set of questions about cinematic representation...a shift in women's cinema from an aesthetic centered on the text and its effects on the viewing or reading subject -- whose certain, if imaginary, self-coherence is to be fractured by the text's own disruption of linguistic, visual and/or narrative coherence -- to what may be called an aesthetic of reception, where the spectator is the film's primary concern...What is new here is the particular conception of the audience, which now is envisaged in its heterogeneity and otherwise from the text" (de Lauretis, 1985, pp. 169-70). Issues related to the spectator as social subject engendered as female have been explored in women's cinema in several ways, among them avant-garde strategies of the disjunction of image and voice, the reworking of narrative space, and modes of address which interrogate conventions of representation. De Lauretis concludes that both from an oppositional avant-garde and within narrative "women's cinema has undertaken a redefinition of both private and public space that may well answer the call for 'a new language of desire' and may actually have met the demand for the 'destruction of visual pleasure,' of by that one alludes to the traditional, classical and modernist canons of aesthetic representation" (de Lauretis, 1985, p. 175).

I began by suggesting that political filmmaking was in disarray on a global scale, and that this is a particularly pernicious time for feminist filmmakers. In the course of writing this paper, I have come through to a view of the current trend towards narrative as quite other than the wholesale abandonment of the insights of feminist film theory, and a sense that indeed we may be in a period of intense activation of both theory and practice. As the practical demands of the women's movement are inexorably achieving results in the form of increasing participation of women in the mainstream of cultural industries, where feminism itself is increasingly taken for granted, we may be not in disarray or impasse, but simply in the process of discovering the most productive deployment of theoretical and material resources. It may be more accurate to posit reorientation, rather than co-option or retreat, as the current position of feminist troops.

Let us continue to proceed wistfully, however, for there are no signs of retreat from the forces which seek to maintain male dominance, and these fields of the dominant discourse are intricately mined. But if we wish to end two decades of stripping from the marginal positions of the documentary and the avant-garde, we have no choice but to arm our forces and storm the fortress of the dominant mode.

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Au sud de la « oasis » St-James.
Le monument est couvert d'un crêpe rouge violet légèrement tourné au rose ténébreux. Les aménagements, en noir, sont d'une couleur vert-de-gris.
Le bassin simuleur creusé dans la pelouse
En face, le Bois de Boulogne

Nicole Jolicoeur, août 86
What I'd like to do here is make a very general and strategic incursion into what has been packaged in North America as "New French Feminism". As very little of the "old" has ever made it to these shores, the project of contextualizing this body of theoretical work (represented most prominently by writers Julia Kristeva, Hélène Cixous, Luce Irigaray and Michèle Montet) in relation to the evolution, struggles and schisms of the French feminist movement is a difficult if not impossible task. The work thus arrives with all the intoxicating and seductive flavour of the latest intellectual fashion from Paris and, like all imports, suffers a certain damage in the transatlantic crossing due to the intermittent and fragmentary nature of the translations. Beginning with the first of these, which trickled into North America in the late seventies in special issues of Signs, Diacritics, Ideology and Consciousness, and in the anthology New French Feminism which appeared in 1980, the work has been read with equal amounts of derision and wild enthusiasm. With the translation and publication of Luce Irigaray's Speculum and Ce Nezet Qui Non A pas Un? last year by Cornell University Press, Catherine Clement's and Hélène Cixous's La Jeune Nd ? this year by the University of Minnesota's series on "The Theory and History of Literature", and with the continuing publication of the work of Julia Kristeva, the theoretical terrain has been substantially fleshed out for the Anglo reader, allowing for a more rigorous appraisal.

Mapping the Difference

Apart from its continental origins and ostensible "newness", what distinguishes French Feminism from the tradition of North American feminism is its particular theoretical intent and object. While North American feminism was and is rooted in socio-political struggles around issues such as equal pay, professional recognition, abortion and the development of social services, the object of French Feminism is marked by the investigation of the cultural construction of female psychology and its symbolic realizations within the order of language and representation. French Feminism thus shares, with much of the post-structuralist project, the insight that we are spoken by language, that our identities, our very psyches and experience of sexuality, are pre-determined by ideological values carried and reproduced within language. As concerns the struggle for social change, what marks French Feminism is the insistence that the transformation of social relations is primordially dependent on a profound re-thinking and re-working of existing relations of representation and language.

This determination of language as the principal field of struggle is not, however, contingent on a denial that women are in a situation of specific exploitation with respect to economic relations of exchange and production. What it is dependent on is a recognition that the exploitation of women as objects of economic exchange is complemented and reinforced by a symbolic economy in which "woman" is objectified as a means of exchange between men and positioned as the silent support of patriarchal fantasy and desire. To thus insist on interrogating discourse and symbolic relations, however, is to place the issue of form at the forefront of any political agenda. "In order for women to be able to make themselves heard, a 'radical' evolution in our way of conceptualizing and managing the political realms is required..." One of the dangers in any categorization of difference, however, is its tendency to lapse into simplistic oppositions such as theory versus practice, an opposition which disguises the much more profound realignment of those terms within French Feminist writing. Nor can one easily position the Anglo American feminist movement by its wholesale rejection of theory for the kinds of theorizations developed under the aegis of "the personal is political". Indeed, the insistence on the experiential often overlaps with many of the considerations of French Feminism. One clear difference though, has to do with the French Feminist appropriation and re-reading of psychoanalysis as the theoretical touchstone of all investigations, an appropriation which opens feminist investigation to the field of desire, subjectivity and the unconscious in their mutually determining relation with language.
The Paradox of Difference

Given the nature of its investigation, French Feminism is immediately confronted with the question and the paradox that lie at the heart of any feminist theoretical problematic. How, do we begin to challenge and alter relations of meaning while still caught within the language of patriarchy? That is, given the fact that "woman", within patriarchal systems of representation, is everywhere signified, written and read as fantastic cause and support of male desire and everywhere negated and repressed as speaking subject, how do we discover a space for female desire, for a discourse where women are producers of their own meaning?

According to Irigaray, women within patriarchal culture are caught in a catch-22 dilemma which determines that if "woman" should choose to accede to the position of desiring subject, she has two options: either she conforms herself to the feminized accoutrements of femininity, playing with this masquerade as either a fetich; or she becomes a transvestite - a phallic woman - and adopts a "masculine" system of language. In either case, she disappropriates herself from her relation to other women and to her own experience. But to speak of disappropriation is already to assume the existence of a register of female experience that is not completely contained or summed up by the masquerades through which women exist in patriarchal culture. "If she can play that role so well," writes Irigaray, "it is only because she keeps something in reserve with respect to this function. Because she still subsists, otherwise elsewhere than there where she immerses as well what is asked of her." 6

And it is, in the theorization of this "difference", this space of otherness where the woman discovers her own authenticity, that all the fun and controversy begins. If, as Irigaray writes, "the exploitation of the matrix that has been sexualized female is so integral a part of our sociocultural horizon that there is no way to interpret it except within this horizon", 7 then how to theorize the difference without repeating the patriarchal logic which already deems otherness on the woman, already positions her as exterior to culture, on the side of irrationality, the flesh, God and the unconscious? How to forge a collective voice, construct new representations that could authenticate women's experience without lapsing back into the old models, the old gestures, the circular movement by which resistance is undermined and returned as the same, as the mirror image of the status quo?

For French Feminism, the theorization of the "reserve", this difference of women which exceeds patriarchal constructions has evolved through a consideration of woman's auto-erotic relation to her own body and her relation to the body of the "mother". To focus on the body, however, is to enter into a very tricky and potentially dangerous area given that the force and weight of established connotations attached to the representation of woman's body problematize any notion of a simple return to the "real" or "natural" body of the woman. Indeed, it is precisely this concept of the "natural" which has been patriarchy's strongest line of defence - a rationalization of the subordination of women, given in terms of a biological or anatomical cause.

What I think has to be immediately forwarded in defence of the French Feminisms is the particular context which frames their consideration of female corporeal experience. In the first place, these considerations are elaborated in relation to a trenchant criticism of the mind/body dualism of western philosophy (and the post-structuralist enterprise) which results in the massive repression of the body and, in particular, the maternal body. Secondly, the theorization of the female body has to be considered - not in relation to any kind of "scientific" effort to determine empirical identity - but as a utopian, affirmative and, above all, political gesture.

By and large, the Anglo response to the French Feminist endeavour, as exemplified in the writings of the re/collective, Stephen Heath, Monique Plaza, Jacqueline Ross, among others, has been a forceful rejection of the radical effectiveness of French Feminist theory, claiming that such work is based on a simple inversion of phallocentric terms. According to this critique, French Feminist strategies result in an implicit collaboration with "essentialism" which situates "woman" in the realm of the pre-discursive and defines her specificity in terms of a non-mediated relation to the body. Heath, for example, argues that Irigaray consistently runs "the feminine back into an anatomically mimetic expression of the body", "a point of resistance... that is also a point of oppression." 8 Beverly Brown and Parveen Adams concur, arguing that for them, the French Feminist's positing of a pre-Oedipal polymorphous sexuality is, in effect "the positing of sexuality as an impossible origin, a state of nature, as simply the the eternal presence of sexuality at all". 9
It seems to me that the consistent blind spot of these critics has been their attribution of an imaginary unity to texts which resist — at all levels — being placed in any singular position. Written on the margins of poetry and fiction, what marks these texts is their radical play with ambiguity and their consistent deconstruction of the concepts of 'truth' and 'identity'. The referencing of the female body, therefore, cannot simply be extrapolated as a singular political prescription, but has to be situated in the context of these texts' massive interrogation of the epistemological precepts which have historically determined our culture's production of knowledge.

**Writing Difference**

The dimensions of what constitutes feminine specificity vary in the texts of French Feminism. Kristeva conceptualizes a primordial feminine imaginary that is constituted for woman by the impossibility of effecting any psychic separation from the body of the mother. Irigaray theorizes an isomorphic relation between genital configurations and discourse — the two lips of woman's vulva touching each other in a continuous act of autoeroticism — evoking for her a feminine discourse characterized by plurality and fluidity. What is consistent is the extent to which these theorizations are oriented around the possibility of a specifically feminine practice of writing.

Ecriture féminine, in fact, is given as the terrain -- above all -- on which specificity, the difference of "woman" is constituted. It is only through the textual practice of writing that the woman gives birth to herself; through fiction, as Cixous claims, that the woman can project her future possibility in the non-encore là.

One cannot, as Irigaray observes, predict the context of woman's consciousness: "the female all", as she terms it, "will come... But you can't anticipate it, predict or fit it into a program. This 'all' can't be schematized or mastered." The writing of the female imaginary is never given in terms of a radical content, as a new origin of subjectivity or difference. The point, Irigaray insists, is not to make the feminine, the mark of sexual difference, but to practice this difference: "what other mode of reading, of writing, of interpretation, of affirmation could be mine - as woman?" Difference, then, is not a matter of some external essence but, as Cixous writes, of "economic differentials": "That is why I always write with my eyes closed." For Irigaray, it is the essence of "le proche", tactility, and non-separation which is postulated as an alternative to the dominant specular economy grounded in the subject as dichotomy of western thought. As such, this difference is only intelligible through language, a transgressive and transformative practice of écriture which works through and against the fixed propositions of phallocentric discourse and the subjects it supports.

Effusive, on the side of excess, spending and exuberance, écriture féminine ruptures the economy of use value, of representation and the distinction it supports between origin and copy. "What is produced", Kristeva writes, "is something other than knowledge... it is the very place where the social code is destroyed and renewed." It is the place where the practice of writing traces nothing but copies, simulacra, the movement of writing itself, where language is returned to its materiality, to its relation to the body through insistence on rhythm, intensity, puns, alliterations etc.

Imploding Impasses, or Notes on a Possible Escape from Circular Logic

Certainly, none of the writers of French Feminism would disagree with the "anti-essentialist" claim that the identity of "woman" is constructed in language and culture. Irigaray's reading of speculative philosophy in Speculum — from Plato through Hegel, Freud and Marx — is precisely intended to illuminate how the western philosophical tradition has consistently produced and positioned "woman" as the primordial "Other", as the silent support and mirror which reflects back to man his own fantasies of being. Where the difference emerges is in the double-sided nature of the French Feminist critique which insists that the strategy of social transformation must be thought — most critically — in relation to a positive and affirmative gesture. "I try to go through masculine imaginary, to interpret how it has reduced us to silence, to muteness or to mimesis", writes Irigaray, "and I attempt, starting from that point and at the same time, to rediscover a possible space for the feminine imaginary".

"How to forge a collective voice, construct new representations that could authenticate women's experience without lapsing back into the old models, the old gestures...?"
One of the problems of the anti-essentialist position is that within the context of its own logic any strategy of social transformation is necessarily limited to that of negation—the appropriation and deconstruction of existing patriarchal values and definitions. Within this context, however, the female subject remains precisely nowhere. Locked into the determinations of an order in which there are no limits, no outside, she exists only in the space between signs, radically exterior to any given meaning system.

One of the ways out of this theoretical impasse is to reframe the debate around the possibility of alternative feminist discourse in terms of the politics which inspire the French Feminist texts to chart new and potentially "dangerous" areas of theoretical investigation. While the theory and practice of écriture feminine interrogates the structure and concepts of representation, its mode is not simply one of negation or of formal hermetic abstraction but a transitional position which has to do with the desire to trace what has been repressed in the history of phallocentric culture—the specificity and jouissance of woman.

If "difference" continues to inform the practice and theorization of écriture feminine, is it a difference understood as political identification and approach: the choice to remain, as Cixous writes, on the side of and from the point of view of women. "I am not of the neither-one-nor-the-other. I am rather on the side of the other, in spite of all the difficulties and confusions this may bring about." It is perhaps in this sense that we can begin to understand "difference" as a utopian threshold, an imaginary horizon that can only be approached through a writing that situates itself as a fictional incantation of a future possibility. Viewed from that perspective, I would argue that while French Feminism may seem close to "essentialism", the imaginative and theoretical rewards of positing the possibility of an existence for women beyond the consistently naturalized assumptions of phallocentric discourse, may, clearly, be more than worth the risk.

1. Alice Jardine's Gender/Configurations of Woman and Modernity (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1985) represents a belated and to my mind somewhat problematical endeavour to place "New French Feminism" in the historical context of the major topologies of French "modernist" (post-structuralist) thought. What transpires, however, is a prolonged exegesis of the men: Derrida, Lyotard, Deleuze et al., who represent as the spiritual and intellectual fathers of these "new" feminist daughters.


5. Irigaray, This Sex Which Is Not One, p. 127

6. Irigaray, This Sex, p. 152

7. Ibid, p. 171


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I Write Le Body Bilingual

a love affair-e in nomads land

"... like trying to say a map" Pati Smith

you are in a room with four speakers, one voice is in French one in English one in the masculine one in the feminine, sometimes this room seeps onto the printed page and tiles. QUADRAPHONIC SITE.

you live on rue Fabre, east of Montreal. Main, because you’re afraid of losing your mother tongue, the language of love. yet English is a major part of your daily life. so where do your loyalities lie? you always did call your father Daddy and your mother Maman, sometimes you even spoke English with him. it was OK, he was a businessman and business in Quebec in those days was conducted in English, this you’d never do with her. you must respect your mother-tongue.

nowhere you are attempting your first public piece in an other tongue. how to think of yourself in to a second language? in the absence of master materials, the roots don’t go back the way... you’re building in the second person...

Freud too wrote the mother in an other: "matres nudum", out of fear! guilt? revenge? maybe the distance afforded by other tongue provides a better reading of origin? the irony of so perilous an identity ----- here the fault line ----- dis course of fracture and displacement ----- the profound schizophrenic built-in-to the national psyche of Quebec. wanna belong/wanna make it.

FASCIA (from L. band, bandeau): sheet of connective tissue covering/blinding together body structures

emerging from viscera onto fascia, the uncharted territory: le body bilingual - no gash/jap of estrangement - 2 solitudes - but continuous porous tissue crossing language barriers. trying to read what is imprinted on skin between body-language-structures.

ENGRAMME (fr. L. grahme, writing, record, small weight): trace left on neural tissue by an event from one’s individual past

thought-forms of past tattooed: fascia engrames, a transfacial memory membrane mouth, trying to voice the gravitational pull of, a convergence of signs.

it happened one summer day in Parc Lafontaine when you said No to a gay handing you a tract "pour l'indépendance du Québec" during a demonstration protesting Trudeau’s plan to repatriate the Constitution. like saying a double No: No to the piece of paper, No to the political dream you don’t share because it would have you choose and you refused to choose, "pis j'suis pas moi! Québécoise gue t'as pour cuit... even if it is true you can’t write a text wholly in French -- so what and why should you, you’ve spoken English since the age of four, and never were indépendantiste.

outraged, the gay hung at you. his friend grabbed him by the arm: Let’s go, she ain’t worth it. with that No began the un-pausing, the end of the civil war within.

inside la Révolution tranquille had not been quiet. it hurt like hell. love hurts.

what i can’t feel i surely cannot see

Be Good To Me

sung by Tina Turner

you fed neither de Loubinière nor Harwood but a hypotenased citizen by birth, i.e. in your maiden name, she was accorded of treason in 68, apparently for speaking "white" and having a half-English name, drop the Harwood, they said. choose, l’anglaise-, mutilation or rejection. another one, another call to order, i.e. to silence. deep cut throat. poor her. at 17 she was not only politically incorrect but inarticulate, she felt guilty but could not defend herself; lonely but refused to convert.

"In bilingual societies", writes Marcoussis Hiejkowski-Abed, "one language represents power more than the other. The lower down on the social echelon, the more people tend to 'minor' unilingualism (language of the colonized); the higher up one goes, the more one finds 'major' unilingualism (language of the colonizer). In between, people are more or less bilingual depending on their aspirations." would it have mattered to those modern-day patriots that The Name originated here in 1823 when L’oise-Joséphine de Loubinière, whose family was in 'La Nouvelle France' since 1651, married Robert Unwin Harwood, a Protestant businessman newly arrived in Montreal from Sheffield, England? (daughters of the landed French nobility were then entitled to keep their maiden name when there were no male heirs to keep papa’s property name alive.) would it have mattered that, pistol in hand, she defended the seigneur house against the British soldiers during the 1837 uprising? that her descendants have always worn the new hypotenased family name and spoken mothertongue? here the hyphen unites, language line bridging both sides of Montréal Main like a main amoureux.

COMMENT: "You're lucky to be so perfectly bilingual". (wondering) What's luck got to do with it? you feel yourself Susanne not Suzanne, people almost always misspell it, choosing the 'correct' French spelling, with a z. but the second s too is on the birth certificate your parents took Susan and added a French terminaison, thus providing you with a perfectly bilingual name from start to finish. lately you've been wondering whether the constant "correction" (when you ask for the second s they kneel-jerk and immediately
want to drop the -ne) isn’t a form of rejection of the impure. Like the androgynous, yours is a body bilingual, “disliked by the orthodox, who view(ed) all mergings of the sexes as unequivocally sinful.”

Paradigm: proximity of opposites in onskin creates outsiders.

Second s / second sex: it’s the same damn malaise that logos has in conceptualizing the feminine, isn’t it. Mômân/woman she does not figure in the male symbolic order except as that familiar other. gap/gash, stilettos, the feminine being “the compulsion to deride order” (Lyotard, elle all’reange, this “living heresy” (Pope Joan/Top Girl), this out-law whose laughter dissolves border lines.

Trying to topo-graph this nomad’s land where friction between tongues generates "emotional ground.”

can you feel the here in there? the her in here?

an officially bilingual state does not end prejudice, nor does it produce visibly bilingual bodies. and because we live under the phallic signifier, all women are bilingual, speaking the dominant "he-man" language and in our own muted tongues, in a state of translation, (meaning) being so perfectly bilingual makes me just as marginal as being female.

in grade school I learned our notorious prit cachclime and read Katy Keene comics "In My Room" with the Beach Boys. at convent I went to mass every am. and fantasized about Marianne Faithfull up through grades called syntase, verificaton, rhétorique, my friends turned pejoratives and fans of our charmers (folkscIMGork-songswriters) but the Stones had the touch on me so I defected. ex-s in Anglophone, so close yet so far away West of the Main, says Ahmed: Excessive assimilation of the dominant model is a typical language attitude of the colonized, the bourgeoise being the class most affected.

while Daddy’s Mûman spoke no English at all, Mômân’s parents, exemplary members of Montcalm’s bourgeoisie d’affaires, had The Gazette delivered daily to their home in Outremont home. at the product of, you were born in heavy political crossfire ....... . for years Mûman was the only one you spoke French with, except for some customers at Eaton’s, making it - at the cost of belonging?

sometimes you feel other/sometimes you feel superior, being so “rare”, so perfectly bi-, mostly you just feel lèche-bras, footloose. (But Yes, more cultural, more intello in French. remember the scene in the 1964 movie Becket when Peter O’Toole as King Henry II of England is introduced to a new implement called the fork, impouted from ... France? except that Québécois is neither "Parisian" nor "good," it’s uniquely North American French, for better and for worse, in horticulture its called "hybrid vigour") in both groups you serve as "foreign correspondent," a position of privilege. hard to challenge. is this the cop-out?

maybe this SITE is nothing but politics ...

in French, a grammatical gender language, women must mark our presence by adding a silent e to the masculine root. déviance, and that’s just the beginning. so we figure the more rules there are (l’académie francaise is watching you), the more there are to break. broken is open, an entrance for women encoding our meanings. fair sensé sans e.

but (how does this subversion translate into others’ tongues? and do I care? I mean: how do I love thee, “language of our oppressors” (A, Rich?) whose voice is speaking here? the Québécoise voice, in which “our" means we French-speaking people of Quebec and the oppressor’s language is English, agent of British colonialism, of U.S. imperialism now? (in this sense Bill 101 has been good for getting the other’s tongue out into public space, like bra-burning) or is it the Québecoise voice, when “our" means women and the oppressor, as Rich means it, is any ‘man-made’ language, English being merely “the most positively and expressly masculine ... the language of a grown-up man, with very little childish or feminine about it” 6, femmes du Quebec: double colonization.

like hysteria, it’s not a visible condition, it’s an inner grammar, hence difficulty of representation, and like the insane, the body bilingual can’t be located on the social map, it’s a “categorical scandal?” faire sensé sensé.

maybe this SITE is everything but politics, dare one conceive an uncolonized space? inedit, it remains a-syntactical, a blushy polysynthetic Eden. from there you can spiral out anywhere: so many knots, such an abundance of other. trying to inscribe that magnetic interstice between thigh closing skirt opening one hand caressing one or the other writing fa différence entre —— à double sens e.
translocation: with feminism came a political grid that included, served and empowered you, a her part of a them you could feel as we. "Ethnic background: woman," that summer day in the Park you voiced your "four-colour separation" realizing that binary phallocentrism had been at work in the attempt, back then, to make you choose. Miser le savoir, you'd chosen not to be seduced, i.e. "led apart from" yourself, refused to betray Louise-Joséphine: so few of us are lucky enough to know our female ancestors' names. felt yourself not French-Canadian, fractured where the hyphen divider, but Québécoise, whole. handgates removed from your wounded anima, racial memories voiced in the feminine.

you see the letters P A I N graffitied on a wall. you wonder is somebody crying with pain or with hunger? (pain=bread) what's the difference when signs converge on fascia osseum as feminin? the female mouth's multi-labial meanings (tingy):red into the dialectical black and white. fluid red so as not to choose.

"a woman writing thinks back through her mothers" writes Virginia Woolf. Made in Quebec, I'd shrivel up and die anywhere else. when Toronto friends urge me to move to "Canada", they're forgetting just how "French" I really am. my act is so good i tend to forget too. i deserve to detourizing bad language, abusing mother tongue. the great matricide goes on... just as le masculin grammatical rules over and includes (so they say) le féminin - while in the process of eliminating it -- English is now swallowing up French world-wide. "Language has always been the companion of Empire", right? yet French has been vital in thinking la post-modernité. is this a contradiction?

writing French au feminin in this fin-de-siècle may seem suicidal. atopique. in fact, c'est écrire la résistance. incising mother tongue in a supra-national, gynocentric emotional ground, rooting a culture d'origine(s). women writing forward, founding a future so we don't have to deep going back to the future (rêver-faser... as the trendy French call it). unearth and/or inventing les mots pour le dire. can you feel the me? in... her(s)?

still (how) maybe this is the map, because it requires language, is unseparable.

glossary

rue Faubert: street often celebrated in Québécois novels and plays as representative of Montreal's working-class district, le Plateau Mont-Royal

Maman: Québécois translocation of Maman, mother.

pour l'indépendance du Québec: for Quebec's independence

pis j'suis pas moins Québécoise que toi pour ça: and I'm not less Québécoise than you are because of it

la Révolution tranquille: Quebec's "Quiet Revolution" of the Sixties

"Speak White": title of Michèle Lalonde's famous poem about Quebec's linguistic colonization, written at the peak of the nationalistic fervor of the late Sixties.

Fanglais-e: English-wo-man

main amoureuse: amorous hand

terminaison: ending, suffix

délérage: she dis-arranges, disturbs

P'tit catechisme: the "little catechism" taught by rote for years in the French Catholic school system

pékistes: members or supporters of the PQ/Parti Quebecois

bourgeoise d'affaires: the new business-oriented French-Canadian bourgeoisie, often opposed to the intellectual one.

The Gazette: Montreal's English-language daily

Outremont: wealthy French-speaking area of Montreal

gens du pays: title of a song by poet and singer Gilles Vigneault which has become Quebec's unofficial national anthem; it means people of this land or country
intellect : a typically French-Forent-France
way of abbreviating "intellectual"

faire sens : to make sense, to encode or
create meaning

faire scandale : to create scandal

sans le savoir : literally, without
knowledge; i.e. without knowing or
realizing it

la différence entre... à double
sens-e : the difference between and/or the
difference enters, entre meaning between and
also being the present tense of the verb
entree, to enter; a double sens-e meaning
literally double meaning or 'double entendre' as
it is said in English.

inédit : literally, unpublished, un-edited;
usually translated as "unsaid or unvoiced.

fin-de-siècle : turn-of-the-century

c'est écrire la résistance : means
writing resistance

culture d'origine(s) : culture of origins

mots pour le dire : words with which
to say it; title of a book by French feminist
Marie Cardinal

mot : word

NOTES

1. Marounia Hadjiakowicz-Ahorn, "Le
dénommément de la langue au féminin ou
la rapport de la femme au langage", in
Féminité, Subversion, Ecriture, Suzan
Lamy and Irene Pagès, eds., Editions du

According to French socio-linguist Marina
Yagollito, the level of bilingualism is about
equal for boys and girls under 15. The gap
widens with age, men becoming increasingly
bilingual in the marketplace.

2. Barbara G. Walker, The Women's
Encyclopedia of Myths and Secrets. San

3. The title of a video by Montreal artist
Ann Rainshde.

4. "He/she language" is an expression
coincided by psychologist Wendy Martin in
reference to the use of he and man as
generic terms in English. Quoted in Dale
Spender, Man Made Language. London and

5. Ahmed, op. cit.

6. Otto Jesperson, The Growth and
Structure of the English Language. New

unpublished talk given at Powerhouse
Gallery, Montreal, 30 January 1985. From
notes taken.

8. Nicole Holland, Okay! Thinner Thighs
for Everyone. New York: St. Martin's
Press, 1983-84.

9. Inscription on frontispiece of the first
modern European language grammatical,
published in Spanish in 1492, the year
Columbus "discovered" America. cf Note 7
for source.

Suzanne Lathuillère-Harwood is a poet
and writer living in Montreal. She has
translated many Québécois feminist writers.
Although I welcome this book very much, I wanted to begin by returning to an argument I made when reviewing the exhibition: “it is possible that a book can have the effectivity which the exhibition, in that place, had.” Jane Weinstock, reviewing the 212 page documentation of a post-partum document - Mary Kelly’s Post-Partum Document, also raises this as a question.

What happens when this Art becomes a book? Does its aesthetic quality vanish when Kelly’s found objects are no longer available, when they are more reproducible? How does the Document’s meaning change as it passes from the Art Market to Art Book/Theory Market? Does its status as serial work, as work which refuses to become discrete, disappear when it is assembled with a permanent binding? And how does the viewer/reader’s position change when they are able to contemplate the Document at close range over a long period of time?

Recently I have become obsessed with two related themes: cultural pedagogy and the questions that cultural production asks sufficiently. “If we listen.” In reviewing Rosemary Donegan’s exhibition I spoke about the murmuring produced, I believe, by her montaged display and organization. I am beginning to see another sense in the term “talking cure” which is simultaneously freed from the dyadic situation of psychoanalysis and the subject who speaks and involves some transversality between looking and viewing and hearing. I think there are forces which silence, which exclude - that is a violence in this silence and I think there are re-arrangements which pose questions. There is another connection here with Mary Kelly’s (and, at least, many others) insofar as she has worked to show-shifting. As Jane Weinstock puts it on the same page I quoted from this productive cultural pedagogy presupposes a viewer/reader who is constantly shifting from foot to foot. This is a practice where a montage produces informing uncertainty, questions that invite our work of making sense differently.

Although I think the book-form cannot so comprehensively accomplish this, I want to extend my celebration of the exhibition to the book as, precisely, a document off the exhibition to which it has an indexical relation. The book tries to restate the sense of Spadina as a street printing Peter MacCallum’s sequence of out-takes from Front Street to Spadina Crescent at the foot of the pages. After Rick Salutin’s ‘Introduction’ (of 25 pages) which has received much attention in other reviews each page — and often each opening — montages other photographs and reproduced or newly produced texts, including oral history statements. As with another exhibition (which I helped curate) translated into a book — the long sequence in John Berger and Jean Mohr’s Another Way of Telling which also produced the shifting, uncertainty, questioning and a hubbub of viewing, the translation here reduces some of the productivity of the materials and instructions we are provided to think and feel with. But, more so than with the Berger/Mohr exhibition and, again, closer to the different context of Mary Kelly’s work, the loss in this translation is the sensuality, sensibilities and sensibilities made possible in the earlier installation. Notably, streets are not ‘known’ (embodied) like, for example, maps — cartography is different from knowing (and also not knowing) our different ways around. Streets have two sides, in this case the two sidesiness is emphatically known as we walk the street.

But of course with a book there can be a closer study — and that special easy ‘gentle apocalyptic’, when knowledge is made festive called sharing a book with another person, slicing together and turning the pages, flipping back, moving forward, rearranging, talking and enjoying all the while. There is that other sharing where books can be loaned, given, with enthusiasm — precisely ‘offered in love’. There is thirdly also the ways of reading done alone, intensely — with a passion, in a context, murmuring, exclaiming recognition, feeling joy, anger, pain — feeling a sense of having been there. I would want to affirm these embodied semioticianal as a deliberate transgression of the too abstract, too total, discussion of books as commodity-things, as exchange-objects. Again, I want to recall that people use cultural products.

The book does not entirely lose its liveliness compared with the exhibition, or rather, perhaps, there are different knowledges which this form founds and makes possible. One is the ability to examine and be surprised by the openings, by the page by page display — to listen carefully — and to return and return. But I respond in a curious way (it may be due to the stillness of books, as well as due to problems of scale and space which I have mentioned) — somewhat, and I think this may be what Jane Weinstock also means, as a book there is both less sense of the work of the cultural production that was so much there in the exhibition presentation and, relatively, the book does not draw our attention — making us stop and listen — to the persuasiveness of our visually mediated world.

But it is good to have the document, which is excellently designed/organized and will be (as it already has been) productive socially, culturally and thus politically. Spadina Avenue sings and struggles through.

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2. J. Weinstock ‘A Post-Post-Partum Document’ Camera Obscura (13-14) p.60. I am very grateful to Marion McManus for drawing this issue to my attention and form much productive conversation regarding film/photographic work in relation to re-membering.

3. London, Readers and Writers Co-operative, 1982. There both Berger and Mohr talk about their shared practice of images-and-texts, as they have also done in relation to A Seventh Man. Berger’s recent book, Out hearts, my love, as brief as photographs (New York, Pantheon, 1984) is a wonderful textual montage with a lot to say about our different losses inside ‘civilization’.

Paradise is a poisonous planet. In a different episode, the class system is favored over a system of slavery. On the mining planet of Ardana, which produces Zenite, we find a society divided between the rulers who live in a luxurious cloud city called Stratos, and a subservient slave colony of simple minded Toqyto miners. The later are prone to revolution because Zenite emits an odorless gas that induces violence and embalms the mind. Kirk's revolt the rebellion by giving the zenite intoxicated miners gas masks with which to repress their violence and better appreciate the high culture of Stratos. "It is clear," argues Gouin, "that slave societies are not acceptable to the Federation but proletarian ones are fine as long as they produce goods."

"Genesis and Armageddon" is the third and perhaps best chapter. Gouin's attention here turns to the role of women in Star Trek. The Klingon and Romulan women are virtually stereotypes of all that is evil and dark in "female nature." Federation women, on the other hand, embody all that is commendable in a liberal-democratic housewife: domestication and docility. More generally, however, women are treated as treacherous and narcissistic femme fatales. There is one glaring omission in Gouin's overview; however: when he notes that women are not portrayed in important positions, he neglects the role of Saavik, Spock's protege in the second and third films. The reader would not like to think that Gouin was repressing data which did not fit his thesis. As it turns out, however, the character of Saavik only confirms it: no Vulcans would cry as Saavik did, even at the funeral of her mentor. It seems that the Mrs. Cleaver-style femininity attributed to all "good" women on Star Trek is more important than Saavik's Vulcan heritage, genes and training.

In the final chapter, "Imperialism in Space," Gouin compares the essentially rational, anti-mythic Star Trek with Star Wars, which is "overly myth affirming, with its reliance on unseem magical forces which bring order to the personality and the universe." In Star Trek, technical rationality is portrayed as philosophically superior. In Star Wars it is the aestheticization of technology that is given a significant role à la Walter Benjamin. The galaxy is the site of a colonial Armageddon, and the viewer marvels "at the beauty of entire planets being vaporized." One cannot help, argues Gouin, but be drawn instantly and inexorably towards an aesthetic that bears striking similarities to the fascist unholy delight in "the beauty of tanks razing a valley with flame throwers."

There is little doubt that through science fiction we subliminally enter into our most fundamental western myths. What is less obvious is that the popular Hollywood fluff also engages us in an imperialist discourse: the calm acceptance of the ideology of conquest and domination. With little effort, writes Gouin, one can "boast oneself in the quest for the 'final frontier' and play out the fantasies necessary to legitimate a Western democracy gone sour."

Self-reflection is usually the victim in this fantasy which projects a ready made image of self onto the world, one which includes phaser guns, light sabers and laser blasters. The interest and usefulness of this book is that it speaks directly to the Trekkies and the Star Wars fans, the cult worshipers who are likely to engage in massified role taking, Gouin's message is simple but worth restating: ideology always makes a parody of the old philosophical question "who am I?". Here finally is a sociologist who is not just talking about critical theory, but doing it.

Joe Gallo is a graduate student in Sociology at York University.
The Newly Born Woman is a blending of many voices: hysterical voices, mythological voices and fictional voices from the work of Achilleas to that of Kierkegaard. Like the figure of the hysterical with whom both authors are concerned, the text "unites familiar bonds...gives rise to magic in uncontainable trances," frontiers and fashions simultaneously. The book is organized into three sections. Part 1 contains Clément's two essays, "The Guilty One" (on the relationship between the sorceress and the hysterical) and "Seduction and Guilt" (on the transformation of hysterical suffering into guilt). Part 2 is Clément's essay " Sorrows: Out and Out: Attacks/Outs/Outcasts," portions of which appear in the collection New French Feminists. Part 3 is the "transcription" of a dialogue between two women which often shares the page with quotations from Marx, Engels, Gramsci and Freud.

Although Clément and Cixous share an interest in what has come to be known as féminité feminine (a writing which explores/creates/derives from the feminine imaginary), they differ significantly on the issue of its potential effects on social and political life. For Clément, the power of the imagination, poetry, and desire may free individuals "to act on the real" or it may "mediate" (as such it is) in and of itself. In her view, real change does not occur at the individual level but at the level of class struggle. On the other hand, Cixous finds class struggle attenuated; she distrusts the idealism of those who would subsume the woman's struggle under that of class and who would sacrifice poetry to the political. If forced to choose between politics and poetry (a false dilemma?) Cixous would sacrifice politics to poetry (and this seems to be one of the criticisms most often made of her work). Despite these apparently irreconcilable political differences which emerge explicitly from the dialogue, Clément and Cixous agreed to co-author the book, as if hoping something new would be born of their collective effort. Perhaps it is the attempt to think poetry and politics together, and to read Clément and Cixous together without having to choose between them that constitutes the challenge of this book.

Clément and Cixous both address the relationship between hysteria and femininity, although their approaches and perspectives differ radically. Clément will make this relationship the central theme of her contribution, while Cixous allows it to wander in and out of her text.

For Clément, the hysterical, like the sorceress, is an historical figure who no longer exists. Although she may haunt, she does not inhabit modern woman. Following a remark made by Freud after reading Hallucines Multiformes ("The Witches' Hammer, A Manual For Inquisitors") Clément traces the affinities between witch and hysterical who she claims are related as mother to daughter. Both represent what has been excluded from the socio-symbolic order: they are "possessed" and forced by the inquisitor/analyst to confess their sins. Born of the sorceress and sharing her erotic tendencies, the hysterical suffers an internalized, psychic pain as opposed to the physical pain inflicted by the torturer. Although the suppressed and transgressive eroticism is enacted in the witches' sabbath or the hysterical attack, such theatricals are considered by Clément recuperable by a social order which much contain excess or madness.

Clément follows the historical assignation of guilt from sorceress to hysterical to fathers, mothers, daughters and finally, to the family itself. But here it is difficult to sort out fantasy from reality as Clément's narrative becomes entangled in the same "veritistic regression" psychoanalysis discovers in its search for the truth. Inssofar as the hysterical refuses to circulate but puts into circulation her own inconstant desire, she is guilty of transgressing the fundamental law of human society. On the other hand, she is also the victim of seduction by fathers, uncles and brothers whose perversion is rendered invisible, impossible, a mere fantasy by virtue of having designated the hysterical "the family invalid". Finally, the hysterical is trapped within a familial structure in which her own desire cannot exist, and she becomes a metaphor for femininity struggling to give birth to itself.

Clément will insist that hysterics are now deceased and that they were important except insofar as they anticipated the emergence of new woman. The hysterical is a figure who is "ambigious, anti-establishment and conservative," an imaginary inscription on the body of the family which knows how to contain disturbances: (Hystera) introduces discussion, but it doesn't explode anything at all, it doesn't dispense the bourgeois family, which also exists only through discussion, which holds together only in the possibility or reality of its own disturbance, always reversible, always reclosed.

According to Clément, to study hysteria is one thing, but to believe it produced any lasting effects outside the "Imaginary" realm is to participate in "the Armchair Real: the limits of psychoanalysis." Perhaps this is also the limit of Clément's analysis?

If Clément is preoccupied with enclosures, imprisonments and impossibilities, Cixous is looking for exits, ways out and possibilities. Stylistically influenced by Derrida, Deleuze, Nietzsche and Joyce, Cixous finds in writing a means of escape to another space as well as an escape from the claustrophobic, allot places traditionally occupied by women. Falling somewhere "between theory and fiction," Cixous' writing is difficult to describe; it fluctuates, changes subjects, adopts various personas, articulates a potential way of being/thinking which is foreign to us. Or perhaps not so foreign?

Cixous seeks to find within her own feminine imaginary the voice of the hysterical. One might say that this voice speaks through her, that it is witness to the otherness within the self. Cixous' infinite capacity to identify with authors and literary characters both ancient and modern, both male and female, indicates the presence in her writing of what she call "the other bisexualité." Distinct from the notion of bisexuality as a fantasy of wholeness based on a denial of sexual difference, Cixous' other bisexuality refers to "the location within oneself of the presence of both sexes ... the nonexistence of difference." Although Cixous attributes this bisexuality to women (due to libidinal economy not based on loss, due to mother's experience of non-self within self, and due to the necessity for the dominated to recognize the dominant), it also functions as a potential or an ideal for both sexes.

Cixous' imaginative construction of the feminine as bisexual derives in part from her reading of hysteria and in part from her identification with Freud's hysterical patient, Dora. Unlike Clément's hysterical who is a woman of the past, imprisoned in the family, Cixous' hysterical is a sister, a living presence, whose "voiceless rebellions" are now being heard: "Dora seemed to me to be the one who resists the system, the one who cannot stand that the family and society are founded on the body of women, on bodies despised and rejected, bodies that are humiliated once they have been used. And this girl - like all hysterics, deprived of the possibility of saying directly what she perceived ... still had the strength to make it known. It is the nuclear example of women's power to protest. It happened in 1899, it happens today whenever women have not been able to speak differently from Dora, but have spoken so effectively that it hurts the family into pieces."

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Cixous is able to affirm the disruptive potential of the hysteric, to make it productive, to recognize in the hysteric's struggle the "insoluble contradiction" of being a woman when woman means nothing, to say "I am what Dora would have been if woman's history had begun." (85). Clement refuses the second, for Cixous refuses the first. The alliance Cixous makes with Dora, preferring to keep this ineffectual symbol of victimization family, to the point: "Listen, you love Dora, but no, she never achieved a revolutionary character." The disagreement which erupts at the end of the book is provocative and points to questions that have been lingering throughout the text. At what point does individual rebellion become politically significant? For whom? To what extent do we exaggerate minor points of resistance to analyze our fear of ineffectuality or of ultimately cooperability? Is Cixous' powerful rhetoric and imaginative writing promising or misleading?

From Freud's essay "Creative Writers and Day-Dreaming" we learn that every child at play behaves like a creative writer, in that he creates a world of his own, or, rather, rearranges the things of his world in a new way. The opposite of play is not what is serious but what is real. We should resist the temptation to use this analogy between the child and the creative writer to discredit Cixous (as I had originally intended to do), to claim, as her critics do, that her playful and poetic prose bears no relation to reality but remains hopelessly utopian. For Cixous' playful exploration of the femininity imaginative and her emphasis on flight can indeed be interpreted as a flight from the dominant social reality, a reality founded on a master/slave model and the repression/exclusion of the other. Although the limitations inherent in any utopian project are applicable to Cixous (Toril Moi provides an exhaustive list), this is far from rendering invalid Cixous' attempt to theorize other possibilities based on her own desire and experience.

In the realm of fantasy one takes one's own desire to be reality, and the realm of reality seems little room for fantasy. If the poet, the writer and the child occupy a different space it is because they are able to move between imagination and reality, to distinguish between the two. Perhaps the newly born woman, unlike the hysteric, will be able to live there too.

Notes
6. Toril Moi, Sexual/Textual Politics, Ch. 6.

Pat Ekkin is a Ph.D. student in Social & Political Thought at York University.
and historical background but specific policy recommendations". He concludes his introduction with a summary of the tasks facing the opponents of Reagan's policies: "The problem for most of us is what to get behind today and tomorrow."

The other articles in the book cover a wide range of topics focusing on four themes: the impracticality of a policy of first use of nuclear weapons as a deterrent to Soviet conventional forces in Europe, the need to reverse the dangerous trend for strategic planners to make assumptions about the possibilities of waging and winning limited nuclear wars, the catastrophic consequences of nuclear war, and practical measures for negotiated arms limitation. Two articles by the "gang of four": McGeorge Bundy, George F. Kennan, Robert S. McNamara, and William J. Clements, chipped with edited versions of the speeches and answer sessions which followed many of the speeches and panels, and with summaries from the "action workshops".

The 21 chapters of the book are comprised of speeches from prominent physicians and academics including two representatives from the Soviet Union. Along with the transcripts of the major addresses the book is also a convenient and edited version of the conference and answer sessions which followed many of the speeches and panels, and with summaries from the "action workshops".

Many of the contributions reflect the traditional concern of the Physicians with the medical consequences of nuclear war and the nuclear threat. However, several other themes are also covered. Dr. Howard H. Hunt deals with the immediate human costs of the arms race, linking the appalling waste of arms production with world-wide deprivation and starvation. Speeches by John M. Lansh, Admiral Robert H. Falls, Dr. Ian Carr and General Johnson deal with aspects of Canada's role in the arms race in general and NATO in particular. Canada's Ambassador for Peace Douglas Roche, in the unenviable position of representing the Malayan government, offers his own humble plan for moving Canada "inch by inch Toward Peace". It is refreshing to find the inclusion of a representative from the Soviet Union. This modest gesture at undermining the snags held cold war ideology is further assisted by Jane M.O. Sharp's straightforward account of the history of "Soviet Approaches to Arms Control".

Nuclear War: The Search for Solutions. A recent study on the search for a peaceful solution to the arms race which goes under the auspices of the U.S. government which are all influential members. The book includes the published proceedings of a conference held at the University of British Columbia October 1984. In his preface the honorable Walter Gordon situates the conference proceedings against the background of the arms race in Vancouver where the 1984 Walk and Rally for Peace attracted 115,000 people. The editors strike a similar note, introducing the book as a contribution to the ongoing growth and development of an informed peace movement. The appeal of the collective action dominates many speeches, including some by the late Joseph W. Johnson and Helen Caldicott. In the words of Michael Perlz, former chair of Scientists Against Nuclear Arms (SANA), "one new political force" is required to stop the doomsday machine of the arms race. 'I believe that such a political force is beginning to emerge. It is the worldwide movement for nuclear disarmament and peace... What is needed is a more powerful (movement). It is interventionist democracy at an altogether higher level than has ever before been achieved'.

The first nuclear party with the Soviet Union is now a prominent feature of the superpower confrontation. No amount of space weaponry will make a military "end run" around the Soviet possible, or restore to the U.S. the strategic nuclear superiority it enjoyed in the 1970s. Second, SDI is a coordination of the Reagan administration's attempt to establish a first strike nuclear capacity. But as dozens of independent commentators have pointed out, Stars Wars is every bit as offensive in its conception as it is defensive. When we get to the bottom line, unbridled anti-Sovietism is employed by the Reagonites to justify preparations for an attack on the evil empire before it attacks us.

Third, Star Wars is being sold as a plan for technological and economic development. Technology will be retrained around a vast military project spanning more than two decades. Economic development will abandon the problems of earth in favour of the "Industrialization of space". In this sense, SDI is being advanced as the solution to the economic problems of the United States and its allies. Reagan has answered the crisis of economic and social planning with the promise of a new future on the "High Frontier".

For these reasons an excellent companion to the above pamphlet is a longer essay by the renowned British peace activist J.P. Thompson, in which he articulates his view. Thompson outlined several key themes. One of these is the gradual emergence of the idea of Star Wars from two sources: the ongoing search for a means to restore American superiority and the pressure to seize the initiative from the nuclear freeze movement and present the American people with a guarantee of security. Thompson's account highlights the irrational thinking which is characteristic of Reagan and his key advisors.

The pamphlet goes on to examine the SDI schemes and options in more detail. This is a useful summary for the untrained reader. Thompson argues that -- technically -- SDI is entirely unwarranted. But that, he concludes, is irrelevant given that the real intent of Star Wars is to provide "Intermediate" defensive systems which can be paired with existing offensive weapons systems to restore U.S. nuclear superiority in the medium term. This is the truly sinister character of Star Wars even at this so-called planning stage.
These two pamphlets offer a compact summary of the choices which are now before us. On the one hand, the proponents of Star Wars appeal to a familiar well-established set of values. For them America's superiority in the work is an unquestionable good. The enemy of freedom is external - the Soviet Union. The nature of the enemy makes the struggle for nuclear superiority a noble aspiration. Star Wars represents the moral and technological climax of our civilization. On the other hand, Thompson and others argue that SDI represents a psychotic vision of the future. Superficially plausible, SDI rests on assumptions which have no basis in reality. Star Wars, Thompson argues, is the apocalyptic vision of a bankrupt militaristic ideology which threatens to destroy the world. While the one ironically exposes the insanity of the cold war confrontation, the other nobly sketches out the chances for alternatives. Together with the rest of the literature born from the Nuclear Age, they dramatize the need for a deeper understanding and for broadening the base of collective action.

David Kraft

The rise of the New Left around the non-communist world in the late sixties brought with it a resurgence in progressive and explicitly left culture. Informed by and integrated into political activity, this culture developed a large body of work. In part it was based on the immediacy of these events that would lead to "revolution," or so those of us who were involved at the time believed. The rest took other oppositional weapons to "bourgeoisie" culture. (Bourgeois - such a nice word, especially when you spit the "war" at the end, but so difficult to spell.) This battle against the dominant culture, which we saw as the "prime carrier" of ideology (specifically the odious disease of "false consciousness"), took place in the streets, in the cinemas, and on the printed page.

We recognized that one of the most powerful ideological media is film. We saw our own films both as tools of the struggle and as means to define and critique the dream factory. We also developed our own literature about films. One place where the propagation of a new culture in film joined with major critiques of mainstream Hollywood. Hollywood films were the critical magazine, Jump Cut. Founded in 1974, Jump Cut quickly established itself as a journal of the independent left. With a decided non-academic tabloid format - text set on a typewriter and printed on newsprint pages which yellow with age - it has published some of the best analytical writing on film consistently ever since. (It has an unpredictable, publishing schedule as borderlines.) Now, Peter Steven, an associate editor of the magazine, has selected some of the best articles from over ten years of Jump Cut and Between The Lines has published them as a book. Jump Cut, the book, will not yellow on your bookshelf, although it may become gnarly from your repeated thumbings through in the years to come. The transformation from tabloid to book is quite remarkable. Those who have struggled with the tabloid's design (or lack of it) will find the book a pleasure to read. More than that, the book stands as a remarkable introduction to the film criticism and analysis that Jump Cut has provided over the years.

The book is divided into five parts. The first section, "The Dominant Cinema," offers carefully constructed critiques of the contradictory nature of our (sometimes guilt-ridden) experience of Hollywood's ideologically loaded pleasures. The article "Shirley Temple and the House of Rockefeller" by Charles Eickert contrasts Hollywood's Pollyana version of the Depression with the lived realities of poverty and working-class children. This piece is good ammunition to use to debunk the alarming consistency of the "nostalgia market," which has sold "stars" like Temple as the enemy representatives of some historical never-never land.

Jane Feuer's "Hollywood Musicals: Mass Art as Folk Art" describes further the contradictions between the escapist of the movies and the realities of everyday life. According to Feuer, that most American of institutions, the Hollywood musical, initially gained its enormous popularity because it used the work of (mostly) ordinary people, some of whom became stars later. But behind the musical's images lies an industrial apparatus that rivals GI - an ideological factory which erases all indications of its production. The classic "rehearsal" scene - frequently a part of the musical - is the most blatant example of what Feuer calls "creation and erasure." The rehearsal is the site where real sweat and labor are transformed and edited into a seemingly effortless, seamless product, sans sweat, sans labor.

The final essay on Hollywood is a series of interviews grouped under the title "Hollywood Transformed: Interviews with Lesbian Viewers." It gives insight into the range of perceptions that the audience brings to the cinema. The questions of audience identification with the movie's characters which the women raise. afford for most heterosexuals, I'm sure, an insight into their own readings of mass culture.
Confessions of an Albino Terrorist
by Bryeton Breytenbach
London: Faber and Faber, 1984

by Philip Priesty
London: Methuen, 1985

Prison is such a demeaning, sickening, inhuman experience that the question "why read prison accounts?" often seems like asking why any new reading would do more than say, yet again, that prison is demeaning, sickening, inhuman.

Some stories are told and told again and some experiences are lived through each generation. Whatever social structures we think of, there are none which have not sent people away to a place that was beyond everyday routines of society, places to which people were confined because they were considered to be immoral, or reckless, or mischievous, or anti-social or incompetent, or just plain wicked (and all of these sentences vary in their meaning from society to society). Thus reading prison literature contains within it an exercise in understanding the various societies that have created prison as a solution to their own problems of marginality. And it is an important aspect of the literature of incarceration. We read to understand the commonality of discourse or the occasions for a discourse which would allow Socrates or Gesu or Gramsci or Wilde or St John the Divine or Jack the Ripper or Caryl Chessman to have anything to say to each other. Whatever reason people had for getting there, the shock of recognition of the space that has to be inhabited is common to all. Prison denies sociability -- rather, it imposes a false sociability -- it steps us in the tracks of an everyday routine, it forces us to confront the others with whom we would never otherwise choose to be associated. If there is any objective, universalistic ethic in the world, it is the universality of incarceration -- much stronger than class, or religion or race, it forces the recognition that we endure there . . . Francois Villon or Boethius, Victor Serge or Soltzman, Angela Davis or Vachev Havel speak the same language of emigration, of decimation -- of escape? But if there is a common language, rhetoric, ambience, then the real question relates to how do we make sense of the different telling of the stories (because clearly the stories are told differently)?

Tom Waugh introduces the argument that tokenism and stereotyping are not the exclusive practice of the dominant cinema, but that they also afflict the political left and its films. Waugh makes a convincing case that in a homophobic culture it is necessary to evaluate the tokenism that exists within progressive culture, and warns against the "catharsis of ghetto liberation."

In the section "Gay and Lesbian Cinema," Peter Stevens has assembled what can only be described as a primer for a complex and often painful attempt to re-educate ourselves. A discussion between Tom Waugh in the Gay and Left corner and Chuck Kleinhans in the Straight and Left corner, introduces the section. The three other articles in this section help establish both a critique of Hollywood and a brief introductions to the best known (American) films by lesbians.

The final section of Jump Cut contains some of the best writings of the book. "Radical Third World Cinema" offers Clyde Taylor's overview of the production and use of Third World cinema. He makes the important point that "Third World cinema" is a film-world description (or ghetto), not one which the filmmakers use to describe their own work. Texteneh H. Gabriel contributes a detailed and succinct reading of Xala and the films of Ousmane Sembene, which is extremely valuable for its insights into the cultural codes of Senegalese and his countrymen. Two pieces on Cuban cinema are valuable simply because they give a perspective on the value of film to revolutionaries cultures, especially those that are within the broadcast distance of the big "A", America. Rounding out this section is a piece that reflects the editor's concern that activists use film and film criticism. Julia Lenage's plug "For Our Urgent Use: Films on Central America" is appropriate and timely.

What else can I say? I'm for Jump Cutting. By the way a jump cut is (1) an abrupt transition between shots that jars the viewers sense of continuity; (2) the violation of the canons of spatial, temporal, and graphic continuity to disrupt the spectator; (3) a magazine; and (4) now a book.

Glen Richards is an independent film producer with Indignant Eye films.
Breytenbach, for example, confesses to being an addict to prison stories—but, adds that he is, locates us in the only one story that he can tell well—his own, as an Afrikaans writer gun-running for the African National Congress in South Africa, sprung from jail by Francois Mitterrand because of Breytenbach's Vietnamese wife. An improbable tale! All prison stories are improbable. An Afrikaans frieze of mine, also a member of ANC, was locked up both by Botha in South Africa and Rajiv Ghandi in India, because he didn't fit in either side's definition of what was right: the international conspiracy of the super-moralists, who would define us as being what they are not. But, meanwhile, the prison.

How do we tell a prison story? How do we make sense of other peoples' prison stories? On one level we tell the story as it comes, because this story is more important than other stories—hence Solzhenitsyn's aggravatement of the Gulag to himself or Oscar Wilde's or Gene's definition of the prison as the ultimate release of the psyche. This story, my story, is more important than other stories because my presence made the telling so important. And who are we to quibble with that? We read their stories because of their presence at a particular place and moment in time which created the occasion for importance. Some stories stand after the moment, some may not. Breytenbach's autobiography/social history/social/technical account should stand on its own, but may be eclipsed when Nelson Mandela's memories finally become available. After all, Mandela has been over twenty years behind bars, Breytenbach a mere four. But one suspects that Breytenbach is doing something to redefine prison, as the metaphor of the world, while Mandela's book will be more a piece of instant news, an autobiography of place/person, used in a specific political context, than to be forgotten. (Who reads former Anglican archbishop Trevor Huddleston's Naught for your Comfort any more, now that Tutu has taken over?)

There are, of course, other prisoners, who are locked up for "everyday crimes," who write their accounts instead of masturbitating in the corner or trying to blow up the north cell block. How do we read their accounts? How are their accounts meant to be read by those of us who are not part of the gospivche, nor even part of the incarceratory process? Who are they written for? These two questions (for the moment) go unanswered. Instead Philip Priestley tries to answer another question: how should we try to read them against our own experiences? What Priestley does is to argue that the experience of incarceration is a story which has been told again and again. Why not take all the tellings as if they were a composite whole and write a collective autobiography in which all the prisoners, together, create a story which we can all accept as the version of the truth that we all want to know about?

He does, much as Victor Serge did in Men In Prison (which Priestley does not quote or even refer to), take the everyday experiences as the moment for understanding what goes on. (Serge, had to sneak his accounts page by page out of the prison, thus providing a story which could be assembled in any order). Priestley has the advantage of sequence and distance. He recycling of old stories starts with "Into Prison" and ends with "Release," as if any inmate ever really has "release." Thus Priestley's segment is bounded by the walls. Such a reading of the composite autobiography affects his use of sources and his reading of the everyday. The outside world impinges on these accounts encapsulated by the sense of being there, but not coming from anywhere. In a chapter entitled "Prisoners," which has sub-headings like "Women," "Guardian Prisoners," "The Working Classes," "The Criminal Classes," he shows little sense of social or class history, though curiously the stories speak through his framing of them. Contemporary historical research (as in Gareth Stedman Jones' work, or that of the History Workshop) has passed Priestley by, though he does contribute to our knowledge of the politics of space. There are, of course, some good stories, but that is in the nature of the exercise. Anyone who has been locked up or who has chosen exile has many good stories to tell. The important issue is what do they mean? Unfortunately Priestley's account gives us no sense of meaning or even of reading, and he has judged the only real metaphor that informs his book — the composite autobiography. The story that he wants to tell starts outside prison and goes on outside it. In this sense Breytenbach's account is quite innovative. It projects the external into the internal, it throws the internal experience back in the face of those who defined the reason for incarceration, it provides a subjective account of the self in jail.

By using autobiography as a collective effort, Priestley seems to address that issue. The structure of his book produces which we will have to rework via another discourse in order to understand why prisons are not only an important part of our social narrative but why the use of narrative itself is an important part of our ongoing discourses.

Priestley tries to let the prison stories speak out to us, without, as it were, the hypen that would make the bridge or the incision. But, of course, he has framed his stories in a particular way that requires our own retelling. We, like Breytenbach, create the hypen.

Joan Davies teaches at York University and is on the editorial collective of borderlines.

"When you are interested in prison accounts as a genre you will soon see that prisons are pretty much the same the world over. It is rather the peculiar relationship-oppressor-repressed which seems immutable, wherever you may hide... The least of all of us can do — the marginal ones, the outcasts, the displaced persons, the immigrant workers, citizens of our various countries — is to expose all the intelligent services and the spy organisations or political police and the secret societies of the world."
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In memory of Jose Carrasco
Killed by gunmen, Chile, 1986

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...a voice of our own
A listing of academic, political and cultural events, compiled by Lisa S雾霾, Tom Kopycinski, and special guest Kathleen Rom. This section aims to bring together the various events, particularly in Canada, which are not generally publicized. Information to be published in future quarterly issues of Borderlines should be sent to us at Bethune College, York University, 4700 Keele Street, North York, Ontario, Canada M3J 1P3.

Political and Cultural Events

Free University Toronto — an alternative learning network. Write to PO Box 423, Station D, Toronto, ON M3P 3K1 for listing of discussions and events.

Fallout Around Chernobyl — Representation against the Mennonite based anti-nuclear Trust Group has continued unabated in the U.S.S.R. since the Chernobyl disaster. The Trust Group requests solidarity from Western activists; it may be reached through Sergei Baturin, PO Box 1073, New York, NY 10040, USA. (212) 304-1943.

Emma Goldman Research Group — The EGRG is developing a collection of hard-to-get libertarian books, pamphlets, and periodicals which deal with such themes as: the critique of traditional Judaism; the politics of everyday life; anarcha-feminism. For a current list, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Emma Goldman Research Group, PO Box 5811, Station A, Toronto, ON, M5W 1P9.

Popular Feminism — lecture and discussion group at 8 pm on the first Monday of every month (except January). OISE, 232 Blue St. West, Toronto, ON, MSS 1V6. This speaks, women's studies faculty at OISE and the University of Toronto, will talk on how feminism has influenced and shaped their work. Free admission.

Dope Provers and Women's Health — Several women's groups have formed a coalition to investigate the effects of the contraceptive drug Dope Provera, and to fight against its legalization. The coalition hopes to provide a forum for those who have used the drug and wish to share their experiences. Contact one of the following: HealthQuarter, 101 Niagara St., Suite 200A, Toronto, ON, M5H 1B4; Women's Network, 44 Queen St. East, Toronto, ON, M5A 1E1; and Women's Health Concern, 292 King St., Suite 202, Toronto, ON, M5H 1A8.

Canadian Committee Against Censorship — has launched a legal challenge to banning of *The Joy of Gay Sex*, and is distributing information about the issue of censorship in Canada. W. CCACC, 59A Yonge St., Toronto, ON, M4Y 2V8.

Eritrean Relief Association — Since 1961 Eritreans have been fighting a war for independence from Ethiopia. The ERA is essentially the relief arm of the Eritrean People's Liberation Front, the main group fighting for independence. In spite of the war and recent famine, the ERA has had some success in sustaining small-scale projects which develop self-reliance. Contact the EBA at Box 5027, Station A, Toronto, ON, M5W 1N4. (416) 596-2813.

Company of Sirens Series of Soirees — a series of performances by women in theatre, performance art, dance, poetry and music. The Soirees will take place 14-14 December at 8 pm at the Factory Theatre, 222 King Street, Toronto. Advance tickets are available at the Toronto Women's Bookstore.

McLuhan Institute Lecture Series — lectures at 4 pm at 39A Queen's Park, Toronto, Ontario. 5 January 1987, "The City as Text: the Landscape of Charismatic Rice in 18th Century Candy"; 2 March, "Greek Textual Literature: A Re-examination"; 6 April.

Return to Dresden — A Call for Peace — a publication of the National Film Board, available from NFB offices across Canada. The premiere was in September at a meeting of the Performing Artists for Nuclear Disarmament (PAND). In Toronto, call (416) 973-9305.

Kodak Chair Lecture Series — lectures on film and photography to all be held at 7:30 pm, the Ryerson Polytechnical Institute, Learning Resource Centre, Room L 072, Victoria and Gould Sts., 19 January 1987, Margarette von Trotta; 12 February, Frederick Sommer; 20 February, Stan Brakhage; 4 March, William Klein; 20 March, Norma Jewison. Two tickets per person available from 6-9 pm on the Tuesday evening preceding each lecture in the Film and Photography Department lobby, 122 Bond St, Toronto, ON, M5B 1E9. Admission free.

Conferences

Scanner wants to gain a wider and more general audience for activities which are listed in the specialist journals.

Strategies of Critique: The Politics of Knowledge — Toronto, 13-14 March 1987. A forum for interaction between different critical discourses and traditions in order to discuss the efficacy of these discourses in relation to the political; a confrontation between contemporary social theory and the political and cultural implications of its own practice. Deadline for 2-page abstracts 15 December. Write to: c/o Graduate Programme in Social and Political Theory, York University, 4700 Keele St., North York, ON, M3J 1P3.


Greening The City — Toronto, 18-20 February 1987. A discussion of ecologically and economically sound approaches to urban open space planning, development and management. The emphasis will be on practicality and action. Sponsored by The Pollution Probe Foundation, a non-profit research and educational group. Contact the Green City Symposium, 12 Madison Ave., Toronto, ON, M5R 2S1. (416) 967-4511.

Water For World Development — Ottawa, 29 May - 3 June 1987. First call for papers; deadline 20 May 1987. Sixth World Conference on Water Resources. The International Water Resources Association was established in 1972 as an international forum to promote interdisciplinary communication and cooperation among industries, business and social groups and professionals of diverse backgrounds. Write: The Secretariat, Sixth IWRA World Water Congress on Water Resources, University of Ottawa, 631 King Edward Ave, Ottawa, On, K1N 6N5; (613) 564-9092; telex 0533287. The Olympic Movement and The Mass Media — Calgary, 15-20 February 1987. As an international congress dealing with past, present and future issues, one year before the 1988 Calgary Winter Olympic Games. Issues will be discussed from the perspectives of academics, media practitioners and Olympic officials. Contact: The Olympic Movement & the Mass Media congress, Conference Office, University of Calgary, Education Tower 100, 2500 University Drive, N.W. Calgary, Alberta, T2N 1N4. (403) 220-5500.


The Right of Internal Asylum or Sanctuary — Montreal, 12-14 June 1987. Call for abstracts and titles. Questions to be addressed will include: How can we begin to fill the significant gap in scholarly study of sanctuary as it exists in ancient and medieval times? Can we somehow be found between sanctuary as refuge for the persecuted and for criminal fugitives? What aspects of the sanctuary tradition are relevant to the contemporary scene, and in what ways can they be applied? Can the sanctuary model as a mode of dispute settlement provide an alternative approach? What impact will contemporary sanctuary movements have on internal and domestic law and on the frame of the nation state? Contact: Dr. Charles Stintz, Conference Coordinator, Sanctuary Research Group, EES, C.P. 8002, Montreal, PQ, H3C 3P3. (514) 282-3013, or 282-693.

Annual Drama Conference: Women In Theatre — Riviera, CA, 13-15 February 1987. For information on submitting papers write College of Humanities and Social Sciences, University of California at Riverside, CA, 92521. (714) 787-3972.