BORDER/LINES

ISSUE NO. 10
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NAN GOLDIN
DOING DRAG
Waking up with Fidel Castro
Sleeping with ELI Langer
lezzie lit and sports dykes + zapatistas on the Net

Tell me lies, tell me sweet little lies. Tell me lies, tell me sweet little lies.
A DAY WITHOUT BIG MACS

Imagine a day without Big Macs. That’s what Britons experienced as one of the early effects of the mad cow crisis which has decimated a centuries-old way of life and has sent shock waves around the world. That this human and cultural tragedy should have a silver lining is a cause for hope. McDonalds, the ultra-rational super corporation with its global “let them eat burgers” mission, was unable to sell its iconic product, the Big Mac, for a day. This interruption of “business as usual” demonstrates the limits of the “freedom” of the market. For one day, the market was not free. British “burgers” of McDonalds, the global supra-state, were denied the ability to eat the freedom burger. All was not right. And, for a moment, the Mad Market was exposed as a fraud.

So-called “market freedom” had created the crisis. The deregulation of the treatment of “feet” under the Thatcher government, enabling farmers to reduce their costs and corporations to get cheaper beef, was an exercise in “market freedom.” That this should set off a process that would poison the entire British herd over fourteen years is a cause for concern. How will we pay for the relaxing of other industry regulations in the decades to come? How many more people should die, how many cultural ways of life should be decimated for some blue suit to turn a buck?

Fortunately, there is a silver lining in all this. As “consumer confidence” shatters in the wake of the mad cow crisis and other similar crises, confidence in “market freedom” and other euphemisms of the Right will wane with it. A day without Big Macs may be the beginning of the end for the control the Right has exercised for far too long. /Michael Hochsmann

Special thanks to co-editors Stan Fogel and Julie Jenkinson and also to lida Fong.
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Nan Goldin

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nake front cover.

Nan Goldin
"If You Build a Parallax," Boston, 1972

nake back cover.

Nan Goldin
"Marlene modeling as the Beauty Parlor," Boston, 1972

nake back cover.

Nan Goldin
"Love and Peace," 1970

nake back cover.
Dear Border/Lines,

All that M. Norbert Philip argued (“How White Is your White?” 36/39) is paralleled by the trial here in England of Frederick and Rosemary West. The Wests were not rich; they were subtly middle class denizens of Gloucester in central, solid England. Nowhere in the trial was the threat of white middle class crime raised because here too there is also an evacuation of all this. Instead, it is called “evil.” The Wests were “evil,” she of course a sort of which, he demonic, satanic and so on. Meanwhile, there are innumerable deaths of non-whites in prison, non-whites expelled as inadequately brutalized refugees, non-whites creating “no” all sorts of problems, and the long, constant diatribe about the “Dangerous Muck,” the “Threatening Asian,” etc.

Within a wider symptomology of the “New Middle Ages” we are supposed to be creating, what is happening is the creation of wider and wider categories of the disposable, the “unwanted.” The majority of human beings alive are defined by their NOT-news (and I recognize that we have joined in this with all our “Other” talk: the non-white, the non-male and the non-normal however you measure this).

The Wests, an “ordinary” man and an “ordinary” woman, kidnapped, tortured, violated, killed and dismembered/interrupted many young women over a very long time period. Nobody noticed, despite the screams and the bodies. Turn the dial a bit of a “little” as Laurie Anderson wisely suggests - and you might listen to the Soviet (much mentioned) and Croatian (almost unseen) genocide in Bosnia-Herzegovina. And what of the almost wholly unmentioned fourth or fifth world peoples, whose genocides routinely go unremarked because they can be labeled on the group/nation with no measurable perpetrator?

None of this is a criticism of Norbert Philip, but in a reminder to your readers that there are so many deaths and that it is hard to know which is an avoidable death. To “map” the geopolitics of death is to recognize that more “certain people” die needlessly. As you read this, 300 million people in Africa alone are hungry, more than ten times the population of Canada. Today, tonight, some of them will die. That too will go unrecorded.

Philip Corrigan, Bristol, England.

Dear Border/Lines,

Perhaps against my better judgment, I felt compelled to respond to Ray Pannu’s letter to the editor in the last issue because it seems to me to be all too emblematic of the current crisis of the “left” (a term I use here loosely). It is indicative of the manner in which a certain self-defeating spine-rendering takes the place of engaged, critical dialogue which, in the face of the current neo-conservative onslaught, is more necessary than ever amongst marginalized communities.

There are several issues raised by Pannu’s letter.

1. While I didn’t see the issue in question, it does seem to me that Pannu is justified in raising the question of the relation between her texts and the visual images to which she strongly objects.

Rather than confronting false demons of racism and sexism, however, Pannu should have addressed herself to these important issues in a constructive way. Anything short of such a discussion contributes to an unfortunate trivialization of these same issues.

2. Pannu seems to think that the collective voice exists exclusively of ‘fellow.’ If she had taken the time to glance at the masthead she would have learned otherwise. For Pannu’s information, Julie Jenkinson, the managing editor, is also the designer.

3. Pannu must emphatically have the right not to participate in S.M. She does not, however, have the right to cast racially tinged aspersions on people who do. Pannu seems to think that only the “Children of Columbus” engage in such “mentally degenerate” behaviour. Living in San Francisco, in which there are many racially diverse local subcultures, I can assure Pannu that it isn’t just white people who like to tie each other up. Where, moreover, do this type of knee-jerk demonization leave Mestizos’ peoples who are quite literally “Children of Columbus”?

4. While Pannu apparently values B.U.L as a place which “provides a forum for those people whose voices are seldom heard in the mainstream media,” she doesn’t stop to consider the potentially devastating effects her allegations of racism and sexism might have on the magazine and, by extension, on those same people for whom it serves as a forum. Has it completely escaped Pannu’s notice that, in an era of globalization, governments at all levels are hungrily looking for ways - unsubstantiated charges of racism and sexism, for instance — to legitimize their slash and burn policies?

In the face of such neo-conservative cynicism we can either stand together or fall apart. Sande Bandeasa, San Francisco

On January 30th, 1985, not long after O.J. Simpson had released his book I Am an African, the TV show Hard Copy invited viewers that they had subjected Simpson to a lie detector test. The former football star and murder suspect had recorded himself on tape, reading aloud various passages from his book. “I want to state unequivocally that I did not commit these horrible crimes,” he declared. Hard Copy hired Ennio Rizzo to use the Psychological Stress evaluator to subject Simpson’s voice to stress analysis. According to the show’s Hollywood expert Diane Diamond, the Psychological Stress evaluator can “separate fact from fiction” because there is “no cheater sheet for this kind of test.” Used by the police, the military, and big business,
The examiner is preferably unseen and laconic, the suspect observed and verbose.

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She told us, this type of lie detector has been shown to be "95 percent accurate." As a result of his analysis, Enrico Rizzo concluded that O.J. was "one hundred percent deceitful." He is one hundred percent lying," said Rizzo, pointing to the graphical evidence as he pointed forth from his machine.

One week after the Hayden case, the supermarket tabloid The Globe also subjected Simpson’s voice to stress analysis. "Veteran investigator" Jack Hanwood used "Votarimeters," a high-tech lie detector test, to analyze the voice tape and concluded that Simpson's lie detector test was "absolutely truthful." He then added, "O.J. didn’t do it!"

Then we have our own type of lie detector, a single suspect, but two equally sobering yet contradictory verdicts. When he said, "I would have killed for Nicole," the former football hero was being completely honest, said Jack Hanwood, but according to Enrico Rizzo he was "absolutely lying." How can two experts both claim scientific validity for their respective instruments, yet simultaneously arrive at completely different conclusions based on their analyses of exactly the same material? Are we simply dealing with a classic "pseudoscience," whose legitimacy must be exposed, and whose scientific credentials must be disputed? Or do we have before us a scientific instrument — a "truth-telling machine" — for which the task of telling the truth is in fact only a minor concern?

After all, as the story of these lie detector tests given by the tabloids to O.J. Simpson suggests, O.J.’s lawyer F. Lee Bailey and Johnson Cochran, despite their media savvy, did not insist their client take a polygraph truth test, or that the instrument whose cultural presence is so assured that it can afford to expose itself to potentially embarrassing invasions with impunity — invasions which might well upset demands for its censure and prohibition. But, as Nietzsche suggested, "It is certainly not the least charm of a theory that it is refutable; it is with precisely this charm that it enters subtle minds." (Beyond Good and Evil.) This article will leave the choice of refuting the theory of the lie detector to more subtle minds—a task embraced admirably and consistently by psychology—and will instead explore some of the machine's other subtleties. My ambition is to present a brief history of the lie detector that, following Nietzsche, attempts to scrutinize this notorious instrument "beyond good and evil."

Despite constant criticism, ridicule, government prohibition, polygraph connotations, and a widespread belief that it can be beaten, the lie detector jut won't go away. It was recently seen on The Jerry Springer Show, "You're a Lie!" Among others, viewers were introduced to Rosanne,

who suspected husband Walter of marital infidelity; and Suhail, accusing his girlfriend Tiffany of being a pornographic movie star. The lie detector expert whose task it was to disprove the truth of the various allegations was none other than Hayden’s Enrico Rizzo. "Emrie, you are the father of truth," said a somewhat melodramatic Jerry, as Ernie prepared to make public his assessment of the validity of Walter’s denials. "Tell him, he’s out the door."

Luckily, Walter was pronounced truthful by Ernie and his machine, and the marriage was saved, although Rosanne’s response — "How much you pay him?" — suggested that she was unconvinced of the lie detector test’s integrity. Polygraphy could be forgiven for believing that Ernie’s admirable attempts to solve marital disputes with the lie detector was a moral and historically sound, and respectable field that could be used in the service of truth. That’s exactly the way in which the lie detector was put to one of its most controversial early pioneers over half a century ago.

In 1939, an article in a popular magazine began with the following words:

From the field of crime, the "Lie Detector" has entered the fields of love. It now tells whether or not your wife or sweetheart loves you—or you, her. Dr. William Moulton Marston, the inventor, reports success with his device in solving marital and other domestic problems, and adds that it will disclose subconscious secrets of which the subject is utterly unaware...in the hands of a psychologist these instruments become disinterested truth-finders. (Look, 6th Dec., 1938.)

The magazine described the psychologist’s successful resolution of two difficult cases: "the neglected wife and her raving husband," and "the boy and the girl who were in love, but never engaged in activities." The article concluded, "Dr. Marston believes the course of true love would run much more smoothly if more detection tests were applied in such triangle cases.... In his book The Lie Detector Test, Marston expanded on his ideas about the role the machine could play in discovering the truth about relations between the sexes.

Women, agree masculine sages, are the worst liars. But are they?

Treatises have been written—by men—to prove that women lie more frequently because they are the weaker sex and must deceive continually to protect themselves...The Lie Detector now supplies a method for scientific comparison between male and female truthfulness."

Blondes lose out in film love test; Brunettes far more emotional, psychologist proves by charts and graphs.
H

aving reviewed his experimental data, Merton concluded that "men are more dishonest in business and women in society. Thus when it came to "money, or important and valuable property, women employees were more honest than men. Although members of "the more losing sex," held, few are less inclined to "enlist social connections and to manipulate other people for various petty purposes or to dishonor just for the fun of it." Thus although Merton advocated the lie detector as a tool for challenging the myth of female untrustworthiness, his work more accurately reflected the scientific endeavors of a new scientific field.

After graduating from Harvard with a Ph.D. in 1921 (claiming to have "discovered" the lie detector six years earlier) Merton went on to write four novels, one of which was "The Human Condition." In "The Human Condition," he turned to sociological and psychological topics, which he had studied as a student at Harvard. In his novel, he portrayed a world in which lie detection equipment is regularly used by individuals, corporations, and governments to maintain order and control. The novel explores themes of trust, betrayal, and the implications of a world where lie detection is a common practice.

At its heart, "The Human Condition" is a commentary on the role of technology in society and the impact of lie detection on the concept of trust and truth. The novel raises questions about the ethics of using technology to monitor and control behavior, and it challenges readers to consider the potential consequences of a world where lie detection is an ubiquitous tool.

Although Merton's research was eccentric from the standpoint of psychology, it was not so much as it was the development of the science of deception was concerned. Science and sex, tech- nology and theatre, seem to converge in this new line of work on lie detection. And as it turns out, this line of work on lie detection has been consistent with the lie detector throughout its short but igno-
orable career. A 1937 newspaper report on a Chicago psychology exhibition was titled, "'Kleiner' polygraph has been given a human subject." The newspaper article, which is fascinating as well as revealing, describes how lie detection technology has become an accepted part of modern life.

Newspaper articles about the lie detector typically featured a picture of a female subject being interrogated by a male examiner. A 1930 New York Times report on Leonardo Keeler's latest poly-
graph success details the criminal activity of a woman who was caught in an arson.

One of the most significant developments in lie detection technology occurred in the 1960s, when the electrocardiogram (ECG) was incorporated into polygraph equipment. The ECG allows the examiner to monitor the subject's heart rate, blood pressure, and respiration, which can provide valuable information about the subject's emotional state. This information can be used to help the examiner determine whether the subject is lying or telling the truth.

The polygraph technique is neither voodoo nor witchcraft... it is extremely useful, and far and away the best test of credibility known to man. Three words were written by none other than J. Lee Bailey, TV show host, polygraph expert, publisher, and most recently, one of O.J. Simpson's lawyers. Given his belief in "the best test of credi-
bility known to man," how could it be that these words do not hold true? The answer lies in understanding the complexity of lie detection.

In seeking a conclusive symbol of the lie detector's capabilities, one, in order to compare the polygraph test with other tests, needs a ready reference. The best known is the polygraph test, which utilizes the galvanic skin response (GSR) to detect lies. The GSR is measured by two electrodes placed on the palms of the hands, which record changes in the subject's skin conductivity.

In order for the polygraph test to be effective, the subject must be able to control the peripheral nervous system, which is responsible for the GSR. This means that the examiner must be able to control the subject's anxiety and stress levels, as these can affect the GSR readings.

The polygraph test is widely regarded as the gold standard in lie detection. It is used in a variety of settings, including law enforcement, employment screening, and legal cases.

Considering the potential misuse of fact, fiction, and lies (or is it true detection?) in the world of technology, it is essential to understand the limitations and potential applications of the polygraph test. While the polygraph test is not infallible, it can be a valuable tool in certain situations, but it is important to use it with caution and to avoid overreliance on the results.

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Sleeping with Eli

The impact of Eli Langer’s art instead of his court case

“What makes these art?”

I asked Claire, as she freed Eli Langer’s sketches from their bubble-wrap. “Because they are framed? Does framing something make it art?” I reacted badly to the first few sketches; the build-up to seeing Langer’s work produced disappointment. The sketches were scribbles really, bearing no evidence of the polish or composition of drawings. The consistency of the white 8 by 11 frames gave the drawings authority, but they looked as if they had been produced in thirty second or minute-and-a-half scribbles. Scribbles, tossed off and framed. They were exactly the kind of work that was likely to elicit that handy criticism: “My kid could do better than that.”
Yes, these drawings do look as if they have been done by a child—but that's the point. They attempt to provide access to that preconscious place in which the child in us rules.

A week later, back in London, Claire and Sharon have hung the sketches while I've been away. I love the pattern of the frames on my wall, walls on which there was nothing in the six months I have been staying in this room. Lying in bed, I can see the drawings to my right but not the ones above my head. I wonder if they will affect my dreams. They have hypnotic qualities. The drawings are suspended in space; they float through the frames. Yet their presence has a disturbing solidity. They bear the insistence of childhood fantasies, of fleeting moments that shape the years that follow, and of twisted dreams changing in the early hours of the morning.

Back in London again. Above my pillow floats a tiny worried child's face tucked into a sheet of white paper. The power of these drawings derives from the evocative simplicity of the line and the intensity of the pencil mark. Haunted dense black dots convey sadness and terror. And in the lightning-blackened opening between blank beds, a body doubles. Gently works in mysterious ways in these upside-down worlds. A man hangs battling, his penis droops. In another, a girl stands beside him, loving. A little boy stands beside the bedside of a womanless woman: the caption, which might be a plea for reparation, reads “lift up canes and bricks.” Spots of emphatic density mark the emotion of these drawings, while their strange spatial orientations seem to function as commentary.

In another mark of several, clothes rather than nudity have the potential for obscenity. A woman half-clad stands before a child signaling silence. The detail of her underwear is in direct contrast to the vague and faceless figure of the child. Her half-nakedness is obscene; she is in a state of half-dress, her body’s sexuality half-visible, but rendered visible through the processes by which children come to know themselves as (sexual) beings, while working through their own shame of having to prove the worth of his “artistic” gifts.
Shames has come to explain how I understand the avalanche-like dislocations of these drawings. Lee Sodwick has written that shame is “integral to and residual in the processes by which identity is formed.” She argues that shame is an integral part of both childhood formations of self (Shame produces self-consciousness) and later political identities (shame is the pre-condition for “pride”). I see both instances of shame in Langer’s work. He has rendered visible the processes by which children come to know themselves as (sexual) beings, while working through his own shame of having to prove the worth of his “artistic” gifts. The regression to a childlike figurative quality constitutes a method and a challenge.

Eli is coming to town for the opening and to give a talk to a drawing class. We have arranged to meet at the bus station, he will be arriving and I will be leaving, with a few hours in between. Langer is a sweet, elderly, interesting man. He has brought slides of all his work, including the paintings and drawings that were rejected by the police. He asks me if I can pick them out. They are quite obvious, and I am glad that I have not been faced with the task of writing about them. Sharan and Claire have carefully chosen a sanitized selection of the less offensive drawings, so children and adults in similar sexual positions. He tells me about the humiliation of leaving the courthouse with his artwork under his arm, about the shame of having been publicly stopped on the street. He does not think that the publicity has launched him as an artist; he has given away more of his work than he has ever sold. But, he has been given a Canada Council “B” grant this year, so somebody has taken notice.

Eli talks about the fun of drawing and the speed with which he produced these sketches. Looking through his slides, I find what I want to see: his paintings show signs of a strong talent in their colour and form, and there is no question that he knows how to draw. I feel much more comfortable about the artistic merit of the sculptures. Some of the paintings are, in his words, “eww.” He’s not shy at all about his sexual imagination or about admitting that these are images that give him sexual pleasure, but he is also ashamed that he has never used models to paint his scenes, and that much of the imagery is nonrepresentational. He is not educating anything; he is only trying to work through the things that float through his mind. Outside of his circle of friends, there has been little discussion of his work beyond the sexually-explicit content. He has recognized that the content has become a liability. The last painting I look at is of a girl swimming beside a pond. It has the hallucinatory intimacy of his other work, but the pastel colours and the soft, blurred lines are strange. The sexuality is hard to pin down to the content.

As we put away the slides, he laughingly mentions wanting to spend the night in a downtown hotel with an overnight girlfriend, the fan tries so peaceful in contrast to his troubled and troubling images. I put him on the bus to campus. I get on the bus to Toronto. He spends the night in my room.

EL LANGER’S drawings were exhibited in London, Ontario at the University of Western Ontario. They were part of a joint exhibition called “Drawing From Memory,” curated by Sharon Swartz and Claire Sylvis.

A Cuban Update: Life after and during socialism both at once.

BY STAN FOGEL
"Da da, los ninos, ba ba, da da dum."

Pacing out between the slats of my bedroom window around 8:30 a.m., I see about fourteen-year-olds chilling what I've since learned is a pajaro (jail for juvenile delinquents) and I turn to Fidel. They're in a semi-circle around a smiling but strict woman, who, my friends say, has been lodging children such as these in the room for about five years. The performance isn't for me—it's not as if, a North American, I am destined to be with the CDR and being assaulted with a deliberate display of socialist devotions. It just so happens that my bedhead in the morning wall doubles as a day coat's boundary.

During some months in Havana, my eyes and ears haven't registered anything else nearly as celebratory of Fidel. It's not that things weren't appreciable better then they were even two years ago when I last lived in Cuba. Then, blacksouts occurred four or five nights per week, reminding everyone that Soviet Hydra, or what the name was, had pulled the plug here in order to light the postcommunist war there. Now, the lights only go out once a week or so when the winds judging the electrical equipment.

Then, cars—aviso flottants' vehicles mainly—were a rare sight, like the spotting of a Japanese soldier from World War II wandering out of hiding into the future imperfect. Now twenty-four-hour gas stations are scattered throughout Havana; the mandate, though, is still, "fill 'er up... and push." My recent return to Miami Airport was a classic: a classic; 48 Cidy was waiting for me to fill and waiting for me to fill it, bypassing a winter that only occasionally helped stink the boot.

Then the only green to go was leaves and rice was... emmy... and some other, in Spanish "caribo," which to some signis itself named Fidel, green (military stall on the outside, a white ashtray substance (recalling his propensity for speech-making) within. Now, cucumbers, latticis and tomatoes and onions are being sold in farmers' markets that have sprung up all over the island. Not incidentally, Fidel's saltas still circulate. A few nights ago both Cuban TV andurrencies broadcast his complete two-months-half hour address to a science convention. If you be chance missed it, it was re-broadcast in full on CNN and there was a daily dispenser of all the good news—about the Havana—its fruits— coaches to the (North American) version of this — a tribute to the sacrifices of the Cuban people, by the way. The basic, brief executive soundbite over and over on CNN or CBC News network.

Thus, the only restaurant one could go to (and find food—lots of restaurant façade still misted in '90 with mayo on the menu and dixies and dixie in the fridge) were official tourist areas, complete with haute cuisine lists and caféteria presentences. Now, paladar (a no-legalism from the Spanish word for paloda) has been legalized—a to a maximum of twelve seats so that no one gets rich and exchanges a chef's hat for a green Commandeur-Clinton's cap. My favourite palada—nearly producing the first Cuban restaurant since this is famous dictator and American heavy, Bistro, located on Cuba is then sizeable underclass—is "El Pescador" in Santa Fe, the old fishing village, now suburb, just west of Havana. Mom grills what her local favorite seafoods son, nicknamed "Barnacola," catches. For $2.50 you can, if that day "Barnacola" was luckier than Santiago, Hemingway's old man of The Old Man and the Sea, eat strait stretched, as it was, loan the large starfish-shaped and the tourists consigned to eat at hotels just down the road. (If but neither R.O.M. sh, James Kennedy, or any member of his family has ever fished for shish.)

Interestingly, one of the hotels class is called "The Old Man and the Sea" and is managed by a Cuban. The Hemingway industry in Havana, like Toronto's movie industry, has produced a celebrity signature in what is North America's tourism. Thus, evidently less sentimental than it seems, great big/fish hunters, have become a nuisance at the Hemingway finca (farm), paper-watching from the break that grew up around it, then melting like the snows of Killingsworth to the winter. Papa wouldn't have noticed, evidently, to keep his nose in a dixie while being chased from the finca to the coast, so his view wouldn't be buttressed by the local:

Hemingway. Giovanni. It's a soap to wander in—

women I have spoken to say they hitchhike and/or bicycle safely throughout the day and night. The city is also re-churching, drawing up the Miami's small culture in which most Cuban seamen bent on window-shopping, or minimum-wage working. The desire to "get out" is exemplified by the following: last June, a Canadian who fell in love with a Cuban woman managed to meet her just off the yacht on a day off. When offers on the specified boat were the only winning to the boat, too spitted out, one might hope, to be included in the extended family, it seems, David, one of the yacht's passengers claimed someone to death and the police, alerted by the Efficient, burst the Canadian off to jail. Despite the urge of Cubans to go "batista," lots of tourists are coming "batista.

Think of the joy of freeing winter, another (for some) stock joy of not encountering many Americans and the burgeoning (for some), I hope pleasure of ducking

seabirds on the surface. But for the Bay of Pigs, a.a.s., the Ontario Cabinet as it grand and snuffs its dissipable way to Gingrich. Meanwhile, I would think, the tourists are spending the last of the state, which try, for the most part, to keep tourists drinking officially prodded divers and otherwise out of private space (which drains the public space), have made it difficult for hookers to ply their trade. The prostitutes have been booted from the streets, discoes, etc., on the whin, one hour, of Raoul Castro's wife. Why, it seems, can generate policy as costly as "acoustic socialism" does. This year, Christmas trees were decreed not to be a flagrant violation of socialism until a senior bureaucrat entered them taken down from the one or two public places in which they stood. When Fidel returned from Vancouver, among other places, he is reported to have said "What happened to the Christmas trees?" One particularly large tree was publicly spared, inured and then raised again as quickly on a thistles billboard on billboards at Toronto's Blue Bay ball game.

Curiously, the life one leads here passes in in a kind of Connie Disiability. If you're fed of—or even more authentically, never could stomach—polyester have-morning days in middle America's notion of life, Denver's official and capitalist Disneyland, then this latterland should stimulate you (as much as it does me). With "socialism as a menace," "sicko" or "sheleft" pointedly ignore of your back, you can feel "socialist" past your face, barren of "fearless" banqueting for local, companionship, lodging, etc. To give the commerce added depth, the more that tells is Uncle Sam's—of course politically, then, gets the boot as does one on companions blizzard in Havana. The tourists, it seems, a brand new ideological life—It should be noted —can be traced to state funding, a state Ostian can only remember nostalgically in its own culture It turns to Mushikari, Ontario's spontaneous minister of, among other things, culture.

I have been giving lectures at the Institute Superior de Arte, since the exclusion Havana Canton Club. It is rite to contemplate the beauty of a university that has grown— and grown over— magnificently from a golf course, while "subway" Mike Hayes Berger on Ontario's publicly printed green book.The finest and most creative young authors— "marxists, painters, writers, dancers, actors, in Cuba take dances of ESL, otherwise, instead of flipping began to play their rithms the way Canadian kids used. ESL's, prog's, whose tuition is free, can flip pages... or dispense onto the flat boards, nice furniture, to practice your instruments, steps or postures. From my school abroad, a few doors down from what was Richard Nixon's bedroom, while I was in Canada, I use Cuba's conga drums, a cappella singers. Besides. As far as I'm concerned, it is the most beautiful existence in the world, as far away from Shiffrin L., otherwise known on the program, cannot Canadian university life, as the lush red flowers that flack the campus are from footprints.

Sadly but inevitably, anjel has entered here from a few days of shortages and many tops of direc- tion. Lack of toilet paper forces most Cubans to reach for a substitute. The paper's design, though, may have been done some damage: the deprivation has, producing discomforts similarly to relief upon warming the. The state is giving to the arts, and the dwellers of the state, whatever pray, is undertaken: a student art exhibition at ISA had its display suddenly reduced by one, where one piece, it was felt, transcended the beauty of the state's ruling party.

Dramatization does not exist in December 30, 1989, the anniversary of the Revolution. Just a few years earlier I had gone to the Plaza of the Revolution along with a few hundred thousand others to celebrate Fidel's victory over Batista. On this thirtyninth anniversary, maybe five or ten thousand people were on hand—mostly young people drawn by the music being performed on stage. The crowd consisted only one flag-waver. Nonetheless, there was the fact that I know, even the friends who were adamant that the rhetoric of socialism and revolution should not be abandoned, want an invasion by big-banking Americans to save Cuba's problems. Now wants Fidel deplored by Max Cañas, the rightwing Cubans Americal-lover's big channelhug. The bicycle-riding, vegetarian lifestyle that appears on a given day is a certain temperature—speak, on a given day, on a given day—speak. Cuban friends and I were in that good of 48 Cidy on our sleep-inhabited way home. At a straightly we were suddenly waved on and into another lane by a policeman. One of the Cubans said this signalled something else: Fidel's flag is all black.
WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

“The media serve to mobilize support for the special interests that dominate the state and private activity...their choices, emphases, and omissions can often be understood best and sometimes with striking clarity and insight, by analyzing them in such terms.”

Herman and Chomsky

The media’s coverage of high profile events such as the recent arrest for murder of two young African Canadians men, Adrian Kinrade and Roban Ranger, often stanslates their role as efficient and indispensable conduits of the special interests dominating the state, particularly as they pertain to racial issues. Analyzing their coverage of less spectacular events, however, can at times prove more useful in seeing how “choices, emphases, and omissions” are made in furtherance of what Ivan K. van Dijk describes as the “racial mission” of the “predominantly white institutions and business corporations” which constitute the news media - namely, serving as the cause of the “white Western group.”

Two articles which appeared in The Toronto Star last fall season such an opportunity for analysis. These articles appeared on November 22, 1985 and December 2, 1985 by Peter Goddard and Andre Alexis respectively. They concerned an ongoing dispute between myself and the radio station CFRB 1010 arising out of a broadcast by Michael Corin on September 7, 1985.

During this broadcast Michael Corin first recounts a story he read about a Pakistani woman who had killed her young child and removed its eyes and kidneys for sale. This was true, he states, that Canada was a far better place to live than the Third World. He expresses surprise that the woman was not in Canada as a refugee, heading up an organization like the National Action Committee on the Status of Women. The present head of this organization is herself a South Asian woman. Corin then expresses strong objections to my being awarded the 1985 Toronto Arts Award in Writing and Publishing. He makes inaccurate comments about my activities, about the award, as well as scant and disjointed comments about my clothing and my appearance. In a word his objections were scurrilous, racist and sexist and constituted an attack on me as an African Canadian woman.

In his November 22, 1985 article Peter Goddard repeats Corin’s xenophobic comments about my clothing. He does not report, however, that Corin specifically linked his demeaning remarks about my clothing to my race and ethnicity. Neither does he mention that Corin sets up an un/homoptergym: them being people like myself who have come to this country, “immigrants like Corin himself.” Except that I am Black. After reporting, virtually verbatim, Corin’s comments about me, Goddard then describes me as “very nice as opposite as Corin.”

As evidence of my outspokenness Mr. Goddard cites three examples:
1. “The usually controlled author June Callwood were at it.” The implication here is that I had to have done something to cause the “usually controlled June Callwood” to swear at me. What I did is never specified. This is how Ira Singer describes this same “usually controlled”

June Callwood in an April 4, 1983 Toronto Star article: “Indignation has always been the gas in Callwood’s tank.” This was his attempt to explain why June Callwood swore at me. I am tempted to say, tell the real June Callwood please stand up. Which of those descriptions is true? The fact is I offered June Callwood a trilevel in response to which she swore at me. But why did the facts get in the way of a good story?

2. “In 1980, Philip bluntly criticized the Into the Heart of Doores show at the Royal Ontario Museum.” Goddard’s “blunt” remark was clearly showing the name of this exhibit was Into the Heart of Africa, but bell Africa, darkness - it’s all the same isn’t it? This statement is untrue and once again Goddard fails to identify the specifics of this “blunt criticism.”

3. “Two years ago, she urged school boards not to send children to Show Boat...” Once again this statement is untrue and, as in the previous example, the specifics are missing. Which school boards? Where? In Toronto? Across Ontario? And how did I urge this? And the coup de grace:

4. One of my “literary friends disagrees with the way it does things.” The identity of this “alleged” writer friend is withheld; the specifics of how I do things missing. “Few properties of news,” van Dijk writes, “are more revealing about the practices of news making than quotations. They serve not only with whom reporter have been talking, who have special access to the media, which even actors are seen important and credible enough to be actually quoted, who are allowed to give their own opinions, but also how the journalist evaluates quoted opinions.”

What is ironic here is that while the “alleged” writer friend was “important and credible enough” to talk to I was not. On Tuesday November 21, 1985 Goddard called my house and left a message on my answering machine to the effect that he had been speaking with one Ayanna Black (the mysterious “alleged” writer friend perhaps?) that he had heard about the Corin matter and would I give him a call. He...
also understood, he stated, that there was a transcript which he would “love to see.” At no time did Goddard indicate that he had read the transcript, and it was not clear to me whether he was even looking at my notes. On the matter. On November 22, 1995, before I had an opportunity to read the transcript, a meeting took place in The Toronto Star. Given that the broadcast had occurred some three months earlier, urgency was certainly not a factor in Goddard’s reluctance to provide a copy of the transcript.

What is striking about Goddard’s piece is how it works on the basis of omission. Beginning with the most egregious omission mentioned above: the details of Godin’s racist statements. Indeed, as Von Dijk writes: “It is sometimes more important to specify what is not said by the text than what is actually expressed. In many respects, media texts are ideological blueprints, of which only the tip is visible to the reader.”

By implication and inadvertent Goddard manages to convey to the reader that there is something in what I have done and that somehow justifies Godin’s attack. And since we are, according to Goddard at least, Godin’s critics, then our interpretation and outbursts concerns each other too.

If we follow Goddard’s argument it goes something like this: being “metegol” gives others the right to make racist, sexist statements about you. Or put another way, if someone makes racist statements over the largest private radio station in Canada, the parent, import and impact of those statements are cancelled out if the process of “saying” a racist statement is deemed to be “outspoken.” This fact that much of my criticism or writing has been accused of challenging racism in cultural practices, and the fact that Godin made a crude and unopposedly racist comment in October 7, 1995 is seen to be equal. Could it be, however, that for Goddard merely writing critically about racism is the effect of transforming one into a being “every bit as outspoken” and, therefore, worthy of attack.

This is not, of course, the case. "The Toronto Star, auth rep by Goddard, has done in print Godin and made him out to be virtually harmless. A media star now. This is, in fact, the reverse of what the media do in reporting of crime by people of colour and people from the West Indies. "Powerful role..." writes Dijk in "the reproduction of racism in Western societys."

And herein lies the link between an issue that appears far removed from the centre of criminal activity - culture and art - and what can only be described as media overlook concerning the recent arrest of Adrian Kinloch and Wanda and Robert Ranger. On October 20, 1995 Godin made certain "reprehensible" statements concerning his September 7, 1995 broadcast. Goddard refers to the transcript of this broadcast in his article. Godin prefaced his rejections with the following words: "I have since had communication from Miss Philip due to her solicitors that she considers a number of the statements that I made during my broadcast to be untrue."

"Godin was forced to make a "retraction" on October 20, 1995 as a consequence of his being served with a Notice under the Libel and Slander Act. Under Godin's pan Godin's "retractions" in order to make its "stating" to defend Philip's own charges somewhat." What changes? Not only does Goddard fail to acknowledge the context and nature of Godin's "retractions", but he mis- represents the defence of his case in reiterating the three statements as "charges." The result: the gravity of the situation - that only under threat of legal action did Godin correct incongruous inaccuracies is minimized. And, finally, by using the word "charges", Goddard suggests and implies that this is a situation in which there are charges and counter-charges between Godin and myself. Goddard also fails to tell his readers that Godin, having had an opportunity to do so, did not retract any of his demeaning and calumny comments. The upshot of all this is that Godin’s image is further protected.

The most simple and disturbing and problematic aspect of Peter Goddard’s article, however, is that of the three key examples which he cites as proof of my “outrageousness” are the very same examples which Michael Godin used to debase his baseless, racist attack on me: the FNIC incident involving June Colleford; the Into the Heart of Africa exhibit and the Toronto Police Station in Show Boat. The very examples that Godin on October 20, 1995 was forced to "retract" because they were inaccurate and untrue. Indeed, Goddard refers to Godin’s admission of "certain factually errors" on air, but he himself fails to proceed to use these very allegations to make mutually untrue statements about my involvement in these very incidents.

Not content to let things be, however, The Toronto Star published yet another article concerning the eviction of the "American Indian and Black Audience, Greater Responsibility." By a "breath, no less - one Andre Alexius. In the ninth paragraph of the piece, Andre Alexius writes that "I demonstrated against the into the Heart of Africa exhibit. In this case of cancellation of the exhibition slip was also showing - he identifies the exhibit as Out Of Africa! Don't these journalists ever do research? But Neois probably has his own reasons for wanting Out of Africa. Further, since he knows nothing about my activities, I must assume he bases his statement that I demonstrated against the exhibit on Godin's statement. The same statement that Godin was forced to retract on October 20, 1995. But then the truth and nor accuracy is of concern to Alexius.

Like Godin he is far too concerned with indulging in not defending, Godin’s rections. He too repeats, in even greater detail, Godin’s denouncing and racist remarks. Next he writes that my writing is "basically a racist's own no but is Godin's is "harmless and not harmful. Why? He thinks that his "my writing is basically a racist's own."

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Alexius accuses me of writing "as if Canada were a multiracial, racist culture; as if there were a "white Canada" made up of individuals who would take contempt for Godin’s words. To do other than let my writing speak for itself is to preen to a gross and deliberate misreading of my work. Writing about Indian rights on the absurd reveals either profound meekness or an abysmal lack of comprehension of issues I have written about. This is not the first time that Alexius has misread and misconstrued my work. The dedication page of my collection of essays Freedom reads: "For Canada, in the effort of creating a space of true being/to-belonging." The introductory essay to that work ends with the following words:

"Whichever way we take, it behooves us to remember that our opponents are our co-creators, for they have something to give which we have to take and challenge facing all Canadians - African, Asian, European and Native - finding out what we can offer and accept from each other. It is the only way we will avoid stepping from a stranger place to one of true being/longing."

Alexius’s omission are as significant as Goddard’s: like the latter he does not mention that Alexius who in his broadcast cost up the paradigm of the "multiracial" us and them. Goddard describes me as being as "outrageous" as Alexius; Alexius as being as "ignorable" and my words as "racist. Evidence of this? A quotation from a review of mine of Noll Beandoord's Selling Illusions. (See Border/Lines 20) The lengthy paragraph from which Alexius calls his quote attempts to grapple honestly with the complex ten-
While the development of any new medium of communication always brings with it both utopian aspirations and dystopian orthodoxy, in the early going at least, the Internet appears to be fulfilling its utopian promise. If the fax machine, another recent addition to the communications toolkit, can call its own teeth in Tamanuken Square, the activist implications of the Internet have been most forcefully released in Chiaqu, Mexico by the Zapatista National Liberation Army.

After a brief armed uprising during January 1994 in opposition to the consolidation of NAFTA (North American Free Trade Agreement), the local political actions of the Zapatistas in Chiapas have been largely limited to crisis management with the many peasant communities that were uprooted by the army and some limited negotiations with the Mexican government. On a broader level, the Zapatistas have succeeded in forcing their political agenda and indigenous rights and social justice in general on the national stage, to a great extent thanks to the international exposure their claims have had on the Internet.

Despite the efforts of the Mexican government to localize the conflict, some of the widespread discontent of the Mexican populace in the wake of the disasters of NAFTA has coalesced around Zapatismo.

The Zapatists have turned a new page in guerrilla warfare, demonstrating the effectiveness of minimal low-intensity armed conflict combined with high-intensity media activism. Dressed in their trademark ski masks, the Zapatistas made sure that what little time that they had during their armed uprising would make good media copy. The uprising took place on January 1, 1994 just as the Mexican holiday was being celebrated off the effects of celebrating the dawn of NAFTA. Some of the graffiti plugging the Zapatistas' message was in English for the benefit of international press corps. Most significant, however, was the rapid deployment by the Zapatista of press releases on the Internet. The first posting, made on Jan. 1, was translated the same day and posted on bulletin boards worldwide. Like other subsequent postings, it was published in the Mexican daily La Jornada and made available to international newspapers. After the one-sided, carefully choreographed and televised Gulf War, the immediate availability of the postings from the EZLN constituted an important two-way exchange with the world.

In communications theorist DeeDee Maciela's words, "This was "war news in real time" (1995).

The Zapatista response to this strategy and take over of the hostilities of the Mexican army deep in the Lacandon jungle of southeast Mexico. In dialogue with the rest of the Zapatista revolutionaries, Subcomandante Marcos, the political and spiritual leader of the EZLN, regularly issues his political philosophical musings to national and international audiences. Marcos has become a respected figure, despite and because of his often unloved ways. As the story goes, Marcos writes on a laptop computer, plugged into the cigarette lighter of a truck, and the disks are smuggled out of the jungle into the waiting hands of contacts who post the material on the Internet (The Globe and Mail, 1995). In his postings, he is equally at home quoting from Shakespeare, Camus, the Beatles or from Mexican soap operas. He demonstrates his historical and political savvy in long open letters to foreign intellectuals such as John Berger and Eduardo Galeano. He recounts oral fables—some presumably gathered from his Mayan hosts—and he issues sharp press releases as the events require him. His semi-mythic status has not been broken despite the discovery of his identity, one Rafael Guillén, a philosophy grad and son of a schoolteacher from northern Mexico. Approval of these details, the Mexican government glumly but—as it now appears—prematurely, announced that "the Marcos myth is over."

Subcomandante Marcos, whom Guillermo Gonzalez-Pena describes as "the quintessential postmodern guerrilla," has an after ego writing partner, Durito the bearded, who keeps him on his toes. The Sanchez Panza to his Don Quiote or vice versa, "Don Durito of the Lacandon, errant knight for whom Saplaken is shield bearer, jokes fun at Marcos' writing style: "Three points in a single paragraph, three dense points similar to pozo (corn meal). This is the style of the Supermarx, a murky concept, and difficult ideas to understand and more difficult to digest" (Subcomandante Marcos, 1995).

In other words, Marcos displays a keen interest in media analysis. He speaks of the tautological way in which power reproduces itself, "ad infinitum in that same cycle of images from one mirror to another," and he points out that while the image may say "the well being of your family," it shows sacrifice, unemployment and the fall of economic indicators" (EZLN, 1995b).

In an open letter to John Berger, Marcos describes the photo of Alvaro, a dead young combatant of the Chiapas uprising, Marcos discusses the possible multiple readings of this photo which can allow some foreign viewers to distance themselves from the problems "over there" in strife torn Chiapas.

This did not happen here... this is Chiaqu, Mexico, a historical accident, remit, forgettable, and far away (EZLN, 1995b).

Marcos points out that it may strike some other viewers as an unjust affirmation. I am Alvaro, I am an indigenous, I am a soldier, I took up arms against being forgotten. Look at me: This is happening in the closing of the 20th century that is forcing us to die in order to have a voice to be seen, to live (EZLN, 1995b).

What is present in both readings, according to Marcos, is the new division of the world, with the democratization of death and misery, with the dictatorship of power and
money, with the rationalization of pain and despair, with the interna-
tionalization of arrogance and the market” (EZLN, 1995b).

While Marcos, the postmodern guerrilla leader whom Deedee Hall- 
beck calls “the first super hero of the net” (1995), won interna-
tional support for the EZLN with his reflective and reflective prose, he has also
gained the attention of the Mexican government and the interna-
tional media. The Washington Post, Newsweek and CNN have all
commented on the effect of the Internet by the Zapastas. The
internet, the Mexican foreign minister, stated that the Zapastas
revolution was a “war of law, of written words, an Internet war” (The
Global Mail and Mail, 1995). In Mexico, the major internet provider,
went down for a while, fueling charges of conspiracy. This test to
the Jovita activist potential of the Internet proved minor, however, as the
Zapastas let little problem finding alternate routes for its postings,
“proving to many that it is not easy to close the Internet” (Hallbeck, 1995).
As well as having their postings distributed on a number of
social media sites, the Zapastas have their own webpage, Yuta
(Enough Already), where net surfers can even catch a glimpse of the
effective Marcos (http://www.peak.org/justice/ezln/ezln.html).

David Ronsfeldt, a researcher for the University of California
and corporation, wrote a major brief on the use of the Internet by activist
Burrell, 1995). This leakage sparked international outrage which
helped to force the Mexican government to negotiate with the EZLN
and fueled domestic support for their cause. In the US the
issue was picked up by both Republicans and Ross Perot to put
pressure on the Clinton administration, and it prompted Chase
Manhattan to fire the memo’s author, Birder Sanet. The signing
of this series of events for the Zapastas cannot be over
stated; they have now become a recognized political force in
Mexico. As Burrell notes “the net was all the result of one
small act of guerrilla research.”

Given the dramatic potential of the Internet for social activist
organizing around social and economic issues worldwide, it comes as no surprise that there are attempts
being made to enforce some restrictions.

Groups and suggested that the Internet had provided immediate
international pressure on the Mexican government to negotiate with the
Zapastas and not simply to defeat them by force. Ronsfeldt makes
some compelling arguments for the activist potential of the Internet.
States Ronsfeldt, “The information revolution.. disrupts and
eroses the hierarchies around which institutions are normally
designed. It diffuses power, often to the benefit of what
may be considered weaker, smaller actors
(Halberstam, 1995).

According to Ronsfeldt, the “newest users” are “progressive,
center-left, and social activists” who deal with “human rights, peace,
environmental, consumer, labor, immigration, racial and gender-based
issues.” While Ronsfeldt may seem to overstate the actual political
implications of the Internet has had for social activists, he appears to
believe that the horizontal power relations of the Internet privi-
egate grassroots organizations’ structures. The intention of his brief
was to contrast these structural considerations and to develop more
useful perspectives for Internet for his employers.

The most significant contribution to Chiapas solidarity efforts in
the US was the demonstration of a Chase Manhattan Bank memo, which
was exposed by Alexander Cockburn to the limited readership
of Counterpoint, but then made widely available over the Internet.
The Chase memo, dated January 13, 1994, stated that “the Mexican
government will have to eliminate the Zapastas to demonstrate their
effective control of the national territory and security policy” (in Neill
This article originally appeared in Convergence: The Journal of
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This article is the product of postings received over a month
period from Chiapas95, coordinated by Harry Cleaver, Dept. of
Economics, University of Texas at Austin and lower chiapas95@amado.
eco.mexico.edu.

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In the aftermath of the World Trade Centre bombing, Bayoumi writes about his reception by airport customs officers... and the implications of immigration, movement and displacement.

I fear flying. The reason is simple, and it has nothing to do with a fear of the air or of being airborne. In a sense I was myself born, my parents both coming from Egypt, and me being born in Switzerland, then transplanted to Canada, now studying in the United States. My fear remains on the ground, neither sacred nor sublime. It rests on three points of departure, within those little private cities that dot the globe, on the outskirts of major centers. If you are suspected long enough of something, you will eventually believe yourself guilty of it. In a Western airport—those are the airports I know best—I am the incessant terrorist. I do not know exactly when this metamorphosis takes place, whether it occurs somewhere on the way, in the train or the car, or with my first step into the airport (often through wall-less doors of metal detecting equipment). Or perhaps it occurred sometime earlier, during the 1970s, seizing my body like a dormant and undetected virus, only to bloom with my facial hair. Regardless, it has arrived (and continues to arrive) at unscheduled times and with all the extra baggage that such an arrival portends.
What then does it matter, say, what passport I have? Identities are ever easier to counterfeit than passports. My passport marks me nationally (I am what they call a naturalized citizen), but those slyly solemn folks at airports know so many indelible features that they can easily recognize me. If I don't remember their faces, the whiteness usually only reflects the garish lighting and idle habits of airport life, and I can rely only on the worksheets they remember of mine. Their expressions, though, remain. It is a little drama that is played out every time, with varying degrees of melodrama (different countries, different officials, different stories, different stories of how they came to be) - the movement to suspicion is something I've seen so often now that I don't find it to be, I become suspicious.

February 28, 1993. An explosion tears into the concrete facade of Lower Manhattan. Unseen, unopposed, this event in the social fabric of corporate America threatens the media machine's ability to produce images and make perceptions the production of meaning. This event is itself charged with too much meaning, too little information. Anyone could have done it, for too many reasons. Within minutes multiple meanings are thrown into circulation - Sarcastics, Pakistanis, Koreans - but not the last of one singular meaning.

In the sedentary world, movement has become something almost purely symbolic, as spectacular spectacles to make the purposeful traveler feel that we are in memory of colonialism and in hopes of placing our bodies on postcards.

Armed, which at one time seemed almost obsolete with pro-nuclear missile technology have become today's travelers.

Like rats, everything about this cost of characters was dark, distant, and like the bomb explosion itself, underground. At least since the Gulf War, we know that this underground quality marks it as separate from the royal machinery. This has little to do with the concept of powerhouse and even less to do with democracy, but it has everything to do with perspective. The royal machinery looks from top down, like the hundreds of thousands of stories flow into Iraq during the War, and this perspective becomes visible. A view of viewing the world. For others, perspective is limited to those stories beside oneself, or greater and greater circles but with no narrowing point. To look from top down or from bottom around - these are the options. To be a helicopter or a tax cab. To be a hawk or a mole.

This is not just about movement, not even about the speed of movement. It is about the perspective. This has little to do with the perspective of the imperial. The infrastructures are matters of manipulating the machinery of movement, yet their public merely as they fly at different altitudes.

Neatly clothes and not lairs or anything causing or calling for dealings and pleasures. The customs they follow in their mutual dealings are therefore appropriate. As compared with the social, people their evil ways and blameworthy qualities are much more numerous and ugly. Blemeworthy qualities are much better known. They are closer to the first natural state and more remote from the evil habits that have been impressed upon the souls of sedentary people through numerous and ugly blemeworthy customs. Thus they can more easily be cured than the sedentary people.

This is obvious and will later on become clear that sedentary life constitutes the last stage of civilization and the point where it begins to decay and also constitutes the last stage of evil and of remoteness from goodness.

Clearly the bedouins do not know to being good than sedentary people.

The Bedouins on the other hand live apart from the community. They are alone in the country and remote from milieux. They have no walls or gates. Therefore they provide their own defense and do not entrust it to or rely upon others for it. They always carry weapons. They watch carefully all sides of the road. They take premiums, or pay them only when they are together in company or when they are in the saddle. They pay attention to the most distant person or noise. They go alone into the desert guided by the fortitude of putting their trust in themselves. Fortitude has become a character quality that is not mere courage. They use it however, they are called upon or raised at an alarm. When sedentary people mix with them in the desert or associate with them on a journey, they cannot do anything for themselves without this. This is an observed fact their dependence extends even to the knowledge of the country, the direction of water, and the means of crossing. It is a part of the customs and the things he has become used to. It is not the product of his natural disposition and temperament. The conditions to which he has been accustomed until they have become for him a quality of character and matter of habit and custom have replaced his natural disposition if one studies this in human beings one will find much of it and it will be found to be a correct observation.
Who would have understood this bit if Ibn Khaldun, the fourteenth-century Arab Muslim scholar of social formations and philosopher of history. Social organization exists in many stages for Ibn Khaldun, with the Berbers or nomadic being opposite of the sedentary lifestyle. His curious and uncturized mind is able to process so many events of social organization into an understanding of the codes of civilization—without passing through nor being mortals (though with a guiding sense of memory).

The sedentary propensity for luxury attracts with it the desire for scholars and their various jewels—like Ibn Khaldun himself (very aware of the conditions which gave him the opportunity to write), like the opportunity for my more nuanced musings here—in order that they may give some legitimacy to the royal machinery.

LIKE RATS, EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS CAGE OF CHARACTERS WAS DARK, HIDDEN, AND, LIKE...

THE BOMB EXPLOSION SITE, UNDERGROUND.

But their growing desire for luxury and false legitimation will ultimately spoil their decline. Dynasties, royal machineries, state formations all come and go; yet all operate under a set of codes which are continuously expanding in order to understand the presence of a social formation that is being undermined by its very growth and amputation.

Now, I might catch myself all sides of the road. They take hurried laps only when they are together in company or when they are in a seedy, that is, when they don’t have a face. So, I can’t put it on the ground, in constant movement, almost all New York City cab drivers are from the new immigrant class (though I hate them all), not all are position of illicit, where all new immigrants become cab drivers. Our cast of characters has its own sham of cab drivers, something like a stake in many. Cab driver, a terrorist? But immigrants, cab drivers, ellos understand movement differently than do the sedentary peoples. For the sedentary, movement is associated with a phone, movement is the connection, movement is only a fax of a movement. Within days of the WTC bombing, AFT announced that temporary offices and special phone lines were established in order not to incorporate the silencing machineries of electronic capital (not in so many words). The idea of the twin towers has now become a total force, their closure barely affecting any change in the flux of capital. At one point, this had indicated the end of competition; now, in addition, they’re virtually a just a nostalgia to these days of movement—movement of capital, movement of people. Architecture as the site of congregation has become pristine.

In the sedentary world, movement has become something almost purely symbolic or purely terrifying: politicians travel for no real purpose, tourists travel in memory of colonialism and in hopes of placing themselves on postcards. Artists, which at one time seemed almost obsolete with longrange missile technology, have become today’s travelers.

Opposite these movements are the movements of immigrants, refugees, asylum seekers. No sooner do they arrive and around the city, they know how to move a life.

I am looking at a picture of my mother. Died June 23, 1954. A significant date. Significant not only because it was exactly one month before Gamal Abdul-Nasser nationalized the Suez Canal. War would come later, and my mother told me how she and all her classmates in this school of pharmacology wanted to do something to help and worked as voluntary nurses in the hospitals around Cairo—working for the new nation, caring for the wounded.

In this picture, my mother is a secret twenty years old. Younger than I am now. There is another woman in the photograph, behind my mother, sitting on a bench surrounded by flowers.

Egy was in the thirties. A popular croup of eto dressed for Legitimacy in the fifty and sixties. The men in the suits are most likely outsiders to the region, government officials overseeing the election.

Everything is caged in this picture. A consistence between traditional and Western ways. Several observers may want to see the juxtaposition of my mother and the widow as that between the West and Islam; just take a look at the clothes. Yet each of these women is doing nothing but respecting herself to all the codes around, both new and old. And in this society, in this society, in Egypt where this moment is being contested. But this is hardly unique to new nations. All societies are in a constant state of flux, the constant between codes and values a daily phenomenon.

Structures of authority exist in order to lay order, to produce the codes by which things make sense. The state, capitalist institutions, such as university seminars all rationalize their orthodoxy, I can well believe that a certain kind of coin can produce, as can all orthodoxies, a rational code in order to produce what is in effect an irrational event. And after the fact? More nationally, refining of codes and definitions. What a refinement of living! Don’t don’t thinking for me after you have read this. You won’t need me, I will be giving you those diagnoses with the brilliant sight of an angel. I will be growing with the voice of a lion at the border guard. I will be lacking injuries of the wound with my mouth and silly tongue. I will be prowling against your codes, and will jump without any warning.

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A symposium featuring Cathy Bucy, Bridget Brown and Thyrza Nichols Goodloe.

THYRZA NICHOLS GOODLOE: "Memories—light the corners of my mind, misty water colour memories—of the way we were..."

BEVER STEELE: If one’s memory of any given situation is multifaceted and its many forms are situated in time and place from the perspective of the present, memory has a history, or more precisely, histories. The claim that memory is historical is itself subject to shifting historical boundaries.

Nathalie Zemon-Davis:

The truth is, memory is a loaded concept to engage, formed as it is from the residue of wounded time. As such, the moment in which any study of memory is to struggle with is that slippery, elusive, quite fragile susceptibility of memory to time and experience. While infinitely retrospective—memory, the past self-centered, its identity and style from its life—and the present, it is not true that because of its history by its own making, its own unmaking, that it is we who have gone back. Rather than what makes memory such a compelling category for cultural analysis. I’ve been interested in the perception of it as a sacred form (memory as redemptive, capable of saving the individual or the culture) than the memory in which it has become profane, nearly a priority or blabrápaplan public (memory as suspicious, manipulative, even destructive because of its vulnerability to interpretation).

At the end of the 1980s and beginning of the 20th century, memory was the major dimension of literary modernism (Joyce, Woolf, Pound). But as biographies, depictions of the present, it is one of the very relics of the past whose loss marks the passing into postmodernism. As he puts it, it is "The wakening of the great high modernism thematic of time and temporality, the epiphanies of dairies and memory"
which characterizes postmodernism (a cultural mode dominated by categories of space and time). Yet any purveyor of popular magazines, talk shows, scientific studies, contemporary art of Hollywood films, Dorothy Knoop's omen (not absence) of memory, even if memory appears deceased in the guise of a number of basewidth and bizarre concepts: false memory syndrome; multiple personality disorder; recognized memories of alien abduction and satanic ritual abuse; Holocaust denial and the attack on memory; or the fragile nature of memory in the culture of AIDS. These various forms of millenial memory (appearing as they have in the last quarter of the millennium) are incidents of a particular kind of memory—traumatic memories induced by events which may have happened (alleged abduction, satanic ritual abuse, false memory syndrome) or which are of such force and confusion that it is difficult to know the true nature of the individual (multiple personality) or the possibility of memory itself (technological and neurological). Along with the disputable collection of social and individual inferences that Cathy's and Bridge's work will focus on, memory itself must be seen as undermining its own boot of linear transmision. Under attack, while debunking alternative therapeutic practices, claiming that "recovered memory therapies... have become to the study of the mind and behavior what astrology is to the scientific study of the stars and the planets. They have engaged in an enterprise based not on science but on impressionistic myth, myth, metaphor, and the powerful persuasive nature of the therapy itself... The story fails to mention, however, the various metaphysical memory scientists rely on. The oft quoted "memory expert," Elisabeth Loftus of Washington State University, counters what she sees as the myths that all memories are neatly tied down in the mind. She suggests: "Think of your mind as a bowl filled with clear water. Now imagine a memory as a teaspoon of milk stirred into the water. Every adult mind holds thousands of these murky memories. Who among us would dare to drink from that bowl and yet be able to count the milk in the water?"

Called into question, susceptible to Satan, aliens, and remarkable stagings of belief, memory is haunted from a scientific point of view, from a popular culture point of view, from a personal and familial point of view. It is characterized as something people don't quite know how, or whether, to treat. What does this say about our sense of historical agency at this moment, and our ability to use memory to challenge and provoke history, especially if it is, as Cathy Caruth calls it, a history of "experiences [and] not yet fully owned?"

CATHY RUSHDY

Last spring I happened to flip through a copy of the London Sunday Times magazine, and stopped at the feature story, "True Lies," about Joe and Sheila Skitt who had been accused of sexually abusing their daughter. The article espoused rage at the women therapist who had worked with the depressed Jill. The Skitt's sense of ruin — "our future has been destroyed, our past poisoned..." — set the tone of emotional loss on the part of the parents, while Jill's pain is not part of the story. The discreeting of Jill and her therapist continues as the story conflates recovered memories of child abuse with E.T. Witness accounts, and alien abduction memories. Midway through "True Lies," American psychologist Richard Ofshe invoke the interstellar as a high-fidelity recorder, putting on tapes, as if it were, every experience from the time of birth, possibly even before birth. Which depiction of "memory" are we to believe here? "True Lies" is not surprising in its lack of putting therapeutic practices on trial, claiming it was not using innocent families. The American press, with the Canadian press close behind, has been at it since early in this decade -- for example Cord Taxol. "Towards the Incest Survivor Machines," The New York Times Book Review, (January 3, 1993), which was reprinted in the Montreal Gazette. In 1991 disclosures of memories of child sexual abuse by Asia America 1988, Mantan Van Berndt Adel, and television star, Roseanne, last certainly attention to this subject. It was also the year the Freo Memory Syndrome Foundation was formed, an organization representing those claims to have been falsely accused of sexual abuse. The organization constructed a pathology called false memory syndrome and acted under the assumption that expressed emotions during the interview or the interview with between believers and non-believers in accounts of memory of child sexual abuse. The Sunday Times article suggests that going the way of the Americans would not be "cricketer." Unlike some celebrated American cases, British courts have been reluctant to convict on the basis of recovered memory without "objective evidence." Professor John Morton, an "expert on memory" from the Medical Research Council in London, who recently chaired a commission on recovered memory for the British Psychological Society, argues that he is confident that the community of psychologists in Britain is too suitable to follow the example set by Americans. "We are determined that with respect to the relations between clinical and experiential psychologists, and with respect to the prevalence of partial memory recovery techniques, we will not follow the U.S. We are not compliant, but we feel there is no need for panic." In concluding "True Lies," John Cornwell claims that the trend of constructing an abuse defendant on the strength of a plaintiff's recovered memory alone suggests the American justice system is regressing to the supernormal practice of "dismemberment," in the Middle Ages to distinguish good from evil spirits. I do not want to suggest that recovered memories make a false legal testimonies, per se, but to point out how they heat up the debates in psychotherapy, psychology, and the law.

BRUCE ROGERS

In October 1994 Dr. Ruth Faden chair of the President's Committee on Human Radiation Experiments, revealed that systematic effort to gain knowledge of the effects of radiation on experiments on humans had been planned at the highest levels of the U.S. Government. In a carefully worded public statement, Faden assured Americans that the official act of remembering and restructuring this unscathed slice of history was now underway. "We are now picking together the story of the past, an unexpected past, to help inform the future on these questions."

In the rhetoric of the Clinton administration, Faden seemed to be saying, "We feel your pain. We will retrieve the nation's repressed, unsuspected past and narrate it into public memory."

At the same historical moment the number of alleged abductees continues to grow. Hundreds of thousands of Americans struggle to remember being technically violated: strapped to metal casts, drugged, probed and tagged. As they struggle to reconstruct individual unspected pasts, they are relegated to the New Age fray, to talk show spectacles.

The process of remembering the alien is a painful one for most abductees. Alien abduction has, for them, come to be understood not only in terms of trauma, recovered memory, and recovery. Abductees often begin their painful therapeutic journey with the effort to fill in anxiety-inducing memory gaps — to account for what they call "missing time." It is only through hypnotherapeutic recollection that abductees can know "THE TRUTH" about what happened to them, can locate and name the sources of their floating amnesia and black moods. Feelings of powerlessness in the face of the unknown are augmented by their own powerlessness to control memory, to shape and articulate personal histories. For it is the expert "doctor" — not unlike the technically proficient aliens itself — who controls the process of forgetting and remembering, who can manipulate the memory of the "ordinary person." In the end, the professional intervention that is central to their recovery involves the very control over memory that abductees feel they themselves lack, or by which they feel they have been victimized. And yet once remembered, the extraterrestrial alien gives a name and a face to unidentifiable bad feelings — feelings of distortion and dissolution. Remembering the alien is one way of coming to terms with the metaphysics of power in our everyday lives, a way to give form to, and ultimately, treat, feelings of powerlessness that might otherwise not seem intractable.
LISA DUGAN: Which brings up how sexual abuse — what started as a feminist critique in the name of victics of sexual abuse — has been taken up by the right wing which takes these memories, cut off from national narratives, and misuses them into a reactionary movement. Nurtures that have been cut off, denied private or even, we understand as, “well yes, your memory is the truth about the present, and the government is the jack-booted liberal thug, and it is the truth about your childhood and if it was satanic child abuse daycare centre workers.”

DAVID SEILING: While Cathy, Bridget, and Tyzora were talking, I was thinking about the difference between public memory and private memory, and how differently these are constructed. I’m thinking of public memorials, war memorials, statues or monuments that commemorate national events or heroes, and of course, contempory pieces like the Vietnam Memorial or the Holocaust Museum. How different is it for a state, a nation, or a group to memorialize an event it is for an individual and their private memories? Recast books, such as C. Kuril Kishian’s Remembering the American Way, try to make sense of some of these issues. Who owns journals, photographs and documents or dictations them into narratives of collective memory that represent the nation, let alone “what really happened?”

JAMES BLOOM: Interesting too in the case of the Holocaust Museum is that it is one of the last sites of that museum, there’s this big screen where people are talking about their memories and the last image on the wall that you see as you walk out is the text with a sign worded something like “Remember the importance of freedom.” So you move from the personal experience of the Holocaust to the national symbol of what this museum is really doing.

DAVID SEILING: The other interesting thing about the Holocaust Museum that it manipulates so many different kinds of media to get to that intersection of public and private memory. There are all these rooms filled with nothing but shoes or photographs, with very little textual description, the idea being that the museum holds its own sense of collective identity, memory and authority. I think that it is in these objects that the intersection of private and public becomes so political. Last summer, I met a historian who worked as one of the academic contributors to the Holocaust Museum, and he told me that the museum at Auschwitz had donated all of this human hair. There was a huge debate between the historians and Holocaust survivors who was on the board of directors about whether or not to make an exhibit using the hair. The survivors said, “We don’t want that, it’s terrible, it’s not the kind of memory that we want to represent in this museum.”

BILL BURNS: I think scale models and a lot of small objects. I must know a lot of the small objects in the supply shops and their hobbies are, in some ways, more ambitious than a lot of artists. For instance, they are members of large model railway clubs in industrial malls in the suburbs where people, mostly men, construct these models in groups. They build giant sail trains and their project is to reconnoisseur the balcony days of the American railway, reconstructing old-time urban and rural landscapes. Along with this tradition is a mill of tradition that recreates civil war battles and middle Ages battles. And with this I was thinking you can have simultaneous memories that see from the Middle Ages and contemporary events. This is exactly what the memories are trying to do when they create a medieval battle; they are actually trying to create this kind of memory for themselves, so there is a kind of monument within their person, within their memory.

MARC SINGER: Public memories, it seems to me, often contain aspects that are private. If you are planning a Vietnam memorial, for instance, you are considering the public aspects of the war. You are sacrificing space for the soldier of one’s country, but you’re also thinking about individual suffering, death and the family’s loss. But what strikes me about this kind of private memory is that it comes from different kinds of private memories we’ve been talking about here is that these memories — of heroism in battle, for instance — contain a little kernel of what we want to uphold our national ideals, a positive national self-image, the things that hold us together as a country, an example being the American people over the Holocaust Museum. Memories of UFO abduction and child abuse, on the other hand, are classified as entirely private because they reveal gaps in this national unity. They lack unity. Instead of saying “Remember the cause of freedom,” they say, “Remember fear, or paranoia, or sexual dysfunction, or powerlessness.” And so a lot of these memories come to be subverted in a way, going against unity, but also works toward the established order more explicitly, as when UFO memories gradually transmorm themselves into government conspiracy theories.

TOWARE: That’s great because it shows the productive aspect of memory at this point. What Marc is getting at is the productive aspect that sheds light on their truth or falsity. It’s as though memory’s shift from something perceived to be sacred and redemptive into something blameworthy is a way for people to explore a collective ambivalence about the state, the State, the public sphere itself. At a moment when political agency is at an ebb, the push is not toward a utopian future but a near-infinite conflation, where there is only one way — a politically uncommon one — for remembering the politically messy state of the present itself.

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Antidote: Hysteria - an interview

ROB TEIXEIRA "frames" the evidence in the London 'Pornography case.'

London, Ontario has been the setting for a police and media sponsored moral panic involving a series of arrests of teenage hustlers and gay men. Local press reports have been ablaze with inflammatory articles outlining the so-called depraved practices of gay men who allegedly hunt down boys in order to have their way with them. By March 1995 there had been 48 gay men arrested and 371 charges brought down. Half of these charges involved the solicitation of sexual services of a person under 18—teen prostitution. There was one charge of making child pornography and 20 of possessing it. London Police Chief, Julian Fantino, used the media and public meetings to stir up public hysteria over a large "kidnapping ring" in London. This specter was used to justify the creation of a province-wide investigation authorized by the Solicitor-General, under the name Project Guardian. Between October 1995 and 1996 there were over 60 arrests by Project Guardian in London and Toronto. Fantino has repeatedly engaged the pernicious demon of "pedophilia" in order to discredit his detractors' opinions. It is of course a tactic of intimidation and an effort to silence dissent.

This kind of hyperbolic rhetoric is symptomatic of moral panic. Such hysteria has historically been attached to "unnatural" sexual practices; witness the regime of social hygiene and the concern over the rhetoric of containment and law and order promulgated by some U.S. public officials. The discourse of a moral panic reduces the specificity of sexual activity to a singular focus in the social nexus, whereby unusual powers of causality are then attributed to it. The fallout from such collective paranoia is an exaggeration of sexual peril, attributing extreme malignancy to specific sexual behavior and in addition assigning them an exaggerated pervasiveness: undesirable sexual acts are "everywhere" and have unusual powers to "corrupt" and subjugate others. Moral panic can be seen as a crisis of identity of the dominant group. When identities are based on insecurities, there is a marked propensity to guard jealously "borders" of identity. A moral panic is concerned about advancing a specific set of clearly defined values—values which seem threatened by a set of projections of moral danger. In the first place, a sexual scandal is attractive both to the media and to the public. The readiness to exploit these issues betrays our deep cultural insecurities about sexuality in the West. Historically, it has been judiciary, and police: and the "morally repugnant" whose actions and values are seen to have no redeeming social value and conflict with the dominant mode. Consequently those marginalized find themselves with little or no institutional support and thus little power in which to legitimate alternative or oppositional social values.

When sexuality is connected to youth then the underlying fears of the "corruption of youth" and of destroying the country's future take on particular force. These are the words of London Police Chief, Julian Fantino, heard on ideas, coming into the police station, and arrested. "It's an enterprise that's victimizing the most vulnerable of our society, very young, helpless children, and turning them to a life of crime." The fear is that these "children" have been forever "broken" and that the whole social fabric will unravel.

Most conspicuous in the London faisceau is the systematic silencing of the voices of the youth involved. If their voices are involved at all, it is always by way of interpretation through social welfare agencies and the police, which invariably name them as passive victims of unscrupulous adults. Important realities which contextualize their lives are left out—abusive and dysfunctional families, poverty, survival, prostitution, and queer youth sexuality.

The complex and contradictory ways in which young gay men who are faced with a myriad of social barriers, negotiate and experience their sexuality in a homonormative world is rarely part of the discourse surrounding this case.

Max Allen, a CBC radio producer, aired one of the first critical shows on this case, entitled "The Trials of London." It was researched in part by a young gay journalist, Josee Couteau, and was broadcast on CBC's Ideas in October 1994. Gerald Hannon's Globe & Mail article, "The Kidnapping Ring that Wasn't" (March 11, 1995) and John Greyson's television documentary, "After the Bath," all contributed to presenting a much needed forum for the perspectives of the youth and men. Their efforts, along with those of other journalists, artists and activists, continue to challenge the official reports of the media and police. They have provided a counter-discourse to a powerful ideology perpetuated by police and most media.

One person who has worked on the campaign to "Rapeal the Youth Porn Law" is postmodern feminist, author, and activist, Shannon Bell. She is the author of: Reading, Writing and Rewriting the Prostitut Brothel Body (Indiana, 1994), Whore Carnival (Autonoma, 1995) and with Brenda Cossman, Becki Ross & Lise Gotell, Bad Attitude's Feminism, Pornography and the Butler Decision (forthcoming, 1995).

ROB TEIXEIRA: Can you comment generally on what's been happening in London, in terms of how the Children Pornography Law is set up and who it's targeting.

SHANNON BELL: It's targeting intergenerational sex. It's collapsing the categories of child, youth and young adult so that you find, that a lot of the people referred to as "children" are actually 15 year old guys.

Photographs by David Moffat

sexuality and drugs that have primarily galvanized "moral agents" who then provided the authoritative concepts designed to polarize sentiment into two camps: the "morally good" whose universalizing values are then bolstered by crucial institutions, like the family, state,
So one of the things we did in terms of attempting to repeal the Youth Pornography Law was to make an image which would challenge the prohibition against dressing up children. Instead of just a parade of people in exchange of the images, someone who million. In public, they use the kind of the style and the style that we used the codes of the story and T-shirt and came up with this kind of free-handed expression that can be very effective in terms of social and economic change.

RT: The police are giving these guys money?
SB: Yes. It is legitimate money they could use to get 
their lives in order. It's a social service program, but there are strings attached. I feel one of the problems is, unlike Max Allen did the Ideas Series on CBC, there wasn't really a forum for these guys to say anything. It is important to make distinctions among child pornography, sexual representation of young people, people who are forced into sex work, and young people who have sex for money. The law is targeting gay men mostly—but that doesn't mean it's any better if it targets heterosexual men and young prostitutes.

RT: Their definition of "child" is a specific problem. We've definitely seen a subtle shift in categories, where even the age of 16 can be regarded as "child." I'm not talking about a legal definition, but in terms of a general discourse surrounding child welfare agencies and social services where the age is creeping up, maybe legally but in terms of how we think about it. Agencies are becoming more conservative in that regard. I don't know why, maybe it's a reaction against child abuse discourse being more prevalent today?

SB: I'm not sure. One of the things that they tend to do is when they are trying to do a new campaign, they add the category "child pornography" to attack the law. It's like you put yourself in that position. People don't want to do that because they know they are going to be ensnared or staked instead. You can talk about things like people are not children when they are 14—depending on the personality of the 14-year-olds who are 14-year-olds. In other cases, are under the age of 14 and are not children. Many people, if you are 15 years old, are having sex and are not children. In other words, the law means that is they can't have representations of themselves having sex. I think the reason is there's been such little visible resistance is because the people who know what it's all about and who would resist are exactly those who are being targeted, such as gay men who are having sex with men who are under 18. Much of the gay community is also a bit worried about their representation in the press as being really inter-generational sex. I think since this came up at the same time that spousal benefits were a big issue, it really managed to bring together the gay community.

You've got the whore community and you've got some aspects of the queer community and you've got a very intense coalition with the Trotskyites. They've been very active. And then you've got different individuals from various universities who are very active in terms of free speech and things like that.

RT: In terms of coalition activity around this whole issue, has the Child Porn Law created new coalitions between such groups as the gay community and sex trade workers?
SB: I think that coalition was already there. The people attending some of the demos were pretty much the same people. I think it has solidified a coalition and many more people, including the sex trade workers, are really busy right now fighting some of the pending sex laws. They are under major duress as well and they really don't have any sort of coherent policy set out right now on the so-called Child Porn Law. Also, most of what they have to say is geared toward the young gays that are working and not toward their clients, and it's the clients who are really taking the shit on this. Partly this is all tied up with the issue of inter-generational sex and the exchange of money for sex.

RT: Are you finding a split in attitudes around what's happening? I'm hearing a lot of new demands for a whole range of cultural and artistic production and sex trade workers. I've noticed in terms of media coverage, even in the alternative press, an exclusion around the plight of sex trade workers and their clients.
SB: Yes, that is something that has been overlooked. Eli Langer has made the connection himself, he's quite good. I think there are more social stigma and more justifications that are put against the clients and their clients than for artists. In London the ones that ended up taking it were the clients. But I know also that Eli has suffered a lot; his work was censored.

RT: The Child Porn Law is situated within a context of moral panic which has historically pivoted primarily around gay men and the spectre of the "pedophile." Examples include a 12-year-old shoeshine boy, Emanuel Jacobson, whose legs were mummified on the roof of a Yonge St. body-building parlour in August 1977. A depraved crime which also brought depraved incidents of homophobic fear, such as calls for capital punishment being implicated. This led to raids on the offices of the Body Politic, a Toronto gay liberation newspaper, and a subsequent court battle. During this time as well, there was the Dade County anti-gay historic of Anita Bryant. Here we are in 1995-96 and this is happening again. Why?
SB: Yes, it keeps resurfacing as moral panic. And it also resurfaces at a time when conservative forces have regrouped. I think one thing because they've got "family values" being really strong in terms of governmental policy with the so-called Revolutionary Republican. As well, there is a real move toward criminalization, a real move now toward putting more people in prison, stronger laws and harsher sentences along the lines of getting tough with crime. When you call to say that the people in prison are there for drug charges, not major drug charges, you've got a very strange society.

When you actually start to break down the word "pedophile" you start to uncover the reality of what is going on. When you read something that says "pedophile," unless you're aware you actually think they're talking about somebody who is having sex with someonely or someone touching or molesting someone who is a child, you are wrong. It is typically a teenage man or woman. And one of the clever things Max Allen does is on ideas how he talks about how a London cop had forced sex with a young woman who was seventeen, he called her a "girl." Max then talks about how ridiculous it sounds. As women we fought very hard not to be called girls, even at seventy. Max brought attention to how ridiculous it sounds to call her a "girl." It is just as ridiculous calling gays that some "boys."
On High Heels, Art That Heals

BY FRANCISCO IRANEZ

The stage is set, but she is not yet ready. He knows his audience awaits. What will she say? This queen, this matriarch black lady, walks with it up. Of course, Miss Gee will have to read somebody; that's part of the performance we all expect. But can she transcend the preconceived roles she has for her audience? Does she want to define herself? Can she transcend the mutual masquerade—the wise, witty, critical matriarch with which we so often camouflage our deeper, more complex identities?

— "Unleash the Queen," Marilyn T. Rogers

Ding drag is arsenaux, which in Spanish means decorative art such as quilting, cross-stitching, or quilting. Drag queen is a term used by gay men to describe someone who dresses like a woman. Drag queens are often seen as performers who challenge gender norms and societal expectations. They often use makeup, wigs, and costumes to create a public persona that is distinct from their private identity. Drag is a form of self-expression and is often a way to challenge social norms and expectations. Drag is not just about dressing up; it is about identity, self-expression, and community. Drag is a form of resistance and a way to reclaim space in a heteronormative society. Drag is a way to challenge power dynamics and to create a safe space for individuals to express themselves. Drag is not just about performance; it is about identity and community.
The exuberant public procession of queens reminds me of Catholic pilgrimages with dancing working-class women carrying El Viejito del Carmen (in Chile), El Guadalupino (in Mexico) or el Cobre (in Cuba) on their strong working-class shoulders (now that it is a fantasy, isn’t it?). In Latin America the drag queen embodies an erotic aspect of the virgin/whore duality, one of our cherished cultural themes. Said to the closers. The drag queen enters into our North American public imaginary with big muscle, sure of her lines, in different cinematic vehicles such as Almodóvar’s High Heels, Dunn’s Pink Flamingos, Priscilla, Queen of the Desert, The Crying Game, and Farewell My Conscience, in plays such as M Butterfly and The Torch Song Trilogy, in documentaries such as Paris is Burning and Wigstock, in Sex in the 1600s Experience, in novels such as Pulp’s The Kiss of the Spider Woman, and in the public works of San Francisco’s Own Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence. A gallery of drag queen icons should include people as disparate as Bay George and Liz Taylor. Beware, we are everywhere. However, watch out: straight boys have smartened up and they have chulk in that the 50s contentious gay, single father, gayly type is “us.” They are getting the drag queen roles in movies like To Wong Foo. Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar. The film, sporting a “multicultural” cast of Sweater, Singer and Laotian, is likely to be criticized for being homophobic and coopting one aspect of gay culture, I think it is not relevant enough to stand any accusation. It is one more example of fancy packaging and no content. However, the question remains as to why these stereotypical aspects of male queer culture still mesmerize us. Have you noticed the increase in the number of funny lines on the mouth of fetish buddies or drag queens? Suddenly straight boys are keen-minded (Dann, Roseanne’s wife, is getting there), some of us are not amused, particularly if we are familiar with closers. We know they had it in teams to begin with (check the second game and other male spectators). I wonder, though, where the baseball bat is hidden. You would be, nonetheless, flummoxed by the ringing repertoire of devices that drag queens have. The broader the queen the bigger the surprise!! Drag immediately interrupts the flow of normality: look what the cat dragged in! It reminds us that hell on earth is just around the corner: outbreaks, violence, viruses. Drag queens seem to be the catalysts for a volatile alchemy because we step over racial, class and sexual boundaries.

I’ve realized that I don’t like doing drag for gay men. It’s a hard thing to sell, but drag queens traditionally are staples of toxic environments. I prefer mixed audiences: they are less sheltered, they check each other out. It’s like going to church. Closet gay men intimidate me and make me self-conscious about my blemished skin, my accent, and my sexual energy. Among gay men I feel I’m never enough. We are after all a cynical, jaded and scored bunch. I do drag mostly in my second language, English, and I choose to employ some black cultural elements, every Anglo and Latino eli-

NAN GOLDIN
Roommate in her chair, Boston, 1972.
The author of the novel sneaks down the street in order to avoid being seen by the characters from the novel. He is wearing a black coat and a fedora hat, and he carries a briefcase. The street is dimly lit by street lamps, and the buildings along the street are old and weathered. The author is lost in thought as he walks, contemplating the events that have transpired in the novel and the consequences of his actions.

The city is shrouded in a thick fog, and the air is cold, making it difficult to breathe. The author is grateful for the briefcase, which provides him with some protection from the elements. He is determined to complete his work and return the manuscript to the publisher, despite the challenges he faces. The author's journey is a metaphor for the challenges faced by writers and artists in their pursuit of their craft, and the obstacles they must overcome to achieve their goals.
SPORTS

"Why, you might ask, would a man give up a promising literary career - there were some good notices - to become a sportswriter?"

Richard Ford, The Sportsman

“The equation,” Victoria A. Snowmanorth explains in her contribution, “The Competitive Closet,” in Sporsticles, “has always been simplistic: sports are masculine; women in sports are masculine; therefore, women as sports are feminine.” Simplistic, but not simplistic; sports writing masculinizes women’s bodies, but this does not make them less feminine. The simplistic logic of the argument (and the positive models of femininity it implies) has fueled the style-batting which has haunted women’s sports for decades. Consider the LPDA (Ladies Professional Golf Association), which has been the target of such battering and management running since its inception in 1950. The LPDA continues to be stigmatized by the male sportswriting establishment because its all-funders, Babe Didrikson, had well-known affairs with other women on the tour. Today, nothing has changed, if one considers the recent example of CBS golf analyst Ben Wright, whose homophobic and misogynistic essays were widely reported. Mary Jollimore, in The Globe and Mail, thought it sufficient to let him implicate himself with his own words, thus missing the opportunity to expose the fact that opinions like his -- not to mention decisions like hers -- have been replaced for some five decades. One positive lesson is that an episode like this one puts into relief the significant lack of Sporsticles in which stories of some of the contributors directly confront the deleterious effects on the careers of individual women and, ultimately, on everyone involved in the sports case of all kinds of sexual stereotyping of women athletes. While one never tires of resisting the quite different episodes of the coming out of such stars as Martha Banta and Pat Menets, this is not the case. This is not the case because Martha is a young television personality, O. woman, not the football star was aware of its footballiness, but whether it was aware of its awareness. Self-awareness is not against the football’s objective in the post-modern theory of the object. Stop poking around, Jackman says. This is not the elimination of commodity fetishism, but what makes the game seductive: the discovery of a hidden truth. This is the only compensation there can be for Super Sunday."

Gary Genosko

GIRL JOCKS

SPORTSNEWS

REVENGE OF THE PIGSKIN

THE LOUISVILLE LIP

After an astonishingly effective Super Bowl Sunday -- a spectacle designed, after all, for those devoted to the savoir-faire of capitalist elites, and an event highly productive of a wide range of personal problems, making it a boon to the caring professions as well as to advertisers -- it is imperative to reflect on the football experiences in Don Delillo’s End Zone. Enigmatic running back Gary Hufker, whose strange behavior, at times, or major colleges, qualifies him, in the eyes of the coach, to be a leader in the tiny and obscure Logos College, has a passion for conspiracies of nuclear destruction. These scenarios are closely related to pros and defense patterns on the gridiron, which he treats with theological concern. End Zone is the portrait of a football as a young metaphysician. One day, the kicker, filling Johnson, restrains a strange insight into Hufker, the only one to whom such an unbelievable thing could be told: “I sensed knowledge in the football. I sensed a strange power and rebelliousness. The football possessed awareness. The football knew what was happening. It knew. I’m sure of it.” The real question, Hufker adds, is not whether the football was aware of its footballiness, but whether it was aware of its awareness. Self-awareness is not against the football’s objective in the post-modern theory of the object. Stop poking around, Jackman says. This is not the elimination of commodity fetishism, but what makes the game seductive: the discovery of a hidden truth. This is the only compensation there can be for Super Sunday."

Richard Ford, The Sportsman

In a previous column I mentioned Elliott Gom’s lament for the lack of attention given to sports by students of cultural studies. With the publication of his edited collection, Muhammad Ali: The People’s Champ, he comes across with the goods. All may have believed that Jack Johnson is the greatest fighter of all time, but for Gom, Ali is truly the greatest. It needs to be kept in mind that Miles Davis’ record album, which is the core of the Ali camp at least not yet. Ali once released an offer to play Jack Johnson in a Hollywood version of his life story. As a result, Johnson is considered a cult figure. His athletic accomplishments were like the issues sometimes provocations. His personal life was a political minefield. The implications began when he changed his name upon converting to Islam. Let’s not forget that with the murder of Malcolm X in 1965, Ali became the most visible minister of the Nation of Islam, or when Elijah Muhammad would suspend him in the late 1960s just as his boxing career was being renewed. It wasn’t until the mid-1970s that Ali was accepted back into the Nation’s fold. Indeed, Ali was not alone, given that major black sports figures such as Lew Alcindor (Basketball) and Bobby Moore (football) did the same upon converting to Islam. Ali also raised the political consciousness of black athletes during the Olympic boycott/protest of 1968 directed against the participation of South Africa. Perhaps most significantly, Ali’s opposition to the Vietnam War precipitated a legal struggle with the American government that lasted five years (1968-1973) and, for a time, cost Ali his heavyweight championship. He returned to the ring in 1970 to defeat Joe Frazier, dubbing him the “great white hope.” Thus began his ascent to the title that he would recapture in 1974 with his stunningly orchestrated defeat of the younger and larger George Foreman. It was then that Ali, speaking to James Earl Jones, who played the part of Johnson in the film The Great White Hope, understood that his experience was parallel to that of Johnson’s, and that the shadowy years that separated them had not changed the racism they encountered. (Johnson had to defend the heavyweight title he won in 1930 against a “white hope” candidate.) Yet Ali had escaped, for religious and political reasons, the fateful Miserie that Johnson adopted in his acquisition and display, as one contributor notes, of “white prerogatives.” Ali’s success, his work for the Black Power campaign, and even his efforts to “endgame” boxing, with claims of his own prudence and the poetry that issued from his lyrics (“Ain’t I a bad, I said, I ain’t nothin’ but a man in trouble,”) have both brought him into critical focus in Gom’s book. What readings of Ali teach – despite the ambiguities of race as a contributor – is that boxing is not removed by any top ontological device, whether it is by site of site or abstraction, from race politics. This “race card” is not played in relation to boxing as it was somehow separate. Boxing is a political medium and race (blackness) is one of its constitutive fusions.

Books and Articles Mentioned:
After an elaborate, performative orgasm (Mannon screaming, "Dui, oui, oui..."), Joyanna smears a fleur de lis on Mannon’s back with menstrual blood. Sonya figures the blood is fake, but can’t get close enough to tell.

By Marosya Bociorkiw

Everything here is a Starkins’s franchise, all the words are in faux Italian.

Zoe wants to call Sonya, but she doesn’t have a cell that big enough, or a piece of good news exciting enough to warrant that shocking ring of the phone at 2 a.m. The referendum results don’t quite cut it, and besides, her exact position is unclear. She would have voted no, but she isn’t exactly a Forrest Gump character, the mid-point of Canadian identity, who seems to be alive and well and living in Moose Jaw. The kind of guy who does a really good pretentiously Quebeckois accent at parties, yet couldn’t pronounce a non-anglo name if his life depended on it. The type who boards the Unity Plane with a big old Maple Leaf flag he got from the Kiwanis Club, goes to Montreal for the first time in his life, gets drunk, walks around with his Saskatchewan buddies shouting in English about what a great country Canada is, then comes home and sits in front of the TV with a beer, watching the referendum results (while his wife does the dishes in the kitchen), until his brother calls to say the result is in.

Zoe wants to describe this vision to Sonya, warn her somehow. But it isn’t enough of a story to interrupt the pale blue membrane of her girlfriend’s dreams, that surely excites her at this very moment. And it is no substitute for the scent of the intimate vapors of sleep, that only lovers get to breathe.

11 p.m. in Vancouver, muses Sonya absently, the time differential a bother—some jingle she can’t get out of her head. And Eliza are sharing a joint, leaning against a make-shift bar at a King & Dufferin speakeasy: post-referendum blow out, organized by a gang of francophone-dykes and their friends.

The huge warehouse studio is full of old television, piled up in corners or lying face-up on the floor. Pro-taped CIC News footage runs on them; Peter Mansbridge peering through monitors that have out or now painted on the glass. Very retro, very Nan June Pam. Sonya knows about Nan June Pam, 60s installation artist, from her lover Zoe, who isn’t here, but should be. Zoe has left town in search of work, and Sonya was laid off from her medical technician job three weeks ago. These days, she finds herself circling the city in search of an idea, some new way to be.

She is watching a performance piece by Joyanna Silver, video performer and ex-lover four times removed of Zoe’s. Joyanna, who is anglo, and the writer Nanon Bertrand, who is Franco phone, are hanging sex on the up-ended monitors which are made up to look like a bed, with pillows and a thin sheet through which Peter Mansbridge’s innocent face can be seen.

After an elaborate, performative orgasm (Mannon screaming, “Dui, oui, oui...”), Joyanna smears a fleur de lis on Mannon’s back with menstrual blood. Sonya figures the blood is fake, but can’t get close enough to tell. It, too, is a throwback to the early eighties when you couldn’t enter an alternative gallery with out seeing somebody’s stained tampon hanging on the wall.

Then, another performance begins, A corps de ballet of women with nylon stockings over their heads run around, delicately brandishing hand grenades. The semi-famous partner Nick Stevopoulos performs through the room, a Pierre Truax mask on his face, and his dick dangling away, shouting in a falsetto voice, “Just watch me! Just watch me!” An all dyke chorus line bounces around a nikey, snapping their fingers and chanting: “Poutine aux Quebecois, patène aux Quebecois...” Gay in army fatigues aim toy rifles at people in the audience, who laugh hatingly, nervously. It seems to Sonya that this performance has moved past the boundaries of anglo good taste, even with this help, and that that is what is exciting about it.

Sonya goes to get another beer. For some reason, she starts thinking about her one and only trip to Quebec, when she was a kid. Her mom took her and her sister, Kal, for Expo 67. Sonya would have rather gone to London, France, but this was a second choice. Her favourite tourist site was St. Joseph’s Oratory, the big church on Mount Royal. Sonya was in her religion phase then, and found it stirring to watch old women climb the steps to the church on their bare knees, and to see the petrified bones of saints preserved in jars. Also, she remembers that whenever she tried to speak French, people would say to her that she was anglois, and her

...would always go, no, no, no, we’re not English. But if they weren’t English what were they?

Midnight in Vancouver, and Zoe is wide awake, remembering the time she and Sonya first made love. It was raining at the time, you could smell the rain and spices of the city. Sonya figures the blood is fake, but can’t get close enough to tell. She is watching a performance piece by Joyanna Silver, video performer and ex-lover four times removed of Zoe’s. Joyanna, who is anglo, and the writer Nanon Bertrand, who is Franco phone, are hanging sex on the up-ended monitors which are made up to look like a bed, with pillows and a thin sheet through which Peter Mansbridge’s innocent face can be seen. After an elaborate, performative orgasm (Mannon screaming, “Dui, oui, oui...”), Joyanna smears a fleur de lis on Mannon’s back with menstrual blood. Sonya figures the blood is fake, but can’t get close enough to tell. It, too, is a throwback to the early eighties when you couldn’t enter an alternative gallery with out seeing somebody’s stained tampon hanging on the wall.

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Zoe is wide awake, remembering the time she and Sonya first made love. It was raining, you could smell the wax crayon aroma of wet pavement from the window.

to the rain, the kind of perfectly com-
fortable fit that doesn’t happen very ofien. There was a glass of water by the
bed, a Silent Equinox Death poster on the
wall, a book of Ukrainian fairytales
that had fallen to the floor. There was
a cat who jumped on top of them when
they were finished, warming dinner,
and a phone that rang over and over
again in the next apartment.

Zoe pulls herself back, looks at the
unfamiliar pattern of city lights outside
her window. The memory is good,
maybe too good: It’s like a drink too
eary in the day, it will get you later.
She looks around her room, white
walls, blue sheets, a strange, low ceil-
in, and tries to breathe to smell the smell of rain mixed with what she imagines to
be the very faint, comforting salt smell
of ocean, or if it is just the memory of
Sonya’s cunt?
The atmosphere in the room is real-
lily wired, giving Sonya energy. She feels
at home in her own town. There is
something comforting about that. Since
coming out, Sonya has organized her
world in a simple way, and them men con-
munication, to calling herself, to being
lesbian. Lesbians are good, les-
bians are supportive of women. Lesbian
relationships are better, safer.

But now, looking around, she
begins to doubt her own rooms. There
seem to be a lot of foraging over the
few gay men who have shown up, espe-
cially the semi-famous ones. Ike Nick,
writer, some kind of unspoken definition
of who is hot and who isn’t, so
that Sonya dykes from a kind of popular
girl’s circle, and other dykes hover
around them. There is the estrangement
of dykes from colour, with the most
anglo, upper-class white dykes vying for how
and racist they can be, since they have been
brought up to power and they realize that, right now, that is where
the power lies. There is a lot of tension,
also of stress about clothes and haircuts
and getting invited to parties. Maybe
being so good and pure has just gotten too
boring for words.

1 a.m. in Vancouver. Zoe turns on
the radio, feeling that cracking wall
of sound. It’s been well to wall referen-
dent coverage, now it’s wall to wall cut
backs. The federal government is going
to get to meet, get even, get even, get,
get. Zoe lis-
tens to politicians and government offi-
cials being interviewed by besotted,
soft-spoken CBC interviews. What people
are saying is horrific: less money for sin-
gle mothers to raise their kids. People
are being asked to pay more for their medical
prescriptions. A new head tax for immi-
grants, and then, in some province,
not getting any social assistance for three
months, just so the immigrants can
thrive up and prove they really
deserve to be in Canada. All of it spoken
in a low, modulated, common sense
kind of voice, so that Fenton Gump can
cut off the lawyers and occasionally
give in the food bank. This is Canada. Zoe
keeps thinking about that Gump-green
in Saskatchewan waving his liason’s Club
flag, how malleable, how hopeful, how
desperate he is.
The rain stops. 11:00 a.m. clicks
to place on the clock radio.
The thing is, you have to figure out
something besides despair. Zoe moved
to Vancouver to escape Toronto’s hard
edge, and to get just ahead of the tide of
conservatism that’s been sweeping
westward, like bad weather. She’s doing
back work on American feature films,
moving furniture, hanging drapes, dri-
ging around town looking for 30s
Depression glassware, 50s formica
tables, 50s shag rugs. She wears
a beaver better than all the other crew,
and she keeps crazy hours, on call all the
time, and talking endlessly about work on her
days off, about how stupid each direc-
tor is and how sexist most crew are,
about how important the whole thing
is, with theCanadian actors playing extras
and being told not to get in the way of the American stars.

But there is a kind of satisfaction
in it, that she doesn’t admit to. She
likes working with people, each with
their own specific job. She definitely
likes getting paid, and she likes being
part of something bigger than her own
artistic imagination. She is always
tired, always eating out, always
avoiding her own film work. She won-
ners if she will ever make art again, and
is fine with that thought. There is a
whole myth about how art is this tran-
scendent thing, this gives hope. She
knows this isn’t true anymore, and
evertheless. Art is just hard
work, like everything else.

1 a.m. in Toronto. Sonya imagines
herself on a cloud above the party,
scanning all the nesty things about it,
like the Bored Vagin Mary she prayed
to so fervently as a child. Someone
hands her a joint, she feels a bit dizzy,
her head not quite connected to her
body. But it might not be the joint. It
might simply be that she has seen too
much, and now needs to close down.
Sonya’s sister has once told Sonya
that she has the ability of seeing
through most people and their tran-
parent self deceptions. ‘You have a
way with me, like Superman,’ Kat had
said. “You better watch it, kid. Most
people don’t like that.”

It is true that Sonya can see
through Joymin Silver as though she is a
piece of film, with all the cloudy com-
promises Joymin has made with her-
selves to get ahead. Like dots of irresistible
blood cells visible in an otherwise pure
bloodstream, Sonya can see Eliza’s
deep, self-hating need to align herself
with male power, even though Eliza is
a dyke and supposedly a lesbian, like
a lang with claws all over it. She can see
how Zoe has curtailed her ambitions,
just so she can feel safe, and how mov-
ing to B.C. in a running away, which
never really works. And worst of all,
she can see how the lesbian community
is doomed! It doesn’t find some
infrastructure to let face take of itself
in the long-term, because it is poverty,
other than AIDS, which is going to
kill most of them, in the end.
The thing about seeing through people,
the problem with it, is that it leads
to existential despair. It’s true that everyone has big, dirty clouds
obscuring their eysayed souls. But
it suddenly occurs to Sonya that there
is something very Catholic in the way
she wants everyone to have a pure unblem-
ished soul, when she thought she had
left all that Catholic crap behind.

Zoe gets up and stands at her
kitchen window for awhile, staring
out to the wind and the distant hum
of foghorns. Her apartment is on a rise
of land, so that from her kitchen she
can see Burardel Hotel and the circular
line of lights that’s Lion’s Gate
Bridge. In the daytime, on a clear
day, she is surrounded by a blue half-
circle of mountains. When it’s
windy, the apartment shudders like
something alive, and she likes that.
Toronto is a city with no horizon, no
natural referents. And Toronto is a
place she will always be referenced
to, her compass need not constantly
spinning without the CN Tower to
grow north and south in line. She
won’t be able to push furniture around
on film sets forever. Will she be
able to turn to art again for hope?
The party breaks up at 5 a.m.
Sonya ends up in a cab with Joymin
and Eliza. Eliza’s head flops against Sonya’s
shoulder, while Joymin keeps up a
running commentary about the party,
who said what about whom, and the
techical fuck-ups that happened dur-
ing the performance, including some
problem with the concealing of men-
strual blood. From that she segues into
her upcoming retrospective in Baffin,
the cool and famous people she met
recently in San Francisco, and a book
deal in the editing with a British pub-
lisher. Sonya can hardly follow what
Joymin’s talking about, but she senses
that Joymin is trying desperately to
make everything happen before she
gets old or before all the arts grants dry
up, whichever comes first.

When they get to Queen and
Spadina, Joymin helps Sonya get Eliza
safely into her apartment before she
starts panics. It’s a woman thing,
making sure they each got home safe.

Sonya gets back in the cab and
Joymin hands over most of the cab
fare. ‘It’s too much,’ says Sonya.
‘That’s Ok,’ says Joymin. ‘It’s
Ontario Arts Council money. Go to
spend it before it goes to waste.
’ Joymin walks off along Queen Street,
her pink vinyl raincoat catching the
wind. And Sonya, Bathurst and St.
Clair in that smooth, luxuriant movement of a taxi on
a night-time road late at night. Phrases of idealized beauty and
flares of paranoid fantasy alternate in her head like canc-
lar light. A space of truth, either way.

When Sonya gets to her apart-
ment the phone is ringing. She
glances at her watch, calculates: 2:30 a.m. in
Vancouver. Zoe, probably getting home
from a film shoot. But the ring
ning has stopped by the time she gets to the
does.

Photographs from the book: 1050 Nudie.
The central point to coalition politics is the concept of local or community control. In cultural terms, this politics would argue for community-based cultural production where people have local control of cultural resources. Given the incursions of information as currency through free trade agreements, a living culture that has any relevance to people’s lives could go the way of the forests and the east coast fishery real fast.

Carol Condé and Karl Bensdorp, "Some Thoughts on Art and the Labour Movement"

The demand of Queer activism to be recognized and not just tolerated is an important model for community politics as a whole.

1984 Meeting of ANPM, just before that unfortunate organization imploded, partly, if not wholly, under the weight of the concerns that the Coalition was formed to address. Although not part of the Community Project, Miquon Parneshay met at the Centre in 1984 and engaged in what it termed a guerilla campaign designed to shore that region was in need in Banff as an institution. The success of the campaign is demonstrated by the support that it generated at the Centre and by its documentation in a series of anonymous computer postings that make up its contribution to this volume. Siwallis sees that the last page appears too anachronistic to be recognized as an effective coalition, and recalls them "with love" and in relation to her own struggles in this area. Miquon Parneshay enumerates its position with a quotation from Trish Mattick: "If your coalition is comfortable, it’s not wide enough.

Shawna Dempsey in Mary Madonna a performance by Dempsey and Lori Milton

The theme of racial and community is also taken up by Pauliatt who tells the story of that provision through sensitivity in the face of cultural genocide. Ruby Angel’s naivety describes how the women in her group are conceptualized by settler society as artists having an unusual ability, although in her culture producing art, which is to say, making things, is a normal everyday occurrence. Shara Semtuk, speaking in Inuktitut, tells of the absence of community through technology, relaxation and education/indoctrination. Her speech is recorded in a bilingual text.

In "Wataboohe means weep over, a plain gone to seed." Bruce Kanashone chronicles a different search for the idea of community. The artists who were part of A New Generation. An Old Culture were either sanadib (brief generation) Japanese Canadians

BY Robyn Gillam
or artists who had left Japan and, to some degree, its culture behind. What they decided to do in this residency in Banff was to establish links with the local Japanese community, which, due to outside pressures, kept theTesla. Overcoming barriers of distrust and even of language (the蚕房 were exclusively Japanese), the group was able to set up joint activities and projects that led to the photographic documentation of the community as part of the exhibition. Kanazawa's piece forms the text of a diary in which he defends the idea of community as based on socializing and friendship as well as organized political action. He also tackles the problem of how artists working within a western avant-garde framework can communicate with the more traditional members of their own community.

This problem was also faced by Henry Tsang when he left the Uma Shitsuren and set up New Media, an exhibition at the Chinese Cultural Centre in Vancouver. Tsang realized that open communication was essential in trying to redefine an audience that, although connected by ethnicity, was separated from the artists by cultural and psychological barriers. The traditionalist and populist sentiments of the people who ran the centre meant that one particular installation had to be changed and that a special effort had to be made to reach an audience that could not read the English texts. The negotiations of these difficulties encouraged Tsang and filmmaker Kirk Lee to embark on an even more ambitious project. A multimedia, multi-ethnic project focusing on AIDS education and awareness that targeted young people from different cultural backgrounds. This project was situated in different community centres in the Vancouver area, but shopping malls, which should have been an ideal venue for this kind of work, refused to display the exhibit's material on the grounds that it promoted homosexuality.

Such ideological barriers were made explicit by the activities of Second Decade, which created public service announcements about AIDS education for the '80s. Although none of the artists were sexually explicit, their lack of judgmental fear-mongering and of homophobia has continued them to the art gallery. Even more explicit hostility greeted the artists' coalition, Average Good Looks, when they put up a billboard warning targeted towards homosexuals. The evidence of the messages to the group's 1400 member list them in fear for their personal safety and the gallery was vandalized by the hit VanKan. These events led to the formation of Queer Culture (QOC) which resulted in the staging of a protest at the Wellin art gallery. As the founder of Queer Culture, Marla Spivak, and Carolos Confetti, pulp and paper industries might allow workers to participate in staged-rammed community consultations, but they make sure that the victims are strategically drowned out.

What we see in these essays is a shift from Tsang to performative experience, as exemplified in the well-known citation about the power of culture and social life, "community" is sometimes an elusive term. As defined in the contribution by Karl Boodewitz and Carrie Coode, pulp and paper industries might allow workers to participate in staged-rammed community consultations, but they make sure that the victims are strategically drowned out.

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Penny Travers: "I had smoked Gauloises in Paris and slept in Paul Bowles' Tangier casbah. I had been an infant termites in New York's sherry-corked advertising world. Finally... he discovered gay liberation." And wrote poetry, essays, satire, science fiction, and short stories, some of which are collected in Out There. These stories look like a guy in a hurry. His stories read like he writes in a hurry— but the love, mystery, violence and fantasy in Out There are not restricted in a "one note" way. "Aliplator Man", for instance, has Rob, a typical New Yorker, rebuffed by his boyfriend while Rob is out business. He tries to hustle a bartender at his hotel, is charmed by the guy who turns out to be a couple of guys who turn out to be some handsome, shrewd, smart people. All in a few pages — and a long way from Remembrance of Things Past. For a while Rob misses things post (the Times, urban times). The cardboard present, though, gets to be quite alluring. Sort of. Small? The other stories, a little less rushed, are only slightly less compelling. They are the San Francisco Bay Times of another time. and occasionally ("Aliplator Man") a shot of adrenaline to the creative centers of the brain."
non-fiction


This one should sell like hotcakes. First, there’s Stuart on the cover, nattily doused in a still from 1964’s The Artless Dodger, contesting the reader on his vitriolic spleen. Second, this collection doesn’t disappoint: meads up with articles by Hall and many of the people he has worked closely with over the years, this book tracks the brief history of cultural studies through Hall’s work and demonstrates the dynamic interplay of Hall’s sometimes path-breaking work with the important contributions made by others who have pushed Hall to revise and develop his own ideas. This volume takes off from the well-known special issue of the Journal of Communication Inquiry (1996), vol. 10 no. 3, edited by Chen, but pushes the envelope for beyond those market beginnings. / M.H.


When Northern intellectuals of European descent turn now more to postcolonialism, is it a “fad,” a shift of perspective which allows the humanities to reappropriate themselves, or is it a serious engagement with other literatures and, more importantly, other social, historical, cultural and theoretical milieux? Both an intellectual autobiography and an important critique of literary and cultural politics, Lusier’s Reading North by South is an attempt to present “readings” of the South by Northern intellectuals. Lusier asserts that “much of what the North needs and writes of the South . . . continues to derive its authority from [the] wellspring of colonial ‘common sense.’” Commenting on the reception of the Latin American literary “boom” in particular, Lusier argues that Northern intellectuals were willing “to recognize the legitimacy of Southern texts but only inside as did not require the reader to question the legitimacy . . . of the high modernist canon itself.” Whether or not Lusier has succeeded in avoiding this trap, or whether he has simply provided a legitimating narrative for his own romp through Latin American perspectives on literature, postmodernism and cultural studies is a question left to the reader. / M.H.

Reviews by Stanley Fogel and Michael Huchthausen

It shouldn’t be forgotten, though, that Gass’s flaccidoyce and insinuation were part of, as the historian Kohler might have it, the avant-garde’s (continuously) patch. / S.F.


On his reason for writing Gass once commented, “I want to rise so high that when I look I won’t miss anybody.” Such an ocean out of The Tunnel the way waste spills out of a sewer after a storm. Bile and metaphor — and metaphors about bile: these are the major components of a work twenty years in the making.

Gass, once the feature writer about fiction and theory of fiction for The New York Review of Books, produces metaphors as fluidly as he breathes. Disappointment is written elegantly and innovatively: “I felt the smile I’d penciled in above my chin fade like the fine beneath the last rub of an eraser.” If it is hilarious — a process breathing in efflorescence, it is obscured when the world is engaged. Only the narrator’s fires are expelled by it: “As if my buttacks did my breathing!”

Otherwise, Gass’s sixty protagonist, also named Willie, a.k.a. the eminent Professor Kohler, carries at length about everything and everyone: colleagues, family, students (with the exception of those who have affairs with him). Writing, as Gass wrote on another occasion, for another cure from which he’d come, Kohler decants rage, most mercilessly, onto his alcoholic mother. Nonetheless, he seems some stupendous perfor- mances for a wife whose breasts are sagging in consonance with the belly bulging over Willie’s wee waistie.

This personal history, featuring “my life in a chair,” takes place, for the most part, alongside the Wabash River in Indiana. It gains a greater resonance, though, from Kohler’s employment as a professor of history — area of specialization, Nazi Germany. This allows Gass to weave together history and History, hazards winding under both, contrastly promising both escape and destabilization.

Kohler’s static lyric is structured, the references are loaded into Wabash, at Purdue University, where Gass taught and studied. With his disdain for “new criticism” (the transparent reading of texts) and his excessive, brevity prose, Gass, twenty-five years ago, helped shape my aesthetic. He was the one who defined metaphiliction (fiction which articulates theory of fiction) and made it easy for many of us to move towards a deconstructive or postmodern engagement with literature. If hyperthyroid Gatsby’s Rainbow is pomo’s and Installation’s epiphan, then hyperthyroid The Tunnel is its death knoll. This parventure of Gass’s novel and the stuff of an earlier academic revolution against modernist meanings. Now, the prose that is prominent in tunnels is the graffiti in subways, the codes of other sub-cultures.

It shouldn’t be forgotten, though, that Gass’s flaccidoyce and insinuation were part of, as the historian Kohler might have it, the avant-garde’s (continuously) patch. / S.F.