Animals in the Army
The Last Real Wrestling Show
High Theory and Low Culture
Excursions into Gossip
Border/Lines is an interdisciplinary magazine about art, culture and social movements. We publish writing from many different positions, and we're open to artists, musicians, filmmakers and readers.

An indispensable companion to contemporary culture in Canada and elsewhere, Border/Lines is produced in a large format (which also conveniently doubles as a large fly swatter), and is published four times a year by a Toronto-based collective.
Excursions into Gossip
Disseminating Scruples by Dave Paparazzi.
Our gossip columnist drops in on the International Summer Institute for Semiotics and Structural Studies.

6
Depoliticizing Gossip by Ioan Davies.
If the Emperor has no clothes, then why is Ollie North a here?

7
Conspiracy Theory and AIDS
Was it the Americans, the Russians . . . ? The press speculates.

Junctures
Buy This Magazine by Jones.
The Toronto Small Press Book Fair '87.

Articles
The Last Real Wrestling Show by Jim Freedman.
Down and out in Wheatley and Sineope: outlaw wrestling's running commentary on society.

Animals in the Army by Gary Genosko.
The military mines the ecosystem for new strategic creatures.

Nicaragua: Art Before the Revolution by Ingrid Mayrhofer.

31
Telemarketing and the Disembodied Voice by Kim Sawchuk.
Your manual tells you: "When your role-playing training is completed, you will be able to identify your caller personalities a few seconds into the conversation."

The Carnival is Over by Sadanand Menon.
State sponsored culture in India.

Reviews
Joe Gallo on postmodernism.
Peggy Hill on high theory and low culture.
Brenda Longfellow on the "committed documentary".
Heather-Jon Maroney on artist/activists.
Gary McCarron on pedagogy and ritology.

Visuals
Eating Virtue by Elizabeth MacKenzie
Cover by Blair Robins

Nearada, le jardin d'acclimatation

Errata
The text shown was omitted from the last page of Nicole Jolicoeur's artist's project in Border/Lines number 6.
Disseminating Scruples

French doors in the summer, part 2
Nor was this the only parole violation in the prisoner-house of language. People never stopped talking about the treatment meted out to Barter/Lines contributor Roland Le Huenen by ISISS generalissimo and colleague in the U of T French Dept. Paul Boulissac... After announcing that courses had to be given in English (take that, anti-imperialist!), Paul announced that Le Huenen's course had been cancelled.

Master of the Circus
Who else, but the ebullient M. Boulissac? One night, he left the Institute building at 10:30, locking the door behind him... only to remember, at 12:30, that he had locked a group of semantically predisposed theologians inside... he returned, to find them with their faces pressed despairingly against the glass... unlocking the door, he quipped, "What, no panic sex?"

Panic Sex, '87
World Tour
Top marks to Arthur Kroker... after knocking them dead on the American conference circuit, Kroker blew into town to bring the house down at the ISISS colloquium on "The Semiotics of Eroticism" with his "Panic Sex" paper... the video is due any day now... And can anyone confirm the rumour that York honcho John O'Neill was livid because Kroker had been the aviso de scandale in this spring's academic skin trade?

And anyway, not much else was cooking on the erotic front... Toronto's own Robin Wood, self-appointed bad boy of film theory, was ever-transgressive, showing us a clip from the banned-in-Zom-Ello, and promptly children's lifetime swimming in the womb polymorphous pervs won't be around to see... But the collection of most-deserving figures John Greyson and Richard Fung, cut 50 bucks, they're going to get a chance... who were looking at the end of the world... System
Ann Marie Picard this rising star, for the head when she's more nervous about her speech... that ISISS provided from the front lines... but here, the Arthur Kroker's linen jacket (with initials!?)... cleaning the eighty-five minutes? quipped... And everyone was toward poor John who obviously has to nitpicking... but we see the scumbag suit at ennui over after... Say by
Kaja Silverman's town for her fish... loved the summer party shoes... to away by her outfit... the colloquium... the... logs... this time cocktail dress will 11:00 in the morning and this for a party masochism... repeatedly as he join the microphone... The
Some people do money helps. Aulas with rum... silver grants the native stars... that Deerfield toy Irigaray cloaked... De LaRocque but Silverman for...
from the bannin:in-Ontario Tosi Zom Kio, and promising that 'in my children's lifetime' we'd all be swimming in the warm waters of polymorphic perversity... worry you won't be around to dive in, Robin!

But the colloquium had a few redeeming moments... just ask Sohlo types John Groysen, Collin Campbell, and Richard Fung, who each shelled out 50 bucks, thinking they were going to get a chance to talk dirty, and who were looking pretty frustrated by the end of the weekend.

**Systems de la mode**

Ann Marie Picard (keep your eyes on this rising star, folks) hit the nail on the head when she confessed to being more nervous about her clothes than about her speech... this isn't to say that ISISSS provided much big news from the front lines of the fashion wars... but heads were turned by Arthur Kroeker's artfully wrinkled linen jacket ('Why bother with dry cleaning if the apocalypse is due any minute? quipped one observer)...

And everyone was sympathetic towards poor Jacques Derrida who obviously has to live out of a small suitcase... but we did find the screenwriter suit and pink shirt a tad embarrassing after four days running.

**Say it with rayon**

Kaja Silverman was the talk of the town for her fawning... we loved the summer frocks and the party shoes... but we were blown away by her outfit at the eroticism colloquium... black sequined stockings, rhinestone drop earrings, and a cocktail dress with black mesh top (at 1:00 am in the morning, no less)...

and this for a paper on male masochism... Paul Boulac stumbledd repeatedly as he tried to find a place to pin the microphone.

**The rich and famous**

Some people do it for love... but money helps. And the conference was abuzz with rumours about how much silver graced the palms of the big name stars... informed guesses are that Derrida topped the bill at $12,000; Irigaray clocked in at $9,000; Teresa De Lauretis banked $8,000; and Silverman for many of the novitiates who came into Derrida's seminar with carefully prepared questions that they danced by him until he, or they, collapsed, exhausted... there was the American academic who delivered a forty-five minute 'sermon' (as Jacques dubbed it) in lieu of the ten he had been allocated... and then there was the ex-Toronto member of the feminist literati who cornered Kaja Silverman at a party and spent forty minutes describing her analysis to the obviously bored and silenced Silverman until rescue finally arrived.

**Covering all bases**

"Among the 'we're going to use are Kenneth Burke's concepts of logology and its applications in Augustinan semiotics as read by John Ficcarelli, and Ignatian rhetoric as read by Roland Barthes; the theories of performative utterance, enunciation and speech enunciation of Austin, Searle, Greimas, and Bovenstede; Paul Ricoeur's theory of processual mimetic and Frances Yates' reading of the memorial, transcended through Ong's theory of oral and its cognates in Marcel Jousse's semiotics of gesture and liturgical enactment..." (Lorraine Weir, describing her course "Semiotics of the Joyce System").

**What is Semiotics?**

"Semiotics is whatever is interesting"

(Paul Boulac.)

---

Dina Paparazzi is an artist currently working in the university.
DEPOLITICIZING

GOSSIP

As much as we may think that our gossip columns and tabloids are new, the peddling of rumour, gossip and exposure of the lives of the rich and famous has been around as long as writing: Dante’s Inferno or Rabolas’ Portageal and Gargantuva are early versions of providing the dirt on the prominent living. Medieval France, Venice or Paris were rife with stories of treachery and sodomy, simony and perjury, hypocrisy and corruption. Savonarola was executed for his exposés and Martin Luther split the church with his. For decades in France and Britain, newspapers and gossip columnists have exposed the peccadilloes of the rich and the vanities of the poor, inventing stories if none could be verified, and magnifying those that came to hand. Private Eye in London and Le Canard Enchaîné in Paris have been for some time the places that British and French readers have gone to if they want to have their news flavoured with smut and salacious venom.

Obviously all of this is displayed and gloated over so that a better world might be imagined. Dante had no problem with his alternatives – intellectual beauty guided by theologian Catholicon would purge the world of the false prophets. Rabolas probably thought that the peoples’ consciousness would prevail against the chicanery of the establishment; and Martin Luther, evoking the example of the dark pagan German gods and their transformation through the Bloode Gargantuam, wanted free the people from the sale of front row seats in Paradise at the hands of an Italian Mafioso Pope. The latter-day British and French simply expect their elite to be romantically corrupt, though perhaps wanting them to be virtuous.

Late twentieth-century North American gossip/religion is of a different breed. The Nation Enquirer, the Star, and the Globe (formerly Midnight) are basically about the Power of Positive Thinking. Starting from Dante’s Rabbit in popular ideologies, aided and abetted by capitalism, God (whoever he/she is) in the face of the Media. The secret of the universe is revealed in the triumphs of the human will over the false gods of money, media and sex. To tempt fate is one of the great challenges, and fate appears in different guises - as the supernatural which interferes with the everyday, and as the structures which control the everyday. The world is populated by ex-es, ex-wives, ex-husbands - even ex-criminalists - who descend, fail to descend, depart, come back, go off again. Our heroes suffer terrible ordeals, have secret 40-year-loves, experience ‘pain of the beautiful women’ they once loved, and produce clones who are ‘Eva’ other daughters”, who “want to escape father’s shadow”, or who are shunned by their TV fathers because they took part in a “Voodoo Movie.”

The new gossip is of those Positive Thinkers who grasped at the infinite, but who had trouble holding on to it and were crushed, it was not because of themselves, “Sex and Money TV preacherJim Bakker”, says the Star (because he wasn’t positive enough?), but “peaches bring us closer to God”, retorts the Globe. Meanwhile ‘Stardom is wrecking my life’, says the Globe’s His Excellency Henry W. Liddy. And Nancy Reagan, poor girl, will always feel insecure because of her heart-breaking childhood. The Nation Enquirer (for a long time the only tabloid of Raballasian persuasion), having given up on the two-headed monster who gives birth in a surrogate womb to the three-legged dwarf, has now concluded that its only serious characters are rightwing politicians, Lady Di, and the stars of the soaps. Positive Thinking is a struggle which must have its Saints, not even those who are potentially venal, but simply errant Knights and Ladies attempting to wrestle face to the ground. Not quite King Arthur and the Knights of Camelot; more like Ryan O’Neill peddling Bibles in Paper Moon.

The people who read all this stuff are a mixed bag if the personal columns can be trusted. Among them are psychiatrists, voodoo specialists, miracle mediums, visionary prophets, action astrolegers (“cabalistic numbers to play the lottery through ancient astrological rules”), faith healers, speakers in tongues. The lonely in unlikely juxtapositions search for each other: Irish Methodist in Hawaii, Libra looking for Scorpio, child of God, spirit-filled Christian, divorced South American, religious institute inmate, Libra Catholic, rugged muscular birdwatcher, scripturally divorced black Jehovah’s Witness (the vice). And anyone can become anything, instantly. For $2 there is a success kit, for $3 you can become an ordained minister, for $10 a bishop, for $20 a songwriter. Real estate seems to be going very cheap everywhere, and if the worst comes to the worst, you can get brand new ID (including birth certificate) and start all over again with Visa and Mastercard. But above all, remember that your prayers will be answered only if you know the Creator’s real name: “Request our free booklet. Why aren’t your prayers answered today? Learn the Name of the All Mighty.” Sounds like Jehovah’s Witnesses. It is. But never mind, if you are really trapped in all of this, Fundamentalists Anonymous has just opened a chapter in Toronto to “support ex-members of fundamentalist religions and to oppose the ‘religious right’ in politics.” Thus to get out has only led to more holding on to cult positions, you have to enrol in another cult to get out of it. There are also Anonymous, which is itself modelled on Pentecostal prayer meetings. And presumably their meetings will consist of confessions by those who were deluded, as if the Canadian Legion were to be taken over by Born-Again Pacifists, and everybody else by the fire to tell gossip tales about the bad old days.

And as the antics of the American Presidency have displayed for the past two decades, all of this is not confined to the tabloids and the paranoid electronic evangelists. The new Dale Carnegies are on the one side, those energetic management specialists who produce tedious moneymaking tones on Excite!, and on the other, the Jane Fonda who is using her marriage to a Narcissistic, the Premiere, the Puss-Puss, the pub who would reach Nirvana. They are back. And they are all being cured of their having or not having nothing to do with copy of The New Gossip that really is that most business enlightened to have Gossip while they identify as ‘Admiral Pointing to National Enquirer in July 28 issue to action who is making pompous, prying his hottest, fort

Now there’s an idea. The hero is in espionage, the hero is a member of the secret society, commands from the enemy. He is the one who knows the knowledge of the does is of such high importance that he can tell the enemy what he can tell outside, but not to the enemy who is well directed to be able to talk about that his activities about.

So if the power of leads to an Offle Boardroom, the power, so to speak, to show the no clothes. Comment on the ultimate in the 4th gospel. The table gesticulates, even as the Great

Gary Hart, may be sources of scintillating real politics is all about. Mendacity is Kit’s Marine face - who is who? Rababah with his great belly-laugh.

Ivan Davies takes

University.
Conspiracy Theories and AIDS

California (Ecnet)
25 February, 1987
AIDS Virus: Man-made in the USA?

Stefan Hyme, a controversial author read in both Germany, recently discovered a 50-page research report on the origins of the HTLV-III AIDS virus. The report was written by East German biologist Jakob Segal, former head of the Institute for General Biology at the Humboldt University in East Berlin, and was reported in English only in Harare, Zimbabwe.

In the 3-page interview in West Berlin’s Tageszeitung, Hyme asked the scientist about the results of his genetic and epidemiological research. Segal said that he ended up tracing the virus to the military research institute at Fort Detrick in the United States. The theory that AIDS was originally a harmless monkey virus was "deliberate disinformation," he said. "The transformation [from monkey to human] is so immense that it lies beyond all probability."

Segal said that virological evidence was the most convincing. Genome analysis indicates that the AIDS virus is a so-called virological chimera that consists of segments of the visna virus as well as the HTLV-III virus. As there is no natural biological process by which an exchange of genomes could have taken place, the AIDS virus was the result either of a miracle or of genetic engineering, he said.

The AIDS virus was first identified by Professor Luc Montagnier at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, in the spring of 1983. He termed it Lymphadenopathy Associated Virus (LAV) and sent it to professor Gallo in Bethesda, Maryland. Gallo compared the LAV virus with the HTLV-I and II viruses he had discovered.

Three months later, Gallo described the LAV virus again and called it HTLV-III. Subsequently, the Montagnier group in Paris analyzed the genomes of HTLV viruses and discovered that the differences between HTLV-I and HTLV-III (AIDS) were so great that a coincidental, natural transformation from one to the other was extremely improbable. Gallo had published his results too soon, they said. The AIDS virus could not unambiguously be assigned to the HTLV virus group.

As there was now no scientifically plausible explanation for the origins of the AIDS virus, scientists began to analyze various viruses that showed some resemblance to it. In the process they found the visna virus, whose incubation period takes as long as that of the AIDS virus. The visna virus is frequently seen in Iceland, where it engenders a brain illness in sheep.

Segal went on to describe how Gallo compared the genome of the visna virus with that of the HTLV virus in a series of experiments. The result was that the visna virus and HTLV-I genomes are identical in two places. This meant that they are only distantly related. However, the comparison between the visna virus and the HTLV-III (AIDS) virus showed there were 23 identical places.

Segal’s conclusion was that the genetically engineered visna virus originates from a high security laboratory, where scientists are allowed to manipulate pathogenic agents like viruses. The first P-4 laboratory in the world was opened in the fall of 1977 at Fort Detrick, Maryland. As
Segal explained, one can be certain that genetically manipulated viruses had already been produced by the end of 1977. Moreover, other genetic combinations with viruses had also been attempted. Professor Segal believes that the US military is interested in new viruses, since human beings have developed a defense against old illnesses. It should be remembered, Segal explained, that entire Indian tribes were wiped out by measles imported from Europe because they were unable to develop immunity.

Segal went on to explain that recently published U.S. Congress reports had stated that experiments with radioactive material, viruses and infectious germs had been performed on human beings. There were also cases with so-called volunteers - prisoners with life-long sentences. If they survived the experiment, they were given their freedom. Segal referred to Fort Detrick statistics which detailed the number of test persons, lethal cases and prisoners released.

As to how the genetically manipulated HIV strains could escape from the laboratory, Segal stated: An AIDS infection begins with a phase comparable to a slight infection (raised temperature, diarrhea, skin rashes). This phase lasts only a few weeks and then usually nothing happens for years. It takes at least one and a half to two, even 3 or 5 years for immunity to collapse. In experiments with prisoners one had apparently observed that the test persons became slightly ill and then got well again. For months nothing happened to them. It seemed obvious to conclude that the new virus lived only for a short time in humans and then died, and was thus practically harmless. As promised, the prisoners were then released.

Fort Detrick is located close to New York. It seems plausible that the released test persons went there, many large cities are an easier place to vanish into a homosexual milieu where drugs are readily available. Anyone who has spent a few years in prison sooner or later assumes homosexual habits, said Segal. One can easily understand that they returned to homosexual circles, whether homosexual before imprisonment or not. This would explain why the first cases of AIDS were discovered in New York in the first half of 1979. This also coincides fairly precisely with the AIDS incubation period.

AIDS was then spread by drug addicts using unsterilised needles and especially through blood and body tissues and thus gradually reached women.

Segal said there is not a single known case to prove that AIDS originated in Africa. He himself has worked in immunology and is acquainted with the latest literature. AIDS was observed for the first time in New York in 1979 and described by Dr. Gottlieb. In 1981 it was proved to exist in California and then appeared in Chicago and Miami. AIDS first emerged in Europe in 1982, and in many cases the origin of infection could be traced. All existing epidemiological investigations suggest the virus is of North American origin, said Segal.

Segal said it was wrong to claim that Kinshasa (the capital of Zaire) was the source of AIDS. At the end of 1985 there were 27 to 30 AIDS cases for every 100,000 people in Kinshasa. The figure for San Francisco at the same time was 275 cases per 100,000. In 1985 the World Health Organization published a report which dated the first known occurrences of AIDS in Africa to early 1983. Segal also explained that he himself had studied further literature and had found only one mention of an earlier case of AIDS in Africa.

Segal concluded the interview by saying that it was not absolutely necessary to question the manufacturers of the AIDS virus in a U.S. court or a Congress hearing. He said: I have given you sound and airtight circumstantial evidence. Every court recognizes circumstantial evidence.

Tass says virus leaked
MOSCOW (Associated Press) 30 March 1987
A Soviet military bulletin has reported the virus that causes AIDS leaked from a U.S. army laboratory conducting biological warfare experiments, the official news agency Tass reported.

An article in the current issue of the Novosti Military Bulletin said the deadly virus is of "artificial origin," Tass reported.

The article was written by Peter Nikolayev, who said he was reporting the conclusions of U.S., British and East German scientists.

The article said an army laboratory at Fort Detrick, Maryland, was once the U.S. centre for the development of biological weapons. It said in 1977 a "safe" system was developed for working with dangerous viruses, but the precautionary measures were never carried through at Fort Detrick or elsewhere.

In a letter to Tass, Nikolayev said he was writing as an "off-duty" scientist. He explained that he had obtained the information from a man who had worked as an expert at Fort Detrick and had visited the laboratory on a personal basis.

He hoped to have his story published in a Russian newspaper, but the authorities refused to allow him to do so.

dangerous pathogens. Even so, Tass quoted the Novosti bulletin saying, the virus that causes AIDS leaked from the laboratory. The Tass report did not directly charge the United States with creating AIDS but appeared to renew previously published Soviet allegations that the virus might have been the result of a US military experiment.

In a separate report, Tass said a 1981 US Army manual provides transportation rules for 30 different toxins or pathogens. In October, the Soviet newspaper Itar-tass explained the virus was lethal. The Pentagon, which no longer responds to the Soviet reports, says the Fort Detrick lab never experimented with AIDS.

Earlier this month, Soviet scientist Viktor Zhdanov said 32 AIDS cases have been registered in the Soviet Union. He said all two of the cases involve foreigners.

Charlatans Say AIDS Brought From Space: False Claims Condemned CHICAGO (Globe and Mail) 22 April 1987

"The AIDS virus was brought to earth on a spaceship," a man on a tape confides in a low, conspiratorial voice.

"For their people, it's like a common cold, but for us, it's really dire."

A person [from the other planet] had [sexual] relations with someone, was not careful and passed it on to a young lady.

"And that's how AIDS got started."

Once the laughter at a seminar on AIDS drugs and vaccines had subsided, John Renner, a U.S. physician, said: "This gives you a single but effective example of all the nonsense that's going on.

Dr. Renner told a two-day conference in Chicago on AIDS and public policy yesterday that charlatans who have personal wealth instead of public health on their minds are selling false and sometimes dangerous cures to people with AIDS.

"There's an entire industry of hucksters who are using people's fears to develop a multi-billion dollar industry," said Dr. Renner, director of medical development at St. Mary's Hospital in Kansas City, Missouri.

Books are being produced that promote pond scum, hydrogen peroxide and gold fillings for teeth as cures or preventative treatments, he said.

An example is in a book called Conquering AIDS Now. The authors recommend that people with AIDS expose their genitalia to the sun at 4 p.m. at a 45-degree angle.

"And I heard a rumour that I could buy T-cells on the streets of San Francisco and Los Angeles," Dr. Renner said. He travelled to both cities and "I tried and behold - I have been able to get T-cells in capsule form," he said, as a bottle of T-cells was passed around the room.

Then there is the conspiracy theory. "They would like us to believe the AMA [American Medical Association] and the FDA [Food and Drug Administration] are conspiring to keep a secret remedy from the world."

One author tells readers that AIDS can be transmitted from a toilet seat or from malicious gay flight attendants who cry in the food served on the plane. Such reports starting seven years ago in the BMJ job because the two have been increasingly rare and he found he could no longer afford to keep records. He still had his own collection of some 2,000 records and interview tapes which, he still hopes to take to Charlashtiki eventually.

"Do it by oral and..."

"After the hearing, Fizh said: 'You can't change society..."

"But if you do it by means of Minnseri..."

"You have to..."
The Toronto Small Press Book Fair '87
Ken Norris concludes The Little
 Margaret's Reader 1923-80 - to date
the definitive history of alternative
literary publishing - with a discus-
sion of The Front. "The ultimate aim
of the little magazine is literary revo-
lution, a call to a new order. If it suc-
ceeds, the old establishment is put
aside and a new beginning is made;
if nothing else, a few voices are heard
saying something that was not said
before. In its editorial inten-
tions, The Front shares much with
magazines that preceded it: the hope
of forming a 'front' against the ac-
cepted literary norms of the day."

As with most of the magazines in-
cluded in Norris's survey, The Front
is now history; however, its editor, Jim
Smith, has emerged as not only one
of Toronto's finest political poets but
also one of its most committed ac-
tivists. Smith's current vehicle is The
Front Press; in association with the
Artists and Writers Action Commit-
tee, he is publishing a series of
chapbooks, issued monthly and
available by subscription. Twelve
pages in length, xeroxed and saddle-
sketched, each book will feature the
work of a different Toronto poet. Yet
what makes this venture truly unique
is that all revenue from the series
will be donated to the Ministry of
Culture in Nicaragua and the Enrique
Lihn Writing Project in Chile. This
is not only the only magazine in
which the "literary revolution"
postulated by Norris is changing its
direction.

The Front Press was one of more than
40 book and magazine publishers ex-
hibited at the Toronto Small Press
Book Fair this past May. For eight
hours amidst the cacophony of local
sound poets and jazz musicians, the
Toronto literary crowd literally
crowded the Little
College pub to hawk the most unusual
assortment of literary wares ever as-
sembled in this city. Organizers Stuart
Ross and Nicholas Power sought inclusiveness: established
alternative writers such as Stuart Ross,
broadsides and objets d'art more
characteristic of the small press
movement. Thus the array of
Waves, typset, perfect-bound and celebrating
15 years of publication, set a few feet
from the student journal staff,
packaged in a cardboard box, its
poems, stories and essays printed on
looseleaf, pamphlets, doliels and mi-
crofiche. Publisher Jerzycky's Curvid
Press featured an odd selection of poetic ephemera, reproduced
by every means imaginable on
everything from scrap paper to post-
cards; at the next table, Stubblejumper -
Canada's only lesbian and gay
make-up press - displayed an eclectic line of
books, finely produced in a more con-
ventional format. However, while
varying greatly in form, content and
purpose, each of the presses has a
common concern - distribution.

While a few bookstores in Toronto
stock small press publications, their
numbers are decreasing; the large
chain stores, for the most part, do not
of the same magnitude. Thus, a few
of the most prominent of these
publications include: The
Industrial Salubres, a group of
poets, authors and photographers;
Industrial Salubres, a group of
poets, authors and photographers;
The Front Press, a publication of
the Artists and Writers Action
Committee, which is publishing a
series of chapbooks, issued monthly
and available by subscription. Each
book will feature the work of a differ-
ent Toronto poet. This venture is
unique because all revenue from the
series will be donated to the Ministry
of Culture in Nicaragua and the
Enrique Lihn Writing Project in Chile.

While the literary revolution may have
ended, the small press movement con-
continues to thrive.
writers have had a lasting impact on the course of Canadian literature. In 1987, *The Shit*, edited by Norman Chochrane and D.M. Gray, appeared. A direct descendant of the tradition. Yet, where *This* was mostly concerned with pure poetics, *The Shit* is open to politics, Anarchist, irreverent and as its name implies—willing to shock, each issue is a declaration of war on that which is mediocre, hypocritical and complacent in Canadian writing and society at large. Publishing manifests, tirades and editorials, *The Shit* also features an expanding group of poets, prose writers and artists who might otherwise go unpublished, as well as well-known writers work for which no other outlet exists. Perhaps one of the greatest magazines ever produced, *The Shit* continues to challenge the prevailing hegemony of excremental culture.

Equally engaged and engaging is *Rampike*. Whereas government support—through various grants and formats—has caused the stagnation of so many literary journals, editor Karl Jirgens has continued to find work that forces the reader to question what is being discussed. Funded by the federal and provincial government, published in a somewhat pulpy format, it is at the cutting edge of the vertical format, glossy and perfect-bound, *Rampike* distorts the conventions of genre, language and content. Past issues have featured Laurie Anderson, John Giorno and Jacques Derrida, as well as such innovative and committed Canadian writers as Rosemary Sullivan and Nicole Brossard. And, with a growing international reputation, Jirgens usually sells out each printing of the journal. Defying the postmodernism of *Rampike* might just be directing the course of the magazine into the third millennium.

While such magazines foment the "literary revolution," the small critical journals do much to question and shape the direction of the ongoing cultural discourse. Edited by Stuart Ross, *Mondo Hunkamagogs* is the only journal dedicated exclusively to reviewing small press books and magazines. Compact and becoming, it appears with a remarkably irreglarly (the first number was published in 1983, the fifth earlier this year). *Mondo Hunkamagogs* is the only journal I know of that has focused itself in this crucial task. While what does not restrict itself to small press publications, it appears, is faced with the problem of an anomaly in literary publishing. A tabloid, what is printed six times a year, with 10,000 copies distributed free in bookstores and libraries throughout North America. Periodicals without controlled circulation are ineligible for federal funding; to date, editors Kevin Connolly and Jason Sherman have relied on revenue from advertising, subscriptions, as well as small Explorations grants, yet have still managed to get each issue out for two years. Like *Mondo Hunkamagogs*, what publishes essays, interviews and letters, as well as book and magazine reviews (what also publishes fiction, poetry and drama). Both are controversial and iconoclastic in the best tradition of the little magazine, challenging rather than indulging their respective readers. As well, both journals regularly contribute to the renewed discussion of the relationship between politics and literature: an issue noticeably absent from small press publications in Toronto since the 1920s. The second issue of *what* explored the issue of "art and politics," while a recent number (March 1987) contained a powerful interview with writer Brian Fawcett. Throughout we have appeared many similarly engaged commentaries and reviews. And the occasional columns in *Mondo Hunkamagogs* by poet and activist Chris Faiers continue to challenge the complacency of all writers.

All the magazines mentioned have one feature in common: their editors are male. This situation is clearly evident to the women who have come together over the years to produce *Fireweed*—A Feminist Quarterly. As Mackeda Silvers notes in her introduction to *Fireweed*—an anthology of poetry, prose and art celebrating *Fireweed*’s first eight years of publication—"Historically, peoples not of the dominant culture have not had active participation in, or access to, arts journals, whether these have been part of the dominant culture or have emerged from the small presses." Yet, in speaking of those not of the dominant culture, Silvers implies not only women in general but women of colour, working class and Native women and lesbians. It is *Fireweed*’s attempt to be inclusive, and the struggles, controversies and self-criticism that have resulted from this attempt that make *Fireweed* the intelligent, engaged, and diverse journal it has become. Published by a collective (with occasional guest editors), *Fireweed* includes reviews and essays covering a wide range of topics and issues, as well as poetry and fiction free of any formal restraints. Given the status of women within the dominant culture, the survival and success of a journal like *Fireweed* points in a necessary direction to the further politicization of literary publishing to come. As Robin Belliski Endres writes in "Why I Left The Left to Write": "The women’s movement, with its focus on the integration of the personal and social, paved the way for the reintegration, on a higher level, of art and politics, the goal of which is personal and social transformation."

Admittedly, my discussion of these few magazines has been partisan in tone and intent. It would likely be fitting to close with some vague pronouncement about the future of literary publishing in Toronto. The reader, happy that the small press is alive and well, stifles a satisfied yawn. Instead, I will conclude with an appeal: subscribe to one or all of these magazines. If you don’t like those I’ve mentioned, bookstores such as Letters, SCM and This Ain’t the Rosedale Library carry others. If they make you angry, write a letter contribut to the magazines themselves. In the final analysis, the essence of small press in the doing. At the very least, as the organizers exhorted shoppers at the close of the Toronto Small Press Book Fair, “Go home and read.”

Journals discussed:

- *Push-Machinery*, 551a Crawford Street, Toronto M6G 3J9, Query as to subscription rates.
- *Industrial Subsoil*, Curved Hike Press, 729 Queen Street East, Toronto MAM 1H1, Published irregularly, prices vary, pay what you can.
- *The Shit*, Martin Garth Press, 510 Front Street West, Third Floor, Toronto M5V 1R8, Query as to subscription rates.
- *Rampike*, 95 Rivercrest Road, Toronto M6S 1H7, Two issues a year for $12.
- *what*, Box 338, Station J, Toronto M5J 4B8, Six issues a year for $6.
- *Fireweed*, Box 279, Station B, Toronto M5R 2W2, Four issues a year for $12.

- 4 *Fireworks*, p.20.

*Jenes* is a Toronto poet, critic and editor. He has published four collections of poetry, including: *The Brave Never Write Poetry*, Coach House Press, 1985.
Big Bear Sports Promotion had a way of torching Ontario wrestling audiences with such a primal heat that fans would rise off their seats like scraps of ash into a chimney. It's gone now, like other genuine performances. That show was not made for television. The wrestlers were behemoths of another age. No one now would make glossy pictures of these bulging bodies sporting grime for prizes inside Hostess chips. They had nothing of the whitewashed hygiene slick of fast food packaging. They belonged to wrestling's roots, inside smoky cinemas and small town arenas, inside the country consciousnesses along with a meat-and-potatoes morality that seeks a working man's instinct for passing judgment. Wrestling used to make its way along the backstop from towns to fairs with carnivals and patent medicines and now this show, the real wrestling show, the original, is stored away in worn out panel trucks, victim of new age wrestlingmania promoters who manufacture culture and politics for witless consumers.

Big Bear Sports Promotion never played downtown Toronto. The big Toronto promoters, Turner's Queensboro Sports Promotions, had a deal with the Maple Leaf Gardens that held exclusive rights to the use of its facilities. The name was true for Montreal's Main Promotion and the Forum. To see the old-time wrestling show, to catch the outlaw Big Bear wrestling show that operated on the fringes of bigger cities, you had to go to Simcoe, Kirkland Lake, or Barrie or beyond.

One of the first times that I saw the Big Bear show was in Wheatley - almost five years ago - on a Monday night after the annual summer weekend fishing festival. I was there to find an all-out wrestling performance, unabated by the manufacturers of media and tastes. Fans said the Big Bear shows were best. That night was the beginning of an exploration into a brand of pure-bred pro-wrestling, and it was so compelling that I stayed. I took the show to heart, to understand why it worked so well. The promoter took me in, and a few months later I stayed inside the ring clutching a microphone giving weights of wrestlers and taking paper cups on the backside of the polyester suit I wore to announce his shows.
That's why wrestling looks so foolish now on television, starlit bodies filtered through the collander of decorum regulations appealing to anyone who apathetically turns on a switch and settles down inside the constant voltage zone. It takes a monumental stupor to watch one wrestling match following another without the rush of live appeal because wrestling, the original way, should provoke, not entertain, should take its cue from the fans, the town, from living social ferment. But stupor is the secret substance that glues viewers to television's homogenized concoctions. The Wildman saves us from this stupor with his shows. Each of them is one of a kind. They take shape inside the fans' commotion. They work by torching indignation, political fantasies get hot and pretty soon the Wildman has his people dancing like primitives around a boiling cauldron half ready to eat each other live.

The Wildman's boys were often over forty without the made-for-TV glaze, nothing to hide the bulge of countless bumps, the cauliflower ears and big faces strung on necks of polar bears.

The smooth unyielding texture of the cement floor. The heavy brownskin breathing of the migrant Mexicans mingling with the shuffling of the other fans as they made a ring around Bull Dog the wrestler-man they hated. Martinez was out cold too, only ten feet away. Blood trickled from Martinez's skull. The tale of two men's character and fate fixed in crystalline opinion for Wheatley's experience. The elb of bodies flowing from the stands to ringside in a tightening band of judgment around the silence of two metaphors reeking in the flesh, such a rich commotion. Authentic, is the word. But that sounds too much like a word that spent too long at school. How to view this show? Like an ancient zen master making animal sounds. A country preacher stalking a conversion. A blue ribbon spaghetti squash at the country fair. A whoopie cushion. Or an honest fart. Some things are totally irreproducible. Most of these things look funny in the modern world, they're so old hat or decadent or uncommercial or unpredictable that no reproduction, no media treatment of them ever does them justice.

Next to the new age wrestling - wrestlemania, the show that comes in tubes of packaged personalities from New York City - the Wildman's Big Bear shows have a heaving thrill to them that wrestlemania lacks. The wonder is what Canadians have lost as wrestlemania takes its own prime time. I wondered what had tricked the sovereignty of Canadian consumers into such a masochistic preference. I bemoaned the fate of the Wildman who cooked up wrestling out of the uniquely northern spice of Canadian towns. Where had he come from and what would happen to him?

Wrestling territories spread out around big city hubs - Montreal, Detroit, St. Louis, Toronto - where, in the past, one promoter ruled the territory. The mighty original Sheik ruled Detroit for years with his fireballs and his posturing of oriental threats. Sam Muchnick ran St. Louis for four decades with hard-hitting honest shows for the bi-monthly Checkerdome reunion of his fans. Frank Tunney and his nephew Jack ruled Toronto for almost half a century. Some territories had reputations for the hotter shows.
Nashville's Nick Guisas, the black rogue of promoters, never took his town for granted; he moved in long ago from Birmingham and stayed by kicking at the doors and keeping others off his turf.

The secluded valley of Toronto was different. Inside the Queen's dominion, sheltered from a nervous continent of promoters, Tunney slugged along with sober shows. Guisas had always kept pace with outlaw promotions, with aggressive neighbouring promotions. Tunney didn't have to. He owned the contract to the Gardens. He had the athletic commissioner in his pocket. He had the telephones. He had connections. But he never seized the police of the country. There was one who did. That was the Wildman.

He was around for twenty years, and more years than not he had made good money. In Tunney's territory. He had no contract with big city coliseums; no offices, no pictures, no publications. What he had was stamina, the art of never slowing down, no bugs constantly trying to break town to the next, his office was his truck, his phone, the pay phone in arena offices. He rarely slept. Two weeks before a show he plowed the ads for newspapers, delivered and paid for them himself, laid out the posters for the show, had them printed, tacked them onto empty construction boards and highway poles and storefront windows like campaign throwaways, and all the freighted while Burn ran his shows like a juggleur on a unicycle tossing pots and pans and frying eggs and bacon at a banquet of his fans. He kept a precious chest of beer in the front seat of his truck so as not to get too dry, to chase away the hum of the engine and the drum of his rapid body's regimen late at night after counting up the till.

And talk about his shows. Tunney's wrestlemania personalities wear sleek young muscle frames and names inspired by the professional image management that goes into dictating products. The Wildman's boys were often over forty without the made-for-TEE-VEE glare, nothing to hide the bugle of countless lumps, the cauliflower ears and big faces strung on necks of polar bears. No practiced grace. The grace they had came from knowing that no plier-driver, no young body slave, was more than their reflex could absorb.

They came from backwoods farms that failed and urban ghettos in industrial suburbs where the Depression took street tough kids and put them behind a set of weights. They got big and they got jobs wrestling in England, and when they came back they entered the territories, looking for a gimmick, a crack at popularity. Some people say that twenty years ago more wrestlers came from Canada's steel town, Hamilton, than any other town in North America for its size. Those men looked to the Wildman's Big Bear Wrestling Show for work. Even though there wasn't much. Chris Tolosio, Vic Rosatini, Bull Johnson's son Danny, Johnny Powers.

Tunney's men are stars. The Wildman's boys were brutes. Tunney's shows glitter with a cast that's bigger and better than real life with cops to keep the crowds at bay. No riots. Peel away the glitter, the programme hype, the soda and the lights and Tunney's show is threadbare, like no-name cola. Like the multimedia glitz conglomerate that now controls a major portion of his business and rules Toronto wrestling from New York City. What is cola without a pair of Judy's legs and chrome-white vaginal fans offering a dream of something more? No offices, no pictures, no publications. What the Wildman has is stamina, the art of never slowing down, no bugs constantly trying to break town to the next, his office was his truck, his phone, the pay phone in arena offices. He rarely slept. Two weeks before a show he plowed the ads for newspapers, delivered and paid for them himself, laid out the posters for the show, had them printed, tacked them onto empty construction boards and highway poles and storefront windows like campaign throwaways, and all the freighted while Burn ran his shows like a juggleur on a unicycle tossing pots and pans and frying eggs and bacon at a banquet of his fans. He kept a precious chest of beer in the front seat of his truck so as not to get too dry, to chase away the hum of the engine and the drum of his rapid body's regimen late at night after counting up the till.

I saw him once in a mid-size Ontario town chewing up a microphone at the wheel, turning corners, laughing with his trademark twinkle, half-laugh around the edges of his eyes talking up the matches on the evening's card.

While Tunney ran his shows at the Gardens before 10,000 fans, the Wildman borrowed sand-lot houses for his shows circling around Toronto down toward Detroit, up to Sudbury and North Bay, then back around Toronto's metro margins, a different town every night, showing homegrown wrestling on the edges of Tunney's turf. If you wanted to see the Wildman's shows you had to see them live. Tunney knew all that: that he was a maverick, an outlaw, that he could probably never have the capital to pay for big time stars and still, small promoters and pretenders to Tunney's bold on wrestling came and went, all of them in fact gone almost as fast as they came... except the Wildman.

The main event then was the original Sheik, Detroit, now older, making his living as a preacher. The Sheik stayed away from the ring. The Wildman puffed his energy in bears out west in front of the rotors and unlike Tunney, the impresario in the shadow of the shows, the Wildman puffed his energy in bears out west in front of the rotors and unlike Tunney, the impresario in the shadow of the shows, the Wildman puffed his energy in bears out west in front of the rotors and unlike Tunney, the impresario in the shadow of the shows. I saw him once in a mid-size Ontario town chewing up a microphone at the wheel, turning corners, laughing with his trademark twinkle, half-laugh around the edges of his eyes talking up the matches on the evening's card. It was raining. He saw some fans on the sidewalk wading, and he cursed the truck next to them. He kept the sound on loud as he talked with the crowd.

"Come in? Yeah, you're comin'? You wanna see a wrestling show. Big time wrestling. Midgets. We got midgets."

It was still raining at show time. People scrambled inside dripping wet, wiping off their heads and faces on their sleeves. The wrestlers had no precious airs, they walked in on one through the recking fans into the dimming room, cradling ragged toe bags and a case of beer, upper arms like ancient elephant knees, faces glazed from the rain. Then he was, baleful and Buddhist, the Wildman behind the announcer's table as the first match was about to begin, gripping an old railroad spike he'd hummaged from the bottom of his truck and using it SMACK to ring the pock-faced bell a dozen times or more.

The Wildman and the original Sheik, Detroit, now older, makes his living as a preacher. The Sheik stayed away from the ring. The Wildman puffed his energy in bears out west in front of the rotors and unlike Tunney, the impresario in the shadow of the shows, the Wildman puffed his energy in bears out west in front of the rotors and unlike Tunney, the impresario in the shadow of the shows. I saw him once in a mid-size Ontario town chewing up a microphone at the wheel, turning corners, laughing with his trademark twinkle, half-laugh around the edges of his eyes talking up the matches on the evening's card. It was raining. He saw some fans on the sidewalk wading, and he cursed the truck next to them. He kept the sound on loud as he talked with the crowd.

"Come in? Yeah, you're comin'? You wanna see a wrestling show. Big time wrestling. Midgets. We got midgets."

It was still raining at show time. People scrambled inside dripping wet, wiping off their heads and faces on their sleeves. The wrestlers had no precious airs, they walked in on one through the recking fans into the dimming room, cradling ragged toe bags and a case of beer, upper arms like ancient elephant knees, faces glazed from the rain. Then he was, baleful and Buddhist, the Wildman behind the announcer's table as the first match was about to begin, gripping an old railroad spike he'd hummaged from the bottom of his truck and using it SMACK to ring the pock-faced bell a dozen times or more.
The main event that night featured the original Sheikh, the real one from Detroit, now older and overpowered, making his living on his legacy. He faced Igor, the Polish Strongman. Igor preened his honest muscles hardened by an honest peasant's labors. Four hundred fans sat straight up before the prospect of a hearty meal they knew the Sheikh could bring up from his hell's kitchen of crude delights as he always did. Four hundred fans from a squeaky clean mid-size town made more noise than Tunney's thousands in his metropole arena.

Suddenly the Sheikh slammed Igor's ear into the ring post (that was real) and Igor, stunned a minute, sprang back with his legs flying all around the Sheikh's head. The Sheikh turned tail when he saw Igor on the rebound pounding furiously with all fours. He ran from the ring up behind the curtains of a stage that happened to be nearby, and before ten seconds passed they both emerged from the other side of the stage except this time the Sheikh had Igor on the run swinging a two-by-four ten feet long wildly in pursuit. This time the Wildman left his seat at the announce's table to chase the Sheikh and disappeared behind the curtain with the rest of them. A bone-disintegrating thud. Then the Sheikh and right behind him ran the Wildman except this time the Wildman had the two by four and had it poised behind his back ready for a finishing stroke upon the Sheikh who dashed into an area littered with fans and chairs and broken mirrors and small change.

Up to that point, as far as I was concerned, wrestling had been folklore. The Wildman and the two by four by ten changed all that in an instant. The moment that the Wildman became the sea-fury lashing from behind the curtain swinging a piece of lumber at the Sheikh, I went right with him. Vindicatives charged out from me in a living river of feelings. That was 'drawing heat.' I would hear the Wildman say one day. This is what you have to do if you want to make a wrestling show. You got to draw heat.

After the show the first fans scurried out to peel off a coveted souvenir, the posters advertising the show, from the front glass doors. Green and black, deep green and deep black type around tormenaced faces of the wrestlers in the featured matches, a reminder and somehow an essence of the exhibition. Terry Dart collected them, particularly the Wildman's, which were by far the best. My lucky night, I got one. The next morning I pulled the poster out from among the litter on the breakfast table and scanned its details for a message, for anything more about the Wildman, the enigmatic medicine man who made the wrestling work, who cooked the show while Tunney merely canned it. Could the poster be a subtle guide into this nether world where he took charge? I sat and stared, looking for a sign.

There was a picture of Igor in a simple snapshot on a grissy field with his little girlfriend in a funky Dylan hat and a collie. Above that little family photo an enlargement of his face appeared in outline, a grinning well-fed boy without the slightest hint of treachery. Opposite Igor on the right pasted the full-length body of the Sheikh with the caption underneath his lone condescending form, eyes covered with a shawl: ON THE RAMPAGE. Great stuff but still no secret to the Wildman's magic touch.

Wait. Something odd at the bottom. There the poster returned my stare. Flush with the bottom line of green there was a photo of a front row ringside line of fans at a match, a photo bordered in black with stars placed at the corners and this appeal: BE PART OF THE ACTION! A lady in the picture offered her hand into her outstretched palms, there was a man his hand outstretched carrying his late's consignment to the show and some others looked out through the photo right at me. A mutual examination. Not dumb, look at that fat lady with the stockings, and that jerked in the corner with the gums chewing out the referee. This picture, featured centre slate, advertised my friends, the fans. No stars, no personalities, just these dozen or more turbulent anybodies the Wildman fit into the picture who got big billing on the card.

Not a bourgeois face in this picture of the Wildman's crowd. No middle class. These wrestling shows are sacre-glige to them.

Middle class America holds the ring in awe, sees in the ring a sacred centre for the cult of competition. It is here, in the compelling knave of an economy of secrecy where successful men have fought to get their spoils. It is here where society gives a guided frame to winning. To the swelling bosom of success. To the tidy fields of a booming community's industrial smoke filling the skies with dreams of Cadillac Sevilles and golf shoes. No wonder then that competition comes to us as a spirit overshadowing the spirit of the church bell spires and no wonder that the ultimate repository of this spirit is the ring. People rise to grand acclaim who have this alchemical perfector, the coveted body hu-
mourn that is competitive spirit. How much more important this spirit is than the standard intangibles like cleanliness, good posture, fair play and the right attitude. Self-made men vote for politicians who promise to give them more and more of it. They justify themselves by blaming others to designate others for not having it.

It was a foolish for that spirit that drove the middle-class community into a perverse love affair with Mohammed Ali. He danced in the shrine of the North American way, Muslim or not, Mohammed or Cassius. When he boxed, thinking, talking, reaching into every corner of the rules, the ring, propriety or politics, and the mind for victory, he became that flicker in the self of every white male that makes him go out and win. Ali talked a lively jive that sounded for some people's money like radical red rhetoric. Hubris was a sky blue bourgeois all the way. The ring is the shimmering diamond heart in the command center of every American male who fancies himself the bee with the stinger dancing the do-right in a war zone with a moral pedigree.

The Wildman placed inside this cherished ring barbarians from beyond the fringe terrains of decency, men gone bad, graffiti and ayahas, hairy hippies from the sixties, men who do anything foul to win, useless referees who do nothing to stop them. Khomeini's personal minister of peril. There's the sacrilege. That's the Wildman's wrestling and that's blasphemy as well. The Wildman's image of the ring, this image of society, bears a compelling truth. For the victims in this space are men with special tricks, men who gang up on others, men with connections. There is a terrible lesson here: nice guys finish last.

These subterranean defects from the way things ought to be performed wrestling, running commentary on society about how opportunity does not exist in equal measure for the common man, for men who work honestly and clean. Labourers and consumers daily to monopolies and mind bending advertisements, union busters, politicians, prejudice and favouritism. How does this happen? Just ask the fans. How come the number of good men with good intentions and uncorrupted talents who win are as few and far between in wrestling as in life? It is this. So many men inhaling the ring's mighty ether lose their bearings, take undue advantage, drunk on the power to despise others and to ascend with an excited image of themselves. They forget or just don't care that someone could get hurt.

That shatters the conceit of the middle class who applaud themselves for their accumulations, who protect the value of their careers when they complain that wrestling is phony, when they claim that they did it the hard way and the honest way without the tricks and gags and inside information. They say it's fake. That's not the way they got to where they are... by rigging the economy. By taking short cuts, plotting strategies to undermine the unions of honest men. No, they say. The true blue claims of the economy are not fake. It's wrestling, they say, that's phony where those who win are those who have made their advantage. But the Wildman's wrestling fans know better. His fans are the blue collar victims of the bold prerogatives patriots take. What they see inside the ring is what they talk about in unemployment lines, men drunk on conquest, living on the losses of others.

One of the last times I saw the Wildman's show, he himself wrestled in a tag team match teamed with Whipper Watson Junior against two villains. By that time - it was just a year ago - I had lived with his show, even become part of it. For two numbers I had travelled with the show and announced the matches off and on. The Wildman had made me a part of his family of working fauna. I had a new vocabulary and a different birhythmic of late nights and exclamatory mornings. They were visceral changes, a carney's language and a body clock set to a different stye. The mornings were good for growing, Dave said. He had peppered my speech with lively parlers like ROOM, BOOM, and PIMPING-IT, and G-NOTE. He had also walked me through a status change in the wrestling world from an outsider looking in to an insider looking out. I had witnessed the work of a man without guile, with a message and a heart. This was a memorable night.

Crowds were down. The Wildman hardly had enough money to put together his shows. Still he did it. He puzzled over his dwindling coffers. He spent long hours in silent dressing rooms looking for an answer. There was only one answer that he knew. Work harder. And no one else could work as hard as he. He would wrestle himself in the way he knew would draw the kind of heat that would bring the crowds back in larger numbers. That night he had booked himself to wrestle in the tag team. He would take the lead, make it hot, bring them to their feet.

There are rules for tag teams. The villains broke them. The Wildman and his partner stuck close to their consciences and the rules... except for once. It was near the end of the match, Watson and the Wildman had had enough. The two of them illegally entered the ring at the same time to team up on their adversaries. The other team had been doing it all the time, but this time the referee called the infraction, stopped the fight and disqualified the Wildman and his partner. It took a moment for the verdict to sink in. The Wildman and his partner were losers by disqualification. For breaking the rules.

The crowd went wild with anger. One fan worked at his saliva for a good big enough to issue forth a statement the words would fail to summon. A cloudy message condensed among the fans that anybody promised you a fair fight. Just a fight, that's all. This is a jungle. You hear the gospel of free enterprise and opportunity... that's just a hymn you hum in church one day a week. You read the constitution... well, that's politics. You got rights, you say... cash them in for a pair of sunglasses. Rights is for the people who play golf, who sell free competition like snake oil. And you bought it.

There it was. The charm of free enterprise portrayed in its own excess in the stands, a face in red with some boddice. She'd see his fight as rigged, what she did. There was something she didn't know. Her story, children, her tear in the welfare line, exasperation in her face. She rose to the altar of her family's folding chair, collapsed in misery and proclaimed the referee: ASSHOLE. Her miniature, and furiously into this world and there was an actor, she died and she got a raw deal.
The noise from the crowd was deafening. They were on their feet. The Wildman had done what he knew he had to do and what he knew best to do.

As he left the ring that night, the Wildman turned around and rushed the other wrestlers who had cut every corner in the book of rules and still come away with a win. One of the opponents bent over to aim his butt at the Wildman’s face. The Wildman would plant a heel of anger in that ass. But no, he stopped. The bell had sounded. He turned and walked away. Defender of the moral margin in the back of everybody’s mind, he’d lost. He’d told the story of the free man’s fate.

The irony of that moment was that he had also told his own story. The silence was loud, but not loud enough. Once he had paid the wrestlers off, paid the boys who put up the ring, paid the manager of the arena, paid for the gas in his truck, paid his taxes and insurance and publicist, the Wildman had nothing left. He had been going out of business for a long time and had hung on, tethering his hopes to dreams. But they were only dreams. More and more the mix of media and money from New York ran the wrestling business. And that excluded him. He had no clout with the athletic commission who took orders from the Turner operation and took every opportunity to make life difficult for him. The political message that he had lost his ring to say fans for twenty years now spoke his own inevitable fate.

He had a little rhyme he’d say to tell himself the value of hard work, his hard routine: No pain, no gain. He had heard it first when he was pumping iron in the backwater gym of the Depression where he had learned his tips on life in general from the discipline of body building. No pain, no gain. Without the effort, you’ll get no measure in return. And just as true it was the other way around that if you gave enough to make it hurt, you got failure with the same logic. Deadbeats slept in beds of failures that they made themselves. There were no princesses made-ready. So how to understand the justice or the logic of the sense of an economy that actually made you pay for the privilege to work? A different, troubled look gripped the Wildman’s face in the dressing room that night and stared there as if he were looking sadly for something he’d done wrong. The more he worked, the more he got behind.

By 1983 wrestlemania had swept the continent. The promotion from New York, hungry for new territories, made their stable of wrestlers into intercontinental stars. They put them in the ring with rock stars. On the back of cereal boxes. They made little dorks of them and sold them to ten-year-olds as action figures. The heroes of the shows were the good guys who loved America, wrestling against blacks and gays and foreigners. And they were making money. They were taking back America from the women’s movement, from bussing, from failing profits, from counter-culture, and from the terrorists and off-colour populations abroad. Good guys were winning and winning for America. It had a patently middle class veneer. So different from the tales of subtle tragedies in an economy turned against its people that the Wildman told. It was a cop-out for all the lies that the official version of American society and the economy feared might get around. The rhythm was rock instead of country. It had the mindless pitch of modern American politics. That pitch sells anything these days.

Turner’s Toronto operation is nowadays a franchise of New York City’s wrestlemania promos. New York puts together shows for him, New York says who will be his champion, who will take the falls. The strategy from New York is less a strategy for Ontario, or even for Canada, than a strategy for a boardroom in a far-off land where silent men in glasses plot jagged futuristic graphs and rake receipts from stolen markerts. Market surveys chart the preference of the fans. And New York cen-sors information. They said the Wildman had to go.

And now he’s gone. Fans no longer come to see him fry a mad-dog wildcat on the ring. He has retired to a restaurant and a wrestling show on the griddle of the country. The musky, grimy real life parable of the poor man’s fate is packed and folded up. The disenfran-chised farmers, workers, friends, and fans of the Wildman’s show find their politics drowned in the mono-lithic languages of Hollywood.

Jim Freeland teaches Anthropology at the University of Western Ontario. He also advises and evaluates development projects in Asia. He has recently completed a narrative on professional wrestling. Drawing Heat - a book published soon by Black Rose Press. He is preparing to undertake a journey up the River Zaire in search of literary and political images for our time.
ANIMALS IN THE WAR

When Rachel Carson, the mother of modern environmentalism, gave environmental destruction a seasonal signification with her book *Silent Spring*, she also confirmed something that military strategists had sensed all along. If the misuse of herbicides and pesticides canuccinate the life of the ecosystem on the home front, then the tactical deployment of similar chemicals can do the same on the war front, against foreign bodies.

Since all parts of an ecosystem are interrelated, one does not have to literally draw one's sights on human enemies in order to silence them. One has to target their natural environment, as parts of the systematic target, they will be hit indirectly from all sides. The environmental crisis is a gift to the war machine.

The folly of eco-tactics lies in the fact that ecocide is suicide, the slow way. The soldiers who envisaged that infamous chemical agents of the Vietnam War were just as much parts of the ecosystem that they destroyed as were their enemies. There was no safe distance, no sterile bubble fortification which to launch defoliation and aerial denial operations. Nature is a double agent.

While the ecosystem facilitates the communication of certain poisonous messages and provides unwelcome feedback on them, it also yields non-human beings which become strategic and/or tactical 'weapon' in plans of war. The use of animals in military operations has traditionally been in the area of logistical support: camels, elephants and horses carry supplies; and men, dogs and pigeons relay messages. But the fact that the behaviour of animals can be made operational does not fully explain the place of animals in the army.

The ability of some animals to perform certain functions makes them candidates for a high level of anthropomorphism. For instance, since the pigeons and dogs of the World Wars relayed messages that were necessary for the survival of soldiers but could not have been delivered by men, they were said to fill human positions. It is as a result these animals became candidates for the honours and distinctions of the military establishment. That is, to become animal war heroes. However, animals that have not been made operational also have a place in the military as sign-vehicles. The production of these sign-vehicles is a form of pseudo-specialization. Wild animals are presented as the sum of certain attributes which lend themselves to military projects. As sign-vehicles, these pseudo-species denote and constitute units of meaning that are transferred to armaments. Moreover, the militarization of the arms industry supports a vision of a bio-military reality that (confuses) the operational and semiotic domains, producing wild hybrids through a patchwork of biological and technological signs.

Strategic and Tactical Creatures

Strategic intelligence is a necessary condition for the realization of tactical capacity; knowing what an enemy is gives the concept of tactics a context in which it is meaningful. It is often the case that one must locate the position and size of an enemy force in an unobtrusive manner since giving away one's position in the act of coming to know where they are may have fatal consequences. In the effort not to stand out, a potential strategic resource to use in gathering information is something that belongs to the environment in which one is operating. In *The War Animals*, Robert E. Lubow explains that throughout the 1960s U.S. military agencies engaged in reconnaissance sound projects involving insects and birds. In 1963, the U.S. Army Limited War Laboratory and the Department of Agriculture conducted trials using insect-powered ambush and intruder detectors. In these tests, researchers sought to capitalize on the olfactory sensitivities of mosquitoes and how to detect diseases that contained insects and sound monitoring equipment. When the insects sensed the presence of humans, they would increase their activity and the resulting noises were amplified so that the human operators of these devices would be alerted to the presence of intruders.

In the wildlife sounds schemes of 1961, the U.S. Army Security Agency made use of changes in the vocalization rates of certain birds to detect enemy forces. In field studies, researchers compared the vocalization rates of birds in their natural milieu with sounds pattern influenced by the presence of humans. Since the birds increased their rate of acoustic output in the presence of humans, it was believed that the comparison of 'empty' and 'intruder' auditory outputs might have a strategic use value. In both types of experiments the results were promising but inconclusive, since it proved to be impossible to control and contain the environmental variables that produced false alarms. While the ecosystem provides rich array of strategies, these creatures do not distinguish between 'researchers' and 'intruders'.

Just as a strategic weapons system may be designed and a tactical system may become strategic, strategic creatures may be used tactically and vice versa. Strategic creatures such as mosquitoes do not have much of a capacity for decisive assault or control and that make them poor tactical weapons; birds, however, as Alfred Hitchcock recognized, are better candidates for tactical deployment.

The successful use of racing homing pigeons for logistical purposes in the First World War led to fears in the Second World War that the Nazi wolves were attaching cameras to messenger pigeons and obtaining photographs of Allied emplacements. The fears of the Allies were justified if only on the basis of the line of research that the American psychologist B.F. Skinner began to pursue in 1941. In Skinner's work the logistical pigeon and the bird of strategic lore became a hybrid tactical bird in the form of a pigeon-guided missile. Skinner believed that the most efficient, cheap and expendable homing device, a pigeon.
THE ARMY

GARY GENOSKO

The folly of eco-tactics lies in the fact that ecocide is suicide, the slow way. Nature is a double agent.

This “crackpot idea,” as Skinner referred to it in his 1966 paper, “Pigeons in a Pelican,” was based on the ability of behaviourally engineered pigeons to respond to the image of a target that appeared on a small screen by pecking at the image. A bird was immobilized or “jacketed,” except for its neck and head, and placed in the assembly of the Pelican missile in front of a translucent screen. The image of a target was thrown onto the screen through a lens in the nose of the missile. As the bird pecked at the target image, the contact between its beak and screen signaled the servosystem of the missile to steer toward the target. Eventually, Skinner employed three- and seven-bird “units” to increase the reliability of the signals.

When the official word came that further work on the Pelican idea would only delay more promising combat applications, Skinner noted with some ill humour that “possibly the reference was to a particular combat application at Hiroshima a year and a half later, when it looked for a while as if the need for accurate bombing had been eliminated for all time.” The knowledge that he too had trained his charges to attack Japanese targets was no consolation.

Animal Heroes

While anthropomorphism is a prevalent if not constitutive feature of our relations with domesticated animals, the decoration of animals as war heroes is an act inspired by the hyper-anthropomorphization of select war animals (pigeons and dogs). The call-up of the World Wars included many horses, oxen, mules, pigeons and dogs. As recently as the Falklands/Malvinas crisis, mine-detection dogs were recruited and trained, but kept on reserve on the home front in Britain.

All new draftees need to be designed after the military model: to become faithful followers, lose their individuality, become predictable, to tolerate the excesses of the battlefield and, above all, to be absolutely dependent on the one who gives the orders, be he the trainer or the sergeant. To speak of the domestication of animals is to speak of military indiscrimination: basic obedience training, reared development and behavioural simplicity. The use of the term ‘operational’ in the military context applies to both human and non-human ‘units’. An inspection of the troops is as rigorous as the judicial scrutiny of a dog show. While the rigours and relations of domestic and military service are essentially the same, they are not without their dangers and perks.

As Ernest Harold Baynes describes in Animal Heroes of the Great War, the value of a well-trained dog was not lost on military personnel. But those dogs that were “out-of-date slackers, or conscientious objectors,” were given short shrift and sent to the lethal chambers.” The Commandant of the British War Dog School, Lt.-Col. E.H. Richardson, expected “every dog to do his duty!”

In Animals in War, the animal enthusiast Jilly Cooper notes that graduates of the War Dog Schools (in Britain, France and Belgium) were pressed into service as guard dogs and messenger carriers to lay telegraph wire, carry ammunition, detect mines and enemy troops, and paratroop into enemy territory. ‘Rob’, a mongrel parachute dog, received the Dickin Medal! For Gallantry, awarded by the People’s Dispensary for Sick Animals, Allied Forces Mascot Club
In bestowing the honours of the military establishment upon the 'gallant gentlemen' of the pigeon corps, a curious logic is established: homing pigeons are rewarded for what they would do naturally. The human family. As members in good standing, they are entitled to go to heaven. Suicide dogs were not given the chance to rise to the occasion, but they made it to heaven anyway. The basic assumption in both moral and immorals is that non-human beings are for the use of humankind. But 'good' domestication gives animals a chance to enjoy the spoils of man's triumph over nature. As members of a family that seeks to lift itself out of the natural state of conflict, domesticated animals too can dominate nature by serving in the War effort. As McDonnell Douglas-Northrop says there's nowhere to hide from an angry Hornet fighter aircraft when a sidewinder missile, aiming at its wings, is a new sting in Canada's air. 'Ananimity' has come to mean the idea that, for example, the pilot harnesses and controls his animalized killing machine: No! Military equipment is commonly named after animals: a scout car is a fox, an avian missile is a head; tanks are bulldogs and fireflies; homing all-the-way missiles are hawks. Advertisements for armaments help to explain the relationships between humans and animal. It's a new way of thinking, a new way of seeing. Periodic visual-kinetic re-enactments, emphasizing by a narrative, are presented in the form of bio-military visual operational reality. 

The peace research movement a few years back, in the 1960s, a missile was anti-ballistic in theory. In thwarting or eradicating a threat, the answer was given: the missile is high. A new species of antelope and give mileage. Chivalry. Official Ministry of Defense doctrine was that this missile could not be used in a conflict. It was used in a conflict because it was a high-speed non-nuclear artillery. The answer is: "Our Navy's vital control of the sea."
The prefiguration of bio-military weapons is the final step in the animalization of the arms industry. A bird has the mission computer of an F-16 fighter jet built into it ("Battle Bird" computers); a shark is half mammal, half-submarine with electronically enhanced sensory mechanisms (Hughes and Syscon acoustic data gathering system). These examples are not merely the whims of advertisers. The basic mechanomorphic premise that supports the machine-animal equation becomes a military vision. To be sure, this vison is played out in semantic terms on the pages of magazines, but it does have a history in the operational domain. While a pigeon-guided missile approximates bio-military reality, Louis F. Fieser's "bat bombs" project of the early 1940s was a genuine precursor of contemporary bio-technological thought. By strutting a string tied to an incendiary bomb into the chest of a bat, Fieser hoped to develop and market his bat bombs. If these modified bats were dropped into Japanese cities, they would find places to hide, chew their strings, release the bombs, and set off fires. In a trial run in Carlsbad Caverns, New Mexico, several stray bats found their way into a gourd, and set it ablaze. This project, like Skinner's, was cancelled when the A-bomb was discovered. While the bat was thought to be a tactical creature with a prosthetic military device, it is genuine prefiguration that is the content of bio-military visions in the operational realm.

**Futures**

The peace researcher Paul Chilton revealed the fantasy of arms racing in the animal's fascination with animals. In the 1960s, a missile system that could clone anti-ballistic missiles appeared in depictions of armaments. It was given the name "Antelope" because that creature is known for its agility at high altitudes. A further version of the missile was christened a super-antelope and given the name of Chevaline. Officials in the British Ministry of Defence came to believe that this missile was named after a species of antelope akin to the mountain goat. Like this mythical beast, the missile was said to be extraordinarily nimble at high altitudes. The invention of a creature to model a missile after is a radical form of pseudo-speculation. It is radical because it involves the invention of a species and the attributes of its members.

In the area of children's toys, Hasbro, Tonky and Mattel have marketed robotic fighting machines dubbed Transformers, Robo Strux and Masters of the Universe, respectively. Mattel's "evil insectoid steed", the Mantissa, a modified praying mantis, Tonky's Stang, a scorpion battle creature, and Hasbro's "Heroic Autobots", Sky Lynx, a space shuttle that transforms into an attack bird, evoke an imaginary world in which spectacular feats of bio-engineering in the name of war are commonplace. In 1985, Military Technology, a professional magazine concerned with developments in the international armaments scene, ran an advertisement for the British company Marconi Communications in which Tonky provided the artwork. The Marconi product, a wideband "hopping" combat radio set, was presented as a robotic kangaroo similar to the products in the Tonny line of toys.

The spread of these sign-vehicles from the realm of children's toys into the marketing of armaments is not surprising since the production of operational and semantic pseudo-species permits this kind of amalgamation. The rules of sign production, let us say, are complementary and perhaps even insidious. The formation of pseudo-species made up of individuals that are part machine, part mammal/insect, and so on, is of course a bio-military vision and not a bio-technological crisis. Still, let us recall that this sign production had its origins in the operational realm with a few "cancelled" experiments. While I do not believe that the current bio-military vision is even remotely realizable, it is the sort of vision that fuels military spending and promotes the testing of the wildest hypotheses on animals.

---

**References**


Special thanks to John Livingston, Environmental Studies, York University for his primer of domestication.

---

**In a moment that pushes husbandry into the realm of tyranny, the pilot harnesses and controls his animalized killing machines: Sie' em!**
GUIDELINES FOR CONTRIBUTORS

Borderlines is an interdisciplinary, national magazine committed to explorations in all aspects of culture—ancient and modern, popular, fine art, mass media, and political culture. Although the geographic focus is Canada, this is taken as meaning anything that is relevant to understanding Canadian culture.

Borderlines aims to fill the gap between academic journals and general-interest magazines. Our audience is diverse and eclectic; so, too, are our contributors, drawn from a broad base of writers, cultural producers and animators. Potential contributors should bear this diversity in mind, and try to address cultural issues with sensibility, humour and the occasional sideways glance. For example, we would hope that theoretical debates would be opened up to the intelligent but non-initiated reader.

The magazine contains four sections: "Excursions," which deals with specific cultural themes, topics and responses directed towards a non-specialized audience. It does not review shows, but attempts to provide contextualized readings of events, objects, and presentations. Length varies from 100 to 1500 words. "Essays," which contains 1000 to 4000 words and include investigative journalism, critical analysis, theory, visual essays and short stories. "Reviews" vary in length according to number of books reviewed and also include reviews of up to 4000 words. "Juxtapositions" presents and debates other magazines, journals and other pieces of media. Each contributor will receive a copy of the issue in which their work appeared. It is not possible to provide offprints.

Manuscripts: We welcome new writers, but suggest that potential contributors send an abstract of 200 words before submitting an article. Manuscripts to be considered for publication should be sent to our editorial address:

31 Madison Avenue
Toronto, Ontario,
M5R 2R5

They should be sent in duplicate, typed on one side of the paper, and double-spaced with a wide margin (at least 5 cm). Submissions should be titled, and should include a short biographical note to our readers. All correspondence should be accompanied by a stamped return envelope. If your final manuscript has been typed on a word processor, please send us a copy on disk so as to save our typewriter hours of labour.

Illustrations and other visual material: Writers should send illustrative work with their article, or at least indicate how it might fit into the large visual environment of Borderlines. Visual artists are also encouraged to submit work. Please carefully consider the reproducibility quality of your submissions, as well as the page proportions of the magazine. All photos should be submitted unmounted as black and white glossy prints (as large as possible) showing good contrast and clear definition of outlines. Charts, graphs, drawings and so on should be rendered in black ink on good white paper. Captions, photo credits and return address should be typed on an appended sheet of paper. Final design decisions rest with the collective.

Literature Citations: Footnotes are an overused convention and we discourage them. Far more accessible would be a short list of references at the end of an article. If you must use footnotes, they should conform to the formats below:

BOOK
Dylan, Robert L. From Protest to Jesus: Fragment of an Age.

CHAPTER IN BOOK OF MULTIPLE AUTHORSHIP

THESIS OR DISSERTATION

MAGAZINE OR JOURNAL ARTICLE

Because Borderlines is a (non-paid) collective, editing is a slow process. Please expect to wait at least six weeks for a reply if you submit a manuscript. Contributors are automatically acknowledged and contacted about suggested revisions.

DISPLAY ADVERTISING
EIGHTH PAGE: 4 3/8" wide x 3 5/8" deep — $100
QUARTER PAGE: 4 3/8" wide x 7 1/2" deep — $150
HALF PAGE: 9" wide x 7 1/2" deep — $300
FULL PAGE: 9" wide x 15 3/8" deep — $500
Reduced rates will be given for repeat ads.
To reserve space or for more information contact:
(416) 736-5164 ext.2050
Borderlines
Beachene College
York University
4700 Keele St.
North York, ON
MSJ 1R5 CANADA

Social
Change
Tool
for the 80's

A quarterly subject index to over 150 alternative publications.

Get your library to subscribe to The Alternative Press Index, if it doesn't already.
Institutions: $100/year
Individuals and movement groups: $25/year
List of Alternative & Radical Publications: $2

For more information write:
Alternative Press Center
P.O. Box 33109
Baltimore, MD 21218
(301) 242-2471

Please mail subscription
Name..........................................
Address..................................................
City..................................................
State..................................................
Zip..................................................

I would like to subscribe to the Alternative Press Index

□ Individual
□ Institution

Enclose check or money order

The Women's Press Collective
2470 Kato Kavlan Court
Albuquerque, NM 87110

This newsletter is currently supported by grants from the New Jersey State Council on the Arts, the Foundation for Contemporary Arts, the New York Foundation for the Arts, NYSCA, and the German Academic Exchange Service (DAAD).
Growing the food that goes in the pot
thanks to USC Canada

Please send contributions to:
USC Canada

To: USC Canada

My contribution $ _____________________________ is included.
(Please print or type legibly)
Name _____________________________
Ms. ______
Md. ______
Address _____________________________

Registration number RIC 4718 89 13

Subscribe to: Broadside

A feminist monthly newspaper providing analysis of politics, arts, updates, comment and humour.

$16.:/10 issues

Please mail my subscription for 1 year (4 issues) to:

Name _____________________________

Address _____________________________

City _____________________________ Province _____________________________ Postal Code _____________________________

☐ Individual $22

☐ Institutional $32

(Outside Canada, please add $6)

Enclose cheque or money order and send to: Canadian Woman Studies, 212 Founders College, York University, 4700 Keele Street, Downsview, Ontario M3J 1P3
Eating Virtue

Proserpine may return to heaven, but on one definite condition, that no food has passed her lips in that other world.

I often time myself to make sure that five full minutes pass between each bite of food.

I don't want to wait, I can't wait, I can't bear waiting. I must eat now, at this moment, without delay.
The food must be eaten quickly so that it is no longer dangerous.

The less I ate, the purer I became.

How will I know how much to eat? Maybe I'll never want to stop.

BY ELIZABETH MACKENZIE
Several authors - for example, Judith Doyle in Impulse - have written of art in contemporary Nicaragua as if revolutionary practice emerges out of a timeless present. As this article indicates, the struggle for a people's art - indeed for any art - goes back to the origins of colonialism, and the problem of creating a popular culture in Nicaragua is only beginning to be appreciated. Ingrid Mayrhoter provides the groundwork for understanding how difficult it is to make truly revolutionary art. - I.D.

The strongest single impact on Nicaraguan society this century was the 1979 triumph of the Popular Sandinista Revolution (RSP). Even though with this triumph the culture of resistance became institutionalised, the process of deculturisation of the 45-year dictatorship could not be reversed overnight, nor could the new human being, “el hombre nuevo”, be born and raised independently of 400 years of underdevelopment.

During each epoch of the nation’s history, new generations were influenced not only by the dominant culture, but also by the cultural response of the subjugated peoples. The double standards of the colonial rulers may well be the base for contemporary “machismo” - the brutalisation of Indian women by the Spaniards, who protected the virgins of their own daughters - but the same racist differentiation allowed for partial continuation of indigenous culture. Naive dualist mythology, with its belief in spiritual forces interacting with the phenomenal world, originated in the need to explain human and natural relationships, and was adapted after the conquest to deal with the new oppressive reality. Characteristic of the reaction to Spanish rule are beliefs in supernatural phenomena, such as the “Padre sin Cabeza” and “Carrera Nagua”, which were responses to the actions of the conquerors. The Indians, helpless in the face of brute force, first attached supernatural powers to the Spaniards. In the post-conquest period, the origin of beliefs in non-human apparitions was concealed and indigenous culture developed a fatalism that mystifies the human responsibility for shaping destiny. Catholicism, with its focus on immortal redemption, was internalised by the Indian. However, once imposed upon the colony, the Catholic hierarchy also had to accept indigenous influences, such as fertility dances and masked parades at patron saint festivals, black saints, and even the image of the sun-god in a church.

After independence from Spain in 1821, the introduction of French liberalism towards the end of the 19th century brought new thoughts to the anachronistic values of the colonial ruling class. The relative economic wealth and progress based on coffee export during Zelaya’s liberal dictatorship (1889 to 1909) coincide chronologically with the birth of Modernism, which was introduced to the archaic Spanish language by Rubén Darío, Nicaragua’s first great poet. But just as the creole aristocracy was becoming more decadent, the new mestizo bourgeoisie lacked a tradition of its own. Freemasonry, transcendentalism and eastern philosophies became readily adapted to native spiritual practices, allowing for broader participation in intellectual life. It is therefore possible for
Art Before
The Revolution

Sandino, a leader of peasant stock and hero of national resistance between 1926 and 1934, to hold ideas about lit- eracy, education, land and labour re-
forms, cooperatives, wage parity for
women and at the same time believe
that his generals were reincarna-
tions of Indian chiefs. This belief was
shared by many people and super-
natural powers were ascribed to the
guerrillas of that time as a result of
their skillful strategy of unpredictable
ambuscade and out-and-out escape. (The
General Juan Gregorio Colindres is
still referred to as "the cat" because of
his agile escapes from the enemy,
alluding to his mythical animal
spirit.) With Sandino's liberation
struggle, popular mythology manifest-
ted its strength as a tool of
resistance and rebellion, by
functioning as a unifying element in
communication between the guerrillas
and the peasant base against the for-
eign invaders.

Most representative of the contradic-
tions within the post-Zelaya society,
torn by civil war and United States in-
tervention, is the Vanguard move-
ment of writers and poets. Touting a
self-proclaimed revolutionary ideology, the "Vanguarda" sought a return to
pure Catholic values, rid of democ-
ratical liberal-prejudice. While re-
jecting a U.S. intervention in a politi-
cratic sense, they supported Sandino
as their pure savage and na-
tionalist hero, they also admired
Franco's Spain and elements of
Italian Futurism, and even of
Dadaism, in their style. They saw
their dictatorship as the only possible
way of achieving the purification of society and accepted Sandino as their new
hero after Sandino's assassination. The
Vanguardias, members of Grandau's
decaying provincial aristocracy,
earned the economic benefits
flowing from the opportunistic and
U.S.-supported bourgeoisie, while
they despised the unrefined cultural
values of the new business class. They
ignored the blatantly un-scientific
and corrupt background of Somocza,
who had worked as a tobacco inspector
and had learned to speak 'American' on
the streets of Philadelphia (a factor
that made him extremely popular
with the wife of U.S. ambassador
Hanna). Culturally, Somocza em-

bodied everything that Sandino had
aimed to liberate his people from,
such as alcoholism, corruption, igno-
rance, and the sell-out of the home-
land to the United States. (The infa-
nomous Chamorro/Brian treaty signed
by the conservative Diaz government
in 1914 leased the rights to build an
inter-ocean canal and parts of
Nicaragua to the United States on a
99-year lease.)

The fatalist nature of Nicaraguan
mythology had made it politically
inept as a tool of resistance to Spanish
rule. During the dictatorship follow-

ing Sandino's assassination by
Somocza in 1954, the subjugated work-
ers and peasants were again forced to
submit to physical exploitation and an
intensified process of decultura-

the dictator used military repression
and took advantage of the fatalist and
redemptive aspects of religion, while
also trivializing and commercial-
ising traditional popular culture.
Based on an export economy of agri-
cultural products and raw materials,
the dictatorship saw no benefit in pub-
lic education, nor in the preservation
of indigenous languages or the na-
tional cultural patrimony. Some intel-
lectuals of the Vanguard movement,
such as Pablo Antonio Cuadra and José
Esteban Urbieta, realized the failure
of their cause, but only Manolo
Guadra became a socialist and later
supported the revolutionary resistance
movement. They continued to write,
as well as publish poetry, and thus
allowed for a continuous development
in poetry through the 40s and 50s up to
the revolutionary "Frente Venata"
in the 60s. In 1956 the young poet
Rigoberto López Pérez executed
Anastasio Solórzano García, and thus
prepared the "beginning of the end".

Parallel to the Frente Venata in
poetry, there appeared in 1963 the
manifesto of the group "Praxis",
found by two painters, Alejandro
Aróstegui and César Izquierdo, and
the writer Amaru Barahona. Unlike
poetry, the visual arts had a very lim-
ited presence up to, and within, the
Vanguard movement, who made only
isolated efforts to include modern
art in the form of illustrations and
caricature. Aside from woodcut
reproductions in poetry magazines,
the prevalent genre was small 60's
portraiture and religious paint-
ings in a 19th century academic style.
In 1949, Don Rodolfo Pehalba re-
turned from Italy to revolutionize the
Fine Art School by introducing
German Expressionism 40 years
after its origin.

With Sandino's liberation
struggle, popular mythology
manifested its strength as a

tool of resistance and
rebellion by functioning as

a unifying element in
communication between
the guerrillas and the peasant
base.

When Praxis manifested its rebel-

lion against the school and public
taste, it did so in an organic abstract
style influenced by European infor-
malism, cubism, surrealism, etc. The
content of the paintings exhibited in
the Galeria Praxis was human suffer-
in a nature wounded and de-
strayed by a "hostile" and "wretched"
society. But public taste in art in 1963
was limited to the gusto of a certain
"clan" of appreciators. The same ide-
alist nationalists, who proclaim that
every Nicaraguan is a poet or the son
of a poet, also recognise now that, despite
Pehálba's annual exhibitions in
Managua's central park, very few people
appreciated or had access to pain-
ing.

Though initially elitist in their
choice of qualified participants, Praxis
made an effort to take part in intellec-
tual activities in rural centres, espe-
cially after reorganizing in 1971 and
broadening the membership. Most
successful of all their efforts, how-
ever, was the pictorial integration of popu-
lar culture in their visual language.

27
Initially rejected by the bourgeois art clientele for its unpleasant aesthetic and political overtones, the Praxis style became a known language of social criticism.

performers betrayed the prevalent misconception of the ruling class to accumulate a fortune at the expense of the people and waste it by initiating high society. After the triumph, hundreds of fake masterpieces and ill-wrapped art books were found on her deserted estate. The statement by painter Carlos Montenegro published in 1976 in Revista Centroamericana, sums up the level of public deculturalization: "...the contemporary Nicaraguan city-dweller is kind of traitor, as he tries to eliminate traditions which he considers inferior. He himself discriminates against what is him...The truth is that we have a what-do-I-care attitude, lazziness; the Nicaraguan doesn't read, doesn't think. There is little seriousness, little responsibility, we make jokes about everything to escape the seriousness. And the predominant objective of life is superficial entertainment and money. All this is who we are and all this is what we pass on to our children; this is how we teach them to be.

White Montenegro sees a purity and honesty in the peasants' ancient grounding in nature, his statement expresses not only a paternalistic hostility over the country/city dichotomy, but also his own lack of awareness of the extent of deculturalisation and internalisation of the corrupt U.S.-sponsored dictatorship. In a similar attitude Pablo Antonio Cueva lamented in his 1969 book "El Nicaragüense" the bare state of walls in Nicaraguan peasant houses, and that his people do not decorate their wagon wheels as do the Tzotzil; that Costa Rica did not waste millions on an army, which in Nicaragua maintained an oppressive and ignorant dictatorship; as well, he leaves out the fact that the middle class clusters its homes in Nicaragua just as it does in Spain. On the other hand, Sergio Ramírez, founding member of Frente Venusta, explains the ready acceptance of Mexican 'ranchera' music among Nicaraguan peasants as escape entertainment that idealizes the rural life and reinforces machismo.

In addition to the city-dweller's ignorance of folklore, the prevailing prejudice against artists as good-for-nothings was internalized as bohemianism by the artistic community and many a painter is as known for his hard drinking and womanizing as for his painting style. This attitude among intellectuals and intellectuals descends from the practice by the landed aristocracy in sending their sons overseas, where they would inevitably join the bohemians in Paris and Rome, and where their parents' money. As so many of the destructive elements of the ruling class, socially unacceptable behavior has been readily adopted by the lower-class male as a gloryed evil of his own. Strongly opposed by Sandino, as well as by the master Péetalba, alcoholism had cost Rubén Darío his life in 1916, at age 49, the poet died of cirrhosis of the liver.

The severe repression of students following the first protests in 1959 and the 60s shows the dictatorship's fear of its own impotence in the face of intellectual activity. On the popular level, painting and writing gained a new perspective as a tool of resistance.

Militant artists, social critics and poets used the media to express their support for the Sandinista uprisings, and popular response. At the beginning of the Sandinista's struggle, quality of art and spontaneity marked their private walls. Retaining the dictatorial "pinata" meant their imprisonment or even death for their art.

When art galleries were closed by the regime, they never over a particular political period, rather because of a change in the popular response of the press. In Sandino's struggle, visual and gallery space was an extension of the Sandinistas. The island community of Lake Cocibolca is a poet/priest Ernesto Cardenal organized a group of liberation artists and religious artists. The country was in painting with the Praxis movement and the Praxis members of the Sandinista guerrilla of Sandino. The Guard burned the gallery because of the community watched by Guard would not paint. After the island for the gallery "Tagua" in the Galerías 1980 members of Sololá only painters did not arm themselves liberation movement and Praxis as other as members of the Sandinistas collaborated with the...
Just as naïve painting was not indigenous to Solentiname, the choice of abstraction as the fine art style of the 60s and 70s did not develop out of a long national history of art in Nicaragua. Nor was it ever an exercise in artistic eclecticism like Abstract Expressionism in the United States. The painting of an often ugly, but rarely representational imagery, could be interpreted as an artistic rebellion against the dominant taste and the expressionism of the master Peralbas. It can also be seen as a form of self-censorship, as more explicit statements of social criticism would not get published, even in the opposition daily, where Public Antonio Guadalupe was in charge of the cultural news. But the strongest reason for the particular abstraction that all the members and affiliates of Praxis have in common, is not in imagery in at least in intensity, is found in their shared need to deal with their personal emotions in the face of social contradictions. The monochrome treatment of fragments of the figure by Orlando Solórzano, for example, impedes any identification with it as a human; their linear stylization removes Leonel Valenzuela’s drawings from a timesbound reality; the tellectual extraction of Leonel Valenzuela seem to be happening below rather than on the worldly surface of the earth; there is not illusionary pictorial depth in César Izquierdo’s heavy density; and the cold colour and metal of Álvaro del Moral’s paintings present an intellectual rather than titilable relief. The need for academic distancing from the daily experience of the painter as a social being is most evident in the paintings after the 1972 earthquake, despite a sudden market for new works during the reconstruction boom, which saw the misappropriation of international relief funds by the dictator. The immediacy of the mostly singular subject matter, organic monochrome earthcolours, detailed textures and compositions reminiscent of photo-reportage, betrays the intimate personal involvement of the artist with his lived reality, despite the effort of artistic distancing. In the intensity and stillness, with which a moment is presented, the work allows for an emotional distance from the whole - not unlike the effect of beliefs in supernatural appearances by the Indians after the conquest. Intellectually aware of the human cause of their injust society, the painters share with the viewers a psychological need to separate and protect the most intimate of their personal feelings in the face of public despair.

The artistic consequences of the painter’s personal involvement in the national emotion becomes even more clearly evident when we compare the current works of Valenzuela, for instance, with those of his contemporary and compatriot Armando Morales, who has spent most of his painting life in Paris. Morales, the most recognised of Nicaraguan painters, had the same teacher in Peralbas and the same turbulent national history.

His emotional experience of the homelands is manifest in his latest paintings, but isolated from the collective memory of those who continued to live and suffer the oppressive reality. Doris Ashton in her intro-

The strongest reason for the particular abstraction that all the members and affiliates of Praxis have in common is found in their shared need to deal with their personal emotions in the face of social contradictions.

The same phenomenon of academism and commercialism can be found in the naïve painting, which developed from a parallel experience to Praxis. As Maritza Silva says, new painters often merely copy the
Solentanque style without the original feeling and an equal lack of orientation with the new experience in the young revolution, which has yet to overcome the historic "hangover" as well as the present U.S. military aggression and economic hardship. The "naive" that Praxis set out to treat in 1963 no longer has a case in the revolution, but their aspired "sympathy between people and culture" demands a long process. Therefore, the creative, idealistic efforts of cultural workers and brigades that followed the triumph, the process of plastic education are growing slowly. The recent introduction of adult and children's classes at the art school in Managua has sparked broad participation, but mostly of the rural cultural centres face the lack of artistic experience, as well as the casualties of a dragging war among their workers, such as poet Ahmed Campos and painter Madrigal. As a consequence of the war, government spending priority is in production and defense, and the numerous urban and rural Popular Cultural Centres rely heavily on volunteers, thus perpetuating the myth of artists' work not being productive.

On January 9th, 1987, the revolutionary party elected in November 1984, proclaimed its first constitution. Throughout the previous year, members of the national assembly held open council with various interest groups, including the artistic community. Of the 13 paragraphs covered by "Titulo VII, Educación y Cultura", the most significant for the future workshop, the protection of the family, human rights and national sovereignty. The artists, in Art. 127, got absolute creative freedom, the state's commitment to facilitate materials for production and distribution, as well as protection of the copyright.

The national patrimony is protected under Art. 129, and includes not only archaeological and historical values, but all the visual art that is now being created in the country.

The permanent collection paintings of the ASTC (Association of Sandinista Cultural Workers), housed in the unique "Ruinas del Gran Hotel", the ruins of the once grand hotel of Managua, contain what is left of the best of the Praxis Generation, as well as new acquisitions. The "Ruinas" also has an open-air stage, space for experimental and non-commercial exhibitions and individual artists' studio space. In addition, the nation has at least five galleries of commercial exhibition spaces, of which the Casa Fernando Gordillo is the most prominent one.

The Ministry of Culture organises big exhibitions, such as the retrospective of the 45th members of UNAP (the visual artists' branch of the ASTC) in 1985, and the art school, while its permanent collection and patrimony is distributed among the various government buildings and is not readily accessible to the public. Other exhibitions are organized by special interest groups, such as the Red Cross, the Architects' House, the Archaeology Cultural Centre, the Ministry of Interior, and so on, as well as private dealers. The most extensive collection of art belongs to the Central Bank, which also has a slide library and publishes a bulletin on painting and sculpture, the only one of its kind in Nicaragua. Outside of Managua, exhibitions are mostly organised by the Ministry of Culture in collaboration with local painters, members of the ministry, the students and an occasional foreign resident artist.

The patrimony and copyrights are important gains for Nicaraguan artists, whose best works have in the past been expected without any documentation, and reproduced without acknowledgement. Some smuggling artefacts are sold on the specific cultural rights of the Atlantic Coast Region. Billboards, advertising the new constitution in towns and countryside, emphasized slogans promising freedom for the arts that is now being realised in the present and is beginning to reflect the liberated character not, especially of the traditional political and artistic elite. The political 'revolution' which brought with it the innovative style of Praxis at the end of the war and public have come to terms with this history. Along with all the complex and deplorable problems, the Nicaraguan public is now allowed to distinguish with the experience of the individual artist as a social being. The accessibility of a more figurative and intimate artist should bring closer an audience which has learned to appreciate the music and poetry of Nicaragua, more than by its painting. This does not mean that the artists have to lower their standards but rather to raise them, as public taste has become more demanding since the revolution. (Standing in the surreally empty centre of Managua, the realist monument to the heroic revolution is popularly known as the incredible hulk, or "el molote"). The people have been participating in a broad scale in the popular poetry workshops, they write and read and paint and they will continue to participate in the process of democratisation of the fine arts.

Ingrid Mayshefer is an artist who lives in Managua, Nicaragua, and who has taught visual art in Nicaragua. She is curator of an exhibition of contemporary Nicaraguan art at 4Space.
The phone rings, a voice speaks: "Hello . . . Hello . . . Allo. Greek for the other. Within seconds a decision is made. How to approach this mark, my target: this other who is far away, then dialed into existence, whose submission to my proposition is desired so that I might reach my quota.

Listen to the first tones, undulations of the voice to hear how this other (re) presents herself: Appeal to the familiar, to our narcissism, to our desire for identification. Imitate that other voice. Reflect it. Give back to your mark what is given to you in the first ten seconds of your encounter. Transform this business call, this formal call, into an erotic scene: a scene of seduction. The voice must be clear, preferably low, throaty, yet emphatic. Not too fast: keep the listener in suspense. The use of the pause is fundamental. Give the other a chance to punctuate your pitch with you never take an immediate no for an answer.

Your manual, Successful Telemarketing, tells you: "When role-playing session training is completed, consumer representatives are capable of identifying caller personalities at first second of the conversation . . ." Your manual, Successful Telemarketing, has divided the world into seven basic caller personalities. For each basic caller personality, your manual has created seven corresponding response personalities. (1) The direct and natural coupled with the efficient, confident and pleasantly professional; (2) The pleasant and outgoing, to be met by the equally pleasant; (3) The insecure and anxious, who should be consoled by the nurturing parent who will reassure and generate a sense of well-being; (4) The confused and uncertain, paired with patient, caring and clarifying; (5) Emergency/panic who should be encountered with an equal sense of urgency; (6) Finally, the sceptical, who can be overcome only by a reassuring knowledgeable response personality conveying professional expertise. (p. 29)

Diagnostitian and therapist.

Your power: the ability to evoke a high degree of empathy while controlling the conversation in a polite and positive way. We are the new breed of consumer therapists, and like any therapist we rely on transference in speech to gain the trust of our patients. To successfully cure our ailing consumer patients we must get them to tell their stories, confide in us. Venting their dissatisfaction gives them the illusion that their individual problems can and will be solved over the phone. You help them regain the illusion that they are more than simply a basic call personality; that they are individual subjects who have ultimate influence and control over their consumption. They regain confidence in themselves and the product through their relationship with you.
It is a complex game that works because you are engaged in the creation of fantasies, perhaps to stand in for mother, father, sister, brother. A recreation of first love, desire for the (non-physical, incestuous) desire that is ultimately short-circuited. Cut off. Disconnect. To maintain your control over this speech situation, to sell the product, counteract your sympathies, your fears, must be denied.

It is this scene of the seduction of the consumer/patient by the voice of the customer service representative/therapist that the telemarketing industry attempts to affect. Yet like the psychoanalytic situation, it can never completely hide what it tries to repress; that is, the sexual connection, the desire, the love that is aroused. As Freud admitted:

'We force the patient to abandon his resistances through love for us. Our treatments are treatments through love. There remains for us only the task of eliminating personal resistances (to treatment). We can cure to the extent that transference exists. (p. 93, 'Life')

While we call on this abandonment, our complicity is never confessed. We rely on the power and the emotion of our voices to sell, yet we attempt to disguise the seduction involved in the marketing of these commodities. In a move to legitimate and professionalize the field and disguise your seductions, the industry itself has adopted a quasi-scientific neologism, the telemarketer, to replace the old term, telephone solicitor.

Telemarketing today.

The development of consumer data bases which measure demographics and lifestyles is transforming the industry from its low-tech, anyone-can-dial past of smoke-filled rooms where the marginally employed sell magazine packages and season's tickets to the opera and ballet, to new heights of technical achievement. The industry describes itself in this way:

'Telemarketing comprises the integrated and systematic application of telecommunications and information processing technologies with management systems to optimize the marketing communications mix used by the company to reach its customers. It retains personalized customer interaction while simultaneously attempting to offer better customer needs and improve cost effectiveness. (Successful Telemarketing)

In less technical jargon, the telemarketing industry sees itself as a new marketing discipline that uses telecommunications technology with a systematically organized marketing program. It features the use of personal selling with minimal face-to-face contact. While proponents of telemarketing admit that a door-to-door sales force may be preferable in some instances, the sheer volume of calls that can be made and the cost-effectiveness of these calls has justified its increased use in business: it is the quintessential growth industry.'

Its scope?

'Toll free 800 lets you buy products from the T.V. in your home. For a nominal fee, 500 numbers give you a romance or joke, or buy your participation in the new consumer democracy by letting you vote for the movie of an evening or a favorite song. The WATT'S Line, which facilitates the distribution of products from Hallmark, the social expression company, to Gulf Oil across vast distances, is used because it allows business to make any number of calls at a fixed rate. Customer communications integrated with total marketing systems. Total marketing systems which can be combined with other visual mediums, entering every aspect of life behind the facade of benevolence and dialogue, blurring the distinction between the inside and the outside, the public and the private, calling into question yet reaffirming the sacred domain of the home and the ideology of the nuclear family.'

Paradigmatic of this collapse and this paradox is General Electric's "pioneering" use of telemarketing. The GE Answer Centre, Architecturally, the Answer Centre is built as a simulation of a home - the domestic scene in which their products are found. On every product is a toll-free 1-800 number which puts you, the consumer, into direct and immediate contact with around the clock customer service representatives and technical experts who can solve all your appliance problems.

At the head of the GE Answer Centre: Powell Taylor. He is in debt and he loves his family. He is the perfect father.

Henderson in a mass media way. Immediately grounded, an authority figure. Stood in wisdom and GE experience. Respected, but not feared. Powell Taylor looks at with an iron fist but with gentle relish. He gives authority to each consumer consultant: he counts them as necessary. Powell Taylor is the head of a mature family in every way. (p. 22, 27)

The author of our text adds that if he were to choose someone to play Powell Taylor it would be Lorne Greene (Ben Cartwright). His children?

Powell Taylor does not lead an army of robins, but a team, a family of carefully selected and carefully trained, caring individuals. They celebrate birthdays, send complimentary letters. The family spirit carries right to the work station, they proudly proclaim.

Powell Taylor pointed to the people of Disney World - young, clean cut, suspiciously clean, outgoing - as the model the company decided to follow in building the GE Centre staff. (Successful Telemarketing)

Their slogan? GE is ME: the illusion of their own individuality, their identity as human objects once again recreated in the most crass of corporate philosophies. It is the perfect merger between the particular and a universal corporate will.

GE: the perfect representation in the era of the computer and the space age? Where business is for its models of the future.

Loss of memory, apathy.

Populations grow homogeneous. A happy family that doesn't exist. A society that doesn't exist. A social group that doesn't exist. A society that doesn't exist. A social group that doesn't exist. A social group that doesn't exist. A social group that doesn't exist. A social group that doesn't exist. A social group that doesn't exist.
A political economy of penetration, of violation.

In Canada, telemarketing is still a relatively small and undeveloped practice, appearing in The Canadian Business Abstracts only in 1977, and then under the cumbersome term 'telephone marketing'. However, in the United States, telemarketing centres do not simply provide customer services, but assist in the penetration, reproduction and maintenance of markets within markets. With the know who their potential customers are within this 80%.

They know by developing customer profiles; and they follow this sound principle: our best prospects are those with profiles that are the same or similar to those of our best customers. These sections of the consumer populace can then be targeted with the appropriate product.

A triple need.

First, to rationalize an inefficient exchange that was not cost-effective for corporations. Second, the need to develop the corresponding consumer data bases to determine where future markets might be and what products could be manufactured. Third, and perhaps most importantly, the need to pacify and appeal to today's sceptical, cynical consumer because "bigness and remoteness have melted down one on one communication" (p. xi, 57). We will return to this point.

Telemarketing is also an integral part of capital's attempt to cope with dramatic social changes which have affected the business environment: new lifestyles, such as an increase in single family households; an increase in the number of women in the workforce (women who in the past had more time to devote to consumption outside of the home because of their confinement within it); shortages of capital; higher interest rates; etc. These are reasons that the industry gives to legitimise and sell telemarketing to other businesses. But, as well, there is the need for more flexibility and direct marketing techniques appropriate to today's astatic and rapidly changing population; techniques that overcome distance, space, remoteness, linking home and business by the electrical nerve impulses of the telephone wire. The telemarketing industry has managed to complete the languages of modern business/public administration, with the techniques of behavioural psychology, computer science, and perhaps unconsciously, psychotherapy.

Finally, telemarketing is employed to fulfill marketing requirements, and to give capitalism some good press, by improving the tarnished image of business as faceless, uncaring, impersonal and bureaucratic.
The trick? To create the image of personality warmth and caring without appearing to seduce the consumer or create a false sense of intimacy, the telecommunication industry uses a combination of various techniques to create the illusion of a personal touch. This involves making the telephone, telemarketing, or any other form of contact with consumers seem like a personal, face-to-face conversation. The company promises to “fulfill the need for personal attention and solves the problem as well.” As a successful telemarketer promises:

With documented case histories, you will learn how even a faraway, faceless corporation can be given a friendly face. A heart, a soul, a voice.

The telephone’s domestic appearance erases its complexity in the development of market spaces in our century. The telephone, and now the computer, allow transactions to be conducted with speed, speed which is integral to productivity. Telephones have even shaped the architecture of cities; we would not have skyscrapers without telephones, for the telephone not only made the colonization of horizons possible, but it also influenced the movement, up and down buildings possible. In spite of this collision, the telephone maintains an image of benevolence. This benevolence seems less from its origins as Alexander Graham Bell’s “pleasure instrument.” Canada, a country where transportation and communication industries have a provincial rather than a national telephone system.

Our domestic space.

Like other technologies, the use of the phone and the voice to overcome the paradoxical one within the Canadian context. As Arthur Kroger writes:

Technology is both centre and margin in Canada — centre (metropolitan domination) and margin (technological dependency as the locus of Canadian identity) in the Canadian imagination. (p. 101, IMG)

While it is clear that telemarketing is an operation emanating from the centre of finance capital in Canada, its localisation and our metropolitan domination is disguised because of the dislocation of speech from the body. Hinderred only by time zones, the voice moves from the east coast to the west coast in the course of an evening. Within the space of five hours, the successful Canadian telemarketer travels across the country obvious to boundar- ries and geographical impediments.

The successful Canadian telemarketer adapts herself, erases her own subjectivity, and history, and inflections to face name in different regions; subjects themselves reborn on a computer card at the moment of their death as a subscriber to your product. The successful Canadian telemarketer, pioneer, visionary, need not be a squeaky clean youth, like our southern counterparts. In our domestic space it is less important to manipulate the basic caller personality, than to place this imaginary body, this voice within the nexus of gen- product/personality.

As a woman you are uncomfortably aware that you occupy these doubly dis- plicious positions. You find yourself playing traditional feminine roles: solicitous, sexy, nurturing ear. You sell, you defend products that you know have little relation to those lives you encourage. You talk to your quota you reign signify. You sell-out your gender by presenting the semantic of Sports Illustrated, but you betray other women through your complicity with phallocentric ideological. Finally, you partake in the pene- tration of Canada by American consumer, and so in the regions of Canada by the centre.

And while your disembodied voice pays lip service to the regional charact- er of the country, in true postmodern fashion it is always a regionalism that operates on the surface. Everything, subject product, difference is ac- knowledge but dehistoricized, deter- ritorialized, flattened, as the signs of these differences are played out. And as speech is dislocated from the body, the body is displaced further from actual market spaces, a further abra- cation in the movement of capital and the market from the realm of use value to abstract production. This movement is itself inscribed in the es- ymology of the word market.

Mark: on the one hand, mark, a tract or hold in common by Teutonic or medieval communities, or mark signifying a boundary; on the other hand, mark, a target or aim, as in sports, is aimed at, desired object; mark, as a sign indication of something which is absent; mark as a written symbol indicating quality, as in cram: mark a unit of numerical reward, line indicating position; finally, mark, as a denomination of weight or gold or silver. In other words, movement from a located sensibility, a gathering of bodies within a given definable space is the buying and selling of provisions, to the market- ing of goods, with no need to regard space and boundaries; the belief in the transcendence of space by the phone and the usurpation of the indetermi- nacy, the uncertainty of the letter, by the phone is one such micro-technol- ogy of power within the bureaucratic.
equally cynical as you realize the duplicit involved all along. You do not share an allegiance to the product, to the company. You use pseudonyms appropriate to the product, to the region, knowing they cannot call back. As you read your script which is a carefully worked out set of coded responses to possible consumer objections, these lines become internalized; your schizophrenia, your hysteria increases with each call.

A new language is born, a series of coded truculences, neurotics to soothe your nerves. You are addicted to the possibility of a single sale, a single connection as the night wears on and you are no closer to your quota: c.c.'s, completed calls: n.a., not at home; n.i., not interested; d.a., didn't answer; d.a., dead answer; d.o.a., dead on answering. Your shock when your sense of sympathy is revealed by the answer of the other that your target cannot renew his subscription because he is dead. A shroud smooths your efficient, confident, cheerful, pleasantly professional voice, as you quickly try to recall your basic caller personalities, as you flip through your script. You are embarrassed at the sound of the bereaved, you are embarrassed for her emotion, and by the momentary intimacy that you are sharing with this stranger on a computer card. You need your quota. You hastily apologize, too sale possible, you hang up. Disconnect, before this encounter affects your ability to make future sales; and deny this moment of countertransference, for it may affect future performances.

It is the anonymity provided by the phone that allows you to make all of these connections in one evening, and which, to some extent, overcomes some of the initial prejudices that accompany the sight of differences in the body. Telemarketing is a contemporary instance of the interplay between speech and writing, and of our belief in the presence and precision of speech and verbal communication over the indeterminacy of the post and the written word. The phone gives you three to five minutes of the undivided attention of the other which you must use expeditiously: make your sale, disguise your intention, for telemarketing - aural sex - is capitalism's ultimate talking cure.

Kim Swoboda is a graduate student in Social and Political Thought at York University and a member of the Executive of the Toronto Semiotics Circle.

Selected Bibliography


More than four million adult Canadians can't read well enough to fill out a job application or understand the directions on a medicine bottle. You can help. Give money, volunteer with a literacy group, write to your MP, and read to your children.

For more information, contact:
Canadian Give the Gift of Literacy Foundation
34 Ross St., Suite 200,
Toronto, Ont. M5T 1Z9
(416) 995-9967

The Canadian Give the Gift of Literacy Campaign is a project of the book and periodical industry of Canada, in partnership with Telephone Pioneers of America, Region 1 Canada.
THE CARNIVAL IS OVER
Sadanand Menon

Colonial rule siphoned off not just our raw materials and surplus; it also laid its hands on our cultural wealth.

Third world culture is rarely seen by us in its own terms. If seen at all, it is generally as an adjunct of our own preoccupations. This article, dealing with the politics of culture in India was originally published in the Indian Express. The supplementary footnotes are by Manup Banerji.

In our epoch the State appropriates culture only to make a barrier out of it. In December, barely two weeks since an admitted Rs. 7 crore were blown on a cultural carnival advertised as the wonder glue to stick together our national consciousness, the capital was back to the comfortable savagery of its mahalla maidans, the masochistic indulgence in its madhyamadhan and the cynical power brokerage of its madhyamaidans.

Despite the fancy terminology, we knew we had been had. Apna Utsav remained an exercise in transmitting "g kWh" culture - a culture with all its violence and injustice and inequality - that permeated deeply felt national differences. It could not have been otherwise. They are naive who will not understand that culture too is part of the repressive apparatus of the potentially absolutist State and can be invoked at will, in a multi-national, multi-ethnic, multi-religious society like ours, as an instrument to keep people divided and distracted.

The realm of culture has constituted a special battlefield in post-colonial India. Colonial rule siphoned off not just our raw materials and surplus, generated and accumulated over centuries of development; it also laid its hands on our cultural wealth - the authentic modes of living, reproducing, relating and transmitting. What it essentially eroded was "identity", insidiously supplanting it with a "counterfeit identity". Like robbing food of its natural taste to irradiate it with synthetic flavours.

The new State that emerged with decolonization inherited a strange cultural amnesia. It had alienated itself from its sources and so could no longer trust peoples' creativity. This was one of the reasons why it quickly arrogated to itself the task of "recreating" Indians according to its own requirements.

The early attempts were, no doubt, tentative though clear in their intention. Increasingly the Indian State, composed of special institutions for removed from the public realm - the Akadems and Parishads and Councils, not to speak of official media - took over the production of the vital "ritual value" where, earlier, it was the function of the ensemble of social processes. It is worth reflecting why, in a society so rich in peoples' festivals, the only festive contribution the government has been able to make is the Republic Day parade. And yet, the State does not hesitate to posture as if all positive cultural manifestations in India are a direct consequence of its own beneficence. It has only generated a spurious set of premises of bogus cultural nationalism which are, in reality, anti-people and conspire to discredit healthy cultural diversity in favour of a uniform and conformist mode of being.

Even 40 years after Independence, the Indian elite class is still on the path of self-discovery, gushing over the latest evidence of the fact that we were, and still are, a culturally versatile society. But a State that is fast on the way to centralising all ideas and institutions and symbols of power, cannot tolerate the notion of communities having the freedom to generate their own specific cultures. It is an area of autonomy that can prove a dangerous impetus to the design for total control.

This explains the concerted attack on culture from the Indian State today. Until now the attack was on peoples' livelihood and on their fundamental rights. Now the attack is on their dignity itself. Until now the State only plundered peoples' homes and privacy; about is to plunder the remaining sphere of autonomous culture.

Ideologically, the emphasis is at the base of production - from a profoundly disturbed pattern of life to the realm of cultures to the theatre of conflicts and power.

All early forms of cultural expression in India, rooted in social and natural laws, were an attempt at human beings with an inherent need to be funny, to be creative. The mediatory role of the State was to recognize and then support this. To that extent culture was organic and autonomous. But when the State is absolutist, the criterion of autonomy cannot be applicable. Culture is imposed on people.

There also seems to be a deliberate attempt in official circles to use this to another form of: From art to artifice, a short step and the magic formula of self-unconsciousness is imposed. The authoritarian State...
only plundered peoples’ hearts and homes and privacy. The move now afoot is to plunder their last remaining sphere of autonomy - their culture.

Ideologically, the new shift in emphasis at the base of artistic/cultural production - from ritual to politics - is profoundly disturbing. It indicates the related shift in cultural concepts from the realm of integrative processes to the theatre of disjoinctive conflicts and power equations.

All early forms of artistic and cultural expression in India were clearly rooted in social and work processes and were an attempt to integrate human beings with nature. Ritual was the mediating mode whose pristine function was to humanize nature. To that extent cultural expression was an organic and authentic communal wealth. But when this cultural autonomy is abdicated in favour of the State, the criterion of authenticity ceases to be applicable. Culture now stands opposed to people.

There also seems to be a vigorous attempt in official concepts to separate culture from the totality of life and reduce it to an artifact. This is typical. From artifact to archetype is but a short step and standardization is the magic formula of social harmony that the authoritarian State conceives.

This conception also reduces culture to a commodity, a plaything of market forces and consumer caprice, delinked from life as lived and experienced and organized in the multiplicity of social exchange. It inevitably generates the syndrome of cultural warehousing - a stockpiling of cultural resources and products (divorced from their processes) on the shelves of privileged and exclusive godowns, to be bought at leisure, as from a department store, by men of means.

For the ruling elite in India, cultural monopoly has become as important a task as capital monopoly. Culture, which is essentially in flux and always in-the-making, is being suddenly frozen and hoarded as voraciously as property. On the other hand, for the vast majority of the dispossessed victims of the era of colonialism, and of “freedom”, culture remains an additional front on which the struggle has to continue. For them the evidence of any past existence of cultural riches only confirms the present oppression of the system. The evidence of the past glory of an Aryan or Dravidian civilization does nothing much to appease the hunger of the Bharti or Tamil peasant today.

The conceptual implications of the emerging “culturalism” in Indian politics are devastating. On the one hand are naked formulations like Dilli mein desh ka pareshan (as the inaugural style of Ajna Usaw was styled), which doesn’t even attempt to mask the underlying ideological thrust for centralizing culture at the power centre. At the same time, the thekedar of the new “culturalism,” who constitute an illegitimate, extra-constitutional locus of power without any accountability to a democratic base, have also not been shy to proclaim how they conceptualize culture.

Critics are sternly warned, in mock Gandhi terms, not to write “gutter inspector” reports. But this is only an admittance to the existence and proliferation of gutters into which vast amounts of public funds are being drained. Their most alarming pontification has been: “Culture is an arm of diplomacy and politics.” Now, this is just too dangerous and it is surprising that such an admission of chicanery has gone unchallenged.

An arm of politics indeed! It is as crude as saying culture is an instrument for waging war. But that would be admitting a fact. All this new cultural smoke for India is undeniably a screen for robust war mongering. It is also not a coincidence that all State-
Local festivals denote the repressed side of society's consciousness, a side which returns with fixed regularity to haunt established culture with all it does not wish to acknowledge about itself.

Even the concept paper of Apna Utsav was an object lesson in terminological aggression. The elaborated dichotomies of its being a "participatory" event were so patent a mask to disguise aggressive formulas of the coterie that cooked up the scheme. "Culture in the service of the party", they would have liked to proclaim it in true fascist style, but had to cloak it in spryly-jargon. They ended up devising ludicrous terms like Bharat milan, manthan (Dilli se derh tah), gopi kathar, thamona, jeevan chakra, kanya bagh, swita jhig, etc. which only generated laughter. In their burden to sound "dear" and authentic, they can really go to insulting lengths.²

Besides, the very opening of the "Concept Guideline" for the Utsav is unmatched for its pomposity: "An unprecedented cultural event is being planned for the people of Delhi, which may well provide the crucial direction required in the nation's ongoing task of rediscovering and nurturing its heritage." They don't even wait these days for being complimented, but even concepualise in self-congratulatory terms. Neither can one afford to overlook the "we-know-what's-good-for-you" tone. They never say "let's have a discussion on this"; they just say, "The following is the excellent thing we are going to do for you, and you better accept it."

History has shown therefore that agrarianism is the logical culmination of efforts to render politics aesthetic. It is the ultimate in population manipulation on a mass scale. The military parade and the political pageant (and Apna Utsav was certainly one) disguised as a cultural event are obverse sides of the same coin. Their urgent and facile fascist appeal has repeated itself enough times around the world in the last 50 years for us to ignore it when it sprouts in our own backyard.

For the dispensation that believes in giving people, nor their right, but a chance to express themselves, spontaneously has to be countered with public choreography. Gigantic exhibitions, carnivals, urban planning and mass calisthenics regulated centrally become the modes through which a powerless population is allowed to applaud a social order that keeps them as sub-humans.

There is one contradiction in all this that we need to scrutinise. The inaugurals of the India Festivals in France and the United States were "designed" and "exhibited" as maslas. The inaugural of the India Festival in Moscow this year is being designed as an autsa.³ The absurdly labelled "National Cultural Festival" also lifted this concept and called itself Apna Utsav. Now, autsa and maslas are not uncommon to us and are a periodic feature of Indian community life from micro to macro levels. Despite this, one has yet to hear of any local autsa that was a "failure". The notion itself is anachronistic. Yet Apna Utsav has gone down as a resounding failure. It is imperative to understand why.

Utsav, masla and pororns, apart from being linked to cycles of economic production and distribution as well as seasonal and ritual demands, perform a few larger functions.⁷ They provide a specific ambience for amusement and entertainment. They help break the monotony of daily routine and work, and create a counterpoint to a life of travail. And, most importantly, they introduce into the given, fixed world of conditioned normality the experience of negativity and otherness.

This negativity is a powerful social mechanism as it helps to pose before society, positively, the image of its own underside as well as creative potential. The traditional autsas and maslas integrate into them the entire residual flavors of the culture which normally would not fit in elsewhere. Being peoples' celebrations, these constitute the meeting-place of types not easily socialised - mendicants and mongrels, noothsvayars and con men, acrobats and wrestlers, snake charmers and dealers in aphrodisiacs, prostitutes and performers, crooks and balladeers - a talented, floating, quasi-crimal, marginalized population of the social fringe, even the acceptance of whose existence is embarrassing for the elite.

Conversely, for the upgrading of the social functions for the surplus rules of behaviour and the internal dynamics of the social organism. Maslas and other repressed side of society, a side which the regularity to haunt culture with all it does not acknowledge about itself.

But what we are witnessing is the carnisalisation of the American sense. The India Festival within an environment sponsored by the State is a clear example of all the above. At their best, they are a rigid, controlled confrontation with the open-ended challenge of the optimal experience. At their worst, they are authoritarian and repressive, a side of the flattened out and broad areas of duality are offered to the popular consciousness which provides the glimmer of liberation instead, only increasingly. These governs' evasion and reproduction of exploitative attitude towards culture to an extent, no longer negotiable.

This is one reason why "failures". Luckily memory of the lapidity to which people still retain the authentic. But they have to last. The rapidly falling value of the State's mobilization of finances Rs 100 crore for 1989, bound to litter our den with the debris of what edifice of peoples' spontaneous social ordering.

The area of people and multi-layered is probably the last autonomy left to the with their decent life. By infiltrating the process that could culturally impose a political monstrosity in culture and its corpus is the grim sign of its gangrene it seeks its 1 Roughly $10 million funds.
Conversely, for those not shackled by middle-class morality, these special occasions for the suspension of ordinary rules of behaviour and an entry into the realm of the sexual and the irrational. Males and males demote the repressed side of society's consciousness, a side which returns with fixed regularity to haunt established culture with all it does not wish to acknowledge about itself.

But what we are witnessing now is the carnivalesque of the woman in an American sense. The Apna Utsav and India Festival variety of politicized, state-sponsored carnivals are an open defiance of all libidinal areas of experience. At their core they represent a rigid, controlled and embarrassed confrontation with otherwise, unlike the open-ended character of traditional experience. Under governmental scrutiny and motivated by authoritarian prudence, the anarchic, creative side of the people's festival is flattened out and sanitized, and all areas of duality are standardized. It is offered to the population as a pure avenue for consumption and voyeurism, which provides them no flashing glimpse of liberating deviance but, instead, only increases their passivity. These governmental/literature inevitably reproduce the existing exploitative attitudes of the dominant culture to an extent that they represent a no longer negative, but crypto.

This is one reason why they end up as "failures". Luckily for us, the cultural memory of the large majority of our people still retains images of what is authentic. But they cannot be expected to last. The rapidity and the scale of the State's Rlibregation with freshly mobilized financial resources (over Rs 100 crore for 1987 alone) are bound to litter our cultural arena with the detritus of what was once the living edifice of people's innate wisdom and their spontaneous resistance to external ordering.

The area of people's expression, so vast and multi-layered in Indian society, is probably the last vestige of creative autonomy left to the people to cope with their dehumanizing conditions of life. By inlining and appropriating this charged preserve for narrow and immediate gains, the State and the political apparatus is bound to trigger off a bruising process that could eventually convert the culturally impoverished State into a political monster. The plunder of culture and its cosmetic use is always the grim sign of the political gangrene it seeks to hide.

-----------

2 It is amazing how blandly the organizers of Apna Utsav (Our Own Festivals) created a hierarchical space where they bred jealousy, distrust and aggressive competitiveness among the participants through the concentration of a three-tiered performing arena: mohalla maidans (peripheral or local), madhyta maidans (central), and mukhya maidans (principal).

Who would decide who performs where? How would one decide whether the folk art of one state is better than another state? With so much money and fanfare involved, one immediately realizes how insecure, threatened, humiliated or disgraced the participants must have felt. If a group is put on a peripheral (or lower) stage, it immediately wrecks the group's honour and prestige with all its future plans and works. It is like the mark of death (if you are not allowed to perform on the principal stage. However naive they were at first to get roped into it, their dislocation is complete with all the dissonant bang-ups growing from it.

3 Dilli mein desh ka prawesh. The country enters the capital, Delhi. The chariots, or agents for contractors, came up with this slogan, perhaps unknowingly, that the country had always been absent in the capital, even with the existence of Bhavanis, or state houses.

4 Bharat milan, union of Indians/ Indian states. Manthan, upheaval (or churning - as the legend says), Dilli se deh tak, from Delhi to the whole of India.

The remaining terms refer to (in order): singing stones, song and dance, the wheel of life, the garden of poetry and the garden of rhymes. All of these slogans express the packaging of art and culture and the dilution of the arts from their socio-economic ties and environment - as if one cannot have cultural expressions anywhere else except in these clogged and controlled spaces.

5 Carnival.

6 Festival.

7 Pooram. Fun fest.

Sudanand Menon is a journalist living in New Delhi. "The Carnival is Over" is reprinted with kind permission of the author, from the Indian Express, February 15, 1987.

Manu Banaresji is a writer and teacher living in Calcutta.

-----------

1 Roughly $10 million in Canadian funds.
Postmodernism is the current intellectual commodity for sale and it's being flagged shamelessly by cultural critics and university professors. The term "postmodern" is without a doubt the fashionable catchword of the year, but it is also deceptive and confusing. Given the myriad meanings associated with postmodernism, it is best to start by making a distinction between a postmodernist theory, which concerns itself with knowledge, and a postmodern condition, which deals more generally with the malaise of contemporary culture. The distinction is especially useful since one of the faults of Kroeker and Cook's surly and maddening book is the failure to make even this relatively simple idea clear.

Critics of contemporary mass culture often speak plottively of a postmodern condition. One does not need a great deal of insight to deduce that the increasing power and pervasiveness of the communication industry, the commodification of most human experience, and the erosion of traditional boundaries between high and low culture is capable of absorbing all political organization as well as the sifting unique cultural diversities. Whether we like it or not, the values of a consumer society permeate all of our cognitive abilities. Not only have we been seduced by our media images but, according to Jean Baudrillard, we have become fascinated with the media's references to human creation as an endless mirroring process. Ours has become the information culture of the simulacrum, the simulated world of signs, in which the real has been replaced by the words and images which refer to it.

According to postmodernist theory, we are imprisoned in the "mirror of culture." Power in contemporary society lies in knowledge and language. So it comes as no surprise that the chief task of a postmodernist is to undermine the authority of signs and to expose the system of power which legitimates certain cultural representations while proliferating and disavowing others. The aim is to initiate a wide range of privileged modes of knowing which carry the "perspective" of a camera angle, the "discipline" of literary study, or the "reading" of a work. The most powerful weapons in the arsenal of postmodernist critique and art are the transformative powers of pastiche, parody, the visual techniques of collage and "found footage," and numerous other strategies of discontinuity which by their very reification naturalize an evaluation rather than the passive consumption of communication codes.

The *Postmodern Scene* draws upon the analysis and strategies outlined above. It is a book which tries to say something, and to say it clearly and confidently, about the deployment of power within popular modern culture. And according, the work of the New French Thought theorists as well as that of McLuhan and the Critical Theorists, is used to discuss the nature of contemporary culture, and its reality effect (the flow of "dead" signifiers with which culture maintains its fictional images). The book is a collection of different articles, some of them written by Arthur Kroeker, others by David Cook. Not surprisingly, many of these pieces were first published in the *Canadian Journal of Political and Social Theory*, of which Kroeker is the editor. Taken as a whole the book lacks organization and coherence. What we have instead is something akin to literary montage, a series of disorderly, in places incoherent and at times also daunting, examinations of the cracks in the mirror of postmodern culture.

If the fragmentation technique of *The Postmodern Scene* owes something to Derrida and McLuhan, the mood of the book comes from The Day of the Locust; despairing and unapologetically bleak. In the opening section, "The Postmodern Scene," the authors make a number of pronouncements about the postmodern condition. The essential idea, I think, is that a society of overproduction and excess such as ours inevitably generates an "excremental" culture, a term which is never adequately defined but which is perhaps ultimately self-explanatory. Postmodern culture is excremental in the sense that it is constantly involved in an endless process of cancellation, liquidation and reversal of meaning. Quality becomes quantity. The distinction between art and life is obliterated. Art loses its critical edge and it ability to comment on life, while ordinary life becomes an anesthetized scene, a tabula rasa in the service of consumer capitalism.

"Postmodernism" clearly also privileges those representations which can operate as exchange values, such as desire, seduction, and sexuality. These are the chief values of a consumer society and, predictably, they are regulated as socially exchanged commodities which participate in the pure representation of economic power. Yet underlying all of this one can detect the resonance of catastrophe, destruction, and nihilism. Perhaps the contemporary critic Neil Postman, in more accessible language, best described the conundrum of living in an age of cultural decay when he stated that we are "amusing ourselves to death."

From the jeremiad of "Sunshine Reports" we move to a section called "Sign Crises," which deals first with a brief and cursory examination of the Italian surrealistic painter Giorgio de Chirico, followed by an even stranger and longer chapter on St. Augustine. De Chirico's work and especially one of his more popular paintings, *Landscapes of Paint*, challenges the privileged distinction made by representatives of art between the sign and the referent. Realist fraudulently claimed that any external representation must be reproduced mimesically. De Chirico's painting defies the referential finality of signs. While the countryside landscape is accurately

trapped on canvas, the painter who apparently created the scene who apparently created the scene in which they managed to flickering images.

I think that, or at least Cook's argumentation of the "real" and the "flickering image" of "kitsch," is the basis of the argument. A dead sign is a significant aesthetic and ideological reference to the 'flat' of the world, becoming a token for, for instance, the flatness of the street scene with its stonework, façades, and street signs. The routinized use of texts and tokens paved the way for a new, for instance, feeling of empty, everyday life, and the artificial social reality is a consequence.

The optical illusion of a postmodern condition which registers itself upon the figure for reference condition can be found in a detail of the painting of Rene Magritte, *Mirror*, which is a painting of a mirror which itself can be read by the mirror as an image (which) work as a symbol, and a reflection of the world as a pure symbol (p.135). Indeed sections of the *Postmodernism* of the three signifiers are "postmodernism" of the three signifiers. The death of the signifier, the death of the more detail of the signifier, the death of the power in postmodernism is a death of the signifier. Here the work of Baudrillard is enough, Talcott Parsons is right. It is the postmodern condition as self as an end, as a symbolization of the world of the world.

In the conclusion, "Ultranationalism"'s attention to the question of the end of the sign of death, the sign of death, the sign of death.
catastrophism as a way of life. Fiction, film, photography, and Alex Coihille’s paintings are decried as the instrument of a new aesthetic, appropriating the mode of an impeding disaster which is our lot. As John Coihille, Edward Hopper is an artist of hyperrealism. Hopper always tries to situate the viewer in the position of voyeur. His paintings are full of windows (brume vide) that give the viewer a glimpse into the outside world of a receding nature and an advancing urban sprawl. Hopper’s paintings find consistency in the current work of the young neo-expressionist Eric Fischl. Once again, the viewer as voyeur takes on a privileged position as we are brought to the psychological edge of the postmodern condition. This is the parasitic culture that feeds on scenes of excess and disaster, as is evident in Pickett’s depiction of desire without any apparent referent, seduction without loss, and Woody’s bordering on incest. This is, so it is claimed, the psychological space of the postmodern condition: the unsettling discourse of a culture which has reached contentment with nihilism.

This book, for all its rhetorical excesses and sketchy and impressionistic formulations, is at times capable of a serious analysis of the abyss of modern subjectivity and culture. There are a number of sections of the book (such as the one on the cyberpunk novel) which merit a close reading. Also, the author’s reliance on the work of Georges Bataille provides the book with much of its provocative edge and some of its best metaphors. But throughout it all one must remember that we are dealing with a mode of thinking which is interested neither in its instrumental nor the historical nature of social individuals who pursue and develop their daily interests; what it examines is “the liquidation of the real,” based on a lame theory of language that is so all-embracing as to be virtually meaningless as an analytic construct. All social life involves some form of influence, molding, direction or compulsion, but the reduction of social relationships to the issue of language and expression is almost impossible to make the fine intellectual, moral, and material distinctions necessary for any serious evaluation of change in society or for hope for future action. It is no wonder then that The Postmodern Scene is drained of any political content and lacks any sense of direction. The book holds out no hope, only fashionable nihilistic grief. It also displays a certain gibberishness in place of considered judgement.

Joe Calbo is a graduate student in sociology at York University.


Colin MacLure, High Theory/ Low Culture: Analysing Popular Television and Film. St. Martin’s Press.

Two anthologies have recently appeared, generated out of an American conference, and a combined American and British Seminar, on the study of mass and popular culture. They are both uneven collections, yet Studies in Entertainment has a project which holds the essays together. The collection attempts to undo the strict division between high culture and mass culture imposed by the theorists and critics within the Frankfurt school. High Theory/Low Culture, on the other hand, has little guidance in its overall intention. This looseness in thought characterizes the majority of essays within the collection, leaving the reader wishing the contributors had stayed longer at the conference table to thrash out what it is they wanted to say.

The essays within Studies in Entertainment were first presented at a conference on Mass Culture in 1985 held by the Centre for Twentieth Century Studies at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. Its editor, Tania Modleski, is an associate professor of Film and Literature at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, and is author of Loving Witt & Vengeance: Mass Produced Fantasies for Women. What blinds the essays together in this collection is not only the topic of Mass Culture, but also, as Modleski states in her introduction to the text, it is the "voice of the women’s movement" which reverberates throughout the book.

Studies in Entertainment is divided into four sections: the traditions of mass culture criticism; television; feminist studies in entertainment; and the boundaries between art and entertainment. This final section contains three essays which exemplify the theme of the collection— to redefine the distinctions between high culture (art) and mass culture (entertainment). Specifically, contributors attempt to reassess the possibility of an "ultimate" division to mainstream entertainment. This position being traditionally held by the avant-garde, Andreas Huyssen, in "Mass Culture as Woman," reexamines the relationship between high culture and mass culture, and approaches the opposition of high art/mass culture as having been created by modernism in which he sees as essentially misogynist, for it distills mass culture as a degraded Other to its own male grand recta. He optimistically, and simplistically, sees the dichotomy being overcome with the dissolution of modernism.

Tania Modleski begins the section with "The Terror of Pleasure: The Contemporary Horror Film and Postmodern Theory." She looks at recent popular horror films such as The Texas Chainsaw Massacre, The Diary of the Dead, and a selection of the body of work of David Cronenberg, and sees these films as being just as "avant-garde" as any avant-garde film. She bases this assessment on the fact that the horror film contains many of the elements characterizing a postmodern work: it dispenses with narrative, and what little narrative it retains is aimed at the destruction of all that is bourgeois; it refuses its audience the narcissistic pleasure of identification with characters, and it defies closure (the possibility of endless sequels has much to do with this latter trait). By finding in the horror genre "oppoitional" qualities established by the avant-garde, Modleski concludes that a strict binary relationship no longer exists between high art and mass culture.
Critical thinking which would posit such an opposition comes under attack in Polan's seminal essay, "Brief Encounters: Mass Culture and The Death of the Postman." Polan argues that advancement in critical theories of cultural studies is blocked by the re-

tention of binary oppositions. In his assessment of Roland Barthes's "S/Z," Polan is critical of Barthes's adherence to the high art/mass culture split in his formulation of readily and writ-ten texts. Polan con-
tends that the positions of popular cul-
ture are excrated only when the mythic, spiritual, trans-
scendental aspects of the texts are actually attrib-
tuted to high culture can also be projected on to them.

Polan's insight into this prob-

lem is temporarily arrested in a section of his lengthy essay which provides an analysis of the impossibly banal comic strip Blondie which he asserts contains none of "the most inten-

sely qualities of experimental art." Polan admits his first essay is "a case of a 'fanciful' (actually, it's incred-

ible), but gives it as evidence that the critical theory is everywhere in this moment of late capitalism. Postmodernism is experienced as being characterized by excess, by "incoherence" as part of the norm. His concern is that there is a "fundamental 'weirdness'" in contemporary mass culture. In this context, along with Gay DeForb, "the age of the Society of the Spectacle," Polan sets out that we seek a "totalizing" method of analysis, which will incor-
port several systems of knowledge, to comprehend this "weirdness" of late capitalist society.

Late in his paper Polan names feminism as an admirable beginning to his grand theo-

retical vision, but that which Modleski supports in her introduction. A caution, however, must be voiced at this point. Neither Polan nor Modleski seem to realize that the construction of a theoretical framework which contains all critical theorists within its boundaries amounts to nothing more than a new dominating discourse. A symptom of this belief, that one can speak for all, is contained in Modleski's introduction where she de-

scribes the women's movement as one voice (p.49) and also in her mention of feminist cri-
tical thinking as if it were a homogeneous unit. Although

one essay in the collection, Jean Franco's "The Incorporation of Women: A Comparison of North American and Mexican Popular Culture", provides a glimpse of women in working-class Mexican culture, Polan's notion of feminism seems to imply the white, straight middle class women.

That said, Patricia Mellencamp's essay "Situating Comedy, Feminism and Fraud: Discourses of Gracie Allen and Lucille Ball" is a finely written exam-

ple of white, straight, middle-class feminism. Mellencamp's analysis, Gracie Allen and Lucille Ball exist in what classic space of women's simulated liberation through comical entertainment."

Of the feminist essays, one of the best is "Island: Femininity and Colonization" by Judith Meillassou-x. Meillassou-x is the author of the solidly written semiology, "Decadent Advertisements." In "Island is Woman" she exam-

ines in a classic manner how "the Other is created" by our culture, specifically through the media itself. Her text demonstrates how women's and first nations' experience of the culture, in this case the nuclear, is a construction of objectification. Even "Island is Woman" is a collection of essays which models itself, even though in British India, which gives readers reason to believe such racism abuse."

Three of the eleven essays in the collection are not engaged in a feminist study. "The Television News Personality and the Celebrity" by Margaret Morse is flimsy be-

cause the conclusion is that there is no significance of the media to the news person, or the celebrity. Eugene McCarren's "Adorno and the Ca-

di" is perhaps the most convincing essay in that it proposes a critical reconstruction of Adorno's thoughts on the culture industry, particularly that of popular music. Bernard Gordin's "Romanticizing Adorno, His Considerations of Jazz on Union and Rock, and of the Doowop sound." He discovers that Adorno's analysis, while concentrating on the bar-

ronic sounds of Tin Pan Alley, can be engaged, though with reservations, with the rhythmic based rock and roll. "Television/ Sound" is a re-

working of Raymond Williams' concept of the "flow" of cultural output. Rick Altman's essay on television's "flow" into an interaction with television itself. Both Altman and Williams stress the impact of television on the culture industry, with the ability to control who dominates television. Entry into Studies in Entertainment is through an interview conducted by Stephen Heath and Gail Skirrow with Raymond Williams. Their itinerant is primarily to examine terms in the history of mass culture, including "mass culture itself" and Williams' own notion of "flow".

Skirrow is also a contributor in High Theory/Low Culture: His essay "Collaboration: An Analysis of Video Games" provides some interesting re-

search into the history of video games, but then makes a silly attempt to incorporate the games into his critique (via Melanie Klein) upon the playing of the games. She asserts that the games are "machines for substitution" by which she means the games do not play video games. A boy who plays is attempting to re-

enter the mother's body with fantasy, phallic weapons in order to continually act out his own suicide. Skirrow's successful appearance in Studies in Entertainment, and his recent rev-

uncovering discussion in High Theory/Low Culture, may be due to his aversion to the "flow" in artistic criticism. It is difficult to see how the lecture is supposed to be as "...a lecture as experienced..." and polished as the work of many of the contributors of High Theory/Low Culture."

It would seem that the problem faced by the contributors of the book is one of the central to cultural criticism. With great care, the contributors of this book are under-

ging, that they're silly.

The weakness of the book is in the drawing of the experiences with the text. It is difficult to see how the book is supposed to be as "...a lecture as experienced..." and polished as the work of many of the contributors of High Theory/Low Culture."

Another crossover, in the text, also in Skirrow, is Tam
with politics, and with consid-
erations of gender, and that it
not accept the opposition be-
tween high art (high theory)
and popular culture. These
are essentially the same con-
cerns as Studies in En-
tertainment, but in a less
finely tuned form.

MacCabe's own essay, "Defining Popular Culture" contents itself with expanding on these three themes. Yet it also contains the curious claim that the "critical and histori-
analytic approaches, ad-
mittedly successful in dis-
mussing American Hollywood clin-
matic and much European and
American avant-garde film,
are not useful in analyzing new
Hollywood films or any form of
television. MacCabe doesn't
give a reason for this procla-
amation regarding the decline of
seminarism. This, however, isn't
important because it probably
would be no less absurd than
his explanation regarding the
so-called failure of psychanal-
ysis.

Could the problem be one of
regression that occurs as the
confines of the seminar room
or weekend school any test (the
classical elements of Lincoln
and Torch of Evil) can be
made to deliver up its sexual
meanings, but that in the no-
erable ambiance of the classroom
or the first year lecture theatre,
the lecturer suddenly appears
pervasive as he or she gmanly
struggles to explicate the
dilemma of castration; the
dialectic of having and being
suddenly reduced to the ma-
metic ramblings of a sex-
bcessed adult.

It would seem that MacCabe
dissociates two critical prac-
tices central to cultural studies (and
used with great success in
Studies in Entertainment ) be-
cause undergrads might think
that they're silly.

The weakness of MacCabe's
own writing, both in its struc-
ture and thought, leads to the
suspicion that it is ineffective
ing that which is responsible
for many of the flaws within
High Theory/Low Culture. Also,
one of the most irritating
experiences when reading the
text is to have one's eye move-
ment stopped on almost every
other page by the proliferation of
typographical errors.

Another crossover contributor
to the text, along with Gillian
Shirrrow, is Tania Modleski.

In "Femininity (sic) as Male
Subjugation: A Feminist
Approach to Mass Culture" she
examines the orthodox position
of the literature, and finds in
which mass culture is con-
demned as a "feminised"
culture. She then assesses the
work of Manuel Puig, author of
 Kiss of the Spiderwoman ,
and the theorist Jean Baudrillard.
Both these authors affirm mass
culture for its resemblance to
the feminine. Modleski re-
minds us that the feminism has
been thoroughly de-sexualized,
and exalted, and that this latest
development must be examined
with caution.

Modleski's essay is in
the middleground of academic
excellence within the collection.
Laura Mulvey stands out as the
strongest writer with her arti-
cle "Melodrama In and Out of
the Home." Moving easily
among critics such as Thomas
Elson and Walter Benjamin,
she describes the history of the
Hollywood melodrama, typified by
the films of Douglas
dirk, and how
women's films developed as a
development of the cinema
within films in order to com-
pete with the new form of
home entertainment, tele-
vision.

Elsewhere, in "In Search
Secret Harmonies," Simon Frith
writes a paper on the "issues of
experience" in capitalistic,
turns on to a discussion of "the
Barry Manillar problem," and
narratives between wondering
how a musical score relates to
images in a film, and how
music itself becomes culturally
encoded with emotional
values. Frith writes within a
semiotic discourse, which he
himself apparently does not
recognize, for if he had, he
might have had an argument
somewhere. Not surprisingly,
Modleski gives social and
credit for blurring the distinc-
tion between the public
and private spheres without ac-
knowledging more obvious
feminist contributions on that
score.

Other contributors to High
Theory/Low Culture are:
Laura Kipnis, "Refocusing
reconsidered: towards a left
popular culture"; Douglas
Gomery, "The Popularity of
Filming in the U.S.: Jane
Feuer, "Narrative Form in
American Network Television";
Andrew Tolso, "Popular Culture: Practice and
Institution"; and John

Caughie, "Popular Culture:
Notes and Revisions".

High Theory/Low Culture is
an application of the potentially
exciting work which can be
produced within popular cul-
tural studies. It offers pieces of
criticism, historical descrip-
tion, and theory on film, tele-
vision, and music, as well as a
questioning of how popular cul-
ture might be defined and
taught. Studies in Enter-
tainment , however, realizes
much more successfully High
Theory/Low Culture's
aspirations.

Pegg Hill

Show Us Life" : Toward a History and
Aesthetics of the
Committed
Documentary . Ed.
Thomas Waugh. Scarecrow

Within film theory, which
has become increasingly
esthetic over the last decade
through massive inflations of
semiotics, psychoanalytic, post-
structuralism and narratology,
"committed documentary"
continues to remain conspicuously
"other." Categorically con-
denmed for its alleged native
belief in "objectivity," in the
possibility of an unmediated
representation of "reality"-
documentary has been ex-
cepted from canonical film
theory, which finds more
tantalizing grist for its mill in
disobeying Hollywood narrative and
its avant-garde rejoinders.

The result has been that, with
a few notable exceptions, specific
frameworks for analyzing doc-
umentary have been glaringly
few and far between.

The reasons for this absence are
clear and complex and over-determined by
the institutionalization of
film studies within the
academy, with its tendency to
theorics. If documentary re-
 mains unspoken; it is because it
doesn't, proves resistant to
analysis by the post-
structuralists/psychoanalytic
machines. Why is which en-
thusaerts to fit documentary into this
critical paradigm, such as
Christian Metz's argument that
all film is fiction. "From the be-
ginning," can only reduce the
specificity of documentary ad-
dress. The difference repre-

sented by radical documentary
practice is that it is character-
ized by its intentional produc-
tion of subjects for concrete and
referential causes: anti-impe-
rilateral, feminist, socialist, les-
bian and gay liberation, etc.
And despite the obvious media-
tion of documentary "reality" by
cinematic codes and conven-
thanas, what becomes discursive
about our response as spectators stems
from our extra-textual knowl-
dge: that those bodies being
gunned down, that woman speaking about her experience are not fictional constructs but
"real" historic events and indi-
viduals. To ignore the speci-
ficity of this address can only
troduce a dangerous theo-
retical and a widening
chasm between theory and those
constituencies, who all too
often appear in film theory as
discursive abstracts.

The real task then would not be
to submerge documentary
analyses into a critical pere
or to leave it entirely exempt
from the kinds of consid-
erations developed by
contemporary film theory
concerning the relation
between textual operations and
the process of subjectivity and
desire. What we could propose
is an exchange of questions, a
theoretical and political
interracility which both radical
documentary and film theory.
And it just might be on that
terrain that the revolutionary
subject could be thought.

Tom Waugh's "Show Us Life" : Toward a History and
Aesthetics of the Committed
Documentary goes a long way to
addressing some of these di-
visions through film theory.
Waugh in fact sees the an-
thology as intervening to re-
solve the gap between "the new
methodologies developed
in the seventies" by film theory
and political film criticism,
"still dominated by hove crit-
ical principles, outdated
conceptual models, and the al-
toofrequent substitution of
ideological fervor or alterna-
tion for solid analysis." The
book's project of modernizing
political film criticism, how-
ev, involves not only the in-
clusion of new conceptual
frameworks, but a critical
favouring of particular types of
political documentary. From
Vertov through to Joris Ivens
and the new left, Third World
and feminist experiments of
the sixties and seventies, the
films analysed all move beyond
an alleged "objectivity" and
classical structure of observation. "Each one," writes Whitaker, "is the root of a new and more profound observation, and all of its inherent liabilities: humanistic, aesthetic, and analytical; the methodological and documentary inquiry.

What makes it a compelling read, though, are the details recalled concerning the ingenuity of political documentarians in situations where costs, availability of resources and state censorship made production an almost impossible undertaking. Bert Hofgengkamp in his article on "Workers' Newsreels during the Twenties and Thirties," for example, recounts how workers' film societies in pre-Nazi Germany and Holland procured commercial newsreels which had passed the censor, re-edited these to "highlight class contradictions," and distributed them back to their original format to return to the distributor.

Russell Campbell's piece on "Radical Documentary in the Thirties," provides a fascinating insight into the integral role that radical documentarists played in communist party mobilizations during the thirties: documenting political events, staging demonstrations; producing shorts for use in the organization of strikes, union drives, and unemployed marches; and organizing extensive exhibition of Russian films during this period.

It is within the section on contemporary issues that the debate concerning the theory and practice of political documentarists heats up as prescriptive prototypes of revolutionary cinema. For example, Barbara Halpern Martins, the didactic "talking heads" approach of early feminist documentaries emerges as the favoured political strategy. Ann Kaplan argues, concerning the reality strategies of 

"Every aspect of the articles selected in this section is to defend populist and direct approaches. Chuck Kleinmuller's pragmatic political advice to documentarists, a certain "modernist" differences is marshalled in the pieces by Steven Neale, Julianna Burton, Neil Clarke Johnston and Paul Willeman. For Johnston and Willeman, two of the most prominent adherents of canonical film theory, agitprop cinema remains problematically immersed in a rationalist and pre-psychanalytic conception of ideology and the subject/text relation which assumes "individuals and social structures' to be in some mythical unity of consciousness."

"The effect of such a formula of realism," they argue, "is to convey the impression of a homogenous world - a false sense of continuity and coherence reinforced by identification: the impression this bow can be conveyed is made manifest in the visible world.

Finding himself in Brechtian inspired film The Night before as "the most accomplished ex-
ample of political cinema," Willeman and Johnston argue for a self-referential and non-

essentialist approach to political cinema where particular textual strategies are themselves constituted as the means of political intervention.

While Willeman and Johnston's insistence on the critical importance to any con-

sideration of contemporary documentary, and specifically the new wave, is indisputable, their approach can be questioned. Their anthropological approach to the production of political cinema in 1960s, in particular the emphasis on the avant-garde movements, has led to a certain rigidity in their approach.

Thus, a popular movement like the Beats and the Surrealists, which is more open to new ideas and methods, can be seen as a more effective way of promoting political change.

The 24 largely original contributions range widely over the arts (from music to theatre), the media (from the radical hoops to art); from internationally renowned figures of the avant-garde, to the more eclectic and experimental artists. The editors have assembled a wide range of perspectives on the development of contemporary documentary cinema, from the traditionalist to the avant-garde, from the realistic to the experimental. The result is a comprehensive and thought-provoking collection that will be of interest to both students and practitioners of documentary film.
from political self-representation."

Developing the practice of interventionist art also requires a location more than the mere ideological context, of course. Questions of form are involved - the place of realist artistic representation continues to be troublesome as well as the context of artistic production and the relation of art to audience. With respect to the last, in particular, the approaches taken by contributors vary widely.

Thus, in a populist vein, Peter Bunn and Lorraine Leonson describe their evolution from art school radicals to image-makers for the Docklands steering committee which decides on the issues, strategies and priorities of struggle. Visual artist Hans Hauke, on the other hand, presents himself as a one man flying squad, researching the cities where exhibitions are held in order to identify issues and symbols that make local sense. (In Montreal, he placed posters for Alcan-sponsored opera, a mosaic portrait of Snow White, and went to look more than the mere ideological context, of course. Questions of form are involved - the place of realist artistic representation continues to be troublesome as well as the context of artistic production and the relation of art to audience. With respect to the last, in particular, the approaches taken by contributors vary widely.

Thus, in a populist vein, Peter Bunn and Lorraine Leonson describe their evolution from art school radicals to image-makers for the Docklands steering committee which decides on the issues, strategies and priorities of struggle. Visual artist Hans Hauke, on the other hand, presents himself as a one man flying squad, researching the cities where exhibitions are held in order to identify issues and symbols that make local sense. (In Montreal, he placed posters for Alcan-sponsored opera, a mosaic portrait of Snow White, and went to look more than the mere ideological context, of course. Questions of form are involved - the place of realist artistic representation continues to be troublesome as well as the context of artistic production and the relation of art to audience. With respect to the last, in particular, the approaches taken by contributors vary widely.

Thus, in a populist vein, Peter Bunn and Lorraine Leonson describe their evolution from art school radicals to image-makers for the Docklands steering committee which decides on the issues, strategies and priorities of struggle. Visual artist Hans Hauke, on the other hand, presents himself as a one man flying squad, researching the cities where exhibitions are held in order to identify issues and symbols that make local sense. (In Montreal, he placed posters for Alcan-sponsored opera, a mosaic portrait of Snow White, and went to look more than the mere ideological context, of course. Questions of form are involved - the place of realist artistic representation continues to be troublesome as well as the context of artistic production and the relation of art to audience. With respect to the last, in particular, the approaches taken by contributors vary widely.

Thus, in a populist vein, Peter Bunn and Lorraine Leonson describe their evolution from art school radicals to image-makers for the Docklands steering committee which decides on the issues, strategies and priorities of struggle. Visual artist Hans Hauke, on the other hand, presents himself as a one man flying squad, researching the cities where exhibitions are held in order to identify issues and symbols that make local sense. (In Montreal, he placed posters for Alcan-sponsored opera, a mosaic portrait of Snow White, and went to look more than the mere ideological context, of course. Questions of form are involved - the place of realist artistic representation continues to be troublesome as well as the context of artistic production and the relation of art to audience. With respect to the last, in particular, the approaches taken by contributors vary widely.

Thus, in a populist vein, Peter Bunn and Lorraine Leonson describe their evolution from art school radicals to image-makers for the Docklands steering committee which decides on the issues, strategies and priorities of struggle. Visual artist Hans Hauke, on the other hand, presents himself as a one man flying squad, researching the cities where exhibitions are held in order to identify issues and symbols that make local sense. (In Montreal, he placed posters for Alcan-sponsored opera, a mosaic portrait of Snow White, and went to look more than the mere ideological context, of course. Questions of form are involved - the place of realist artistic representation continues to be troublesome as well as the context of artistic production and the relation of art to audience. With respect to the last, in particular, the approaches taken by contributors vary widely.

Thus, in a populist vein, Peter Bunn and Lorraine Leonson describe their evolution from art school radicals to image-makers for the Docklands steering committee which decides on the issues, strategies and priorities of struggle. Visual artist Hans Hauke, on the other hand, presents himself as a one man flying squad, researching the cities where exhibitions are held in order to identify issues and symbols that make local sense. (In Montreal, he placed posters for Alcan-sponsored opera, a mosaic portrait of Snow White, and went to look more than the mere ideological context, of course. Questions of form are involved - the place of realist artistic representation continues to be troublesome as well as the context of artistic production and the relation of art to audience. With respect to the last, in particular, the approaches taken by contributors vary widely.

Thus, in a populist vein, Peter Bunn and Lorraine Leonson describe their evolution from art school radicals to image-makers for the Docklands steering committee which decides on the issues, strategies and priorities of struggle. Visual artist Hans Hauke, on the other hand, presents himself as a one man flying squad, researching the cities where exhibitions are held in order to identify issues and symbols that make local sense. (In Montreal, he placed posters for Alcan-sponsored opera, a mosaic portrait of Snow White, and went to look more than the mere ideological context, of course. Questions of form are involved - the place of realist artistic representation continues to be troublesome as well as the context of artistic production and the relation of art to audience. With respect to the last, in particular, the approaches taken by contributors vary widely.

Thus, in a populist vein, Peter Bunn and Lorraine Leonson describe their evolution from art school radicals to image-makers for the Docklands steering committee which decides on the issues, strategies and priorities of struggle. Visual artist Hans Hauke, on the other hand, presents himself as a one man flying squad, researching the cities where exhibitions are held in order to identify issues and symbols that make local sense. (In Montreal, he placed posters for Alcan-sponsored opera, a mosaic portrait of Snow White, and went to look more than the mere ideological context, of course. Questions of form are involved - the place of realist artistic representation continues to be troublesome as well as the context of artistic production and the relation of art to audience. With respect to the last, in particular, the approaches taken by contributors vary widely.

Thus, in a populist vein, Peter Bunn and Lorraine Leonson describe their evolution from art school radicals to image-makers for the Docklands steering committee which decides on the issues, strategies and priorities of struggle. Visual artist Hans Hauke, on the other hand, presents himself as a one man flying squad, researching the cities where exhibitions are held in order to identify issues and symbols that make local sense. (In Montreal, he placed posters for Alcan-sponsored opera, a mosaic portrait of Snow White, and went to look more than the mere ideological context, of course. Questions of form are involved - the place of realist artistic representation continues to be troublesome as well as the context of artistic production and the relation of art to audience. With respect to the last, in particular, the approaches taken by contributors vary widely.

Thus, in a populist vein, Peter Bunn and Lorraine Leonson describe their evolution from art school radicals to image-makers for the Docklands steering committee which decides on the issues, strategies and priorities of struggle. Visual artist Hans Hauke, on the other hand, presents himself as a one man flying squad, researching the cities where exhibitions are held in order to identify issues and symbols that make local sense. (In Montreal, he placed posters for Alcan-sponsored opera, a mosaic portrait of Snow White, and went to look more than the mere ideological context, of course. Questions of form are involved - the place of realist artistic representation continues to be troublesome as well as the context of artistic production and the relation of art to audience. With respect to the last, in particular, the approaches taken by contributors vary widely.

Thus, in a populist vein, Peter Bunn and Lorraine Leonson describe their evolution from art school radicals to image-makers for the Docklands steering committee which decides on the issues, strategies and priorities of struggle. Visual artist Hans Hauke, on the other hand, presents himself as a one man flying squad, researching the cities where exhibitions are held in order to identify issues and symbols that make local sense. (In Montreal, he placed posters for Alcan-sponsored opera, a mosaic portrait of Snow White, and went to look more than the mere ideological context, of course. Questions of form are involved - the place of realist artistic representation continues to be troublesome as well as the context of artistic production and the relation of art to audience. With respect to the last, in particular, the approaches taken by contributors vary widely.

Thus, in a populist vein, Peter Bunn and Lorraine Leonson describe their evolution from art school radicals to image-makers for the Docklands steering committee which decides on the issues, strategies and priorities of struggle. Visual artist Hans Hauke, on the other hand, presents himself as a one man flying squad, researching the cities where exhibitions are held in order to identify issues and symbols that make local sense. (In Montreal, he placed posters for Alcan-sponsored opera, a mosaic portrait of Snow White, and went to look more than the mere ideological context, of course. Questions of form are involved - the place of realist artistic representation continues to be troublesome as well as the context of artistic production and the relation of art to audience. With respect to the last, in particular, the approaches taken by contributors vary widely. 
matrix of the surrounding economic and political environment. A song, such as being constituted from specific interactive modes: the street-corner state, for example, frequently turns on the expression of resistance, while the student state is directed by a monologic, regimented code of behavior that is front-loaded with the assumption that the relationship between a given state and the students who participate in its expression is clearly dialectical: To the extent that a particular interactive mode defines the nature of the students' actions, too do the students themselves construct the particular state.

The meaning of a ritual is only realized in the fact of its performance, a relationship McLaren defines as "bi-directionality." By engaging in ritual, the performer is made a part of the social order even as participation establishes that order. For McLaren's study this means that as students participate in the rituals of schooling, they also embody the cultural forms that connect to those ritual forms. Hence engagement in ritual, he says, is a formation of political power (p. 151).

What this argument makes apparent is that education can be understood as a complex of oppression, a conclusion to which McLaren finds his research continually draws him. Teaching, he tells us, is a practice by which students are subjectively decontextualized. Students with working-class backgrounds in particular lose on occasion even their sense of themselves, not only does the education they receive prevent them from fully developing their potentials, it also prepares them for the low-paying jobs society sets aside for them. As McLaren sees it, the failure that awaits so many working-class youngsters in traditional schooling is "a crucial factor in the maintenance and evolution of the social order" (p.178). A religious school fares no better, he says, because "the effects of Catholic schooling in helping the poor and oppressed are invisibly linked to a culture of domination and exploitation" (p.184).

McLaren's analysis concludes with a short offering of general recommendations. He argues that teachers should learn to develop sensitivity to the rituals that define the practice of teaching, and once they understand that teaching is comprised of an ensemble of cultural symbols and ritual behaviors, they must discover ways of "verbalizing" the education setting. In other words, teachers must learn how to reframe the classroom rituals in ways that neutralize the implicit messages by which students learn to accept oppressive societal values. As McLaren sees it, "the teacher, as a prescriber of arbitrary meanings and guardian of the hegemonic boundaries of knowledge, assumes the position of affirming, and to a lesser extent manufacturing, the dominant cultural forms of the social order" (p.272). This is a role desperately in need of transformation. Yet exhaling teachers to step outside the referential frame by which a society defines what an educator's role should be is to suggest that teachers disengage themselves from their culture in order to reframe their social roles. This raises troublesome philosophical and practical concerns, however, for to try and get beyond one's culture is to entertain the notion that culture itself is a disembodied entity capable of existing independently of human agents. Hence the transformation of the educator's role can really only be imagined if it proceeds in tandem with other equally radical changes taking place at numerous interconnecting levels of society.

Teachers, McLaren says, must become "liminal servants" and learn how to draw from their "theocratic roots." Moreover, they must abandon the dichotomous root paradigm which sees learning as a spiritual practice cut off from practical, embodied experience. Learning should transpire in a "felt context" in which participation and performance are recognized as vital ingredients for true understanding. Thus, for example, the arts should be made a central part of the daily curriculum and not merely set aside as recreational interludes. Drama, for instance, could be used as an instructional device in other disciplines like history and literature. If teachers encourage students to realize the connections between artistic expression and the pleasures of "intellectual" achievements, they may also be able to generate the conditions which make learning a truly creative and spontaneous adventure. Hence greater "Interdisciplinary collaboration" pertaining directly to the study of educational practices is absolutely crucial.

Hans Barch has said: "Since education is everywhere closely related to the prevailing form of government, its principles cannot be reformed without also changing the constitution of the state." This is certainly the larger and more pressing issue proponents of an emancipatory pedagogy need to address. Though the question of who will educate the educators is never raised in Schooling as a Ritual Performance, it nevertheless forms the unspoken backdrop against which McLaren's ideas are thrown into relief. It also constitutes a serious challenge to the kinds of solutions McLaren is presently prepared to suggest.

Still, McLaren's is a provocative perspective, for Schooling as a Ritual Performance can itself be read as a challenge, a challenge to teachers to become political and cultural revolutionaries willing to undertake the deconstruction of a system which functions to maintain existing levels of societal oppression. In his view, "education" and "liberation" must somehow be (re)connected. Students should not be disempowered in the classroom, but given the social and intellectual resources that turn schooling into a process of practical and political enlightenment.

Gary McCarroll is a graduate student in Social and Political Thought at York University.
Due to technical difficulties, our regular Scanner section will not be published in this issue of Border/lines. However, we continue to gather materials for future issues.

Scanner gives our readership an opportunity to contribute ideas and information about academic, political and cultural events, across Canada and elsewhere, which are not generally publicized. The scope of Scanner has also been expanded to include listings of ongoing organizations and events.

Please help us to make Scanner a more comprehensive listing by filling out the form below and mailing it to:

Scanner
Border/lines
31 Madison Avenue
Toronto, Ontario
Canada M5R 2S2

Since Border/lines is a quarterly magazine, it is crucial that we receive notice of events well in advance.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name of event or organization</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Location</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Description (attach extra pages or press release)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name of person to contact</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Address</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Postal code</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Area code</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>