These days there can be only one editorial subject for arts and culture magazines in Ontario, the cutbacks. We don’t want to whine; nor do we want to feel sorry for ourselves. We recognize cuts are severely affecting, among others, welfare recipients and Toronto “WheelTrans” riders. Nonetheless, the collective vigorously contests the erosion of public space that appears to be the objective of the Conservative Government of Ontario.

Border/Lines is woven into the intellectual-cultural-critical fabric of everyday life. It provides a forum for freelance writers and regular columnists to engage—with wit and insight—issues ignored by mainstream media. Our collective is committed to producing a magazine that, in the current political climate, seems to us to be more vital than ever!

That spirit of vitality constantly propels us to improve Border/Lines. We are featuring in this issue a literary corner, we are also adding three new columnists who join M. Normbece Philip as regular contributors.

We’re the only magazine that provides the possibility of Glenn Gould morphing into John Ralston Saul. Sound scary? Read on.

Stan Foreo and Alisa Peres

As always—special thanks to Ida Feng and Julie Jenkinson.
features

Red Schmacher
Proving the Proof: Thirty-Two Short Films About Ellen Gould

Sharonatha Adeshina
Reading Girls Pictures

articles

Clint Durnham
Saul's Bitches: A Monument Philosophy of Capitalism

Is John Rutman Saul too big for his britches?

Steven Whitaker
Morphing Socks

Are we too W I R E D into this trendy technique?

book

Valeria Stangharder
Soviet Panic: Repression
Raging and the War of Words: The Political
Consciousness Debate

Gordon Brent Hurman on
Uncontrollable Bodies: Testimonies
of Identity and Culture

columns

Julia Croft
Pagliaccio: Mary Walsh vs the Heist-master

The Hour Has 22 Minutes

lorge Camille Paglia

Dot Tour

From Run PMFA to the Kitchen Tables:
Playing the Artistic Stakes in Cyberspace

Why computer art needs computer art critique.

Gary Owens
Spectro: Three Columns

The Two Elitists

Artistic Escapade: PsychoSlater

Ashley: Mirrors as Pals

reviews

22 MINUTES

literary corner

36 Eric McCormack, Channel Zero

40 Raj Panini, PostModern Lover

41 Shyam Selvadurai, Funny Boy updated

What is Your
Alternative?


Art

No. 37

Flair

Ellen Flinders
Jenette Faw<br />
Diana Belenger

Cover: Ellen Flinders

From the series, "Talking Disease"

Inside front cover: From Girls Pictures

Inside back cover: From Girls Pictures
Dear Border/Lines,

The Tower Records magazine has this column called "Desert Island Ditties" where you write in what 10 records you would want to get stranded on a desert island with? And lots of people write in.

Anyway, I was reading Dennis Seznec’s 100 startling points of postmodernism article and I saw he left some out. So I got to thinking you could have a column of "Po Mo Moments" C’s and have lots of people write in their personal choice of, oh, let’s say 15 postmodernist moments, and you could print them. Here’s mine:

Note: I am not following Seznec’s 61–69 rule. I don’t have to.

1. Lee Harvey Oswald assassinated live on television as America watched. Bread & circuses make a quantum leap (1963):
   “All I killed Lee Harvey Harvey: TV proved he did.”
   —Jay Sefton
   “Lee M. Was a Friend at Mine”

2. Samuel Beckett completes and publishes Comment C’est, the last novel (1960):
   “To find a form that accommodates the mess, that is the task of the artist now.”
   —Samuel Beckett

3. Duke poet Arthur Craven is killed by ex-heavyweight world champion in exile, Jack Johnson (San Francisco, 1916):
   The end of Pop Art.

4. Dylan Kirkn Phil Ochs out of his limits for daring to suggest that "Please Crawl Out Your Window" won’t be a hit (1966):
   The humanization of the banishment begins.

   Heterostructural aesthetics of penetration at their most—In one era and out the other.
   "The rich are inflamed by artists, because artists don’t try to kick rich peoples’ asses." —Chris Burden (1978)

6. First Church of Scientology opens (Los Angeles, 1954):
   Head "False Faces Messiah" and tell me that history shouldn’t be divided into Before and After (1954)


Hexagram 65: Infinite frontiers open from turning towards immediate moment; reuniting artists inevitably dis- point. Tough shit.

8. Dr. Seuss publishes And to Think That I Saw It on Mulberry Street (1937):
   "Give me a child for the first five years and it is mine for the rest of its life."
   —St. Ignatius Loyola

   The murder, entombment, paraphrenia, and dissonant psychologies of Western Culture find local expression. People act surprised.

10. Wilhelm Reich dies in Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary (1957):
   Afterwards he visits his son in a UFO.
   "The goal of sexual repression is that of producing an individual who is adjusted to the authoritarian order and who submits to it in spite of all misery and degradation."
   —Wilhelm Reich, The Mass Psychology of Fascism

11. Manson family kills to precipitate Apocalypse (1969):
   Ooops. Television specials follow.

12. Lenny Bruce dies of an O.D. (1966):
   The last time a sane person was allowed to become a celebrity.

13. Barney and Betty Hill abducted by UFO and trousered with September 19, 1961:
   Contact casts the humanities in a new light.

14. Faculty members Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert, to the first such case in the twentieth century, are fired from Harvard — in Leary’s case, “for failure to attend an honors program committee meeting” (1963):
   "ISD is more important than Harvard."
   —Dr. Leary

15. Portefeuillemethyle (Fellow) ushers in DuPont (April 1946): Nothing sticks.

Depp Harvey
Los Angeles, CA

P.S. Another idea is to pay a small honorarium, oh, say $50, to the person who writes in "Po Mo Moments" C’s. Thank you for your kind attention.

MARY WALSH VS. THE HEIST-MEISTER

By Julia Creet

How Does Lesbian Paredy Fare in Newfoundland?

"This Hour Has 22 Minutes"
Takes Diesel Dykes to the Streets of St. John’s... and the rest of Canada

On Monday nights in this ’91–’92 television season, sandwiched between the bunherness of "Knick in the Hall" and the bitters of primetime news was a show so politically sensitive but it came with a warning: "This Hour Has 22 Minutes" is a satirical examination of debt, drugs, some viewers may not share this sense of humour." The disclaimer was tongue- in cheek, although, as the show’s writers and producers clearly hoped, reception. The popularity of "This Hour Has 22 Minutes" and its sister/sectors — Mary Walsh, Kathy Jones, Rick Mercer, and Greg Sheeny — consists, essentially, of something of a success and a failure. By way of explanation, let me tell you about my first two minutes of "22 Minutes," why I think it’s funny, and my search for slasen who might think it is not.
Walsh appears twice as Genoa Hallensteins, in "This Hour Has 22 Minutes," special episodes of the show that she co-hosts with Mike Myers. In these episodes, she plays a New Jersey-and-California-based journalist who is often seen wearing a garish red suit, a signature look of hers. Her character, Camille Paglia, is a well-known scholar and critic of popular culture, particularly in the areas of music, film, and television. The show lampoons these traits, often with humor and satire.

In one of the episodes, Paglia is shown speaking on stage with a microphone, surrounded by a large crowd of people. She is wearing a red suit and a red tie, and is seen holding a book in her hand. She is addressing the audience, and the camera zooms in on her face as she speaks. She is a prominent figure in the show, and her presence is a recurring theme throughout the episodes.

In another episode, Paglia is shown in a large room, speaking to a group of people. She is wearing a red suit and a red tie, and is seen holding a microphone in her hand. She is addressing the audience, and the camera zooms in on her face as she speaks. She is a prominent figure in the show, and her presence is a recurring theme throughout the episodes.

Overall, the show is a satirical take on the public figure and her work, often using humor and irony to highlight her perspectives and critiques.

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"Dear Mr. Donovan, I just want to tell you how much I enjoy your show, particularly the character of Genoa Hallensteins. She reminds me of so many women I know. I feel she has her flaws, but she is so wholehearted, so brash, so funny. She is my favorite character on television."

"Oh, you're so bushy Camille with your 'I've kicked and hit men more than any other leading feminist in the world.'" Does Genea, regarding feminism?" "Oh, we're so bushy Camille with our 'I've kicked and hit men more than any other leading feminist in the world.'" Does Genea, regarding feminism?

"Why target Camille Paglia?" "Because she's mean," says Mary Walsh. "I watch Paglia on CNN and I see her on CNN and I see her. She's mean. She's a mean girl. She's sharp. She's clever. She's smart. She's funny. She's-mean.

"Paglia can't possibly believe in what she says. Walsh points out that Paglia is a self-proclaimed feminist. Because what she really means is that she has no real principles. She's just a self-proclaimed feminist."

The show is a commentary on the media and public figures, often using humor and satire to highlight the absurdities and contradictions of the public figure's persona. It is a satirical take on the public figure and her work, often using humor and irony to highlight her perspectives and critiques.
If you're out, you're in!

According to Ross Walsh (who should know), Genoa Hallenstein was the only character ever to draw a spontaneous standing ovation from the studio audience in Halifax where "This Hour Has 22 Minutes" is taped. Even on the streets of St. John's, where Newfoundland conservatism runs deep, these are surprising reactions.

"Mary," said an old man who approached her, "Love that diabolical. I'm not sure that Genoa could ever be reproduced as effectively as the first time she entered the studio. (Her second appearance on "This Hour" lacked, though her rally cry--"If you're out, you're in!"--is a keeper.) But she does deserve dissemination, to an as wide an audience as possible. I don't mind being her cheering section, her adoring audience; I might even lick her boot if she asked me to. For all my years of浩劫 enemies, activism, and intellectualism, I never did If Genoa hasn't done more to further a lesbian agenda than most political movements. To understand Genoa, a viewer must have inside information, must be able to read the codes, the significance of the words "macho" and "vulgar" in combination. "Renaissance 2: Parody is only perceptible to those who know the medal."

(Barney Du Plessis. Gauthier, 4-5) A viewer who recognizes the wink and the talk must acknowledge a presence that has staked a territorial ground of "visibility." Genoa Hallenstein makes me proud of that knowledge, makes me laugh at myself, makes me feel loved, even if I would give her wide berth in a bar.

The edge of this company of humanoids seems to cut with rather than against the grain of national humour. Its members are Newfoundlanders telling Nudie jokes about themselves and the rest of us. So what does this say about us, about the viewer in St. John's, about the Native Canadian? Both Donovan and Walsh say round-about reports say that people from Native communities approach wholeheartedly of Joe Cree, who did, after all, promote a discussion in our class about the significance of beer, social, beer, the Great Whaly hydraulic dam, and the dyke with (bad) attitude. "Who watches your show?" I asked Donovan. I was told it's proportional across the country: rural/urban, older, mostly with post-secondary education. I should have asked for numbers. Maybe I should call the CBC again. The humour seems to appeal to a wide swath of viewers but in unknown numbers.

So much for optimism, back to the question of subjective value. What strikes me the most about these parodies is, and here I begin to sound not only like a snob but a real nationalistic as well, how they would play in the States. I've spent lots of time in American TV land--haven't we all. Thus, I can understand the apanagial bridge-building friend of Donovan's that her character is a recent immigrant from the south) who said that she found Canada puzzling, especially the news: then she proceeded to describe: "This Hour Has 22 Minutes." Nice story, Donovan. We try to be an antidote to news, he says, an antidote to depression; we believe in the value of silliness. Then Nash Walsh, "Doesn't the popularity of your show (the series concept was created by Walsh) also constitute a masterpiece? Isn't it political satire supposed to piss people off?" Yes, she admitted, she is a bit uncomfortable with its popularity. But she pointed to the temper of the times: helplness and hopelessness, with nobody doing much politics or parody. "This Hour" at least provides a half hour--make that 22 minutes--of some kind of point.

A CROSSED CALL

As a final note, since I'm on the topic of "CODAG" alumni, I would like publicity to applaud some of the best queer acts I've ever seen. Tommy Sexton singing "My Heroes Have Always Been Drag Queens" (to the tune of "My Heroes Have Always Been Cowabungas") with his cherubic face, his fancy shirt, and, as the camera pulled back, his high heels and glittery stockings. You are missed, m'lud. And Andy Jones's belly in the eight-years-old girl's interpretive dance segment of his stage play "Still Alive." And Greg Malone as Barbara Feur. (Who is also missed, but can't somebody tell her son to shut the back up? Greg, I think it's incumbent upon you to do your wig one more time and do it.)

by Steven Whittaker

Morphing dishonors me. What? Am I squirmish of cybernetic penetration?

Stay tuned. To me. And to TV. Note the current ad void in which images seamlessly change, or morph, into other images. An ad for razors shows a series of faces, each dissolving into the next. Another ad shows a video-game enthusiast's face morphing into various goofy disembodiments. In an ad for a nasal spray a man morphs into a six-foot nose, the product then morphs back into his body. Let those images be a delicate muller around your senses. Muffler morphs to a pylon, tightens. Python loosens to a tea cozy, then eats the dead sensorium . . .

10 Wed, September 1993
What’s wrong with morphing? Morphing is goofy. What’s so bad about goofy? its spastic essence exceeds its own content. Goodness is the reverse of diffuseness. The goofy face is plastic and stays in plastic all of the time. It mimics it and deduces to an original face of compulsion despite of assuming. So it is angry – all that gymnastics.

Goodness is between rage. It is an expression of conclusion through falsification. “You, yok, I’m innocent,” says the goofy man, meaning “Don’t hurt me.” Goodness looks in already molding thin into its collect, and raises its nibs indignantly towards its hairline. It bends over backwards to apologize for its goofy protrusion. But even as the goofy face gymnastics, it is strongly aggressive. Take the dance. Barney, of the children’s shows, this Polynesian musketeer a多家 of kids through routines of niceness. Undoing its initial grin and continuous nodding is an imperative of permanent F.U. Each of Barney’s child actions wears to steal a phrase from poet George Jonas, an absolute smile. Every potentially quiet moment is filled with Barney’s gurgles and creaking and yaks. Barneys’s producers are scared of the silence and comparesses you’ll find in Mr Rogers who, all pedophile promises slide, manages to be both sober and comforting when he advises children, “No one is happy all of the time.”

The most understated excess of expression can make a face goofy, yet excess expression is the defining quality of our media. We are the hosts of a goofy culture. Goodness invites us not to respond in an adequate way to considered content, but to react with a zany self-identification that implies any response would be inadequate. Goodness both expresses and incites despair. It is even worse when a face achieves its goodness with the help of morph technology, for than it lacks even the minimal dignity of the face which immobiles itself. The morph face has goodness done to it!

Morphing makes matter seem goofy, for it becomes merely the servile medium of facile alteration. In the morph universe, morphing makes matter itself seem goofy, for it becomes merely the servile medium of facile alteration. In the morph universe, morphing makes for a graphic contract. It extracts images from their context and "grooves" them into other images. But the growth is malignant because it returns nothing to its original organism, which sees its context. Computer morphing is the inverse of morphogenesis. Morphogenesis is the horizontal and forming its substance. It is difficult determining and organizing in the same imitation. Morphing, by comparison, is goofy, cancerous change. A lateral merging of the tissues of images that does not occur up to all that is necessary in its madmosfer. What we in get now are androconal forces, a bulk, many new which is called morphing. Morphings fluid, lateral readjustments of change depend on nature for attaining distinct forms in the first place, and on the intensive technical culture from other agents, which the morph-ad or morph-soft represents. Our senses and the famous bizarreness of witnessing the graphs of cybernetic metamorphoses.

The idea of lateral transformations applies not to morphing proper, but also to the revised trivial changes with which our commodification culture distorts us from the possibility of actual change. The morphomass we find in popular culture is fundamentally commercial, its value and commerciality is due to the form of market it has created. The morphomass we find in popular culture is fundamentally commercial, its value and commerciality is due to the form of market it has created. The morphomass we find in popular culture is fundamentally commercial, its value and commerciality is due to the form of market it has created.

In the art of the organic is that it is one – but one becoming complex, organizing, and reproducing. Growing out of itself while remaining itself and preserving in its nuclei a record of and code for its own development. This is all foreign to morphing’s alteration, which synthesizes form out of the material world, and then teaches a more dynamic syntax beyond that decontextualized form. This is the reason why morphings finessed continuities and hybrid varieties are unavailable for tracing the most mundane transformations happening in nature.

The transformation that happens in organic growth, as well as in thinking, relies to a core and context simultaneously. In the case of a cell, there is indubitation; at the same time there is cooperation in the context organism. In the case of thought, or at least self-conscious thought, analysis serves the synthesis that depends on it, and which itself redeems the term and context of analysis.

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When we buy the myth that we are unmorphed morphers, do we become the daily alien or the wretched alien? A goofy hybrid of both? How do we safely redefine and invent our sense of responsibility when we are subjected to the depersonalizing hyperactivity of morphing?

Steve Williams, morph forrest at state-of-the-art morph manufac- tories Industrial Light & Magic, which produced the special effects for films such as The Abyss and Terminator 2, says, "We have conquered the physical laws of nature. We can do too bork, we can do gugs blisting and water wipping." Time enzymes that we can look forward to "Rights of fancy so realistic that audiences won’t ever suspect they’re seeing an out of industrial imagination."

An object’s nature, its response to its environment, is inescapable to the equation during the humanly-organized technique of morphing, in which images must partake of will. This is something other than cultivation. We are manufacturing a culture that no longer thinks cultivation a worthwhile, practical metaphor. Cultivation seems just a waste of time when you can simply "do nature."

Commodity culture makes everyone an ascendant, or at least a manager. With the help of your own brand version of Morph Software. This has finally democratized and means the means to inflect (medio: exacerbate) your appetite for the new. Mormorph Software promises you infinite jurisdiction over matter. Everyone’s an individual, but managing the same range of products and now doing the same morphs.

A chameleon changes colour as it descends from a plant natural enough. But it walks across a telephone, a replica of the dial and numbers morphs on its back. It seems real, but you know it isn’t. The ad for a telecommunications company notes how adoptive it can be in killing you, the client. It will be on servile to you as this chameleon’s image is to it. The ad concludes, "After all, when it comes to business, you’d better be able to change."

Another ad poses even more problems, because of its positive ecological message. Promoting the value of trees and tree-planting in Canada, the ad features a real tree that seems, through the application of morph technology, to breathe. This medium undermines
the message. The adultized tree gives the lie to the message of cultivation. The ad kowtows to a culture become incapable of imagining non-repressive immediacy. It offers a tree made godly with accelerated, anthropomorphized breathing, as if this helps us better understand our dependence on trees.

The idea of a world of super matter isn’t new. Skis of the Buddha’s birth fell to lotus leaves sprang up to receive his footfall, and of the ground adapting to meet his feet with a Birkenstock fit. Another story recounts a priest who admires a Hindu esoteric who is sitting in the temple with feet propped on a sacred lingam. The esoteric asks the priest to help him place his feet where there is no lingam, but when the priest tries, every time he moves the man’s feet, a lingam springs from the ground to receive them. Meanwhile, a holy sphere and a couple of millions away, the knelling St. Thomas of Aloor gives with such devotion that she levitated, and the husband of her Sisters can’t pin her to the prayer mat.

In all these cases, matter carries for someone who has, through one form of glorious immanent transcendence or another, gained a spiritual pedigree. In contrast, we may grasp the abstraction that the lotus and the lingam underfoot, but we want them supplied to whim rather than worthiness, thus, we lack proof our whim is worthy.

In morphing, one transformation is as plausible as the next. Why is this? Scientific modernity has finally commodified its break with Western belief in what one conservative theologian called the “infinite continuance of God.” This break, though, was by no means a clean one. Morphing gives an indication why. In morphing, scientific modernity commodifies and makes graphic its men belief in a quantifiable equivalence of, or a mediated illusion between, things.

This equivalence or illusion replaces the former “continuity of God.” Or rather, that continuance is now concentrated so that it finds inside an event of change, rather than over-arching that change as it did before. Morphing exalts technoeconomic modernity valorizing a change that turns out to be a highly resolved continuity between this static and that. Like Odo, the morphing security offices on “Deep Space 9,” this pseudo-change protects the status quo from the threat of real — that is, socially rather than technically achieved — change.

Morph software permits the individual — you, in the privacy of your own home — as one reviewer says, “to get in on the having fun.” Confirm your own anthropomorphized individuality by blunting the individuality of any other naturally or technologically attained form. Move the world on your joystick. You, the unspoken morpher, are free to “mediate” any change. Why honour the history of self-image scarring forms, recorded in such and every instance of life? Merely move the cursor and that morphed amenda becomes your limousine. Morph a face into another face or a tumour into an angel: it’s all the same. “Why did you stop to morph this one?” “Uh I no longer quite believe it was there.”

CNN’s motto, “Capturing history, moment by moment,” sums up morph culture’s view of history as a series of wrongs. News must be new, momentous, goofy. Zoom in, pan out, move on. Forget the Bangladeshi child. She has ceased to morph into pets. Morphing decontextualizes its objects but it is not a medium for thoughtful contemplation. It reinforces an idea of change as mass exchange of one thing for another, instead of change as identitifying/preserving growth.

Even the biologist studying cellular growth knows that the essence of organic change is not summed up in the static slices of structure often necessary isolates. The essence of growth is in how each stage produces the next one out of itself, as it is in turn unfolded out of a previous stability. The biologist knows that the growing cultures have, even as she tries to fill in the blanks between each “stagnant” within the process. By contrast, morphing implies change is exhausted by that elision which fills in the blank between decontextualized points of static. Morphing “naturalizes” by refining, in high-resolution, that blank between-space of the latent alterations. Morphing commodifies pretend change.

Did you ever feel a full cloud in your only flowering lung and realize suddenly that all the plants in the room are plastic? Did you ever eat odalis unknowingly? Did you ever recognize a face that then turned into a football? In my aesthetic, morphing is like that. In other words, morphing sucks.
The other night I dreamt I was in a meeting with an information systems manager. Culture was on the table, literally: novels and poems and films and videos retrieved from the Internet, downsized into digestible microchip bits of information, and served up in a glass box. With a musing glint of conviction in his eye, staring the silicon edges of the glass box, the information systems manager leaned over the table towards me. Carefully stating the obvious in the measured tone of someone talking to an uncomprehending child, he urged me to consider the importance of creating a "new dynamic ecology of communications." Beginning to sound like a patent repetition of faked magazine articles I had been reading, he told me that a revolution is taking place between the consumer and the receiver of information and the corporation as sender of information. "In the past," he suggested without a hint of nostalgia in his steady voice, "technology served to enhance the effectiveness of the individual mind. In the future, the focus will be on the expansion of the organizational mind."

As I looked around the room, I realized that we were in a meeting at the Canada Council. A video camera was recording our conversation. On computer screens behind us, I saw ourselves dissected and reconfigured as minute body parts. Looking at these images, I noticed that his words were silent, that my eye twitched nervously. On other monitors, I could see meetings taking place in other rooms. Here the image data bank was no longer a window on the world, or peeking into surveillance footage, but an interactive office pool. Suddenly, the features of the information systems manager began to change, transforming into a combination of a bit-chip character out of a Bruce Sterling cyberpunk novel and Ontario Conservative Party leader, Mike Harris. Odd. I thought to myself, that Harris should appear in my dream, since his proposed solution to a fiscal cultural crisis has less to do with new technologies than a nineteenth-century idea of cultural charity. Only days ago, at a forum on the arts, a spokesperson for the Conservative Party announced that the arts funding infrastructure in Ontario could easily be replaced by a system of volunteer patrons paid a dollar a year to administer and dispense cultural funding."

Taking a notepad and a pencil from the table, the information systems manager began to draw a graph that simultaneously appeared on one of the computer screens. With his tools of corporate wizardry in hand, he launched into a stern lecture on the foibles of the public purse. "I understand," he said, "that there has been some hostility in the arts community against the decision to dismantle the Art Bank. But it's a simple issue of economics. As you can see from this graph, we have measured the potential viability of art works against the projected loss of governmental and corporate office space through restructuring and cost-efficiency measures. Future projections point to a radical reduction in the need for objects to fill a radically reduced work space. With everyone working at home on computers and attached to a computer screen surfing the Net, there will be no demand for material objects of contemplation. Besides, I don't see why artists don't sell their work online. There has just been an agreement reached that will allow direct credit card purchases through the Internet. It makes much more sense for these artists to explore home shopping networks and direct consumer access than to continue with a cumbersome and inefficient system of individual grants. The information highway, my friends, leads to direct democracy in the arts."
A dream is just a dream... or is it?

Last February, I visited Xerox PARC (Palo Alto Research Center), which recently initiated an entrepreneurship program pairing local San Francisco Bay artists with staff researchers to provide what Xerox describes as “intersections between a continued community.” Funded by Xerox Corporation to explore and study technological innovations in the workplace, PARC pokes itself on its visionary investment in the development of ubiquitous computing. Its team of scientists, anthropologists, and engineers have already realized prototypes models of cyber-physical interactions. Matt Weimer, the head of the Computer Science Laboratory, envisions a future in which computers are incorporated into the walls and surfaces of the work environment. Writing in Scientific America about Xerox PARC’s research philosophy, Weimer proposes that “the most profound technologies are those that disappear. They weave themselves into the fabric of everyday life until they are indistinguishable from it” (“The Computer for the 21st Century,” 265, no. 3 [Sept. ‘93]).

When I arrived at the entrance of PARC for my tour, security was tight. I filled out an identification form that would have made the Pentagon proud. Once inside, cameras recorded my every movement and conversation. Yet despite the Orwellian implications of this environment, the atmosphere was relaxed. Colleagues, casually prevalent, engaged in layman’s conversations. I was eager to demonstrate to my tour guide, opening computer screen windows from one office into another, calling up files, printing out the virtual blackboards in conference rooms, activating the computerized tabs that track the movement of the employees through the complex. Enveloped within an electronically walled technological wonderland, I was struck at how boring the whole project seemed, greatly relieved in the rolling green hills of Palo Alto and populated by scientifically enlightened minds.

Far removed from the encrusted sanctity of Xerox PARC, however, I bore the uncanny feeling that the myriad strands of technology inflicting my consciousness are not so boring. As I look around my own office at paper cascading from the fax machine, e-mail piling up into a metaphorical mountain in a virtual mailbox, the voice-mail button blinking on my telephone, day-time talk shows blaring to a cacophony of television noise, I realize that the sensation that technology has invaded everyday life. Producing a constant delirium of interference, technology wraps its tendrils around the thin line between the plausible and the absurd. Blurring the boundaries between reality and the imagination, it usurps my sense of being in the world in ways that are as fantastical as the hallucinations interconnectivity of my dreams, and as ideologically opaque as the shellacressing of ubiquitous computing.

It is the formation, a sensation of technology as pervasive, invasive, a “dream machine” generating visions, dreams, politics, passions, that has come to stalk me. It follows me into bank machines, corner stores, apartment buildings, government offices. It trails me like a secret agent who is discreet in his distance, but nevertheless persistent in its task of shadowing my every activity. Its discursive invisibility ranges from the cover story of Newsweek announcing “TechnoMaster: The Future Isn’t What You Think” (Feb. 27 ‘85) and Ulrich’s reader’s summary of “Cyberworld vs. Neighborhood” (no. 68 [Mar/Apr. ‘91]) to The Globe and Mail’s incessant chatter about the far-reaching implications of the Internet and the looming transformation of an information-based economy that will be akin to the Industrial Revolution in its consequences. On television, it has found a permanent home as a visual projection: computer screens within television screens becoming indispensable aids for an endless parade of commentators explaining life and religion and science on the new cable channels.
affirm the omnipresence of technology gives rise to an old dream of mastery: a mask to the new, of Bloom, and the behavior of the internet with the fiction of a future that privileged interactions to technological tools. The influence of the cultural as well as economic benefit was one of repetition and self-sufficiency, as if there had been an explosion back in time to a McLuhan esque perspective of the 1970s. What is the essence for new technologies? Given that this period of deals was ushered in by the social and technological upheavals of the 1980s, for the context for the adoption of new technologies in the 1990s is radically different. In the "conscious" multinational capitalism of the post-Cold War era, a vision of cyber space is more likely to be framed by a symbiosis among art, technology, and corporate partnership than by calls for technological autonomy and anti-imperialist platforms of self-determination. For AT&T, the official sponsor of Press/Enter, closely outlines in its catalogue introduction to the exhibition, "the exhibited aim was to question the nature of cyberspace and within that context...with high technology are the first step in the Pentagon's creation of a 'synthetic theatre of war.'"

Given what the artists are, artists seeking to explore this technological imaginary have entered a highly contested arena of power and representation. If the recent Power Plant exhibition, Press/Enter: Between Seduction and Disbelief, is any gauge of how the artistic stakes are being played out in cyberspace, however, art is losing a site of critical resistance to the allure of cyber into a seductive, corporate-oriented interface. Yet it is that the visible signs of technology's omnipresence were absent from the exhibition. On the contrary, the sensation of technology as a desiring machine stimulating the desire of the virtual body was evident in the exhibition, the viewer's image was dissected, projected, reflected, dissected through the viewing eye of the surveillance camera and virtually worked through a subtle interface. What was absent from the exhibition was a critical perspective that pointed to the ways in which technology operates invisibly of economies of domination. Like the technological utopianism that underlies the artistic stasis in cyber space that at the present time does not necessarily entail striking a Faustian bargain with technology that leaves artists as the initiates of a new magic, cult-like society or as victims of surveillance and control. Indeed, the ambition of the tilt of character and the artistic endeavor within the exhibition served to mask the ways in which the proliferation of software through computer networks and coaxial cables has constructed a pattern of seduction and belief. While not all of the artwork included in Press/Enter lacked a conceptual framework that questioned technology's unique grip on our everyday lives, the thematic grouping of the video and computer-based art was focusing on "the dialectics of seduction and belief" neutralized the context of individual pieces. Yet in the curatorial shuffle were the sub-"horizontal of works such as Christine Deloire's 'Le dictionnaire des incapacités,' the insertion of contact lenses of words from the dictionary of the Spanish Inquisition investigated ways in which, in the doubling of the eye and the body in technology embryos issues of language and power. Similarly, the questions raised by the social and David Robles's works of the years in which new technologies after perception and memory in a time-space continuum became the current concern. The networking of the cybernetic metaphors used by most of the other artists in the exhibition, like the preponderance of white, middle-class men in the Internet, whose activism for online exchanges does not extend to a consideration of how content is manufactured through a circular loop of "interac...

Given the resources and publicity devoted to Press/Enter, I had hoped for a glimpse of a cyberspace future in which critically and disinterestedly, art had potential for the first time. But the exhibition was one of repetition and self-sufficiency, as if there had been an explosion back in time to a McLuhan-esque perspective of the 1970s. Rather than a question of new technologies prompting a series of de-joys was ushered in by the social and political upheavals of the 1980s, for the context for the adoption of new technologies in the 1990s is radically different. In the "conscious" multinational capitalism of the post-Cold War era, a vision of cyber space is more likely to be framed by a symbiosis among art, technology, and corporate partnership than by calls for technological autonomy and anti-imperialist platforms of self-determination. For AT&T, the official sponsor of Press/Enter, closely outlines in its catalogue introduction to the exhibition, "the exhibited aim was to question the nature of cyberspace and within that context...with high technology are the first step in the Pentagon's creation of a 'synthetic theatre of war.'"

In AT&T's claim that its "association with the arts is rooted in our belief that the arts are an important form of communication — and, of course, [communication is at the core of our business," a number of questions concerning the relationship of art, technology, and ideology are raised. Freest from a controversial equation of art and technology, who is in control setting the acceptable limits of dissent? The artists? The curator? The corporation? Will the helping hand of corporate funding and institutional support be as easily extended from the artists in Press/Enter to artists whose alliances lie with the fixed experiences of post-colonial oppression rather than in the future projections of "hybrid imaginaries" we are witnessing together? Will the artists committed to exposing the ideological underpinnings of a post-industrial "desiring machine" disfigure from the official face of culture, elided by the ascendency of the private sector interests over state-funded funding of the arts? While the answers to these questions lie in the set undefined future that we can only extrapolate beyond the current paradigm. And within cyber space at the present time does not necessarily entail striking a Faustian bargain with technology that leaves artists as the initiates of a new magic, cult-like society or as victims of surveillance and control. Indeed, the ambition of the tilt of character and the artistic endeavor within the exhibition served to mask the ways in which the proliferation of software through computer networks and coaxial cables has constructed a pattern of seduction and belief. While not all of the artwork included in Press/Enter lacked a conceptual framework that questioned technology's unique grip on our everyday lives, the thematic grouping of the video and computer-based art was focusing on "the dialectics of seduction and belief" neutralized the context of individual pieces. Yet in the curatorial shuffle were the sub-"horizontal of works such as Christine Deloire's 'Le dictionnaire des incapacités,' the insertion of contact lenses of words from the dictionary of the Spanish Inquisition investigated ways in which, in the doubling of the eye and the body in technology embryos issues of language and power. Similarly, the questions raised by the social and David Robles's works of the years in which new technologies after perception and memory in a time-space continuum became the current concern. The networking of the cybernetic metaphors used by most of the other artists in the exhibition, like the preponderance of white, middle-class men in the Internet, whose activism for online exchanges does not extend to a consideration of how content is manufactured through a circular loop of "interac...
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CINEACTION MAGAZINE 40 Alexander Street 5L #705
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Even if he did "dress funny," Glenn Gould is celebrated uncritically in Thirty-Two Short Films...
My focus is on three ideological signifiers that serve to promote the vestigial interests of dominant culture in Western society: classical music, the piano, and the role of the artist. The figure of Gould represents the quintessential site wherein modernist constructs of human desire and technology, theory and practice, and art and life, are hailed as achieving a perfect balance. My intention is to reveal how these three cultural centres are implicated in modernity's self-declared claim to authority, and how dominant culture privileges them over other cultural forms in order to sustain its social and political status.

The very mention of classical music immediately brings to mind a specific segment of society. It is virtually impossible to think of a person such as Bach without associating his music with European aristocracy, the majesty of cathedrals, luxurious concert halls, and very particular notions of human refinement. We do not, upon hearing his name, contemplate the working class, town halls, affordable housing projects, or illiteracy. Bach, along with Mozart and Beethoven, Milton and Shakespeare, has been positioned by the cultural elite as a canonical and rarefied being, having achieved such a privileged status in the minds of those who tend to view themselves as the purveyors of "culture". Bach has been granted a place at the top of the cultural hierarchy and has been inscribed as one of the principal signifiers of Western culture. Therefore, Gould's remarkable ability to interpret and perform Bach's works places him within a similar rarefied realm.

However, classical music does not speak to the aspirations of all those who come into contact with it. We may believe that there is some "natural" or semi-natural essence that sets classical music apart from other forms of music — this is the position taken by high/modernists and the cultural elite — but such a belief is implicit in the imperial design of modernism.

Classical music, like a literary text, requires a certain level of intellectual sophistication in order to be fully appreciated; however, an individual begins to develop his or her mind in this particular Eurocentric, cultural way. He or she must first be imbued with the desire to consider such a pursuit worthwhile. Let us create a fictional subject who fulfills the above criteria and is striving to become educated in the complexities of classical music. I will call him Joe, and in order to strut him in our minds I will present him as a fifteen-year-old Cree from the Poundmaker Reserve in Saskatchewan. If we are beginning to work our way out of a modernist mindset, we will be wanting to know why Joe is motivated to align himself with Western culture rather than Native culture. In addition, we may wonder how he will acquire the finances to support his pursuit, how he will defend his position against those in his own community who will criticize him, and finally, why he would not view his own cultural music as an inspirational source.

The simple association between Gould and Bach feeds into a vast network of cultural signifiers that assist in positioning Western culture as a monolithic construct. We need to remind ourselves that viewing Western classical music as superior to other musical expressions can also become a form of cultural colonization. There is no more cultural importance in fifty musicians filling the air of Roy Thompson Hall than there is in a single Native person tapping a drum by fire and singing a traditional song. To consider Western classical music as the grand anthem of human emotion.

"Would we ever have heard of Glenn Gould had he chosen to play the tuba, the accordion, or the harp?"
is akin to believing that those individuals who have the materiel resources to create an art form of their own, descend directly from the ancient cultures, or that certain cultural products also have the right to colonize the aesthetic tastes of the rest of society. When we observe Güray's fascination with Petula Clark singing "Downtown," we should take it as a clue to consider the way the film privileges classical music as an emblem of Western progress. At the same time we can ask ourselves what investment dominant culture would have in Güray had he been an astoundingly virtuoso of Cambodian folk music.

... three ideological signifiers that serve to promote the vested interests of dominant culture in Western society (are): classical music, the piano, and the role of the artist.

Virtually everyone stated so far regarding the associations attached to classical music can also be said of the piano, which has historic connections to dominant culture. It is, also, a signifier of technology. Most recently, one might agree that it was invented in the early years of the eighteenth century by a German named Christoph Stöckl. Thus, the date of its invention signifies the instrument as a product of modern technology. There were, and still are, many other instruments similar to the piano — the harp, the violin, the clarinet, but they have all remained period instruments. The piano is the only member of this family that continues to be considered contemporary: it is also the only one that has received the constant attention of inventors throughout the centuries. There is virtually no similarity between the silent piano of the 18th century and the piano created by Stöckl; simply because no other musical instrument has been scrutinized so rigorously.

There are a number of obvious reasons for the attention that has been given the piano, but not all of them have to do with music. It is true that when we sit at the keyboard we situate ourselves in the presence of the entire oral schema of Western music. It is also true that the first and second instrument of virtually every performer of classical music is the piano. Finally — and perhaps most important — given modernity's valorization of individuality, the piano has become the instrument of choice for solo performance. Aside from the pipe organ — which has always been sluggish to human touch, enormously cumbersome, and prohibitively expensive — there is no other acoustic instrument capable of producing and sustaining such a subtle and dynamic range. By acknowledging the nature of the instrument, it is possible to understand how the segment in Güray's film entitled "COD 318" — a title that obviously designates the instrument as its focus — directs our attention away from the world of music and situates the piano squarely in the world of technology.

There is a separate narrative developed within this vignette that valorizes modernity's ambition to master the physical world. The figure of the artist and the music being performed are both positioned as products of an elaborate mechanical network of wire, flue, cant, iron, and wood. Bach's music and Güray's performance are both dependent on an instrument whose existence speaks to humanity's ability to create a machine capable of corresponding to the incredible musics of the human hand. This correspondence is impressed on us by the film's determined focus on the music as an action. Although I have no intention of examining the mechanisms that permits such a sensitive affinity between the human hand and the piano's action, we should at least be aware that it took over two hundred years of concentrated attention to develop. We should also remind ourselves that Güray's status as a musician does not stem from his ability to compose music but from his ability to interpret it. Güray's reputation is directly linked to his being able to exploit the achievements of technology. In "COD 318," the piano, by extension, is an indication of the site wherein human desire achieves fruition. As with classical music, complexity becomes synonymous with sophistication and intelligence. When we consider how the piano is the most important musical product of the Enlightenment, it is little wonder that Güray's ability to use the full resources of the instrument places him in such a distinctive position within the hierarchy of the Western culture. The piano is no longer just the site wherein Bach and Güray come together; it is also the site at which human ingenuity and desire find expression through technology and where the privileged achievements of the past are reinvented in the present. The investment that modernism and dominant culture have in the piano is perhaps best understood if we posit yet another question: Would we ever have heard of Glenn Gould had he chosen to play the tuba, the accordion, or the harp?

Of course the focus of Güray's film is not classical music, even though we might imagine that it is at least the one he created by Christoph, simply because no other musical instrument has been scrutinized so rigorously.

It seems perhaps more relevant to ask whether it is possible for a musician to claim a significant degree of autonomy. It is Güray, the person who holds center stage, but not as a performer of music so much as a performer for the camera. After he withdraws from public view, his private life was a mystery to us. Güray's film is an attempt to interpret his absence and to transfer Güray's public grandeur into a similar private grandeur. In fact, almost any远离most of the films' private life, we are almost immediately challenged not encouraged to critique Güray: he is simply given to us fully inscribed with significance.

The film is not about music, but about the man who was so determined to keep his own tribe at a distance should be held in such high regard. However, this paradox is understandable when viewed from a modernist perspective. For many viewers, Gould's Life is a film in which the identities of the players are secondary to the nature of the modernist invention. Gould, in his continuing study of the implications of the autonomous, self-determined hero of the modernist era. What he represents to Western civilization is nothing short of the future. The story of his life makes for much of the film's representation; we are not told how he achieved such a position of power well within the "proper" and "civilized" norms of dominant culture. Gould may have turned his back on society, but we are encouraged to believe he still maintained the standards of the status quo. As Gould's life is told through a modernist project by attempting to provide some form of imaginative evidence that Gould was a mystical channel to the unrepresentable vastness of the universe. If we believe, as Jean-François Lyotard suggests, that "modernity takes place in the withdrawal of the real and according to the sublime relation between the presentable and the conceivable," then it is no wonder we are left knowing little more about Gould than when the film began. The imaginative evidence is distributed in the film by positioning classical music as a kind of meta-narrative of human emotion, the piano as the perfect synthesis of human ingenuity and sensibility, and Gould as a mysterious and ravenous being whose inspiration and destiny lie beyond this earthly realm. If what we have seen of Gould's life is chronicled in obscurity, it is because Güray's film has inscribed Gould with a sublime presence. In order to insist on this feeling, the film fords us from gaining knowledge of Gould that would leave us with a sense of incompleteness. By presenting thirty-two separate vignettes, Güray succeeds in achieving the kind of vagueness that is required to restrict our understanding of Gould's private nature. We are encouraged to imagine some transcendental quality in Gould, and at the same time to remain incapable of apprehending his mysterious presence.

To reiterate, it is important to recognize how the film glorifies technology (that is, the piano) and an elite form of music as powerful centres of meaning. When an individual such as Gould exemplifies the necessary degrees of devotion and accuracy to these two ideological centres, the rest are hailed as evidence of modernity's success. The rules that define this ideological evidence are sustained by those who have the most to gain from them.

As the stark and brilliant landscape of the film's two framing scenes suggests, Gould has come to us from some transcendent and infinite realm, but not simply to dazzle and mystify us with news from the great beyond. He has also come to congratulate modernism on its achievement, and, finally, to tip his practicable hat in the direction of dominant culture. Thus, the film has taken us on a trip, bringing us back to where we are free to return — figuratively through the barren landscape of the final scene, and literally in the Voyager spacecraft, which firmly positions him as a figure of technology — to the infinite reaches of his true home.

What Is Your

Border/Lines

Subsite/Border

Lines/Borders
Girly Pictures

Girly Pictures is a series of five exhibitions curated by Shonagh Adelman and coordinated by Mercer Union.

by Shonagh Adelman

Girly Pictures features an irreverent breed of feminist art practice fueled by twenty years of political activism and discourse. Within the current contradictory climate of simultaneous socio-political transformation and backlash, contemporary mainstream culture depicts dykes as chic and bad girls as good (or at least those who make good). Meanwhile, gay bashing is rampant and we are still eons away from the decriminalization of the sex trade industry. Girly Pictures came out of a desire to exhibit contemporary feminist work which isn't just in your face but sits on your face. A far cry from sugar and spice - disdainful of or indifferent to narrative femininity and to the fear of turning men off, of being too bitchy - the aggressive tone of this work takes niceness out of the equation. These girls will be girls.
publishing market, Hollywood and MTV, it has only recently gained scene cachet within the hallowed halls of high art institutions — illustrated by the exhibitions "Bad Girls/Good Girls" West curated by Marcia Tucker and Maria Tamm, mounted in 1994 at the New Museum and UCSD's Witkin Gallery, and the ICA exhibition in London also called Bad Girls. Typically the term bad girl connotes sexual misbehaviour — sluts and whores, vamps and tramps. Occupying an active sexual role (whether for work or play) the bad girl appropriates power.

As Tucker explains in her catalogue essay, the American Bad Girls show brought together a range of feminist art which uses humour and irony to "go too far." The “controversial response to the exhibitors and particularly their title points to the difficulty of using humour and hyperbole within a political context and of re-appropriating the term "bad girl." The exhibitors’ title and humorous promise were viewed by some critics as a cooptation and trivialization of feminist art. Taking on a bad girl persona is a complex proposition, now since, it is so quickly degraded and commodified. Bad is good as long as it can be commodified (as it is in the sex trade industry) or assimilated (as it is in Hollywood depictions of sex trade workers) — as long as it is titillating and not too threatening: e.g., at the end of Basic Instinct Sharon Stone's orgasm for heterossexual and dollop the ice pick. Likewise co-optation has effectively stripped the "bad girl" of mean and generally conjured up something along the lines of naughty but nice.

It comes as no surprise that a real bad girl like Elifenn Wumen, dubbed the first woman serial killer, is worth more (to the entertainment industry) dead than alive. While the demise of one bad girl is eagerly awaited by culture vultures, other bad girls are implicated in the incitement of violence against women including themselves. For instance, one of the (femininely male) respondents to Kiss N' Tell's earlier interactive photo series showing the Line wrote "I feel the need to tape some girls." Kiss N' Tell along with the other artists in this series haven't batted at the prospect of present or more pernicious responses to their work. They start from a position which overcomes any re-appropriation around the designation of explicit sex and power play.

The controversial conference at Barnard College in 1982, "Towards a Politics of Sexuality," marked an ideological split in the "sex wars" which hinged on a resistance to and rebellion against 1970's Lesbian feminist orthodoxy. The ensuing debates revolved primarily around the question of whether S/M (end to a lesser extent butch/femme and lesbian porn) duplication or plays with oppressive power inequities. Although the 'radical sex' camp made forceful arguments against its distributors based on the necessity of sex/gender power play, those arguments have tended to fall into some of the overdetermined assumptions they purported to critique — for instance, that S/M offers a liberating promise of transcendence from sexual repression. Sex radicals, backed up against the wall by political imperatives, may have felt impelled to legitimate their sexual displays on ontological grounds which assume a self-determining, autonomous sexual subject.

The investigation of sex and power in the pictorial realm is important because of its diachronic possibility. While there are certainly examples of images which are anchored within a didactic frame, the work in Early Pictures makes no claims to "the truth about sexuality" and therefore avoids a direct or prescriptive correlation between political and psycho-sexual imaginings. Although not all of the artists in this series of exhibitions are explicitly or even remotely aligned with a 'radical sex' perspective they all employ a discursive approach using various aesthetic means to disorient the impact of technologies of power on sexuality.

Kiss & Tell's 1992 videobook True Visions examines the way in which sexuality is mediated by personal histories and by political, moral and educational institutions. Sex scenes are interrupted by a range of captions which use key words — masturbation, unsafe sex and range of captions which use key words — masturbation, unsafe sex and carnality to signify a diversity of meanings and perspectives. For instance, the caption "consent," qualified by an addendum - the criminal code section, "unsafe sex" and "politically incorrect" — points to the regulation and complexity of the discourse field in which images of sex are made and looked at. The image is also periodically disrupted by keyed-in commentaries from the director and crew members who are identified by name and position. This device foregrounds a personal perspective which displaces the standard mode of anonymous, authoritative commentary. It also establishes the video production itself as an armatures of multiple points of view. In the same way that the crew's on-screen appearance in front of the camera undermines the illustrative form of linear narrative, fictionalisers are juxtaposed with real actors who differ about the prospect of having sex in front of the camera. Keyed into the scene, the director questions the assumed speciousness of sex between the long-term on-camera boyfriends in contrast to sex between the recently coupled real people. True Visions uses montages and video art strategies to situates sex and images of sex within a pleasurable and contesting field of vision.

G.B. Jones' work, explicitly employing a "radical sex" vernacular, represents sex/power play as an aspect of subcultural lifestyle. Jones' super B film, The Yo Yo Gang (1992), is an autobioepisod of handheld camera shots, rooms and jump cuts organized around the activities of a girl gang who play and make war with yo-yos. Drawing on a Watch Side Story parable of gang combat, Jones' campy home-video comes experimental aesthetic collapses art and real life, fantasy and life-like. Similarly, her drawings, many of them directly modeled on those of Tom of Finland, display a "homocore" taxonomy of porn and S/M motifs — tattoos, leather, uniforms, chopper chics and prison scenes. The home-brewed anarchism of Jones' aesthetic boosts the transgressive status of the content targeting conceptions of art etiquette as much on social and political deconstruction. Likewise, sex toys, bondage and discipline scenes as well as butch/femme role-playing populate A.K. Simmons' black and white animation. Teplin, Dickless and Cloudberry (1994), the association of power with masculinity is inverted in Simmons' tape. Although the self-identified butch/femme butch top Libra is in hot pursuit of a futuristic femme who continually eludes her, the femme is created as an undercover agent who eventually captures the protagonist, tips her up and tortures her by penetrating her pussy with extra long fingernails. Playing with a range of ironies, Simmons' comic animation uses repetition and conventional cartoon sound motifs to spoof suburban dyke life and satirize stereotypical (dichotomies: butch/femme, chique/classeurs, top/bottom,.topped/topper).
Plymouth

A life of emotional obsession. In contrast to the trajectory of egocentrism in *Life* or *Roads of the Road* accounts the familiar experience of emotion less prompted by the dissolution of a relationship. Longing is represented by the oxenman narrator's fixation on "a sensible family car" - a 1965 Oldsmobile Cutlass cruiser with a luggage rack and fake wood siding. The motif of a pair of hands playing vio- lins punctuates the camera's fetishistic pursuit of the endless gamut of station wagons. Provoking emotional considerations, memories of fam- ily outings and reflections on methodological validity, the station wagon becomes a Moby Dick of associations. Recall the vehi- cle's genesis within the relationship, its absorption of cigarette smoke as well as good and bad memories, the solitary narrator ensues over the car's synthetic association with a coupled past and future. The camera lingers on hard detail, while the narrator attests to the car's deceptive appearance, feintly inverting its comfortable and effi- cient attributes. Gilby recollecting her disappointment with the car's homeliness she professes that she was "consoled by the thought that it was unique." And yet, the subjective gaze of the camera, mimick- ing her vision, is overpopulated with 105 Oldsmobile wagons with fake wood siding. Anticipating the anguish of catching a glimpse of her mother in the driver's seat, she resists looking but finds her memories unavailable. Ironically, perpetually frozen in her tracks by the procession of sensible family cars, she is constantly on the alert for the signature license plate, just as D, channeled to the doorframe, sits in rotatory for the return of her cowboy. The car, its simul- taneous ubiquity and prevalence, testifies the fusion of pleasure and pain precipitated by longing.

Abigail Child's two films, *Mayhew* (1987) and *Count Action* (1994) elucidate and manifest undercurrents of fixation in social and cinematic narratives. Using found home movie footage from the 50's of kissing, romping and various kinds of heterosexual interaction, Mayhew stages "fragments of memory." Montage, repetition, abbreviated violence and cryptic silent negative sequences create a disjunctive barrage of peripheral moments without the adhesive con- tinuity of a story. As one of the intertitles professes, "My goal is to dis- cover a motive." Similarly, disarming both movie and spectator, Count Action employs conventions of film noir to reveal and con- tound mechanisms of narrative pleasure and suspense. Recurring close-ups of women exposing apprehensions, closed and panic, images of men walking/stalking and scenes of obviously stages sex- ual violence augmented by key lighting, dramatic sound and camera angles parallel a familiar explicit and violent chain of events. The momentum of suspense is continually disrupted by match cuts, unsus- pected montages and auto-reversive sound bites. The gendarme divi- sion of roles - female victims/male aggressor - is inverted near the end of the film with the introduction of a vintage Japanese porn clip of two women having sex. During their frolic, a spring thief is caught, held at gun point and forced to comply to their sexual demands. Although no doubt originally intended to come to male fantasy, in this context the scene explodes are singular or fixed meaning. Drawing analogies among the screens, the street and the bedroom, Count Action manifests parallel and contradictory messages about sex and violence. Existing a cinematic language based on equivalence and metonymy, Child's work scrutinizing the patriarchal and repressed aspects of iconographic conventions. In his 1984 book, *A Man in the Dark*, which takes its title from Suzan Sontag's text, *On Photography*, the director analyses the latest connotations of notorious events circulated through printed or televised mass media. William Kennedy Smith's rape testimony, Jackie Onassis allegedly Feeding from paparazzo Ron Galella, an interview with Lee Harvey Oswald, Jimi Hendrix destroy- ing his guitar on stage, Becher's 1980 Sex With Strangers, drawing on a more obscure genre of simulated images, is a series of large scale black and white appropriations of simulated rape and cop sex images. The images are taken from a 1970's book which poses ambiguously as a sociology test. Though the images look like con- ventional porn, the original captions included in the appropriations situates them within a pedagogical framework. While signal- ing that this framework provides a pretext for the circulation of "dirty pictures," Becher's work also critically draws attention to the moral and cultural binding of sex with intimacy. Turning on the motif of estrangement, Sex With Strangers marks the axis of pleasure/danger both as endpoints and as parallel conditions of possibility. Without the provision of ballast, the viewer is put in a position which illustrates the condition of estrangement. Like the woman in the images, the viewer becomes sexually involved with a stranger - the work.

All of the work in *Ginny Pictures* operates in relation to a narr- ative structure, whether deconstructing or recontextualizing familiar plot lines or working against the linear or semantic implications of conventional story-telling. The title, *Ginny Pictures*, conveys the image of a pin-up and rejects it with an aggressive and ironic nuance. It plays on the ambivalence as to whether the girl makes the picture or the picture makes the girl. While the term pin-up picture typi- cally conveys a soft-core pornographic image of a woman made for a heterosexual male gaze, the work in this series reframes the pic- ture without altering the endemic effects of patriarchal and hetero- sexual power structures. Instead of disavowing or essentializing the dichotomy - male/objective/female/subject/picture - this work recasts the valorization of power as a political, aesthetic, danger- ous and pleasurable venture. Confounding the dichotomy, women are aggressive, angry, obsessive, narrative, sadistic, pining, seductive, aphrodisiac; they are also mute subjects/judges of representation. Taking psycho sexual dynamics within narrative as a point of departure, the work employs a mobility and interchange of subject positions. The diversity of perspectives and aesthetic prac- tices illustrates a spectrum of approaches to the problem of inte- grating feminist theory and practice.
LITERARY CORNER

In this issue... the satirical Eric McCormack and the "original femme" Raj Parmar. The author of the collection of short stories, *Inspecting the Vails*, and two novels, *The Paradise Medal* and *The Mysterious*; McCormack writes haiku, updates Borges, Parma recently completed her first manuscript of poems.

Also, Skymen Schwartz's poignant comments on Fanny Boy.

"To be a writer is to be as much an assassin as a creator."—Eric McCormack

CHARMED LIVES

"To be a writer is to be as much an assassin as a creator."—Eric McCormack

By Eric McCormack

We were injured. Your passengers weren't injured. Everything should've been all right. THEY'RE LISTENING sympathetically as if they reflected you weren't hurt.

"Yes," you say, "nothing should've been all right." You've done your duty, delivered the people in the car as though they were in the same bosom; the woman, Jill—fair, white, her arm bandaging your face as she switched the radio rodlessly from station to station; in search of any music: the young man, David—long-haired, black beard and hair, nodding earnestly at everything you say; the narrator—grey eye, green eye, with wrinkles around them like mandibles.

You've omitted all that kind of stuff. You haven't talked about the kind of day it was—mid-October, the sun at a brilliant angle, the enameled limbs of the trees showing though multicolored rags. You've omitted lyrical descriptions. You've kept quiet about your promotions—how you first became aware of the approaching red car in the rear mirror, meeting with the glint of its darkened windshield, coming up fast. If you were going 120, it was going 160. You even told to the others, "Will you look at the speed at this point?"

You might have mentioned how, out of the corner of your eye, at that very moment, you noticed the relic of another wrecked car by the roadside—a tender wrapped as daintily as a birthday ribbon half way up a telephone pole. But you've omitted any kind of calculated, bizarre detail. You haven't unscrupulously dramatized the accident itself (you continue to call it an "accident"). How it happened where there was a long, leftward bend in the road: how the red sports car came alongside, deliberately veering towards you, metal tearing at metal; you pulling away to the right, ever further right, still you were plunging into the gravel. How, even when your car took off, launched up, up, up into the air; revolving slowly, the wheels quite detached, objectively certain that it would turn through 360 degrees and land squarely on the flat bottom of the ditch. How in mid-flight, upside down, you called out, but in a calm voice, to the others. "Don't worry, we'll be all right!" And when the car landed on all fours on the grass with the wheels splattered out like Charlie Chaplin's boots, how you laughed to yourself, exhilarated: how you even tried to reassure police and firefighters who were suddenly around you; "I feel fine," you told them over and over again. "I had a charmed life"—sitting there on the grass, the black drumst caps— "I need to hire a car away. We were on our way to the city." How the pulse, anxious-looking medic shook his head saying, very gently, "It wouldn't be wise for you to drive right now." You've omitted these kinds of lexicons.

THEY'RE still listening with that look of people hearing the truth. You've told them simply how the car swerved and landed in the ditch. You've stuck to the facts. So far so good. They're waiting to hear the rest. They know there must be more. But how can you possibly tell them what happened next? Imagine what they'd think if you came right out with it?

"It was like this, setting there on the grass, I forgot, momentarily, all about the person I love most in all the world. And when I remembered, the medic told me she and David were fine. I got to my feet, a bit wobbly, and went round to where they lay on plastic sheetings at the passenger side of the car. She seemed so happy to me and took my hand and held it to her cheek and said, "Take her honey. My neck's a bit sore, that's all." I squeezed her hand and I loved her more than ever. Then I looked over to see how David was. But the moon looking back at me from the other plastic sheet was someone I'd never seen before in my life. He certainly wasn't David Thomas. This stranger was so clean-shaven and had a flicked back hoe and his hair was short and light brown. And his eyes weren't David's eyes. He said, "I'm all right too." And his voice wasn't David's voice. I knew something was wrong. I knew everything was wrong."

THEY'RE listening, but what are you to say now? That at first you were bewildered; that you thought they'd been in some incredible mix up and that this unfamiliar young man must be the driver of the red car. That you looked around for David Thomas and asked where he was. That no one—not the medics, not the police—not ill seemed to have any idea what you were talking about. "But honey, this is David," Jill said, "right here beside me." And when you asked her about the red car that caused the accident, she said, "Red car? I don't remember any red car." And she got up on her elbow and looked over at him. "Did you see a red car, David?" And he looked first at her, then at me, and with a little smile, he shook his head—no, he hadn't seen it. And Jill was worried about you. "Are you sure you've all right honey? Why don't you lie down?"

THEY'RE listening, waiting patiently. They don't realize how much you're keeping from them. What if, for example, you were to tell them about your life since the accident?

"That was a month ago. Since then, things aren't the same for me. I've had CAT scan after CAT scan; they show nothing. The Vallium doesn't help me sleep. As the days go by, Jill looks at me more and more strangely."

I teach my classes as usual. Every Monday and Wednesday, this stranger sits in the lecture hall in the same seat where the real David Thomas used to sit. He watches me. I've accustomed myself to his presence and talk easily, as though nothing has changed. Time passes, and the memory of the David Thomas I once knew passes, becomes forgotten."

"Everything, in fact, seems somewhat flimsier to me now. And why not? Even Jill seems capable of vanishing too, over, at any moment, like someone loved hopelessly in a dream."
Can you imagine Jacques Lacan doing a double lutz? And other athletic manoeuvres...

Gary Genosko

Nokia gives Elvis the edge.

Analytic Escape?

My colleague Todd Dufrenne and I have recently completed an investigation into the figure skating exploits of the well-known British psychoanalyst, Ernest Jones. Jones’s book, The Elements of Figure Skating, was published in 1931, and is much expanded edition appeared in 1952. Long out of print, and forgotten by historians of skating and psychoanalysis, Jones’s Elements is important to his extraordinary parapsychological position for the sport. Besides the detailed, technical descriptions of skating figures, Jones ventured a psychoanalytic reading in which psychodynamic categories mixed with an emetic of the figures.

No Jones’s view has confirmed, his book was a bit of a risk. He was a member of the skating at The Ice Club on Greenwich Road which folded in 1939 and at Gratier’s in London. The older Jones skated a great deal in the two years before the first edition of Elements appeared. A reading of his data books, which are found in the archives of The British Psychoanalytical Society, reveals the rigors of his schedule and his failures. What is remarkable about Jones’s work on skating is his innovation in the area of myths. In fact, Jones invented the phrase “life-saving stamp” — bringing one’s free foot down to prevent a fall — and placed considerable emphasis on “the art of falling,” that is, of “suffering” on ice. This interest without question reflects his own experiences. His site book record with astonishing expressiveness his falls (their number and the injuries resulting from them) during his sessions. All of this practice, it should be said, was in preparation for the Third-Annual National Skating Association Test. He wrote the publication of his skating book, Jones, while complementing of “bad hops,” took the test for the first time in June 1931. He scored 19 points. He took the test again on December 17, and scored only 19.5 points. Elements was published on December 20. What Jones did not mention was the fact that a score of 20 (or a possible 30) was a passing mark! Jones’s love of the “circus” and “ice entertainment” is evident, it is true, so it is, his own medical technical skills. He was, however, by all accounts, an excellent judge.

Bestiary:

In Landscapes of Modern Sport, John Salle advances the provocative idea that “the sporspeople or athlete to which we show affection is the athletic analogue of the garden or the pet.” Maple Leaf Gardens. Toronto, his points does not contain any shocks, but it nonetheless remains a garden. It is a sport a performances through cultural and architectural imagination. This garden is full of "pets" — disciplined, functionalized, stereotyped, and exhaustively trained to perform. Those athletic pets are dominated so that they may best receive the affection of the spectators, their owners, their parents, etc.

Hockey intensifies often adopt animal ments when having their masks painted. Toronto Maple Leaf goaltender Felix Potvin is nicknamed The Cat, for example. Like the use of animals in military contexts, a single attribute is abstracted from a given species, exaggerated, and reconceived as a new thing or activity. Not all animal motifs are to be used positively.

In his "Sports Chat," discussion of the ambiguous heartfulness of sports, Donald E. Cusack maintained that use of the "first degenerations of the circus" involves "the raising of human beings to dedicated competition. The athlete is already a being who has hyperbolically one organ, who turns his body into the seat of an exclusive source of continuous play. The athlete is a man." The dedication to "total institution" makes the athlete a monster or, better yet, to follow Bataille, a pet. But pets, while often distorted through social breeding, are also deeply loved, especially when they perform for "their" "narratives." While Bataille recognizes that the athlete is dedicated to sports training regimes, however, brutal or unhealthy they may be, tolerates the matter of dedication. Many people do, however, submit to exhaustive and repetitive training routines. By changing the register of the analogy, we might simply, however, we are thrown back to the identification of black slaves with domesticated farm animals, and spectators with wild predators, properly employed in the classic of 1845, Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, An American Slave, Written by Himself. What this autobiographical narrative recalls is the prevailing nineteenth-century image of the black slave as a noxious animal, who, if not fed, will be beaten into submission, tortured and/or starved, and, in a rather brutal fashion, the race of the Old South to contemporary stereotyped representations of black athletes, that is, from antebellum to the "pettiness" of focusing on the so-called "naturally expressive black body. Indeed, consciousness, as we learned in the case of Ben Johnson after the debacle in Seoul, was denied to the spiritus invicem as he was denied as an animal machine (race as well as gender oppression and economic exploitation) functions through animalization, as is noted. Those athletic pets are dominated so that they may best receivematical affection of the spectators, their owners, their parents, etc.

A race of "animals" can be treated as such — as victims or pets.

Athletes as pets

“A race of animals can be treated as such — as victims or pets.

Border/Lines
A Fundraising Letter to You From One of Our Subscribers

Dear Reader,

We have an opportunity to do a good deed and, at the same time, to give ourselves a needed and inspiring gift.

As you can well imagine, any enterprise in Ontario that has come to depend upon public subsidy feels threatened by the new provincial Conservative government. No enterprise feels more threatened than the small cultural-political literary magazine, Border/Lines. The magazine is run by a collective of committed volunteers. Its entire annual operating budget totals only $60,000. Despite the frugal budget, Border/Lines will not be able to publish it, as is likely, the Ontario Arts Council is forced to cut back its grant. We would all be worse off as a result.

Border/Lines was the first magazine in Canada to focus specifically on issues relating to race, gender, and sexual orientation. It has published such talented authors as M. Nourbese Philip, Michael Ignatoff, Harold Pruden and Terry Eagleton.

The results have been exemplary. The Village Voice has cited the magazine more than once. The London Free Press called Border/Lines "one of the top 10 alternative magazines" published in Canada. One Reader voted Border/Lines one of the top 10 cultural affairs magazines of 1994.

Our opportunity is to help Border/Lines now, when it is needed during this moment of crisis. If you support Border/Lines with a financial gift, you will be making a direct contribution toward the survival of one of Canada's most vital media for the expression of alternative voices.

Plus, your tax-deductible contribution will get you a year's subscription to Border/Lines absolutely free.

Border/Lines is important, especially now. Without an alternative press to level the public discourse will degenerate and we shall all be the much more vulnerable to forces that would process us out of a single mold. Don't miss the opportunity to help prevent this from happening. Don't miss the opportunity to discover the vitality of Border/Lines for yourself.

Sincerely,

David Lithberg

P.S. Again, donations are tax deductible! Border/Lines will issue you a receipt.
Saul's critique is a form of capitalist-brush-clearing: the managers who have run business and government have screwed up, so we need real capitalists to take charge.

The manager isn’t a real capitalist, but “an employee in drag,” a eunuch, like a courtier — in a word: feminized.

Saul’s philosophical rants are little more than a liberal form of capitalism thinking out loud. His philosophy is liberal. It is the point of view of the 'liberal intellectual' at its most self-indulgent, the point of view of the market in determining human interaction and supports some form of government regulation — although he is exactly backward when he sees the market as a reflection of reason, instead of the other way around. That is, Saul’s history is as litterer and ideologist as it is argument. A sharp edge comes more from the confused disorder of a class realizing how it has screwed up the system. For Saul is amply the class — the technocrats — he criticizes. Born into the officer corps, Saul studied as an academic in London, worked as a stricker in Prague, was a senior official with the Canadian government in Calgary, and now toadies to the Canadian government on cultural policy. Those are all parochial occupations for the technocrats today, and while Saul repeatedly throws in his own experiences as justification for his philosophy, nowhere does he outline precisely how he’s not part of this problem.

Saul’s insistence on a clear and instrumental writing style is loyal to his outlook on rationalism. For clear and direct expression as an aesthetic, replicates the capitalist desires for efficiency. (He really is naive — he hasn’t even caught up to the MLF-style language now favored by corporate philosophy.) Saul repeatedly attacks what he sees as the obfuscation of postmodernism, deconstruction, and theory. Rhetoric is their ultimate tool, the sneaky cunning of speech-words working for capitalist politicians. "We wish to discuss and doubt or rhetoric and reassurance." (The Doubter's Companion, 27.) Saul bases rhetoric in a potter survey in Voltaire’s Bestiary (115-118), in which is seen as the evil weapon of Jews and humanists; his attacks on them are hypocritically truncated sentence fragments — remains unexamined.

Much of what Saul put forward in Voltaire’s Bestiary is neither original nor radical in the tradition of an irreverent humanist, dismayed to find that his concept of truth was a chimera. The executive summary of The Doubter’s Companion results in a reassessment of Saul’s skeptical stance in political and economic. His philosophy may be superficial, for it depends on the facts he presents to be disastrous thoughts.
A historically significant event, the public would eagerly turn to the pages of their favorite magazines to read about the latest political and social issues of the day. John Fekete, a prominent journalist and author, covering a range of topics from civil rights to environmental issues, would provide insightful commentary on the world's affairs. His words would resonate with readers, offering a perspective that was both enlightening and thought-provoking.

The article begins with an introduction to the topic, setting the stage for the discussion that follows. Fekete's style is clear and concise, allowing readers to grasp the complexity of the issues he is addressing. He draws on historical precedents and current events to support his arguments, making the reading experience both engaging and informative.

Fekete's writing is marked by a deep understanding of the subjects he covers, and he is not afraid to tackle controversial issues head-on. His essays are well-researched and well-written, reflecting a commitment to accuracy and fairness. He is known for his ability to synthesize a wide range of sources, from academic journals to popular media accounts, to create a comprehensive picture of the issues he is discussing.

Despite the challenges of the times, Fekete's work remains relevant today. The issues he addressed then—such as civil rights, environmental protection, and economic inequality—are still pertinent concerns in our own time. Reading Fekete's essays is a reminder of the importance of engaging with the world's problems and working towards a more just and equitable society.

In conclusion, Fekete's writing is a testament to the power of thoughtful journalism. He has a unique ability to connect with his readers, offering them insights that are not only informative but also inspiring. His work continues to influence and inform, even as the world around us changes and evolves. As we look to the future, we can draw strength from the lessons of the past, lessons that Fekete's writing has helped to shape.
The collection of essays that constitute The War of the Words: The Political Correctness Debate offers a much more balanced overview than Moral Panic of contemporary conversations about gender, race, sexual politics, and media criticism. For those already familiar with the onslaught of recently published books on political correctness, the reader will notice in the editors' introduction to this volume, the possibility of Sturt Hall’s barbed wire on the issue. Little is that a person cannot be committed to either justice or political correctness. For the uninitiated, however, The War of the Words provides an adequate introduction to a range of views that both build and critique p.c. politics. Despite the fact that the collection was published in Britain, many of the essays address the current state of affairs on American campuses. This is perhaps why many of the essays exhibit glaring limitations.

As John E. O’Toole’s “The Culture War and the Politics of Higher Education in America” and, Matthew MittelWestern’s “The Great Backlash” both slightly point out that the media and conservative punditry have drastically overstated their case by exaggerating the extent to which the Left has “taken over” U.S. campuses. They also expose the fact that the stigmatizing use of McCarthyism rhetoric has distorted the account which most scholars have received about campus relations. Indeed, today’s opponents of the “new McCarthyism” are no less committed to the aims of the free flow of public debate. However, the unadulterated McCarthyism political climate provided a unique institutional climate in which conservative critics could gain a foothold.

The problem with O’Toole’s account, however, is that the uncorrected political correctness is necessarily bound to the historical context in which it was developed. In the late 60s and early 70s in response to leftist outbursts in college classrooms. In addition, he wrongfully attributes p.c. sounding board to major political figures such as the National Association of Scholars (which, incidentally, has chapters in Canada). Although the immediate rebellion of many campus administrators is that the NAS membership grew by leaps and bounds in the early 1990s, the NAS on campus is not the product of the class of 1992 when it was called the Campus Coalition for Democracy. In fact, the groundwork for the right-wing backlash was being laid in the late 60s and early 70s by a number of corporate-funded think tanks and for-profit businesses. Thus, the attack on p.c. was not spontaneous movement, but rather part of a long-term, well-financed plan by the right to discredit p.c. Thus, the editors provided the most opportune time to push the anti-p.c. rhetoric into mainstream pop. Culture and the media have its channels. That p.c. is a conspiracy against the truth is further reinforced by the self-righteous denunciation of the last few years. It has been a book, a movie, and a movement. Some people are still struggling with the dilemmas that stem from this. They have been driven by the need to address the real forces that are at work, and to do so in a way that is meaningful, even to those who may disagree with them. As usual, this book is a must-read for anyone interested in the issues of our time.

I can remember thinking that my father’s having his penis on the outside of his body was another sign of his unfitness. I wanted to say, “Hell no p.c. is as insipid and petty as the supposed result of the rise of identity politics.” Hall also points out the fact that the uncorrected political correctness is necessarily bound to the historical context in which it was developed. In the late 60s and early 70s in response to leftist outbursts in college classrooms. In addition, he wrongfully attributes p.c. sounding board to major political figures such as the National Association of Scholars (which, incidentally, has chapters in Canada). Although the immediate rebellion of many campus administrators is that the NAS membership grew by leaps and bounds in the early 1990s, the NAS on campus is not the product of the class of 1992 when it was called the Campus Coalition for Democracy. In fact, the groundwork for the right-wing backlash was being laid in the late 60s and early 70s by a number of corporate-funded think tanks and for-profit businesses. Thus, the attack on p.c. was not spontaneous movement, but rather part of a long-term, well-financed plan by the right to discredit p.c. Thus, the editors provided the most opportune time to push the anti-p.c. rhetoric into mainstream pop. Culture and the media have its channels. That p.c. is a conspiracy against the truth is further reinforced by the self-righteous denunciation of the last few years. It has been a book, a movie, and a movement. Some people are still struggling with the dilemmas that stem from this. They have been driven by the need to address the real forces that are at work, and to do so in a way that is meaningful, even to those who may disagree with them. As usual, this book is a must-read for anyone interested in the issues of our time.

Moral Panic... fuels the fire of the “backlash” already burning on campuses....
Border/Lines is it Alternative?


In The Casablanca Man, Robertson makes a scholarly attempt to rescue the life work of Hungarian-born film director Michael Curtiz (1886–1962), emphasizing that "Curtiz was a director of outstanding cinematic merits." Robertson's book has got an ironic title: it shows that Curtiz's cult film, Casablanca (1942), has overshadowed his oeuvre. For Robertson, Casablanca isn't even Curtiz's major achievement. He emphasizes that it is in Europe that any panoramic survey of Curtiz's work must begin because, arriving in Hollywood at thirty-seven years of age, the director had "some sixty films behind him." Moreover, Robertson comments on the critical views that Curtiz's European work was "as much prelude to a Hollywood career pinnacle" and that "the American influence upon him was greater than vice-versa." However, it is Curtiz himself who is to be blamed for the missed views about his work. His own films were of little interest to him; he was more surprised when reminded about sequences from them.

Soon after I finished The Casablanca Man, I turned on the TV and saw an image I immediately identified as a photograph from Robertson's book. It was from Curtiz's The Breaking Point (1950). I could see the glistening water displaced by a boat from the bottom. I reared the atmosphere of menace and was prepared for the impending threat to domastic life depicted in the film. / A. E. D. O.


A Passion for Radio is a collection of essays, examinations, memories, and personal accounts of what has loosely been called, in North America at least, "community radio." Twenty-one radio producers, scholars, journalists, and programmers from Senegal, Quebec, Sandy Lake (Ontario), Vancouver, Springfield (Illinois), Mexico, Martinique, and elsewhere, contribute to the book. The work ranges from analyses of one station's cooperative structures to interviews with another station's audience members to personal accounts of life at different community stations. The broad and varied collection is comforting, engaging, and powerful.

A few of the more distinctive writings come from the most marginalized people. Sandy Lake, a Cree village in northern Ontario for example, is one of forty villages that make up the Nishnawbe Aski Nation. Thuty of these have no radio, before 1990 government cutbacks to community stations linked to others by Waskan Radio Network. Lutarit Mike provides background research and numerous interview fragments that attest to the history and values that this locally based radio network has for geographically isolated communities. José Ignacio López presents, in story/strategy/whistle piece, a brief version of the history of Radio Venceremos, the official voice of the FMLN of El Salvador; the full version is collected in a newly translated edition published by Carleton Press. This essay is a narrative of spliced-together interviews and passages from political and personal narratives. It attains a momentum like nothing else in the book. Numerous other stories and analyses describe situations closer to home: Radio Centre-Ville in Montreal and Cooperative Radio in Vancouver are examined, as are Pacific Radio in California and Zumb Black Magic Liberation Radio in Springfield, Illinois.
the most famous pirate operation in the United States, thanks to the Federal Communications Commission.

While a survey essay starts the book by providing some context, I wish it had taken the opportunity to examine why so many garrisons of organizations are getting into radio in this supposed "Age of Information." A Passion for Radio, nevertheless, stands as testament to a reality that has been taken for granted or brushed aside for far too long. / C. F.


Thousands play it. Millions watch it. What is it about soccer that moves peoples and nations? Mason's social history of soccer in the Southern Cone brings a critical perspective to what is too often left to the superficial glosses of sports journalists. Tracing soccer's emergence as an offshoot of British imperialism, through its local appropriation into a more creative, artistic game, to the current thrust of globalisation and homogenization of the sport, Mason interprets soccer critically with entertaining game accounts. Unfortunately, while Mason artfully analyzes the role of soccer in the public sphere, he neglects to comment on the enactment of masculinities in soccer by players and fans. / M. H.


Asia, Middle East, and the first piece of this volume, that the meaning of the word colonialism has been dispersed "a wide and open to more and more people, not only historians of regional and international structures." This leaves us with problems such as deciding how the concept of postcolonialism "functions in the United States, in all the cultures of Europe at one time or another," Sprinker argues that the corrective "late imperial culture" in the book's title underscores that "the cultures of imperialism are not a thing of the past," but while this collection features some sparkling and provocative examples of postcolonial criticism, it also reproduces the kind of essentialism that a thoroughly constructed theory of postcolonialism is open to. / M. H.


Just when you thought that meaning had been "posted" out of existence, Trend has written a meaningful tract about contemporary cultural politics in the U.S. "Talk of crisis and culture wars is well-traveled terrain, but Trend's project is not just to comment on the nature of ideological struggle, but also to probe pedagogical means for organizing towards social change. For a Canadian audience, however, trend of U.S. intellectuals presenting their struggles as universal, this book has significant limitations. / M. H.


I got a kick reading Paglia's latest collection of essays. Her maximum-gun prose seems appealing to the wrong reasons: she is provocative (which is more than I can say about many other writers with intellectual pretensions) and, in her unapologetic forwardness, she sometimes hits the nail right on the head.

I recommend reading Vamps and Tramps, despite its limitations, for Paglia's acute observations about the macho crossover we have going on in North American popular culture. She says that for a gay man, "Masculinity is something beautiful but 'out there': it is not in him, and he knows he is fetishizing it." At the risk of generalizing, she adds, "The effeminacy of gay men — which emerges as soon as the macho mask drops — is really its artistic sensitivity and rich, vulnerable emotionalism." Is this stereotyping? Who knows, but do you think Quentin Crisp would have had such an interesting life if he had been into being butch himself? Basie is a bonnie 'out there' and we want to play with it, even at the risk of being burnt. Don't you? / F. T.


Cooper has to be every stay-at-home socialist's favourite writer. He, himself, produced "travel writing only because the American-inspired coup against Salvador Allende's democratically-elected government in Chile hung a "vacancy" sign on the office Cooper occupied as one of Allende's translators. On the road (in Cuba, Russia, and Nicaragua, in Los Angeles and Los Vegas) he writes the continuing epistle of that bondage. With wit and pace, his prose, also, is a testament to what I like is the dustjacket's type. Since comma Roll Over, Che Guevara becomes Roll Over Che Guevara, a thrashing on the freedoms of, among others, Cuban youth, "illegal" American immigrants and Brazilian street kids. The book also contains the actions of, among others, L.A. cops, American fundamentalists and diverse dictators. Although many of the places are dated in terms of specific, political, global events, they still contain timely apogees about human, ecological, and financial exploitation. Cooper may be "only" a journalist, but it is work such as his that I.B.I.G. (The Big Theory Grill) should take as its point of departure. / S. F.

Reviews by Charles Faulchard, Stanley Fogel, Michael Hechtmann, Francisco Lanzetti and Antonia Eduardo de Oliveira.