Inside:
first ever
Rampike
Literary
Supplement

Border/Lines takes you everywhere:
Homosexuality in the Library
Art in Russia
Cultural Studies in Australia
Gender Equity in Canada
ESL in Ontario
Editorial

With this issue Border/Lines is launching its first Rampikes Literary Supplement, an insert/pullout, whichever you prefer, to be published twice a year, of the newest writing edited by Earl Jirgens. For the last two years Rampikes has published innovative fiction, poetry and criticism by, and interviews with, among many others, Kathy Acker, Nicole Bousard, Steve McCaffrey, and Philippe Soliers. We are pleased to be able to complement our regular offerings with a significant literary section.

Border/Lines #8 features not only a literary supplement, but also new, incisive work on art, cultural theory and social practice: Cultural Studies in Australia, the state of the arts in the former Soviet Union, schizophrenia and "family values," new trends in Marxist thinking and organizing, the stratification of homosexuality in the Library of Congress, the iconography of Canadian bank note imagery, gender equity, and much more besides. We have collectively referred to Border/Lines #8 as our "general" issue which raises a few very specific questions for us.

Given the heterogeneity of the material involved in this issue, do we theorize the absence of an overriding theme? Do we invent one? "To Generalize," wrote Blake, "is to be an Idiot. To Particularize is the Above Distinction of Men." Blake was railing against eighteenth-century intellectual traditions which emphasized general matters and which, in an attempt to encompass all, excluded even more. If we present this issue as "general," it must be with a different aim: not to invite the excluded (from other issues, other themes) to become included, but rather to reassemble the particular in such a way that it respects the specificity and even the incompatibility of a wide range of concerns.

It has been a central principle of Border/Lines to investigate the discontinuities, the particular, the differences, and the disjunctive (with this we feel a special kinship with Rampikes). Culture, after all, is seldom monolithic but rather, a range of conflicting and sometimes overlapping communities. Each piece in this issue addresses the growing diversity of communities, cultures, knowledge, and identities found in contemporary culture. This is, of course, to present this issue in the most general, thus approximate, terms; for the particulars, read on....

Sian Vogel, Joe Calhe and Sophie Thomas
Note: Robyn Gillan also helped edit this issue
Schizophrenia and Family Values

By Alex Perryman

Family values may not have worked for the Republican party in the last U.S. election, but they enjoy considerably more success in helping to shape the agenda in specific areas of institutional practice. For example, groups composed of the families of diagnosed schizophrenics called "The Friends of Schizophrenics" have gained a more powerful voice, both within the psychiatric literature and in the popular press, than their schizophrenic relatives whose interests they claim to represent. Twenty years ago, a book entitled Schizophrenia and The Family (Anderson et al., 1966) would accept the family as the essential framework of the therapeutic process and, unlike twenty years ago, could ignore the organization of society as an element of oppression.

The rise and fall of R.D. Laing’s theories and influence offer a microcosm of the ebb of radical thinking on this subject and the downfall of the Freud/Marx synthesis, particularly on this continent. Further, this story reflects the turbulence of the 60’s in North America and its premature radical consensus. It is also an example of a science caught within its positive and liberal premises and a critical practice that cannot reconstruct itself when its theoretical assumptions are shattered.

Of more immediate interest is how family values entered into this debate before, and considerably more effectively, than Don Quixote’s attack on Murphy Brown and the "notorious" liberal media. The current attempt by the Ontario government to bring in advocacy legislation has encountered the wrath of the Friends of Schizophrenics, an organization that is to the psychiatric patients’ rights movement what Real Women is to feminism. This legislation (Bill 74 An Act Respecting the Provision of Advocacy Services to Vulnerable Persons) and the response to it show how issues of human nature, subjectivity, institutional power, and ideology become entangled and how schizophrenia not merely affects a conception of human nature or a specific institutional practice, but also reflects how we deal with, what breadth of issues we bring to, and what paradigm we use on social issues.

In Sanity, Madness and the Family, R.D. Laing and Aaron Esterson presented a series of interviews with schizophrenics and their families. They found a constant pattern of double binds relationships in which the schizophrenic was inevitably at the bottom of a hierarchy of contradictory and hidden demands within the family. Some were obvious as the denial to the schizophrenic that he or she was being talked about covertly when it was obvious that the family members had been doing just that. Others were more complicated but the point is the same. Living and between lived that they had discovered clear patterns of oppression within the modern family. Like the class structure of capitalist society, the family had a basis, middle management and workers, and in this economy of rational subjectivity, schizophrenics were the underclass.

As we can see from the final report of the 1990 provincial enquiry on mental competency, edited by David Wheatish, the idea of an economy of rational subjectivity is still embedded in legal/psychiatric practice. In this regard competency to make psychiatric decisions may be considered to be one dimension of the multi-dimensional competency matrix which helps to shape the relationship and relative power of individuals in society. Competency or capacity within any one dimension may be seen as forming a coalitum ranging from absolute incompetence at one end and absolute knowledge and rationality at the other, and along this continuum the wider the competency gap between any two points the greater the relative power of the more competent over the less competent. Within the medical competency division while lawyers, judges and average lay persons are considered to be normally competent, and therefore relatively more competent than patients whose competency is in question, the medical profession is seen by virtue of education and professional accreditation as being super competent and therefore more competent than average or less than average persons.

In this conception of the economy of the subject, the ‘economy’ is directly related to institutionalized power and the ability to determine the competency of the subjectivity of others. In fairness, this is a naive construct and competency is connected to super-competency only after the fact, and not implicitly. By contrast, R.D. Laing’s idea was of an uncoordinated economy of the subject where the parents (or, broadly speaking, the winners in the family context) were specifically, and individually responsible for the lack of rational subjectivity on the part of their schizophrenic offspring. The attribution of blame makes the parents of schizophrenics morally culpable and the schizophrenics victims. This is then linked with an underlying concept of reason (taken rather awkwardly from Marx) which we no longer find necessary. Actually, the institutional expression of the economy of the subject is much more straightforward; the inherent contradiction that people are a fortiori less competent than the super-competent doctors is technically not a double-bind since it is admitted here or at least brought into the open. When, for example, they say we have power over you because our educations and social position give us power, at least the power structure is clear, regardless of what one’s position is in relation to this power. Laing wanted more. He wanted to be able to humanize a middle class family and say that certain individuals were to blame. Further, his insistence that schizophrenia was not a mystery but on a voyage of self-discovery, while the parents of schizophrenics were their oppressors was contradictory at best. If there is nothing wrong with being schizophrenic what is to blame their parents for?

This type of research, which linked madness to a more general critique of society, was actually fairly well received (at least by comparison with the vacuum of social and politi-
spread out the emotional conflicts simply because these are more emotionally significant people with a wider range of realistic and affective maneuvers to talk to. So while the nuclear family may have a psychological underbelly, blunting individual family members is a contradiction of proportion. This attribution of blame may involve the perception of the weakest link. In fact, psychiatrists were looking for the schizoaffective mother (it's all mom's fault in other words); this was not convincing for long, but offered an accurate snapshot of society. Lock up the economically unproductive and blame their mothers.

Significant, though, is the loss of the critique of society from the understanding of schizophrenia. This process was assisted by the unwillingness on the part of

...approach to schizophrenia is the form of biological reductionism. At this point in the story, a complex of political, economic, cultural and scientific forces comes together. First, there is the above-mentioned penchant of schizophrenics looking for answers and input. Second, these are major advances in the understanding of the genetic or organic level upon which it is based. Third, the issues of work, politics and culture were not thrown into the mix. In any case, both the relationship of schizophrenia to its families and the structure of the authoritarian personality turn out to be at least as important and complicated as the market and society within which they were developed. What I make no attempt to explain is what schizophrenia is, let me preface some of the complexity with an attempt to discuss schizophrenia that is going beyond specific research areas. This complexity has helped spawn two generations of dissociated thinking. The relationship of class to the institutionalization of schizophrenia has been discussed elsewhere by others because of the divergences in different countries. For example, in the U.S., the working poor are hospitalized more frequently in large urban centers than in small, rural communities or in the country. Meanwhile in India, according to Richard Warner in Recovery From Schizophrenia: Psychological and Social Recovery, the middle class that is most frequently institutionalized as schizophrenic. One hypothesis is that it is members of the class most expected to have a stable and middle-class underclass status and life-threatening poverty who are the most likely to be institutionalized for schizophrenia. It is therefore arguably the people with the greatest social status, and not a specific cultural (or even urban) class, who are at greatest risk. Seemingly straightforward biological research is even more complicated. While drug therapy is by and large considered the most useful intervention, it is actually surrounded by as much controversy as the value of any cure. By cure one can only mean remission, which happens spontaneously (i.e., without the help of psychiatrists) about forty percent of the time, but only when these have not been long term maintenance drug therapy. Genetic studies are also confusing. The most significant work comes from studies with identical twins of schizophrenic parents (who are rare, separately), but they show a concordance rate of 50% percent (rather than the expected 80%). Thus we are left with the idea that there is an inherited predisposition for schizophrenia which requires an environmental trigger. Further, there is some evidence that those people with the schizophrenic relatives have a better prognosis than those without. At the same time it is not clear what percentage of diagnosed schizophrenics might have that genetic predisposition. So one can more accurately talk of the schizophrenics as a group of related disorders. The major problem in the literature is the attempt to solve or alleviate this complexity by all sides in the debate. Perhaps most frightening is the tendency of psychiatrists to extrapolate beyond their expertise and deal with political and social issues beyond their ken. Even more amazing than the diversity of approaches and research findings is this ignorance of both the limitations of their own investigations as well as the work done in other areas. For examples, the information on class relationships is largely ignored, particularly because there is so great a potential in that area, but also because psychiatrists basically just don’t get it. They attribute ideas like downward social-economic drift (over generations perhaps) to the fact that...
Schizophrenics (as sub-competent) would generally do worse and tend towards the lower or less functional strata of the population, ignoring that this implies that schizophrenics in India are upwardly mobile and that schizophrenics in smaller towns and the countryside are stable socio-economically.

In any event, the Friends of Schizophrenics are quick to respond to any development that might have an impact upon schizophrenia. They oppose the current patient’s advocacy legislation that the NDP in Ontario is introducing because it removes the family as the primary locus of social action. Their articles appear in the newspapers where they spread disinformation and instil a sense of fear in the general population about madness in the streets, and so on. The recent killing in Toronto of a schizophrenic by a cop is a good example. The Friends of Schizophrenics responded that this was unfortunate and that families should be better informed, but they did nothing to alliterate the public impression that schizophrenics are dangerous. Nor did they make a plea for training programmes for police officers. In fact, schizophrenics are less dangerous than so-called normals, but this is another issue. The basic point which the Friends of Schizophrenics makes is that the family is the proper locus of analysis and treatment and that any legislation which purports to deal with issues on a broader social basis amounts to an attack on the family. Notice as well that they do not call themselves families of schizophrenics or relatives of schizophrenics, but rather the Friends of schizophrenia. As the saying goes, “with friends like these…”

The family may have been given too much exposure during this entire debate and we can learn something from what is common to the fates of R.D. Laing and Dan Quayle. Instilling public debate that complex issues be brought back to the family for analysis might well be a losing proposition, whether this is done from the left or the right. The best thing to do may be to ignore this ideological construct (and most efficient consumption machine) called the nuclear family and hope it just goes away. At the very least it is a mistake to use a theory of family interaction to critique the family (i.e., Freud) and it is confusing at best to blame families (i.e., Laing) for what are broad issues of subjectivity and power.

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Further Reading


I have always thought I knew what multiculturalism meant. After all, I’m supposed to be living it, aren’t I? I’m a Jewish Anglophone and my “ex” is a Catholic francophone. I enjoy Indian food, I listen to African music and I wear South American sweaters. I’ve got friends from Argentina, Haiti, Hong Kong, St. Lucia, Italy, Ghana and Germany. ‘Being’ multicultural feels good.
But

what is this word sup-
pended to refer to?

These who 'practice'

in a 'national dialogue' that weaves the ever-growing fabric of our 'cultural mosaic'

Indeed, Canada is a nation filled with many people of distinct ethnic, cultural, and geo-political origins, who speak different languages and live in different communities: a society where people share, exchange, and interpret each other's cultures, languages, heritages, and even the symbols and images of each other's cultures.

We often confuse the intricacies and implications of living in such a 'multicultural' society (as being defined in and through a 'dialogue' about its meaning. As citizens and as critics we assume that we have the power to propose — it does impose — our ideas and dreams about the kind of society we live in, and the kind of society it could be. So be that as it may, there must be more to multiculturalism than saying that we 'believe in it'.

Whatever the pleasures we might generate employing such hollowness, we cannot escape the fact that our colloquial sense of the word is纠结ous to a mass of institutional definitions: government statistics, race relations guidelines, policy statements for newcomer services, and so on. This merits a pause for consideration if only because there is no way to understand our 'national dialogue' without seeing the ways in which its very words are being put to use by our government bureaucracies today.

Working as an instructor of English as a Second Language (ESL) for the Toronto Board of Education (TBE) and the Ontario Ministry of Citizenship and Culture (OMCC) over the past few years has had me deal with the definition of multiculturalism as it is found in government services which come into direct contact with a diverse range of communities. ESL instructors — as agents of the Canadian government bureaucracy — are some of the principal disseminators of this pre-packaged multiculturalism; it dribbles out of the pen of every memo-writer and off the tongue of every petty bureaucrat in the ESL roost. But there is

more to this than saying that people use the word because it has become 'official policy'.

What strikes me is that it is increasingly easy to use this word in a way that suggests it as a priority for bureaucracies to explain what multicultur- alism means to all the immigrants and refugees who come to Canada. If you’re going to stay here, you had better learn about our multicultural society.

But please don’t pick it up on the streets. Let the government take care of that.

Excepting matters of classroom 'manage-
ment' in a multi-ethnic and multi-cultural environment, why should ESL instructors be so concerned with the meaning of multi-
culturalism? If this question is unimpor-
tant to some, ESL bureaucrats have given me this matter a great deal of thought. Their answer is typically the refrain of the 'professor' of the 'instructor' of the Canadian bureaucrats, and, where it is argued that the business of teaching ESL must amount to more than merely importing needed language skills and information; it must also be part of preparing people for the practice of participating in Canadian society at large.

The ESL instructor is thus supposed to share with the student (would potential citizen) an examination of the 'practical significance' of assimilation as it pertains to the 'ordinary' everyday life practices of ordinary people. Let me number one: our society is a multicultural mosaic in which everyone is tolerant of everyone else, and all traditions are maintained within the strict boundaries of this 'peaceful co-existence.' Lesson number two: believe what the ESL instructor has to say because she is the moral authority so far as the business of preparing for everyday life in Canada is concerned.

However well intended we may be, when we seek to inform immigrants and refugees about life in Canada, we promote a distorted image, and thus involve ourselves in a process of indoctrination as to how we ought to live. For it is one thing to spell out one's ideas about what makes a good society in the context of a 'dialogue', it is quite another to present these same ideas to people who do not support established in the history of the language of education and to decide for themelves what Canada is like, and hence what being a Canadian might mean. Despite the dis-
claimers that pepper all the books — that there is no simple way to define being Canadian for all people, that there is no one size fits all — in ESL material I have come across regarding the whole of the image of the good life in Canada and the corresponding image of 'the good Canadian.'

The good newcomer-Canadian not only works hard (read: doesn’t stay on welfare for too long) and obeys the laws about behaving in public (read: doesn’t drink or ur-
inate in public), but also acquires all the values of Canadian heritage (read: learns to conceal racism the way all other Canadians do). What is of interest to me here is how ESL instructors — and with them, the millions of Canadians — who are the agents of government settlement services — have not always oper-
ated with such directness in mind. In fact, it doesn’t take a historian of Canadian immigration policy to know that there was a time when the issue of how newcomers are to assimilate into Canadian society was articulated quite differently. Arriving at the shores of a nation where the term ‘potential migration risk’ — enemy aliens, strike leaders, religious periodicals, the yellow press — were openly voiced, the immigrant’s experience of the government was at best that of an unsympathetic host. Often, this meant flooding these (read: street vendor and their friends) eager to take advantage of a cheap labour force unable to speak the dominant language and ignorant of the law. Canadian governments of the past held little interest in whether immigrants ‘were or weren’t’, and certainly didn’t bother to enter different considerations of cultural assimilation and integration with respect to the newcomer. By con-
trast, the governments of today ensure that they are con-
scious about settling immigrants and refugees, and more specifically, that they understand it to be their responsibility to help newcomers assimilate into our ‘multicultural soci-
city.’ In other words, even if bureaucracies such as Employment and Immigration, Citizenship and Culture, the boards of education and Metro Services still seem to harbour ‘cold shoulder’ policies, what has become an issue now is the question of how newcomers are supposed to under-
stand themselves in relation to their new ‘hosts.’

If the concrete, material terms in which newcomers to Canada are expected to assimilate into ‘our’ society have not changed, that means there has been a decisive shift in concern about how smoothly and how effectively this process of assimilation is being carried out, and in tandem with this, a far reaching rationalization of the government services responsible for keeping this process from straying off course. Consider the redefinition of the role of the ESL instructor in Toronto. I began teaching ESL in Toronto for the TBE when teachers were hired according to the exigencies of demand rather than their merit or their conformity with the aspirations of a ‘professor.’ If the questions raised at my job interview indicated that my superior had had to take in new teachers on the basis of the kind of people they would be teaching ESL, this was abusive, I never new. Most of the teachers I was hired a couple years before me found that it was not possible to prepare instructors for ESL tasks any longer. The ESL instructors of today, however, are expected to articulate and carry out their own advancement as ‘profes-
sional’ through a systematic procedure of mutual surve-
illance, and to express their professional aspirations, among which figure the promotion of multiculturalism, in process-

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which have been borrowed from managers training courses. What is of significance here is that ESL instructors have been encouraged to use language learning but also of classroom behavior — the "pro-

totype" "demonstration" "the second" - out on the "street" — one of the representation of Canada's multicultural society. Nowadays, what with the careful planning of everything from the beginning of the policy to the actual implementation of all the anticipated ques-
tions and concerns of the newcomers — everything from catchy newsletters regales with "immigrant success stories" to produce, learn new things, and help others at the same time be discussed as coincidental or unrepresentative. Stories consistently surface, such as when a student com-

municates that he has been struck by the fact that "they" or his "rowdies" or whatever, did not allow him back into the classroom after he had been smoking until he first brushed his teeth and washed his hands. Another story reports a teacher who locks the door of his classroom before he begins class so that, as he puts it, "immigrants can't sneak in," despite his knowing what else the students come rushing to class or a long day of cleaning toilets at the Eaton Centre, working in sweatshops, or hanging around the welfare office only to be told, "they're coming from somewhere." So the issue of "the student's" really taken into consideration when another instructor drops by classes in an attempt to 'place' us on the map of the system, we are the promotion of certain cultural stereotypes. This is to say that propagat-
ed by the Canadian national "class" or "group" from which I would say other ESL are teachers go in terms of a debi-
terized and decentered, even more so, the point of view of the "student." Nothing is too trivial to be considered as the basis for something that newcomers should worry about, what they should find funny, what to buy, how to behave. Nothing is left unconsidered, not even the "situation" of the newcomer for both public life in our "multicultural society." This institutionalized response to the inter- and multi-cultural produc-
tion of life is essentially a "monocultural" reading of it. It is a case which seeks to claim responsibility for the wel-

Be believes in seatbelts

t and the lack thereof about which the teacher should be clear about what happens in the ESL classroom, ranging from the strictest adherence to the letter of OMCC and ESL materials to outright subversion of the material. This lack of clear guidelines involves the problem of whether the idea of resistance of subversion — of the instructor to the ESL bureaucracy or the student to the system — is likely the key issue given circumstances where the force of the words here moved from the mouth of the instructor to the printed text with which she carried on, every day. The ESL discourse I have involved here has not been "replaced" the instructor; but it has transformed the context in which the "opposing" question of the intercultural orientations or the progressive transformations in the institutional structures which define ESL instruction in general. My point has not been so much to sketch the con-
tours of a teacher's "Big Brother"-style bureaucracy that

sits itself the task of controlling the few cubic centimeters left where the resistance to the status quo might percolate. In order to make sure that the "culture-at-large" efforts are as much determined by "culture-at-large" (shopping, reading, loving the Sun, swapping training sessions, listening to the radio, etc.) as they are by the "culture of the classroom," the instructor in the classroom interacts with sociologists about space. Given this, perhaps there is no such thing as an "ESL discourse with students with "society-at-large" at the same time perpe-
trating a myth about their coherent and bounded identity, if not both. The more interesting question, it seems to me, is one of how the instructor's own politchoic to deal with the formation of the model of a "successful newcomer" — which at one time signaled the presence of Big Brother bureaucracy comes to inhabit the numerous disrup-
tive positions in the social space I have been trying to characterize, just as it inhabits, in another slope, other societal roles and which are up-
sketching on such characteristics: the realms of consumption, entertainment, leisure, therapy, and so forth. But the "management of difference" is a process by which ESL students can provide an interesting illumination of the practices of our own self-administration in this "bureaucratic society of controlled consumption." What concerns us about the newcomer is what concerns us about ourselves: a regulated public space where whatever difference that remains can be managed or controlled. It is with a different light on any crit-
ic of multiculturalism in general. I have men-

New businesses have a largely different effect on the commu-
nity than do old ones. New businesses are often associated with changes that are a source of excitement and growth, while old businesses are often seen as a source of stability and tradition.

New businesses also tend to have a larger impact on the local economy than do old ones. New businesses are typically larger than old businesses, and they are more likely to have a larger number of employees.

New businesses also tend to be more innovative than old businesses. New businesses are often associated with new and innovative technologies, while old businesses are often associated with older and more established technologies.

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rethinking marxism:

A report from the "Marxism in the New World Order: Crises & Possibilities" Conference

by Joe Galbo & Miriam Jones

Intro:
The post-cold war era is a tangled web of global tensions, economic trends, and political movements. The post-cold war era is a time of great uncertainty and change. This era has been characterized by the rise of European fascism, "when the old is dying and the new cannot be born." In this interregnum, many strange things can happen. While American politicians of both parties are claiming the birth of a New World Order, other critics are bleakly announcing the emergence of a post-cold war order of global capitalism. No one, and certainly no one on the left, seems to have any answers about how to meet the upcoming challenges, though there is room for some guarded optimism.

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No longer weighed down by the hopes of the Soviet Union, many western leftists, and in particular American Marxists, find themselves in a unique position to reconsider the rich legacy of their intellectual and political traditions. Over the past 40 years Marxism has expanded from a focused economic theory of social change into a much wider amalgam of theoretical discourses and new social movements. Marxism has continued to provide one of the richest assemblages of theory, experience and talent for the new social movements of feminism, post-colonial resistance, anti-racism, AIDS activism, and the ecology movements. There is more than a glimmer of hope that a new Marxist thinking, decentered and more attuned to the breadth of contemporary political struggles, can provide the critical thrust for a radical democratic coalition and new types of progressive politics.

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message was quite clear that, close, that often manifested in the discourse of contemporary theory, has not dissipated. The new left, now radicalized and more determined to combat the institutions of patriarchy and capitalism, is also in some ways more militant and provides a context for social change.

From Old Left to New Left

The difficulties that the left faces in the 1960s have some echoes in the 1980s as labor struggles and other forms of direct action have taken place since 1968. There is nothing magical about the year 1968 – in fact it has been set in problematic terms. The idea that a single number can provide a conclusive summary of the shifting political climate that occurred between the Old Left and the New (which are in themselves somewhat totality categories), and for identifying some of the themes and problems that have since become evident, is that in the 1960s Wallerstein, there have been an evolving pattern of power and what he calls anti- racism, anti-social movements and the need for a broader base. In the 1980s and 1990s, Wallerstein, for the New Left, has become a significant and influential figure in the debate on the relationship of social movements.

By the early 1980s, Wallerstein had already written extensively on the subject of the New Left and the movements of the 1960s, and his views on the significance of the 1960s as a turning point for the left are not unique. However, unlike most other analyses, his focus on the New Left has been more on the political and social movements of the 1960s and 1970s, rather than on the broader political and social context of the time.

In his book, Wallerstein provides a comprehensive analysis of the developments in the New Left, and he argues that the New Left was not just a reaction against the established order, but also a response to the challenges posed by the international system. He sees the New Left as a product of the post-war period, when the political and social order was in flux, and new forces were emerging to challenge the existing order.

The call for coalition building, that is understood and accepted intellectually by many socialists, but the task is by no means easy, let alone the political work of building a new, more inclusive and representative coalition that can effectively confront the challenges of contemporary society.

The intrinsic tensions and conflicts of the New Left, and the broader political and social context in which it operated, were accentuated by the challenges posed by the international system. The New Left was not a monolithic or homogeneous movement, but a collection of diverse groups and individuals, each with their own perspectives and objectives. These differences often led to conflicts and divisions within the movement, but they also contributed to its ability to adapt and respond to changing circumstances.

The New Left was not only a product of the international system, but also a significant force in shaping it. The New Left challenged the established order and offered new perspectives on social and political issues. It was not just a reaction against the existing order, but also a proactive force for change. The New Left played a significant role in shaping the political and social landscape of the late 20th century, and its legacy continues to be felt in contemporary politics.

In the 1980s, the New Left continued to be a significant force in the political and social landscape, but its influence was less pronounced than in the 1960s and 1970s. The New Left was not able to achieve the same level of success in organizing and mobilizing support as it did in the past, but it continued to be a visible and influential force in the political and social discourse of the time.
political site, mainstream. Situations: A detour into the throbbing heart of the mall, as well as by an array of film and video such as Pasûlho Fávaro’s Khidr and A Piece of Peace. Tony Bobo’s work on African-American steelworkers, and Laura Kipnis’s Marx: The Video.

There was a whole series of sessions on sexuality and queer studies with papers by Eve Sedgwick on “Queer Performativity” in which she explored the “queer” body as a site of unstable social meaning, and Cindy Patton on AIDS discourse. Rosemary Hennessy challenged the left for its silence on queer theory, the criticism Judith Butler and others who evade questions of situating play and narrative strategies, and locked to a radical Marxist queer theory which challenges the bourgeois subject, but which also comes to terms with deconstruction and capitalism. Meredith Michaels explored the possibilities of reproductive technologies such as surrogate may hold, if women can appropriate them, for assisting in the deconstruction of the heterosexual nuclear family. There were also a number of papers which dealt with sexuality in history: Glynis Lograngum on the Comstock Act of 1873, in which she spoke of middle-class interests in working-class reproduction; Michelle Barlow’s analysis of the rhetorical strategies of 1950s lesbian pulp novel cover art, and Barbara Epstein and Jennifer Terry, who each examined the marginalised ways in which homosexuality was constructed in the 1860s and 1960s, in the popular media and in dominant psychological discourse respectively.

There were a number of sessions on materialist literary criticism, as well as cultural studies and popular culture. Alan Bacon’s presentation in the session “Cultural Studies in Late Capitalism” was a very good example of the kind of exciting work that can be done in intellectual history. Arguing that cultural resistance is a good indicator of the strengths and weaknesses of emancipatory movements, Bald traced the various careers and work of a number of now half-forgettable working class, ethnic, gay and lesbian American leftist writers of the 1950s, 60s, and 70s. Writers such as Howard Fast, Thaddeus di Donato, James T. Ferrel, Till Olsen, Dorothy Day, and Josephine Herbst are now only contributed to an original and electrifying proletarian literature that interrogated dominant representations, but are themselves inspiring figures whose work — some of it precociously futuristic and anti-racist — recorded the excluded memories and experiences of an oppositional left culture. Wald, in his talk with a critique of contemporary cultural studies for not being sufficiently interested in the cultural history of the American left. Barbara Harlow continued the theme of resistance literature in her presentation of the strategies of trade unionists, gay bar activists, artists, poets, and workers, and the exploited. For the near future, as Manning Marable eloquently argued, the essential debate will not be between anti-racists and capitalists, but between the character and content of the capitalist state. Progressives and Marxists should seek to strengthen their own counter-hegemonic struggle in order to resist both the systemic racism and the new-found influence of xenophobic groupings. Such a strategy may not be “socialism” and it does leave its drawbacks grounded in particularism as Western capitalism is, but it can provide the necessary bridge to the site from which a new socialism, which can take a form inarticulate to us now, can emerge.

Joe Gizo is a member of the Border/Lines collective. Marjan Jahan is a reproductive rights activist with the Ontario Coalition for Abortion Clinics.

What’s Left? The New Internationalism.

The conference left us with a sense that Marxism in North America are living through a problematic historical moment that is simultaneously depressing, challenging and liberating. Many of the speakers stressed that a renewed commitment to internationalism is a crucial part of the solution. There are many problems that cannot be addressed at the level of the national state, but must be articulated globally and require the active participation of socialists and progressives alike. Social justice issues such as AIDS, environmental concerns, and the need to be addressed in a global context in mind. Women’s oppression, the struggle for self-determination, and gay rights must be seen within a complex structure of power, property, and privilege. Women have a long history of resistance against systematic subjugation, but their tactics are tied to global structures and must be perceived in international contexts. Critical environmental problems such as the erosion of power and property, and the lack of social distinction across the globe, and water and air pollution need to be linked with labour movements, and they must be more clear that the export of manufacturing jobs and industries to developing countries is not motivated not just by corporate desire for lower wages and higher profits, but by the desire to avoid even minimal pollution control and health and safety standards.

Finally, the basic strategy of building socialism, whether in the United States or in the city, is now concerned with the desire for power and the desire to imagine a world where access to the means of production is controlled. The desire to imagine a world where access to the means of production is controlled.

"Browsing the Apparatus: homosexuality, classification, power/knowledge"

By Nicholas Packwood

I was browsing recently in the Maxwell MacOdrum Library when I had a nasty surprise. Everything that MacOdrum had to say about "homosexuality" was placed on the shelves between everything else that had to say about sex crimes on the one hand and prostitution on the other. This is not an accidental (dis)placement. Our society is a society which has very specific and particular ways of talking about homosexuality. My browsing did not reveal anything to contradict any of these constructions. Gay men, after all, are commonly held to be for selling their bodies and for tanning with children.
The founder of the American Library Association Gay and Lesbian Task Force recognizes the insidiousness of such a perspective: "Oddly when I speak to gay groups and mention "the lies in the libraries," listeners know instantly what I am talking about, and at some point have gone to books in an effort to understand being gay or get some help in living as gay. What we found was strange to us (I'm the kind of person they're writing about but I'm not like that!) and cruelly clinical (there's nothing about love and always bad (being this way seems grim and hopeless)."

Barbara Gillings

While this is a common concern for lesbians and gay men, little has been written challenging the established order in either politically or theoretically. Borrowing library literature written from 1967 on, I discovered only four articles under the headings homosexuality, gay, or lesbian in Library Association Gay and Lesbian Task Force. Three of these articles concern library services and none concerns reclassification of material related to lesbians or gay men.

The browsing performed for me was more fundamental than the simple assertion that services may usefully be provided to "homosexuals" in a library setting. I found a map of a power, a guide through the ordering principles by which power places ideas and experience into categories and rigidifies knowledge. Before me on the shelves were the outlines of an "order of things" where it makes sense to put sex crimes, homosexuality and prostitution together. (This order posits categories as essential in themselves and implicitly imposes hierarchies of categorical definitions). Certain material is somehow deemed to be about homosexuality as distinct from any other subject. More fundamental still is the constitution of homosexuality as a category which may be defined and delimited. Before me on the shelves this category was made concrete.

My browsing allowed me to become aware of a site. In a closed-stack library the taxonomy of power is less visible than in an open-stack library such as the MacOdrum. This visibility is a function both of access to a place where an order is made manifest on the shelves and, further, of the ability to browse through those shelves. The shelves further serve to constrain means of accessing knowledge which do not fall within this taxonomy of knowledge by the way they physically channel bodies through the stacks. With this constraint in mind, though, it may yet be possible that, in browsing, the order of the catalog is a necessary and the nature of this ordering by classification be brought into question.

The operation of browsing illuminates an outline of power/knowledge. The shelves of the MacOdrum library repre- sent nothing less than an undertaking to constitute a comprehensive map of the order of knowledge and power. If we take this map we may liberate ourselves from our dependency upon the catalogue and the librarians who serve as the gatekeepers of knowledge. This is an expectation into the logic of power. Not only in the library are the categories apparent before us, but, with care, we may move through the system by which the library illustrates in microcosm the operations of the apparatus of power/knowledge in society at large.

homosexuality

The reactivity of the category of homosexuality is sustained only in a specific social constitution of parallel, oppositional and contiguous categories of gender, sex and sexuality. Outside of a specific historical and social moment there is no homosexuality, but only simple actions and desires which within a given ap- p e a r a n c e are understood to be homosexual. MacOdrum inadvertently provides a veritable History of the formation of sexuality in the poetic nature of material which it classifies as homosexual. Psychoanalytic material shares space with histories of Chinese county life and post-Stonewall gay liberation. By some logic these materials are held to be the same. They are furthermore described to be so "homosexual" in subject orientation as to be cate- gorized as homosexual and not, as primarily psychological, his- torical or political. This may be seen as particularly important in a system where a work has to be "very homosexual" to be cate- gorized as such. Material concerning alcoholism and homosexua- lity, for instance, is categorized with material concerning alco- holism not material concerning homosexuality.

Double entries of this sort enable a researcher to locate some material concerning the category of homosexuality only in subject areas outside of that category. This does not negate the posited stratification of categories, but serves to emphasize a hierarchical relation. In this sense the category of homosexuality is subordinated to other categories within the dispositif put for- ward in the MacOdrum taxonomy. This taxonomy of knowledge is social contingent while attempting to represent itself as natural. It is hierarchical while making an appeal to common-sense. Moreover, it is a witness to its own prejudices while attempting to suggest transparency.

the Library of Congress Classification Schedule

The Classification Schedule is one of several primary guides to the taxonomy established by the Library of Congress. The Union Catalogue is a comprehensive summary of material designated as a library of the Library of Congress numbers. The Library of Congress Subject Headings provide signposts by which material ranged within taxonomies may be classified and sought out. Both the Subject Headings and Union Catalogue are readily re- a c e i b l e to patrons of the MacOdrum library attempting to find specific works or material in a general area of interest. The Classification Schedule is distinct from these other guides in that it is not a guide for research, but on outline of the physical dis- position of material as it appears in the stacks. It is this guide that librarians use to place in situating material within the library physically and within the logic of the Library of Congress.

the site

The subject area of "homosexuality, lesbianism", Library of Congress, 1967-95, is not only a region in a map of the logic of power, but also a place and time made physically concrete. Here, the discursive taxonomic architecture is made articulated within a non-discursive institution. An error or expansion of meaning is not necessary for the specific organ- ization of knowledge manifested on the fourth floor of MacOdrum. This construction is no accident, but the result of a century of the organizing operation of the logic of the Library of Congress and the circumstance of Carleton University's policy of acquisition in specific subject areas.

Even this is not the entire of the site outlined by H075. An illustration of the moment which this space promotes could take the form of any one of dozens of encounters over my six years in the MacOdrum Library as a patron seeking out materi- al concerning homosexuality. Hawking the corner into the H075 section a surprised face will look up at me and quickly down again. Within seconds ons or both of us has either scuttled off or is carefully checking the other out.

ahh! Another queer!

It is ludicrous to pretend that a patron may anonymously ponder the subject area of homosexuality as if this subject had no connection to the violence which characterizes a homosexual life. The homosexual experience is one of subordination and sep- aration from the norm. Any association with this category is potentially incriminating and, still worse, contaminating. The terms "incriminating" and "contaminating" are not accidental. It is possible for a researcher to ponder material con- cerning Ukrainian-Canadians without being assumed to be a Ukrainian-Canadian or even sympathetic to Ukrainian-Canadians. This is not the case with material concerning homosexuality. An interest in this subject area is supposed a devout interest. This is not coincidental with an apparatus in which homosexual desire and behaviour are first categorized and are then understood to be criminal or pathological.

Jeffrey Weeks

A similar case must be made for the categorized materi- al which directly brackets homosexuality. The Library of Congress marks the categories of sex crimes (H054) and sadism/masochism/fetishism (H079) as being precisely contigu- ous with the categorization of homosexuality, which is less than: Would you like your picture in the next number H064?

Clearly these subject-areas are not value-free. The H075 de-signation has a sociopolitical weight that is not reducible to its H079. Clearly these subject-areas are not value-free. The H075 designation has a sociopolitical weight that is not reducible to its H079. This is likely to be a site of desire in which desire is poe- rly categorized in this fashion and who desires to explore material on lesbian or gay culture. The creation of this shamanic site is a reflexion of legal and medical categorizations may be seen to be of tremendous importance to the construction of identity in
A significant minority of young girls have learned about homosexuality from books written by psychiatrists. In consequence, the teen-aged gay searching for identity with which to clothe his desires is offered one that is extremely negative. Some may give in to that identity and perceive themselves as mentally ill.

In this context the valuation of knowledge has dire consequences for those who must seek to understand themselves within an apparatus where certain desires and acts are shameful. In making concrete this form of knowledge and power, the library has further created a space where the person seeking this understanding must risk exposure of an illicit and contagious selfhood.

**hierarchy and subordination**

Very specific and socially contingent assertions concerning sexuality and gender sex are collapsed in the HQIS's subject head-


ing of "Homosexuality, lesbianism." A nineteenth-century logic is here incorporated into the taxonomy following the distinction between a male homosexual and a homosexual and a female homosexual as a lesbian. This typology is made explicit in the Subject Headings directory where for "Homosexuality, Female" the inquiring researcher is directed to "USE Lesbianism.

The assertion of a category of sexuality not only serves to valorize this category, but in its operation alsolegitimates the increasingly transparent, associated and co-dependent categories of sex and gender. This valorization serves to concretize these categories within a taxonomy of knowledge and power and situates underlying frames of sex and gender within an all too obvious hierarchical relation. Lesbianism follows homosexuality and is subordinated within this category in precisely the fashion that topics concerning women are systematically subordinated to topics concerning men.

This hierarchical relation is regular, rigid and systematic. Its logic serves to assert certain categories of humanity, experience, being and knowledge over others. Under the heading of "Sexual behaviour and attitudes" the category of girl follows the category of boy (HQ327.3). The category of men (HQ20) is followed by women (HQ23). HQ30 is a catch-all-category further subordinated to the preceding categories in which the aged, the handicapped and the sick are conflated.

The category of homosexuality is systematically subordinated following the same logic. Under the subject area of "Sex instruction and sexual ethics" HQ55 is a single classification in which the aged and homosexual men are conflated. Lesbianism does not suffer the same comparison but is simply erased. This precise logic is represented again in general terms, the theft of aesthetic artifacts from their contexts and their diversion into contexts of one's own devices. Might we drift through the libraries without apparent aim and take to ourselves those treasures which luck presents us with? Might we disregard the organization and simply learn from whatever we find? Do we need to discover myself only in HQ55 - a category of the apparatus and not of my own creation?

Debord's tactic may be understood as "transposing the city," or more fundamentally "transposing the apparatus." We do not ignore the safety promised in the signposts we are offered; we simply disregard it in favour of adventure.

**U.S. Lesbianism**

**USE Lesbianism**

**USE Lesbianism**

**USE Lesbianism**

**USE Lesbianism**

**browsing as derive and detournement**

The Library of Congress Classification Schedule may be understood as a "system of relations that can be established between... elements." Multiple overlapping strata of sex and sexuality, gender and hierarchy are methodically ordered in nothing less than an attempt to categorize all knowledge. As a representation of our society in its construction of power/knowledge the classification system offers an opportunity for substantial archaeological exploration. As a result of it we can move into a space at random and discover meaning in everything we stumble across.

The MacPherson Library represents a concrete manifestation of the abstract disposition which is the taxonomy of knowledge/power outlined in the Classification Schedule. This physical space is precisely contiguous with the site of multiple episodes and as we meander through the once we do so through the opacity of texts and objects, for this expedition we are either limited to the stratigraphic affordances offered us by the apparatus or we may decide to browse, to wander off the posted routes.

Opics cantober Dectoub struggled with parallel restrictions in his Mauvaise of 1957 and his Society of the spectacle of 1967. His "system" may be understood as parallel to and subversive of the rigid dispositions apparent in the Schedule. Urban architectural forms yield an accurate map of modernity as does the physical institution of the library. Both models constitute tautological maps of an underlying apparatus of rationality and negated non-aesthetic functionalism. Both reveal a logic of individualisation and restriction and of systematic limitation and exclusion.

Debord's "syntax of society" is remarkably pseudostructural in its acknowledgement of context and emphasis upon a reflexive discourse. With this in mind we may understand the Classification Schedule and urban geography as parallel narratives. Debord's strategy of resistance takes two forms: the "derive," a drift down city streets in search of signs of attraction or detournements, the theft of aesthetic artifacts from their contexts and their diversion into contexts of one's own devices. Might we drift through the libraries without apparent aim and take to ourselves those treasures which luck presents us with?

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When I first left Australia fifteen years ago, the discipline of cultural studies did not exist. Now, as a practice based on the study of mass or popular culture from the neo-Marxist perspective, cultural studies is one of the fastest growing and prestigious areas of academic. Australian contributions to cultural studies have played a surprisingly large role in this process. I found out more about this in 1991, during a brief visit to Melbourne and Sydney. I spoke to some of the most active practitioners of Australian cultural studies, including Jenny Lee, editor of Meanjin, McKenzie Work of Macquarie University, Stephen Muecke of the University of Technology, and Helen Grace of the University of Western Sydney.

Over the next ten years, Australian Cultural Theory has developed as a recognizable field of discourse. It has produced such important writers on the cultural theorist Meaghan Morris, the philosopher Elizabeth Grosz, and historians like Ian Hunter and Tony Bennet. It has explored a variety of themes and has debated them. In the beginning, few of these debates were actually carried on in an academic setting.

Australian has a small population of sixteen million people. 160,000 of these are of aboriginal descent and the rest are made up of settlers from Europe (in the past, principally Britain) and, in increasing numbers, Asia and the Pacific. Formerly, the Australian economy was dependent on the export of raw materials such as agricultural products and minerals, but, elsewhere, restructuring of markets for these commodities has put pressure on Australia's high standard of living.

Australian political consciousness fractured in the wake of a small but vociferous anti-war movement in the late sixties. The rise of feminism shortly thereafter, along with gay liberation, challenged the patriarchal and homophobic character of the Australian social fabric. The early seventies also saw the rise of the Aboriginal Land Rights Movement, which, whatever its success as a strategy for self-govern-ment, irreversibly shifted the moral centre of gravity away from white, Anglo-Saxon culture. Australians of British descent have also been forced to acknowledge the presence of large numbers of other European and Asian communities, especially in the cities, whose aims cut out of ten people live.

Although the Federal Labour Party led by E. Gough Whitlam, elected to Government after 23 years in opposi- tion, was only in power for three years, its progressive social programmes out-lived it. As Meaghan Morris has pointed out in Fever's Finance, Labour's social programmes helped make possible the occupation of positions of power in various social and political power by the left and also had an empowering effect on independent activist or community groups.

Against this background, Australian cultural theory began to emerge in the late seventies. Its main participants originated in feminist and gay activism. Although people like Paul Foss (later co-editor of Art & Text) and Meaghan Morris worked in activist community groups, they were also exposed to Marxist and neo-Marxist theory being studied in the universities. Morris left to study French literature in Paris in the late seventies, and others including Stephen Muecke and Elizabeth Gross followed him into French academia. The impact of this exposure can be seen in the later number of Working Papers, a Sydney publi-cation replacing Gay Liberation Press, founded by a collective which included Paul Foss and later Meaghan Morris, Working Papers and other such publications often included transla-tions of writings of prominent French thinkers, as well as interviews with them. Some of these translations of figures such as Baudrillard, Barthes, Deleuze, Guattari, and Lyotard, pre-dated by years those in other parts of the English speaking world.

At this point the intellectual complexity of writers such as Michel Foucault and Jacques Derrida began to prove more attractive. Initially, the contributors to Working Papers were more interested in the practical application of French theory. Lezansky's rewriting of Foucault and Foss and Muecke's "Histo-ries" of institutions were of interest to the anti-psychiatric movement, for example. However, in the conservative political climate of the late seventies, more and more people, disillusioned with political activism, turned to the study of pure theory.

By the beginning of the eighties, interest in French theoretical writing, under the general rubric of "semiotics," had become so widespread on the left and in the arts community in Australia that a backlash began to occur against it. Not so much in conservative journalistic and academic circles, as amongst members of the more traditional activist left. Xenophobic nationalism and even old English Fascism began to surface. Anxiety that wholesale appropriation of French thought had somehow "diluted" Australian cultural identity raised the awkward question of what that cultural identity actually was in the first place. A conference entitled "Foreign Bodies" was convened in Sydney in 1982 to address these issues. Almost all of the conference's participants seemed disillusioned with the very idea of political mobilisation. The adoption of this foreign body of theory showed how problematic the very notion of a speaking position was. It suggested cultural models other than British or American and made insistence on a quasi-Marxist strain of nationalism that had flourished in the seventies. Most importantly, the participants in "Foreign Bodies" demonstrated that theory could still be useful, but in a contingent, highly specific way.

Art & Text was founded by Paul Taylor in 1981 specifically to foster an interdisciplinary approach to art and its critical practices. Taylor also hoped to elevate what he regarded as the abysmal standard of art criticism in Australia. Art & Text built on the theoretical foundations of Working Papers, locating itself in a left cultural tradition, in spite of its editor's more conservative politics. As Taylor editorialised to the second issue of the maga-zine:
Art & Text

It becomes increasingly apparent that the exhibition gallery, art school and art magazines are not neutral or transparent spaces for the presentation and promotion of art. They themselves are culturally determined objects whose cultivation is one of the tasks of today's 'advanced art'.

When Art & Text first began publication in 1977, it was situated in the exhibition space of the Australian art scene. Popism reasserted the concerns and themes of sixties Pop Art. Though psychoanalytic and cultural theory was used to interpret Popism, and, by extension, the mass cultural phenomenon on which it was based. In this way, the writers who contributed to Art & Text, many of whom were also connected with Waking Paper, were drawn into the realm of cultural theory. Important articles, such as Maegham Morris's essay on 'Crocodile Dundee as well as pieces by Eric Michelson on Aboriginal medicine-gathering practices and Stephen Mauk on semiotics, all appeared in the magazine in the mid-eighties.

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Images of Canada: Canadian Bank Notes

by Laura Millard

"The nature of our government, our bilingual heritage and the diversity of Canada's geography and wildlife are emphasized by the portraits, legends, landscapes, birds and national symbols which appear on every bank note."

This quotation from the display text in the "Paper Puzzles" exhibition at the Currency Museum in Ottawa states that aspects of our 'nature' as Canadians are emphasized through the appearance of our bank notes and suggests that every note provides a cryptic combination of elements which signify 'Canada.' The text goes on to say, "Bank notes are worth getting to know better, not only because of their value but because of the fascinating secrets they have to tell." The key for unlocking these secrets, however, is not provided by official texts.

Just as our nature as Canadians apparently 'appears' to us on our bank notes, the bank note imagery itself seems to 'appear' through a conjuring act which is unfeathered by accompanying explanations. The notes taken which lead to the specific images selected are not marked. The official literature does not discuss the process through which it is decided how Canada is portrayed, but states simply that Canada is portrayed. Clues to the nature of this portrayal, to the identity of this Canada, spring from the hope that a picture is indeed worth a thousand words and that an analysis of the Bank of Canada's bank note imagery from its first issue to the present will provide these clues.

The history of the Bank of Canada's control over note design begins in 1935 when it struggled for sole right to issue notes. Provincial governments and chartered banks had previously issued their own. The issue then, as now, was security and control and the newly founded Bank claimed to be better able to control counterfeiting. It set out to improve printing technology so that increasingly intricate designs could be issued to ensure its claim. The Bank of Canada pursues this undertaking to this day. Unlike the tradition of American paper currency which has not deviated from its "green-back," Canadian bank notes have undergone numerous design and imagery changes.

Through a self-propelled flurry of continuing improvement, set in motion by the initial rush to prove itself to wary provincial governments and banks, the Bank of Canada now claims to have arrived at the forefront of currency design. A line is devoted to each press release to the fact that counterfeiting is not a problem in Canada, nor has it been for years. Regardless, the Bank of Canada maintains a program of deterring counterfeiting.

The pursuit of the technologically more advanced note is the rationale behind the almost constant changes and plans to change our bank note design. An example of this can be seen in the creation of the new optical security device (OSD). According to a Bank of Canada press release of 1969, "Canadians can be justly proud of this technological breakthrough, which puts Canadian notes a good step ahead of advanced copying and printing techniques. Canada does not have a counterfeiting problem and the OSD will help to make sure it stays that way."

What "fascinating secret" might this aspect of bank note design tell us? The preoccupation it
suggests with security, control and the law, is met with the relentless pursuit of a technology that will ensure the maintenance of that preoccupation, in spite of the fact that there are no real threats or enemies to protect against. Compare this with the situation in the United States which have, according to the Currency Museum’s employees, the most counterfeitable currency in the world, and yet employ design technology equivalent to what ours was in

1935. Perhaps the American government is just less inclined to interrupt the cash flow of its spirited entrepreneurs, but more certainly it shows that country’s own preoccupation with its history and the tradition of its ‘green-back.”

Beginning with its first issue in 1935, which was issued in separate French and English versions, the images presented on both versions were as follows:

$2.00 bill: “Harvest allegory: Seated female with fruits of harvest.”
$5.00 bill: “Electric Power allegory: Seated male with symbols of electricity.”
$10.00 bill: “Transportation allegory: Mercury with ships, trains and planes.”
$20.00 bill: “Tailor allegory: Knitting male exhibiting the produce of the field to the Spirit of Agriculture.”
$50.00 bill: “Modern Inventions allegory: Seated female with symbols of radio broadcasting.”
$100.00 bill: “Commerce and Industry allegory: Seated male showing ship to child, harbour scene and blast furnace in background.”

The same images were used on the following 1937 bilingual issue. When I first saw these images I was taken aback by how foreign they appeared, slightly European but predominantly American. The promise, the optimism and the reassurance offered by the supernatural beings portrayed are not aspects of the nature of Canada as I understand it. Portrayed in these bank notes is what Galie McGregor, in The Wacousta Syndrome, Explorations in Canadian Landscape, describes as the American colonist’s experience of the New World environment: “Under the influence of the millennial expectations of the 17th century, the early American colonist, borrowing concepts from scriptural inspiration, tended to interpret the empirical environment predominantly in terms of signs or types of supernatural events.” Through this association, “the entire world became charged with cosmic significance and every human life was seen as part of a cosmic conflict between the forces of Good and Evil.”

The landscapes in these images have been won over by Good. The landscape is set in the distance and poses no threat, only the promise of space fully inhabitable and hospitable. It is almost
Chippoke Na Gomi by Misha

It is raining sand and dirt. It pulls down trucks and flows around its feet, puffing up its shoes and its gray shreds and the huts of his crows. The red brick of the station platform sink him as he leans forward to catch each sight of his companion.

His leather bag heets at his feet like two black lizards. He grants their collars and drags them hiking across the gritty floor. He freezes, standing with the luggage. It grows heavier with every mile.

He focuses on a shadow etched against the wall. It is a shadow of a missing person bent over in thought.

The shadow is an elongated woman in a soft sable coverall. The coverall has a flame colored letters patch on the shoulder. She is leaning forward with her elbows on her knees. Her head is down and her hands are lightly held in interlocking fingers. When he blinks she is all flat again, like a shadow.

He sidles the bags over to the bench and sits down. He brushes the lint off his pants and stamps on his shoes. The sun slides through an opening in the cloud.

Small strings of dust float from the ceiling toward the floor.

He smokes. A brown bottle bounces across the tile floor. He turns and sees a tattooed brandt stager out of the door. From him rage unravel and fall into the destinations of the station. The same bottle rolls up a Lazy day against the leg of his under the bench.

A large column of purple and orange flame is rising. The man looks up and jumps and echoes in the station. He turns his head. The stationmaster crashes into the receiver. He cooks his head expectantly, listening.

He hears someone crying over the end of the line.

He looks at the shadow woman. Her coverall is stained at the knees and chutes with a thick white ash. She is wearing scorched hipbops with yellow flames embossed on them.

Carbonized timbers and beams burn and twists hundreds of feet above the ground. He can’t ever remember being tired or this. He hopes to loom himself in her layers.

"In Japan they have trains that travel 120 miles an hour and this one is 120 minutes late.

He looks ahead, turns her head toward him. She has the dusty completion and features of a mien as she decides she is American Indian.

"Were you in Japan?" Her voice is soft and raw. It makes her throat tickle.

"That’s right," he coughs into his white gloves. "I’ve been studying Japanese dust." He swallows his mouth.

An inch thick of gray ash covers everything. As he tries to write her a letter, the brush drags into the ash falling on the rice papers.

She chews the inside of her cheek. Her dark took a strange effectiveness on her cheeks alarm.

He looks out her white khaki.

She scrunches up her nose. "Koeloei." The word breaks in her mouth, as if she spoke around grains of sand. Her. Rearrange regularly entwined flowers in their heads.

The study of dust. He slides closer to obscure her shadow. She notices he is wearing a fine covering of face power which makes her skin slightly firmest. Her curled looking eyes fasten on his bags. "What is that in your bags?" she asks him.

He is reluctant to answer. A strange weakness slices in his bowels and travels down his legs. He wants to lie down. She stands and tosses the ashes in the rails.

That the train is late is amplified in the cage-like horizons of the station. The demented to the freezing dust and his fussy breathing, to the heavy impact of the freight cars slamming together in the yard. Metal couples spark against each other. The noise is a continuous part of oil seed dirt into the air. Rusty filings gritted on the track as steel rolls on steel.

He smiles at her. Her return smile is hot ice.

A terrible smell.

"Do you really think you can stop that up?" asks the stationmaster.

"Oh yes, you tell me what she told up!"

"Bad dust stens about thirty miles out. They’re clearing the tracks now. After he speaks his face distends into chalky disfigurement.

He rolls his eyes at the woman shakes his head slowly.

He brushes some lint off his knees.

He checks his watch, then slaps his hand over. He has just changed it to pacific time and finds it is still reading Tokyo. He looks at the train as if there is a time in the world.

It is his wife’s. living magazine.

"The train has been delayed. I don’t want you to worry," she tells me. Corps of his mouth in her mouth, between her sharp white teeth.

He is cutting into her mouth, with a letter opener. Her skin is like a paper bag. List and thick gray dust pour out of her lungs, along with pasta, and an apple green command of a kind he never wears. It is sticky with sweat and dog hair.

She is silent while he writes this, then answers “Fine.” in a voice that means he is not worried.

He feels his whole life commuted into this one emotionless plane.

A misnna of heat and dust.

She looks the dusty woman, who seems to crumble in front of his eyes. Dust swells in the open door of the station.

I think some of dust is leaking out of those bags.

Her face is dawn. She is sitting in the station, under the dust cloud.

A laugh splinters his throat. "No, it’s all sealed in wonen joint. It reaches into his bag and pulls out a small glass jar of dust to show me.

"The woman shimmies in a sudden bright shaft of light. Lightning strikes ice white, black snow. "I think some of that dust has escaped," she repeats. She studies the jar closely, shaking it in the air to catch the light.

I don’t seem convinced. He feels he needs to make an explanation. "You see, dust is a fascinating thing. You have ever, for example, looked at dust under an electron microscope?"

A sheet of rain falls through the window. She shakes her head.

She sets the jar of dust on the bench, reaches over into his bag and removers a thin disk of something.

He opens it to a paper that is covered with large grains of greenish yellow.

What do you suppose that is?" she asks him as he hands the book and slides close enough to see it over her shoulder.

She shrugs. She sniffs her odor of baby powder. He wonders why women have such an affinity with bloomers.

He glances at her and seems caught by black eyes. A line of sweat pops out on his upper lip. She seems to get fatter in the rines and then speaks in a dull, uninterested voice. "Dust."

A woman in a man in the powder.

He is disappointed, she knows his answer. "That’s right! Though most people would say ‘grains of rice’. Look at this."

It is a 110 times larger look at this in a small moon pimple with craters.

When he returns to the camera. It is a monstrous creature with a vicious set of mandibles and reproductive group-like clusters on its hairy legs. The face.

I am for dead insects.

"That tiger nose is too small to be identified by the naked eye," he points to the clusters. "It has its own parasites even smaller."

He looks closely at the plate himself, though he has seen many times, this time he sees something different. He sees a human face trapped between two tiny pieces of dust.

He snape the photo and moves in its little house. He holds through his jar of dust cold at the table. "Dust tells us much about our history. You might be interested to know, it has been bodies, that this dust from Nagasaki is still radioactive. Even after all these years.

A worm carries the place where dust explodes in her eyes. "Yes, that’s right." He replaces the jar carefully, as if it was worth its weight in gold. "This dust is full of pulverized buildings, books, clothes, dust, ashes and grains of rice - reminds of a great city.

An abnormally domed house.

He talks on, but no longer her obsession soon enough.

"Excuse me, but," he captures her attention.

"I was talking about the dust," she says. They are like highly polished mirrors and in them he can see. A huge cloud of dust rises up and up and finally spreading out in a horizental band of cloud. In the cloud, countless of faces, ancestors come for birth moments.

"What’s he doing? They’re covered with the victims of Nagasaki."

A few more inches, the bellowing of the cloud, the grating of steel on pitted steel and the roaring of the engine means he ends.

From the west a terrible ambience wind.

He jumps to grab the hand and the skin peels off just like a glove. Suddenly he flies flares in a pillar of fire and a wave of emanation spreads his eyes.

He falls to his knees and cries out in terror and pain. The rains roars in and pulls away while he is still kneeling in the station with a handful of crematory ashes. It is pale dust, gray and grey and still warm. Dust.

The station is whirling with small dust devils. Through them he can see the crowd of people.

"Ahhhh!" He staggers to his feet and runs forward. She is not there but her shadow remains permanently scarred into the station walls. He exclains again and holds the ashes tightly in his fist. The tightens he holds the more they slip through his fingers.

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With each step he takes he shakes the dust from his feet. His eyes seem to stare blankly at the handbreak, always removers a thin disk of something.

The tiny motes of dust dancing in a red shaft of sunlight.

* Tiny dust
Two Poems
by John Donlan

The Me

I'm not hip here.
I can never get enough credentials!
Don't take yourself for too real.
Easier to carry a frog than a snake.
All those looking for a short-term relationship
raise your right paw.
Eyes shine, ardent talk, shimmer and pop
self, bubbleshell between
nature and nature.
Flying out of our skins, we
sparkle rush into the gap left by John Clare.
TV vampire romance queen reclines
on bourgeois icon,
timemarshing memory, will, sense
for the effect of simultaneity,
life-based thinking...
Forget who's watching
secret racoon wash and eat.
Repeat No Voice, No voice, walking through
unimproved land.

Just Do It

This was Zhou Eq-Lai's cot, with its worn blanket -
nearly all he owned.
He was part of the new style, the new
attitude they call reckoning with death.
He aimed to violate some principles,
firmly held beliefs that look so different from the back.
Let's empty just one day of content, let's
dump its time out and waste it.
Martha I'm mourning,
painting the sacred book black.
Even grief has its utility,
plastic, motion, raging at the shapes
imposed on it by its handler.
They burn us, and we burn back, until the bars
between the crowd and the caged crazy animal
are gone at last. Symbols of old order
go next, and then the long forging begins
again, those chains of chilling generations.
Some of us by the stove were missed out. Water beads
racing over the iron, where do they go?

The Photographer Listens
As the Shutter Closes
by Serge Mongrain
translated by Judith Cowan

Shed by the intestines of the buffalo
the Altamira fresco
sculpts itself into the rocky confections
the destiny of the walls
and the movement of the stones.
This which is possible to the eyes
this anarchy of the hands
forces in the very iron itself
its alliance with the flames

In the silence
there is the blonde stretched out on the bench
who screams, inviting absence
there is the frame of bone, pulling muscles
there is the weight of the eyelashes
In the gawking silence
everything unfolds as foreseen
everything hate for the flight of the fly
everything cries ou as if its throat
had been cut by song
In these silences of ecstasy
an everydayness sees to everything
a week is worth what a week is worth
a century as weightless as an eternal beginning
Riddle in Silk
by Yves Troendle

A young woman parts the crimson velvet drapes and tiptoes into an ornate but deserted drawing room. Except that now she’s standing in it. She looks around, saying in a very French, a maid’s lazy cap is pushed atop her wave of dark hair. Silk stockings give a magical sheen to her shapely legs. Pinned, as it were, on an unsuspecting. The story is mainly about these stockings, though they’re artfully introduced as incidental. They were sent by a pilot, Mike Troway, from Cuba to this place, the palatial home of Ralph Vollon, a deep-voiced, silver-haired man who radiates wealth and distinction. Enable a can, elicit knell, demand, burling from the certainty, flesh senses a thudner. Vollon, you see, did make to develop long-range photography in the costly air lanes above the Caribbean. Mike had a top-notch collection of maps. Down the corridors of cavern, doors are numberless. While scurrying down the marble hallway, the maid glimpsed a man’s swarthy face in a painting mirror. Dr. rim. mit o g im... 

Now she’s haunted by the fear that he glimpsed her own... 

You mean a plane flying over enemy territory could map your location and beam images back to headquarters? A deadly quiet, except for the maid’s frightened panting, and rain blustering on the windows. You could almost hold the room in your hands, like a box filled with magic light. The pretty maid’s lips are vivid scarlet, her face dead-white, chalky with terror. There is a telephone on a carved oak desk. The desk, with gilt griffins feet, and hiding tiny compartments, comes from successively older museums (counting backwards), the telephone comes from a factory that was a mushroom and strikes attract lightning, just as a needle does electrical fire. Nanne, the maid, walks briskly up to it. Exactly! And Mike did it! He promised to send the secret in code, but all I ever got was... silk stockings from Havana! Nanne unbrooks it furiously. After drinking scotch, the men in ciga. Latchkey, his hand down spitted, tag jasmine, grip the banzains. "Elho, Important. I want ze policeman!"

But before Mike could send an explanation under separate cover, he was down somewhere over the Gulf—killed by agents of a war-like power. The last postcard he sent showed an orange sky, and sounded like a distant bugle. Images flicker, memory shaves, departing by the light of his skirt. So it was up to Vollon to figure out how the secret message was encoded in the silk. He walked up cold marble steps, leaves printed in the dew. Hold still so I can scribble all over you. He asked his niece, the gorgeous Dorthea, to wear them...

The perfect place to hide an invisible message—for all eyes to see! First of many paradoxes. All gaits of destiny. We gaze her into life. Her whisper is barely audible. And nobody replies. The various brains picture on the telephone reflect the electric bulb that lights the room. And silver lighting shadows in the polished oak desk-top. Nanneo spins around and clasches the edge of the desk, her imbeciles tumbling white, but seen nothing.

And, standing by this very desk, Dorthea Vollon will soon be telling Scott Troway, private investigator, that after drinking down some strangely bitter-tasting chicory in her room that evening, she’d fainted. Satin, silk, coloress, kim, red dust, his ornaments. Now all Nanne can hear is the pulse of blood in her ear. Dorthea recovered her senses—and legs. upright with a gasp! Nanneo glances behind the desk, and gasps! Someone had removed Dorthea’s slippers—and her garters were untouched! The telephone wire is slashed! Those stockings miscarry...
The Spacious Chambers of Her Heart
by Diane Schoemperlen

"The heart, in the adult, measures five inches in length, three inches and a half in breadth in the broadest part, and two inches and a half in thickness. The prevalent weight, in the male, varies from ten to twelve ounces; in the female, from eight to ten: its proportions to the body being as 1 to 169 in males; 1 to 149 in females. The heart continues increasing in weight, and also in length, breadth, and thickness, up to an advanced period of life.

GRAY'S ANATOMY, 1901 EDITION

Evangeline Clark loved four things, and four things only. Her heart having only four chambers, spacious though they might be, she had limited herself to loving four things.

First there was music.

"The Right Auricle is a little larger than the left, its walls somewhat thinner, measuring about one line; and its cavity is capable of containing about two ounces."

This love she learned from and shared with her husband, who was a pianist, long dead now but still an inspiration to Evangeline. The home of her childhood was always filled with music, her mother at the piano all morning and all afternoon. The meals were slapdash, the house was a mess, but always the air in the cluttered stuffy rooms was saturated with beauty and truth and just plain joy. Sometimes when she had insomnia due to the weight of the world on her slender shoulders, her mother would play Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words in the middle of the night and the sound would come gently to Evangeline safe in her little bed, the high notes sprinkling around her like confetti, the low notes like an August downpour, quarter-sized raindrops on warm asphalt.

At the crucial moment of her life, when she might have become a concert pianist, her mother had become instead her mother. For that was how things were done in those days, one or the other, not both, multiple loves in those days being deemed mutually exclusive. Regret and resentment, like infidelity, were not acceptable maternal manifestations. For this, Evangeline was grateful.

Although she had no musical talent of her own and so had never learned to play any instrument, Evangeline kept the air in her house too always filled with music, any kind of music. There was country and western for hort's, rock and roll for dancing, jazz for the nerves, blues for the blues, and classical for catharsis. And especially there was Mendelssohn for the middle of the night, to smooth the wrinkles out of the weight of the world.

Secondly there was colour.

"The Right Ventricle is triangular in form, and extends from the right auricle to near the apex of the heart. Its anterior or upper surface is rounded and convex, and forms the larger part of the front of the heart... The walls of the right ventricle are thinner than those of the left, the proportion between them being as 1 to 3... The cavity equals in size that of the left ventricle, and is capable of containing about three fluid ounces."

This love she was learning from and sharing with her husband, who was a painter, a very good painter, whose vivid larger-than-life canvases were shown all over the continent. "Brilliant" and "electric" were the words most often applied by the critics, used indiscriminately, it seemed, to describe both the man himself and his provocative and penetrating use of colour. Her husband was indeed a brilliant and electric man, a volatile over-stimulated genius who was always painting in his studio or wanting to. Evangeline quickly discovered that most of the maudlinness and melancholy of daily life struck him as mundane, if not a downright waste of time. From him she learned that all things, animal, vegetable or mineral (also plastic, polyester or nylon), were intrinsically important not because of function but because of colour, which is all the naked eye naturally cares about anyway. He spent a lot of time mixing colours, trying to create the true green of grass, the true blue of sky, the true red of blood, and the true iridescent colour of the sun, which was not yellow at all, though we had all been tricked from an early age into believing that it was. This search for the true colour of everything was, he said, like trying to create life in a test tube. But what is life, what is truth, what is the colour of your breath in the summer, what is the true colour of flesh?

Although she had no artistic talent of her own and so had never painted a painting or anything, Evangeline took great pains to keep her house (his house, their house) full of colour. She had a stained glass window installed in the bathroom so that her husband's naked body (also his naked eye) would glow like an illuminated prism in the shower. This calmed him down considerably because any form of clarity (plain glass, clophane, Saran Wrap, or water) tormented him unbearably because it was unattainable. She was careful to dress herself in bright colours, yellow scarf, green blouse, blue skirt, red tights, purple shoes, because clearly her husband adored her when she appeared before him like this, with the bands of colour encircling her body like a rainbow or pretty ribbons, like wondrous bandages from her head to her toes.

Every morning her husband sat in his blue shirt at the breakfast table, surrounded by the still life she had so carefully arranged: the yellow egg yolks, the red jam, the brown coffee, the purple lilacs on the window sill, his red lips, white teeth, chewing and smiling. And while he admired the orange juice shot through with sunlight, Evangeline was left breathless and intoxicated with the pleasure of her own power. Of course she didn't put it to her husband that way. Instead she said she was smiling because she was happy.
Finally there was light.

"The Left Auricle is rather smaller than the right; its walls thicker, measuring about one line and a half; it consists, like the right, of two parts, a principal cavity, or sinus, and an appendix auricularis."

This love had come to her of its own volition, right out of the blue (long before she'd married and discovered the meanings and messages of sky blue, the wild blue yonder or any other mutation of blueness). This love she was sharing with and passing on (she hoped) to her son who was just learning to read. He followed her around asking, "What does this say? What does that say?" For every room, when you looked at it that way, was filled with the printed word. Besides all the books which covered every flat surface, there were corned boxes, labelled caskets, shampoo bottles, toothpaste tubes, postcards and notes to herself stuck on the fridge, all of these covered with instructions, ingredients, reminders, names and warnings. He came home from school with little books which she read to him every evening after supper. She nearly wept with happiness when he learned to pick out words by himself: "the,you,go,no,pop,hop,hop,open on pop." She printed out lists of rhyming words like: "book,look,cook,look,book,look,cook,shovel", and they hugged each other's excitement. When she thought about all the words in the language, she had to marvel at the miracle of anyone ever learning to read in the first place. They were all geniuses, when you looked at it that way.

Although she had no literary talent of her own and so had never written a story, a novel, not even a poem, Evangeline kept the whole house full of books. There were bookcases in every single room, even the bathroom. The meals were stupidly and the house was a colourful mess, because when Evangeline was not changing the music or arranging the new purple and turquoise jewel-tone towels in the bathroom, she was reading. She had a special little bookstand which she carried around the house with her so she could read while she cooked, while she ate, while she did the dishes, vacuumed, washed the colourful floors. Often she went to bed with a headache (and so had to say to her husband, "Not tonight dear, I've got a headache") caused no doubt by eyespain. But she preferred to think, in her more whimsical moments, that it was caused by the weight of all the words she'd jammed into her brain, all of them in there whirling and twirling, doing magic tricks and juggling for position. Some words were better than others, she knew that by now. All words were not created equal. All words were more than the sum of their parts. A word like "wilder" was better than either "with" or "her". For instance, "abolitionist" was better than either "poll" or "life". "Synergy" was better than either "sin" or "energy". Something was better than nothing. Her over-stimulated husband usually grunted and suggested aspirin or therapy but she said she'd rather suffer.

ILUSTRATIONS FROM THE FOLLOWING SOURCES


The Two Gentle Ladies from K-Mart
by M.A.C. Farrant

I'm in the basement coffee room at K-Mart, the downtown store. I came in here looking for cheap dish towels and the two women in charge of household items told me to wait in here, in their office room, a small dingy room located somewhere in the basement of the building.

There's some cold pizza in a box on the coffee table and they suggested that I might like to help myself to some or make myself some instant coffee if I get thirsty. Then they went away and locked the door.

I had a look at the pizza but declined a slice. With curling bits of dry salami sprinkled over its surface it hardly looked appetizing.

For some reason the K-Mart ladies think I am wonderful. Every now and then they peek in at me to show me to the other sales ladies from Home Furnishing and Lingeries. They point me out to them, smiling, and are extremely polite and deferential. Then they all giggle together and agree that I am quite a unique find.

I can't understand why they regard me as some kind of marvelous jewel they have just discovered or happened upon, so marvelous they wish to keep me here for their own private viewing.

Still, they are trying to keep me happy - I can't fault them for that - by telling me that they have an especially good bargain in dish towels (just for me!) and that they are arrum the items upstairs, very minute, swapping them all together and sticking on their price tags. All marked down to one cent apiece. A bargain indeed. So I am grateful for their efforts on my behalf and hesitate to protest my capture. Because that is what it is. A capture and imprisonment because although I have passed the two gentle ladies from K-Mart would not call it that. They would be offended if I were to suggest it. To them I am merely a captive, interesting specimen they have found to fret away and marvel at on their coffee break.

All well and good, I hate to disappoint them but my wife is waiting for me in front of the Bank of Commerce on the corner of Yates and Douglas streets. I told her I wouldn't be long - just stopping in at K-Mart to pick up some dish towels, I said - and, knowing her, she's still standing there, out from the bank. She will wait all day and longer if I ask her to and I worry that she doesn't know how to wait correctly.

That is, without drawing attention to herself. Anonymously. She will wait rather far out on the sidewalk, for instance, so that she becomes like an island in the pedestrian flow that people must break apart and steer around. This will cause her to draw stares of fear and perhaps even hatred from the passers-by. Some madwoman because she is slightly off course with her not-waiting-farther. The other problem is that she twirls. She's an expert on twirling, on her bare feet and bending down. Sometimes she can manage two, three twirls at one go. This is fine for our backyard Bar-B-Q but it suicidc on a busy street.

So I really am worried for her. But what can I do, captured as I am like some fabulous insect? The K-Mart ladies seem to regard me as a model house-husband which I certainly am not. It's just that I like a bargain. It would be all right if they regarded me as an ideal shopper, though, because there could be some commercial advantage in that. I could have my picture taken and appear on their advertising flyers drying dishes with my new dish towels. For a small fee, of course; there's no denying I could use the extra money. But, no, the K-Mart ladies prefer to keep me for themselves, a found object, somehow meaning something to their daily work at the store. Meanwhile I worry about my wife.

There's a small window near the ceiling of the basement coffee room. By climbing up onto the coffee table beneath it, I am just able to peer out well enough to see the church across the street and for the past while I have been occupying myself by drawing a likeness of this church in my lined notebook. I always carry with me. It's a large church resembling some three-storied blocks with a stick on top, quite simple to draw.

When the K-Mart ladies peak in on their next coffee break they are dissatisfied that I have not eaten a slice of their cold pizza so to accommodate them, because they really are nice ladies, I succumb to my courage and eat a piece. This pleases them so much that I am encouraged to show them my rather crude drawing of the church, torn hastily from my notebook. They take it solemnly, with tears in their eyes and seem to study it most appreciatively. What do they see there, I wonder? But before anyone can answer since we have passed they have handed me a set of bargain dish towels (at no charge), unlocked the door and waved me farewell. (But keeping the picture, I might add, for themselves.)

Now that I am free to go and have hurried off in search of my wife.

I have found her, standing in front of the bank, too far from the curb and twirling, as I had feared, drawing angry stares from the passers-by. So I have taken her now by the arm and together we are hurrying up Yates Street. Correctly, on the right side of the sidewalk because in this life the journey is perilous enough - what with the chance imprisonments that can befal you at any moment - without inviting further misery by disobeying the rules of the road, as well.

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES:
John M. Bennet publishes the remarkable & noticeable Luna Ricotta Prida out of Columbus Ohio. Mike Chachoki lives in Creve Coeur. She is currently working on yet another prize winning novel. Judith Cowan is a translator par excellence currently residing in Quebec. John Donlan is part of a new wave of writers working out of London, Ontario. Brian David 2001 is a fictional artist from Cambridge, Ontario. M.A.C. Farrant currently lives in Western Canada. She regularly contributes erudite delight to Rambler Magazine which secures poetry as the incursions of Troil- Rhinian, Quebec. Edward Myers reads the news and then responds in high poetic style in San Francisco. California. Wilf Sutherland is a regular Rambler contributor as well as a musician, performer and writer presently living in Toronto. Diane Schoemperlen lives on a farm with her typewriter in Ontario. Yvonne Tremblay is a writer/performer/improviser living vicariously in Toronto.

THE NEXT "EPIPHANY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT" WILL APPEAR IN A FUTURE ISSUE OF BORDERLINES MAGAZINE TOWARD THE END OF THIS YEAR. IN THE MEANTIME, KEEP A EYE OUT FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF RAMBLE MAGAZINE WHICH WILL FEATURE THE TOPIC OF "CREATIVE MIND UNDERSTANDING" AVAILABLE AT A NEWSSTAND NEAR YOU IN SEPTEMBER.

$1.30 bill  
"Prairie View Saskatchewan."  

$2.00 bill  
"View of Upper Melbourne, Richmond, Quebec."  

$2.50 bill  
"Ozic Falls at Mile 396 of the Alaska Highway."  

$5.00 bill  
"Mount Burgess, Alberta."  

It is assumed, or hoped, that the Canadian dimension that these images create is self-apparent. How does this created dimension imagine itself and how do these images locate it? The allegory of garden paradise in the previous images is gone, replaced by realism. This realism is attained by beginning the image production process with a photograph of the landscape. The photograph is then used as the source for a painted image, a procedure also employed by many Canadian landscape painters from Tom Thompson to Jack Chambers. The painted step in the procedure, which brings in a "human" touch, is almost completely obscured by the archetypal and supernatural figures which foreground and fill the frames. The transformation and domestication of the New World, these images clearly present the wilderness as tamed.

In 1984, when the Bank of Canada issued its next series, it did so with the stated aim of creating a Canadian dimension through a complete change of these note images. Concerning the selection of the new images, the Bank of Canada stated only that "a prominent Canadian dimension was created by replacing the earlier allegorical figures with Canadian landscapes." They are described simply as a series of "realistic landscapes and seascapes." Clearly the Bank of Canada felt that the previous imagery was not Canadian enough. The difference between the 1935 images and the 1994 images is startling. The 1954 images are as follows:
demystified the landscape edition simply to become a kind of void that rests all human connection. This is what happens in the Canadian landscape.

What evidence of this void can be found in the Canadian dimension series? Whereas all the previous issue images celebrated the inhabitable and benevolent landscapes, only half of the 1954 series show any sign of a human presence at all and it is revealing to look at how this human presence is portrayed.

For example, the $1 bill presents the landscape as a vast expanse under a stormy sky. Cutting through it are telephone poles, a dirt road and a barbed wire fence that recedes in one-point perspective to a distant grain elevator poised on the horizon. A large thunderhead hogs just above the tiny structure. It is a far and rather lonely cry from the Agriculture allegory seared in her throne surrounded by heaps of produce. The thin threads of transportation (road) and communication (poles) provide little reassurance against the distant storm and vast space.

The $2 bill shows three or four small farm houses and a church clustered in the center of the mid-ground. The distant houses are alone and unreachable. The $1000 image is like the $2 one, showing a few structures in the mid-ground, but here the foreground is greatly reduced and mountainous on the horizon which almost obscures the sky. The vast landscape again engulfs a few buildings. This image is also in stark contrast to its previous image of the Security allegory.

The remaining issue images of the 1954 series depict landscapes devoid of human presence and of those only the $100 one has a foreground which it seems possible to enter. The other images do not suggest possible passage through them, their foregrounds blocked by rapids, trees or snow. The images on the $5, $10 and $50 bills specifically appear utterly wild and alone. McGregor suggests that, “The real relevance of the wilderness myths to Canada can be seen only if we pay attention to what its proponents show us unconsciously, rather than giving too much weight to what they say they are doing.”

What do the 1954 issue images show us, given that they are to create a dimension that is Canadian? With regard to the portrayal of Canadians within the Canadian landscape, they unquestionably show a great deal of it and a little of us. We fuse together while the landscape surrounds us and look out at a wilderness that prohibits our entry. Northrop Frye has termed this response to the Canadian landscape the “parochial mentality” and McGregor terms it the “Waucoursy syndromes.”

Between 1965 and 1975 a new set of images replaces the 1954 issue. They are as follows:

$1 “Parliament Hill across Ottawa River.”
$2 “Hunting scene on Booth Island.”
$5 “Salmon, Tavne, Johnson Strait, Vancouver Island.”
$10 “Polymer Corporation, Sarnia, Ontario.”
$20 “Montreal Lake, Alberta.”
$50 “Dome Formation, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Musical Ride.”
$100 “Waterfront scene at Lunenburg.”

These images again provide an interesting set of perspectives. In these the landscape becomes inhabitable again, but without the assistance of supernatural beings. Technology, government and the law are now featured and, with the exception of the image on the $50 bill found within the confines of a National Park, all these new images show clear signs of human presence.

In the new $10 bill this presence overwhelm the landscape: it presents a techno-scape where not a trace of Nature remains. This complete reversal is all the more remarkable because of the extremes it represents. Into this new configuration of It and Us, a third term is introduced by the first appearance of a Them in Bank of Canada notes. “They” are the few people picked up on the $2 bill, appearing in the horsetail of the series landscapes. With minimal (low-tech) rooms, they interact with the economy in a nostalgic hunting scene. Nostalgia plays a part as well in the ship building industry pictured on the $100 bill with its sailing ships of a bygone era.

The government is presented on the $1 bill back and center, crowning Parliament Hill and overlooking the river. The threatening storm and the vast distances portrayed on the previous $1 bill are replaced by an image of a log-choked river (prosperity through natural resources), overseen by government’s central body. It is worth mentioning here that the industrial scene on the $10 bill of this series depicts Polymer Corp, which was at the time of issue a crown-owned company.

While the government is portrayed on the $1 bill centrally placed and looking outward from its vantage on the hillside, the law is portrayed as a ring looking inward. The R.C.M.P. Dome Formation on the $50 bill gives the unfortunate impression of a low force poised to attack itself. Its weapons pointed in The threat of the sea presented in the previous $50 bill is replaced by an image which shows the national police force ceremonially closed in on itself in a circle with nothing at the center save the threat of its own spear.

The idea of generalized landscapes reemerges with the current series issue. The current series began in 1986 and the Bank of Canada’s decision to make the change is described as follows: “There were three principal reasons for its introduction: technological advances in printing and photocopying of coloured graphic material that made the earlier series more vulnerable to counterfeiting; the need to facilitate the operation of high-speed, note-sorting machines by removing of a bar code, and the development of features to assist the visually impaired.” These new notes which come through to be advanced Canadian technology and make “la Canada’s d’l’avenir-garde de la conception des billes de banque” picture the Canadian landscape utterly devoid of any human presence. The word ‘CANADA’ now fills the sky of a landscape solely inhabited by birds.

Buried under assurances that these new notes are even more secure and are more helpful than before, the question that lingers is “Where did We go?” Optical security devices, electronic readers and high-speed note-sorting machines do not provide an answer. Perhaps the question is not a relevant one, the “predominantly Canadian dimension” being technology itself and not the imaginative concern of locating Us, Here.

The 1985 issue images are as follows:

$2 “Robin.”
$5 “Belted Kingfisher.”
$10 “Owl.”
$20 “Common Loon.”
$50 “Snowy Owl.”
$100 “Canada Goose.”

Laura Millard teaches at the Nova Scotia School of Art and Design.

Further Reading


Michelina Lalevsky-Marchand, Department of Banking Operations, Designing Canada’s Bank Notes (Bank of Canada Review, January, 1989).

Special issues on: "Race", The First Nations, Queer Culture, Latin America as well as regular coverage of ongoing themes in popular culture, film, art, music, the landscape and more. Also, an extensive book review section and the new Rampike Literary Supplement (2X per year).

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Articles range from 1000 to 4000 words and include investigative journalism, critical analysis, theory, visual essays and short stories.

Book reviews vary in length according to the number of books covered; review essays can be up to 6000 words.

BORDER/LINES

call for submissions

Border/Lines is an interdisciplinary magazine committed to explorations in all aspects of culture - including popular culture, fine arts, visual arts, gender, literature, multi-culturalism, mass communications and political culture. Although its geographic focus is Canada, this is taken as meaning anything that is relevant to understanding Canadian culture.

Border/Lines aims to fill the gap between academic journals and specialist cultural magazines. Our audience is diverse and eclectic; so too are our contributors, drawn from both extreme ends of the spectrum: university students, established scholars, critics, artists and activists. We are interested in work that is well researched and well written, as well as a wide range of visual and audio-visual materials.

The due date to submit your work is July 1, 1993.

The Editorial sub-committee for this issue is: Rinaldo Wilscott, Hendel Rasapu Wright, Robert Gell, Gail Fauxcouch.

Feel free to contact any of us at 416-360-5249

We welcome new writers, but suggest that potential contributors send an abstract of 200 words before submitting a full article. Manuscripts should be sent to our editorial addresses: 183 St. George St., Suite No. 301, Toronto, M5G 2H7.

All correspondence should be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped return envelope. If your manuscript is on disc please send us the disk (M/C format is preferred).

Visuals: Writers are encouraged to send illustrative work with their article. Visual artists are also encouraged to submit work. Please carefully consider the reproductive qualities of your submissions, as well as the page proportions of the magazine. Captions, photo credits and return address should be typed on an appended sheet of paper. Final design decisions rest with the collective.
What's to be done?

Revolution in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction

by Jo Anna Isaak

From the heights, Moscow appeared to me a looming citadel. Below, the crowds were settling in the square and pointing up at me with mocking laughter, and I became ashamed and terrified— Proust, Boris Godunov

The Russian workers will have to undergo trials immeasurably more severe; they will have to fight the beast, together with those anti-Soviet laws in a constitutional country are but pegmen.— Lenin, What's To Be Done?

Russians have a highly developed "screwdriver culture" (laugh culture). The culture that produced Stalin's "Bolshaya and His World" which argued that laughter and the comic are potent catalysts for popular explosions. Many of the artists and intellectuals who took part in the revolutionaries\\u2019 revolutionaries in the school of Boboists and knew, in theory, how emancipatory collective laughter could be, yet there is growing concern that this "ludic" revolt has been inscribed into somebody else\\u2019s canonical text—the monolithic mechanism of mass media. In listening to Almazov\\u2019s account of the influence of the media upon these events, I was reminded of the joke about the Soviet intellectual who visited America and was amazed that all the major American TV networks reported exactly the same news—all without any context! An important shift in the function of ideology has taken place: an obvious system of manipulation has been replaced by one offering seductive, constitutive identification. Marginalized people, artists, intellectuals, workers, entrepreneurs, prostitutes, and members of the new "master", the whole Russian history that gathered at theStop, we have difficulty realizing ourselves in their new, modern TV stereotypes. In an emerging "new" world of time, they have been transformed from the overlooked into the over-determined.

"The awareness of being watched was a common enough phenomenon in the Soviet Union. Those who went to dinner at the White House, the KGB would be recording their actions. But they also knew there was another gaze upon them—the gaze of Western media. For many Soviets, holding the attention of Western media has historically functioned as a form of life insurance—the physicist Andrey Zobkov is perhaps the most famous example of someone who styled himself by living in the public eye. Many artists had learned to utilize the presence of Western journalists; it gave them an opportunity to be far more transgressive than they could be otherwise. In 1988 during the " Robbie the Dopehead " on the streets of the country, the leaders of the coup, by the logic of the years, are constructed from mundane or alien forces projecting in the dark. On the day of the coup numerous hand-made posters appeared in the streets. In one poster Perlov\\u2019s face is printed on the head of an animal that looks something like a bull; the caption reads: "You won\\u2019t take us by fear.\\" The Russian word for fear contains the lit-
The Worldbackwards

Regression is not origin but origin is the
Ideology of regression.

Theodor Adorno
"Perennial Fashion-Jazz," Priems

Roll away the real world, the real world, the
real world.

James Joyce

Even Kruchkov, former
head of the KGB and one of the plotters of the
coup, involved a cinematic metaphor during his
interrogation. He admitted to having made
mistakes and, as if hoping for redemption via the
media itself, wished he could have the chance to
play the film backwards. His statement was
picked up by Russian TV and provided the pref-
catory comment to a short clip in which the reel of
Russian history, in the form of old film footage, is
played backwards. Bombed buildings magically
reassemble, missiles return via the tunnels of
cranes, sentry artillery guns go limp, columns of
marching near-march backwards and vanish into
the distance, crosses fly up in the air and settle
on the tape of church dances. Romanov monuments
lumber back onto their pedestals— the war, the
revolution, all "mistakes" are undone. This replay
is hard to distinguish from the fast-forward of
contemporary events. Both seem to be parodies of
the opening scenes of Eisenstein's October.

In this context of symbols, every symbol everywhere
is toppling. Behind the Dom Kluchneva ikh there is
a rapidly expanding cemetery for statues of the
ideologically out-of-step: Stalin, Katyn, Sworodov,
and the head of what looks like the partic-

ularly unpopular General Orlovshchik, its
face swapped, lie on the ground. Towering above
them all is the huge statue of the KGB founder
Dzerzhinsky who still looks overbearing and
oppressive. There has been a long history of stor-
age problems for white elephant art in the Soviet
Union. The equestrian monument of Alexander
III has sat for over seventy years on a pile of
cement blocks in the back courtyard of
the Russian Museum. This statue was toppled
from its pedestal in Tsentrosoyuz Square in St.
Petersburg when the Revolution began and res-
cued by the staff of the Russian Museum
because Alexander III founded the museum. The
artist Sergei Bugaev (aka Afrika) has made it
his project to rescue discarded art from the
Soviet period. His apartment is filled with Soviet
pointings, books, china, street and metro signs,
statuary, building markers, etc., which are all
being petitioned. His greatest success is soaring
the last statue of Lenin cast by the Leningrad
Plant of Art Casting. The statue had been com-
missioned by the city of Krasnodar in 1950, but
Krasnodar no longer wanted it. With the help of
Paul Judelson, a gallery director in New York
City, Africa has had this fifteen foot, four ton,
bronze statue shipped to New York. The problem
once again is where to store it. At the moment it
is sitting in a warehouse in Chelsea. As I write
this, another Lenin statue has just arrived in
Brooklyn harbor.

Whole sections of the past are being condon-
ed in a manner familiar to Soviet citizens, not
just because they have lived in a totalitarian
regime, but because they have been so deeply
marked by the pathos of utopian desire.
Liberians and museums devoted to Lenin and the
Soviet period are being closed. Houses of streets,
squares, and metro stations are being altered.

History is being revised so rapidly that schools
no longer issue history textbooks; teachers use
newspapers and periodicals. "The names are
changed," one woman explained, "to protect the
innocent." She was not referring to rumors of
Dragnet through numerous early American T.V.
series are now being aired on Russian television
and a whole generation of Russian children will
grow up with Donald Duck, instead of the
children who will be taught only
the new history. Utopia requires a protective
narrative. It is a question of purity; the young
future, cannot be contaminated with old
elements. Utopia is also a question of time, even
during the period of "heroic communism," which
was full of accounts of successes. Soviets lived
with the sense of the "not yet" of a future utopia.
Now utopia is being sought in the past, through
a return to origins. November 7th, the planned
celebration of the communist victory over capi-
talist exploitation and tsarist rule, was quickly
converted in Leningrad to a celebration resem-
bling the city of St. Petersburg. Mayor Anatoly
Sobchak promised to "return" the city to capital-
ism and to its former splendor as the "City of
Cars," while his economic advisor expressed his
concerns in a strange variant of an old theme,
"We cannot build capitalism in just one
year."

What is the robbery of a bank compared
to the founding of one?

Bertolt Brecht, Threepenny Opera

"Freedom" is a grand word, but under the banner
of Free Trade the most predatory were con-
ducted. ... The term "freedom of criticism" con-
tains the same inherent falsehood.

Lenin, What's To Be Done?
ARTISTS

have had a head start in the shift to a market economy. In the summer of 1989 the Troika art gallery of the Soviet Union auctioned art in Moscow. I am as awed by its well-equipped machinery as were the Soviets. We may have been the first to move to the open market, the computer, the photocopies, the multiple phone lines that worked, that was the homogenized and bland world of women in red jackets who ignored the crowds in advertising at various needs. We have grown faster, spread widely on banquet tables, stored at the exotic rich, and listened to 'snack, crackle, and pop' as one Russian artist after another discovered bubblegum. On the night of the auction, we witnessed the birth of free enterprise. None of the artists in the auction became the millionaires they thought they would be as they had to sell their pictures. The forces of Pavel Horoshlov's assurances from the Ministry of Culture concerning payments to be made to the artists, it took more than a year of wrangling before any of them saw a rupee. Several weeks after they were supposed to be meeting on art in an official church. As I negotiated puddles of water in the dank basement, I saw the art from the Troika auction sitting on dirt floors and propped against the walls. The works held in Europe or America last year. The success of this biennale was especially significant because it coincided with the announcement that the Artists' Union would no longer be able to meet its payroll to artists. The union, which has five hundred members, supports its activities through grants from the state, but the Soviet government has not been able to fulfill its obligations. The new biennale announced by the Artists' Union on May 28

de Nymphets

do not occur in polar regions.

Nabokov

When I first went to the Soviet Union in 1981 I was struck by the fact that women were not "linked," to use Althouanter's term, by ubiquitous images of themselves on billboards, posters, cinema marquees, shop windows, and magazines. Images of women were not used as part of the continuous propaganda and advertising, not as a mechanism for controlling the actions of artists at home. Artists and critics began to encourage the development of their own exhibitions and new enterprises. The authors of these enterprises were not aware of the importance of women's sexual identity and the problems of women in society. But at the time of the Soviet biennale there was no such established gallery in Moscow, but bought by the demand of a foreign market for the Russian art. A local market has since developed and now there are close to a hundred galleries. Some of these may exhibit works of dubious taste and engage in questionable business practices, but all that was true of the old Artists' Union as well. London and Moscow held their second international art fair, called Art Mix at the grand Hotel Moskvar. If you have complained that the culture seemed de-ethnicized, ironicly, once I learned more about how Soviet women perceive their own identity and the main challenges of the artists' union. Nevertheless, works sold. With new Soviet books buying art both for investment and for public relations, this may have been more financially successful than any other year in Europe or America last year. The success of this biennale was especially significant because it coincided with the announcement that the Artists' Union would no longer be able to meet its payroll to artists. The union, which has five hundred members, supports its activities through grants from the state, but the Soviet government has not been able to fulfill its obligations. The new biennale announced by the Artists' Union on May 28
Petersburg have attempted to address issues of representation and the construction of gender. The curatorial team of Olesya Turikova and Viktor Mitin have organized four such exhibitions, two of which opened on the streets and seventy years, a liberal period in which many women artists were admitted into the Artists' Union. The second and third exhibitions focused on contemporary art, influenced by their readings of the first wave of feminist art in the early 1990s. The theoretical premises for these exhibitions came from the West, and as the participants themselves note, it is not easy to organize an exhibition about feminist issues in a country where feminism is simply absent as a social or philosophical movement. In some cases the signs of this absence, particularly in the case of exhibitions which purport to address the cultural construction of gender or the problems of women and art, are glaring. The exhibition "Women in Contemporary Art. Travelling Curiosity Art" (Feb. 1994) seemed to be designed to support the commonly felt assumptions that women and art are naturally that of a few. However, there are signs of impassioned feminist movements. The most obvious of which is that the collective has emerged and has organized to manage two feminist art organizations: the second wave of feminism (the "women's movement") collective and the first feminist art magazine "Women's Art." A grant from the Me Foundation for the Arts, it will publish its first issue in Russian and English this Spring. The title is a reference to the famous sign "o" in the gender divided Russian language. Like the French feminists, the Russian feminists are trying to find a voice for women, a language, "feminine" language. Russian and Western feminists play with the subject-position of speculation and, in doing so, ingeniously reveals how these fixed positions of separation-representation-communication are dangerously fortuitous.

A number of recent exhibitions in both Moscow and St. Petersburg have attempted to address issues of representation and the construction of gender. The curatorial team of Olesya Turykova and Victor Marx have organized these exhibitions, which opened on the streets and seventy years, a liberal period in which many women artists were admitted into the Artists' Union. The second and third exhibitions focused on contemporary art, influenced by their readings of the first wave of feminist art in the early 1990s. The theoretical premises for these exhibitions came from the West, and as the participants themselves note, it is not easy to organize an exhibition about feminist issues in a country where feminism is simply absent as a social or philosophical movement. In some cases the signs of this absence, particularly in the case of exhibitions which purport to address the cultural construction of gender or the problems of women and art, are glaring. The exhibition "Women in Contemporary Art. Travelling Curiosity Art" (Feb. 1994) seemed to be designed to support the commonly felt assumptions that women and art are naturally that of a few. However, there are signs of impassioned feminist movements. The most obvious of which is that the collective has emerged and has organized to manage two feminist art organizations: the second wave of feminism (the "women's movement") collective and the first feminist art magazine "Women's Art." A grant from the Me Foundation for the Arts, it will publish its first issue in Russian and English this Spring. The title is a reference to the famous sign "o" in the gender divided Russian language. Like the French feminists, the Russian feminists are trying to find a voice for women, a language, "feminine" language. Russian and Western feminists play with the subject-position of speculation and, in doing so, ingeniously reveals how these fixed positions of separation-representation-communication are dangerously fortuitous.

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**Introduction**

We present here a rather unorthodox text in a rather unusual form. It’s a collaborative attempt to wrestle with a set of very concrete challenges surrounding the conception, implementation, and our own involvement in institutional efforts to address what is widely termed ‘gender equity.’ It was not in total neuve that any of us began this work, yet none of us fully anticipated the kind and extent of the difficulties we would face. When one educational administration after another explicitly targets ‘gender equity’ as a ‘major initiative,’ we know at least this much: there is real danger here. We know there’s no choice about dealing with this issue now, but for all the grand talk of ‘pedagogies of possibility,’ we know that the equation is set elsewhere and that we—women, professor,同志—are not the architects of its design. We are at best technicians looking for ‘transformative interventions’ in tiny fractures and crevices in a system which, hitherto precluded on the creation of gendered difference, now proclaims—incorporately—a commitment to its overthrow. Knowing that, that while we cannot really act, and yet we cannot not act, we embrace the tactics of the weak with just one positive idea: our lesson from Virginia Woolf that ‘gender equity’ can’t be allowed to mean just ‘sex equity.’

Nevertheless, that’s most likely to be precisely the basis of the institutional strategies within which we set out to work.

**here be dragons...**

SC: How did we come to this, this social project of ‘equalising the genders?’ What are the main historical lines, directions, sources of this project, these discourses which reform and regulate girls and women as subjects of public education? Usually, ‘equity’ is a term of concealment. In a progressive manner, it conceals the right to be or to become like the idealized subject of human rights. It resists traditional rules, roles and relations by announcing the right of non-dominant, marginalized persons to ‘assume the position’ of dominance, to hold the same jobs, go to the same places, have the same desires, and do the same things as the norm-sanctioned bourgeois subject of human rights. Those become, then, rights to pseudo-membership in the dominant group, rights to be—hence why right is to define the proper subjects of rights.

These are, of course, not rights as homosexuals, as indigenous people, as Asians, as poor, as women. Such rights might be in truth be ‘human rights.’ The struggles of native people in Canada today, for example, seem to be precisely for such human rights, accorded despite differences, and without the necessity to ‘assume the position.’ Conversely, struggles for gay rights are advancing only to the extent that the

**sexed têtes collective**

Mary Bryson
Suzanne de Castell
Celia Haig-Brown

I have a dream of an intellectual who destroys evidence and universals, who locates and points out the inertia and constraints of the present, the weak points, the openings, the lines of stress, who constantly replaces himself inside, not knowing exactly where he’ll be or what he’ll think tomorrow because he is too attentive to the present; who, in the places he passes through, contributes to the posing of the question of whether the revolution is worth the trouble, and which (I mean which revolution and which trouble), it being understood that only those who are prepared to risk their lives to reply can do so.

Michel Foucault

note reconstitutes homosexsual as inevitably falling heterosexual

in education too, of course, it has always been the purpose of state systems to equip diverse student bodies with the 'boitits' universalized as normative. This compulsion subsumes all children to essential and intrusive state 'standards' in the process whereby the state constrains the subjects to which it then accords rights, and then reproduce. This is what 'equity' in education has meant for minority students: the right to try, but inevitably to fail, to become white, middle class. And this is very much the kind of thing 'gender equity' means for girls and women.

As the New Right mobilizes around family values, the current gender equity work inscribes 'women's ways' on a new regime of truth in educational policy, entrenching even further the very tradition it pretends to reject—the gender connotations of the post civil rights period of equal but different' policy justifying systemic discrimination.

MB: What gender equity means to me is equal opportunity to be who I am, not what I will become, and can't even aspire to be. So long as we insist on working within 'gender' as a necessary or transparent categorical system, there can be no such thing as 'equity.' On the topic of 'gender' Judith Butler has written:

The presumption here is that the "being" of gender is an effect, an object of a genealogical investigation that maps out the political parameters of its construction in the mode of ontology. To claim that gender is constructed is not to assert its illusory or artificiality, where those terms are understood to reside within a binary that counterposes the "real" and the "authentic" to oppositional... If the regulatory fictions of sex and gender are themselves multiple contested sites of meaning, then the very multiplicity of their construction holds open the possibility of a disruption of their universal posturing.

**Gender Trouble**

SCB: I was hired to develop and teach a course which a Ministry of Education Gender Equity Committee suggested to the universities. Through this work, I became interested in the euphemism, 'gender equity,' which seemed to include the possibility of allowing more space for feminism as an option to expand its presence in established social institutions like schools and universities. It might serve as an alternative for feminism. As I worked, I pondered the dual: gender equity/universal tradition.

Where does the trouble come in? A traitor to socialization or to some essential being lost in the process of socialization? A traitor to feminism? The notion of the family appealed to me when the title was proposed: now, it has come to encompass some personal history, gender, and familia that and the private all three. For me the trouble begins with universalism, as we wait for the big change to an equitable society. Let me count the ways.

Through talk and education, we will find justice. Whose talk? Whose education? Whose justice? Can we be sure that this talk in which we engage at the university is not
simply a diversion, something to keep our busy little minds buster as the horses and owls sleep pacifically and continue their lives of privilege. Can we, as Gypsi Spivak suggests, "unlearn our privileges as our loss" in a way that contributes to change for those who are being hurt?

Michel Foucault writes of "regimes of truth" or "general politics of truth" which each society adopts, a type of discourse which it accepts and makes function as true. As we move into positions of declining truth in the form of working papers on gender equity, outlines of courses called gender equity, delivering courses in gender equity, we accept the role of soccernet and must prepare the discourse, our version of truth. Whose interests are served? Who benefits? Can we keep the discourse open enough for the visions we'll never be able to conjure up?

We exploit our friends. We call them to be what Suzanne calls the performing parasites. "Step right up, a real live Lesbian. She walks and talks and you can ask her anything you want." We expose our friends to ignorance and abuse "Black woman, First Nations woman, Woman of Asian origins, Lesbian. Close to my clan and enlightened us." When is a token not a token? How many differences, how much diversi
ty to really address this theoretical position called anti-essentialism? How many hours? How much pain?

As the teachoas, we agree to take on an impossible task. The limits of time: one nine-day course to challenge essentialism with nineteen people. Some of them have never considered gender issues; the other are committed essentialists. The latter have broadly considered that their experiences could be other than universal, and that their interpretations and political directions are not the only appropriate responses to situations of inequality. In nine days, we will change all this.

"True Stories" about Academic Feminism's

SC: Imagine This Scenario:

I should have known when I first walked in and saw those hearts of mini-illusions around the table that I was in trouble. The first meeting began, as I knew it would, taking for granted that least clear, most contested, most fragmented conception: gender. The mood was to be one of purposeful, opti
mistic consensus. We all, it seemed, knew who we were, and why we were here— we had a job to do, and an unprecedented opportunity to do it. We were here to advance, together, a hitherto neglected human rights agenda, the agenda of women. We were here to ensure the provision of equal rights—and our job was to work on the ways this mission would be carried out.

I put it this way, because our job was assuredly not to discover or to invent the ways in which this was to be carried out, as this had already been done for us. Accordingly, our first agenda item was to approve the Ministry of Education's implementation plan for the next four years, from 1980 to 1984. The first year had already, if inconveniently, taken place. Under the new, we were advised, we could proceed at a faster rate to 1981—a kind of bonus right at the beginning of the game.

We began, predictably enough, with instructions to identify ourselves and to share with the group information about the gender equity initiatives presently underway at our respective institutions. This tactic served, of course, to cement the taken-for-grantedness about what gender equity meant. This rhetoric of short-circuiting of the main argument, which was dutifully carried out by each one of us, nonetheless failed to effect a total ban on discussion. Because if I knew nothing else, and at that point I really did know very little else, it was that 'gender' and indeed even 'equity' were not unproblematic terms. I didn't know who we were; that is to say, it was already all too apparent that I was not part of the we who were there. In skirts, in jewelry, in seen-styled hair, in wedding rings, in nail-polish, in smiling, lipstick-rubbed lips. Nor was I part of 'us men,' who joined the first meeting: one young, in jacket, collar and tie, how very you could trust, reassessment you could feel on your skin; the one who was told to be there, who never came back. Then there was the older one, the joval human-rights-in-the-school administrative activist, expounding us all to work for the advancement of 'both genders,' haranguing his absent, unsympathetic colleagues for their failure to see how gender equity was so necessary to us all, how it was so neces
sary for men, oppressed by society stereotyping, their wives' careers impeded by the glass ceiling, their sons' emotional development obstructed by the burden of expectations of their masculinity, who were not allowed to cry (the pinnacle of women's achievement in the affective domain). I wasn't part of 'us women; I was not part of me—I was instead—and this was the primary source of trouble for us: from that day on, one of the lifelong unthinkables 'differently gendered.'

MB: Imagine This Scenario:

It is "Women's Ways of Knowing Day" and I am intensely uncomfortable as I walk across campus to attend a session advertised as an "Informed Dialogue for students and faculty interested in feminism and epistemology—an opportu
nity to discuss the complex issues involved in feminist research" with two of its shining stars, Mary Belenky and Styrus Claysh (see Women's Ways of Knowing, by Belenky, Claysh, Taul, & Goldberger, 1986). I feel nervous just con
templating what lies ahead. As a lesbian, attending academic

predictably, the speakers use the royal "we" in talking authoritatively about women, and 'our ways,' though the actual sample of women about which they speak is almost exclu
sively identified as heterosexual and white. Periodically durin
g the tirade that, the speakers talk about the fun they had having lunches and children behind to constitute a regular series of women's ways pylons parties. Where the researchers "let down their hair" and collaborated in the production of a dif
ferently gendered epistemological framework, eventually to be described in the best selling book entitled Women's Ways of Knowing. Parodying one of my favorite postmodern idiocinities, whom I sometimes refer to as 'PoMo the Super Homme On the
Go. "I break into the cozy and convivial atmosphere and talk about how odd it is to be here and myself "not a woman," or "a woman by any other name" in their analyses. I describe my anger in reading the Woman's Ways book which, intertextually, locates on the page descriptions of their research methods and findings between quotations by lesbian writers such as Audre Lorde or Adrienne Rich without over naming the presence of those voices or 'lesbian' and, simultaneously, without over naming their own voices as discursively constructed through white hetero-sexual privilege. An uncomfortable silence hangs perceptibly in the room. Lesbianism: 'A difference that does not speak its name? Not if you want tenure.'

In the opening scenes of Margaret Atwood's novel, The Handmaid's Tale, women are being systematically hunted down and incarcerated for a variety of 'crimes against the state.' One woman identifies her particular crime as 'g'ender treachery,' used here as a code word for lesbianism. It is not surprising to see the representation of lesbianism as a form of deviancy that will not be tolerated under an explicitly repressive regime. But how might it come to pass that for me to speak as 'a lesbian' within the purportedly liberal context of women's studies programs or academic feminism would, likewise, be consistently interpreted as an undesirable form of disruption, or as a form of 'treachery to my sisters' that under mines the otherwise cohesive bond among feminists, ostensibly committed to the betterment of all women?

SC: It is the institutionally-sanctioned "REAL woman," the Good Housekeeping woman, necessarily white, heterosexist, and middle class, that gender equity seeks to affirm. Not women of colour, lesbians, or poor women. Hence institutions in this period at the core of the New Right now gain popular appeal and unevenly liberal tensions by codifying unspoken understandings of women's culture, or women's 'ways' and have relegated to the sidelines feminist culture, feminist 'ways.' Still, how to trust academic feminism any more, to believe in it? Because there's another treachery concealed at the heart of academic feminism's bond with 'women.' To be a feminist is to be on the side of women. But women's culture isn't always feminist culture, and we know that in real life feminists and women are often in bitter conflict. In the end and feminists always have to take the side of REAL women—it's a distor ted trendency the feminist project has of slip-sliding away. I want to say, dangerously, 'queers against woman.' A way of naming my own agenda: "Queers against academic feminism" for the way it seduces and betrays us, blindsides us with our own good feminism intimations, and leads us back, unseeing, uncomprehending, into the culture of 'women.'

CHB: My first encounter with the new gender equity course was hilarious gossip. One of the powers that she had asked what the academic content of such a course could possibly be, the implication being that these were none. I suggested he could visit my office and I would show him my books. The next thing I knew someone was asking me to teach the course. The feminist treachery began with the course approval process. I was assuming a strong relationship between feminism and gender equity. On March 3, 1983, I received a phone call to let me know that the course outline submitted for approval had been turned down. As I noted in my journal, there were concerns expressed that the course emphasized feminism and that such a course should focus on 'respect for persons' as opposed to women alone. I was speechless. All I could think was that I had never agreed to teach a course about respecting men. They already have respect, positions of power. I do bring in race and class which suggests the need to consider some men, but the focus to me should be on girls and women.

The head of the committee told me that I needed to make the course look more attractive to men. A friend assuming heterosexuality suggested that I put a woman in a low-cut dress on the cover. Second I was to take out the word 'gendered' which was a 'fami nist' term. Feminism is politics; the course should focus on moral issues like justice and respect for persons. "I see," I said. "If I teach a course in justice for persons, that's assuming a moral stance, but if I teach a course that focuses on injustice to women, that's taking a political position." Finally, she should add "affectionate learning outcomes" to ensure that the course did not "look like a course in indoctrination."

The course outline, eventually accepted, was an effort to meet the needs of the course approval committee without losing sight of the importance to be addressed in any serious consideration of gender equity. Nineteen students attended the nine day summer institute. They read, listened to a variety of resource people, and participated in class discussions and presentations as well as keeping journals and preparing a final paper based on the presentations. Topics addressed included conceptualizing gender and equity, language and gender, women and history, women, girls, First Nations people and science, women and the law; teachers as researchers. Student presentations included gender and myth, children's literature, technology education, physical education, and feminist pedagogy. It was a 'good' course, well received and challenging. Most significantly the teachers appeared keen on challenging their own ideas about sexism, increasingly revealed for some, into thoughtful classroom and personal action. A mother commented that she was going to change her parenting. She had been encouraging her daughter to conform to society's stereotype of a woman. "I've just been preparing her to throw her to the wolves," she said.

MB: Thrown to the wolves? Being a lesbian in academia means being 'thrown to the wolves' on a daily basis. Probably the most disillusioning and disturbing aspect of my work in academia is the series of double binds within which anyone whose identity is constructed in the contradictory dynamics of difference is profoundly implicated. In my case, there is the double bind I face as a 'lesbian/lecturer'—a position which has been and I have described as an 'unanswerable dilemma.' As a lesbian, I am profoundly committed both to the production of difference and the support for difference, yet to 'speak as a lesbian' I...
assumed an identity which automatically settled me as an outsider whose very mazilis and legitimacy were denied and whose consciousness and feelings were subordinated by the social, cultural and psychological environment. How can I talk about issues that were considered normal and natural to the dominant social order as an lesbian? My capacity to speak is entirely a set of affects of contradiction and oppression. It is not just my own consumerism, or my white skin privilege, my middle class roots, my dyke world, my abled-bodiedness that is at stake.

"As a lesbian," for example, I was asked to review the proposal for a new Woman's Service degree planning program. Although bibliographies for new courses included many lesbian writers, there was no direct reference to lesbian 'subjects' either embodied or otherwise. When asked for my opinion on this Women's Repro, predictably engaging my role as institutionalized lesbian, I discussed the absence of any lesbian content and suggested that it seemed ironic that much of the feminism 'canon' had been constructed by women who had come out and yet our actual embodiment existence as lesbian subjects seemed invisible in eight chapters. Consequently, this problem is usually described as one of 'lesbian invisibility,' yet this seems to misconstrue the larger context: of course, it is.

Namely, that while lesbians are existing visible and vocal it is the authority conferred by the different strategies that make our representations out of court. Stirring while the iron was hot I was asked to write the "Lesbian Studies" in the "Dyke Theories in the Post-Feminist Academy" lecture series that Suzanne and I had been writing and specifying. Thus, our Lecture series turned into a "lesbian studies" course, which I co-taught.

In the classroom, we quickly found, however, that only the students who identified as women and who were committed to what we refer to here as gender "travesty," or as the students' term, "gender fucker," could effectively engage in the work that we had prescribed for our course. Students who were "clear" that we were lesbians started coming to visit us, as instructors, during office hours in order to talk about their difficulties participating effectively in the course, but didn't voice their frustrations during class time. Most white students who had an ambivalent position on being heterosexual, for example, made little references to an encounter between two lesbians. In their journals, non-lesbians typically wrote to their insecure friends about how scenes or to resist the material on the basis of critical rationality. Lesbians and lesbianism, in this form, became commodified texts or artifacts to be recklessly appropriated in a context with no ethical connotation. Students with no direct experience of homophobia asked questions or made responses to the claims about lesbianism and their privilege and that failed to meet the needs of lesbians in the class in submission to issues of safety or right to privacy.

The Ministry of Education hadn't scrunched over some of the issues of sex at all, but was doing so indirectly over the masculinity, and this was the main task of the advisory committee. The major task was to make sure that such a statement would be appropriate and acceptable by everyone. The committee started its work by issuing a report that was circulated to a few people in the education department which was to be committed, unless it directly expedited the entirely "vague" implementation plans. Members received access to the documents on gender equality which had been submitted to the ministry during the extensive process of public consultation which had purportedly been the basis for the implementation plans. Members were advised that they had been insufficiently filled away. For those who had been involved in these implementation plans, an additional step was to develop a conscious policy to define and democratize what could not be included within a 'gender equity initiative.' Collaborative writing, always a series of compromises, produced this.

Understanding Gender Equity

Gender equity is concerned with the promotion of personal, social, cultural, political and economic equality for all women, those who self-identify as lesbian, gay, bisexual, or transgender. The term 'gender equity' emerged out of a growing recognition in society of personal and gender inequities. A confluence of traditions of stereotypical conceptions and discriminatory practices have resulted in the erasure of gender inequities. This essay examines the nature, activities and abilities attributed to women and men.

The negative consequences of stereotypical conceptions and discriminatory practices adversely affect men as well as women. However, in the short term, greater emphasis in gender equity initiatives will be placed on improving conditions for women, and the long term, these initiatives will also improve the situation for both men and women.

Gender equity, as distinct from "sex equity," is not attainable solely by a quantitative balancing of females and males in all aspects of the existing system. It must entail, and, as a qualitative result of a gender equity initiative to be implemented. All aspects of the present system itself, both formal and informal. Concretely, this means a new word that is intended to affect all of us. The present respect of (i) curriculum, instruction and assessment (ii) social interaction within the classroom and beyond (iii) gender roles and identities (iv) legal and social policies and (v) the sociocultural context of public education.

The treachery here involves one's complicity in the construction of a regime of symbolic and regulatory fiction crafted in the name of emancipation, all the while knowing that such a regime, whose political implications may create, will operate repressively as a technology of standardization and normalization.

For Whom Do the Belles Tell?

If you work, I must focus on the (inequity of gender) equality. Gender equity involves negotiation with the oppressor, and is yet another example of sleeping with the enemy, a political and social work of survival for all who are contained within that fundamentally meaningful term, "gender." In its abstracted generality, it leaves all of the problems which it purports to encompass wholly untouched, and in place of empathy...empathy...it achieves a tightening of the reins of conformity in the name of progressive reform. In whose interest is gender equity? To the extent that it succeeds, to that extent does it enhance the privilege of the already privileged. And for female 'career orientations,' it is at the present time, like academic feminism, a fairly cordial and functional, and then professional advancement—particularly if what one seeks is a career in administration—for women willing to take on its agendas.

Whose carrot? Whose stick?

"Or, Why should the fates of the groovy and the creamy be intertwined?"

(Solomos, 1968)

In this article, we have described our involvement as members in Education within a range of ostensibly liberal and institutional relations. From our varied subject-positions in relation to this work, different kinds of proxys have encapsulated each one of us within a familiar tension: a profound dissonance that warns the rationality of the balance created by the opposing forces of identity and power. This then is the fates of the groovy and the creamy to be intertwined? What does it mean to be a woman or a man? To what extent can we speak more of a feeling of pleasure—that attracts as much to the dangerous wraith in the name of social transformation, as to the beneficent.
**Chandra Mohanty**, writing about the "commodification of diversity," argues that, on university campuses in this period of right-wing backlash, the production of discussions on multiculturalism and so-called equity policies function both to de-politicize, and hence to "manage," difference. As Mohanty observes, "The central issue, then, is not one of merely acknowledging difference; rather, the more difficult question concerns the kind of difference that is acknowledged and accorded." It is instructive in this regard to see how difference is treated in "equity" initiatives, as something to be otherwise represented by "authentic members" (the walking, talking lesbian who turns out, is "just like us") and re-constituted as commonality (our common humanity) to which measures in such diversity management classes learn they must become "more sensitive" so we can "learn to work together." (But for what? And for whom?) Would we then continue in this work, whose origins, we do well to remember, are in the defensive political strategies of the 1960's, an attempt to ordain and control all social movements - which become, in recent times, so powerful that they threaten to disrupt "business as usual?" To participate in this work is all too often to understand a job of management, not scholarship, or pedagogy. This work of management resembles in some sense the social movements in whose name it purports to work. And that is too much for me to bear.

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**Perrot:** And there’s no point for the prisoners in taking over the central tower.

**Passacelt:** Oh, yes. Provided that it isn’t the final purpose of the operation. Do you think it would be much better to have the prisoners using the Panopticon apparatus and sitting in the central tower instead of the guards?

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**Further Reading**


 unspecified

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**Perrot:** So, you’re saying that, as often the case with oppositionally-positioned marginals, we have taken a familiar pleasure in telling tales out of school. These are stories significantly at odds with conventional narratives and received wisdoms about commitments to implementing progressive policies for the advancement of social change locally proximated on our respective campuses. And so to offer a critique of this tradition of equity work, as something to be otherwise represented by "authentic members" (the walking, talking lesbian who turns out, is "just like us") and re-constituted as commonality (our common humanity) to which measures in such diversity management classes learn they must become "more sensitive" so we can "learn to work together." (But for what? And for whom?)
models of masochism are similar, Silverman more or less dismisses Oedepus' emphasis that masochism and other contemporary psychoanalytic accounts. This characteristic always would lead us to conclude that masochism is a form of masochism and the limitation of masochism. Silverman is no less a having been a subject matter, when her stern and completely humourless text becomes as pervasively reshuffling as Silverman's incoherent, perfunctory. In this stunning account of masochism in Berlin Alexanderplatz and in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde Silverman picks up Max Scheler's differentiation between heteroerotic and idioerotic identification. Idioerotic identification is the model of identification usually encountered in psychoanalytic writings. It works when the assimilation of the other: a sort of psychic imperialism. Heteroerotic desire, on the other hand, is co-eruptive: it takes an ebb of an ebb of the ego and a total identification with the other's suffering signal of the other's identity, but also upon a pleasantly painful acknowledgement of the otherness of all identity (§9.5). Heteroerotic identification is thus closely linked to masochism, and could be seen as an instance of what Bensasson calls "psychic slating" or "psychic de- masculinization". Silverman emphasizes that the ego is not only a part of the object: in the writings of Bensasson, it is precisely the libidinal charged or "phallicized" entity and not the ultimate object. Drawing on the Marxist writings of Ernst Bloch, Silverman finds in a Fassbinderian way of thinking that allows the masochist to posit the "psychic other", one that is only glimpsed in moments of masochistic ecstasy. Where masochism depends upon transformation of society, in the films of Fassbinder the transformation takes place at the level of the psyche. Both however are based on a refusal to affirm anything in the present order. The form of utopia depends upon a complete forgetting of the past, and thus upon a renunciation of the paternal legacy. Fassbinder's utopia, then, presents a stark contrast to the pastoral or nautic utopian impetus of B. In which perversion involves a refusal of the father. For Silverman and Fassbinder, reaching utopia involves the ruination of the masochistic ego and a killing off of the father once and for all.

The final chapter on masochism takes Silverman more firmly into the realm of the political (although she continues to insist that the sexual is always imbued with the political with a discussion of F. E. Lawrence's autobiographical works, Seven Pillars of Wisdom and The Mint). Silverman's characterizes Lawrence's relation to the "Arab other" in a double manner: either deploying the usual colonialist strategy of attempting to reproduce the colonialist within the colonized. Lawrence identified with the Arabs, seeking to become, in effect, the ideal Arab. Lawrence, who would then have been reproduced in the other. Silverman argues that the ease with which Lawrence identified with the other was facilitated by his rather complex sexuality: a non-gendered based homosexuality that found its expression in extreme masochism. Lawrence's masochism is initially self-reflexive: he is both the punisher and the punished, he is the sadist who abuses himself before the ideal, and simultaneously partially identifies with it. This peculiar sort of masochism, argues Silverman, completely compatible with Lawrence's extreme virility and his egotistic zeal (or leadership role), is the political value of masochism and its potential for "self-shattering", which culminates in Lawrence's ideal of the "masochistic masochist": a man untroubled by the sexual masochism is acknowledged as both the heir to a father and a punishment. The masochist, in all his lonesome, given the texts discussed (you really want to be a character in a Fassbinder film? Silverman by this means both the impetus and the critical tools to explore more critically the complex relation between politics, sexuality and identity.

Joni Ellis is in the graduate program of English at York University.

Eco: echoes... By Jean-Francois Coté


It seems difficult to reach a point where one might feel a common concern when reading Umberto Eco's The Limits of Interpretation; that is, a concern in which the author and the reader could partake and develop according to a specific shared interest or motive. Although the book covers a truly colossal amount of material, ranging from the Ancients (Aristotle) to the modernists (Derrida); from the finest needle point of codification (fourteenth century authors such as Gallo Camillo Delmoro, or Cosma Roscillo to television commercials and series (Aliens); from the medieval tradition of semiotics to the contemporary theory of history from the strictly oriented, chaluppe debates, to popular cliches of our time; one senses at least, I do a kind of emptiness in all this. It is not due to the trully explicidy knowledge of the author, to his witty writing, or the book's overall sympathetic tone. What is it, then? Is it the fact that the book, although concerned with a central theme, is actually a collection of previously published essays which hardly put its "systematicity" is it his "mixture of styles" - which on the whole characterizes Eco - in a theoretical enterprise that we find there? Perhaps it is the author's own inability to find the definition of a position here. But is it not paradoxical that no position emerges from the book's title to "the limits of interpretation," as the book title suggests? For parado is not how the place of the film, dispersed readability of a particular position which would result in drawing a line between conflicting views. But since the attempt to analyze the opposites is today an effort of providing a "middle range" arrangement, it seems to me that Eco finds his own way within the necessity of the day, and this makes him a very astute reader of himself; proving that, at some point, the "unintentionality" of an author can truly reveal some of his intentions after all.

This book is indeed a direct response to Eco's earlier book Opera aperta (originally published in 1966, and only recently translated into English as The Open Work). Eco echoing himself almost thirty years after the quite famous stance contained in Opera aperta (contemporary works of art evolve in a "undetermined" sphere of meaning, and do not assert any particular contours out of the non-contingent ones that can be made of them) and taking advantage of the feed-back effect that a certain mass of information is being brought to the matter, Eco now tries to truce the limits of its previous intentions. The shift is startling and quite the beginning of the book, when Eco explains the difference between the two essays; Eco writes that the first essay builds up in the course of the circular effort of validating itself on the basis of the second essay, and also that Eco does not claim that, "I am ashamed to admit that I am so defining the old and still valid human importance of the text. The problem, then, is not that this fails to constitute a specific position, but rather the fact that it has been challenged by Eco himself, in an effort to validate it through some "scientific" or "systematic" paradigm of interpretation as proceeding from abductive reasoning ("the logic of interpretation is the Peircean logic of abduction"), which leads to the constitution of an hypothesis of interpretation, and the second is the application of a typical economy of research which seeks to eliminate "bad" interpretations which do not recognize the "true" interpretations. We see quite clearly here to what constraints Eco's vision of interpretation responds: first, the reader's distance from the text, which allows the development of the interpretation itself, second, the text confirms its "scientific" or "systematic" interest of the interpretation would impose on it. But can the solution to these two constraints really be attained by a legitimation of the
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Border/LINES 28

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Closing the Envelope, Opening the Package: On Reviewing Semiotic/text/Architecture

BY SOPHIE HAPPE

Semiotic/text/Architecture

Minhatan, New York: Semiotic/Architecture, 1992

Looking for the perfect reviewer for this volume seems, to think-it-at least, to have exposed an interior problem for whom, precisely, was this produced? Architects? Artist/Artists? Marcel/Modern art junkies? Concrete poets? Graphic artists? This apparent problem of evidence, however, concords the most interesting and perhaps greatest problem of the volume’s precise intent: architecture the invited guest of the semiotic context? Dandy-redux? But first things first...

Aiming on an initial land, finally, an assumption that this issue of Semiotic/text/Architecture would speak most clearly to the architect least to architectural theory, since it clearly challenges (indeed, the designated limits of “architectural” semiotic/text/Architecture would not be the potential reviewer at the School of Architecture at the University of Toronto. Thus, it sounded, the volume hops from hand to hand.

The over-ridding response was suspicion of the volume’s pretensions, “a grand postmodern wish to express such total linguistic priority. I imagine the reason for such a position...” But I don’t see any of the volume’s contributions and its more imaginative aims, a certain amount of political weightiness, but perhaps the above all, an unwillingness to accept the too-easy reactionary stance towards this project such situations itself so profoundly on the level of architectural discourse.

The tensions that emerged were however telling. The most common complaint was that the book dealt poorly with the “contents” of the text; that even its literal capacity. Its main function... The text felt so abject to an attempt to discourse (for most, at least), a practice that retains its faith in text-based “realism,” and dependents that that realization of its designs as physical structures such an affirm was rarely confirmed by the opening pages (numbered INDEX/ARCHITECTURAL). INVIABLE/ARCHITECTURE effectively conceals essential information. In the case of category construction and cultural, however, Brian Boyd’s interest is less vacuous no less: "THIS IS JUST ONE BIG F*CKING OTHER AND ‘YES, I BELIEVE IT TO BE THAT THIS IS THE FRONT DOOR TO THIS BUILDING, etc.

Such obscurity, further replied by a project such as Arturo Desio’s and David Carson’s which mounts a graphic representation of (call it) "The Architecture of Sound", Saint Skidmore, perhaps flatters too much in the face of the material commodity and immateriality of the building project in question. However, suggests an odd position between "paper" projects and "embodied" drawings and models. Architect and buildings, perhaps between theoretical and practical. But the other main critical argument architects’ camp, namely that the volume contributed little, if at all, to contemporary architectural theory—this volume encapsulates "building" to its conceptual limits that indicates that the grounds for dialogue may lie elsewhere.

For these reasons, rather, to be the appropriate use of "architecture" into an interdisciplinary arts discourse that uses it as an experiential program for assembling or designing image/text, and as an occasion for media experience that recombines its discourses into one person I spoke to, the media theorist (call it) a "Logocentric" or "standing in for written experience to itself" as opposed to the extensive layering of electronic images (or perhaps because of it), the component voices in this volume seem to speak more to themselves than to each other. As an accumulation of isolated entities, the ideal particularity of essential (and citizen) is rendered homogenous.

For many, this new conjunction is both awkward, and a theoretical and, appropriate. The project is clearly by more extensive: operating on the level of what constitutes a text, beyond its literal capacity. Its main function was felt to be an abject to an attempt to discourse (for most, at least), a practice that retains its faith in text-based "realism," and dependents that that realization of its designs as physical structures such an affirm was rarely confirmed by the opening pages (numbered INDEX/ARCHITECTURAL). INVIABLE/ARCHITECTURE effectively conceals essential information. In the case of category construction and cultural, however, Brian Boyd’s interest is less vacuous no less: "THIS IS JUST ONE BIG F*CKING OTHER AND ‘YES, I BELIEVE IT TO BE THAT THIS IS THE FRONT DOOR TO THIS BUILDING, etc.

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Deconstructing Nature

By Richard Ashby


Over the past thirty-five years, nature has come to occupy an increasingly important place on public agendas and in the popular imagination throughout the world. Though its current manifestation is peculiar to our times, there is nothing particularly unique about interest in nature as such. As aesthetic and regulative principle, nature is a category that the nature-human nexus—has always been an important, if ever-shifting, fragmentary and often contested, site of social and cultural articulation. Neither fully a positive entity nor an immediate object of knowledge and experience, "nature," notwithstanding its neutral substance, is first and foremost a political and epistemic category, a vector for interpreting regimes of power/knowledge: science, religion, economics, and (political) economy. The nature-human nexus is, therefore, a matter of considerable focus. Not surprisingly, both "nature" and "culture" quickly emerged as focal points for an environmentally informed social and cultural critique.

Crudacly stated, and without reference to their many differences, advocates of this critique argue that Western societies have placed themselves outside of and above nature, thereby pursuing the mutually contradictory relations with nature characteristic of agrarian and hunter-gatherer societies. The vocabulary of nature is saturated with the language of conquest, domination and mastery. It has been constructed as an inter-object of manipulation and an expendable trove of resources existing for the satisfaction of human wants and needs. This conception legitimizes and energizes exploitative environmental practices, disfranchises nature of any intrinsic worth, and assigns it value only for and in the service of human beings. This critique's project is to speak for nature and to recognize it as a moral subject, to reintegrate humans into nature, and to promote an environmental project predicated on ecologically harmonious coexistence.

It is against this hastily sketched background that The Culture of Nature should be read. It is a cultural history of nature in volumes that in America that is not only situated within environmentalism, but also attempts to move beyond what Wilson views as the tendency to reduce the nature-civilization relation to a simple good versus evil opposition. By strategically placed references to aboriginal peoples and rural agrarian societies, Wilson's rhetoric constantly seeks to evolve a pastos sense of nature which has all but disappeared in North America. The result is that Wilson is acutely aware that nature is not a positive entity preceding representations; it is and always will be a cultural construct. As such, nature is lived and fashioned as, say, parks, roads, farms, backyards, indoor gardens, cities, etc. In effect, nature is a collection of landscapes. In the context of his discussion, these are treated as historical texts structured and inscribed by the discursive economies of industrial capitalism. His project to deconstruct nature-as-landscape, to put at the centre of cultural debate, and to urge an aesthetic of natures which would allow us to live on and with the land—that is, to intervene in nature without dominating it. Such a project can yield an understanding of what our constructed landscapes have to do with the 'nature' of environmental crisis. It is only with this kind of understanding that we can "be mobilized to restore nature and to assuire it, and ourselves, a future" (291).

Though informed by environmentalism's recognition that our various actants are not mere entities but also enmeshed in a circumcise and normative particular appropriative and/or exploitative practices, Wilson's discussion largely surpases by now familiar ideological analyses of modern discourse on nature. (They are one point of departure for an illuminating account of industrial technologies of representation and knowledge-making in contemporary North America.) Moreover, he exceed his examination of representational
practices beyond the limits of film, advertising, television, etc.; to include a vast array of social, cultural, and institutional settings, such as suburbs, shopping centers, automobiles, highways, trains, RV parks, theme parks, interior and exterior landscape design, industrial complexes (lakes Bay, Hibner), nuclear power stations, the effect of advertising, and so on. In sum, the book is a literal tour d'horizon, a meticulous and wide-ranging exploration of many facets of the multiple landscapes (their histories and their logics) comprising the North American experience of nature. Indeed, the book itself contains a single-  

linearity developed argument. Its theme is in  

produced in each chapter, each  

specific or class site or class of sites constructing nature and our experience of it. Far  

distant from the book's effect, the notion that  

reproduction actually enhances it. A  

single chapter or extended essay would likely fail to capture the extent to which  

the experience of nature has been fragmented and commercialized as so many objects of attention, appreciation and consumption. Throughout, he  

argues that, individually and collectively, these lived landscapes simultaneously  

disclose and impose distant, singular and transitory natures. As such, here as elsewhere in the  

book is the nature that considered as a dynamic whole of which humans are inescapably a part, has both a direct and is effectively uncontrollable. At  

bottom, The Culture of Nature is about boundaries, enclosure and exclusion: that is, the regulation of the exchanges between humans and nature. The  

blurring of constructed tracts of land with that of ‘natural’ memory is but an aspect of a larger re-inscription/fragmentation of natural  

surroundings. In the reified manufactured folklore line ways, the  

packaged seclusion of a single cross-country, or a seven- minute jungle cruise at Disneyland, nature is re-  

presented in terms that dissolves the  

experience of it as a whole, "as the total environment that for centuries has been our home." (21, emphasis in original). The  

experience of nature-as-scenery - as object of aesthetic  

appreciation - through a car window, for example, leads to a visceral distillation alone. It removes or at very least inhibits the possibility of an integrative exchange with nature. This experience is  

literally made over into a cornucopia, a vast and infinitely varied site for satisfaction of appetites and consumerism. As such, it becomes increasingly difficult to view nature as having its own exigencies or independent existence. It is difficult to view nature as something having limits that we have learned to transgress in the name of life on the one hand, and in the fulfillment of our selves on the other.  

In this connection, consider one  

of the many examples Wilson offers. Advances in agricultural, transportation and refrigeration technology, combined with (or driven by) free enterprise economies, have made it possible and require that we have out of season fruits and vegetables on our tables. Indeed, the very meaning of "out of season" has changed in the produce we pay for these items. This leads to an effective homogenization of the seasons on the one hand, and to a very profound restructuring of our relationships with nature on the other. It produces misleading conceptions of what nature is, of what its limits and possibilities are, and of what we should expect from it. There occurs a dislocation of daily within our daily lives, the communication of an idea of nature which is false. The  

potential for environmental crisis is not the only one of global warming, deforestation and ozone depletion. It is also, perhaps more fundamentally, the one that is always there when we turn on a light switch, peel an orange or open a book. It is the  

basis of our daily wants and needs, and which for all intents and purposes have become invisible and therefore infinitely distant. In this conceptual space, nature is in a kind of distant presence. That is, the  

perceived limits of nature are forever receding or increasing, yet it is seemingly always there waiting to be turned on. Such nature can be anything other than a basis for our action because it is simply not the power to purchase it and our willingness to work to accomplish the latter. As a kind of implicit environmental rhetoric, this conceptual framework locates the "nature of environmental crisis as always being somewhere else, as only being the one of large-scale and visible and Creative, catastrophic. Environmental crisis is thus constituted as a political problem and not as a natural one.  

Terms do not define relations;  

they are articulated by the relations themselves. Out of season fruits and the meats they enable. As such, it produces a relation that consumer produces and consumed alike. Nature has been absorbed into singular landscapes fashioned to correspond to - to the satisfaction or fulfillment of consumer needs, wants, desires, pleasures and dreams, which are thus sold back to an equally vastaged self which validating such a logic. In sum, the technological mediation of nature is co-extensive with a socio-cultural dynamic that impacts and alters the industrial revolution and which has reached its apogee in consumer society. But there is no question here of technological determinism. Wilson is very much concerned with the history and the historicity of the current technosensorium-regulating exchanges with nature. In the spirit of Raymond Williams, whose thinking about technology informs much of the book, Wilson recognizes that both technological innovations and their subsequent applications are social and culturally mediated. That is, technologies and their uses are embedded in a web of historical relations: they are responses to socially perceived needs, constitutive of a socially determined material-ends continuum. The "nature" of tourism, for example, emerges out of and reinforces the co-ordination of the historical separation between work and leisure, cars, tractors, highways, campgrounds, Rockymountain resorts, ski lift lines, Club Meds. The roads are all to so many sites and/or vehicles. They, that is, the tourism industry, literally re-  

This is a compelling argument, but one that is not only not the one of leisure and the leisure-seeking, working individuals.  

Reading The Culture of Nature, one is both caught up with its deconstructive project and embossed by its redemptive mode. Wilson has made an important contribution to our understanding of the conceptual and practical frameworks of nature under consumer capitalism. His argument marks a significant intervention vis-a-vis those condemning a nature-hating modern world. Less clear, however, is his remarks concerning the recreation of nature. Inasmuch as he is arguing that we must save nature as a total environment of which we in all our actions are a part, there is little problem. Clearly, the placing of  

landscape at the centre of cultural debate entails a commitment to a political-  

historical understanding of the  

interpretation, political, economic and cultural factors mediating our experience both of man and nature.  

On the other hand, his references to aboriginal peoples, though intuitively powerful, tend at times to sound the same false notes as Dance with Wolves. His employment of aboriginal experience of the land is clearly intended to give meaning to the senses of nature, self and community he wishes to restore and to cast our own environmental practices in sharp relief. Yet even supposing that these indigenous societies represent harmonious cohabitation with nature (and the historical record is far from unambiguous on this point), how could this inform or alter the environmental praxis of low-city populations? Neither Dance with Wolves nor two decades of nature education seem to have made much difference thus far. This, however, is precisely the bed of consciousess needing not only to be informed, but more importantly, to be empowered by a political public. Clearly, we [do] need to tell new stories about setment and work on this Earth," (297), but we need to do so with a language that, and with strategies belonging to the present, not a romanticized past. All too often this past must itself be romanticized, taken from the social logic that produces a nature for weekend expeditions.  

In this respect, I would maintain Wilson's claim that we must restore a sense of nature and its limits - suggesting that we must acquire one that is consonant with our own lived separation from nature. This entails not only, as Wilson argues, new practices and a new aesthetics of nature, but equally and at the same time a new (political) praxis of the self. For a knowledge of nature's limits, it seems to me, must be accompanied by a politics of the limits of public and private experience.  

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The B/L List


Revised from obsequy. Escape Attempts has been republished by Routledge with a new introduction ("Life After Postmodernism") by the authors. Cohen and Taylor chart the range of possible escape routes — from sports to hobbies, mass culture to art, and drugs to therapy — which people use to resist "the mental management of routine" and the "nights of repetition." While offering questions of difference, this study details the results of everyday resistance in a rigorous sociological fashion. M.H.


The history of a people, the memory of a culture, and the interventions of "progres" are all captured in this eye-opening tale of city. Written on the eve of this Barcelona Olympics, this account by one of Catalonia’s best known writers is a powerful allegory for questions of social history and urban development in general, and a lyrical testimony to the struggles of the Catalan people in particular. M.H.


A collection of recent essays by a Birmingham veteran, New Times and Old Enemies does not push the border of our understandings on much as concentrate on trends in contemporary critical and cultural theory into one handy tome. Depending on the mood of the reader, this is either an excellent introductory text to evolving concepts within cultural studies or a disappointing mishmash of ideas which are currently readily available. M.H.


Essential reading for Canadian activists preparing the radical economic and political restructuring occasioned by post-Fordism. This volume offers detailed analyses of both general (e.g. Ken Taylor) on "The Origin of Free Trade Ideas" and particular (e.g. Wendy Hols and Donald Gustason on water; "Drink Canada Dry") concerns under NAFTA, as well as a major section, "fighting back," on activism. Packed with information, this book offers a quick education on issues which concern us all. M.H.


Male responses to the feminist critique of masculinity and men’s power needs it take the nostalgic, mythopoetic and shocking nutes ofHubai By & Jorn. The Inward Gaze is one of a number of books (see also David Cohen’s Being a Man: London; Routledge, 1990; Arthur Britann’s Masculinity: Oxford: Blackwells, 1989) that deconstruct masculine subjectivity in terms of psychoanalysis and pop culture. Superman and Fred’s Red Men are among the "tuxis" examined for what they depictian modern masculinities. S.F.


Hypertexts are what circulate in hypercultural: Electronic, interactive, reclamistic, they recalculate reading and writing, coders and writers. Or so the argument, made in a spate of books including this one, goes. Camille Paglia will be exiled, Neil Postman defrocked. The poststructuralism of U nối and Barthes is understood as a precursor of hypertextuality. Chomsky can now be dismissed as moving from modern to postmodern to modern. S.F.


Never grinch, Noam here goes after targets upon which he has previouly flamed his sights: multilateral and homogenous American media, U.S. government aggression; Israeli intrusiveness towards the Palestinians. The pieces were written over three years — from 1980 to 1983 — and saw the form of author addressed to the editor of the New York Times, a journal of media critique. Although there is nothing "new" here, Chomsky’s impassioned prose, coming from someone with as much renown as he has in a mioka as Jungst as the one he writes in, always is a useful antidote to mainstream political nostrums. S.F.


Silko’s Almanac is the story of the dying of an antediluvian test which survived the slaughter of indigenous Mexicans at the time of the Spanish Conquistador — the indigenous people were amazed by the Spaniards’ consumption of their own God) invasion interpreted through the deaths and crosses of numerous participants: a quiet but banished Legua Indian; a psychic, her son and her twin sister; a mother searching for her lost child; the sanguine, a brain-damaged killer; several drug addicts; attempting escapee from the Mafia, arms dealers; guillotines; native heeler; eco-terrorists and the army of the homeless. The story leaps from time to time and from distant to distant. More than anything else, this unearthing requires drugs, guns and money, and the violence and cruelty that are inevitably bound up with them. Silko carefully weaves each thread of disparate lives and locations into a final apocalyptic vision of the clash of European and indigenous peoples in North America. This book is long and, sometimes, too cruel, but the vision and desire of its author are inescapable. R.A.


As Bauman suggests, "the essays collected in this volume bear no other ambition but to report a number of sightings, or glimpses, of the relevance of sociology in postmodern culture," turning to such cross-disciplinary concerns as consumption, freedom, justice, and responsibility. In addition, there is included a helpful interview which situates both his recent and early work. Bauman’s essays, then, are recommended as a fine general introduction to the complex and multiple issues of postmodernity from a sociologically sophisticated perspective. T.D.


For the uninitiated, his important collection of original essays provides an excellent introduction to critical pedagogy in general and the work of Paulo Freire in particular. For those who have long worked with Freire’s ideas, this volume provides a refreshing taking-stock and critical revaluation of Freire’s legacy. To the editors’ disadvent, the collection is oddly made — Freire’s "lead" — but as bell hows points out in her contribution: "I never wish to see a critique of this blind spot overshadow any other (and femninists in particular) capacity to learn from the insights." Essential reading for those practitioners who are more interested in a literary "project" than a theoretical "position." T.D.


This review is not yet in print in which has written the definitive account of British Cultural Studies, White Harris has not yet been set to do so, his book describes issues and currents within BCS in painstaking detail. This intellectual history is augmented by a sustained critique of the "Gramscians" for systematically reviewing the "test work" for Gramsci while too blithely discarding or ignoring the insights of sociology and critical theory. A shaky mortar this one: just be careful not to chock on the generous use of the term "Gramscians." M.H.

Reviews by Rachel Aries, Todd Dufresne, Shawn Fogel, Michael Hechtermann