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Cover Visuals
Kim Moodie, an artist based in London, Ontario
Has nobody realized? Nobody can see what is there to be seen? Nobody quite understands? Is that it? Seeing, but not grasping? No: I'll make those "nobodys" more specific. I'll address my questions to groups of people. Dear Quebecois friends, don't you realize that everything has changed in Quebec since Bill 101 came into force, or nearly everything? That our tools are better, our arms are stronger now? And dear ex-compatriots of mine in English Canada... dear friends of my childhood and youth in Ontario... dear enemies; but especially dear friends, with your striving to be sympathizers with Quebec... Don't you realize that Bill 101 is more than a manifesto, an opinion which one shares or opposes? That it is a piece of social legislation? That is has been in place for some time now, and that is has had effects? That it has changed the way life is lived? When the Supreme Court brought down its (I'd say basically ignorant) judgment, I said to myself in a murmur: "And these people are supposed to be educated, cultivated, sociologically alert, subtle?" But I was only saying it. I didn't really feel it strongly. I never had placed great faith in this institution to guide the way to anything. We do still have, in Canadian law, the tradition of the resonant decision, I think. We don't have a Supreme Court — the brave abortion decision of a year ago is perhaps an exception — that announces liberation or breaking of new ground. Our Supreme Court tends, rather, to follow the consensus, the drift of society. Our top jurists do not announce change, they accept it or, as in this case, they don't.

Simply to indicate how I feel the court might have ruled, it could have said that the right of merchants to speak and sell in the English language is very important, but that the law was within the bounds of reasonable restriction for the public good. I believe a Supreme Court which had some sense of the Quebec-Canada battles and compromises of recent years would have said that; a Supreme Court with a smartering of sociology. A Supreme Court which understood what retreats and defeats were the bearable retreats and defeats of a pragmatic French Quebec, which retreats and defeats were angering, provocative, felt to tread on the minimum that more or less all francophones feel fair, and won. (The matter of language on signs seems to me one of huge importance. I can see how some were liked by it, but I can't see how anyone was really hurt by the French-only rule. Surely one can always look in the window under the word rhauser and see a shoe. But taking yet another chip out of the Charter of the French Language was important. A bit of irritation would have suffered to know this.)

That Alliance Quebec's crowed triumph over this judgment... nothing surprisingly there, either. It seems to me. This group represents the old vision of English Que- bec. The old guard. The youth of many of its spokesmen doesn't want away this air of oldness. I was sad when fire was set in Alliance Quebec's offices. I was shocked. I lived through October 1970, and I think I can tell you how you feel when such a thing happens to you. I don't like violence. But also, the tradition of the group does not put me in the same rage that the arrogance of Saint James Street did in 1965. The voice, now, seems to me to be different, to have a plaintive tone to it. Bill 101 was born, dependence movement almost in entirety, of Quebec.

Here are the two points they made:

Quebec nationalistic, my own wave, who are we?

And people of the past, who are the new people? Who are the new people? And the main points of the Pierre Vallières God's style, the Gilles God's style, the Gilles

Who had seen in 1960?

So I shall try to say things I don't hear you because friends; dear French.

Comparisons.

What is the new-into-English, that renders the old ways not seeing things?

Bill 101 was the first thing which English dominated showed its domination. It showed its domination. It is an act in which English almost had a woman. And who do they say, see, Italian, with a French. They felt English more practical, and this novelty that didn't have to be gay and gay, whereas, the great mar- ched very much in place, not there. There were a hundred, the great mar- ched very much in place, not there. There were a hundred, the great mar-

hers, the great majority, in spite of that, suffer their poverty.

Bill 101 was born, dependence movement almost in entirety, of Quebec. When we put it in place, see what a remarkable Bill 101. For the law was not creating all official records, though revoke, it was the promise of more practical, more liberalism, of changing Quebec into a freer, a more practical, a freer, more prac-

What did it seek to do? It sought to turn things around for Quebec. To give French anyway, a covered tent, a necessity, if you live in Quebec. If one wished.

English still alive here in Quebec. But it's the same thing, the same thing, environment, the interface, at least added it as a step to learn shift from the francophiles to the rest. But that Francophi-}

lub and other language. It was no longer a thin thing.

To make Montreal remember writing in English. I did in Saturday time. “A French Ross.”

Malcolm Reid

2
And does nobody quite understand?

That goal is in the process of being real-
ized. Step by step. In ten years this very
ambitious piece of social legislation has
had major effects.

Could health (insurance), pollution and
conservation laws, or work safety, he said
to have changed the spirit of people as
much in that time?

The success of the language law comes
from its firmness, its element of con-
straint. The constraint was needed, and it
is still needed. For certainly a whole yet,
say till the new century comes in. It is the
way the francophones recall to them-
selves, and to all, that they are the major-
ity: “We wanted this change, and we or-
ganized to demand it, democratically.”

But the success of the language law
does not come solely from the constraint.
I can see five or six other factors, all
important.

The Centre d’Orientation et de Forma-
tion des Immigrants (COFI) have been set
up, and intelligently set up. They have
become much more than French schools
for the new arrivals. They are community
centres, places of fun and struggles, new-
age parish halls, grassy maisons de la
culture.

The close relationship of several of the
major immigrant languages to French —
Portuguese and Italian and even English —
so long assimilated by economics, has at last
begun to be a help. Immigration patterns have changed, in
ways that help French.

Frenchmen and Frenchwomen have
begun to emigrate, now, for the first time
since 1795. Among the West Indians, the
French West Indians, Haitians and Martin-
iquais and Guadeloupans, are suddenly
prominent. Algerians come, and Tuaregs
and Moroccans; they do not even need the
COFI.

And most of all, Spanish-Americans
come.

Spanish is a very close language to
French. More: one of the big and dynamic
groups is the Chilenos, and these people
are the intellectuals of their nation, the
kind of people who never emigrate unless
the Puchots of this world drive them
out. They like French and they like
French-style social struggles. Quebec’s in-
terest in Spanish has shot up, and learning
a second language, suddenly, no longer
necessarily means learning English.

A bizarre factor. The great response of the
anti-independence people was Cana-
dian bilingualism. This has increased
interest in French everywhere, and French
is, I would say, now a skill that every am-
bitious young English Canadian wishes to
possess. It has filled — or at least sparkled

What is there new,
that renders
the old way of
seeing things old?

Bill 101 was the fruit of a situation in
which English dominated in Quebec, and
showed its domination most clearly in the
attraction it held for immigrants, who
chose English almost to a man. Almost to
a woman. And who did so even when they
spoke, say, Italian, with its closeness to
French. They felt English as stronger and
more practical, and through them a mi-
nority that didn’t have a very strong fer-
irate grew and grew nonetheless, and be-
lied very much as if the French language
simply wasn’t there. And the franc-
phones, the great majority of the society
in spite of this, suffered, for in it they saw
their poverty.

Bill 101 was born, too, from an inde-
pendence movement which dreamed, in
almost its insanity, of an expressly French
Quebec.

When we put it in this way, I think, we
have to see a remarkable moderation in
Bill 101. For the law never aimed at elimi-
nating all official swagsmen for English;
though severe, it was legislation of com-
promise and prudence, with raising the
price of changing Quebec as one of its con-
cretes. Specially, it left an English school
system very much in existence.

What did it seek to do, rather, was to
turn things around for the French lan-
guage. To give French a boost. To make it,
anyway, a coveted thing, a desired posses-
sion, a necessity, if one wished to live in
Quebec. It one wished to grow in Quebec,
English still alive here; Italian still alive
there — fine. But let French become the
裔ent, the interchange, so that everyone
at least added it as a skill. Let the pressure
to learn shift from the shoulders of the
francophones to the non-francophones.

But that francophones still learn Eng-
lish and other languages? Why not, once
it was no longer a thing imposed?

“Make Montreal a French Toronto,”
I remember writing in a profile of Camille
Laurin I did in Saturday Night around that
time. “A French Isis.”
Still Dreaming of a Multicultural Canada

Chris Creighton-Kelly

As the spectacle of our vibrant (maybe soon violent?) saucy loons over Vancouver, this "Asian" metropolis sitting, as it were, on the coast of the Pacific Rim, it might be prudent to poke about in the Liberal closets and dust off the skeleton marked "Multiculturalism." Are there any vital signs of life here? Is this a body politic worth exhuming? The skeleton rears, "I am alive and well and Canada has a new Multiculturalism Act as of July 1988... C'est quoi le probleme?"

It's a kind of like the way you move spring day on Commercial Drive.

Two women walk arm in arm, a bruised underfoot. They are laughing intimately. It seems to have something to do with desire. Two pourish Vietnamese guys in an old rusty green Datsun break and smile at this open display of pleasure. The driver turns the radio, the other yells. The car slows and the smile approaches a conventional feel. The shorter woman baskets back while her partner silently gives them the finger. Fear and power seem minimal here; but then, it's 2:30 in the afternoon. More laughter all around... and who is laughing whom? The car scruches away. The women turn into a cappuccino bar. Seven blocks up the Drive a huge 18-storey commercial development looms, its long shadow casting doubt on the future of this multicultural neighbourhood. There is no laughter; this is not a joke.

From Out West

So what is multiculturalism? The Act itself is full of unreflective cultural lines between a genuine "monoculture"... a vision which is greater than "ethnics" (ethnics in reverse). Such a dream of reality, however, could lead to power relations and cultural minorities collective relations to a like the Canada Council for Communications Canada.
So what is multiculturalism, anyway? The Act itself states that "multiculturalism reflects the cultural and racial diversity of Canadian society and acknowledges the freedom of all members of Canadian Society to preserve, enhance and share their cultural heritage." Fine, but government hotlines about celebrating diversity ring hollow against the backdrops of mass cutbacks to English-as-a-second-language courses, more restrictive immigration laws and eliminations of curricula designed to fight racism.

We as citizens need to continue to imagine a Canada (many Canadians think of a genuine "mosaic," a whole society which is greater than the sum of its "ethnics"—ethnics in relation to what?—parts. Such a dream cannot be made a reality, however, without understanding the power relations among various racial and cultural minorities, and in turn their collective relations to cultural institutions like the Canada Council, the CBC, Communications Canada, etc.

But this understanding is only the beginning. As we know, as all frontiers have throughout history, this tradition is significant. But we also know that the weight of certain traditions (eg. patriarchy) can be oppressive. Such is the real dilemma for people with roots in other places or, in the case of native people, in either times, how much to keep? What to discard? So much of our postmodern lives have been spun breaking with the past. As a result, we live in a society where images are decontextualized and dehistoricized. White pop musicians use third world makers as exotic backdrops for their rock videos. That food is in vogue for greasy yuppies, reggae music sells shampoo. In a world where any image can mean anything, most images are used to make money. In our desire to discard the yoke of tradition and roots culture, in our attempts to forge a merely emperor’s new-clothes, "progressive" postmodernism, we have thrown the multicultural baby out with the bath water.

The Italian delicatessens and coffee bars have been the longest. Lately a few of the owners have been rearranging the security mirrors and cash registers. They complain about the Chinese and Punjabi kids flipping off their goods after school. All kinds of children have always stolen from these stores but now it seems only Indian kids do. It dovetails nicely with the "Pan-Kong" graffiti sprouting up in other, white areas of the city. But on the Drive, an earnest community activist is buying some hot smoked capicola and a few olives. He goes on about losing the neighbourhood to gentrification. The Italian owner doesn’t bat a lash, pontificating about all the people who have come and gone, and anyway new people mean new business. His wife does the menu, slowly. He says he makes a lot of money from the Lotto machine now and nobody can steal that from him. The community activist asks him about buying the building and he laughs... why would he want this beat up old place? He’s got first option on a new deli location opening up in the Fraser Valley. B.C. is a big place, he says, no need to worry, lots of room. The capicola is neatly wrapped, icen coins are exchanged. the activist hurries out. The street teens where there lots of room in this neighbourhood anymore?

Even for those of us who want to "do" multiculturalism, there remains a host of unanswered questions. The "fine art" tradition of the college-educated elite sets arbitrary standards not only for dominant culture, but for reference, for all cultural expression regardless of origin. Sometimes ethnic or regional cultures seem amateurish by these standards. They lack the urban slickness, the glib sophistication, the arrogance of the metropolis. The cultural bureaucracy must clean up its own act if it is serious about a real multicultural society. People from visible minorities must be on the stage, in books, arts administration, on juries and other consultative bodies, making programming decisions.

And do we want arts policy that hives off special ghetto funding programmes for minorities or do we want integration? Or both? Or neither? And do we want to insist that young people "celebrate" their roots when they want to be integrated or at least hybrid? Perhaps they would not feel the need to assimilate so quickly if they could live their ethnicity without harassment and prejudice.

And who "owns" minority images and history anyway? Can sympathetic white persons make or use aboriginal images in their work in an effort to express their "nativeness"? Do they need permission? From whom? And what happens to work staged out of its cultural context? An Indo-Canadian play on farm workers and pesticides reads differently at a Punjabi community centre; at a folk festival and at a mainstream professional theatre. How do we assess it totally out of context on stage or in a gallery and do it "in context?"

You used to find Hoeve in the park selling salmon out of the trunk of his car. Hoeve is always in trouble with the law and tells great stories about how to evade cops, even now where he just bailed out of a courtroom and ran hard and they didn’t catch him. But these days he can’t even sell his fish, which he claims have no poison in them because they come from streams where white people don’t go. The cops will only let Hoeve give them away. So he “gives them away” for other food and the odd beer, curing the situations, delaying the law but not breaking it, re-inventing an old/new way of bartering. Up the Drive, the new money is coming. It leaves no barrier.

Finally, how multicultural can one person really be? Can we truly experience all cultures? Canada’s peoples are not simply a mongrelized common "costumes" and dialects. For many of us it takes a lifetime just figuring out our own roots and what they mean. To eliminate racism we need understanding rather than tolerance. We also need defiance and imagination.

Chris Cutler is a Canadian artist and writer who lives in the East End of Vancouver. He refers to "de" multiculturalism, and will be writing "From Old Ring", a regular column in Borderlines.
Nixon in China
The Dream of Democracy

Rick McGinnis

In The Chinese Difference, his blantly cynical memoir of the 1972 Chinese Summit, journalist Joseph Kraft recounts this fairly familiar scenario:

"The two men [Nixon and Chou En-Lai] leave the Great Hall of the People walking side by side but not speaking. As they go downstairs, Mr. Nixon suddenly sees the TV cameras. He begins moving his lips as if in conversation, but if he is saying anything, it does not engage the interpreter."

Twelve years later, poet Alice Goodman, stage director Peter Sellars and composer John Adams began work together on a three-act opera to be written in thematic couples. The subject: the 1972 summit. Given the tenuousness that has characterized Sellars's career — casting Don Giovanni as a junkie, setting Handel's Orlando in Cape Canaveral and on Mars — it was expected that Nixon in China would be an irreverent satire on the soon-to-be-disgraced president. Far from it — the far more sober personalities of Adams and Goodman dominated the finished opera, which premiered at the Houston Grand Opera in the fall of 1987.

It's one thing to say that there's little tradition for explicit political content in contemporary operas, it's another to realize that there's little tradition for contemporary opera. Of Adam's minimalist contemporaries, only Phillip Glass has produced a body of operatic work, of which the most overtly political, Satyagraha, swathed its subject — Mahatma Gandhi — in the imagistic metaphysics that typify Glass's recent work; half-Garduff, half-beach-shop. There have been, of course, other political operas written in the last 40 years, but the lifespan of contemporary opera is short — one commissioned pro-

duction followed by a quickly sketched recording, at best. Nixon in China has made it this far, and from the evidence at hand — reviews of the production as it played in Houston and New York, and the subsequent recording made under Adam's supervision (Nonesuch 9 79177) — Nixon in China has turned out to be more than a facile political revue with pegged-down music. Taking their cue from the Kraft anecdote above, Adams, Goodman and Sellars have steered long enough at the familiar rituals of statecraft, seeing past the mundane and giving shape to more ambiguous mechanisms of power.

In a short essay that accompanies the libretto, Goodman states that by mutual agreement with Adams, the character of the opes would be "heroic," and that "the heroic quality of the work as a whole would be determined by the eloquence of each character in his or her own argument." Embarking on her research, Goodman decides that "having started out ignorant, I was not going to become wise after the fact..." and so she makes an effort to avoid reading any material published after 1972, in effect giving Nixon the benefit of the doubt.

The opera begins on the airfield outside Peking, and Adams music sets the tone immediately, missing minimalism for its atmospheric potential and creating, like so many old film scores, a sense of mystery and urgency. The Nikons' plane enters in the midst of a thundering set of crescendos, dwells at its peak just long enough for the Nikons to emerge and create theلتאהבבג גוסנש, Hen descended the walkway to where Chou En-Lai waits for them. Chou is eloquent and assertive, while Nixon's voice breaks and stutters, making the "nervous small talk" that Kraft notes in his memoir. As he is taken down the reception line, Nixon launches into an attack, the first of many in the opera, that lifts out of the realistic action and dialogue and into near abstract expressions of emotion and imagery. It's not an innovation — arias have suspended stage action since Monteverdi — but the imagery employed by Goodman and Glass speaks the language of journalism and geopolitics into unruly purple, romantic verse (no criticism, these stars contain some of Goodman's best writing), Nixon sings:

"...The Eastern Hemisphere Beckoned to us and we have flown East of the sun, west of the moon Across an ocean of distrust Filled with the bodies of our lost..."

Keeping in mind the amplifications im-

plied in the word and progression from the in Nixon's own story:

"I knew that Chou was killed by Foster Dulles, that he broke with the Eisenhower Conference in 1953, the boiling point of extending to the point of extending toward him. When we ended and agreed the Star Spangled Banner sounded to stirring, wind-swept accents.

Communist China

These are the words of the man who is lived in the public imagination. The citation, and Nixon's own, seems to propel his or her across the ocean to Canada and climax in sending Nixon reeling like a tarmac under a bender.

Whereas the first scene, and his reverie on the first scene, the disruption and a hint to come. It was never

should meet the Allende summit, and the Shanghai Communists. Nixon and Kissinger by and by Adams launches the epistle that is hailed to Max's lines are echoed by the metaphors, and dwells on specific issues wranglings, peace and talks, breaks down completely into a munificent one of the refulgent "I'm lost" over and over dominates the scene, won't see him again has proven itself, a bulwark patch of history a raft of words, notation, to be more or less logic than either Nixon.

The first act of this opera begins with enunciation of a protocol — a diad and a sightseeing picture turn that propelled the world and onto the stage is statecraft. Pat Nixon glass factory, a pig fac-
plied in the wood oven, it’s a natural
propinquity from the sentiments expressed in Nixon’s own memoirs:

“I knew that Chou had been deeply in-
sulted by Rostow Dulles’s refusal to
shake hands with him at the Geneva
Conference in 1954. When I reached
the bottom step, therefore, I made a
point of extending my hand as I walked
forward. When our hands met, one
resumed and another began: ‘The
Star Spangled Banner’ had never
sounded so stirring to me as on
that wind-swept runway in the heart
of Communist China.’

These are the words of someone whose life is
lived in the public eye, whose every ac-
ction is symbolic. The summit is a rec-
cognition, and Nixon’s whole life force
seems to propel his outstretched hand
across the ocean to Chou, where they
cross and clink in the national anthem,
seeing Nixon reeling as he crosses the
yardarm under a barrage of introduc-
tions.

Whereas the threat of Nixon’s arrival
and his reverse on the airlift are the
focus of the first scene, the second scene
shows dissolution and a hint of greater
clouds to come. It was never definite that Nixon
should meet the ailing Mao during the
summit, and since the greater part of the
Shanghai Communique was drafted by
Chou and Kissinger behind the scenes, the
meeting would be mostly symbolic.

Adams launches the scene with an urgent
pique that is felt with the first words:
Mao’s lines are echoed by a trio of inter-
preters who will sit next to Kissin-
ger, Chou, and Nixon speak, building
a babel of mistranslating. Mao speaks in
metaphors, and deflects Nixon’s overtures
on specific topics with philosophical mus-
ings, puns and riddles. Communication
breaks down completely and voices de-
send into a murmur as Kissinger, the epi-
tome of the nudge-and-diplomat, mutters,
“I’m lost” over and over. Mao clearly
dominates the scene, and though we
won’t see him again until the third act, he
has proven himself, as he rides over a tur-
bulent patch of history being created with
a raft of words, auto-summarizing as he
goes, to be more in control of the drama’s
logic than either Nixon or Kissinger.

The first act ends and the second
begins with exchanges of the most mu-
dane protocol — a diplomatic banquet
and a sightseeing photo op. The momen-
tum that propelled the Nixons into China
and onto the stage is lost in the rituals
of statecraft. Pat Nixon is taken on a tour of
a glass factory, a pig farm, a People’s clinic,
and the Summer Palace, where she stops
and steeps an aura full of disparate, ab-
tact imagery, evoking an America of truck
stops, families at dinner, the Unknown
Soldier rising from his tomb and “the
eagle nested on the bare door.” As if re-
sponding to an audience shouting in their
ears under the weight of so much staged
protocol, she says, “...let coalition dull the
edge of mortality,” the most striking of
the homilies that the Nixons repeat to
themselves as they struggle through an
increasingly alienating experience.

As act two ends the Nixons attend a
performance of Madame Mao’s revolution-
ary ballet “The Red Detachment of
Women.”

Kissinger appears as a
brutal, lecherous, land-
lord’s factotum, and the
Nixons find themselves
unable to distinguish
between theatre and
reality, as Pat intervenes
in the action to con-
front the proletarian
heroine. Just as chaos
breaks loose, the Nixons
standing drenched by
a staged rainstorm, Mme
Mao stands up to de-
 deliver an aria full of bitter
imagery and zealous re-
 volutionary sentiment.

In conventional drama, this is far too late
a point to introduce a major character, but
with the lines between history and dra-
matic licence erased, the audience is en-
 couraged to view events unfolding as if in
the media, where consideration of dra-
matic structure is superfluous — the sub-
 ject has dictated the form.

Act three is a single scene, originally
scripted as yet another banquet, but
changed by Sellars during rehearsals to a
line of beds in a dormitory, where the
main characters have retreated, exhausted
physically and spiritually. A jaunty, Gerhi-
minerque theme asserts itself then loses its
momentum in the poignant rhythms of the
scene. Chou I-lai and the two
couples romances, Mme Mao and the
Chairman dances a foxtrot, then recall the
hardships of the Long March. The Nixons
are left on a less-than-grand note — the
president recalling a hamburgh steak he
ran in the South Pacific during the war,
Chou is given a final aria full of regret and
doubt: “How much of what we did seem
good? Everything seems to move beyond
our remedy.” The opera ends on a quiet
resolution, a single violin completing an
apogee.

Goodman has remained true to his
word — there isn’t the slightest allusion to
Watergate, he has treated the Chinese
Summit for what it was, the decisive in-
ning salvo in Nixon’s campaign for re-elec-
tion — a photo op. Nixon himself didn’t
see this at the time, as Kraft recalls the
Chinese resignation in the face of Nixon’s
anxieties for results. It wouldn’t be for
another five years, after Nixon’s disgrace
and the death of both Mao and Chou, that
diplomatic ties would be established be-
tween the countries, paving the way for a
tentative Chinese embrace of capitalism.

As Mao mutters to his secretaries at the
end of his meeting with Nixon: “Founders
come first, then profits.”

Goodman has also chosen to ignore
the context of the summit, and has Mao
cheats Vietnam quickly in the same
scene. In the end, Nixon & China has more
to do with Reagan-era media politics than
the last days of the active states. As
Nixon sings in his wired first aria: “They
watch us now/The three main networks
(colourful glow/Lived through the draped
to the lawn.” The event itself generates
an independent dynamic, rolling forward
mercilessly, exhausting its participants.
Reeling across the airfield, Nixon states:
“News news news news news news...Has he
has a has a has a mystery.” Both taking
part and watching himself, Nixon is drunk
on the spectacle. By the end of the opera
the Nixons seem unfettered for politics,
idealistic and bewildered by the roles they
have come to play. Chou’s final aria makes
him a spectator, too, wondering whether
any good will come of what they have
done. As the media, fragmented by editor-
ial bent and the demands of technology,
churns pieces together history for a
world full of spectators, we condition-
ourselves to our ultimate ignorance of what
really happened, and speculation after the
fact only breaks the event into mor-
sheds, each one more incapable of reflect-
ing the whole picture. Goodman, in giving
Nixon the historical benefit of the doubt,
acknowledges her own spectatorial
stance.

For all we care about the ‘72 summit,
the opera is about as much as the his-
torical event. Goodman’s Adams and Sel-
liers have given a face to the participants,
and a sympathetic one at that, but given
future productions, this might not be the
case. A director like Sellars can recast
Nixon & China in any shape, Nixon’s stut-
tering first aria and Pat’s mad leaps of im-
agery can form the basis of a political de-
monica, like the prologue, half-reading Nixon’s
Robert Altman’s Secret Service. As Chou
will never know the verdict on his life’s
work, Goodman and Adams will never
know the shapes the will take. By
changing the light on a historical event,
reworking it as a drama (or a nightmare),
the future directors of Nixon in China
give shape to a simulacra-like world, where
politics, democracy, communism and his-
tory are only as real as the next actor who
is cast as a politician.

Rick McGinnis is a photographer and writer based in
Toronto.
A Viewer's Guide to Kung Fu Films

Miriam Jones

The Hong Kong martial arts film industry is a cultural and commercial phenomenon which burgeoned in the last twenty-five years and peaked in the 1970s, when hundreds of films a year were produced. Southeast Asia has the highest per capita record of cinema attendance in the world. Some estimates go as high as three or four visits a week per person, though the impact of the increasing ownership of television sets is already lowering these figures. A significant proportion of these movie goers are expatriate Chinese.

Film production is assembly-line style, and the importance of there being an audience is explicit and not obscured, as it can be in the West, by considerations of art and authenticity. There are no author directors in Kung Fu movies, nor Kurosawa or Sergio Leone. Writers are practically non-existent, most directors either write the script themselves, or work in an improvisatory style from a half-finished storyline. Perhaps the two biggest producers through the 70s were Run Run Shaw for the Shaw Brothers, and Raymond Chow for Golden Harvest.

The production values of these movies are generally suspect to all but the lowest budget Hollywood films. The format is traditional, accessible, and lighthearted; the events unfold in chronological order, and the few flashbacks are calmly delineated. They are shot in black and white, or are tinted, or shot at a slower speed. Cinematic artistry is not much in vogue as the convenience of solid, recognisable sets. These films bear a close relationship to traditional Chinese theater, ballet, and opera, all of which give them their unique theatrical formalism. Most of the movies are variations on a few basic scenarios: renegade monks fighting oppressive Manchus, rival martial arts schools, or heroes seeking revenge for wrongs done to them or their families. Given the number of films and their formal limitations, it is inevitable that they become at once self-conscious and self-reflexive, designed to be judged on their treatment and variation of the basic, easily recognized devices.

Kung Fu is not only of interest to martial artists and members of action gangs; its appeal is far more popularly based. Kung Fu is culturally inscribed with all that is inaccurately and implausibly Chinese, and it is difficult to view it outside the context of the long history of foreign imperialism and oppression of the Chinese people. The earliest antecedents of Kung Fu are alleged to be over four thousand years old. The form is popularly believed to have originated in its modern guise at the Shaolin Temple in Hunan province of China, a cultural centre where Zen Buddhism and wu (martial virtue) were practiced. Kung Fu practitioners believe that all the martial arts begin in Shaolin.

Kung Fu developed from Shaolin temple boxing, which was originally a "soft" martial art, like Judo and Aikido, with an emphasis on circular, deflective movements. It turned into a "hard" style — meaning an emphasis on attacks and direct force — during the Manchu invasion of the Ming dynasty in 1643.

Racial and national codes are highly determined, particularly in the costume films. The story of the defeat of the Shaolin temple, for example, is a mainstay of Kung Fu movies. In order to quell the monks' equivocation to their takeover of the Chinese Ming dynasty, the Manchus attacked the temple and burnt it to the ground. Tradition has it that most of the elder monks chose to die in the temple, but many of the younger ones escaped and continued to offer scattered resistance to the Manchu oppressors and fight for Chinese unity and nationalism. Shaolin is a symbol for the entire people to paint a largely expurgated Chinese audience for its mythic nature; even when the temple is not part of the narrative, Kung Fu itself evokes its significance.

Western audiences are perhaps most familiar with the story of the Shaolin temple from the 70s television show Kung Fu, which continues in late night reprints. David Carradine played a renegade Shaolin monk who wandered through the American west in the 1870s in a New Age-meets-Hitler Ignatz blend of the Kung Fu and Western genres. A symbol of Chinese traditionalism and nationalism was transformed into an archetypal story of rugged individualism with an exotic twist. Carradine's enemies were not the enemies of his people; they were his alone.

A second level of mythic codification has grown up around the Kung Fu genre itself, most spectacularly in the figure of Bruce Lee. With the exception of some French film critics, Western cultural and academic writers have largely ignored Kung Fu cinema, with the result that much of the peripatetic material in English is generated "for house," for a martial arts rather than a general film-going audience. In this literature, Lee is often credited with single-handedly popularizing the genre, and the martial arts themselves. In the West, aside from his incredibly successful films, he was an innovator in Kung Fu fighting and one of the first to maintain the need for the martial artist to achieve general health, strength and fitness, when she had bitterly focused almost exclusively on the development of skill. Most accounts of Bruce Lee are biographical, with the requisite inaccuracies and omissions.

There was considerable controversy over his death. He died of a cerebral edema at the age of thirty-two, perhaps brought on by an allergic reaction to the pain killers he was taking. His death was further complicated by the fact that it occurred in the apartment of a woman other than his wife.

FISTS OF FURY (Golden Harvest, 1971) — This is one of Bruce Lee's first movies, he plays a young man from the country who begins work at a small factory, only to discover that the workers are mistreated and the bosses corrupt. Violence erupts after the bosses have one of the workers killed and attempt a cover-up. Fists of Fury is a good example of the perennial Kung Fu theme of the individual battling a corrupt power structure. Although the plots are similar, the prevalence of

The next important films is, in the words of Robert Clouse (Enter the Dragon)

Angela Mao, a cute, musical artist (but not Bruce Lee) in one scene, she is the fight where Bob W. pursued and try to committed suicide, she was paid a gun... two long days: the few films for Golden Harvest, understood her too no one around the tell her. She was very easy to work with, English this language any actor from Asia.

Underrated and under the racism of Hollywood, Hong Kong, Mao has the flourishing martial arts: 70s: she is the major role in a world where idiocy codified and Non-usual co-star, example femenine womanhood. Kung Fu and unimportant are a welcome contrast to cinematic films. With essentially feminine, the same strong resilient, or in love interest, keep heroic tradition.

LADY KUNG FU (Golden Harvest, 1973) This movie is set in the world of Japanese occupation, the play of three Kow leaves their teacher to school. They are attacked by a lessor of a talent school in the triumphs, through her killed. She herself stop... just as there are movies between styles itself, so is there others, schools of martial arts students in a Kung Fu style learned with bullying, judo and karate.

1. Robert Clouse, the actor
2. Drunken (Drunken, California Publications) 1987, 116 pages

8
the theme of oppressed workers, we can extrapolate about the working class interests of the audience.

After Lee's death, Golden Harvest put out his final filmed film, *Game of Death*, with another actor playing the slightly longer role (standing in for back shots, and clay models of different coloured film stock cut in for frontal shots). Several other cannibalistic films were made which claimed to star Bruce Lee, but used old footage, and pretentious titles of that. The hole that Lee's death made in the film industry was suddenly apparent, and promoters squeezed every last cent out of his name. One movie even used footage from his funeral.

Where were you when Bruce Lee died?

The next important figure in Kung Fu films is, in the words of American director Robert Clouse (*Enter the Dragon*),

*Angela Mao, a cute little Chinese martial artist (who) was a joy to work with.*

In one scene, he had a memorable fight with Bob Wall and his bullies pursued and threatened her until she committed suicide. For all her talent, she was paid a grand total of $100 for two long days' work. She made many films for Golden Harvest and never understood her true worth. Of course, no one around the studio was about to tell her. She was very unassuming and easy to work with, though she spoke no English. This language barrier hampers any actor from Asia.

Underestimated and underpaid, the victim of the racism of Hollywood and the sexism of Hong Kong, Mao is a unique position in the flourishing martial arts cinema of the 70s: she is the major woman martial artist.

In a world where gender roles are rigidly codified and Nina Mui, Bruce Lee's usual co-star, exemplifies the ideal of shy, feminine, womanishness, Mao's acrobatic Kung Fu and uncompromising characters are a welcome contrast. She usually stars in costume films. While appearing quintessentially feminine, her characters have the same strong resolve as the Kung Fu heroes. If there is a hero in her films, he remains secondary, and the earth has a love interest, in keeping with the chaste heroic tradition.

**LADY KUNG FU (Golden Harvest, 1971)** - This movie is set in the 1950s at the time of the Japanese occupation. Angela Mao plays one of three Kung Fu students who leave their teacher to set up their own school. They are attacked by the members of a karate school in the same town. Mao triumphs, though her fellow teachers are killed. She herself kills a Chinese collaborator. Just as there are distinctions in the movies between styles within Kung Fu itself, so is there often a focus on rival schools of martial arts. Teachers and students in a Kung Fu school must often contend with bullying rivals from schools of judo and karate. Since the latter arts are

*Japanese, the whole history of Japanese imperialism against China is evoked. The Chinese are inevitably portrayed as villains who attempt to conquer and diminish the Chinese, and these dynamics are played out through rivalry between schools. The story Kung Fu artist who faces and vanquishes an entire school of karateka (practitioners of karate) is a familiar set piece. So common is this theme that some Hong Kong actors have made a career of playing evil Japanese stock characters. Individual actors become identified with certain types of roles, and once established, easily shift discourses. The collaborator, either with the Manchus, or later with the Japanese, is also a stock figure.*

Some other important films are: **RETURN OF THE DRAGON** (*Golden Harvest/Concorde, 1972*) - Bruce Lee goes to Rome to help the owner of a Chinese restaurant who is beaten by gangs. Chuck Norris gets his big break in this film by playing a mercenary who is brought in to fight Lee. When he steps off the plane in his bell bottoms, tight polyester shirt opens to the waist and aviator sunglasses, the audience knows who he is. Although he and Lee are enemies, they recognize each other's prowess, and manage to make-bread before Norm is offed in the climactic duel in the Roman Colosseum.

**THE CHINESE CONNECTION** (*Golden Harvest, 1972*) - Lee is reported to have gone to see screenings of his own movies in disguise. He described to Robert Clouse a screening of *The Chinese Connection*, another film which features individual resistance to the Japanese occupation. A rival Japanese martial arts school challenges the Chinese Kung Fu school by taunting the Chinese as "the sick men of Asia." Lee reported that the audience was silent at this point, as the insult hit too close to home. Later, when the Chinese character goes to the Karate dojo and single-handedly defeats all the karateka, then declares to the scattered bodies, "The Chinese are not the sick men of Asia," the Hong Kong audience appears to burst into pandemonium. A nervous voice at the end of the film, Lee's character chooses death rather than submission to the authorities, and is shot in a freeze frame in mid-air as he leaps at a group of armed soldiers. In another iconic image from the film, Lee kicks to pieces a sign harrng "dogs and Chinese" from a public park. Lee is partially wounding attaining his own myth in the Chinese Connection, but he is also tapping into a rich cultural self-affirmation.

**CHINESE HERCULES** (Kai Fu Film Company, 1973) - This is another film about the exploits of the乌鲁木 Dai "Chinese Hercules," played by Young Sai, is hired by the foreman of a small shipping dock to keep the workers in line. After injuring many of the workers and killing one of them, he is finally defeated by one martial artist. Young Sai was also the villain in *Enter the Dragon*. The coding of hired talent in Kung Fu movies betrays a structure based on race and nationality. Russians are only bided by the villains. Black Americans are exotic, and can be either good (Jim Kelly in *Enter the Dragon*) or bad (Kazem Shabb in *Game of Death*). Either way, they are expendable. White Americans are often hired as mercenaries. Common also are white heroes in Hong Kong, to the extent that the Chinese hero is displaced, as in the recently released American Bloodsport, an ultimately racist film about two American

*Can martial artists, one a gymanst and the other a boxer. These two make-bread in a way unheard of outside the family in Hong Kong films and defeat the psycho-pathic Chinese fighter who is again portrayed by Yeung See.*

**ENTER THE DRAGON** (*Warner Bros./Golden Harvest, 1973*) - In this first Hong Kong/Hollywood co-production, Bruce Lee is sent to expose a drug lord who, not incidentally, is responsible for the suicide of Lee's sister. Even though this film had a relatively high budget, the fight scenes take place in open spaces or courtyards and involve minimal damage to props. This is usually the case in Kung Fu films because the materials, which are usually barbed-wire and very flimsy, are used over and over again. There is no breakaway furniture or sugarplums: In *Enter the Dragon*, Bruce Lee cuts his hand in a fight scene and required twelve stitches, because a real bottle was used as a weapon. To prepare for the prison scene, carpenters hand-sanded wood to make the bars, because dowling was too expensive than labour. Extras were hired for a few dollars a day, and often slept on the set, and the stage manager complained because they were eating the props for the banquet scene. Many of these extras were Triads (gangs), and when the scene called for large numbers of extras and they couldn't all be recruited from one Triad, the line between cinema and reality blurred as the extras continued to fight after the director yelled "cut." The extras in the prison scene were street people, and were paid less than the fight-scene extras. Director Robert Clouse had trouble hiring women for the film, as the Hong Kong actresses would apparently not play prostitutes, and so he had to hire real prostitutes for HK$150 a day, more than Angela Mao got paid to play Lee's sister. So even

David Carradine in the west

though the plot of the film is escapist and mythic, and even though the production was criticized by purists because of its Western elements, it does reflect the experienced reality of Hong Kong in a very immediate way.

THE FIVE DEADLY VENOMS (Shaw Brothers, 1978) — There are many schools and styles of Kung Fu, some very posti-

not necessarily historically accurate, but are recognizable as being somehow traditionally "Chinese."

STREET GANGS OF HONG KONG (Shaw Brothers, 1979) — This is the story of a young working class man who is tempted by the world of organized crime. It is intriguing in its authentic street locations and depictions of restaurant work. The Kung Fu hero is usually more contextualized than the hero of the Western, while the latter lives in splendid isolation in the open frontier society, the Kung Fu hero lives in overcrowded Hong Kong, or in a close-knit village or monastic community, and so is part of a complex and inescapable social order which he must interact with while remaining true to his personal code. He is generally working class, as is his audience, and is instantly perceived to be so through shared codes of meaning. In Hong Kong gangster films the characters face a more complex, Westernized world, and humor is more difficult. The themes of nationalism and imperialism of the historical films are sublimated into a background of sex, drugs and disco; gangster films are the stories of individuals caught up in the insidious machinery of organized crime. They retain certain similarities to the costume films, however; martial arts are used instead of guns, and the world is still divided into heroes and villains.

DIRTY HO (Hong Kong, 1979) — This is a very bizarre film about a man who does well who becomes the disciple of the Emperor's beard. A comedy with insinuating theatrical elements and considerable slapstick, it is so stylized that it is almost inaccessible to a Western audience. The dubbing, which always serves to scuttle the remaining shards of our suspension of disbelief, is here even more stilted than usual. The fight scenes are so tightly choreographed that the performative element becomes part of the text of the film. The slowed action, the build-up of the traditional late music counterposed to the ironic ritual between the characters, and the synecdocheballistic quality of the movements, all indicate the evolution of a highly parodic, culturally circumscribed genre form.

At this point, you are now ready to watch some Kung Fu movies. Start with Bruce Lee's films, for they are more commercial, and thus more culturally accessible to the West. Check the television guide: martial arts are usually on very late at night. Don't be sidetracked by films starring Charles Bronson or things with titles like American Ninja. Hold out for the genuine article. At first sight Kung Fu movies may seem tedious to Western viewers: they are repetitive and stiff, they have no plot, are low budget, etc. etc. Upon further viewing, however, these simple narrative codes offer endless permutations and nuances, complicated by the tension between the cultural significance and the extremely commercial nature of the films. In fact, it is the interplay between the B grade elements of these films and their cultural coding which provides for much of the fascination for Kung Fu cultists.

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across borders/between lines

BORDER/LINES

Border/Lines is an interdisciplinary magazine about art, culture and social movements. We publish writing from many different positions, and we are 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 and is published four times a year by a Toronto-based collective.

EDITORIAL ADDRESS:
183 BATHURST STREET
#301
TORONTO, ONTARIO
CANADA M5T 2R7
(416) 360-5749

BETHUNE COLLEGE, YORK UNIVERSITY,
4700 KEELE STREET
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BUSINESS ADDRESS:
Tikkun and the Reawakening of Jewish Liberalism

Jodi Galbo
Photos by Paula Rhodes

With no sign of the Palestinian intifata abating, a growing number of North American Jewish groups have been calling for a political solution to the Palestinian problem. Included among them is a new periodical on politics, culture & society, Tikkun.

Tikkun, which in Hebrew means to mend, repair, and transform the world, is a bi-monthly journal that began publishing in 1986. Since this time the magazine has made a name for itself for its peculiar synthesis of liberal ideals, religion, feminism, and its critique of neo-conservatism. Tikkun advertises itself as the liberal alternative to the Jewish neo-conservative journal Commentary. The claim is not inaccurate but like other forms of self-advertising it warrants close scrutiny.
It is not easy to summarize Tikkun’s editorial views without some oversimplification; nevertheless, some clear principles can be identified. On the issue of the intifada, Tikkun wants Israel to begin negotiations that would create an independent and demilitarized Palestinian state and has strongly criticized the writers of Commentary for looking obediently in the footsteps of the Israeli government in matters of Middle East policy.

In its overall politics, Tikkun wants to retrieve the political territory ceded to the Right. Michael Lerner, the editor of Tikkun, and Christopher Lasch, a contributing editor, have been the chief exponents of this position. Currently, they argue, the Right has been able to articulate the problems that touch a large majority of people. It is the Right who talk about the family, religion, spirituality, ethics, and values, and as a result they have found an opening which has allowed them to monopolize the language of religion and community. Recognizing the appeal of conservative values to a large part of the American population, Tikkun now wants to steal the Right’s rhetorical thunder.

At the same time Tikkun is trying to dispel the idea that Jews have thrown their lot in with the conservative forces. Jews in America continue to show an affinity for liberal and reformist causes, notes Lerner. But the same cannot be said about a number of prominent Jewish intellectuals and the leadership of Jewish organizations, which Lerner asserts is a conservative elite that has a vastly disproportionate influence over what gets said on behalf of the Jewish community.

The conference

It was partly to counter the rhetoric of the Right and the influence of a highly organized Jewish conservative leadership that Tikkun was founded. In December 1988 the editor also launched their first conference, which drew widely with the reconstitution of American Jewish liberalism. For these days Jews from all across the United States and Canada met in the Penta Hotel in mid-Mahattan in order to hear speeches, arrange, network, celebrate, and work to build a coalition that would effectively challenge the political and cultural hegemony of the Right in the United States and, importantly, in Israel.

A three-day conference with over 60 sessions is almost impossible to cover in a systematic way, especially when the conference itself did not offer a clear and coherent focus, but only the sparse outline for the beginning of new dialogues. There were sessions on the relationships between Jews and Jews, the Cold War, Religious Fundamentalism, Feminism and Judaism, the Israeli, and the new political and cultural position on Israel. At the conference, the Left, Modernism, Lesbian and Gay Jews, and the Political Strategies of the Left, much of my time was spent going to sessions in which I had a personal interest, and speaking to other participants who though unsure about their own position towards Tikkun, felt that many old-line North American Jewish groups and publications no longer spoke for them.

Tikkun’s editorial offices are in Oakland California. “Being in the West is in many ways useful. It makes us mysterious,” said associate editor Peter Gabel, but he added “if the magazine is to grow we need to do better in eastern cities.” By having the conference in New York City Tikkun was trying to strengthen its eastern ties. And adding variety and fresh perspectives to the conference were many speakers from the academic and literary community of the East, especially from the editorial board of Dissent magazine, one of the bastions of the New York Jewish Left.

The urgent need for alternatives, the concerns of the conference, and the excellent advertising drew over 1800 people to the gathering: more than three times the number that the organizers had expected. The participants included academics, activists, artists, students, politicians, feminists, and union leaders. The number of women in the audience was significantly large yet there was no day care provided a glaring omission for a group that is trying to support women’s issues and recruit women contributors.

Overall, there was a general mood of excitement, as if at last the isolation and the walls of silence within a segment of the Jewish community were being shaken. The intellectual vitality found at the session was notably high though as a whole great disagreements were scotched. Since the conference was designed to lessen differences and being a wide range of liberal-leaning Jews together, the organizers were particularly concerned not to stir the fires of controversy. They were highly successful, but the price that they had to pay was to muffle some sharp questioning of Tikkun’s values from the Left.

Bashing the neo-conservative Commentary

New York City was the logical choice for yet another reason as it is the home of Commentary. For a little more than a decade we have all watched the rise of the political fortunes of the cutters of New York Jewish intellectuals who have propelled the neo-conservative movement. The most notable among them being Irving Kristol, Midge Decter, and Norman Podhoretz. Podhoretz began his career with Commentary in the early sixties at a time when cold war liberal anti-communism was at a low point. Over the years, and especially under Podhoretz’s editorial direction, Commentary went through first a narrowing and then a reversal of its liberal position. Coming from a tradition of cold war Democratic politics, it was easy for Podhoretz to make a transition to the Right.

Both Kristol and Podhoretz have now become the chief voices of neo-conservatism. Kristol is a senior fellow for the American Enterprise Institute, a conservative think-tank. Podhoretz continues to oversee Commentary and is a member of the ultra hawk Committee for the Peace in the Middle East. While his wife, Midge Decter, contributes to Commentary and sits on the board of directors of the Heritage Foundation, a WASP, right wing anti-intellectual think-tank.

Part of the reason for the political role that Commentary, and indeed for the growth of Jewish conservatism, was the cold war, which disenchanted many Jewish intellectuals. More importantly, the status of Jews in America was rising. By the late 60s many Jews felt comfortable within the mainstream of American politics and society and that the dream of Jewish radicalism. In the first volume of his highly publicized memoirs, Making It, Podhoretz vividly remembers the personal and cultural undercurrents of Jewish assimilation in the 40s and 50s. Assimilation had been a “brutal bargain” where much of the ethos had to be given up in return for the economic and cultural opportunities which many Jews of Podhoretz’s generation quickly embraced. What spared us on, remembers Podhoretz, was “the lust for success,” which “had replaced sexual lust... especially for the writers, artists, and intellectuals among whom I lived and worked.”

If Podhoretz glosses over his triumph of “making it,” Tikkun editor Michael Lerner cautions against the false security of believing that once having “made it” Jews no longer need to feel connected to the Jewish world and its moral tradition of justice and insurrection. Neo-conservatives may win at such gamesmanship: the idea of the moralist as Jew is not currently fashionable. But thus far Tikkun continues to stress the links of Jewish spiritual identity with universal values, liberalism, and progressive ideas. This was the prevailing theme of the conference, and especially at
the banquet honouring Irving Howe and
novelist Grace Paley and Alfred Kazin, all
of whom continued to be outspoken crit-
critics during the chill of the cold war.

Jews & Palestinians

Irving Howe is the editor of Dissent magazine and has been a crucial player in the
Left community since the early 50s. An
urbane liberal, a literary stylist and a cos-
 mopoliian in his concern, Howe is the
essence of the New York intellectual. He is
also a stern critic of the Israeli handling of
the intifada and his banquet speech, he
focused on the double crisis faced by Jews;
the moral isolation of Israel and the moral
evasion by American Jews. Howe’s speech
accurately reflects the sentiments of many of the
talkers writers.

The leaders of the Jewish community,
said Howe, have organized too narrowly
for the defence of Israel and consequently
they are dominated by a mood of inhibi-
tion and repression. They have made Israel the
religion of American Jews because in a
sense Israel represents the last shred of
Jewishness the American Jews have left.
The worldly success of the American Jews
has had its price and now the community
is drained of its ground of being. American
Jews avoid any sustained effort at self-re-
flexion because it makes them feel that
they are no longer a people. As a conse-
quence, Howe contended, Israel has come to pro-
vide a stimulus for their own collective
experience to the extent that they are now
psychologically dependent on Israel for
their identity. Howe ended his speech by
focusing on the problem ahead.

The American Jewish organizations are trying
to finesse a deepening split within the
Jewish world. In the next few years, Howe
prophesied, there will be a war within the
Jewish community because of what is hap-
pening to the Palestinians. It will be a
heated and divisive war that will force
some people to pull out. But if Jews will
hold firm to universalist values, they need to
be prepared for a long and difficult
fight.

One of the more exciting sessions in the
Tikkun conference, and certainly one
that drew the most media attention, was a
Palestinian/American Jewish Roundtable.
Not only was this the opening session of
the conference, its was politically timely as
well. A week earlier, Yasir Arafat re-
iterated his message in Geneva before de-
gates of the UN that the PLO recognized
terrorism and recognized Israel’s right to
exist alongside a Palestinian state. Now,
in a room filled to capacity, Edward Said
and Ibrahim Abu-Lughod, both members of
the Palestinian National Council (PNC),
were outlining the importance of this step.
Theiry had given the term “two-state” a
political meaning, but what they proposed
was to once again explore the possibility of
a Palestinian state based on the 1949
Armistice Lines, a concept that had been
proposed by the UN in 1947 but was never
implemented.

A critical threshold had been crossed, said
Said. “The coexistence of a political view
within the PLO is clear and an important
political fact. The foundation of a Palestin-
ian state must be the result of negotiations
between the two parties directly in-
volved.”

Judging from the response, this was a
view which found a measured support
from the majority of the audience. During
the question period many were pressing
Said for political assurance that the PLO
would accept a de-militarized Palestinian
state. Said was often interrupted by such
questions because, he said, they could only
be answered at the negotiation table.

A subsequent session Michael Lerner
added rhetorical ballast to the idea of ne-
gotiation. What American Jews need to
Do, Lerner insisted, is to make their voices
heard. “We are not advocating support for
the PLO but the start of a peace initiative.”

Feminism

Tikkun’s position on a negotiated peace is
widely supported by its readers, yet in
other political and social issues there is no
clear consensus. This was particularly evi-
dent in the feminist sessions where there
was a sharp contrast between cultural
feminists whose link to Jewishness is es-
sential, and feminists who owed their all-
egation to secular political values and
rights. On the one side are women like
Phyllis Chesler, who chaired the Feminism
and Judaism session, and who along with a
group of other women took part in an
action in Israel that involved praying on
the Wailing Wall, where women are not
allowed. They talked mainly of the resil-
ience and intimidation they had to face,
and their struggle to broaden women’s role
within Judaism.

On the other side are women like Aan Salow, in the Feminist
Perspective session, whose political con-
sciousness as a feminist is linked, she said,
more with secularization than it is with
Judaism, and so felt that her concerns as
a secular feminist were being marginalized
in this conference. Session spoke of the
importance of stepping outside women’s
socially constructed roles and of being
conscious of the many factors that link
between ethnicity and feminism. The women’s issues crystal-
ized some of the obvious difficulties of
having a religious orientation to political
action. As a liberal Jewish magazine,
Tikkun has often taken the view that cul-
tural meaning (Jewishness) should be
given a privilege over a position that ar-
ges solely on behalf of secular political
rights. For many women and men, how-
ever, it is the struggle for rights that in-
forms their values and politics.

From Max Nordau to postmodernism

It was inevitable that somewhere in this
conference there would be a session that
addressed the virulently attacks on higher
education by Allan Bloom (see Books &
Lives 12). One of the more engaging speakers
in this session was Leon Botstein, presi-
dent of Bard College, who called Bloom the
“Max Nordau of the 20th century.”

The analogy between Max Nordau and
Allan Bloom was a long way in explain-
ing why Bloom could so effortlessly be-
come the willing guardian of a white, male
Western culture. Max Nordau was a Ger-
man Jew of the last century who wrote a
highly popular book in 1892 called Degene-
ration which maintained that the moder-
ers in art and literature lacked clarity and
self-discipline were incapable of up-
holding bourgeois moral standards.

The idea of degeneration provided the fuel
to the conservative concept of clarity, tradi-
tion and values. Bloom’s lament for the
souls of today’s students once again sets
public discussion firmly on conservative
ground. But more importantly, what both
Max Nordau and Allan Bloom have in
common as Jews, says Botstein, is a deep
anxiety of looking the “virility” and privile-
ges they had gained through assimila-
tion. Like many other American Jews,
Bloom was able to gain access to American
“high culture” through the benefits of an
open public school system. Now fearing a
threat to his status, he has become a war-
ior in the Kolhoffskampf and his defense of
“excellence” becomes in reality an argu-
ment against equal access to schooling.

The dismissal of Allan Bloom drew a
considerable audience and so did the ses-
sion on modernism, which, logically,
turned out to deal more with postmodern-
ism. Here Todd Gitlin, another contribut-
ing editor to Tikkun, made a Maelstrom-esque distinction between hot
and cool postmodernism. Cool postmod-
ernism ("Goyish") is not an artist’s style of
work which simply transcribes the impov-
erished experience of our current culture
and denies us an engagement with our
history and society. Hot postmodernism, by
contrast, suggests that something has
been re-coded by our obsession with mass
emotions and feelings. Hot postmodernism
that has therefore been very much in line
with which Jews have always been
associated. So characterized, hot postmod-
ernism is seen as an attack on a Jewish
esthetic sensibility and something of a raving point and battle cry for
This is not an easy time to be a leftist in America, and noise knows better than Michael Harrington. Harrington is America's leading socialist who is, as William F. Buckley Jr, once quipped, "like being at the tallest building in Topeka, Kansas." The political struggle to which Harrington has dedicated his life requires endurance, and given the current American realists, the proper political alliances with a broad coalition within the Democratic party. This was the substance of his talk at the strategy session on American politics, a session which highlighted some crucial differences between Tikkan's Jewish Liberalism and the political practices of the democratic Left.

Harrington reminded his audience that Jews can be critical of Jesse Jackson and how he ran his campaign — in fact one of Tikkan's regular contributors Paul Berman wrote a searing critique of Jackson's Hyatttown-Harlem affair — but they should not remove themselves from this programme because it is the only realistic, one available to deal with unemployment, homelessness, racism, and improvements in education. It is, however, a programme that needs to be complemented with bold ideas and new visions, particularly a new distribution of the wealth of the world and taking a critical view of the power distribution within the global economy.

The political strategy outlined by Harrington was set against a stark backdrop of American realities. During the past eight years, American organized labour has been savaged by Reagan to the point where only 14 percent of the workforce is now unionized. There are other problems as well and Frances Fox Piven, author of Why America's Secret Vote, pointed out some of the more glaring difficulties of American democracy. In the 1988 election just slightly more than 50 percent of the American electorate voted: one of the lowest turnouts in any democracy in the world. The U.S. is also the only country in the world where there are sharp differences between those who vote and those who don't. As a consequence, the underrepresented in politics are also the underclass in economic terms. The poor and the minorities are de facto disenfranchised. One of the key reasons why conservatives win elections in America is that the electoral base is so narrow that the two opposing parties stumble into each other for the same symbols and values: the often affirmed symbols of sectional, racism, and jingoism. If the Left is to make headway in American politics, says Piven, then it must work to change one of the most restrictive voter registration laws in the free world and continue to build a grass-root infrastructure in order to increase voter registration and turnout.

Yet it is the emphasis on the structural inequalities of the global economy and the building of grass-root political action that Peter Gabel, Tikkan's associate editor, finds suspect. He is more concerned with the ethical and psychological grounding of politics and critiques Harrington and Piven for being economic and technocratic. In a nutshell this is Tikkan's orientation: its base is ethical and religious. Ultimately it fails to have a clear critique of both the larger structural issues and the smaller community practices, and to compensate for its lack of experience relies on piecemeal notion of community and politics. Clearly, ideas about the family, religion and community should be assimilated into a Left politics, but with caution, with a mind open to pleasure and danger, and brimming with doubt. Often in Tikkan scepticism and caution yield to romantic ideas of "community," "Jewishness," and "family." And these see the most frequent flaw I find with the magazine and with some aspects of the conference.

What's left in America?

But such criticism is easy to make. With the current trend in the West towards the political Right, all leftists within the Left must do some serious strategic thinking about how to turn the political tide. Within this debate a magazine like Tikkan, and the conference that it sponsored which the planners are hoping to make an annual event, can play a constructive role. Tikkan's self-proclaimed goal is to enlarge the liberal vision of society and more specifically reaffirm a socially conscious role for Judaism in North America. It is a reasonable objective and one wishes them well. Nevertheless, Tikkan is in need of honest critics that can point to its idealistic excesses and its ill-founded optimism that intellectuals, and especially Jewish intellectuals, can transform the current political climate. Intellectuals are only part of the equation of political change and sometimes not a significant part at all. Russell Jacoby, who was present at the conference, reiterated a key point that he made in his recent book, The Lost Intellectuals (see BorderLine #1). "If the Tikkan conference," said Jacoby, "can prove to me that the spirit of the activist, left-leaning Jewish intellectual is not dead, then I would withdraw the book and re-mark it for $1.25." To Jacoby the long-term political record of the radical Jewish intellectual in America is not particularly remarkable. Despite some of the difficulties I have with the whole enterprise — its emphasis on ethnic meaning over political rights, and its polyvalent alliance on terms like "community" and "religion," which in a sense yields the political discourse to the reactionary right — Tikkan has shown that it has the energy of the individuals, the organizational skills, the political commitment and the dedication to bring together a vast array of people who have an interest in progressive politics, however loosely one defines that term. They have also shown that they can ask some tough questions about how North American Jews should respond to the new PLO initiative. This is where Tikkan has been most successful. They have been able to clarify the difference between traditional humane Jewish values and brutal and obtuse Israeli policies. And it is mainly because of this distinction that many American Jews are turning their backs and closing their wallets to the American Israel Public Affairs Committee, the American Jewish Committee, and Comitad. For Gabel is a member of the editorial collective of BorderLine and teaches Cultural History and Popular Culture at York University.
Linda Clow

Linda Clow lives in a treatment facility in Belleville. Before that she was an inmate of the Prison for Women to which she was sent as a result of the events which she recounts below. Her trial was the subject of a 1985 CBC documentary, hosted by Patrick Watson, in the series The Lawyers. Bonny Walford collected some of the stories of Linda’s co-prisoners in her impressive book Lifers: The Stories of Eleven Women Serving Life Sentences for Murder (Montreal: Eden Press, 1987). As far as I know, however, this is the first personal account to be published in Canada by any woman who has been incarcerated for murder. Border/Lines does not have the space to publish the entire story, preferring to use those sections of Linda’s record which deal with the “crime,” the arrest and the trial. As she mentions in her concluding (unpublished) section, Linda survived the entire ordeal by discovering a strong religious support. On a re-trial the charge was dropped to manslaughter, and Linda was sentenced to six years, of which she served four.

The story is presented to Border/Lines readers partly because it is a powerful story in its own terms, but also because it projects several elements in our culture which are easily glossed over, but which are evident in any concern about patriarchy, and legal process, deviant subcultures, personal alienation and the abuse of chemicals. Unlike most male accounts of prison life (see, for example, Stephen Reid’s Jack-Rabbit Parole or Roger Caron’s Go-Boy, the best-read of recent Canadian prison books), Linda’s story has no false sense of banditry or criminal camaraderie. There are no Bonnie-and-Clyde hyper-realities here, nor any pretences to possessing an alternative mythology (such as Jean Genet’s) which the prison culture may have put in place. Linda’s commonsensical matter-of-fact story is about the men and the women who are inter-related in the production of crime, the chemistry (booze/drugs) which ensure that it will persist (by making the actions themselves amnesic), the subcultures that provide a cushion, the procedures by which the law takes its course and the personal loneliness that is the cause and consequence of the whole process. Linda’s staccato account is free of jargon, excuses, bombast or vindictiveness and therefore allows the reader to share directly in the events as they unfolded.

Joan Davies
I have known Carol for 15 years. I've stayed at her house many times, and we were good friends. I had been asked to do something for her one day so I agreed. A couple of days before, I had gone to Carol's place. I had been partying, doing speed and drinking so I could be talked into almost anything, although I never needed much coaxing. I had agreed to go to the room of a man who I didn't know, and use his wallet with her. She was to keep him busy while I took it.

When we got to the man's rooming house, we had a few drinks. As soon as I'd snatched the wallet, I suggested we leave. It only had a hundred dollars in it which was a far cry from what she had led me to believe. I gave her some of the money inside, and kept the wallet with the L.D. in it.

I walked on down the street and met Fred, a man who knew about the wallet, in a restaurant. He asked, "How did things go?"

"Fine," I said. "I kept pretty well all of the money that had been in the wallet." I also showed him the L.D.

We decided to go to a bar and have a drink. While in the bar, we made a deal to run the charge cards. We went to Simpson-Sears and got to work. We bought furthest coats and jeans, took them to a bar and sold them. From there we took orders for whatever else anyone wanted.

I managed to pick up a hot check which told us what cards were hot. It was on the first day working with these cards that we decided to rent a motel room and to work out of there. We had used the cards to pick up new clothes for ourselves, and whatever else we needed. By then we were set up and ready to work. I can't say what we made because I really don't know. We did lots of speed and were in bars when we weren't in stores. We were so high all of the time that money was like water. No matter how long we worked there seemed to be enough money for all the speed we were doing and the night life.

We bought VCRs and many other things that I don't even remember. I don't even remember what we had gotten for them. Fred left all the money dealing to me. We went into stores as a couple until I decided he could go alone while I shopped all day.

While living at the motel, neither one of us ate or slept. We spent our time running charge cards and doing drugs. Needless to say we weren't in very good shape.

You can only do speed for so long without sleeping or eating. You start getting paranoid along with thinking that you look fine. But really you look like you crawled out from under a rock. When we weren't in bars or working, we would be in the motel room drinking and summing how much money we needed to buy more dope. When in the motel, we also figured out how much money we had left and what our plans would be when we went out.

The last time I remember clearly being in the motel was at night. Fred and I were having a conversation. He wanted me to go back to the place where I had stolen the wallet to see if the man who owned it had reported it missing yet. At first I put up an argument, but then I decided to go. We agreed that he would wait in a restaurant down the street for me to call and let him know if it had been reported or not. We then went out to a bar. I don't remember anything else about that evening, not where we went or who we saw.

The following morning when I got up I went to get my dope. I had put a bag of speed in a lampshade above the bed the night before. I got on the bed and took it out, went to the bathroom and mixed it up. Then I had a shower, drank a few beers and was ready to go. Fred was in the other room getting ready himself. As we were getting ready, he was telling me about this man who was coming by to give us a ride. Fred must have talked to him the night before.

Shortly after that a car pulled up. It was a station wagon and the man driving was bald with a beard. After they dropped me off, this man was going to take Fred around to stores and wherever else he wanted to go. We jumped in the car, and this man drove downtown and dropped me off two blocks from where I was going. Fred told me as I got out of the car, I'd be at the restaurant. Call me as soon as you know what is happening to the charge cards.

"Fine," I said and turned to walk up the street. I went into the same house from where I had stolen the wallets. I don't remember feeling afraid or anything. There was a man in a small kitchen at the top of the stairs who said good morning to me. I went on around the corner and knocked on the door to the room.

Fred, the man, called out, "Who is it?"

I answered, "Freda." He came to the door and opened it. While standing at the door, I gave him some excuse. "I need to use your phone."

"Sure," he said and let me in. He was really quite friendly up to that point. After I was in his room, he asked me, "Would you like a drink?"

"Sure," I answered. We had a few drunks of straight gin, and he started to tell me how his wallet had been stolen. I let on I knew nothing about it.

"I reported it to the police and they told me to sober up first. Then to look around my car and room. If I didn't find it by the next day, to call back."

I knew then that Fred and I could still use the charge cards. So I asked, "Could I use your phone now?"

"Sure," I called Fred and said, "One o'clock."

With that Fred knew that he could still use the charge cards. As far as Ben knew I was talking to my daughter. Then I hung up the phone.

Ben posed me another drink and began to pace back and forth across the room. As he was pacing back and forth he said, "Card or you stole my wallet."

"No, I didn't!"

"He continued to get madder. He raised and said, "The police are no damn good." He turned on me.

As I went to get up to leave, he slapped me across the face. I felt trapped. There was a 40-ounce bottle on the floor at my feet. I picked it up and hit him over the head. That didn't stop him from coming at me. It only shamed him a bit. At that point a knife appeared. I can't be sure if he had it or where it came from. The next thing I knew I had pushed him away with it. I think that was the first stab wound. I continued to stab at him, and I pushed him back into a chair.

The first time I remembered it coming into my head that I might have hurt him was when I saw his arm. It was cut from about the wrist to the elbow. I pulled the sleeve on his housecoat down and put his feet onto a footstool. I backed into the corner of the room. I remember feeling scared that I still couldn't get him out of the door, and that if I moved to go by him, he would grab me. I could hear strange, gutting noises coming from him. Finally,
THE ARREST

The next thing I remember is being in a cab and a restaurant with a friend and a large hotel building. Fred's sister, Gwen, answered the door. A few hours or so later, I remember a conversation between Fred and me. He told me then that we had taken a train to Ottawa and that he was taking me to Calgary. Then he said we would have to listen to the news and watch the papers. I hadn't seen Gwen in years, so I didn't have much to say to her. I did ask her if she had any money to drink. I sat at the kitchen table and had a beer.

Fred went to the bus station. He wasn't gone long. When he came back, I asked him if we could go somewhere to see the phone. We went to a shopping mall. I have no idea how far away from there it was, but I do remember using a pay phone. I called my brother who lived in Osaka. I told him I was in trouble. He asked me where I was and Fred gave him the address. Before I hung up he said he would be right over to get me. Fred also made a couple of calls, but I don't know to whom. I don't remember ever asking him. We went back to his brother's house.

Shortly after that, his brother's wife came to the apartment door. I told Fred I wouldn't be long and left with her. I can't remember talking to her at all in the car, but I do remember talking to his brother in his bedroom. After about what seemed like an hour, he had talked me into going home. At this point I had no speed left, and I was talking quickly along with what I was drinking. Before leaving his brother's house, he made me promise that I would go home. Then I asked my sister-in-law to drive me back to Gwen's place. I told Fred that I was going to go home and turn myself in. I got the feeling from that point on that he had changed. I can remember that I hadn't eaten anything or slept in days. I sat in an armchair for a long time. Later on that day Fred's brother-in-law came home. They wanted to go out for a few drinks so we went. I knew it was only a small place like a restaurant-bar. While there I spent most of my time on a pay phone. I called Belleville and told Deb I was going to call and stayed there for a few hours. I went back to the apartment. Gwen, her husband, and her friends were there. They knew I was there. I told Deb I was there. We went back to Gwen's place and fell asleep.

When I woke up, one had gone up for the train and I was still there. Fred was asleep on the kitchen table and got decided to lie down on the while. The apartment didn't bother to turn it off. A couple of seconds later, "Police! If you are not up!"

The police then woke him out of the apartment. I was not sure to move. I circled on his knees in the up against the brick wall. The police officer up. Keep your hands and your feet flat on the ground spread your legs apart and for the number of a proceeding to hand me over.

I can remember at that" I will take care of it. A few minutes later, I was turned toward the door. We asked and I asked, "Where are we?"

Then we went out the window and put my car parked. I wish Fred in a different way of doing it. That took me to police station this day I still don't know.

After we got to the hotel, I put me in a small room, only a desk and asked me if I wanted them. "No," I said, and the hotel room. After a few ho
and told Deb I was coming home. We only stayed there for a few hours, then we went back to Gwen's house. 

Gwen, her husband, and Fred were drinking at the kitchen table. There were some other people there, but I didn't know them. I sat down in an arm chair and fell asleep.

When I woke up, it was dark and everyone had gone out. There was a mattress lying on the living room floor, and Fred was asleep on it. I walked over to the kitchen table and got a smoke. I lit it and decided to lie down on the mattress for a while. The apartment was still dark, and I didn't bother to turn any lights on.

A couple of seconds later I heard a man yell, "Police! If you move, I'll blow your head off!"

The police then woke Fred up and took him out of the apartment. First they told me not to move. I can remember seeing Fred on his knees in the hall with his face up against the brick wall.

The police officer then told me, "Get up. Keep your hands over your head. Put your hands flat on the kitchen table and spread your legs apart. You're under arrest for the murder of a man in Belleville." He proceeded to handcuff me and read me my rights.

I can remember being wanted by the police. Gwen's little girl. I told the officer over and over again, "Get a babysitter for her. You can't leave her alone."

I'll take care of it," he said.

A few minutes later we were on our way to the police station. The officers took me to a police station in Ottawa. To this day I still don't know which one.

After we got to the station, the officers put me in a small room. It had no windows, only a desk and chair. They then asked me if I wanted to call a lawyer. I told them, "No," and they locked me in this room. After five hours had gone by, I knocked on the door and asked for a smoke. The officer said fine and brought me a cigarette. He then locked the door again. I can remember pacing up and down the floor.

At that point I realized that I had better call a lawyer so I rapped on the door again. When the officer opened the door, I asked if I could call my lawyer. He said that I had been asked once and said I didn't need a lawyer. I told him I had changed my mind. So they let me make a call. I called my brother who lived in Ottawa and asked him to call a friend in Belleville and to have her contact Frank Gestion. When my brother asked "why," I said that I had been arrested for murder. With that, I hung up.

I was put back into the same room I had been in earlier. It wasn't long after I had made the call, that the door opened and Frank Gestion was standing there. He explained, "I was in Ottawa on holiday and my answering service happened to catch me at my hotel just before I checked out -- so I came right over."

"We didn't talk long. He just told me, "Don't say anything. Just give them your fingerprints and your mug shot -- nothing else. I'll see you as soon as you get back to Belleville."

Shortly after, two police officers from Belleville came in. I knew them from before. They started to ask me some questions. I told them, "My lawyer has just left. I am not saying anything." After a while they left the room.

A couple of hours went by before they came back again. This time it was to take me from Ottawa to Belleville. At this point I hadn't seen Fred since they took him from the apartment. When the officers took me out to the car, they already had Fred in the back seat. I was put in the back with Fred, and the two officers sat in the front. We were on our way back to Belleville.

I remember well the trip back. It was cold out. We were handcuffed all the way. Our coats were put over our shoulders and the officers found it necessary to keep the windows halfway down all the way home. I had asked for a cigarette a couple of times. Neither officer smoked, so they told me, "No." When we arrived in Belleville, we were almost frozen. We got to the station and were booked in.

It was cold in the cell so I asked, "Could my mother bring me a warm sweater from home?"

"Later."

I lay down and fell asleep. When I woke up, I called for an officer. When he came in, I saw he was a different one from the man who arrested us, so I asked, "Could I call my family?"

"Yes."

Shortly after, I called my mom. I told her where I was and asked her to bring me some smokes and a warm sweater. I also asked her to call Frank Gestion and tell him I had arrived. Then I hung up the phone. The officer returned to me and called again. I lay back down and drifted off to sleep.

The next thing I remember was a police officer calling me. "We want your prints and your mug shot." I got up and went with him. Once I was in the fingerprint room, they asked, "Could we have nail clippings and a saliva test?"

"Only prints and my picture," I told them.

After they had done that, they returned me to my cell. Later on that day they came in and said, "Someone is here to see you."

When I went out into the interview room, I saw Carol. I couldn't figure out why she was there when they had said I couldn't see my family. I sat down and the went on to say, "I told the police that you stole the wallet from the man who is now dead."

I can't remember word for word what I replied other than, "Thanks a lot!" I asked the officers to take me back to my cell.

I don't remember how many days I was at the police station. It seemed like forever. I knew they brought me fried egg sandwiches for each meal and nothing to drink. By then I was too sick to drink or eat anyway. I was then taken in a paddy wagon from Belleville to the Quinte Detention Centre in Napanee to await a preliminary hearing.
THE DETENTION CENTRE

After arriving at the detention centre, I was put into a small room to wait for the officer to book me in. They treated me pretty fairly because I arrived before the officer who recognized me got on duty. I don't remember how long I was in that room.

The next thing I remember was the officer asking me a bunch of questions about myself. Then a nurse came in. She wanted to do my medical history. I don't remember much about what she had to say other than that she was asking me about the needle marks on my arms. Then I had a bath and they gave me some clothing to wear. I was put in a room they called the hospital area. I lay down and went to sleep. I have no idea what time it was when I woke up. I do remember that when I woke up, I wasn't very happy about being locked in that room. I called for the officer that was on duty and asked her, "Why am I here?"

She said, "You're under observation. You've been in here for three days."

"What are they going to let me out of here?"

"You have to ask the head of security."

"Call them."

When the security staff finally came to me, they really didn't want to let me out. They thought I was going to flip out. They gave me my word that I would be fine. After talking to me for a while, they decided to let me out into the rooms with the other girls. They said that if I had any problems to just ask to go back into the hospital or my room. I agreed to that and they left. I really wasn't in a very good head space, but I knew a few girls and I felt better for that.

Later I received a phone call from my lawyer to tell me that I would be going for my preliminary hearing the next day. I said "fine" and he told me that he would see me in court.

The following morning they took me out to get ready for court. I can remember that the police had taken my boots while I was at the police station so I had no shoes to wear, I went to court in my stocking feet. There was snow on the ground, so by the time I got to the paddy wagon my feet were wet.

Once at the court house, I was put in a cell to wait for them to call me to appear. I was only there a short time when my lawyer asked to see me. I was then taken out to an interview room so he could talk to me. At that interview my lawyer said that we wouldn't be in court very long. The judge was going to see if I was fit to stand trial. He left and I was taken back to a cell.

I wasn't there very long before they told me that the judge was ready to see me. They unlocked the door and took me up to the courtroom. When I entered the courtroom, they placed me in a small prisoner's box that was just inside the door. The judge came in and started the session. I really don't remember much of what was said except that the judge ruled that I was fit to stand trial. I do remember asking my mother to bring me some shoes.

I was taken out of the courtroom and placed in a cell downstairs where I wanted for them to take me back to the detention centre. Before leaving the court house, my lawyer said that he would be up to see me the following day. It was around supper time when I arrived at the detention centre and was booked in. I was back and forth so many times from the centre to the court house that I just hated it. I was in the detention centre so long that it's hard to think of everything that went on. I do know that I listened to some other people's advice and decided to change lawyers and get someone from out-of-town. That was a mistake from the word go. I didn't know this new lawyer, Doug Hubley, and I had no confidence in him at all. In fact, I never knew what was going on in my life from one court day to the next. He was from Ohio, and this meant that I could only see him when he could get to town. When I saw him, he never told me anything. I felt really alone and didn't know what to do.

At that point I got a phone call from Doug Hubley. As I was talking to him, he said, "CBC wants to tape your trial."

"My trial? I've never heard tell of that before. I'm Nähe off the whole thing."

I told him, "Think about it. I'll call you back in a little while."

"What do you think?"

"It couldn't hurt. If anything, it may help you."

With that I hung up the phone. My family hadn't been able to get up to see me, so I didn't know what the whole thing consisted of, and I didn't know what to do. When Hubley called back, he was sure I would have an answer for him. I didn't. I told him, "I haven't been able to reach my family."

"It would be good for you in court," he said.

"I don't know."

"Things would work out."

"I guess so."

In less than a week he came down from Ottawa to see me with some other men. He asked if he could see me in an interview-view room. We then went into a small room. Once we were in the room, he said that the men with him were from the CBC and that they wanted to tape an interview between him and me. At this point I wasn't sure what was happening in my life. I was kept on a lot of medication and nothing seemed real to me, let alone what was happening around me.

We left the interview room, and I was taken to an office that was in the front of the building. When I walked in, there were cameras set up all over the place. I was told to sit down in a chair they had already picked out for me. My lawyer sat across from me. He went on to say that he was going to ask me some questions and for me to answer them. He told me not to pay any attention to the other man in the room. After we were finished, he said he would speak to me before I left the detention centre. The officer came in and took me back to my cell.

My whole life seemed like something you would read in a story book. The next day my family came to see me. When I told them that my trial was going to be taped, they were really upset. They wanted to know why I would ever agree to any- thing like that. I explained to them, "I tried to reach you and couldn't."

They told me to go back to my lawyer and tell him "NO." I told them I would tell him, but when I finally got a hold of Hubley he said, "You have to go through with it. You have no choice in the matter."

I wasn't doing so well as far as handling things went. I asked to be put in a segregation unit. At first they weren't going to let me, and then they thought that it might do me some good. I was sent to a "seg" unit, and after a week they wanted me to see the doctor because I didn't want to come out. I felt I could hide from everyone as long as I stayed there. After seeing the doctor, I decided to come out. It was really hard from then on. Some days I thought I was never going to make it through the day. Some really nice people showed me a way to help me find strength. At that point I got into doing some Bible studies. At first I did them only to pass the time, but the more I did, the more strength they gave me. After being locked up so the detention centre for a year, it came time for my trial. I wasn't in the best of shape for anything, let alone a trial.
I remember my first day in court as being a real circus. I had never seen people dressed the way they were in court. I can still remember this being one of the things that stuck in my head the most. I can also remember the TV cameras all over the place. No matter how hard I tried to keep my face covered, there was always a TV camera night in front of me. My main concern was that my family was all right. Every chance I got I was asking about them. I think for the first time in my life I saw all the hurt and pain that had caused my mother in her eyes. When I think about it I can still see her hurt now.

I went to court for about a week but I don’t remember too much about what happened there. I can say it was like a dream, nothing seemed real. I remember sitting in a brown box and looking straight ahead. It seemed like I just kept looking ahead for hours. I do remember people talking. I wasn’t sure what had happened myself so as people talked I thought maybe it did happen the way they were saying. The only thing wrong was that I kept having nightmares about the whole thing. In my thoughts it was like I did it, but yet I didn’t do it. I was pretty much up about everything. Day after day as I sat in court I remember the look on the face of the dead man’s sister. It didn’t even enter my mind what was happening as far as my court case went. I really didn’t feel like I was there. Every day in court my lawyer would tell me that things were going to be fine. I was glad when each day ended. After court I went back to the detention center.

The day came when my lawyer put me on the witness stand. It was a day I wasn’t looking forward to at all. When the paddy wagon pulled up outside the court house, there were TV cameras all over the place—no matter where I looked. The police officers took me right on by them and into the court house. On our way up the stairs there was another camera at the first landing. We rushed by it, and I was placed in a small room just before the entrance to the courtroom. I was only there a short time before they called me into the courtroom. I wasn’t going to do anything. I was just called to the witness stand. My lawyer had told me to just answer the questions I was being asked, and do the best I could. I don’t remember all the questions that were asked. I do remember the prosecutor for the Crown saying that I had gone to the main’s room to kill him. He kept saying the same thing over and over again.

Then there were some pictures thrown down on the railing in front of me. My lawyer never said anything about them showing me pictures. They were pictures of the man who had been killed. One picture showed him sitting in the chair. I’m not sure about the other ones. I just know that I kept trying to show them away, but every time the Crown prosecutor pushed them back in front of me. He kept saying something about glass. All I really remember saying was, “I never meant to hurt anyone.”

I thought that day would never come to an end. The following day the jury went out. They were gone about two hours, and then a nap came on the door where we were waiting. A man was standing there. He told the police officer that the jury was ready to come back in with the verdict. I asked if I could use the washroom. While I was in the washroom, I prayed. I asked the Good Lord no matter what happened to just give me the strength to walk back out of the courtroom. Then told them I was ready to go.

We went back into the courtroom. I sat back down in the prisoner’s box. The judge asked the jury if they had reached a decision. A representative from the jury said “yes.” I was asked to stand. The jury found me guilty of second degree murder.

I was taken out of the courtroom for a few minutes and I waited in the same small room for them to come back and get me. It wasn’t long before they came back for me. The judge asked me to stand. He sentenced me to 25 years in jail, with eligibility for parole in ten years.

My only real thought at that time was whether my mother and my daughter were all right because I could hear them crying behind me. I do remember turning myself around and looking to see if my mother was okay. I also knew that I had to be strong for my family so I stayed strong for them. Once I left the court house, I fell apart. I was crying one minute and laugh-
Dead Daughter

G.S. Poonia

Illustration by Laura Laffance

Even now, after all these years, whenever I come across the weed where I used to put the flower, it reminds me of the day. The funeral of Neelam Prashad links my present to my past. I never remember experiencing another funeral like it in our town. The chaos was the same as any other funeral — neighbours and friends gathered in our house, copies of anguished, wallowing, and hooting of bakers. And, as always, the women were more expressive than the men. They sat on the hard and hard ground, hugging each other's shoulders, beat their own breasts, and cried in inarticulate utterances. The men, on the other hand, sat quietly. What made the funeral exceptional was that the body was not in our house. Perhaps not having the body made the mourning more difficult.

It had been an ordinary summer day, but the sun was blazing hot. The mailman delivered an air mail letter to us, not an unusual event in itself since we were accustomed to receiving air mail letters from Canada.

I opened the letter and read it aloud to my mother. It was written in Pashto and was just a few lines long. I had difficulty deciphering the poor handwriting, but the letter began: "The purpose of this letter is to inform you that our daughter Neelam died..." Mother protested and demanded that I read the letter again, carefully.

When the bridge was repaired, she shrieked. The woman from next door, having heard the noise, came running to our house and they cried in anguished togetherness. They a woman from two doors down came, and so it went. Shamsa, the bar-footed boy from next door ran to the bank to fetch my father. In no time, our house was filled with mourners.

Neelam was not a relative of ours; she was the daughter of our former neighbour and my father's best friend, Suraj Prashad. During the partition, my father and Suraj Prashad traveled out of Pakistan and into India together. In the midst of the terrifying atrocities, they supported each other and swore a bond of friendship, a bond which remained intact even though Prashad had moved to Canada.

After my mother dried all her tears, she came to my father and said, "We should do everything properly." My mother was a devout and knew all the rituals of birth and death and how to please the god.

"I shall go and get the holy one," my father said.

"No, not yet," she responded. "We should get ready for the funeral."

"Funeral? Why a funeral? I could not hold back my question.

My mother ignored me. "She was just a young girl. A maiden. Lord Shiva must be very angry with her. We have a few relics in our house which belong to her." Mother wanted to be on the safe side. She gathered up all of Neelam's clothes and took them to a small house, where they were kept for Neelam's body. The house, of course, was a small house, where the body was kept for Neelam's dead body. She dealt with me as she pleased and took a bath to purge herself. She also brought back a set of photographs with Neelam's name carved on each prom and took a bath to purify herself. He also brought back 1500 rupees and a gift to the Prashads. Because of the great care that had been taken, the body was covered from the cycle of birth, death, and reincarnation and had achieved unity with the eternal. Should we have brought an electric fan for what you spend on the rituals," I said to my mother. "That would have kept us cool all summer."

"Your free thinking will never gain you salvation," she was flushed with anger.

"When you start earning your own money, you can buy all the fans you want. I really don't know what deep-seated feelings you have against the girl. You don't even remember her."
My mother was wrong. I had no ill-feelings towards the girl. Even though we had not been told the cause of death, I felt truly sorry that she had died prematurely. And I did remember Neelam: she was a tiny sprite of a girl, always smiling. We had been in the fourth class together before she left for Canada.

"College educators are doing this to him," mother said to my father. "You should have found him a job instead of wasting money and his time on all this college education."

As always, my father remained silent. It was futile to argue with mother about ritual, virtues, fasts, or the worship of the sun and the moon. To her, the moon was evil. Every month she fasted for 24 hours to honour the new moon. As soon as the moon appeared again, she would gaze at the new moon with eagerness and call everyone else to look at it too.

"The moon is not a god; it is actually a piece of rock," I said to her once. "An American, Neil Armstrong, went there and even brought back some rocks."

"You went with him, I suppose, and that is why you know it is just a piece of rock."

"No, but I've seen the pictures."

"Did you take the pictures?"

Mother was adamant; no one could convince her that humans had landed on the moon. My father was also orthodox, but he did not argue. As a guard in the bank and a small farmer, he worked tirelessly and lived frugally to earn the money which my mother spent freely on religious customs and pilgrimages.

Neelam's death had other consequences. My father lost an opportunity to benefit from his friendship with Sunil Prashad, who had appointed him to serve as a matchmaker for his daughter. Before the letter arrived, he had postponed himself. Mr. Gautham, the bank manager and my father's boss, had offered him a promotion and the forgiveness for a loan if his son, Parmesh, would be berefted. Neelam. Parmesh attended the college in Hisnagar and was working on a master's degree in economics. It might have been a good match. To my parent's satisfaction, even the town aerostar approved of the planned marriage because Parmeshan's star agreed with Neelam's stars.

There was a complication. My mother feared a rumor that Mr. Gautham had saved a young Moslem's life during a partition. She hid him in her house while sapping mode looked for him. The rumor spread, and Mr. Gautham did not save the Moslem's life because she was good-hearted but because the Moslem was her lover and the father of Parmeshan. Not only the bank manager, but many other people were willing to offer my father advantages if their sons could go to Canada. But I dared not inquire too much concerning this marriage arrangement.

"These people are insane — selling their sons," I said to my father. "They don't even know anything about the girl."

"What do they want to know about the girl?" my mother asked before my father could say anything.


Then she blasted my college. When I had first enrolled in college, my mother had bragged about me and the school, but her mind had changed. A marriage between two student members at the college had caused a scandal throughout the province. Rani Singh, a debaucher professor and poet, married a colleague, Miss Ko- ppee, from a well-known family. Not only was she a beauty, but she was high caste. Rani Singh regretfully married a harridan, a low caste, and so the marriage was taboo. The Seepco family had lots of influence on the college managing committee because of their wealth and position. Soon after returning from the honeymoon, the professor was dismissed from the college without reason. Many throngs, but few sympathetic gestures, were shown towards the couple.

A handful of students — all of them low caste except for me — commiserated with the newlyweds. We demonstrated in front of the president's and the principal's offices and demanded that Mr. Singh be reinstated. Neither official would meet with us. I knew that the demonstrations would have no influence and that we were asking for trouble. A few of my classmates made crude remarks about me siding with low class people. My roommate whom I liked — he always fed stray dogs and cows with his leftovers — simply moved over and left me to pay the whole rent by myself.

That was bad, but for me the worst was yet to come. I had to be my mother who waited for me at home in a tigerish mood. "How dare that chauvin boy defile one of our girls?" he shouted at me as soon as I put my bag down.

"He did nothing. They fell in love with each other and got married."

"Love?" she said. "Rama, Rama, Rama, Rama..."

"What's wrong with love?" I asked. The conversation was oppressive to use.

"That chauvin boy must have used some sort of sorcery on that poor girl which made her head run around. Otherwise why would one of our girls go after that scoundrel?"

I was patient. "You should not call him all these names. He is one of the best-looking and most intelligent boys I have ever seen!"

"So that is why you went on a strike instead of attending classes! You should have gone on a hunger strike and fasted unto death."

I was never forgiven at home or at college for that demonstration. My mother believed that sending me to college was a mistake which filled my head with bad and immoral notions. I always felt that the demonstration made me a better person than I otherwise would have been.

Soon after my graduation, I escaped from that rutted and limited world and came to live in the United States. The attitudes toward religion, secularization, and personal freedom were different here than in the world in which I grew up. For the first time in my life I began to realize what it meant to live in a secular and pluralistic world which I had always envisioned. American civilization was a true melting pot, unlike the world I came from in which one's religious and communal visions dictated everything.

The time went by fast in Washington where I studied and worked. The demonstration I saw in Washington reminded me of my demonstrating back home. I had mixed feelings.

Letters came from home. My mother always worried about my salvation and morals. She also implored me to write to my father and every letter to go to Canada to pay our personal condolences to the Pandhars for the death of their daughter Neelam. The Pandhars lived on Canada's west coast. My mother seemed not to be able to comprehend the distance or the effort it would take to go and see them. In the end, I yielded to my mother's wishes and decided to take a train trip across Canada at the end of which I would make a brief visit to the Pandhars.

I flew to Toronto where I would be able to catch a train to the west coast. After I checked into a hotel, I went out for a walk. On the busy streets, a raw nervousness came over me. It followed me no matter where I went: to a shopping mall, a bookstore, a restaurant. The city was like other large American cities: it held no surprises. Yet, I could not shake my feelings of being out of place.

Randomly I stepped into a bank to cash some traveler's cheques. There were long lines at all the teller's windows. As I waited, the usher caught my attention. She had light brown skin and an exotic and inviting face, like the ones which always intrusted me on the billboards that advertised holidays in Mayattan. I dropped my mssary and realized I had seen the girl before. As I advanced up the line and started her more intensely, I felt anxious and embarrassed.

"May I help you?" a voice addressed me while I was still in a daze, struggling with my memory. I realized that I was now to the front of the line. I smiled uncertainly. She smiled back, a sunny smile.

I tried to force some sort of conversation with her while I signed my name slowly on the traveler's cheques. Even though I could normally be charming and at ease with strangers, I couldn't initiate a conversation. The raw nervousness turned into tension which I felt grew greater from the time I saw her.
though many Indians living abroad take the question as an offence. "I was born there." 
"Where?"
"In the Punjab."
"What district?"
"Amritsar."
"That is where I am from," I volunteered jubilantly. "What town?"
"Morari Wall." 
I was stunned; I had heard the name of my own town. And then the life-giving recognition hit me. "Nelam, Nelam Prasad. You're Nelam Prasad?"
"Now I am Nelam Khan," she corrected me. Her tone was calm but assertive. She stressed the "Khun." 
Later over coffee, our conversation was like a dream—charming and vivid one moment, sad at the next. "My parents must have written about me."
"Yes, they write that you were not with them any more." She did not understand what I meant. "They broke all relations with me when I decided to marry a Muslim. We have not seen each other since." She told me about how happy she was. She adored her husband, a civil engineer, and her son who had just started kindergarten. The family lived in a stylish house in the suburbs, and she enjoyed her part-time job at the bank. Except for the parental rejection, her life was in order.

Later on in my hotel room, I dressed for an evening of reminiscence at Nelam's house. I thought about myself and Nelam; we were the children of partition and grew up hearing horror stories from our parents. From those stories I could understand our parents. Having known bloodshed and slaughter, they would find it difficult and unconventional to accept a mixed marriage. But so many years had passed that their hate seemed pathetic.

Nelam's husband Khaled had found some, antithes, and understanding. He welcomed me with enthusiasm and said, "You brought a touch of joy into my wife's life. It is also to know that someone from back home accepts her as she is." We discussed politics, the economy, ethnic problems, and his job. Intentionally, soon after dinner, he left us alone.

We both sat in a pensive mood and stared at each other. "Have you been in touch with your parents?" I asked. "No," she said quietly. "My parents believe that children who do not follow their parents' mores are dead."
"Did you know that before you decided to marry Khaled?"
"Of course," she said. "Saying yes to an arranged marriage would have been to sacrifice my whole life to something I could not control. Saying no to the marriage devastated my much-loved parents. It was a dilemma. What could I do?"

Wilson Harris was born in Guyana when it was still a British colony, in 1920. He took advantage of his position as senior land surveyor for the government to become intimately acquainted with the people of the interior in then British Guiana. Harris steeped himself in the myths and legends of the "natives" while maintaining a cultural veneer befitting a colonial official. He moved to England in 1959 and published his first novel, The Palace of the Peacock, to great critical acclaim the following year.

Harris' first four novels form a group which explores the mythology of his homeland. The Guyanan Quartet consists of remarkable works which create a cultural and historical framework, dealing as they do with a combination of European archetypal adventures geared onto a mysterious evocation of the Guyanese landscape and population. Guyanese natives are Caribbean Indian, African, South American and Asian in origin, so the possibilities for cross-fertilization are endless, as Harris has clearly discovered.

His novels, poetry and essays reveal a sophisticated sensibility with an awareness of Third World economics, Jungian psychology, African mythology and linguistic theory. He was interviewed by Marc Glassman after his appearance at the Fall 1988 Wang International Festival of Authors in Toronto.
Interview with Wilson Harris

were implicitly interned with the native archetypes or myths. Often those native archetypes or myths were temporarily eclipsed by the European models. The problem was, how to break that kind of bond and to arrive at a position in which the European model would come into a different kind of relationship to the native archetype, to create a different dialogue. Prior to that historical moment of inalienable self-realization, there was no dialogue at all, there was simply a domination, but deep inside that domination existed the seed of potential dialogue and this meant that one had to open up that situation in such a way that the formidable European myth would lose its absoluteness, its total sovereignty and closest to its particular, to its times. So doing, we moved into a different kind of position in relation to the native archetype, creating a different kind of nourishment, which altered the previous mode of domination, transfiguring it into something much more profoundly universal in which a new kind of key was planted into the colonial complex that released cultural visualization and resources, which had been deeply buried and eclipsed before.

Let me give you a demonstration of this. In *The Secret Ladder*, the myth of Poseidon has a potency, because Penwick, the surveyor who travels up the Canje River, is in part a Poseidon figure, but the boudoir of the Poseidon myth is broken up. There are two figures who are playing Poseidon: Fenwick, the surveyor, and Ryan, one of the members of the survey party. They pick up a native Guyanese and realize that they have begun to secrete into themselves elements to do with the apparatus of the Gorgon. In fact, the camp attendant, Jordan, becomes a Gorgon figure. And the dialogue Fenwick has with Jordan is one in which he is invited to succumb to certain temptations of authority, to impose himself on his troops, to impose himself as the European masters impose themselves, to treat his crew as pawns to be moved around. So Fenwick, the native Guyanese, has to face that temptation, but in facing that temptation, he begins to break out of that mould and to begin a much more profound dialogue with the members of his party.

In addition to this, there is the African descendant of a slave, and he is given the name Poseidon, because he is half land and half water. You know, the Guyanese landscape is a very peculiar landscape in which the watersheds are all broken and a lot of river capture occurs. As a result, the country has become a natural reservoir. But in addition to this, it is the sort of place into which the slaves would run, because you have great islands, surrounded by moats, and they could hide themselves on those islands. It was very difficult for the Dutch, who were their masters in that period, to get all of them. Poseidon is supposed to be the descendant of one of those slaves who escaped in the 17th century. So Poseidon is routed in an African archetype, but when he is inevitably killed by Bayard, it sets up a state of terrifying tension that recalls the ancient Greek model, in which the Poseidon figure intervenes. The dread and devastation which is intended does not happen because of a series of events in which this
The question that arises is whether one can open up that in the way we’ve been discussing. There is no possibility of going back into some remote past in which you can come back to some pure pristina basis and reject the colonizer or the conquistador.

You cannot do that because they are interwoven, and people like myself, for example, are of mixed blood. So I have ancestors on both sides of the fence. And that’s true of many Guyanese and South Americans.

In Guyana, you had, for example, people of African descent, Indians who came in after the emancipation in the 1830s. These were Chinese. There was that kind of potential for cross-cultural exchange. The women were always at a premium because the immigration policies were so bad, they always brought more men than women. As a result, inevitably, you did have intercultural relationships. In the 19th century, there was a growing middle class of highly intelligent mixed people who had begun to be taken into the civil service by the British, who were then ruling. But it doesn’t mean the British were encouraging intercultural relationships.

When did you decide to leave?

Looking back, I realize this was something I had to do, but there were various reasons: some of which I won’t discuss with you because they are private, but also a great help to me was the fact that my present wife, Margaret, who is a Scot, and I had an absolutely marvellous relationship. When I arrived in the United Kingdom, we were married. I had been married before.

There were all sorts of complications. All I can say is that at that moment, perfectly, because of what I was discussing, I was able to go to Europe and begin very seriously work, because for the first time, I could sense an opportunity, writing the kind of novel which seemed to me immensely important to the South American/Guyanese situation. It wasn’t a comedy of manners novel. It wasn’t in the 19th century European genre.

It arises from deep necessities. In other words, the social fiction that I have been writing is not abstract or arbitrary at all. It has its roots in complicated pressures and political historical events that one had to cope with. One couldn’t run away from it.

And so to write something much more conventional would have been a total betrayal of everything. When I went to Britain, the important thing was to break through at a philosophically level which critics are just beginning to look at seriously.

You are distinctly individual as a writer, yet you stand for a lot of things that are important in contemporary literature. In the last 25 years there have been many changes, and two generations have grown up since that time. Do you find both cultural and political discourse changing?

I think they are. Guyana has very severe economic problems, as you probably know. Perhaps a change in political orientation is occurring. Guyana is a marginal society, one that relates neither to the West Indies, nor to South America. In a way, it has a cross-cultural potential that could reach beyond the West Indian establishment as such and could penetrate the South Americans, in an innovative way because of the peculiarities woven together there. There is a Protestant kind of tradition which comes delightfully into conversation with the Latin thing in South America, so both potentials are there. I believe that Guyana has that kind of future, but it’s not going to be easy.

I was delighted to go back there recent (to receive the Guyana Prize for Fiction). They’re thinking of themselves, this question of awarding important prizes. Mind you, they had a very carefully selected panel of judges. One man had come from England, he was on the Arts Council, another was from the University of the West Indies. The chairman was a West Indian poet of Scottish descent, Ian MacDonald, but his ancestors have lived for a long time in the West Indies, so he’s Crocus.

The difficulties there are enormous and there’s no use attacking them. The possibility exists that the authoritarian thing will take its head again. But then, this is happening all over the Third World, it’s one of the patterns that must be broken. But I think it’s a kind of nemesis of the whole domination in which people are gripped by the fallacies of the past, which they have not sufficiently investigated or undermined in consciously creative terms. As you know to the Western world there is a drift to the right and all parties are becoming virtually the same, because that’s the only way they can win the electorate. Therefore the Labour party has to move more to the right. Some people in the Labour party are moving rightwards as they want to move deeper into some preoccupations with issues which they cannot easily define but which they feel are important. All over the world there is this drift, but in the Third World it tends to become authoritarian. But in essence it is the same exorcism of dominance, of conquistadorial model, and the need to be broken by the kind of detailed exploration that begins to sense the dialogue we have been discussing. The fabric of narrative changes, because to a large extent these people accept a realism that is authoritarian, that is one-sided. However, less sophisticated as it may be, it does not allow for other texts to come up and break the mould of the authoritarian realism.

This notion of rupture comes through in your books in very powerful dreams that create a parallel结构, or an alternative way of thinking through the character’s dilemmas. I see that as an example of fighting against a dominance and the previous comedy of errons is truly employed. In this book, for example, he goes on for one-thousand pages, a dream of a man going mad. And Mulai take it to be the truth of what is written out on paper. It’s to get across in Satanic an opposite notion to a viewing religion. And I write there is often this reality, it I might use that.

Yes, that is true exception of these matters that emphasise on the collapse. All dreams of course come through.

When I speak of the reflective, it’s that I can think of the Jungian way, the subtle evolutio ring so that one becomes unconscious form. These come through that have to do with particular places, particular moments.

Guyana or in America, fascism.

So one is subject to a dream in a very different way.

As one revises, one finds clues planted in the text to be planted by another strategy appears which concentrate more on strategy may be valid, clien tension of which or example, in Carwall, the problem after the book’s as I saw the very first knots of the soul after the adventures, a journey which is itself a giddiness, rebirths. I realized that running through the known nothing of this novel. But the strand through a static unconscious and complications despite the heroism in the one finds oneself, one has the tradition of immortality. It is the dimension of the dimension that is not completed.
against a dominance and narrative tone that the previous comedy of manner writers con-
tinually employed. In Salzman Rushdie's latest
book, for example, he has a sequence that goes on for one-fifth of the book that is a
revue, a dream of a man who is probably
going mad. And Muslim fundamentalists
take it to be the truth of course, because it is
written out on paper. What I think he wants
to get across in Satanic Verses is a parallel or
an opposite notion to a standard manner of
viewing religion. And I find that in what you
write is often this parallelism or poetic
reality, if I might use that terminology.

Yes, that true except that my apprehen-
sion of these matters may place a deeper
emphasis on the collective unconscious.
All dreams of course come from there.

When I speak of the col-
lective, it's the one term
I can think of in a
Jungian way. There are
subtle evolutions occur-
ing so that collective
unconscious is not uni-
form. These evolutions
come through fissures
that have to do with a
particular place at a par-
ticular moment. In
Guyana or in South
America, fissures occur.
So one is subject to the
dream in a very complex
way.

As one revises, one finds that there are
closes planted in the narrative which seem
to be planted by another hand. Then a
strategy appears which begins new as you
concentrate more and more, and that
strategy may be validated by some an-
cientness of which one knew nothing. For
example, in Carnival, an epigraph was
placed after the book was written. As soon
as I saw the very first line, "The wander-
ings of the soul after death, our prenatal
adventures, a journey by water in a slip
which is itself a goddess to the gates of
rebirth," I realized that that was a strand
running through the novel, though I
knew nothing of this while composing the
novel. But the strand isn't running through
in a static way, it has different edges
and complicatures. The result is that
despite the horror of the world in which
one finds oneself, one is not simply sever-
ing the trauma of imperialism in a dream
revue. But suggesting there is a break-
through, a dimension we have almost for-
littled but not completely forfeited, so that
the past is not locked away from us. In
fact for South Americans, the past is very
uncertain. We know there are cultures that
disappeared but we don't know why.

These uncertainties can be woven together
to become a complex mishmash of possibili-
ties which were ignored in the past but
which are still profoundly relevant to the
present and as the present moves into the
future. Consequently there is this tension
which arouses uneasiness among critics.

What this suggests is that there are poten-
tials which could lead us into the position
in which the very psyche, the very nature
of man, begins to change. I don't want to
use the abused term "a change of heart,"
but it means that in a way, that something
can come into play. I don't know to
what extent writers who use the dream
sewage as parallels are pushing in that di-
sction, and whether this has anything to
do with a kind of religious state. I must
confess that despite my despair at times, I
have a profound religious faith. I see, for
example, in Carnival where there is the
Thomas figure and the Thomas mask. Now
Thomas as you know put the wounds in
Christ. (1) and suggesting that that gesture
is much more significant than it appears to
be. If you take it as a static gesture, that's
the end of it. But I'm saying there's a
revolution, in seeking the wounds in a
society that has fractured and those
wounds have disappeared. The Czar was
supposed to be the substitute for Christ
(and Washizu was supposed to be a God),
and the Czar was murdered brutally. But I am
suggesting that the man who murdered
him were revolutionary, blind to the fact
that they were once again seeking out the
wounds in the body of Christ. They were
doing this in an utterly blind manner,
therefore they could never really under-
stand the impulses that drove them, so
they became more and more tenacious,
more and more hungry for blood. At no
point could they understand the religious
seed which lies at the heart of revolution.

But if that religious seed is there, then it is
possible to see that whole wounds can be
transfigured. They do not have to foster
into total disease. Salzman Rushdie said
that allegory is diseased; this is a point I
would have liked to have made. Allegory is
diseased because the wounds that are sup-
posed to relate to allegory have festered.
This is because there has been a blindness
to theodbolence of the institutions, which
we continue to call sacred. Therefore
you get this catastrophic assault on the
sacred and impose it on allegory. Al-
egory in the modern sense can be transfig-
ured so that the wounds which allegory
sustains can become visionary.

The notion of allegory being diseased has
to do with the fact that the institutions them-
selves are not changing, if anything they are
becoming that much more what they always
have been. There was a hype, say 20 years
ago, of a time of great change, great open-
ness, willingness, greater dialogue being ef-
thred, but now when we look at institu-
tions, whether the Church or most states in
the world, we find that there is less recap-

theness, not more. It is on this level that one
wonders if it is possible... certainly it is pos-
sible to re-examine works of art and recapture
them; certainly it is possible to reclaim
essential moments in civilization such as the
Crusifixion and talk about that and make
that a recuperative moment, but on a more
broad level of specific level of what is going on
today, I wonder whether it really is poss-
able.

That's a very good point. I think that the
obsolence of institutions results in an
emption from the unconscious which be-
comes very distinctive. So we live in a
world of terrorism. For example, nowadays
there is a gunaud around the politicians,
you may have to have guards around aca-
demics going to university, because these
obsolocent institutions are not inactive
because of their obsolence. They erupt in
us and in the society at large, and the
utterly at large succumbs to terrorism be-
cause the society then, no matter how
hasshificated it may be, has to function
within a theology in which violence over-
comes violence; in violence becomes abso-
lute violence. That kind of theology is
crippling.

The eruption in the unconscious is also a
way of addressing us catastrophically
about our blindness, [telling us] that it is
happening. We are seeing, though, that
the wounds which we are inflicting on
the body of our civilization are wounds
which we must address, but address
more deeply than we do address them.

To do that requires an imaginative strategy
that begins to alter the very fabric of what
we call the creative adventure. Rather than
having a plot which you simply cut up
and make different escape routes, or even
when you do formidable parallelism and
revives, you may still not have touched
what our blindness signifies, our very clar-
ities may be false. We have to address that.
If we can address that and accept that,
then we can look for other resources in
the fabric of a fiction. I believe those re-
sources are there but they are unsatisfac-
tory in the sense that you can never pin
them down. You can ignore them, you
can try to eclipse them. They come back
in this horrific way. But there is a differ-
ent way of responding to the obsolocent in-
stitutions to allow us this breakthrough
when the wounds become transfigurative.
Through the carnival mask, you can revisit
the phantasmagoria with all of its disasters
in such a way that guidelines and open-
nings begin to appear that can lead to a re-
assessment of very ancient myths.

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and film programmer on the Board at North-
west Video, producers of the Images Video
and Film Festival.
Radio Art's Frightful Parent

Bruce Barber

1

No matter how different from television the works of individual video artists may be, the television experience dominates the phenomenology of viewing and haunts video exhibitions, the way that the experience of movies haunts all film. (Anisi, 36-45)

Among the many media theorists who on the left who have realized the inherently undemocratic and unilateral nature of radio (and television) communication, owe a debt to Bertolt Brecht the semantically self-evident notion that neither the emancipation of the (tele)communication systems, nor the emancipation of the listening public can occur independently of the other; they are in fact mutually dependent.

Radio must be changed from a means of distribution to a means of communication. Radio would be the most wonderful means of communication imaginable in public life, a huge linked system — that is to say, it would be such if it were capable not only of transmitting but of receiving, of allowing the listener not only to hear but to speak, and did not isolate him but brought him into contact. Unrealizable in this social system, realizable in another, those proposals, which are after all only the natural consequences of technical development, help towards the propaganda and shaping of that other system. (Brecht, 129, sec. 154)

just after Hitler's assumption of power in January 1933, and a full year before the invention of the "volksentheater," the people's wireless set, model V.E. 301, Brecht had realized the extent toward which radio could become an ideal apparatus for control. How different, indeed, is Brecht's critical comprehension of the uses of radio technology in the indoctrination of the masses from that of Hans Redwood, the "father" of German radio who in 1927 enthusiastically endorsed its "general communication and educative possibilities"; or from that of Albert Einsein, who upon opening the seventy German Radio Exhibition in August 1930, enjoined his audience to remember that it was the technicians who made true democracy possible. They have not only simplified daily work, they are also disseminating true thought and art to the public at large. Radio, furthermore, has a unique capacity for reconciling the family of nations. Until now nations got to know one another only through the distorting mirror of the daily press. (von Eckhardt and Gilman, 57)

"Radio," he continued, "oblivious to the neo-colonial penchant of his statement, "acquaints them in the most immediate form and from their most immediate side."

Three years later Einstein's rhapsody on radio as the petive technological vehicle for democracy was destroyed. Under the direction of Goebbels, Hitler's minister of propaganda, wireless wonders appeared in rural villages and towns to ensure that communal wireless sets were installed (and listened to) in the correct fashion. This duped the identity of a radio system with the "capacity for reconciling the family of nations." Leading members of the National Socialist Listeners' Union realized the extent to which party unity, and further the education of the whole German people to the ideologies and ambitions of the Third Reich, were to be obtained. "The German radio programmes must shape the character and the will power of the German nation, and rule a new political type." (Eckhardt and Weidenfeld, 273, emphasis added)

From a relatively privileged middle and upper middle class (biotone in the mid-1920s, radio was by the mid-1930s being purveyed to the masses in individual receiver sets. The emancipatory potential of the new communication medium had been denied in favour of its limitless capacity to order information in such a manner as to assure the unilateral demonstration of power. It must have been of little comfort to Einstein in America to realize that the same technicians he was suggesting were responsible for democracy could at the same time be responsible for the formation of fascism.

There are still those today who believe that the same communication system is possible. Questions relating to production and reproduction, and the "shaping of other systems" remain central to contemporary nature and extent of the media as it conforms. These are presented by Brecht, resolvable within the framework of actual or invented best explained by the thematic concept of the self-sufficiency of issues besetting state and parties and the examination within the colonialism, their achieved simply through the means of the radio and absurd, though this would have to begin with the problems and perspective of the listener.

Power, however, is a thing point. While the transmission of power may be conditioned on waves, the dialectic of power remains independent of these uses from the individual. This individualization of power relations must now turn to reorganization of the producers of radio art.

II

Within the history of radio a few instances of attempts to demonstrate the political power of the medium are to be noted. The use of radio — both in the political use of radio — by the Nazi regime and the documentary novel to which it gives rise, is a clear example of the role of radio in the indoctrination of the population.

Speakers from the Radio Program "The Thought and Action of Hitler and Goebbels and others" produced the idea of radio as a medium for the indoctrination of the population. One very famous and peculiar ability of columna
central to contemporary debates about the nature and extent of emancipation, both within the media and the society to which it conforms. These questions, as they were presented by Bericht in 1932, may be irreducible within the present conditions of actual or recrudescent control and may be best explained by the abstract yet totaling concept of hegemony. While the issues besetting inter-community exchanges and the control thereof can be examined within the terms of "electronic colonization," their resolution may not be achieved simply through a re-orientation of the uses and abuses of the media, although this would help for starters. It may have to begin with a radical refocusing of the problems and possibly as well, the re-constitution of the terms of discourse.

Power, however, remains a good starting point. While the macroeconomic conditions of power may be seen in the international contestation of wills over the airwaves, the dialectic implied in Bericht's rejoinder — "unavoidable in this social system, realizable in another..." — continues from the interstate and national to the community, and finally, to the level of the individual. The reproduction and contestation of power relations continue at every level. It is toward this examination we must now turn to recognize these determinations on the production of contemporary audio artifacts.

II

Within the history of broadcasting there are few instances of broadcasts which demonstrate the peculiar and absolute power of the medium. Aggrandizing public addresses — we may call these the classic use of radio — have usually been generalized under the term propaganda. The authority of radio is confirmed in wartime documentary newsreels, which today evidence a peculiarly melodramatic and fictional character. The powerful propaganda speeches of Churchill, Hitler, Stalin and Roosevelt are paradigms of radio's propensity toward mass indoctrination. Goebbels and others argued convincingly that indoctrination was the essence, the very actuality of the medium. One very famous instance of radio's peculiar ability to convince has been immortalized in the annals of broadcast history. Since the publication of Howard Koch's book, it has become known simply as "The Panic Broadcast." The event took place on Halloween, Sunday 30 October, 1938 at 9:00 pm. The occasion was Columbia Broadcasting System's production of H.G. Wells' novel, The War of the Worlds. Produced by Orson Welles and the Mercury Players, the play documented the "landing" of hundreds of Martian aliens in an obscure New Jersey town called Grover's Mill. The Martians' destructive machines, the total disruption of communications and the defeat of thousands of "defenders" took the listening public by surprise. For a total of 30 minutes hundreds of thousands of demoralized listeners believed that Martians had occupied whole sections of the country, indiscriminately mowing down hundreds and incinerating whole villages with their "heat rays." The CBS network audience reacted accordingly. They panicked.

At the programme's end, Orson Welles read a statement suggesting that the broadcast had been a Halloween prank, but this did little to dispel the fear of those caught off guard by the totally convincing character of the first half of the programme. According to one of the many studies undertaken after the event, these were the people who subsequently lobbied for legislative powers to prohibit "such panicism" on the airwaves. It is unlikely that a similar programme could spark the same response today. Sociologists and psychologists who conducted "post-invasion" studies suggested that the responses of the approximately six million people to the broadcast, and the estimated one and half million who took the story literally, were the result of a number of faction, including the approach of conflict in Europe, previous reported sightings of alien airships and extra-terrestrial visitors, and the traditional enslavement of paranoia associated with Aliens' Fire. However, the fact that one short radio programme can have such extraordinary effects gives some pause for reflection on the power of radio in general and art in particular.

Within popular culture there are many representations of radio as "the disturber of the peace," the public intruder, which invades the sanctity of domestic space, filling up warm and intimate rooms and substituting the natural sounds and harmony of everyday life — with noise. In marked contrast, revealing the popular representation of the schizoid nature of the medium, early newspaper and magazine advertisements for radio tended to emphasize its intimate qualities, or at least its capacity for providing intimacy and companionship. The wireless was often illustrated in the 1920s as a piece of furniture amid the other material possessions of the petty-bourgeois interiors in which it was most often found. The radio's function and its existence as technological apparatus was de-emphasized in favour of its decorative (aesthetic) values which were in keeping with other objects in the household.

The radio is represented as the substitute for the absent friend on those cold lonely winter nights, or alternatively, as the additional (indispensable) "family member" surrounded by adoring siblings, parents and household pets, exuding its "warmth" like a coal fire.
These familiar conditions of radio-as-friend, or surrogate "love object," is a multiplicity of images, have provided the lyrical context for many musical performances as diverse as Bing Crosby, Dolly Parton, the Beatles and Queen. They have pro-
vided the necessary reflection and nostalg-
gia base for "when I was young movies" like Woody Allen's Radio Days and repro-
duced the stereotypical image and sounds of America's Vaudville "Oh, de...de...de..." (via megaphone): the "movie's on, out n' up" of Nashville: the Movie's relabeled "turn on (off) that ra-
dio", and the post-gluttonized, big hop "ta, ta, ta, dino, di, di, di, di, oh, oh." The extent to which these cultural repre-
sentations have become social and ideologi-
cal indicators of some significance has begun to be explored by a growing num-
ber of popular culture researchers establish-
ing the soundscapes of contemporary so-
cieties (R. Murray Schafer's term in The Tuning of the World: Toward a Theory of Soundspace Design.)

Some of this work on the social effects of radio, which includes the examination of sound imaging, and audio-cultural analysts generally, has taken its theoretical cues from recent debates within post-
structuralism and marxism. The marxist interpretation and analysis of culture (and society) as well as contemporary post-
structuralist and feminist film theory have been particularly useful for those exploring the psycho-social and socio-political aspects of audio production and consump-
tion. During the past fifteen years the lo-
cut of debates within film theory and film
analysis has tended to revolve around the
name of sexual sublimation, voyeurism and filmic pleasure. The work of the 70's
Seren group — Laane Mulvey, Peter Wolfen et al., who have based their theo-
ries on the writings of Christian Metz (The Imaginary Signifier: Psychoanalysis and the Cinema), Jacques Lacan (Écrits) and The Four Fundamental Concepts of Psychana-
lysis) and Julia Kristeva (De Sade in Language) among others — has done much to isolate and identify significant aspects of cine-
matic pleasure, the construction of meaning and the production and reproduction of ideology through the agency of the cine-
matic apparatus. Similar theoretical work ("textual" analysis) is beginning to be undertaken with respect to sound and has located its points of reference in psy-
cho-social rather than in bio- or eco-social terms as had previously been the case in the work of Schafer and others.

The desire for listening, which places emphasis on the passive subject as the recipient of the 'code,' has begun to be
more widely understood in psychoanalytic
terms. The passive innocence" evocatively evoked by Lacan, is a process which in-
volves the sublimation of sexual desire
into the level of imagination(s). These imag-
inings, reveries or semi-conscious states
allow feelings of pleasure (or alienation) to be obtained.

In (practical) audionic terms, Lacan's thesis allows us to understand a range of listening behaviours de-
scribed by those studying the social behaviours of au-
dio-consumers: why, for in-
stance, many people listen to the radio or other audio-
phonic equipment in dark-
ened rooms, or just prior to
sleep; why listening aids di-
gestion; why muzak in-
creases commodity produc-
tion in factories and com-
moditization in shopping malls.

The power of radio is more readily under-
stood if we consider the less public con-
cerns of radio listeners (and some televi-
sion viewers) who use their listening be-
aviour to almost literally stay alive. For somewhat obvious reasons, little is under-
stood about the behaviour of those who, fearing or needing death, maintain a semi-
alert, somnolent, often hypertensive state by keeping the radio on while they at-
tempt (to) sleep. In such cases, the intensive presence of sound, of "noise," often regardless of content (although tuck and phone-in shows are favourites), is used as an analgesic. In such instances, the radio acts as both an "upper" and a "downer."
The split yet interdependent nature of listening — its intuitive yet friendly char-
acter, as well as its source of pleasure and displeasure (distinguished from displeas-
ure) — finds its continuum in the general problems associated with broadcasting: the privileging of reception over transmis-
sion, and of consumption over produc-
tion. There is a paradigm in the historical developments which links the first radio receiver with those of today. It is of some significance that the first speaker was in fact a listening tube placed in the ear rather like a stethoscope. From the first, the experience of listening was very much an individual one. Dr. Lee de Forest's in-
vention of the vacuum audio tube hast-
tened the development of the audio speaker, which became, simply because of its
disc, size and power, a command re-
ception device. The wireless is glibly
named in more ways than one. The inti-
mate contact of the body with the ma-
chine was lost. Once connected to the body by a cord, the radio soon became an instrument of collective listening, part of the furnaces and, by extension, the architecture — or in Murney Schafer's terms, taking his cases from McLuhan, the
"bio-sphere." During the last
70 years after all, we have regained the into unclear contact with

Some 70 years after all, we have regained the into unclear contact with us.

The history of the machine has been
exploited in the 1980's by playbacks and re-
main–with jazz and rock fans, and their
capabilities, as well as their use of
radio equipment, is being joined.
This has been the case in the past. In
our society, the radio was often used to
juvenate the senses of the masses.
Still, such equa-
tions are possible.

And the choice is so much between
noise, or the same
source (Schaefer's "phonosia"), but
narcissistic with
the self-imposed li-
enced commodity
and hyper-commerciali-
Zation, with vari-
ety.

The first involves a for-
bidding, the second, self-exertion
in the image. The
radio is the instrument of the negli-
genated, is manifest
in the mass media.
That radio has the
form or combat or resist after
its reproduction, is re-
duced to home as a
theoretical discussion.
The fact is that those terms of means of engineering "exchange" in step with social reality. The fact
is that those terms of means of engineering "exchange" in step with social reality. The fact
"biosphere." During the past decade we have regained the intimacy of this vital umbilical contact with the audio apparatu-

Some 70 years after de Forest's invention we have returned to savour the severally individualistic hyper-tonic listening on the 'new' equipment of the 1970s and 1980s. The listening tube has been replaced by the umbilical cords represented in the 'advanced generation' of mini-phonos and stereo headphones. And where in the late sixties, Timothy Leary enjoined his followers to "drop out and turn on," we now have a situation of 'turn on and turn in.' It is particularly interest-

And the choice now is not so much between signal and noise, or the sound and its source (Schafer's "schizopho-

The history of audio traces a vector of listening behaviour from the extremely individualistic, to the family, to the community, and, prior to World War II, the masses. For the last 30 years it appears that we have been reversing this trend, traversing the terrain of choice, which is less fully articulated than advertises of audio equipment would have us believe.

III

As Hans Magnus Enzensberger observed in his famous Brechtian essay "Constituents of a Theory of the Media" (1974), radio, since its raw beginnings in the minds of mid-19th century technologists, has been reinforced as an apparatus for broadcast. While there is nothing intrinsic to the technology which privileged consumption at the expense of production, the intu-

The Marxs Invade Los Angeles from The War of the Worlds

While many of the examples En-

zemberg used in his essay to demon-

strate the dialectical uses of the media (network broadcast radio and television, satellite communications) still hold true, others used to illustrate his thesis - the telephone, the computer, electro-static copiers, user/producer audio and visual equipment and services - have been al-

tered by (usually) subtle emphases and/or recontextualizing in order to adapt to ei-

ther the changing demands of the market and consumers or the new determinations of the communications systems. The tele-

phone, for instance, can no longer be con-

sidered primarily as a single line speaker/receiver apparatus, as Enzensberger ar-

gued. It must now be understood in terms of its dialectical potential as a multiple 
tele-conferencing (networking) system as well as a place where a number of commu-

nications systems (computers, copiers) can interface simultaneously.

Within the past decade, theory has preceded the practical applications for the new technologies. Technologists point to the "education gap" the fact that people are unable to adapt quickly enough to the newer generations of technological appara-

It is wrong to regard media equipment as a means of consumption. It is always in principle also a means of production. The contradiction between producers and consumers is not inherent in the electronic media. On the contrary, it has to be artificially reinforced by eco-

nomic and administrative measures.

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nomic and administrative measures.

(Enzensberger, 56)
themselves have demonstrated their fallibility as interactive systems. Information flow is often masked by conflicts, dropouts, or, to use a political metaphor which may become more instructive in the next few years, anarchy. The counterpart to the AIDS virus among the human population is the computer virus (system bug) and other "new age" syndromes which have increasingly given new meanings to the "science" of cybernetics and particularity to the notion briefly expounded by Enzensberger: stochasticism, the randomness of interactive communications systems.

Stochasticism, while it reduces the Orwellian spectre of total control, is no reason to applaud the impending arrival of democracy. Neither is the late capitalist hyper-consumption of user/producer audio and video equipment, camcorders, micro-wave video broadcast systems, citizen band and low frequency transmitters, etc., etc., none of which can in themselves alter forth the emancipation of the masses. For as Enzensberger noted,

Until these instruments find their way into the actual working lives of people, that is into the schools and factories, farms and government bureau rather than their lives as consumers, then their potential use as instruments of emancipation remains unrealized. (Enzensberger, 56)

Control and the undialectical use of the media will continue as long as the consuming masses are buying the ideology of autonomous production imbibed together with hyper-consumption. Mass production and mass consumption (as it is implied by Benjamin, via Marx) is best assisted by the reproduction of the masses. Even where it can be demonstrated by "futurologists" like John Nashth (aiga-trad) that in the U.S., for instance, the increased number of radio and television stations is allowing greater flexibility in programming to ever increasing numbers of special interest constituencies, this does not offer cause for celebration. These constitutions are still composed of isolated individuals whose lives are, to a major extent, "controlled" by the major media conglomerates and other institutions of capitalism. The consumption of local media programs by these groups is limited and while they may own a camcorder, a B.C. radio, VCR, stereo or four track equipment which allow production, they remain amateurs.

It has long been clear from apparatus like miniature and 8mm movie cameras as well as the tape recorder, which are already in the hands of the masses, that the individual, as long as he remains isolated, can become with their help at best an amateur and not a producer. (Enzensberger, 57)

The emphasis given by Enzensberger on the term producer is derived from the importance given it by Walter Benjamin in his essay "The Author as Producer" (1947), reprinted in Walter Benjamin, Reflections 1934-1968) in which he argues that the artist must release him/herself from the traditional stereotypical roles and class alliances and identify with the struggles of the proletarian and other disenfranchised or marginal groups within society. Enzensberger re-offers this problem of "cosmesticization" to those within the left as well as those liberals who wish to locate conditions ripe for change - including their own consciousness.

IV

For the old-fashioned "artist" - let us call him the author - it follows that he must see it as his goal to make himself redundant as a specialist in much the same way as a teacher of literacy only fulfills his task when he is no longer necessary. (Enzensberger, 76)

Both Enzensberger's and Benjamin's positions encourage the articulation of a new role for the artist, one which is premised less on the production of aesthetic objects or events than on the provision of objects or actions which have some kind of social and cultural utility. Their insistence on the artist's relinquishing the exhibition (culit) and hence commodity value of his or her work culminates in the indications of alternative practices at minimum the transposition or substitution of work beyond its service as a bearer of 'spiritual' or economic sign. The critique of the specialist role of the artist, as this identity has been historically constituted, is at base a critique of the autonomy of the institution - art. The use of new technologies and the emphasis on developing critical strategies for the attack on the status quo of conventional artisic practice — both of these have been at the core of many so-called avant-garde theories, from the futurists of the first decade of the 20th century to the conceptuallists and conceptualists respectively of the early 1970s and 80's. And yet, in the vise of the status quo — the hegemony of bourgeois culture -- merely resulted in what Peter Bürger has suggested in "a re-queering of the stereotype" (Theory of the Avant-Garde). Too often the works of contemporary artists, including those using audio technology, have capitulated to the production of discrete objects for exhibition and sale in the conventional manner associated with the dealer gallery system and its surrogates. This, or the arrogandment of the artist's persona-as-author, the result is the sale, the construction of a commodity. An "alternative" which many audio and intermedia artists have intentionally adopted as a quasi-critical strategy is the role enactment of the marginal "outsider" figure. The most compelling images of this role are represented in many of the major works of audio art, performance, theatre and film produced within the past 20 years, including arguably one of the most influential, Samuel Beckett's play Krapp's Last Tape (1953). The narrative of the play is deceptively simple. As it progresses we learn that Krapp, Beckett's artist figure, has habitually recorded, on each of his birthdays, the principal events of that year. During the recording for his last birthday, Krapp chooses to review and reflect upon some of the previous year's recordings, playing back significant portions of his tape collection.

As a few critics have suggested, the play contains one major theme — imposture. Krapp's Last Tape is informed by a kind of narcissism broadly represented in the elaborations of a man in his late middle ages whose creative impotence is coupled with his imaginary (or actual) sexual impotence. His audio reminiscences reveal his lost youth; the mistakes he has made have been carefully choreographed in the stacks of tapes which have become his electronic relics. Without these diaries, Krapp would become the contemporary (Mistahcan) man-without-belief forced into the existential anguish of willing himself to power. His attempts to reconstruct his life's identity from his remembrances of a recorded history (the tapes become his aides-memoire), even where his acts and those of others around him reiterate that his existence has any meaning at all, are an act of self-deception to those who have rejected the solace offered by religion. And to Krapp, art is nothing necessary, yet ultimately poor substitutes.

The implicit materiality of crap, and the scatological references throughout the play, further reinforce the existential aspect of Krapp's intellectual orama. The cultural significance of shit, or rather its purging — within literature, from Rabae's "Swat, Safe, Jarry, Artaud, Beckett — and the visual arts, from Francis to Duchamp and Manzoni and Warhol is too large a subject to discuss here. Suffice it to suggest that Beckett's represents and cultural alternation of a bodily direction, in one which may also be seen of many contemporary ruminations on the loss of a focus on the type for an artist like Beckett.

Day after day I look still see something dink a Johann at a ball into Johans a and rub the stump. And while I'm drying I think above and always in style. Very dry. I'm ready for the acne-pimple medic pimple's covered. I (Woolf, 7)

Warchild's mirror and his ghost, as do in his audio recordings. This engages the twin aspects — self-aggrandizement (effacement or self-effacement at the hearts of the poem under examination. Beyond the horizon: meo-avant-garde's attack on the power of radio and many of the works from 1960 and particularly on 1969 are early examples of political and cultural initiatives of the "media" as (paradigmatic) being described as the audio, the manner in the exhibition of the audio manner in which the barriers are all film. These sorts of consciousness, ideological underpinnings of the past periods since the two other technological ages.

Aconcoc is acutely and public aspects of
day after day I look in the mirror and I still see something... a new pimple... I dunk a Johnson and Johnson cotton ball into Johnson and Johnson rubbing alcohol and rub the cotton ball against the pimple. And while the alcohol is drying I think about nothing. How it's always in style... When the alcohol is dry, I'm ready for the flesh colored acne-pimple medication... so now the pimple's covered. But am I covered? (Washol, ?)

Washol's mirror and scrapbook become his ghost, as do in similar manner Knapp's audio recordings. This image of narcissism engages the twin aspects of this syndrome — self-aggrandizement and self-abnegation (attachment or self-abnegation), which is at the basis of the power dynamics present in the performance. Beyond the historical avant-garde, the neo-avant-garde's attachment to the absolute power of radio remains. It is evident in many of the works from the post-war period and particularly those from the late 1960s and early 1970s, a time which represented a watershed for the development of artists' audio. Vito Acconci's works Recording Studio for Air Time (1973) and Other Voices for a Second Site (1973) are useful examples of productions from this period. Within Acconci's oeuvre they may stand as paradigmatic) instances of what is being described as the residual effects of radio, the medium in which it "ruins" the exhibition of audio art in the same manner in which the experience of movies haunts all film. These effects become products of consciousness. They represent the ideological underpinnings of the dominant culture of this period, and perhaps all periods since the invention of radio and other technological apparatus of reproduction.

Acconci is acutely aware of the private and public aspects of his art. In his early performances, work, his attitude of sitting in front of a mirror or camera often approached the condition of self-abnegation of the individual at confession. Like Beckett's Krapp, the presence of an audience, albeit one distanced by technology (video and audio players) in a work such as Air Time attests him to being "honest" with himself. The videotape of the 1973 performance/installation, produced for the Scenabend gallery in New York is arguably the most intimate of any that Acconci produced. It deals specifically with the ending of, and making public his decision to do so, his long term relationship with Kathy Dillon. The artist had himself locked in an "isolation chamber" for three hours each day for two weeks. After each one-and-a-half hours he would emerge for a fifteen minute break and then return. A closed circuit video system revealed Acconci talking to himself, looking again into a mirror and acting out scenes from his five year relationship with Dillon. Audio tape players and speakers were placed in seven wooden boxes and dispersed throughout the gallery. Sounds were placed beside each tape box for the listeners' convenience. Acconci's voice, at low volume, could be heard from each box. "What I'm doing here may be hard for me to reveal to them (the audience)... so my voice from the past (on the tape recorders) can be used to get rid of them, insult them, denigrate them, transport them." (Sendheim, 26-68).

Like Krapp, Acconci is ultimately ambivalent about his audience's presence in what is essentially a private affair between himself and Dillon (and in Krapp's case, between Krapp and himself). Yet Acconci needs their presence to remain truthful to himself, even if this might place him in the position of "acting out something for them." He may wish to rehash (rehash) himself and gain absolutions for his sins by placing himself under confession, yet he also wants to make it clear that in some of the instances which he outlines, he believes he is above reproach. The isolation chamber, simultaneously reminiscent of cells in prisons, psychiatric institutions, confessional and sound-proofed recording booths (the tape's full title is Recording Studio for Air Time) reveals Acconci's deliberate obscuring of the public and private.

Although Acconci's audience, like Beckett's, may be an indispensable aid for securing the proverbial "whole truth and nothing but the truth," the "confessions" are for the most part egocentric affairs. The audience members are not requested to be givers of absolution, witnesses, a judge, nor even the jury. Like the audience for the typical radio programme, they are merely asked, like Peter Sellers' character Chauncey Gardner in the film Being There, to be there.

The audience members support Acconci to come to terms with himself. And arriving at some kind of resolution regarding the "other" is ultimately a manipulative operation. At the conclusion of the tape Acconci affirms his past separation and admits, "Maybe coming to terms with our relationship means ending our relationship..." And the parallel identification of the other with the audience results in his ending his relationship with them as well.

The recording studio in Air Time was further developed in an exhibition the following year for New York's Museum of Modern Art. It represents an interesting comparison for later works by a number of other artists including Eric Bogosian's (and now Oliver Stone's) Talk Radio. Titiled Other Voice for a Second Shift (1974), Acconci's performance/installation represents the self-writ large aspects of the disc-jockey or talk-show host moving into and controlling the hearts and minds of his listeners, while locked into a hermetically sealed sound-proofed chamber with an audio projection device — radio. "Like building a life on an all night talk show" (my emphasis). The middle gallery space contained a recording/monitoration studio and on either side was the light room (right) and the dark room (left). The right room contained slide projections and films of the artist in various poses projected across thin fabric sheets... "transcendence calls to me." In the left room, slides were projected through acetate banners revealing the artist's naked body as well as a series of political figures. As Acconci has written, "Like a room of the world — public life comes down to me" and the D.J./host is the "voice that drifts through the dark, that lulls you into the night that makes you forget (emphasis added)" yet the radio show is a "final hour, a final program that seemingly may go on forever." And later, in a perfect expression of the dialectic we have been attempting to describe:

...it's a power dream, a dream of glory, yet my voice...like a machine; the voice becomes an undercurrent, it seaks in a frame of mind, installs a habit; maybe, it says refuse, withdraw, don't make a move.
While he attempts to provide his work with some kind of socio-political use value, Accorsi is frustrated in his attempt, because he says, he may not "believe anymore in the efficacy of art." He is trapped as surely as is Kripp, in the meanderings of his own actions. He is forced into a position of either aggrandiz ing his person, renewing the stereotypes of the neo-avant-garde and/or finally capitulating to the safety of the art market.

In Benjaminian terms he reproduces the conventional social powerlessness of the isolated author, acting out the behaviour, producing the products which will secure the autonomy of the institution art and deny its potential to achieve through the aims of its authors as producers, a critical press.

The determinations of alienation on the production of audio artists is a larger subject than there is space for here. Suffice it to say that the denial of art's social utility for the sake of transcendence, both social and cultural, has always been subsumed under the avant-garde's intentions. While a small number of artists have obtained a true patriarchal condition for their art (Tallin, Brecht, Heartfield, among them) this has usually been for a short time only. It is a well-known function of the art world's institutions that they have the capability of co-opting that very work, which presumes to announce their redundancy.

We have witnessed the power of radio and tape recording in other ways since the late 1940s when Pierre Schaeffer began to manipulate audio recordings to produce some of the first electro-acoustic works. John Cage's celebrated Imaginary Landscape Suite No. 5 (1952) has been described as one of the first uses in the U.S. of magnetic tape to produce a musical work for radio broadcast. In keeping with the Duchampian readymade aesthetic, the work of Cage and others was perceived as an intrusion into the conventional ear and airspace of audio reception. The title Imaginary Landscape is somewhat ironic given the technical aspects of the recording itself and the material objects, including hub caps, bottle caps, etc., which produced the sounds. Much of the broadcast work produced in the late 1940s and early 60s by artists in the U.S. and Europe stocked its lists with the same musical form. However, it did not take long for Cage's music compositions and their variants to be accepted as conventional high art practice. Like Duchamp's readymade ready-mades, they have found their place as clas sical and cultural hall of fame.

An unanticipated result of this institutionalization process is the manner in which both Cage's avant-garde strategies have become a justification, in aesthetic terms, for a bio-social apprehension of the audio wave which, after McLuhan, has tended to obliterate cultural, class and ethnic boundaries in favour of a total homogenizing of the ecosphere.

Murray Schaefer's celebrated Soundspaper project places much significance on the reception analysis of periodical sound. And yet this analysis is limited, providing material for the subsequent renditions of radio transmission into rhythmic configuration of bio-harmony. The work of a number of Canadian composers and audio art producers has been influenced by Schaefer's book The Taming of the World — even its title echoes McLuhan's "Glocal Village" — although most have neglected the salient criticism of the culture of consumer capitalism implicit in his work and have opted for the grandiloquence (and aesthetic potential) of his metaphors. Montreal audio artist and composer Paul Therbege, for instance, produced a radiophonics work which is based on an earth day (11 hours) of programming from the Radio Canada FM network. Brief extracts of music, news and cultural programmes were montaged together on an eight track recorder, then mixed down to form a one minute to one hour radio of recorded time to transmission time. About this work Therbege has written:

...through this extreme compression of material, themes, juxtapositions and modulations characteristic of Radio Canada perhaps become more apparent and hopefully, a certain global rhythm inherent in the programming structure begins to emerge. (Therbege, 3)

A similar approach to radio broadcasting and hence audio composition is apparent in the work of many artists producing radio networks. As we have seen, however, radio broadcast and tape recording can be recog nized and understood in more diverse ways. The rationalization of the technological in the hands of artists who believe in the sociality of the medium can only hasten the depersonification of culture and the further alienation of individual producers.

Pastcript

During the past five years many artists using audio and video technology to produce their work have become increasingly aware of the problems associated with the traditional venues for distribution and broadcast. In response to these problems, they have adopted new methods of distribution, collectively produced programmes for regular broadcast, and attempted to develop alternative avenues. A few community-based radio and television stations, as well as the more community service religious galleries, have allowed access to artists for alternative programming. However, even when they have the instruments and institutions of mass communication at their disposal, many artists still address a limited, usually elite audience. They have done little to critique some of the intrinsic problems of the media, especially those associated with the power dynamics unspoken in this essay. Nor have they addressed the content of their work according to.

At best distribution is now understood as a problem of some magnitude and with it a slowly changing orientation to the content of audio is discernible. Strategies for distribution have been varied. Audio artists have usually distinguished between three market models for the distribution and/or sale of their work.

The first may be dubbed the Hollywood option (Brian Eno and Laurie Anderson are good examples); artists emulate the strategies of MGM, Warner Brothers, CBS, et al., the major institutions of capitalism, developing styles, behaviour pack ages and marketing formulae which will address the conditions of the so-called free market. For the successful few, co-option is the happy result. Even as Punk entrepreneur Malcolm McLaren demonstrated, the "anti-capitalist" producers and behaviours of the counter (sub-)culture, commercial and in fact need to conform to the capitalist models of appropriation. McLaren successfully adopted a systems marketing approach to the selling of punk products, fashion and behaviour: the Sex Pistols, the clothes, the jewelry, the food tastes, bracelets, the language, the looks, beliefs, etc., all conforming to and reinforcing the sustaining ideologies of punk. Successful as his operation was, McLaren diminished his profit margins by not adequately protecting his patrons.

The second option does not exhibit the conventional extremes of the first. Artists producing the "high-culture" option usually follow the path of least resistance and attempt to market their work through the museum system and the small scale alternative recording industry. Aron Lucier is a good example of this, the preferred marketing model for most audio artists today. Artists from this group usually aspire to graduate to the first option — they produce work which tends to conform to the styles and tastes of a highly professionalized minority group of consumers who may also be artists themselves. Worldwide, this market constituency is of substantial size and developing and yet by the standards of the industry giants, it is minimal.

The third Underground option is characterized by an extremely small market and a relatively closed system of production/consumption. Tapes and records are produced at the margins by groups subscribing to various left wing, right wing and occasionally liberal causes. Often the work produced within this category has the look and feel of that produced within political cells or cells. It is produced in limited edition, often anonymously or under the cover name of a group and is sold, exchanged or given away. The most celebrated form of this kind of marketing strategy was that of Atwood Kahomi, who participated in the Iraqi revolution and the fall of the Shah. From his place of exile in Paris, Kahomi purportedly orchestrated a major religious coup by clandestinely exporting cassette tapes of his speeches which were subsequently distributed by thousands for distribution among the faithful and dispersed in Iran, thus giving new meaning to the phrase export revolution.

This third option is also the preferred one for alternative broadcasting. Airwaves piney and microwave transmitting in urban areas has often become an alternative for those who feel excluded from the dominant centres of production and distribution. Why run the risk of having your programming rejected or operate successfully a commercial marketing strategy?

Around the world miscellaneous factions, various and loyalty groups, ad hoc groups, special wave musicians, poets and various denominators that the risks associated with the law are empirically given the situation makes the various currents and the control of new networks of broadcast.

The relationships between these options are many and complex. It is possible that the two main trends in the past decade or so, that have been most developed in the Khoensani and the Maya may have have an impact on the mass of the movement focused on and associated with the mixture in which wine-appeal support and strengthens, or undermines, the need to re-orient their inside, uproot, the visual which had been to secondary status for at least since the time of techniques of repression and the absence of photo-mechanical early 19th century. Of audio-image films of Ford Coppola's The Godfather is to be familiarly a representation of audiophonic representa tion of The Conversational symbolic representation of the production of time ultimate reality.

It is to the extent Infraganti, TheConvos, that artists must add is within these existing power and potential power in all its negative and creative dimension the Readjustment of the nation of the minimum reproduction and control to the role of author.

Perhaps the most dramatic lesson to be learned between the all power consumerism and the all — is contained within the auditory to Andy Mannis (Music/audio/installation soundist at the Krannert Center for Performing Arts) tribute to Andy Mannis who had created all memor y of the Center Mercers Art Center performance space.

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programming rejected or altered if one can operate successfully outside of the conventional marketing/broadcasting systems. Around the world Immigrant groups, religious factions, various left wing activist and minority groups, environmentalists, anti-nuclear, specialist producers, new wave musicians, poets and other artists of various denominations have often decided that the risks associated with operating outside of the law are worth taking, particularly given the satisfaction of the aural and the control exercised by the major networks of broadcast systems. The relationships between these three options are more fluid than the belief description above would suggest. There are many permutations which allow for alternative distribution methods to develop. The third option is gaining popularity for those who recognize their powerlessess within the present system. The power of recording and broadcasting is beginning to be understood through its agency — powerlessness.

In the past decade the power of radio and particularly audio tape recording has been dramatically in spectacular ways. The Khoemtsele example above, Watergate and Iranagate all emphasize the instrumentality of the magnetic recording apparatus. Each event has focused attention on the fluidity and fallability of the technology the manner in which wire-tapping/bugging can support and strengthen an existing institution, or undermine and destroy it. The zeal to reel and the humble cassette have come into their own, usurping the primacy of the visual which had subjected the aural to secondary status for hundreds of years, at least since the invention of historic techniques of representation in the Renaissance and the subsequent development of photo-mechanical apparatus in the early 19th century. One of the classic audio-image films of the 1970s, Frances Fied Coppola’s The Conversation, accurately depicts the importance and power of subliminal representation. While the plot of The Conversation is imaginary, its symbolic representation of the control of power ultimately give way to the real.

It is to the examples of Watergate, Iranagate, The Conversation and Khoemtsele that artists must address themselves. For it is within these examples that the actual and potential power of audio production, in all its negative and positive aspects, becomes evident. An extensive examination of the institutional conditions of production and consumption is also a pre-condition to the re-orientation of the artist’s role from author to producer. Perhaps the most appropriate image of the present relations flagged in this essay — between the all-powerful radio, the passive consumer and the alienated artist/author — is contained in Nara New’s Public’s A Tribute To Andy Mannix (1982). This performance/installation work was presented at the Kitchen (Centre for Video and Performing Arts) in New York as a tribute to Andy Mannix, a stage carpenter who had operated the kitchen of the former Mercer Art Centre into the kitchen performance space. Pink’s Tribune, described by John Howell for iLIVE magazine, consisted of the following:

He (Mannix) put together a stage platform while Palk wandered around eating rice-cakes. As a classically trained Cage student, Palk always wanted to work a burlesque house and so he played, smashing old Victoria records, bringing out matches of coins and scales and Beethoven, broadcasting recorded tape backwards — as only Palk can “play”. While on stage, Louis Wolraecht performed a discrete strip to a Sony Walkman (as no as not to be illustrated) by Palk’s cacophonous, less than rhythmic score. (iLIVE Vol I, No. 67 1982)

SONY

Sony advertisement, 1980s


WORKS CITED


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A version of this essay was presented at the Kurzweil Radio Art Symposium, Sydney Festival, Graz, Austria in October 1988. The full essay will be published in Sound by Art, Linde, L. and Lower, M., ed. Toronto: Art MicroPress, forthcoming late 1989.

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New Theoretical Perspectives on Advertising

Social Communication in Advertising: Persons, Products, and Images of Well-Being
by William Leiss, Stephen Kline, and Sut Jhally
New York: Methuen, 1986

Codes of Advertising: Feltham and the Political Economy of Meaning in the Consumer Society
by Sut Jhally
New York, St. Martin’s, 1987

Since the emergence of “critical” media studies in the 1970s, a substantial literature has developed that examines and questions the role of mass communications and advertising within the institutional structures of contemporary capitalist societies. In contrast to “administrative” media studies that focus on how to use mass communications within the given political economic order to influence audiences, sell products, and promote politicians, critical research has addressed the social and cultural effects of mass communications and their role in perpetuating an unjust social order.

One facet of critical analyses of advertising — exemplified by Goffman’s Gender Advertisements, Williamson’s Deciding Advertisements, and Andrews, et al.’s Rhetoric and Ideology in Advertising — has examined the content and structure of advertisements for their distorted communications and ideological impact. Emphasizing semiotics and/or content analysis, numerous critical studies working at the micro level have examined how advertising’s mass communications “persuade” or “manipulate” consumers.

By contrast, works such as Schiller’s Mass Communications and American Empire, Ewen’s Captains of Consciousness, and Fishkin’s The Media Monopoly present broader historical analyses which locate advertising and mass communications within the history of contemporary capitalism and examine their impact on the larger social and political economic structure. Studies such as these have pointed out how advertising and mass media have contributed to the development and perpetuation of an undemocratic social order by concentrating enormous economic and cultural power in the hands of a few corporations and individuals.

These two facets of critical media studies have generated numerous insights into the conservative social functions and ideological effects of mass communications that were ignored by “administrative research” which tended to focus on the effects which mass communication had in carrying out certain specific tasks (i.e., capturing an audience, selling goods, conveying messages, etc.). One persistent problem, however, has plagued critical media studies and blunted its potential impact on cultural studies and public policy. Very rarely have critical studies of advertising and mass communications adequately articulated the linkage between the micro political economic structure of mass media and the micro mass communication forms and techniques so as to reveal how the overall structure of mass institutions shapes mass communications and reproduces existing social systems. The failure to clearly and comprehensively articulate this linkage has often generated an implicit “complicity theory” suggesting that a few elites in control of the mass media consciously conspire to manipulate culture and consciousness. This deficiency has plagued critical analyses of advertising and communications and while there is certainly justification for many of the criticisms of mass communication by critical media studies and their implications in general, particularly, can only impact that critical research on social communication, persons, products, and images of well-being. By way of conclusion, this essay will focus on the way in which sociopolitical and psychological forces shape communications and public discourse. This will be achieved by drawing on research from a variety of sources and disciplines, including mass communications, cultural studies, and social psychology.
the communications media and advertising agencies evolved hand-in-hand into “the modern advertising industry.” Where advertising is a central institution of the “market-industrial economy.”

Another contribution of SCA is its synthesis of works by other scholars in a variety of fields which encompass advertising, communications, and society. The book provides a concise description of the historical and structural context of advertising and its developmental trends, while at the same time introducing positions of the major scholars of advertising, e.g., Adorno, Schiller, Pope, Fox, Converse, Hammers, and Polivy, to name a few. One of the more original approaches concerns their studies of “The Theatre of Consumption.” Here, they examine the structure and content of advertisements and their social and cultural impact using both semiotics and content analysis. The first study, derived from Hall's doctoral dissertation, involves an analysis of television commercials sampled from soap operas targeted at males and prime-time programming targeted at females. Dalle's goal was to illuminate “the differentiated codes used by advertisers in their messages directed at male and female audiences.” The study reveals, not surprisingly, that advertisers utilize different codes and strategies to appeal to different audiences and genders. For example, “beauty,” “family relations,” and “intimacy” are codes used to address female audiences while “masculinity” and “femininity” are primarily male advertising codes.

Another important trend involves a shift of emphasis within ads away from commodity and social relations, telling individuals what they must buy to become fashionable, popular, and successful while inducing them to buy particular products to reach these goals. As the authors point out, “quality of life studies report that the strongest foundations of satisfaction lie in the domain of interpersonal relations, a domain of nonmaterial goods.” But in the consumer society, commodities are important means to interpersonal relations because they communicate social information to others. “They serve as a ‘cognitive medium’ into which we transfer the intricate webs of personal and social interactions.”

The significance and power of advertising, according to the analysis presented in SCA, is therefore not so much economic, but cultural. “Advertising is not just a business expenditure undertaken in the hope of moving some merchandise off the store shelves, but is rather an integral part of modern culture.” Advertising is significant because, in consumer capitalism, in
individuals depend on it for meanings, a source of social information imbedded in commodities that mediate interpersonal relations and personal identity. Advertising should therefore be conceived as an important institution in the consumer society because it produces "patterned systems of meaning" which play a key role in individual socialization and social reproduction.

Consequently, the "marketingplace" should be seen as a "cultural system" and not just as a mechanism for moving commodities and money. Furthermore, it is cultural symbolism and images that provide crucial insights into the nature and functions of advertising. The authors analyze the "persuasive" form of modern advertising indicates how cultural forms of social communication create meanings through non-discursive visual imagery which come to shape consciousness and behavior directly by sanctioning some forms of thought and behavior while delegitimating others and by presenting proper and improper images of behavior and role models for men and women. The result is a culture where image plays a more important role than linguistic discourse, where visual imagery is discursive, visual imagery is non-discursive, emotive, associative, iconic, and fictive. Advertising thus plays a key role in the transition to a new image culture and in the transition from a book-oriented culture to a media culture. In this culture, domains of social life ranging from religion to politics fall under the sway of the reign of images. As the authors point out, "Accused: representation," or persuasive images, have a greater impact in decision-making, "affective opinions," and behavior, than verbal discourse, and can be absorbed without full conscious awareness and without being translatable into explicit verbal formulations. Consequently, the authors suggest that advertising is a form of social communication which promotes non-communication, or what Habermas calls "systematically distorted communication." Advertising promotes "commodity fetishism" and in general a fetishized consciousness that invests goods, services, and individuals, etc. with symbolic properties. Studies of commodity fetishism and the extension of other Marxist categories to the analysis of advertising is the focus of Sur Jhally's Codes of Advertising. Jhally takes as his starting point the analysis of the commodity in Marx's Capital and applies the categories of exchange value, use value, surplus value, commodity fetishism, etc., to studies of advertising and the commodification of media. He provides perhaps the most detailed and insightful explication of Marx's theory of commodity fetishism yet found in the vast literature on the topic and applies the concept — and other Marxist categories — in interesting and provocative ways to a vast amount of material. In so doing, he provides a sharp critique of Baudrillard's attack on Marxism in For a Critique of the Political Economy of the Sign and The Mirror of Production, demonstrating conclusively through a wealth of quotations that Marx does not, as Baudrillard claims, naturalize needs, use values, and so on. Rather Marx provides a powerful critique of bourgeois apologists which claim that capitalism is legitimate because it provides people with what they want and fulfills their pre-existing needs. Against this ideology, Marx argues that trends, use values, and ideologies are all historically produced under capitalism and thus serve as essential elements of social reproduction.

Consequently, Jhally attempts to demystify how traditional Marxist economic categories and analyses can be used productively to analyze advertising and mass communications and can be combined with semiotic analyses of codes and the production of meaning. Both SCA and Jhally's Codes provide much useful analysis of how advertising produces consumers and how the consumer society reproduces itself. Jhally provides a more systematic use of Marxist categories to analyze advertising as an institution within contemporary capitalist societies. Yet he sometimes resorts to a somewhat vulgar Marxism, as when he insists on interpreting media communication simply in terms of the exchange value and use value produced by capital, rather than analyzing the interactions between media content, forms, institutions, social and political environments, and the uses of the media by the audience. While he provides a critical political economy framework to analyze the social and economic functions of advertising and mass communications, he is less successful in analyzing how audiences produce meaning and what specific meanings and effects are produced. Although he carries out an "empirical study" of advertising codes and fetishism, his study is highly quantitative and abstract and fails to provide analysis of specific meanings, ideologies, or effects produced in the actual ads which he studied, none of which are analyzed in any detail. Moreover, Jhally fails to offer any proposals concerning public policy aimed at the regulation of advertising, nor of any possibilities of alternative advertising, or of the use of advertising to promote social change, or how a society might be organized without advertising.

The "Conclusion" to SCA examines advertising for "its proper place within a democratic society," and raises some serious questions about modern advertising practice. One is "that the discourse about goods today is too narrowly controlled by commercial interests, and that it should be framed more broadly... we do not believe that any single institution should control the public discourse about goods." Another issue involves advertising's impact on overall media content and意识形态 of commercialism, sexism, stereotyping, and stereotypic representations, and even in media industries. It points to "the redemptive communicative effects and the increa.

These are all significant and disturbing issues, however, Leiser offers few suggestions of his own, and frequently legitimizes discourse, while neglecting to direct the massive amounts of money spent every year on the advertising. They also avoid the radical critiques of Adorno and Horkheimer. Instead, they generally present a historically tepid perspective on advertising. Indeed, this is one that necessarily poses but, given its analysis, presents a critical account of advertising, historically developed text, it is disappointing. Twelve pages do not do justice to the topic and issues. Communication is Ads: Advertising, offer a wordy advertising verse and dispersed it in patterns. They are, therefore, involved in critical and contain aspects even the critical theories of communications societies. It is a new addition to the world of advertising.
on overall media content, i.e., "the avoidance of controversial subjects, banal pro-
gress formats, stereotyping of audience segments, [and] ownership concentration in media industries." The authors also point to "the reduction in rational appeal" and the increasing use of "persua-
sive" communication techniques in market-
ing, politics, corporate "image-building," and other domains of public discourse.

These are all significant issues concerning advertising and democracy. Unfortunately, however, Lenz, Kline, and Hally offer few suggestions about "what to be done," and frequently reproduce industry legitimizing discourses about advertising, while neglecting to document and critique the massive amounts of wealth squan-
doned every year on commercial advertising. They also avoid some of the more
radical critiques of advertising of Adorno, Horkheimer, Brodhead, and others, and
generally present a liberal Social Demo-
cratic perspective on advertising though
finally adopts a rather orthodox Marxist theoretical approach in his own book, he
avoids taking any distinct political stance toward advertising and the consumer soci-
est. Although the authors of SCA quite
correctly "suggest that it is time to change
the focus of attention from advertising prac-
tice to the set of institutional relation-
ships through which advertising is tied to
the social issues that concern us most,"
they do not adequately develop this in-
sight and suggest what institutional rela-
tionships must be examined and changed.

Admittedly, this is a difficult task and one
that necessarily involves radical pro-
posals. But, given the thoroughness of the
analysis presented and its insightful inte-
gration of advertising practice into the
historically developing institutional con-
text, it is disappointing to find so few sug-
gestions. Twelve pages of conclusion sim-
ply does not do justice to the importance of
the topic and issues. Yet both Social
Communication in Advertising and Codes of
Advertising offer a wealth of insights into
modern advertising practice and the di-
verse and dispersed literature that sur-
rounds this most controversial institution.
They are, therefore, essential texts for any-
one involved in critical media studies and
contain aspects essential for developing
critical theories of contemporary capitalist
societies.

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era Politics: The Politics and Ideology of Contemporary Hollywood Film. He has just completed Critical Theory, Marxism, and Modernity and is co-author (with Michael Ryan) of Marxism in Postmodernity and Beyond, both of which will be published by Polly Press.

As a translator of major poststructuralist
works into English, Geoffrey Bennington
is perhaps best known for his joint transla-
tion (with Brian Massumi) of Lyotard's The
Postmodern Condition: A Report on Knowl-
edge; one might equally know Bennington
from his partial translations of Lyotard
and critical articles in such academic jour-
nals as Paragraph and The Oxford Literary
Review, among others. As Bennington re-
marks in the opening lines of Lyotard,
Writing the event, "Lyotard is without ques-
tion best known in the English-speaking
world as the author of The Postmodern Con-
dition." And incisive as something called
the English-speaking world "knows"
Lyotard through his notorious Report, it
cannot be said to know him very well, a
situation to some extent rectified by Ben-
ington's book.

What makes Lyotard's own work so difficult
to re-present and reduce to the require-
ments of an introduction (theoretical sum-
mary, academic rigour, dividing and con-
catenating the text along various lines) is
simply that it is a collection of events. It
resists the introduction-qua-narration
which conserves, anticipates and main-
tains the main arguments.

Lyotard, Writing the event
Geoffrey Bennington
New York: Columbia University Press, 1988

Peregrinations: Law, Form, Event
by Jean-Francois Lyotard
New York: Columbia University Press, 1988

Lyotard - photo by Gianfranco Baruchello
one's understanding of a certain author. The introduction is at odds with a kind of writing which is tautological, a writing which barely acknowledges that it has readers. For instance, with respect to Libschool Economy, Lyotard remarks that even its rare readers disliked it, adding "thank God there were few." The problem is not that such writing is incoercible, thus precluding any sort of synoptic approach. The question is whether or not an introduction can address the matter of its cutting against the grain of the treatises which its treatises while gathering and communicating itself so-called "tenets", "contentions", etc. To extend the text to engage in a mimetic libidinal writing, an anti-theoretical, discursive form of following along the mobile cathexis intensities as they have their run of a voluminous libidinal skin.

But what other choice does the author of an introduction have? One cannot rely on partial translations. After all, we should not complain too loudly, too quickly about the way in which Benningtonunread's and questions the centres of power of Libschool Economy: the paradoxical (im-mobile and spinning bar of disjunction (of which the author) evidences the indestructible libidinal band, from which the bar is also derived; the libidinal band is neither an object of desire nor even an object, neither a lost relation, like Jean Baudrillard's "symbolic exchange" nor an ontological ground.

While Bennington has in mind the bar of disjunction in terms of what separates the inside from the outside or the subject from the object, we might also think of it in terms of the signifier/signified relation. When Lyotard sends his bar on its way spinning and bursting like a mad hummingbird, it no longer depends on, or is used other ways, everything flows together over the bar which is nothing less than the flow of largely anonymous libidinal impulses. Lyotard is to some sense getting off a joke at the expense of Jacques Lacan with the spinning bar. A bar that doesn't maintain differences allows all of the algorithmic which Lacan constructed out of the sign's bar of difference to collapse into an undifferentiated heap.

Bennington claims that the libidinal band is "too ontological" and "irretrievably proclaimed as good, as lost." Despite this criticism, Bennington has a reclamation project in mind: save Libschool Economy from itself. Thus, we read: "much of what is advanced in this book can be saved from itself. The base project of the book is to discern and intricate structure of disposi(t)-set, and that of seeking out the possibility of singularities and events, is revolutionized by Lyotard, and is in his view fundamental to the task of philoso-

"Lyotard's "evil book" (his own ad-

miration) is saved by the even.

In the second essay of Propositions, "Touch", Lyotard calls "an event the face to face with nothingness." Actual events, those kernels of nothingness, are often hidden behind everyday occurrences, even in Lyotard's "rhetoric" it is the "what they happen to be." Events are singular occurrences, they just happen, as it were; that they happen is more basic than what has happened. Sensitivity and atten-

To turn to making "verifying con-

ference very it is also a struggle for coherence against the figure which it dis-

occupies discourse with the Violence of an event, thereby feeling any attempt to intro-
duce it by keeping it at arm's length, one might keep an "object" of knowledge. As Bennington follows along and explains some of the ways in which Lyotard decom-

structs the opposition between discourse (reading, surface, signification, oppo-

site) and figure (saying, depth, sense), it is made evident that discourse also im-

hibits and disrupts the space of the figure. For instance, Bennington's detailed treat-

ment of "Le travail du rêve ne pas gâter" (The dream-work does not think) is an essay in Libschool, figure which quotes Freud's description of the final process of the dream-work, secondary revision, in The Interpretation of Dreams, brings out well what is at stake in the "ornamental complici-
tion of discourse and figure." Lyotard's assault on Lacan's reading of the uncoop-

ious on the model of language points to the insistence of discourse in figure and vice versa in Freud that Lacan could not see because of his desire to find the operations of language in the dream-work. Lacan, then, overlooks the elementary imper of figurability.

For all of the trouble that Discourse, figure caused him, Bennington's presentation of it exhibits a healthy tension between the habit of an academic orthodoxy and the need to comprehend oneself in any way as to receive the events which are the text. Might we take Propositions to be an introduction to an exact fable of the word (although it is advertised as an "ideal introduction"), which is to say that it is the record of three short oral addresses given at The Weilbacher Lectures at the University of California, Irvine, and a translation of one essay from 1982. "Faire Soyett: Le Malheur que n'a pas fini." Lyotard's Weilbacher Lectures — "Clouds," "Touchs," and "Gaps" — are anamnesis of his work which concerns the passage of thoughts (clouds) which are not our own as well as our attempts to enter into them as we preenagre with them: "Imagine the sky as a desert full of immemorable cumulu-

ous clouds slipping by and metamorphosing themselves, and into whose flood your thinking (can or rather must fall) and make contact with this or that unexpected as-
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tact" with what a cloud of thought brings forth and in the flash of that accidence develop one's own signature, as Cézanne before the Montagne Sainte-Victoire. The gap between two phrases or sentences in this condition, says Lyotard, of the appearance of different engines (extensive, prescrip-
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The addresses in Propositions are highly metaphorical and personal and as such stand in stark contrast to Lyotard, Writing the Event. The essay concerning Lyotard's Différend with Pierre Soury, however, while intensely personal and reflect-
in coherence against the figure which it dis-

occupies discourse with the Violence of an event, thereby feeling any attempt to intro-

duce it by keeping it at arm's length, one might keep an "object" of knowledge. As Bennington follows along and explains some of the ways in which Lyotard decom-

structs the opposition between discourse (reading, surface, signification, oppo-

site) and figure (saying, depth, sense), it is made evident that discourse also im-

hibits and disrupts the space of the figure. For instance, Bennington's detailed treat-

ment of "Le travail du rêve ne pas gâter" (The dream-work does not think) is an essay in Libschool, figure which quotes Freud's description of the final process of the dream-work, secondary revision, in The Interpretation of Dreams, brings out well what is at stake in the "ornamental complici-
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The main lines of Lyotard's Différend yield a truly "tactile" summary themselves as an excess of sentences, although attention to them in depths of Lyotard's writing to the aforementioned Foucault as a manner of disassembly it does in philosophy from little riddles to modernism, Bennington compensates abundant quarrelings between the author (or rather marked by a per-
frenzy. What is most interesting of all, between prophecies (primarily from Lyotard chapters as textual) by libidinal turns to the others. Lyotard's Différend begins, as Renan's "Histoire de l'œuvre de l'imagination", his pursuit of the "render" the reader the "idea of a book", if the fantasy having read it.

This fact is well known as an act of commercial ritual: "Mutschler" Prager Heck, which wins one's room in and at certain lordly forms, as Lyotard has reading the book. Even this review, then, was Vaughan's to pursue some time in a chat book, in which case its very utility it is there. The very fact of not, however, despite his valiant attempt to recognize the introducer and that discomfort is re-

Gary A. Ebersole & Brian Barrett, "Libschool Economy"
Like our ellipsophiler, Lyotard found that the different with his friend and comrade Sosyri over the ability of Marxism to provide a revolutionary critique of the contemporary world and current intervention in that world forced him into a "sentence universe" (every sentence presents the four poles of送去, adverb, adjective, adjective and meaning) in which he could only give up his position. "[Marxism] this presented itself not as one party in a duel, but as the judge, as the science in possession of objectivity, thereby placing the other in the position of stupor or stupidity in which I found myself... a point of view... incapable of making itself understood, unless it borrowed the dominant item — that is, unless it betrayed itself." Still, this different revealed to Lyotard "what in Marxism cannot be objected to": there is one of several incomparable discourses which seeks to transcribe all the others. That discourse is "capital, bureaucracy" and it is not enough to philosophize about it because "one must also destroy it." But even this admission does not make the different demonstrable. However, it is out of such cruel silence that new idioms emerge, those which enable different to be expressed. It is the task of philosophy and politics to find such idioms.

The main lines of argument in Le Different yield easily to Bennington's introductory "summary and critique," showing themselves as aspects of a "philosophy of sentences," although even such close attention to them in no way reaches the depths of Lyotard's text, running and roasting as it does through the history of philosophy from little known Greek rhetorics to modern revisionist historians. Bennington compensates by producing abundant quotations and "quotation between quotations" (from Lyotard and others) marked by a stationary bar of difference. What is more, two "paratheories" consisting of several pages of quotations (primarily from Lyotard) link the book's chapters like textual cartilage perforated by lyrical rumination nowhere in particular. Le Different begins with an "atonic summary," as Bennington puts it, which Lyotard calls, "allow[i] the reader to "talk about the book," if the fantasy so takes him, without having read it." Bennington offers his book as an act of resistance against "its commercial union of the" as a sort of "Modern Knowledge," which Lyotard remarks, "allow[s] the reader to "talk about the book," if the fantasy so takes him, without having read it." Bennington's book, in which case it stands as a degenerate source of knowledge about Lyotard. The very fact of Bennington's book, however, despite his assurances, aggravates the question of the relation between the interlocutor and the introduced. And that discomfort is entirely appropriate.

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Science and Intellectual Colonialism. New Directions, in the most recent edition of a volume published for the first time in 1970, and again in 1973, both times with several printings. The book is a collection of essays written by Orlando Fals Borda, a Colombian historical sociologist who has had an intense, long-term involvement with campaigns in rural areas of his own country, and whose work is known internationally.

In this volume, the author presents reflections on his earlier work, as well as his current views on sociological issues that, although pertaining primarily to social research in Latin America, also constitute a challenge for social scientists elsewhere. When the book first appeared, it was received as a radical rejection of Euro-American sociological thought by the Latin American community of scholars. In this light, it is interesting to note that the work has not been translated into other languages, nor is it the best of my knowledge has been published elsewhere. The title translation is my own, and might perhaps be more faithful to the original if it read "independent" or "autonomous" science and intellectual colonizations.

Fals Borda's prestige has grown throughout Latin America for his original contribution to a new perspective in sociology, which can be parallelled to that of Anthony Giddens [New Rules of Sociological Method], while arising in very different sociopolitical contexts, an important fact indeed. Fals Borda's thought was born in the midst of various developmentalist

schools that have dominated Latin American sociological inquiry. This fact underscores his importance as theorist and practitioner on the continent, and has recently earned him further recognition in the position of President of the Latin American Council for Adult Education (CEAL). While some researchers might claim that Fals Borda is on the "borderline" of social science, others obviously recognize his place in the leadership of an alternative sociology of Latin America. This is one of the reasons why this selection of his work seems so appropriate as an introduction to his thinking. Indeed, it would provide excellent translation material.

The essays are organized into three parts. The first, "Critics and Compromise," consists of six works dating from 1969 to 1970. This section refers to two important historical events within which the role of science and technology in development was called to question. These were, initially, the IX International Congress of rural sociology in Enschede, followed by the IX Congress of Latin American Sociology held in Mexico City in 1969. In these encounters a diagnosis was made of the sociological crisis in the region and the need for new approaches to the social sciences clearly identified. This process of reflection gave rise to the initial challenge to the collective "sociological imagination" of researchers, to find new, innovative solutions to longstanding, pervasive social problems.

The second part of the book, "Reflections ofTransition," consists of two essays dated 1972 and 1974, in which the author looks back to the first publication of his work and reflects upon the changes that have already become apparent within the human sciences, over the ten years since the first edition appeared. One of these changes is the possibility of questioning both "objectivity" and "neutrality" on the part of social researchers in general, as is the recognition of the political value of social research. Starting from this rather liberating stance, Fals Borda urges fellow social scientists to move in the direction of a unification or synthesis of research and agency. That is to say, given the recognition of the political dimension of research activities, it is now possible for research agents to consciously steer their work towards serving the broadest interest. The third part, "Lived Experience and Knowledge," is composed of four essays, written from 1980 to 1987. They constitute a reflection about the meaning and the position of science within society, with an emphasis on the production of knowledge and the relationship between knowledge and power. In this fashion, politics and epistemology are brought together to explore the birth of participatory action research, a new integrative method proposed by this author, amidst the renewed awakening of social movements throughout the world. The connection between the production of knowledge and its uses seems more clearly identified within these analyses.
thought throughout the last two decades, which incorporates the contribution of earlier writers, such as Albert Memmi (The Colonial and the Colonized), Barrington Moore (Social Origins of Dictatorship and Democracy), Dildy and Cooley, among others.

The main thrust of the book, as the title suggests, is the need to de-colonize science, to break with the previously existing models that dichotomized the researcher from the researched and to foster new integrations, new possibilities, new knowledge. Thus, the introduction of a new paradigm for the understanding of social reality, not only in Latin America, but in all situations within which coloni- alism may persist. How would we recognize intellectual colonialism? In this author’s view, it manifests itself, primarily, by a lack of insight into the consequences of colonialism, by a blind faith in the scientific paradigm (as an absolute that will serve all social ills), by a limitation of the kind of questions that are posed, par- ticularly when what is questioned is the organization of social relations (i.e., the institutional order).

There is a need to reintroduce the use of diversity into the methodology of the social sciences, recognizing that this is a critical aspect which has been absent from the vast number of deals made, positivist thought. Without this critical element, social research becomes a sterile academic exercise that only contributes to the status quo. Of course, intellectual colonialism can be more readily accepted in the case of the so-called Third World, where so many developmentalist experiences have shown to be fruitless. It may be somewhat more difficult to acknowledge the lack of au- tonomous thought in other contexts where the colonized have not maintained a historical memory of their earlier identi- ties, but have assimilated into the be- hemoth: influence (in Guatemalan terms) of the colonizer, as was the case in pre-nation-state Europe, for example. This possibility resistance motivates Fals Borda’s insistence on the need for an autonomous science in Latin America. Rather than con- tinuing to accept, a-critically, the diffusion of innovations created in the colonizing centres, the critical approach will foster a sociology of liberation for the colonized.

This proposal gives rise to epistemological questions and centers political implications that need to be explored. Perhaps the most important factor under- lying “new paradigm science” is the open recognition that any kind of science is political by nature, a clear distinction from the more easily accepted “non-political,” “objective science,” which is clearly a myth. Outraged are the “objec- tive sociologists.” Science has to be “objective” or it ceases to be “science.” This is now a questionable statement. Current critical social policies posit a hermeneutic that seeks to demystify and understand what is meant by objectivity, rather than blindly accepting, as heretofore, that neutrality is achieved by maintaining some ideal “ob- jective distance.” In Fals Borda’s view, this is the critical essence of social science which has somehow given way, histori- cally, to a much more formalist approach. In his view, therefore, “new paradigm” social science seeks to recover (its own es- sence, not to change it. It seeks to awaken the human sciences from the political complacency that has veiled their utility as a means of domination and control, a social science at the service of the elite that produced it. It seeks to reconstitute the awareness of the researcher about the broader implications of the uses of his knowledge.

But this would be falling short, in terms of the Latin American and other Third World experiences, where, through- out history, a vast majority of people have been excluded from access to both the production and the appropriation of knowledge. Fals Borda therefore proposes a participatory social science, also recog- nized as a “militant” social science, one that incorporates “the researched” into the production of knowledge in a dialectical process. The emphasis of this research- process is not so much on quantification, but on the interpretation and understand- ing of social reality and the generation of new knowledge. Once an awareness has been developed both on the part of the re- searcher and of the researched, and once reflexivity is incorporated into an analyti- cal procedure, it would be naive to pretend to be “neutral” (to show such a position?). Knowledge can be generated by an elite to serve an elite, or it can be generated coop- eratively to serve all those involved. The potential of this new science is considered socially transformative.

Is this a new prescription to bring about social change? Because of its em- phasis on the generation of new knowl- edge, there cannot be a prescription to “magically” change the order of things. If the reflexive process is carried out as a one-time event, of course, the generation of knowledge will again lapse into some type of complacency, a “demonetization” that becomes mechanistically reproduced and destroys the creative impetus of the critical edge. Thus, social researchers are called to incorporate the reflexive element into their methodologies. Such a process challenges the scientific community to become even more conscientious so that the full implications of its agency can no longer be disregarded nor veiled.

The questions that remain unanswered are: how can this scientific community achieve greater control over the uses of the knowledge they produce? What kinds of institutional changes need to take place so that an “autonomous science” can be sust-ained? Fals Borda perceives that there is a movement from the “periphery” to the “centre,” from the base upward, that aims to reformulate the rules of “the political game,” it is a move towards the creation of new international networks that strive to work cohesively towards an increas- ingly participatory socialization of power. The future of this new social movement with its ensuing re-structuring of social relations, social action and social thought is the challenge that Fals Borda puts to social and humanistic researchers throughout the world.

Maria-Lena Arribada is in the Graduate Programme in Social Anthropology at York University.

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People of African descent in America have struggled preserve a sense of their being. They show a bi- nance with other colo- nal societies, have pro- lifications for the expul- sion of white people who use a race that is white-dominated. This is a basis of perceived or experi- ence means that race are defined negatively. It is this racial dieren- tial that distinguishes the blood of others from their own.

The fact of race at the centre of the Rastafari Western experience, a fact based on a basic transform that experience. Resistance: From Marcus Garvey to the Rastafari: Religious and political dynamics. De-emphasizing the centre of Rastafari and centering and anthropological di- scussion Rastafari struggle to get support, to get the word out that the Rastafarian struggles not only for the Western World but for the history of slavery, the racism and the perma- nently and self-respect.

Analyzing the cor-

Andean men and wo-

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Analyzing the cor-
People of African descent throughout the Americas have struggled for centuries to preserve a sense of themselves as human beings. They share a long history of resistance with other colonized peoples such as native Canadians, a history which has implications for the experience of all non-white people who find themselves confronting a world which is still largely white-dominated. Discrimination on the basis of perceived or imagined racial difference means that specific groups of people are defined negatively as "non-white," and it is this racial dimension of oppression that distinguishes their struggle from that faced by other oppressed groups such as workers or women.

The fact of racial oppression is the center of the Rastafarian analysis of the Western experience, and Rastafarian culture is based on a history of struggle to transform that experience. In Rasta and Resistance: From Marcus Garvey to Walter Rodney, Horace Campbell explores the social and political dimensions of Rastafarianism. He emphasizes the more mystical aspects of Rastafarianism and existing sociological and anthropological readings which fail to siturate Rastafarianism within a history of struggle in the Caribbean. Campbell argues that the Rastafarian movement "challenged not only the Caribbean but the entire Western World to come to terms with the history of slavery, the reality of white racism and the permanent threat for dignity and self-respect by black people."

Analyzing the complex belief system of Andean men and women, Nathan Wachtel, Michael Taussig, Irene Silverblatt and others have shown how symbolic systems developed in opposition to colonial and neo-colonial exploitation and the Christi- anity which accompanied it. To some ex- tent, Campbell's analysis of Rastafarianism goes further than such theorists because it places the struggle against social oppressions at the forefront of this resistance. This brings his work closer to that of Caribbean historians such as Edward Brathwaite and Monica Schuler who have begun to show how slaves and their de- scendants resisted slavery by recreating a sense of themselves as different from and in opposition to their white masters.

In the Caribbean escaped slaves defied the plantation system to build African- based Maroon communities in the moun- tains; other slaves risked their lives in the many revolts which culminated in the Haitian Revolution; post-emancipation uprisings continued the fight for social equality on basic political rights. As Campbell indicates, slaves and their de- scendants resisted, and they encoded their resistance in cultural forms in their adherence to African traditions, in the cuisine associated with Anancy the trickster hero, and in religious expressions which called for a new social order.

Campbell examines in some detail 20th century resistance and its link to Rastafarianism. The racial self-consciousness awakened by Garveyism, the labor movement of the late 1930s which would culminate in the end of the 1940s, the new struggle against neo-colonial entities to which Walter Rodney sacrificed his life, the climax of these struggles in the Gre- nada Revolution. Throughout, he shows that Rastafarianism is not a marginal "cult" di- vided from the reality of life in the Carib- bean, but is instead a cultural formation dynamically connected to the struggle against colonialism and neo-colonialism. This dynamic carried Rastafarianism beyond Jamaica throughout the Caribbean, and beyond the Caribbean itself to metropolitan centers such as London, New York and Toronto where black people continued to suffer the legacy of colonial racism.

Campbell has the sociologist's sense of variations within a movement and transformations in relation to external pres- sures. He shows how African-based culture in Jamaica produced and transformed itself, even incorporating non-African ele- ments. Garvey was introduced to Jamaica by East Indian unskilled workers, but it was incorporated to the Afro-centric sym- bolic structure created by Rastafari. Reggae is sometimes considered to be a sell-out of Rastafarianism or a popularization, something that is not true to the roots and dreams of Rastafarian's spiritual origins. But though reggae can be foreign to Rastafarianism, a form commercialized by Western technology and marketing strategies, it could become a vehicle for Rastafarian consciousness and it helped spread Rastafarianism throughout the world. As Campbell points out, reggae art- ists identified with Africa, poignantly criti- cized capitalism, and movingly called for Rastafarians' redemption. The example of reg- gae is one indication that Rastafarianism is not an orthodoxy packaged by high priests or scholars in a university: it is a popular movement whose directions and variation will be determined by those involved in it at many different levels.

Campbell also shows how aspects of Rastafarianism could be and were manipulated by non-Rasta Jamaican or foreign interests. Foreign politicians are aware of using popular religious symbolism. More detri- mental to the spirit of Rastafarianism were the activities of the Ethiopian Zion Coptic Church. According to Campbell, the Coptic church was a white-controlled Ameri- can corporation that claimed to be Rasta- farian and to represent Rastafarian interests. While campaigning for the legalization of ganja, it bought up land and prop- erty, linked itself with elements of the po- lice and the judiciary, and took control over a large part of the ganja trade. The Coptic newspaper was overtly anti-commu- nist in orientation. Rastas and others were drawn into a capitalist enterprise pro- moting individual rewards and American consumer expectations quite out of keep- ing with the movement's socio-economic reality. Though the activities of the Cop- tics have been set back by a number of arrests, capitalist control over the ganja trade continues.

Campbell avoids the claim sometimes made that resistance to oppression is an innate force in history inherently oriented to the building of a free and just society and politics. Resistance has its limits. Fol- lowing the analysis of culture provided by Amilcar Cabral, the father of Guinean in-
dependence, he argues that the challenge of Rastafari is to transform itself into a "universal culture" capable of playing its part on the stage of world history, Rodney wrote with the Rastas in Jamaica, recognizing that they were "the leading force in the expression of black consciousness in the Caribbean." Yet their vision was clouded by the myths of Ethiopia, the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth, and its Imperial Majesty, Haile Selassie I, the Redeemer. Rodney and, following him, Campbell set themselves the task of de-myselfifying Rastafari by carefully analyzing the socio-historical process in which it is located without losing the power and vigour of Rastafarian consciousness.

A comparison with another fairly recent book on Rastafari is revealing. In Black Skin, White Masks: A Journey into Rasta (Chatto and Windus; London, 1986), Derek Bishon begins with the myth and reality of Ethiopia but like Campbell situates Rastafari in the legacy of oppression and cultural resistance in Jamaica. Bishon presents a less scientific, more experiential account of Rastafari and he does not emphasize the history of resistance to the same extent as Campbell. Bishon's photographs are alive; Rastas and ordinary Jamaicans talk in his interviews.

In his attempt to understand the deep roots of Rastafari, Bishon visited the accompanying Maroons in Jamaica, the living, visible reminder of the earliest attempts to free slavery and embride Africa. Maroons who acquainted and agreed to work for the British continued to live in Jamaica. But those who went beyond these limits found themselves transported first to Nova Scotia, then back to Africa. A "back to Africa consciousness" had some influence in Jamaica in the 19th and early 20th century, and a number of individuals actually made their way back. But it was not until 1914 when Garvey founded the United Negro Improvement Association and mobilized Jamaicans, black Americans, and others that the slogan "Africa for the Africans" began to take on new and renewed meaning. Whereas Campbell emphasizes the dynamic connection between Rastafari and the social structure, Bishon places more emphasis on its roots in Jamaican popular culture and the back-to-Africa theme. Campbell is intent both to recover the truth of Rastafari and to demythify it; Bishon is content to try to let Rastafari tell its own truth.

Campbell does not entirely succeed in his task and the reader is forced to confront the inadequacies of his conceptual apparatus and descriptive presentation. Campbell implies that the emphasis on Selassie and repatriation, far from being essential to Rastafari, were deviations imposed by external factors. Once the Jamaican state recognized that Rastafari was a force to be reckoned with, it promulgated the declaration of Haile Selassie through the Ethiopian Orthodox Church. Similarly, he states that the idea of repatriation was largely a response to the displacement of the Jamaican rural population in the 1960s and the land grant made by Selassie to descendants of Africans in the West, No Rasta would tolerate Campbell's belittling of these central tenets of Rastafarian knowledge. Rastas have affirmed the divinity of Selassie and the necessity of repatriation. But what outsiders often fail to realize is that the metaphysical richness of these two ideas overflows their literal (non-Rasta) interpretation.

Time and time again Campbell refers to Rastafari as a form of illusion; one which is "pregnant with criticism of the social order" but idolatry nonetheless. He states that Rastas have not addressed their own bourgeois individualism; nor have they seriously dealt with the question of class relations. He is acutely aware that racial claims have been used to legitimate exploitative regimes in Haiti, Guyana and elsewhere. In the case of Ethiopia, Selassie fought against Italian fascism and claimed to represent the interest of black people throughout the world. But this cannot hide the fact that he was a feudal monarch in an exploitative social order. Rastas who settled in Shashamane in Ethiopia found themselves in competition with each other in search of limited resources. After the emperor was overthrown in the Ethiopian Revolution, Shashamane Rastas had to face the wrath of Ethiopian peasants who squatted them as feudal retainers and appropriated their land and property. Campbell's task, following Rodney, is to bring materialism to Rastafari. Rastafarian thought, one begins to suspect, is what Marx called an "epi" of the masses, a form of resistance, but one which rises and declines in inverse proportion to efficacious social action.

Here lies the fundamental problem in Campbell's entire analysis. Though he is critical of any form of materialism that fails to leave room for the specificity of racial oppression and racial consciousness, Campbell ultimately opts for the presentation of external reality and external concepts of reality rather than for the lived and sustained meaning of Rastafarian cultural actors. In Campbell's book the analysis of the structure and meaning of Rastafarian thought and practice is neglected in favour of looking at the relationship of the movement to external factors. Campbell reproduces a host of sociologists for calling Rastafari a racist oriented millenarian cult. He particularly blames the University of the West Indies "Report on the Rastafari Movement" for laying the basis for future distortions. But Campbell has added his own distortions. If he is to make his assertions convincing, he has to analyze the critical implications of Rastafarian thought in greater depth.

Compared to Campbell, Bishon's journalistic approach presents an opportunity for the alert observer to make more space for the experiences and the Rastas themselves. Bishon's space is limited; his photographs present a history, but an incomplete, and his presentation of Rastafari covers too much territory too quickly. He overemphasizes the millenarian component to Rastafari. The voice of Rastafari does not emerge in its fullest extent that it could. The voice seems to be trapped in the end, with Shashamane, low facts and the few ad 'revolutionary' goings on that dead monarch's followers view beyond the police. In Rastafari's middle class it looks like a detour to the Fordist's Babylonian incursions of lifetimes; but it is also, like the poet Michael Smith in his own country. And the struggle continues: Bishon, scenes in Birmingham, choosing to stake back solidarity with a South Africa's freedom. Bishon has the critical problem of being the quest for Africa, but he viewed the tools which would be the thrust for emancipation.

There is within Rastafari itself a disjunction but not of ideological commitment. Critical or emancipatory synthesis is sympathetic to his millenarian. Campbell and Rastafari from the millenarian sociologists, but then to recall the force of Rastafari thought would be more fair to the multitude of people who might make the groundwork for social and political change.

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does not emerge in Black Heart Man to the extent that it could. The structure of his work proves a tragic enigma: he begins with the end, with Shannahman reduced to the few ruins and the few acres which the "revolutionary" government has left the dead monarch's followers. He ends with the view beyond the pinnacle, beyond Howells' commune after it has been destroyed by the police. It is a view of the Jamaican middle class enjoying Rex Nettleford's Ras Tafari inspired dance performances; but it is also a view of Rastafarian poet Michael Smith's torment to death in his own country. And so the magic struggle continues: Buhotton closes with scenes in Birmingham, with black people choosing to strike back, and doing so in solidarity with a South Africa demanding its freedom. Buhotton has left his readers with the critical problem of decontextualizing the quest for Africa, but he has not provided the tools which might further the thrust for emancipation.

There is within Rastafarian thought itself a disposition between a millennial or idealistic conception of reality and a critical or emancipatory conception. Buhotton is sympathetic to Ras Tafari but calls it millenarian. Campbell attempts to recuse Ras Tafari from the millenarianism of the sociologists, but then he proceeds to reduce Rastafarian thought to idealism. Both would be more fair to the Rastafarian experience if they recognized that the grounds for social and political critique can be found within Rastafarian itself. Campbell is correct in identifying resistance as one of the most important aspects of Rastafarian's relationship with the colonial and neo-colonial world. Rastafarian has always resisted the status quo whether by overtly challenging it or by withdrawing from it. However, millenarianism is a recurring theme in Ras Tafari and is quite consistent with resistance. Howell's claim in 1933 that black people owed their allegiance to the new monarch of Ethiopia was indeed a political act challenging the authority of the colonial regime. But as Robert Tiff has shown, Howells' act was also classically millenarian for he preached about a new and inverted social/religion order: Ras Tafari (Selassie) was "King of Kings and Lord of Lords" who had come to "break every chain" which had kept black people enslaved to whites. Campbell does not mention Prince Emmanuel Edwards, one of the longest surviving of the early Rastafarian patriarchs. Prince Emmanuel described himself in a Rastafarian paper in 1983 as "the Black Christ" with whom he has come to redeem his people from colonialism: his followers (Bobo-Dread) acknowledge as much. But while most millenarian movements have been associated with violent outbursts and military campaigns by God's chosen armies, Howells, Prince Emmanuel, and indeed most Rastas are non-violent. However, millenarianism is only one aspect of Rastafarian. At the core of Ras Tafari's "reasoning" is the infinite interplay of partially constructed meanings which arise at a temporary unity in the dialogical act. Rastafarian thought, even in its idealistic or millenarian garbs, yields itself to alternate congeauences of meaning. What does Prince Emmanuel really mean when he calls himself "the Black Christ"? At some level could he be saying that a group of people which has been humiliated for centuries can take possession of their own past and goodness, their own freedom as human beings to mutually create a human world.

Students of Rastafarian such as Rex Nettleford and Joseph Owens have argued in several works that the Rastafarian understanding of Selassie is a statement about the divinity in each man, and this goes to the black man a claim to humanity denied him by colonialism. Likewise Ethiopia exists on earth and the millenarian vision of the promised land can be translated into a call for the creation of a new and just state whenever the black person finds himself, even if that be in Jamaica, Babylon itself. Inherent in Rastafarian thought is its ability to establish its own interpretative self-critique.

Sam Brown, very much an "orthodox" Rasta, ran for political office in the early 1960s. The Rastafarian Movement Association with which Sam Brown was later involved was oriented towards dealing with the concrete social issues as the Jamaica of the day. Campbell provides us with useful information when he discusses Rodney's influence on the Rastafarian Movement Association. However, Rastafarian's self-critique came prior to Rodney, and Rodney's "materialism" was a tool which the Rastas could rework in their own terms without giving up their deepest beliefs. This tradition is carried on today by Rastas associated with the Rastafarian International Iahoe Assembly and by Rasta social theorists in the universities. As elections in Jamaica approach, Rastas are beginning to make plans to have their voice heard.

Those Rastas committed to radical social and political change in Jamaica do not have to give up the claim of black divinity and the belief in the right to separation. What they have given up is the millenarianism which triumphed in other Rastafarian tendencies. There are two logics in Rastafarian, the one millenarian and in that sense escapist, the other socially and politically oriented in an emancipatory quest. What disoriented social thought cannot provide is the group cohesion and commitment provided by a cultural matrix such as Ras Tafari. Campbell's work really demonstrates, therefore, that Rastafarian is a powerful cultural phenomenon among people of African descent which carries within it a commitment to social and political change. And in a society such as this, the Western imposed dualism of idealism and materialism falls away, revealed for what it is, an alien imposition.

Patrick Taylor has recently published The Narrative of Liberation: Perspectives on Anti-Colonial Literature, Popular Culture, and Politics (Buck: Cornell University Press, 1986). He teaches at York University.
The Assault on Culture: Utopian Currents from Lettrist to Class War
by Stewart Home

There are by now a number of ways to tell the tale of art and culture. Art history tends to regard itself as the chronicle of a triumphant march forward. Dissenters are given short shrift, except insofar as their ideas or methods become integrated into the mainstream at some point, as was the case with Marcel Duchamp, for example. Another way of looking at the matter is to concentrate on the dissidents. This can result in the presentation of a sub-history, or, as Stewart Home would have it, the history of what's really important.

The trajectory of this short book shows more clearly than anything else what Home's opinions are. The first two-thirds of The Assault on Culture are devoted to groups such as COBRA and the Situationist International whose members consisted mostly of "painters, poets, architects, ethnologists and theorists." He then begins to alternate between chapters on art/anti-art and outlaws such as the Yippies and the Class War of the subtitle. And no, this isn't Home's comment on the tendencies of contemporary capitalism. Class War is the name of a smallish bunch of British political activists with decidedly anticapitalist tendencies. Home has an initiating habit of italicizing words like art, theory and idea. Towards the end of the book, anyone who might have missed it in the very brief introduction will have become painfully aware of why he does this. The point is that Home disapproves of art. Like theory, it is a bourgeois idea. Idiot, seems to me not the kind of thing that an engaged materialist is supposed to be much possessed of.

This is not the first place we've been told that art is a phenomenon of the bourgeois world. As such, it lives and dies with the bourgeoisie — so the argument goes. Thus, on the one side, Home's chronicle of the tradition within which he places himself reads as a bit of a burlesque of each successive utopian current. On the other, one does get the impression that he finds something important missing through the care of all these doings, important enough for him to do the research himself (which is quite considerable for such a slim volume) and the writing. Also, one would think it important enough to read about it all, to know enough of the tradition to keep it alive, nourish and expand it. And yet, Home is thoroughly contemptuous of what he calls "essentialism," the notion that an intelligible core may actually be discernible beneath appearances. Art, it would appear, is the most contemptible of these "essentialist" practices, being so bourgeois, so mal-determined and so mystifying. This is why Home is ultimately so scornful of Guy Debord and the original Situationist group — their concerns included "realizing and supereding" art. The break-away 2nd Situationist International earns more of Home's sympathy because it was less concerned with art at all.

If this story has a hero, though, the most likely candidate would be the painter Ager Jorn, who appears in the cover photograph. Mentioned early in the book, he gradually emerges as perhaps the most sane and likable personality involved, Jorn became successful enough in the art world that he was able to fund much of the activity described in The Assault. He appears to have done without discrimination. Home reports that Jorn financed individuals and projects on both sides of the Situationist divide until his death, telling in a way he had famously diacritical himself from either organization. Interestingly enough, none of his beneficiaries appear to none of his benefactors appear to have gained anything from such counterparts as a theorist or person concerned with ideas might feel. This is helped by his own case with the material and his evident assurance with the carelessness of others. It is particularly harsh with the Lettrists and Situationists for making grandious claims for themselves. Home is piqued by the "international" tag for one thing, as neither group was nearly so international as they would have liked the world to believe. This seems reasonable enough. Things become a little strange, though, when Home decides to scoffify matters by renaming the original Situationist International — it is in the eyes of the existence of a breakaway International. Thus, in his book, the Situationist International of May '68 fame becomes the "Spectro-Situationist International" because of its interest in Debord's idea about the spectaculate nature of post-war society. This peculiar usage seems to be speaking a terribly fastidious, not to say facile, mentality for an author so impatient with these tendencies in others.

While the Lettrists do seem to have been a very heky bunch (the original of the movement, Isidore Isou, was among the worst of megaloagmites in a milieu full of them), Home takes an odd opportunity for really slamming them. At the "First World Congress of Liberated Artists," held in 1956, the nominated chairman was one Christian Dotremont, a COBRA veteran not well beloved by the Lettrists. As is happens, he seems to have been unable to attend due to illness. He is not quite clear what's happening here, but Dotremont's indisposition, says Home, may have been "diplomatic."

Now, when the Lettrists publish their opinion that this was indeed the case, that a maccyot would have objected to Dotremont, this is the opportunity Home takes to remark upon the "fundamental dishonesty of the LI [Situationalist International] as an organization." What an odd little controversy, and what an odd way of relating it. An author less concerned with opposing scholarship to engagement might have given a better picture of just what happened here. What did this nomination consist of? Who did the nominating? Was Dotremont elected at all? Did he preside in absentia? We don't know. Then again, for a book of 115 pages in length, one wonders if this is such an important historical detail after all when we know little about Dotremont beyond his associations with COBRA and Jorn. Home evidence wants us to understand the main point he has discussed about the LI: we know what he thinks, but the unswayed in his handling of the details lead one to question rather than confirm his judgement.

The combination of crankiness and breathlessness leads to a quckly kind of work. Home breezes across a few vast territories in a way he had formally diacritical himself from either organization. Interestingly enough, none of his benefactors appear to have gained anything from such counterparts as a theorist or person concerned with ideas might feel. This is helped by his own case with the material and his evident assurance with the carelessness of others. It is particularly harsh with the Lettrists and Situationists for making grandious claims for themselves. Home is piqued by the "international" tag for one thing, as neither group was

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The book gives occasional glimpses of what might entail lines of thought given a chance to devolve on the Trotskyists an over-centralized discussion of the mates that we are, present at the end of all. Perhaps Home has a hobby, for there is also a spotting Walter Benjamin which is hardly required. But theories are like "A Home doesn't come out of kinds of things. Perhaps ashamed of myself, bading he did.

to give him credit, one should mention I. Newton, which may be

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revisionism lacked the vigour found in the thought of Lukacs, Adorno, etc. 'I doubt that the Party member Georg Lukacs, who along with Karl Korsch, is usually credited with fostering a renaissance of Marxist thought, would particularly agree with the epithet "revisionism."' T.W. Adorno, of course, is really a later figure. It is hard to imagine either one sitting comfortably with Eduard Bernstein and others more usually regarded as revisionists.

The brevity of the book also means that certain interesting relationships are not touched upon, or barely so. The treatise of the German Hussa group scarcely mentions Joseph Beuys, its most famous alumnus. Had Beuys been given a line or two more, the interesting video clip by The Canadian Clive Robertson, Explaining Pictures to a Dead Man, in reference to one of Beuys's most famous works, Explaining Pictures to a Dead Man, might have been mentioned, as only one example.

The book gives occasional tantalizing glimpses of what might have been interesting lines of thought had they been given a chance to develop. A longish footnote on the Trotskyist 4th International as an over-centralized bureaucracy appended to a discussion of the Stalinists intimates that we are, perhaps, intended to read the one as an allegory for the other. Perhaps Home has a bit of a theory of allegory, for there is also a very long footnote quoting Walter Benjamin on Brecht which is hastily necessary in the context. But theories are like art, after all, and Home doesn't come out and say these kinds of things. Perhaps I should be ashamed of myself, but I can't help wishing he did.

To give him credit, however, perhaps one should mention Home's treatment of Neosim, which may best illustrate what he is getting at. What Home finds most interesting about this largely North American phenomenon, is the use of the "multiple name." One of these, Monty Cantin, was devised by a group of mail artists in Portland, Oregon, Irv Resnik, who became one of the central figures of Neosim, began to use this name in Montreal in 1979. Kantor and others influenced by the "punk phenomenon" painted the walls of Montreal with slogans such as "Wong is The Mother Of Beauty" and "Correlation, Subversion, Seduction." These were, says Home, "the slogans of surrealism, Situationists and the occupation movement of May '68, with some late romanticism thrown in for good measure." Having dissembled the idea of Monty Cantin as the "open pop-star," Kantor took to calling himself "the real Monty Cantin." Home says, in response to a more widespread use of the appellation by European Neosim in the 1980s, that it might have been expected. Before this, Kantor had, at various Neosim events, offered up his "chair" to anyone willing to take it. The aggressive way in which this was done, along with the violent nature of the performances, says Home, discouraged people from taking up the offer.

Neosim exhibits what Home regards as the unsuccessful features of an international art movement; it was thus susceptible to all the failings that this would presumably entail. Its "degeneration" in the hands of Kantor and others preoccupied with ideology could be anticipated. There are many minor annoyances to be encountered in The Assault on Culture, and a few more significant flaws. Of the latter, the most important is a failure to really discuss the problematic relation of culture to art in the bourgeois era, but to proceed as if he had done so. Home's chapter on Neosim, while pointing toward such a discussion, does not really suffice. This is, of course, a very complex issue which can't be solved here. But I do think Home is indulging in wishful thinking when he implies that art should be abandoned as an act of political conscience.

Although this appears to be the main thrust of the text, it can be treated as a side issue. This book can be recommended, with a few guides of salt certainly, as a good quick reference work to the politically oriented Dadaist, anti-art tradition in the post-war period. Home's discussion of Punk is measured, showing the influence of the Situationists upon it, but not making too much of this. His history of the multiple name from mail art to Neosim, though brief, is of some value. At $7.95, The Assault on Culture is hardly over-priced by current standards. It contains a reasonable index and useful bibliography. It can be read in an evening or two. While Home's book will not stand as the definitive work on the subject (I doubt this remark would disappoint him), it is a useful pocket of an important part of recent cultural history.

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Social and Political Events

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The AIDS Memorial Quilt. The Names Project Quilt is a statement of hope and remembrance; a symbol of unity and a promise of love. The Names Project Foundation - Canada has all the information needed to make a panel, either alone or with friends. The Canadian tour of the quilt will be June-July, 1989. For more information contact: The Names Project Foundation - Canada, P.O. Box 1013, Halifax, N.S., B3X 2B7. Tel: (902) 425-4852.

Critical Filctions presents the summer 1989 "Writing Criticism Workshop" at the Banff Centre for the Arts, July 17-28, 1989. Critical Filctions will debate and present possible alternatives to the scientific models which have dominated the theory and practice of contemporary criticism. The life of fictional, dramatic and poetic texts as criticism will be presented, discussed and workshoped. The censorship of feeling and expression for the sake of a self-conscious rigour will be examined in light of the politics of art publishing, in both critical magazines and popular media. For more information call: (416) 762-6180 or (416) 762-6194.

The Third International Meeting of the Committees in Solidarity With Nicaragua, to take place in Managua, July 24-26, 1989. This tenth anniversar conference commemorating the revolution in Nicaragua has the following objectives: (a) to explain the forces at play and cultural events upon an understanding of its current status; (b) to give recognition to the solidarity committees and their leaders for the work they have carried out in the last ten years; (c) to jointly design plans for solidarity with Nicaragua for the future. On the 27th and 28th a parallel programme will be carried out on the 29th and 30th the 10th International Solidarity Fair will take place.

Creating Professionals, 1989, July 23-29. A Canadian writing workshop at the University of St. George campus, featuring world-renowned Canadian authors. This intensive week-long programme focuses on participants on workshop, instruction, workshops in poetry, the novel, television, theatre and "free-late" techniques; seminars on poetry, children's literature, the novel and science fiction. Registration begins January 15, 1989. For more information contact: APARTADO 5216 Managua, Nicaragua, tel. 66866.

National Symposium on Aboriginal Women of Canada: Past, Present, and Future, October 19-21, 1989 at the University of Lethbridge. For information write to: Professor Christine Miller, Native American Studies, University of Lethbridge, 4401 University Drive, Lethbridge, Alberta, T1K 4W8.

Wandering Spirit Survival School. We are now receiving signs of a planetary malfunction. The beluga whales are heading for extinction while many other forms of life are suffering from our neglect for the environment. We are now only species out of 20 million. Our mother earth, who has existed for billions of years, must be protected by leaders who are seriously concerned with her survival. To see the beauty in all life forms is to find balance between one's self and mother earth. The public is invited to join artists and environmentalists for a three-day event at the Wandering Spirit Survival School at 835 Davis Street East (at the corner of Broadview Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, October 28-30, 1989.

Conferences

International Sociological Association, 12th World Congress of Sociology, July 11-19, 1989 in Madrid, Spain. Papers are invited for a session on "Society and History: Functional and Psychological Dimensions." Send all communications to: Gordon J. Dennis, Department of Sociology, University of Delaware, Newark, DE 19716.


Media and Crisis, an international conference at Laval University, October 4-7, 1990. To mark the 30th anniversary of the October Crisis of 1969, the Department d'Information et de Communication de Laval University is organizing an International conference on the role of media in times of crisis. The conference will consider both case studies and proposals or a more theoretical nature in areas such as media and terrorism, and media and political upheaval, media and ethnic crisis, media and social crisis. Proposals are invited on other sub-themes as well. In addition to traditional academic papers the conferences is interested in audio-visual material documenting specific uses of media in times of crisis. Prospective participants should send a double-spaced page (350 words) in French or English before November 15, 1989. Address: Media and Crisis Conference, Département d'Information et de Communication, Faculté des Arts, Pavillon Louis-Jacques-Casault, Université Laval, Québec, Canada, G1K 7P4. For more information contact: Bernard Daigneault or Marc Raybon at (418) 656-5212 and (418) 656-7305, respectively.

International Film Seminar Inc. presents the 1989 Robert Hoffmann Film Seminar, August 12-19, at the campus of Wellesley College, Aurora, New York. This seminar will be the 34th consecutive meeting. It will explore some of the ways film and video reveal cultures with an emphasis on how third world and minority film and video artists express their ideas in both fictional and non-fictional forms. For more information call: (712) 727-7282 or contact 305 West 21st Street, New York, NY 10011.


33rd International Congress of Asian and North African Studies to meet August 19-25, 1990 at the University of Toronto. The theme is "Contacts Between Cultures." For more information contact: Prof. Julia Chita, Secretary, 2450 University Avenue, Victoria College, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario, M5S 3H9.