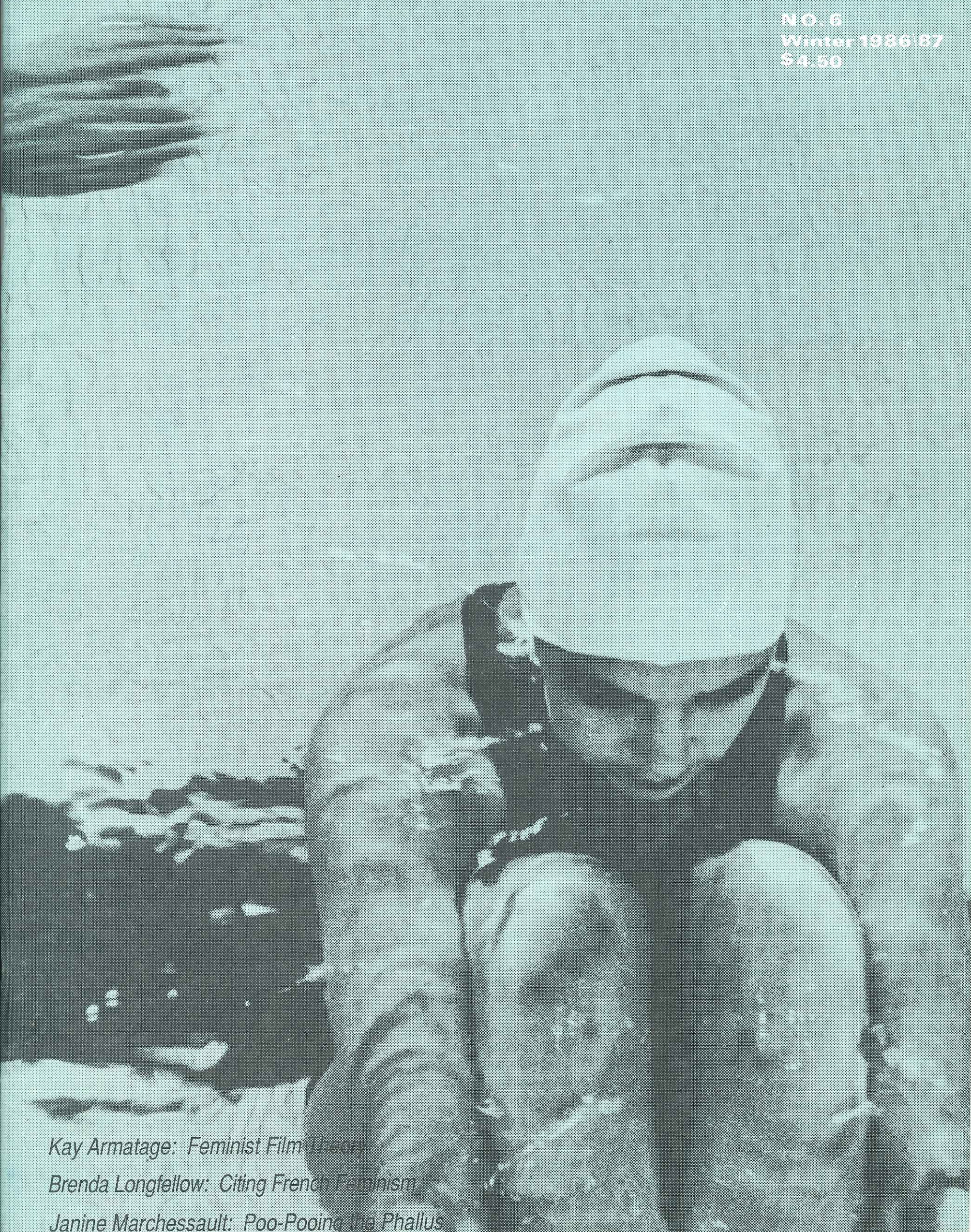


BORDER/LINES

CULTURES • CONTEXTS • CANADAS

NO. 6
Winter 1986/87
\$4.50



Kay Armatage: Feminist Film Theory

Brenda Longfellow: Citing French Feminism

Janine Marchessault: Poo-Pooing the Phallus



But where is the BORDER LINE, Dad?



"I'll tell you, Son, it's the nearest thing to an invisible line you ever heard of. You can't see it. You can't pick it up in your hands. It's just a place on the highway where Uncle Sam's country ends and Canada begins."

How true! For years, in other parts of the world, borders have bristled with guns; across them neighbours have faced each other with hate in their hearts. But in North America, the border has been an Invisible Line for more than a century, across which good neighbours join hands in trust and friendship. We Canadians are just plain proud of the kind of folks who live next door!

Last year, Canada was host to 14 million visitors from the United States. This year we're all set for the biggest summer ever, what with millions of old friends coming back, and new friends dropping around to get acquainted.

Like you, we're working full-speed-ahead with this job we have on our hands. But the Welcome Sign hangs high . . . the same old sign . . . always freshly painted.

So come on over to North America's Summer Playground. Let's show you a good time!

A Message of Welcome to our Good Neighbours from

EATON'S OF CANADA

THE NATION-WIDE RETAIL ORGANIZATION WITH DEPARTMENT STORES IN THE LEADING CANADIAN CITIES

You'll enjoy getting this useful
"Good Neighbour Travel Kit"

It Contains:

- Special Privilege Identification Card
- Booklet "Things You'll See Only in Canada"
- "Good Neighbour" Shopping Guide
- "Good Neighbour" Button
- Colourful "Good Neighbour" Windshield Sticker

T. EATON CO. CANADA

TEAR OUT AND MAIL THE COUPON BELOW

EATON'S OF CANADA, 190 Yonge St., Toronto

Please send me a "Good Neighbour Travel Kit" without charge.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

I'm subscribing!

\$16.00—individual \$14.00—low income \$25.00—institutions

for 4 issues. Please start my subscription with number _____.

Tax deductible donation: _____

Subscription: _____

TOTAL: _____

Please make cheques payable to 'Borderlines'. Outside Canada, please pay in US dollars only. Air mail rates available on request.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

POSTAL CODE _____

SEND TO: borderlines, Bethune College, York University, 4700 Keele Street, DOWNSVIEW, Ontario, Canada, M3J 1P3.

b/1-4

Border/Lines
cultures contexts canadas
Number 6 Winter 1986/1987

Editorial Collective

Kass Banning
Ioan Davies
Christine Davis
Rosemary Donegan
Peter Fitting
Monika Gagnon
Geoff Miles
Alan O'Connor
Carol Sorensen
Alexander Wilson

Contributing Editors

Jody Berland (Ottawa)
Peter Bruck (Ottawa)
Chris Creighton-Kelly (Vancouver)
Brenda Longfellow (Kingston)
Marc Raboy (Montreal)

Associates

Dinah Forbes
Tom Kemple
Do-Ming Lum
Debbie Simmons

Board of Directors

Jody Berland, Ioan Davies, Susan Ditta,
Carol Sorensen, Ian McLachlan,
John Meisel (Chairperson), Ivan Varga

Secretary

Evelyn Greenberg

Display Advertising

Alan O'Connor

Distribution

Debbie Simmons
Tom Kemple

Design

Ambrose Pottie

Production

Ambrose Pottie, Christine Davis,
Rosemary Donegan

Typesetting

Christine Davis
Casual Casual Laser Type

Printing

Our Times
Toronto, Ontario

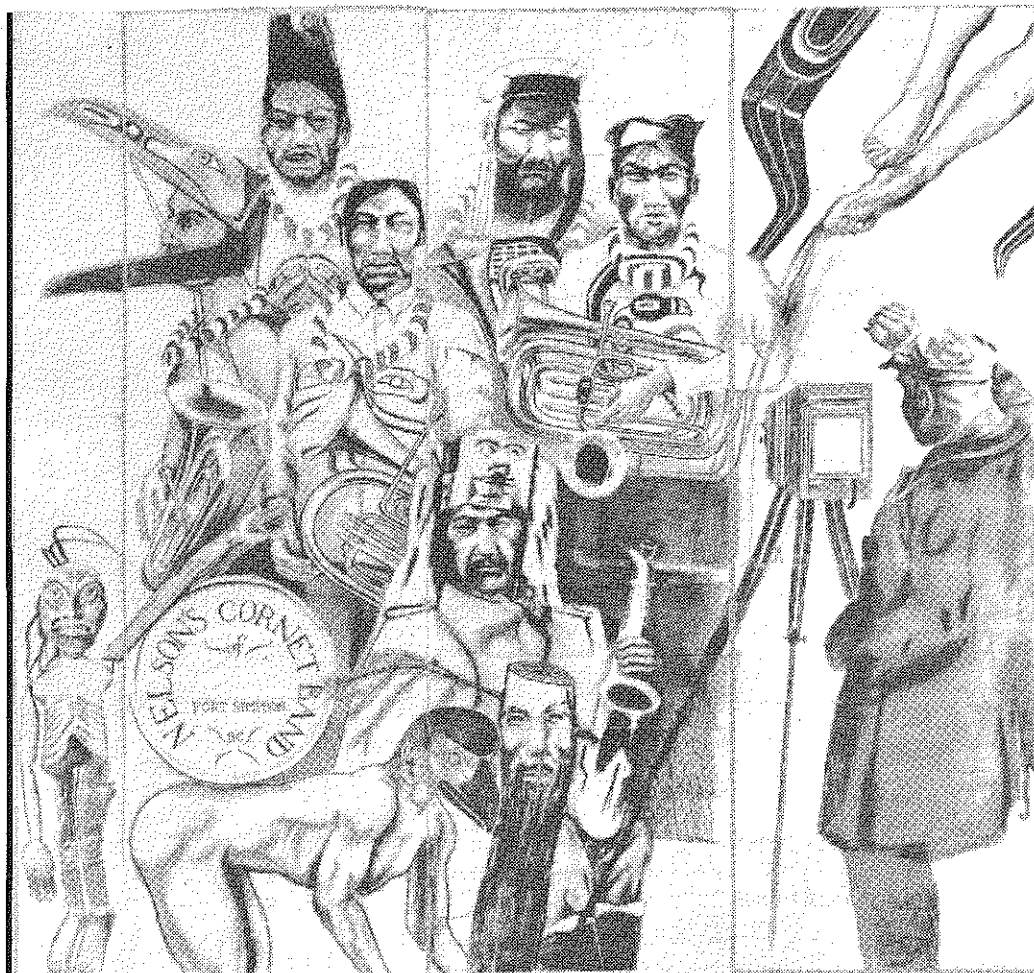
Border/Lines is published four times a year by Border/Lines Magazine Society, Inc., a charitable organization engaged in producing written, visual and audio educational materials on culture, the arts and contemporary social issues.

Subscriptions (four issues):
individuals \$16.

low income 14.

institutions 25.

Foreign subscriptions for all countries are payable in US dollars. Rates for air mail delivery are available on request.



NELSON'S CORNET BAND

By Stephen Andrews 1986

WHAT THE CROW SAID

*Though friendly to magic
I am not a man disguised as
a crow*

I am night eating the sun.

Michael Hannon

BORDER/LINES

CULTURES • CONTEXTS • CANADAS

Cover

Photograph by *Carolyn White*

4 Letters

Excursions

- 5 Letter from Ottawa *Jody Berland*
- 6 Expo-Inside and Out *Mark Goertz/Chris Creighton-Kelly*
- 8 Beyond Genre *Janice Williamson*
- 9 Intersecting Origins *Kass Banning*
- 10 Poo-Pooing the Phallus
Janine Marchessault

Junctures

- 12 Cultural Studies Magazines --
Brief Annotations *Alan O'Connor*

Articles

- 14 Mozart's Women *Susan McLary*
- 18 Feminist New Narrative
Kay Armatage
- 22 On Naming: Charcot the Father and
Charcot the Son "explore" the
non-representable and the
non-represented *Nicole Jolicoeur*
- 26 When these Lips Speak Together
Brenda Longfellow
- 30 I Write Le Body Bilingual
Susanne de Lotbiniere-Harwood

Reviews

- 34 *Philip Corrigan* on Spadina Avenue
- 35 *Joe Galbo* on American Ideology in
Science Fiction Adventures
- 36 *Pat Elliot* on The Newly Born Woman
- 37 *David Kraft* on The Nuclear
Controversy
- 39 *Glen Richards* on Jumpcut
- 41 *Ioan Davis* on Prison Literature

Manuscripts, images and other contributions are welcome. Texts must be typed and double spaced. We would prefer a brief and clear proposal of your topic before you send a completed manuscript. And we would appreciate a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

Business Address:

Border/Lines
Bethune College
York University
4700 Keele Street
North York, Ontario
M3J 1P3 CANADA

Editorial Address:

Border/Lines
132a De Grassi Street
Toronto, Ontario
M4M 2K6 CANADA

2nd Class Mail Registration No.
6799

ISSN 0826-967X

Printed and Published in Canada

Copyright 1986, Border/Lines
Magazine Society, Inc.

Border/Lines is indexed in America:
History and Life, Historical
Abstracts and The Alternative
Press Index

12 June, 1986

Dear border/lines,

Ioan Davies' article, "News Without Photographs," in your winter 1985/86 issue, makes some interesting observations about Bermuda. Unfortunately, such insights tend to be overshadowed by a significant distortion and few inaccuracies which leave one with the mistaken impression that the island is little more than an American outpost and the people politically malleable.

First there are some minor errors: Bermuda is even smaller than Davies believes, it is 21 square miles not the 46 mentioned; the population is 57,000 as opposed to Davies' 25,000 (60% of whom are black and 40% white); and the government does not routinely rid the streets of social misfits come tourist season -- I have seen the same hobos, eccentrics and lumpenproletarians for over a decade now, and their presence is as constant as is the American.

More importantly, though, is the claim that the police force and civil service are "completely foreign." For over twenty years ordinary Bermudians pressured an intransigent government to Bermudize the work force, and these two areas in particular. Through sustained struggle, some success has been achieved. Bermudians now comprise just over half of the police force and it is run by a Bermudian born police commissioner. The civil service has also made significant steps in the direction of Bermudianization. To deny this, as does Davies, is to ignore the ability of a dominated class to make things happen.

Some distortion arises in Davies' handling of the question of oppositional politics. He is correct to argue that the Progressive Labour Party, in its present form, is not all that different from the ruling United Bermuda Party. To suggest, however, that the Hebrew Israelites (a small yet vocal, and extremely reactionary band) has played some part in the creation of an alternative politics -- producing a "splinter of the underlying tinder that might be ignited by a well-placed match" -- is to provide this flock with unwarranted significance and misread the political scene. This underlying tinder has been ignited repeatedly since the labour movement emerged in the 1940's -- its most recent incarnations being the 1977 riots and the 1981 General Strike. It is true that dissension, opposition and struggle persist, or as Davies puts it, "the natives are restless." But no sustained political alternative has emerged since no movement or party has thus far seriously committed itself to articulating such a project and grounding it with the aspirations of workers.

Sincerely,

C. Walton Brown Jr.
Doctoral Student
York University



2 August 1986

Dear Ioan Davies,

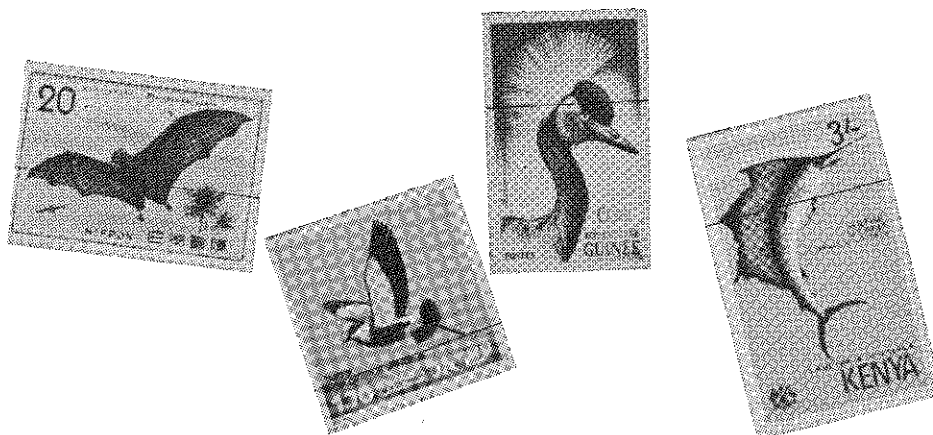
I was recently sent a copy of your review of *Critical Arts* in *border/lines* by a colleague of mine in Germany. I am unaware of *Granta*, but my colleague, Ntongela Masilela, assures us that the praise you gave us was high indeed in the face of other critical comment about *Granta* being an indication of a new "moment."

I personally found your review very perceptive, an analysis which could only have been written by someone outside of South Africa. It is reassuring to know that we remain relevant to our rapidly deteriorating situation here.

The journal is now being edited out of the Contemporary Cultural Studies Unit of the University of Natal. Whereas the Journal was barely tolerated by the previous Departments in which it was edited, the University of Natal has been much more supportive of the venture. Apart from our accounts being managed officially through the Unit in conjunction with the University Administration, it is also being typeset free of charge by the University. Despite the latter, we are retaining the previous "rough" appearance by now concentrating much more on design than we did in the past. We wish to remain radical both in terms of content and appearance. However, the journal remains independent of the University, thus protecting itself from co-option by institutional vested interests.

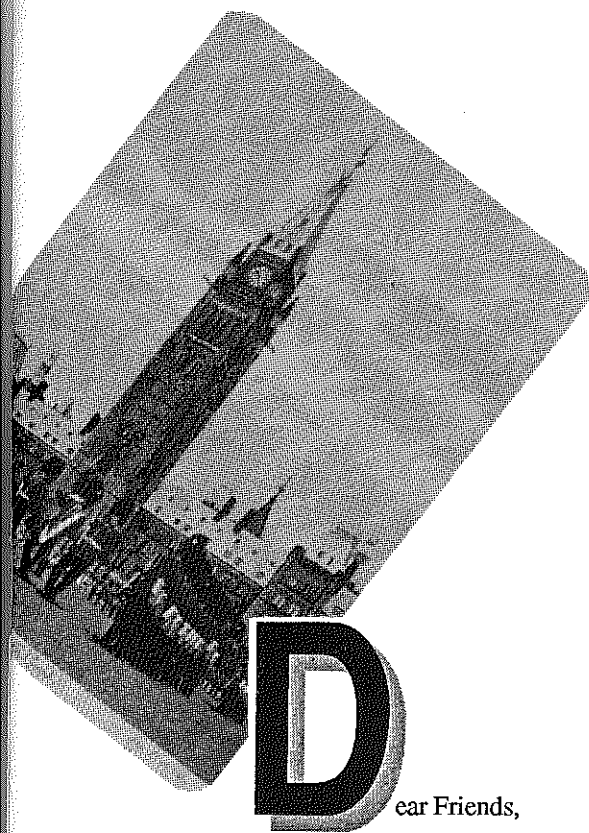
Sincerely,

Keyan Tomaselli
Editor
pp editorial board
Critical Arts



LETTER FROM

O T T A W A



Dear Friends,

In Ottawa it is always 5 degrees colder at least.

It's not always clear what the comparison is with, necessarily, but it is still always 5 degrees colder, and there's still always a comparison.

It must be very Canadian.

A lot of people ride bicycles here and often you can't tell by looking at people what they do. There is a kind of gentleness about the edges. People seem to be disregarding the fact that this is a risky business, that it is better to know exactly what and where people are if you want to know that about yourself. After all, this is the capital. In fact, it's not that they really forget at all, because insofar as there is a cafe culture it is still based very much on a class system which is based very much on knowing who people are and what they do. But this knowledge is more esoteric than in other places. You can't tell by looking at them, so perhaps the riskiness lies in identifying the more esoteric (less visible) with the more gentle (less dangerous). This would never happen in Toronto. I'm not even sure it really happens in Ottawa. People seem to spend a lot of time at home, theirs or somebody else's, not in cafes.

But Ottawans like art. There is a big regional art fair about to happen and the paper has given it a big centrespread advance schedule. Everything is anticipated very positively and equitably: performance poetry, new art, curated crafts, very different kinds of music. It is truly regional and yet there is a certain degree of variety, and everything seems to be very interesting and promising, and it is evident that it will all be very enjoyable. It is clear Ottawans like art.

Feeling homesick and observant at the same time, I found this item pretty interesting:

... Unlike the capital, the metropolis has no identity to preserve: it is only concerned with promoting certain proportional relations. In the name of these relations, which are sometimes confused with relations of equality, the metropolis feels free to exploit all regions of the world.

The capital, on the other hand, is primarily concerned with subjugating the national territory and population to a common heritage. Consequently, whereas the metropolis is more readily maritime than continental, the capital is necessarily bound to its hinterland. Even as the capital drains the resources of the hinterland, it must protect it, for it is on this guarantee of protection that its legitimacy depends...

The center of the capital represents the political power by which it has subjugated its territory. This center, sporadically alive with the comings and goings of representatives, is often apparently vacant, especially at night: it is never the heart of metropolitan life. The metropolis meanwhile is the place where people congregate... The metropolis puts an incongruous mix of beings into circulation; it offers its own mode of space-time to those for whom the principles of a sovereign people and a nation-state do not apply. It is a place of experimentation, where new operational propositions can be made concerning current practices - as long as capitalization does not set in. As soon as it does, the metropolis begins to be eclipsed.

Anne Querrien: "The Metropolis and the Capital", *Zone*, No. 1/2, 1986.

I have used my new computer to render the above information in proper form. I have now truly joined the School of Journalism with this equipment. At university, journalism and mass communications co-exist on one floor of the building. Journalism students are trained to produce things, while mass communications students are trained to analyse them. Recently there has been a shift of emphasis, they tell me; not that there is a shortage of good journalism students, but that mass communications is growing so much faster; they have to limit student enrollments, even turn people away. Putting aside self-interest, this is a strange situation, if only in juxtaposition with other recent events. During the first week of classes, Pierre Juneau was recorded as claiming that the CBC was being underfunded because the government doesn't like what CBC journalists are saying about it. In fact the CBC has always been underfunded; perhaps that's been one of the reasons. But of course it's much worse now, because of Mulroney. Otherwise I'm sure Juneau wouldn't say anything about it. So it worries me that there might be a gradual geological shift from critical journalism (criticism as intervention) to critical analysis, a kind of meta-media. Like this. Perhaps it means that the hard-hitting CBC public affairs reporting tradition really is

going to go to the dogs. This is purely conjecture. But it is an important issue here on the third floor. I will be paying close attention, of course.

My bank manager, upon learning that I was teaching mass communications, asked me, while appending his signature to a form, why the press was so hostile towards Mulroney. Well, I said, because there is a relationship between press and government, and Mulroney has misused it by thinking too much about his own image and not enough about political negotiation and direction, and has thus insulted the press, and they know it. I didn't use those words. (I didn't call it a "failure to communicate" - thank god I have some dignity left.)

But it was a very superficial and sloppy answer, really. Add to this: Mulroney wants to model himself after Thatcher (who commands) and Reagan (who communicates). He wants to be that kind of political leader. He imagines some sort of national destiny in that direction. He imagines putting punch into the annihilation of the public sector, he imagines the thrill of military bravado, he promotes government by advertising its retreat. But this doesn't work in Canada at all. It doesn't work in terms of style. Even more it doesn't work in terms of social policy or political orientation. He isn't smart or principled or aggressive enough to solve this contradiction (or not to solve it but to go ahead trumpeting regression) so he tries to play across all the fronts at the same time. He puts his face where his head should be, he puts tone of voice where there should be an answer. Have you heard him being interviewed? It gives me vertigo, truly. What looks like a psychology of weak ego and image-obsession is actually a logical ploy for solving political problems through non-political means, which is what that sort of psychology is about, largely speaking, anyway, all the more so surrounded by cameras and mirrors. Most people are aware of aspects of this larger explanation for the shorter answer. But in Ottawa, answers tend to become very technical. I realized this walking away from the bank.

Happy second birthday, *border/lines*. Many happy returns of the day, and don't forget to write.

love, Jody

Jody Berland has recently moved to Ottawa to teach Communications and Popular Culture at Carleton University. She is a contributing editor of border/lines.

INSIDE

I get off the bus on the outskirts of Chinatown and walk through streets still bearing traces of a rare Vancouver snowfall. The thought of a hot coffee served in a thick old-style mug at one of the Chinese cafes takes the edge off the chill. What begins as a familiar process for killing time during the last year and a half of unemployment has a radical difference: I am going to my Expo 86 orientation session. I finally have a job.

My destination is the Fields complex, a series of imposing brick buildings which once housed Chinese railway workers now tarted up to contain meeting rooms and rehearsal spaces. Posters lining the stairway exclaim what a big deal this exposition is going to be. I enter a hallway full of registering hopefuls and proceed to the registration desks and hand in my orientation slip. "Good morning, Mark" chirps a recent initiate, "Welcome to the Expo team. Here's a name tag. Wear it so people will know who you are." I mumble my thanks and decline. This forced familiarity is uncomfortable. There are about 200 of us. Being a weekend, the room is full of eager-faced students. Our "instructor," a spritely woman dressed in tasteful skirt and blazer, leaps onto the stage and begins shrieking a welcome. For the next four hours, we will be treated to a litany of ideological half-truths in the manner of a Grade 4 social studies class. The agenda will be long on expectations from the workers and short on their rights. It will be an interesting experience for the new employees, 60% of whom will be earning \$4.50 an hour or less.

We are told how lucky Vancouver is to host the fair, how lucky we are to be working there and how lucky the people who visit will be. The speech is punctuated by the incessant use of the words "terrific" and "right on" and by insincere talkshow host chuckles. At one point, a mock seriousness begins to pervade the proceedings. "Why do we have world's fairs anyway?" she asks, scanning the crowd for a readable name tag. "Jobs?" someone named Mary answers. "Yes! . . . Jobs! . . . Terrific!" replies our instructor and flashes a slide of the word "employment" on a screen. This continues for half an hour. After the scripted hard-sell, it is difficult for even the most jaded not to believe that Expo will salvage the respective economies of Vancouver, British Columbia, and Canada as well. Virtually absent from this rosy picture is any mention of the projected deficit of \$400 million. This additional burden will be inflicted on a province which has already suffered brutal cuts in the areas of health, education and social services. Curiously missing as well is any allusion to the hundreds of evictions of long-term tenants -- many of them sick and elderly -- from downtown hotels by landlords cruising a fast buck. Two people forced out of their homes committed suicide. A third, Olaf Solheim, stopped eating from disorientation and died two weeks later.

We are then divided into two teams according to the department we will be working in. We are engaged in a competition to try and identify various site features from a huge map on the wall. Site orientation will be of crucial importance in our "ambassadors to the world" role. Someone correctly identifies one of the amusement rides: The Scream Machine. "You'll never get me on that thing. It's sca-a-ary!" trembles our instructor. More kiddie talk and tales of economic benefits. I expect milk and cookies any time now. None arrive.

The list of employee do's and don'ts is especially extensive. The rigorous dress code goes as far as limiting the number of rings on one's hand (the number is different according to gender). It "suggests" shades of make-up for women. According to our handbook, our appearance is to be "neat, natural and nothing extreme." It is ironic that a fair which allegedly celebrates world cultures would suppress those found in the host city. The assumption is that cultural expression is fine when it is contextualized by a stage or performance space but not as a product of day-to-day life in a particular milieu. Ideas of what is normal and what is not continue to be reinforced for the benefit of the Expo audience which is predominately white, English-speaking, middle-class families. We are told further that once we have our photographs taken for the I.D. cards, we cannot alter our appearance for the duration of the fair so that positive identification can be made by security. Speaking of security, we agree, in writing, to submit to searches of our person and belongings at any time.

We are informed that there are four (count'em) employee break areas, with toilet, for the 173 acre site. Food may be purchased from vending machines in these stark buildings. Food cannot be purchased from any of the outlets available to the public. One woman, obviously perturbed by this information but still anxious to conform asks for permission to ". . . bring my own apple or orange to work." The figure at the podium smiles and says it's okay.

The Grounds for Dismissal section of the orientation includes a host of specifics, but also such vague actions as "insubordination," "harassment," and the catch-all "any other activity detrimental to the Exposition." When asked to provide specific examples of the above, there was a brief acknowledgement of the "subjectivity" involved. And when asked to outline mechanisms in existence to protect employee rights, the reply was that the hierarchy of supervisors could be approached to air grievances. My confidence soared.

Perhaps the vaguest area in terms of policy was that of overtime. "Overtime is a no-no" our instructor warned, wagging a finger to and fro. Supervisors in future indoctrination

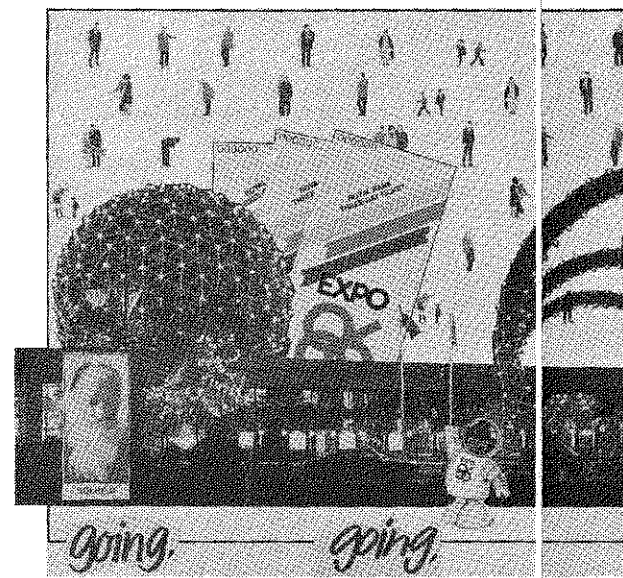
sessions stated flatly that "overtime does not exist." This was certainly true, but only in terms of being paid for it. Much was made of the fact that the Corporation would provide two paid 15 minute coffee breaks even though it was not mandatory according to the provincial labour code.

The session began to wind down with a discourse on providing "a genuine, not phoney, smile and sense of warmth for our guests." It was suggested that one could accomplish this, even while dealing with a belligerent guest for the umpteenth time that day, by thinking of "laying on a hot, sunny beach" or if that fails . . . wait for it . . . "thinking of me here today."

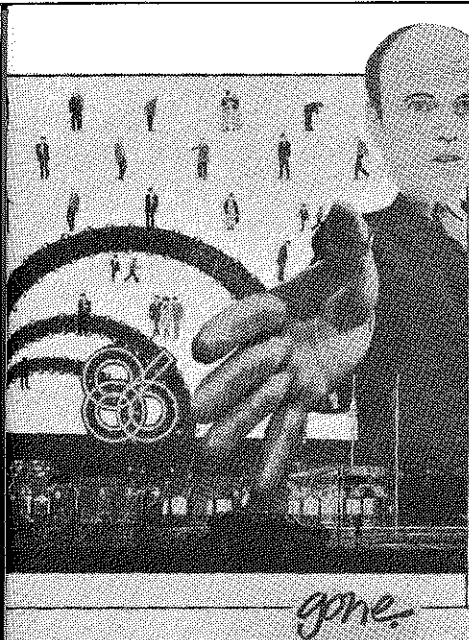
It would take a lot more than thinking about beaches to help the employees once they were on the job. The stress produced by attempting to be warm and accomodating to 130,000 impatient and demanding people every day, for five and a half months is staggering. The employer's expectation of paying a worker to repeatedly exhibit an emotional response totally contrary to the immediate social context does not make for a calm and well-adjusted person.

The session ends by viewing a slick slide-tape featuring the fabled, ever-courteous, vigilant and genuinely warm employee. The subsequent portrayal of the typical Expo guest is honed from the same myth. It's a far cry from the type of guest we will actually witness during the summer. Imagine a half-drunk man, potbelly distending his "I Tanned My Buns In Puerto Vallarta" t-shirt to the ripping point, wanting to know if the Native elders cooking bannock over an open fire are making "Italian food" and where can he buy some?

Memories of the winter orientation dimmed as I found myself near the fair's end. By all official accounts, Expo is deemed a huge success. Final attendance figures probably exceeded original projections by 40%. It is a different story behind the scenes, however. The board of directors remain tight-lipped about expenditures despite a government ordered request for complete disclosure at the beginning of the year. The government's insistence has waned for the moment, probably because it is in no hurry to have the embarrassing figures made public. Even though attendance was up, a new series of budget cuts were implemented. Lay-offs



EXPO INSIDE



P O N D O U T

were rife -- many losing their jobs overnight. Staff morale was low and some departments had a turnover rate approaching 70%. The expected spin-off benefits of increased tourism in the rest of the province and higher sales for area merchants have not materialized. Things are not that "right on" anymore.

Nevertheless it's business as usual on the shore of False Creek. The expo site looms as a garish and cacophonous assortment of unwieldy pavillions, hotdog stands, and hackneyed heavy metal bands. Corporate logos festoon everything from beverage cups to monorail trains. The Expo 86 theme of "transportation and communication" has manifested itself in a series of glib assumptions and pronouncements about the future: everyone will driving around in computerized cars and robots will be taking out the garbage. Absent from the majority of the pavillions is any mention of social conflict. Culture has been amputated from its historical and political context. World salvation is seen purely in terms of technological innovation; it is not seen as a product of increased international dialogue, untainted by rhetoric and propaganda. The reality of bigger and better jet planes is of little consequence to the majority of world citizens who are still bound by unjust economic policies and are denied basic rights and freedoms. The net result is that for many Expo visitors, stereotypes and preconceptions concerning the world will be reinforced rather than challenged.

Our instructor thanks us profusely, smiling in the knowledge of having tailored another batch of successful employees. "Please pick up your personalized diplomas at the back before you leave," she adds happily. There is a clamour while people rush to the table. I grab a brown piece of paper and hurry out into the street breathing refreshing mouthfuls of cold air. I pause, look at the page and read the dedication:

"When history remembers Expo 86 let it note the achievements and contributions of every individual, but let it also record that here we honoured our humanity and reaffirmed the hope and promise of tomorrow in a celebration that belonged to the world."

Terrific! Right on!

Mark Goertz dabbles in all kinds of cultural production and lives in East Vancouver.

ONSITE

There is a place in between. A place which sees, if not understands, its own contradictions. Maybe an uncomfortable place.

It's clear that a whole lot of folks from California to Newfoundland have bought the Expo hype. And this includes many red, white, and blue British Columbians. But it is equally certain that many have not. For reason after reason -- the labour struggle to keep it a union site, the cultural protest insisting on local artists, the eviction of long time hotel residents -- Expo was ignored, if not boycotted in an organized way.

But still there is that place in between. There are people who are not crazy about the Social Credit government yet they still went. Boycotters worried that attending Expo would change these people's attitudes, maybe even their vote. I asked 17 Expo visitors who had not voted for the Socreds if they would change their vote because of the fair. None would. Not social scientific, I know, but it indicates something. Most of them found it quite possible to maintain a critical view of Expo and the parties responsible for creating it even while on the site.

Why then do they go? Here are some answers.

I'm going for the kids. I promised them that we would go as a family. All their friends are going too. But it's been a hell of a day . . . like everything else in this province, nothing works. We had to wait 45 minutes just to get on the monorail. And then it was stalled for half an hour. No, I figure we paid for this Expo thing and I want to see what it looks like.

a grocery clerk

I came because I got a free ticket pure and simple. I hate this government. I've been on welfare for almost two years. I'd take any job . . . even applied to work at this place but no way . . . I think I blew it at the interview. Anyway things are supposed to get better with Expo but I can't see it. There will be thousands more people unemployed after it's over. What's going to happen to them? I don't know, really . . . I guess I came to see about other countries, some of it is pretty interesting but most of it seems like they want you to buy things.

an unemployed typist

We are not in any way supporting the government by visiting the fair. We've come to see various countries that we have not visited in person . . . planning future trips. There are wonderful presentations about places I don't know that much about. For me it is a chance to learn. But there is too much noise, everywhere you go one hears loud music or sounds. It would be good to find a quiet resting spot . . . But I don't feel we're voting today, oh no, that's something we do on election day.

a doctor

To see the propaganda. To see how the other side does it, man. This Expo shit is just a big commercial for a certain way of living . . . it's like television and like I'm fascinated by that. I've got to see it to get a fix on it 'cause I don't know why people fall for it. I mean things are not really getting any better, are they?

a musician

Expo is not only the Socreds. I will never vote for them because of their attitude towards the poor. I'm not happy that many people who paid for this fair cannot go. I can afford it easily but not everyone can . . . I mean the cost is just too much for some families. Maybe Expo should never have been built, not with everything else being cut back. I came down just to see how they spend all this money.

a homemaker

Attendance at a world's fair does not constitute approval of any particular mandate of this government; they are just not the same thing. But still I don't think it's been planned very well . . . the site is very noisy, it seems people are celebrating the death of culture. There are a lot of issues left untouched in the pavillions. And it's a trade show, a huge commercial, a carnival atmosphere.

an Expo food worker

I haven't been really hardline about boycotting Expo. It's here, I've just tried to accept it. But I still feel critical of it. I don't like being here all that much. I feel completely overstimulated. There's a whole lot of stuff here I really don't like, everything seems propagandized. I find it excessive, it confuses me. I don't like the architecture, I find it too busy. It's the sort of thing when I'm here for a long time it gives me a headache. It makes me tired.

a Vancouver city employee

And it makes me tired. That strange place in between that we often find ourselves in in this capitalist, contradiction-ridden culture. Pleasure and guilt. Desire but inertia. Political awareness yet impotence. An uncomfortable place indeed.

Chris Creighton-Kelly is an artist and writer in Vancouver. His book Television and Culture will be published in Spring 1987.

Beyond Genre,

or
how
the
Women's
Writing
Collective
saved
the
Perfect
Tense

To the women of West Word.

When the women writers all together began to compose an epic Romance, I excelled as the Perfect Tense, faultless in my execution of History. Subordinate Clauses were left to another woman who had a stronger net of ego boundaries. Punctuation remained up for grabs, so Hiatus, who specialized in pauses, was forever being called into the act. Mesmerized by urban glitter, UPPER CASE constantly jetted to international film festivals. The Breath consultant learned to do without midmorning breaks. Forever echoing up and down the stairwells, Voice remained lascivious and unmanageable. She flirted with one of us after another. Some held out for the longest time, though eventually everyone succumbed.

Night after night the tapping of machines called back and forth down the long cream-tinted corridor. Sticky name tags rapped on their doors in answer. Everyone knew where they came from. Some from Biography. Others from Intention. While the most deliciously Steinean of the lot still circulated in the mirror stage. All were writing. There was no doubt about this. But occasionally Romance became virtually hypnotized by Irony. Though when I returned from swimming, Narrative was rushing forward with a flurry of promise and intrigue. One day Subjunctive got completely out of hand. "If I were you," ran the text on and on into "be that as it may". Finally "god help you" slipped out to our collective chagrin. Suffice it to say, Subjunctive was taken for a lengthy educational walk along the ocean cliffs. Returning chastened, she reformed her intrusive persona.

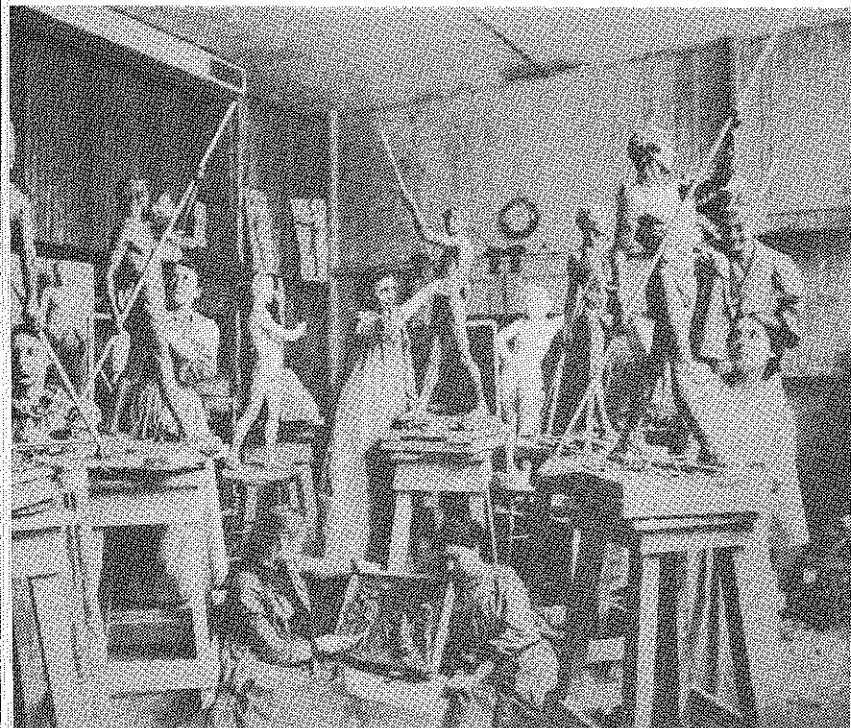
I sometimes collaborated with Future, an Ursula LeGuin lookalike. When we became erotically entangled, there was a general outcry that nothing was ever getting done. Eventually, Narrative bemoaned this turn of events, and encouraged us to maintain an appropriate sense of distance and autonomy. Worrying that unfashionable outcast Plot, we suffered separation anxiety of the worst sort. Future plummeted into a dreadful depression refusing to acknowledge that anything was possible. I plodded on through what seemed like an endless winter of days. Migraines and backaches punctuated my own internal contradictions. One moment I'd be struck by the most outrageous feelings of grandiosity, after all I was perfect. The next instant, my delusions of faultless completion would be shattered with visions of Future, unsettling in her proximity. Finally my story became our story, as I, like others in the collective, sought refuge in language herself.

Less temperamental than many of us, Lexicon guided tours through her towering chambers past tier on tier of words reclining in their skylit chaises lounges. On particularly busy mornings when Syntax bogged down in the chaotic corridors of Mise-en-Scène, the lexical digs became a beehive of activity. There was a tremendous crush around the 'W's'. Woman would open her house and share stories with Womb, or Wombat, Wolverine, or Wanton. Happily Wonga-wonga was having a heavy number with Woe, and spent most of her time at Bygone's. (Wow was heartbroken.) The ever charming and vigilant Liberation continually backed Misogyny into Contradiction's corner. Thus, at least for the moment, Woman was free to wander and chat with Ex-Wife and Housewifery, White or Colour, while maintaining her ever vigilant eye on that gorgeous seducer, Lesbian.

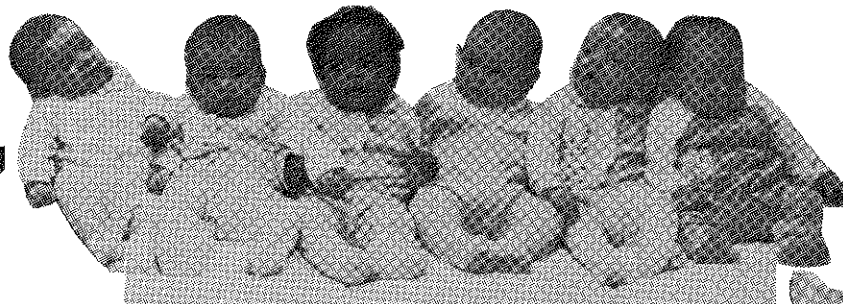
Writing cut a glamorous figure, gossiping with Inscription and performing sensuous improvisational dances with various parts of the Body. The dance of the Hieroglyph became a sellout, with Phallus growing limp and limper from lack of attention. Hardly anyone outside of the alliterate remembered the ceremonial Phantom of the Phallus in his blazing Phaeton. Even though the carriage was said to have been drawn by a phalanx of rather acidic pH factors. Gossip remained uninterrupted, the Women, unimpressed.

Meanwhile, the Lips Duet became a classic. The formerly gothic corridors of the Female were now *the* Scene of Writing. Thin membranes of the Palimpsest surrendered to Alphabet's sweet curves. Dreams no longer lost themselves in the domain of the past, but recovered their telling in the movement of the everyday. Sometimes there were children and sometimes there were not. Sometimes wombs wept blood. And then there would be a listening to the long streams of being where membranes wet with holding oozed words. Somewhere between a voice and a speaking.

Janice Williamson is a Toronto writer, critic and teacher.



I n t e r s e c t i n g O r i g i n s



Within the hullabaloo and maelstrom of image choice offered by Toronto's Festival of Festivals, there exists a category of film that often is pre-empted by more seductive fictions. The documentary film, usually glossed over by buffs and cognoscenti alike, sits quietly on the sidelines. For most viewers, the presence of "real" people on the screen, telling their own stories, drains the image of "otherness", thus depriving them of the transformative magic invoked by "real movies". Francoise Ramond's *Mix Up* stands out as one documentary that questions the classification non-fiction and its effects, inventing a new form of hybrid film in the process.

Mix Up is a strange composite that underscores the complex interplay between history, discourse and memory. It is played out at the juncture between the real and the imaginary. Through the sometimes playful, sometimes painful re-enactment of a popular memory of two families, a collective "talking cure" takes place. And it is this self-scrutiny by the participants, regarding themselves from a distance, relating the sequence of events twenty to thirty years prior, that comprises the unique site of the film.

Ramond takes for her subject a specific incident, a bizarre but true tale, of two English babies mistakenly exchanged in a Nottingham maternity home in 1946. Margaret Wheeler wound up with Blanche Rylatt's baby Valerie, and Blanche, with Margaret's baby Peggy. Twenty years later, it is acknowledged that a terrible mistake had occurred. The film does not fix responsibility, does not explain how this event occurred. Instead, through interviews that are often poignant, at times lunatic, it exposes how the six people most concerned were affected and how they dealt with a situation that is comical in fiction, but tragic in life. *Mix Up* is a farcical tragedy that recalls a fiction inscribed in the real: it plays out every mother's nightmare and every child's fantasy. And in this way a hyperreal effect is struck, contributing to its familiar, yet strange, aspect.

Margaret Wheeler, the mother who "knew", the one who was convinced of the switch, is the "star" who doubles and plays both the good and bad mother. (Her warm fleshy aspect recalls the mother of Hollywood fiction.) Her knowledge of the exchange, however, caused an emotional withholding towards Valerie, the child that she reared. In this way, she becomes the villain of the piece, a role unintentionally adopted.

Mix Up opens with an image of a scale symmetrically balanced with two babies suspended, a visual reminder of the myth that is encoded in all of us, that justice prevails, that equality and fairness rule the world. Margaret Wheeler then begins to recount the events in the nursery. She was shown a long and skinny baby, and

received flowers and telegrams for Mrs. Rylatt, engendering suspicion. The film then alternates between interviews with the others involved, and the occasional re-enacted sequence, showing Margaret's campaign to establish the truth. In her empirical crusade, she sought the advice of genetic scientists and Bernard Shaw. During the years following the exchange, the Rylatt family received a barrage of photographs, blood samples and entreaties from Margaret. Given that Blanche Rylatt and Peggy, the daughter she reared, immediately bonded, the remonstrations from Margaret Wheeler were equated with post-partum pottiness. Blanche Rylatt evidently felt no doubt and brought up Margaret's child as her own. One family denied, the other knew.

Ramond read about the incident -- with its eccentric English tone of "Oh, what a mix up, but now we are one big happy family" -- in a newspaper on the occasion of Margaret and Fred's golden wedding anniversary. And she knew that beneath the hegemonic family veneer, trauma and division were sure to be lurking. In Ramond's hands, through re-presentation, the impossibility of a univocal history/appeasement emerges in spite of the efforts by those depicted to graft the image of a homogeneous family onto the film. This effort, their "we are one" stance, constitutes the desire to weld, to forge these multiple memories together into one narrative, the ideology of the family.

Mix Up dissolves this mask of "we are all one" through the sufferings of Valerie, Margaret's foster daughter and Blanche's real daughter -- the victim of the tale. Valerie confesses that for twenty years she felt that she did not belong, explaining her present insatiable need for love. The scene in which Valerie re-enacts her first arrival in the Rylatt house is especially poignant. When she hears the gate close behind her, the gate that opens on the home she never had, she muses that this is the sound she should have been hearing for twenty years. The family facade also is put under erasure by the film's mode of depiction. In the last shot of the film, for example, the extended members of the two families pose for a family portrait, the edge of the frame is bordered by another frame. The camera continues to shoot longer than is necessary, the family members switch places, but a general tone of uneasiness pervades the scene, undercutting the portrait's cohesiveness.

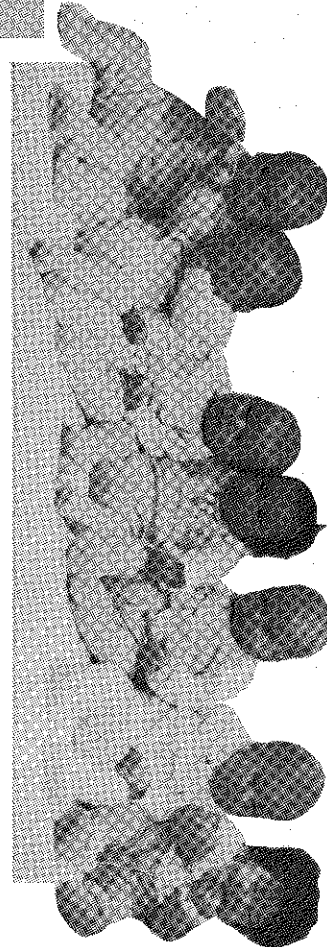
The non-fiction classification of this film presupposes a seemingly unmediated relation with the real, and often preempts any critical consideration of its construction. Ramond counters this dilemma of transparency by inventing a new form: she breaks away from the usual straight interview format.

By drawing attention to the distance between the bizarre events being recalled and the rational ordinary world in which the story was played out, this hypertension, this double movement, differentiates the film from other documentaries. *Mix Up* is truly stranger than fiction.

Ramond's subjects are grounded in a realism (this drama did indeed occur and the participants themselves tell the story) but she separates the telling of the story from the story itself. The spectator distinguishes between the extremely stylized scenes and the mannerisms of the characters, and moves beyond the material confines of the story. This meaning effect comprises a new form of documentary, the other side of the authorial voice-over that we associate with the documentary. Generally, one participant delivers a line and another picks up the story line. For example, Blanche reads a story to a child on a rug. Later the child is replaced by Valerie, her grown up daughter. And the repeated (obviously re-enacted) image of two young girls criss-crossing on railway tracks visually replays the psychic site of the film. The additional use of numerous devices for reflecting and doubling, such as mirrors and windows again asserts the doubleness of things, how Valerie is lost, in the throw of the dice, the balance of happiness. A constant double edged tone informs the work. The swap does not transcend class: Valerie receives a university education intended for Peggy but does not recover from the early neglect; whereas Peggy appears well adjusted, with somewhat limited horizons. It is a black comedy that slips from pathos to the cartoon-like, and vice versa in a flash.

The "family romance", a term coined by Freud, to characterize the fantasy of origins as a universal phenomenon, is evoked by this tale. As myth, the family romance is played out here by the mother who "knows" and by the foster daughter who voices her suspicion. (Valerie once told Margaret that "if there was a fire in the house, you would save the other children first".) The family romance usually involves the fantasmagoric invention of ideal parents by children to replace real ones -- correcting reality against the disappointments of life. This often involves the re-production of the foundling or bastard scenario. *Mix Up* however, does not take place at the same locale as *The Changeling*, *The Prince and the Pauper*, or numerous fables that precede and follow the Moses legend. Through the intersection of myth, memory, discourse and history, *Mix Up* is constituted in a dialectical play of the fictive and the real. And in this way, the *petite fabulateur* of the family romance rejoins the cinema spectator: both are fictive elaborators of story origins, remaking the world to the measure of desire.

Kass Banning teaches Cinema Studies at the University of Western Ontario in London.



POO-POOING

the Phallus

She was letting her imagination sweep unchecked round every rock and cranny of the world that lies submerged in the depths of our unconscious being...And then there was a smash. There was an explosion. There was foam and confusion...she had thought of something, something about the body, about the passions which it was unfitting for her as a woman to say...Men, her reason told her would be shocked...She could write no more." (Virginia Woolf, *Professions for Women*, 1931)

The late-night club lewdly darkens as a woman in a long robe finds her way onto the stage. Coming to stand in the smokey stream of light next to the microphone, she pauses and smiles -- almost shyly. Then, not a moment later she tears off her robe in a gesture which is quick, mechanical, mundane. She adjusts the top of the slinky blood red corset, throws back her long dark hair and grabs the microphone with both hands. Her eyes closed and her legs slightly apart, she appears the more or less perfect encapsulation of male erotica -- the woman alone in the dark but really on stage, with her eyes closed, quietly dreaming, silently moving...that is, until she opens her mouth.

KAREN FINLEY WRITES

An explosion, foam and confusion -- a stream of obscenities pours out of her mouth, she is your worst nightmare: *woman as speaking subject*. Like blood on a switchblade, the microphone relays her shrill screech of words, piercing the room with her stilleto voice. The cat calls and whistles, cries of encouragement, slowly fade into an uncomfortable hum:

"I mean feel my nubs mister, just feel my nubs, spit on these nubs, oh suck those nubs, oh suck those amputated parts, feel those parts baby...Hank and I were in the nursing home and we saw this ninety-three woman sitting in her own piss and shit stenching like nothing, she was nothing before I raped her." Or: "I go down on that ass with my mouth, my penis still kinda high and hard and I suck suck suck my own cum outa your butt juice with a little bit of yum yum yum baby liquid shit mixed up with that cum baby. You can jerk off on my pancakes anytime..."

Karen Finley, a New York performance artist, has been working the clubs and alternative gallery circuits since 1979. In other performances she has been known to smear food on herself, to take a bath, to vomit, and to shit. On stage there are no limits to her teratologic exuberance, except: "No, Herr Schmidt, I will not shit in your mouth, even if I do get to know you..."

Finley claims that her performances are rarely rehearsed, and that her monologues are mostly spontaneous. This is not difficult to believe for Finley's monologues appear to emanate from the cavities of her unconscious; they resemble bilious eruptions connected openly through the logic of dreams and they both fascinate and repel.

What differentiates Finley's excesses from other forms of nihilistic art whose shock value is always short lived, is precisely the depths of her nihilism in the act of 'speaking', in speaking as a woman. Through a complex array of short narratives Finley inhabits and cuts across a variety of different characters both male and female. Often her semantic garters become so completely fluid so that it is difficult to distinguish gender: "You're fuckin' your granny, you're fucking your sister too...suck my dick, bastard bitch...I want your weiner in my mouth...get me off." ¹

Finley is dirty in the worst sense of the word -- she is contaminated, she is a double-agent who plays doctor in the pornographic arena of desire. Unlike the narrator in a Kathy Acker story who never forgets that the position from which she speaks is female and dominated, Finley's discourse transgresses the boundaries of gender. Through a kind of automatic writing, or rather a *speaking in tongues*, her work reveals the profound antimony underlying all strategies grounded in the utopic desire for origins, the *truth of woman*: the always already written paternal presence (or as Finley might put it, the weinerlogocentric inscription.)

The history of women who speak their minds in public, who openly embrace the obscene, who entertain and extend the abject, has been the history of witches, of women possessed by phallic demons, of bizarre circus acts and/or women suffering from one mental disorder or another. That is to say, women who for one reason or another were not properly socialized, who did not learn to fear the Law of the Father. Fearlessly and shamelessly, Finley attempts to speak the unspeakable, to exhaust the limits of the perverse, but like Molly in *Ulysses* who can only express her sexual ecstasy by saying "shit and piss", she is imprisoned within *arse nals* of a male language.



Confined to this lexicographic *dung* eon, Finley spits, sucks, bleeds, scratches, screeches, shits, cums, pounds, punches, pukes, pisses -- that is, she redecorates but also reflects her surroundings. In the process she does a lot more than simply break a few Oedipal taboos. Finley's excretions effect the reorganization of the language as sex -- a language which excludes women. At the same time she mirrors the problematic of female subjectivity and desire, and the paradoxical difficulties inherent in attempts to find and define that specificity.

As Finley stands on stage *looking like she wants it*, she appropriates a male point of view and in this way speaks her contradiction -- women's formation in and subjugation by the symbolic:

"I mean I'm ass man honey, oohh I'm an ass man...I had my hand inside a rump roast but just before I was gonna push my tool inside her, I wanted to get some good butt action...and I got my arm inside that butt...and when I took my elbow out...I took it out and I looked at it and it was all red and gooey with menstruation. I mean bitch you on the snatch...how could you be on the rag woman...how could you be on the period be the best fuck in your life, be the best rape in your life ... ooh I wanted to wash those hands, that menstruation off of

my finger nails...but it wouldn't wash out, it wouldn't wash out of my finger nails... out of my life line...It'd be a long time before I use that hand to shake my dick after I piss."

Alienated from her own body, re-enacting the ejection of woman from the realm of her own sexuality, Finley's defilement becomes grossly transsexual. She becomes a living text made only of quotes, a human quotation stepping outside the reassuring affectations of parody.

If subjectivity is relational -- 'I' exists through its opposition to 'you' -- then Finley's self collapses, folds in on itself for her persona incorporates both the 'I' and the 'you', oppressed and oppressor into one body. With the collapse of a clear identity, of a clear division between inside and out, Finley turns her *insides out*.

In her writings on abjection, Julia Kristeva describes such a process: "It is as if the skin, a fragile container, no longer guaranteed the integrity of one's 'own clean self' but, scraped or transparent, invisible or taut, gave way before the dejection of its contents."² Finley's work foregrounds the wound we all carry, *the hole in the psyche*, the hankering that nothing ever satisfies, by unmasking the limits of its exhaustion. Blood, urine excrement, sperm, saliva are

made to come in a freakish orgy of bodily functions. The fluids and the activities they are made to serve are not placed within a hierarchical scheme and are left undifferentiated as Finley's vernacular locutions operate their de-erotization. The language of pornography is in this sense disarmed, deconstructed -- laid out to dry.

By digesting food on the outside, by discharging verbal fluids, by emptying herself, Finley strives to articulate the unthinkable, to exhibit the intolerable, to decanonize, to explore the centrifugal powers of language: to boldly go where no man has gone before. However, in her rummages through the dump pile of significations she comes to expose *the dark truth* of man: the turgid circularity of his language. Woman is constrained within this obstinate sphincter enclave and there can be no one point of departure. She might learn the different ways to penetrate its margins by developing new forms of deconstructive laughter, by using it to suit her own ends. What Karen Finley's performances propose is that it is only by speaking from within the recesses of male desire that any transformation of desiring language itself can be affected and the ground for a new eroticism be laid: *"Oooh, you call that passion, you call that romance, honey you don't know what it's like for a woman to get cystitis!"*



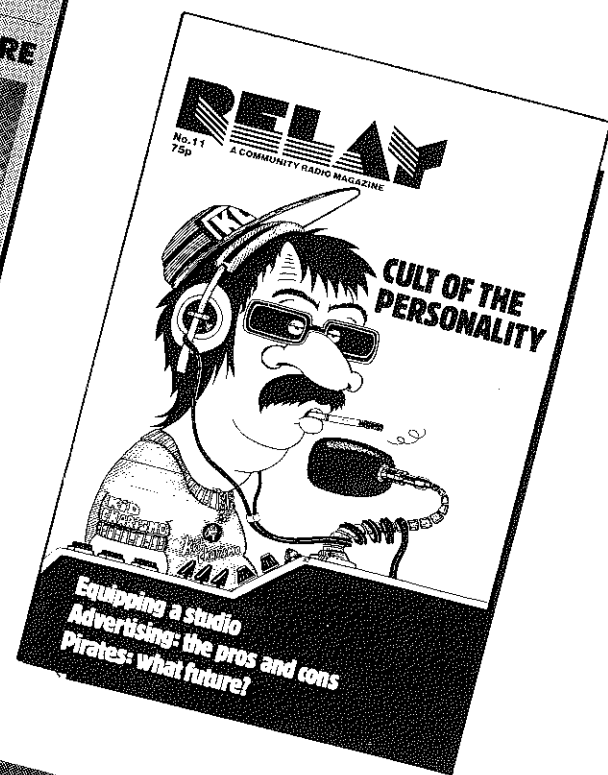
1 This is an excerpt from a disco song Finley wrote and recorded with Mark Kamins, who recorded Madonna's first album. Needless to say the radio stations didn't pick it up.

2 Julia Kristeva, *The Powers of Horror*, trans. Leon S. Roudiez. New York: Columbia University Press, 1982, p. 53.

Janine Marchessault is currently teaching film at Ryerson Polytechnical Institute in Toronto

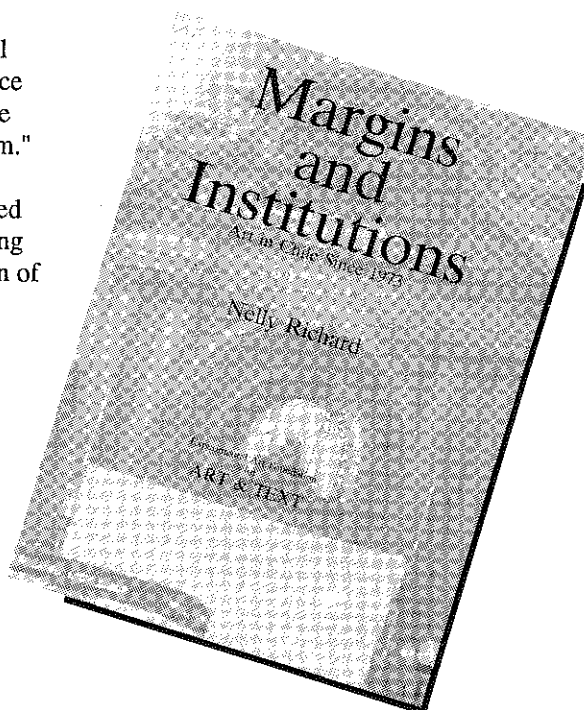
We present on these pages ten cultural-studies magazines from outside North America. By cultural studies we mean any generalizing inquiry into forms such as radio, television, film, newspapers, magazines, advertisements, and writing in literary and other situations. We have included a few specialized magazines (on community radio and visual arts) because they tend to raise general issues of culture and politics. Cultural studies as an inquiry intends to make connections between contemporary and historical research, and the practice of politically committed broadcasters, film-makers, video-producers, writers, etc. We have grouped the magazines by country, though our intention is to bring together on these pages the work of groups in many parts of the world.

Alan O'Connor



Australia

The Australian Journal of Cultural Studies is written in a fairly difficult academic style, with semiotic diagrams and discussions of difficult French theorists. On the other hand, this issue includes an article on time by a prison inmate and a discussion of the naming of the two new Australian commercial banks. *Arena* is centrally a politically journal though it has an interest in cultural criticism. This issue includes a long discussion of Uris' novel *Exodus* (twenty-million copies sold since 1959) as part of the ideological discourse described by Edward Said as "Orientalism." *Art & Text* is one of the more readable theoretical art journals. This issue entitled "Margins and Institutions" is a fascinating special issue to accompany an exhibition of recent art in Chile.

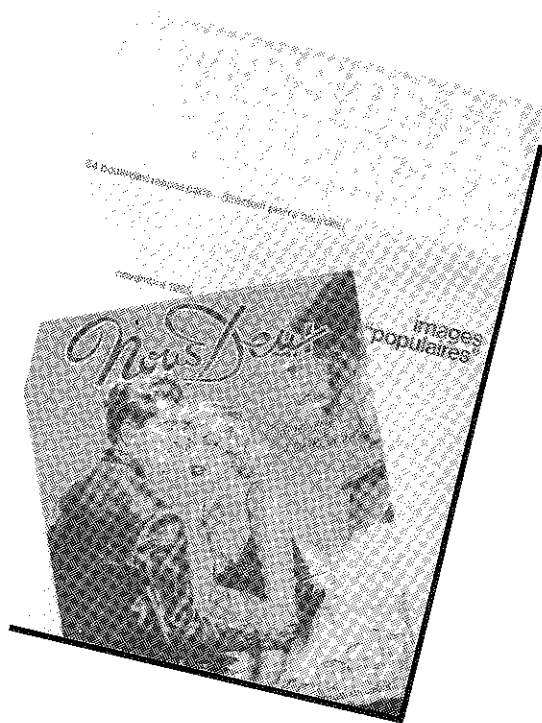


England

Block is a theoretical journal about art (mainly photography). This issue includes articles about the design of typewriters and an advertising campaign for cosmetics. *Media, Culture and Society* is the best academic journal in the field of historical research in culture and politics. *Red Letters* is mainly a literary journal but includes more general articles and reviews. This issue has an article "Boxing the Bard: The Cultural Politics of Television Shakespeare." *Relay* is an interesting example of a magazine by people who would rather be producing culture than

France

Actes de la recherche en sciences sociales is the journal of Pierre Bourdieu and his school of cultural research. (For an introduction to Bourdieu see David MacLennan's review in *border/lines* no. 3). This issue includes a study of the covers of the best-selling French women's magazine, the birth of the detective story, and anatomical museums in fairgrounds in the late 19th century.

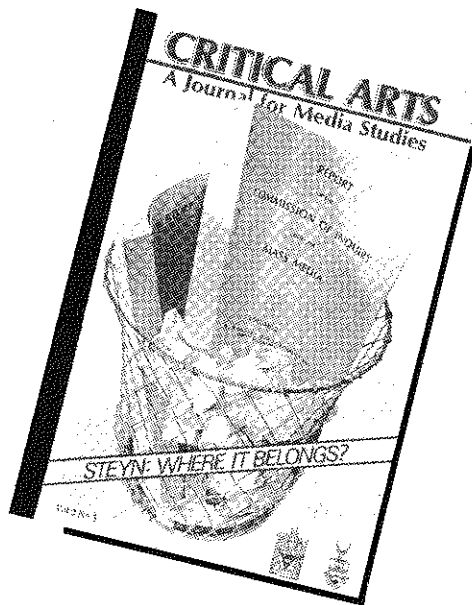


Latin American

Chasqui: Revista Latinamericana de Comunicación is published in Quito, Ecuador by the Center for the Advanced Study of Alternative Communications (CIESPAL). *Chasqui* deals with subjects such as the New World Information Order, alternative communications, developments in technology, and the democratization of information systems.

South Africa

Critical Arts deals with the relation between media and society and also has an interest in Third World (mainly African) media. It is published by the Dept of Journalism and Media Studies at Rhodes University in South Africa. This issue (from 1982) deals critically with a South African government report on the media. (See Ioan Davies' detailed review of *Critical Arts* in *border/lines* no. 4).



Addresses:

Actes de la recherche en sciences sociales, CDR-Centrale des Revues, 11 rue Gossin, 92543 Montrouge Cedex, France.

Arena, Box 18, P.O. North Carlton, Vic., Australia, 3054

Art & Text, (address for North American subscriptions) P.O. Box 325, Prince St. Station, New York, NY USA 10012.

Australian Journal of Cultural Studies, School of English, Western Australian Institute of Technology, Bentley, West Australia 6102

Block, Related Studies Office, Middlesex Polytechnic, Cat Hill, Eastbarnet, Hertfordshire EN4 8HU, England

Chasqui, CIESPAL, Apartado 584, Quito, Ecuador, South America.

Critical Arts, c/o Dept of Journalism and Media Studies, Rhodes University, P.O. Box 94, Grahamstown 6140, South Africa.

Media, Culture & Society, School of Communication, Polytechnic of Central London, 18-22 Riding House Street, London W1P 7PD, England.

Red Letters, Central Books, 14 The Leathermarket, London SE1 3ER, England.

Relay, Unit 57, Omnibus Workspace, 39-41 North Road, London N7 9DP, England.



O Z A R T S

ozart has been my musical idol since early childhood. My father taught me to regard him as the "Christ of music."

Mozart is the reason I am in music today; and, to a very great extent, his music defined my world for me.

SUSAN MCLARY

Over the past few years, I have become increasingly concerned with the need for a feminist criticism of music. And rather than introducing my program of feminist criticism by analyzing omnipresent musical images of phallic aggression, I wanted to make my first foray as positive as possible. Thus, I turned to my first love, Mozart operas.

It seemed to me when I first began working on this project that Mozart's images of women are rather more palatable than those of most other composers. Mozart at least does not kill off any of his female characters. By contrast, the death of the female becomes a requisite ingredient in nineteenth-century opera; closure and the reestablishment of social order demand it. As Mérimée says at the top of his version of *Carmen* (which is downright liberal compared to Bizet's version), "A woman has two good moments: in bed and death." All of Mozart's women continue to live. And sometimes they are even portrayed as smarter, more ethical than the men that surround them.

In my eagerness to hold onto Mozart in the midst of whatever critical revision I undertook, I even thought I could make the case that Mozart occasionally appears to identify with his female characters and with the so-called feminine themes in his instrumental music. Alas, my subsequent research disabused me of that illusion, and I realized finally that my choices were either to abandon the project altogether or else to speak the truth as I understand it.

Once I chose speech over silence, I found that the *tone* of that speech became a major problem. For if I have learned one lesson from Mozart's operas, it is that passionate women tend to be written off as hysterics. Unfortunately, his nonpassionate women offer no acceptable models either, since they agree to remain quiet like Pamina or else acquiesce charmingly to the role of coquette. That left little choice except the uncomfortable one of appropriating, to some degree, the patriarchal voice. Or, alternatively, of inventing a new one . . . to adopt the father's voice is not a new strategy for women scholars in music.

To the contrary, it is only if a woman agrees to speak in male drag - that is, if she relinquishes her right to observe and write from a female point of view - that she is permitted into the profession at all. But, as Audre Lorde has so aptly put it, the master's tools will never dismantle the master's house. Standard musicological discourse may allow me as a woman to enhance and decorate the established canon, but it will not permit me to address Mozart's construction of gender.

Here, I wish to deal primarily with Mozart's music itself and only incidentally with the libretti. Many of the points I want to make have been conceded in criticism, but they have been laid at the doorstep of Mozart's collaborators, Da Ponte and Schikaneder, who produced the words. The idea is that music (and most especially Mozart's) is pure, devoid of ideological content, and exempt from criticism; that while it may be deplorable that he happened to work with these poets, he himself can be faulted with nothing more than poor judgment in his choice of company. The texts do, of course, render far more explicit the contexts within which Mozart's characters operate, and therefore they cannot be ignored. But in order truly to be engaged in a feminist criticism of Music, I will be arguing principally from Mozart's compositional choices - from his manipulation of the semiotic codes and procedures of his musical language.

I should admit at the outset that I do not believe in perfect unity and internally defined coherence in human artifacts. To take works that have been granted the label of Great Art at face value and to limit the search for meaning to their own boundaries is at best to mystify and obscure the social dimension of artistic production and reception. At worst it is to transmit uncritically and irresponsibly - for the sake of aesthetics - certain ideological constructs that are potentially pernicious.

I am not advocating that we cease to take the canon of Great Art seriously. Indeed, I propose that the canon is dead serious. Hidden among those matchless melodies, I will be looking for answers to questions that continue to plague women in this society: where and how, for instance, do women learn to be masochistic, to remain with men who abuse us, to silence ourselves in submission to patriarchal law. In other words, rather than continuing to marginalize Mozart's compositions as a collection of beautiful but trivial objects, I am suggesting that they (like all the other cultural models and images put before us) influence the ways in which we shape ourselves - our notion of proper behaviour and values.

Thus I will not be providing readings of these operas that aspire themselves to internal consistency, for to do so is to submit to their claim to autonomy. Instead, I will be introducing rupture into the musical texts, frustrating our usual desire to believe unreflexively in the illusion of perfect order attributed to Mozart's music. Indeed, I would say that the more glorious the music, the more urgent the need for critical examination. In *The Magic Flute*, Tamino is initially sucked in by the Queen of the Night's aesthetic virtuosity, and he must be trained to prefer the less sensual Enlightenment of the Father. In a subversive appropriation of Sarastro, I want to recommend that we scrutinize the seductive power of Mozart's music in the light of feminist theory.

In *The Marriage of Figaro*, the women characters, the Countess and Susanna, are both marked in the libretto as much more intelligent and - especially in the case of the Countess - more virtuous than their male counterparts. This configuring of the situation differs somewhat from the DaPonte's model, the play of the same name by Beaumarchais. I do want to suggest that this change in emphasis is motivated by feminist interests. Rather this reversal of what was taken to be natural order is something of a displacement of the more explosive issue of class politics, a subterfuge that was all too evident to contemporaries. But whatever the covert motivation, Mozart did create quite positive female characters for this opera.

I want to examine in particular the music written for the Countess. On the one hand, as Greg Sandow pointed out recently in the *Village Voice*, when around Susanna she chatters, gossips and giggles, "true to the sexist idea that women never can be quiet." Yet, on the other hand, the Countess turns out to be truly noble. How is Mozart's construct manifested in music? How do we come to know this about the Countess?

The Countess is first introduced to us in her aria, "Porgi amor," the first of her two important soliloquies. The Countess knows that her husband is habitually unfaithful to her; and indeed, her involvement in the opera's farcical plot is motivated by her desire to trick him -- if necessary -- into returning to her. In this first aria, she sings that she must either get him back or die. (Thus do men define the male-centered essence of female existence. At least the plot swings around so that the Countess doesn't have to choke on her ultimatum.)



W O M E N

The instrumental introduction to the aria is burdened with layers of aristocratic ornaments and frippery, just as she -- the countess -- is framed with elaborate white wig and cascades of lace. Yet when she sings, her mode of expression is astonishingly linear and decisive. There is nothing frivolous in her stylistic bearing. Indeed, if her utterance were not encased in this ornate orchestration, her melodic line would sound downright heroic.

Her construction, in other words, is the inverse of the Maidenform woman, underneath whose apparently authoritative, business-like manner in public lurks just a girl in frilly underwear. Underneath the Countess' frills and apparent superficiality, she is *just like a man*. As male constructions of woman go, the Countess is quite admirable, perhaps as good as one can manage given our inherited models. (So long as our cultural semiotics rest on polarized binary opposition between the stereotypes of "real men" and "real women", all those who fall in the middle will suffer. What Mozart's dilemma points up is the necessity for new ways of constructing gender in our cultural production. (Fortunately, the increasing participation of women and openly gay and lesbian artists seems to be accelerating the breaking down of the old models and the assumptions on which they rely.)

The Countess' second soliloquy is the prolonged scene containing the aria, "Dove sono." She begins the sequence with a recitative in which she expresses her humiliation at having to stoop to such antics in order to get the Count back; then reflects nostalgically on the time when their love was mutual and finally fantasizes how her own constancy may finally win him back. Mozart's music carefully regulates the various stages of this psychological journey: it is initially fragmentary and then lyrical though complacent -- for in desiring to retreat into the past, the Countess cannot summon up sufficient energy to escape the gravitational pull back to her opening pitch. But at last, when she imagines her ability to get the Count back in the future, she marshals the necessary melodic, rhythmic, and harmonic forces to transcend her stasis. Once she envisions her goal, she moves confidently (in her private music, anyway) to overcome all obstacles and to seize what is rightfully hers. Once again, it is she (the enslaved aristocratic woman) who presents the most heroic and radical music in the opera - music that speaks of subversive overthrow of the intolerable *status quo*. She is the reluctant revolutionary disguised as a woman.

Don Giovanni is a rather more problematic work. The political axis upon which the opera is situated is a good deal less clear-cut. On the one hand, Giovanni is a corrupt aristocrat who is as intent on claiming his right to his peasant girls on their wedding nights as was the Count in *Figaro*. But on the other hand, he is a social rebel who flamboyantly defies the rigid strictures of society (as represented by both father and the spoilsport women) and who, although he is punished at the end, commands our sympathies. It is with Giovanni that we are encouraged to identify throughout the opera -- to him belong physical energy and ease of musical expression. He alone knows truly how to manipulate notes: in contrast to the noblewomen and Don Ottavio, all of whom are given high, treacherously difficult parts that are riddled with artifice, Giovanni sings "naturally," in a medium range, and as though stylistically unmediated. He is musically seductive - even irresistible. Moreover, his commentaries gloss virtually every other character for us: we perceive them through his eyes.

A case in point is Donna Elvira, a lady who has been seduced and abandoned by Giovanni but who follows him, partly for the sake of revenge but more because (as she never tires of telling us) she still loves him. In her first scene, she sings what is -- significantly -- an old-style rage aria, "Ah, chi mi dice mai." Her part lies intermittently very high, with an erratic melodic line that causes her quite literally to shriek. She is thus portrayed as hysterical, shrill, irrational. As she sings of the crime against her, she is undercut by lecherous asides by Giovanni and his servant, Leporello, who finds this whole scene hilarious. Mozart cleverly intertwines the two parts so that she is *musically* humiliated from the outset. A cruel joke is lodged in the unfolding of her complaint: the vicious asides seem organically inevitable, necessary for completion of the harmonic syntax and for the resulting image of musical perfection.

As the opera continues, Elvira is repeatedly debased before our very ears. Time and time again, she is tricked into thinking that Giovanni might one again care for her. Invariably she confesses that, despite his treatment of her, she still loves him. In some horrible way, she is a parody of *Figaro's* Countess, in that she is always prepared to return pity and love for cruelty. There have even been critics who have tried to make the case that she is finally the heroine of the opera because of her forgiving nature. Such explanations are, I believe, desperate attempts to salvage what is essentially an amoral composition, to reaffirm its perfection, to impose an interpretation that makes the piece seem not only less repugnant but even feminist. But this is not how Mozart writes her part. For it is *Mozart* finally who skewers her, who makes her musically ridiculous, who renders her dilemma consistently silly.

Donna Anna fares somewhat better in Mozart's hands. She is the only character with the moral strength genuinely to challenge Giovanni. The text has her resist him throughout, devote herself single-mindedly to accomplishing the revenge of her rape and her father's murder. And she shares with the Countess a directness of purpose and power in her musical discourse.

Yet even if it can be argued that Mozart respects her reactions, critical readings of Donna Anna - at least as far back as E.T.A. Hoffman - have converted her into another Elvira. That is, she has been interpreted as having desired her rape (despite everything she says to the contrary and the struggle we ourselves witness) and as loving her rapist. The argument (as always) seems to be that she protests too much. In his recent book on Mozart, Wolfgang Hildesheimer suggests that surely she ought to have recovered from the incident much more rapidly than she does; and the fact that she persists so intensely in her prosecution can only be motivated by her own awakened desire. Moreover, she clearly has no interest in her own fiancé; and since a woman has to be fixed on some man, it must be Giovanni. Perhaps the male listener himself is so seduced by Giovanni that he can scarcely imagine a woman refusing to submit.





**"Underneath
the Countess'
frills and
apparent
superficiality, she
is just like a man."**

In other words, a very common mode of reading this opera fall in line with many other arguments in our culture to the effect that women want to be raped, even when we say "no", even when we resist. We seek vengeance whether because we feel guilty about having liked it or because we want to lay emotional claim to the rapist. Whether Mozart meant to write it in this way or not, the fact that critics have read the opera so consistently in this light is extremely chilling. For if a society takes an artifact to mean a certain thing, then it does mean just that - or at least it does so as long as that shared understanding holds sway.

If it can be argued, however, that Don Giovanni occasionally has moments in which he might sympathize with women, *Così fan tutte* is one prolonged bad joke. It is not even subtle about its misogyny: the title, "All women are like that," announces it; the plot revolves around it; and the set-pieces are all permeated with anti-woman sneers. The nineteenth century - even Wagner, who is not ordinarily regarded as a feminist - was scandalized by the blatant immorality of this opera, and it was roundly condemned. Today we congratulate ourselves on being able to rise above these matters: we seem consistently to privilege aesthetics over ethics.

Once again, Mozart participates with great relish in the enterprise. His ladies are virtually travesties of his earlier "heroines." Fiordiligi, for instance, is another shrieker, her lines in "Come scoglio" even more erratic and irrational than Elvira's. We know in advance that the women have been set up for humiliation in the manner of Elvira, that there is no basis in reality for their sorrows: their apparent moral dilemmas are tempests in teapots. And throughout, simultaneously with their emotional outpourings, the orchestra giggles and directs us to perceive these as comical histrionics. Which of course they are: Mozart wrote them that way.

In the midst of all this, however, there appears quite unexpectedly a trio among the two women and Don Alfonso, the sadistic cynic who set up the practical joke. This trio, "Soave sia il vento," comes as close as anything I know to epitomizing sublime beauty and perfection in Mozart's music. I used to think of this trio as compensation for suffering through the humiliation of the rest of the opera. But it now seems to me as the worst part of the bad joke. It proposes the possibility of perfect harmony among the still unwitting victims and the perpetrator of the crime against them. This harmony is false to the core - a trick played on us by the master of the ineffable, the magician of perfect universal order. For what does it mean to have something morally repugnant wrapped in garments of transcendental beauty? Is it really laudable that Mozart's music can distract us from what is at stake?

The overt theme of *The Magic Flute* is the transfer of patriarchal power. It presents two parental forces: the Queen of the Night (the mother-goddess, representing darkness, femaleness, superstition, irrationality, seduction, manipulation) and Sarastro (the father-priest, representing light, masculinity, Enlightenment, reason, lawful order, morality). The Queen is a virtuoso coloratura who seeks to dazzle with her pyrotechnics. Her music is carefully constructed from the excesses of the pre-Enlightenment style. For instance, in her opening aria, "Du, du wirst sie zu befreien gehen," she finally forgoes verbal articulation altogether for the sake of spinning forth and enfolding us in coils of glittering (if substanceless) ornamentation.

I used to think that her music was benign: I had heard it only in the context of the *Ted Mack Amateur Hour*, in which almost weekly some demure young woman would attempt these arias, smiling as sweetly as possible throughout the ordeal. It was only much later that I was able to hear how utterly vicious this portrayal is - and yet how very consonant with other traditions in our cultural heritage that caricature powerful women as witches, dykes, and man-eating amazons. In contrast to her, Sarastro sings with straightforward, calm, rational (if fatuous) declamation, surrounded by orchestrations that mark him as a sage.

Pamina is the Queen of the Night's daughter. She has been kidnaped and is being held captive by Sarastro. At the request of the Queen, Tamino goes to rescue her - only to find that the patriarchal Enlightenment is absolute truth and that the Queen is absolute evil. Tamino is initiated into the mysteries of the faith. Pamina too is permitted into the hallowed halls, but only on condition that she submit unquestioningly to patriarchal law, that she silence herself and expect no direct access to knowledge. She becomes the quintessential dutiful daughter of the patriarchy, who is (incidentally) required to repudiate the mother. She, as the model of femininity, sings beautifully -- no shrieks, no ornaments. But she is also betrayed by the supposedly humane Sarastro: in the midst of one of the tests about which she has, of course, been kept ignorant, she becomes so distraught at Tamino's snubbing of her that she almost commits suicide. Once again, it is the old story that she must have his love or die, and we as listeners are directed to relish her lament, "Ach, ich fühls," as aesthetic object. Her tormented aria operates by withholding from us the cadence that spells closure and death, and Mozart teases us by making us desire both that inevitable conclusion (her death) and also its deferral (the continuing spectacle of her suffering). She is Sarastro's dutiful daughter and also his plaything.

It will undoubtedly be objected that these are works from the past, from a time when values were different from ours, and that it is not appropriate to apply our later ethical standards to these documents. It is true that these are works of the past, and I would not be so concerned with them if they were not still performed year in and year out; if they were not taken to be manifestations of perfection, the pinnacle of cultural achievement. Indeed, if the people who study, perform, and listen to these operas did so critically, there would be no need for this paper. But I see no evidence whatever that we try to distance ourselves from the ideologies they articulate. The misogyny in these operas is never (or very rarely) problematized in performance -- the way it is now, almost as a matter of course, with no less a canonized figure than Shakespeare. We choose to keep these images ever before us, to teach people to love and submit to them unquestioningly.

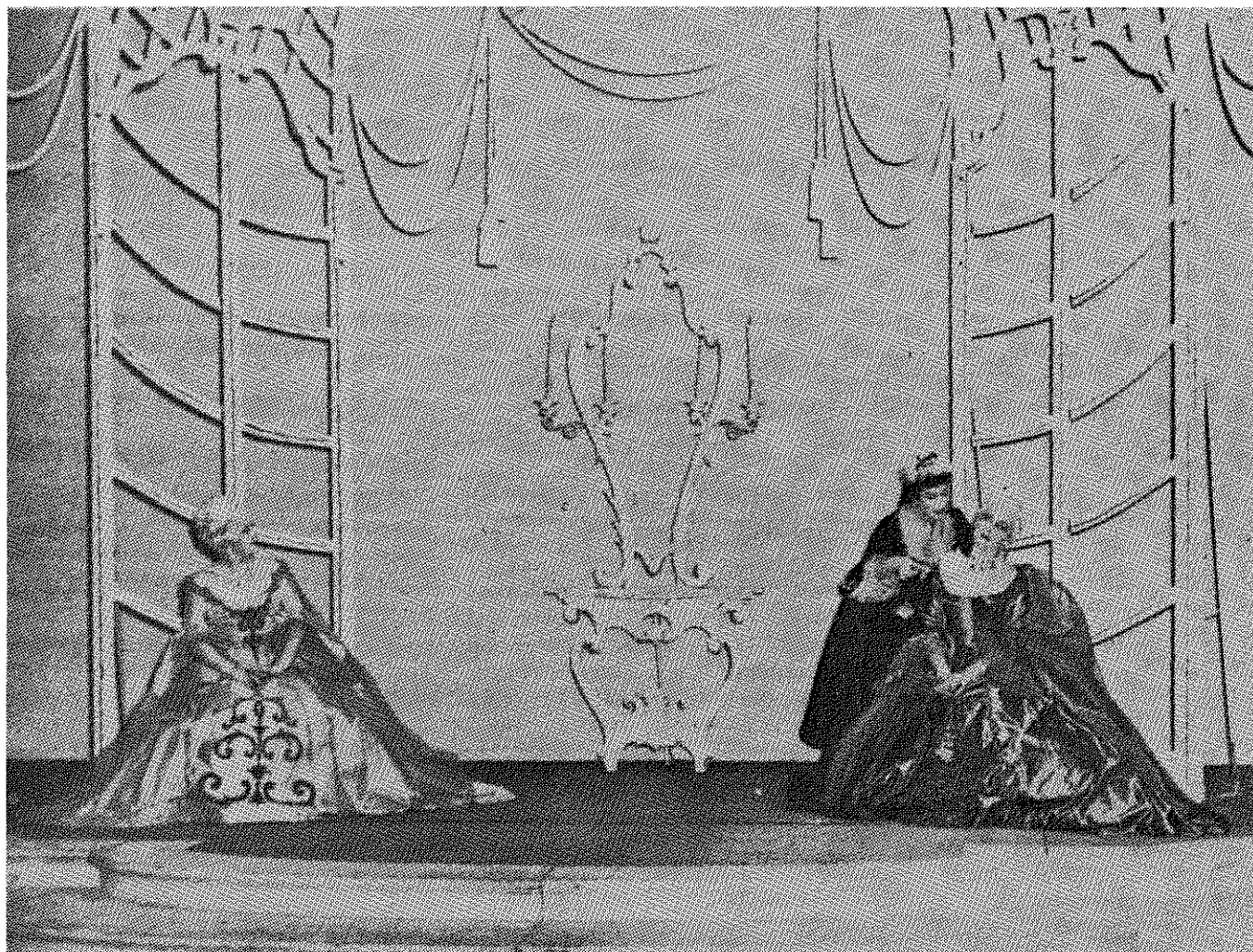
And we also make use of these models in order to justify new compositions that perpetuate the custom of constructing more and more brutal portraits of women, women who are then killed off as jokes. It is when I truly scrutinize these scores, read the standard interpretations, and witness their new offspring that I feel very alienated, despite, or perhaps because of my patriarchal drag. For it becomes clear that I am really in a boy's club. I can either laugh nervously at the jokes and hope to escape detection - or else begin to protest.

This is not an argument for censorship. Indeed, when we as women try to uncover how we learned we were supposed to love our abusers, to submit silently to patriarchal law, to identify against ourselves, we can begin to find clues in these elite cultural models that have participated for so long in the reproduction of such social values. These peices need to be studied very carefully - but as *social texts*, rather than as aesthetic objects of Great Art before which we humble ourselves. It is precisely because this music is so powerful and so seductively beautiful that it and its agenda need to be deconstructed. If it didn't work, we wouldn't need to break it.

If I were to accept the alternatives offered in *The Magic Flute*, I would have to choose to be either Pamina or the Queen of the Night. I too learned in graduate school that in order to be admitted to the hallowed halls, I had to become a dutiful daughter. I had to silence my own observations and submit to the patriarchal law of my discipline. A strong tendency in me still wants to find a way to recoup Mozart, so that I too can continue to adore his music unproblematically. But to continue thus to submit is to be an Elvira, to love my abuser despite the humiliation he heaps upon me, because of his great beauty. I find I must either acknowledge that the perfect humanistic world necessarily includes misogyny and accept that, or else declare that world to fall very short of perfection and part company. If anyone asks, "Why are you dragging sexual politics in here?" I can only respond, "Sexual politics are already here, and they always have been here. I am simply pointing them out."



'It's precisely because this music is so powerful and so seductively beautiful that it and its agenda need to be deconstructed.'



So given the choice, I would rather be the Queen of the Night, raging in the manner of "Der Hölle Rache" against the atrocities of patriarchal law and culture rather than remaining demurely silent. But I resist that too, for I refuse to identify with qualities such as obscurity, irrationality, and superficiality. To charge *Così fan tutte*, "All women are like that," I must answer calmly and firmly, *No*. Insofar as I claim the right to rationality, voice, and intellectual substance, I am no longer willing to be his apologist, no longer willing to be one of Mozart's women.

"Mozart's Women" previously appeared in *Hurricane Alice*, Vol. 3, No. 3.

Susan McClary is Associate Professor of Musicology at the University of Minnesota. Her publications include articles on seventeenth century style, on ideological dimensions of music by Bach and others, and on problems in the reception of new music. She is co-editor of a volume forthcoming from Cambridge University Press, Music and Society: The Politics of Composition, Performance and Reception, and she wrote the afterward to the translation of Jacques Attali's Noise. She has also just completed a piece entitled Susan Does the Elders.

FEMINEST NEW NARRATIVE

SHOCK TROOPS OR REAR GUARD?

KAY ARMATAGE

In 1986 one might easily conclude that political filmmaking is in disarray on a global scale. Mass popular culture, historically a site for opposition on both aesthetic and political grounds, is being embraced not only by the post-modernist art community, but by those who see themselves as artistic guerillas in a war whose weapons are images. Feminists especially face a serious dilemma, for feminist aesthetic theory of the past ten years has consistently reiterated the complicity with patriarchal ideology of the formal properties of mass culture, as well as of popular image. The wholesale abandonment of such insights is impossible. Yet production in the dominant mode--fictional narrative in the most "entertaining" genres such as the fantastic, the musical, detective, romance and melodrama--is burgeoning on an unprecedented scale amongst feminist filmmakers. Feminist film theory is also undergoing some renovation, as it comes to grips with feminist filmmaking practice.



This article will outline a brief history of the varieties of conjunction of filmmaking practice and political motivation, and of the aesthetic and political theories which informed these meetings. Designed to arrive in fairly short order at the present moment, specifically in relation to developments in feminist filmmaking, this account will emphasize in particular the tradition of opposition to mass culture and popular forms amongst political movements in cinema, and the relation of film genres to that opposition.

The earliest political attacks on the popular cinema came from the Russians. Futurism, Constructivism, and eccentricism are labels attached to fine differences, but what the poet Mayakovski called "the Army of Art" was united in its desire to build a new art, an aesthetic revolution which would mirror the aims of the social and economic revolution of 1917 (Schnitzer & Martin, 1973, p. 16). There are two points to be made here which illuminate our history of political aesthetics. The first is that fundamental to the new art was a critique of the old, the popular art founded in the psychological narrative of the nineteenth century novel and exemplified in the new methods of theatrical realism being developed by Stanislavsky in the Moscow Art Theatre. The second point is that both documentary and avant-garde formats were argued with equal conviction as the correct vehicles for this new political aesthetic.

Everyone knows the ending of this chapter in film history. Stalin didn't agree. In his view, the popular forms which emphasized discursive narrative, individual psychology, and domestic naturalism were most appropriate to the services of the state. "Social realism" was born, and the practitioners of a revolutionary art found themselves in exile or worse. This dramatic episode in cinema history would forever mark the conjunction of realist narrative with dominant ideology, whether in Hollywood or Mosfilm, and the assignment of a political agenda to the henceforth marginal forms of documentary and the avant-garde.

In fact, for the next fifty years, as the avant-garde increasingly removed itself from the realms of social life, becoming entrenched in abstraction or personal expression or the meta-discourse of art itself, a political cinema would be virtually confined to the documentary mode. Under the wideflung influence of John Grierson, the definition of the very word "documentary" was changed to include the expectation of a social point of view. When he worked with the General Post Office in the 1930s, the heroic, formative period of the British documentary, and when he came to Canada to found and guide the National Film Board, for Grierson documentary was political propaganda. Despite the shift in ideological motivation, neither the cinematic apparatus nor the aesthetic assumptions were significantly altered, however. Under WWII, 35mm film still dominated both theatrical and nontheatrical production, thereby distinctly affecting the formal properties of political documentary. Dramatic lighting and sets shot in studios were backdrops for directed action sequences, and the use of models, rain and wind from hoses and fans, re-enactments often by professional actors, and stock footage were normal even in newsreels. Post-production techniques favoured modern classical scores,

Eisensteinian rhythmic montage, and poetic voice-over commentaries or post-dubbed dialogue. In short, the techniques of the documentary were not too far removed from those of 35mm dramatic films. The "truth" of realism was not an issue for the Griersonian documentary.

Cinema vérité in 16mm, or direct cinema as it was also known, was the first new film genre in thirty years to develop a theory based in both politics and aesthetics, as well as in the cinematic apparatus itself. An understanding of the political significance of cinematic language was crucial to cinema vérité, which was based not only on a politics of truth and authenticity, but on a new approach to documentary material facilitated by the lightweight portable 16mm camera and crystal synch sound equipment. The implicit critique was of cinematic illusionism. The flawless and highly orchestrated soundtrack, the dramatic chiaroscuro of Hollywood lighting, the perfectly composed and smoothly executed framing and tracking, even the now too-familiar faces and voices of professional narrators, and the fluid, quick-cutting montage sequences had all been conventional aspects of documentary, but were now considered signs of "manipulation". Shaky hand-held camera, light spills, changes in exposure, swish pans, reframings and refocusing, background noise in the ambient sound, uncut shots that would continue at length to allow for full self-revelation without the aid of pointed montage--all of these qualities, once considered signs of amateurism, became the cinematic signifiers of truth. Where once an urgently committed point of view had been considered appropriate to political filmmaking, now a rigorous lack of involvement, an ambiguous jumbling of contradictions, a refusal of narrative explanations or comments, and the insistence on the eloquence and truth of intimate observation characterized political filmmaking. Above all, it was the new focus on people talking which produced the most revolutionary impact.

Throughout the sixties, cinema vérité proliferated in the hands of a leftist and increasingly feminist counterculture. Their subjects were striking workers, civil rights activists, Viet-Nam protestors, presidential candidates, rock stars, children, men and women in the street. The constant social message: the ravages of social institutions on the well-being of the individual. The cinematic message was again the critique of fiction and illusionism, for these were the people that Hollywood had ignored, forgotten, or distorted for fictional purposes.

By the late sixties, feminists had also turned their attention to the distorted stereotypes of women found in most mass media and in Hollywood and TV films in particular. The definition of feminist filmmaking quickly became the replacement of such false and negative images with "positive" images of "real" women, primarily through documentary films.

The theory which informed such feminist criticism and practice later became known as the "images of women" approach. A sociologically based theory, images of women criticism grew out of the political theories and strategies of the North American



"AS for feminist filmmaking practice, it was clearly no longer sufficient to tell a new story..."

women's movement dominated by Radical Feminism. The central strategy of Radical Feminism was the technique of consciousness-raising, which asserted that the world could be changed by increasing the awareness and understanding of the oppression of women, and by changing attitudes towards virtually all aspects of life in a patriarchal world. Although Radical Feminism rejected the abuses of women perpetrated by the psychiatric profession and the popular applications of Freudianism, consciousness-raising ironically had its roots in assumptions similar to Freud's. Both "talking cures", they assume that change will come about through bringing the unknown to the level of consciousness, and that the most deeply formative socializing forces come from our relations with the world around us. Whereas Freud had emphasized the structural relations between family members as the crucial factors in the formation of the unconscious, Radical Feminism emphasized institutional forces such as schools, mass media, and the culture at large. The images of women found in advertising, television, primary school textbooks, and Hollywood movies were significant targets in the battle to reclaim women's bodies, faces, and psyches. The feminist documentary was the principle weapon of struggle.

The approach to political filmmaking was no less sophisticated from women than from the institution of cinema itself, which accepted cinema vérité on its own terms, as an alternative to the illusionist distortions of popular genres. Generally, cinema vérité was seen as transparent; its formal properties were accepted not as signifiers of a constructed reality, different from fiction films in form but not in degree of "mediation", but as unmediated reality itself. The documentary mode was fully accepted not as a tool with which to construct a new reality, but as a transparent window through which to see the "real" reality that was already there, simply falsified by Hollywood and commercial television.

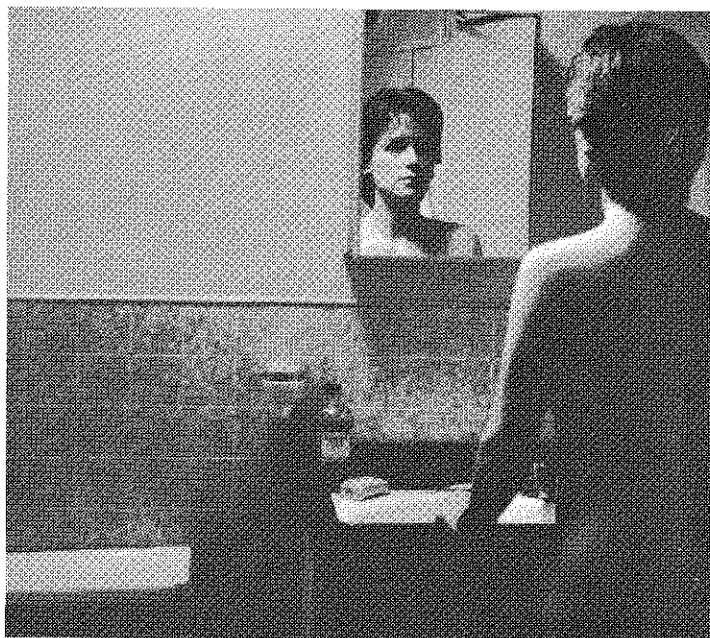
In the early 1970s, however, a new breeze began to blow through feminist thought, a breeze that wafted across the Atlantic predominantly from Britain. As Claire Johnston said in 1974, "You can have films that on a content level appear quite progressive but that at the same time, at the level of cinema, the level of the way the sign is used, are still extremely fetishistically involved with women. This is particularly true of the modern cinema where there seems to be a direct attempt by a number of liberal filmmakers, and even women, to project a free woman (Kay & Peary, 1977, pp. 405-6). With statements such as this, a new theory and practice were instituted. The critique of the operations of cinematic illusionism returned once again to the Russians and to Brecht for inspiration and instruction, as well as to Barthes, Lacan, and Althusser. For many feminists, the documentary mode was seen to be inadequate as the site of struggle, which must involve crucial work on the signifier as well as the signified.

The critique of realism as the bourgeois convention which worked to efface the ideological functioning of textual meaning production was enhanced subsequently by a critique of narrative per se. "Sadism demands a story", wrote Laura Mulvey, "depends on making something happen, forcing a change in another person, a battle of will and strength, victory/defeat, all occurring in a linear time with a beginning and an end (Mulvey, 1975, p. 14). Mulvey's seminal essay provoked almost a decade of theory which developed the connection between the workings of narrative, the phallus, the fetishized body of woman as the object of desire, and the relation of the play of looks within and across the film text with the constitution of the spectator/subject.

As for a feminist filmmaking practice, it was clearly no longer sufficient to tell a new story, a story of "real" women in film--women who face problems, live and think out solutions, rather than women who only cause crises, bewitch and wane", as one early feminist guide put it (Betancourt,

1974, p. 136). Whether in the documentary or fictional mode, all stories were eventually the same. Teresa de Lauretis put the argument against narrative:

In its 'making sense' of the world, narrative endlessly reconstructs it as a two-character drama in which the human person creates and recreates *himself* out of an abstract or purely symbolic other--the womb, the earth, the grave, the woman....The drama has the movement of passage, a crossing, an actively experienced transformation of the human being into--man (de Lauretis, 1984, p. 121).



Feminist filmmaking was thus recommended as an oppositional practice, a cinematic interrogation of narrative and the dominant conventions of cinematic illusionism. The chief vehicle for a political filmmaking practice was to be no longer documentary but an oppositional avant-garde. The feminist avant-garde catalyzed a great deal of work centering on issues of representation, the filmic text, the relation of the spectator to the text, and the play of language within the text.

The formal strategies of the structural avant-garde, which had dominated the preceding period, had effected a materialist examination of cinema. The material operations of the cinematic apparatus itself, the effects of grain, light, lenses, filters, projection, the emulsion and even the sprocketholds themselves had occupied filmmakers for what came to seem like an inordinate period of time. But now, what had formerly appeared to be a modernist fascination with the object itself was incorporated into a political project which used these examinations of the apparatus to emphasize the relation of the spectator to a constructed, ideologically complicit practice of representation. For a decade from the mid-seventies, in feminist filmmaking, the avant-garde once again asserted its former position as a mode of political discourse in cinema.

In the same period, feminists did continue to produce documentary films, but the 'innocence' of cinema vérité was no longer possible, at least for theoretically informed critics and practitioners. The "formal" documentary which analyzed or foregrounded its own discursive practices or the entirely constructed film which performed its own discursive practices or the entirely constructed film which performed fictional upon documentary conventions got some attention, but critical interest was focussed on the "feminist theory film" which dominated the festivals and cinema studies classrooms. Meanwhile, interestingly enough, the grass roots women's movement increasingly turned its attention back to the beloved documentaries of the early and mid-seventies, and embraced with too-quick delight the odd Hollywood film that presented "positive" women characters (eg. *Norma Rae*, *An Unmarried Woman*, *Julia*) or the few European art films that seemed to present a "female sensibility" (eg. *Entre Nous*, *Marianne and Julianne*, *A Question of Silence*).



By 1983, at least one feminist assessor was arguing the exhaustion of the feminist "theory films", and criticizing the feminist documentary was still stuck in the uncritical use of realism, while theory itself she saw as immersed in a ping-pong game of simple opposition and binarism. E. Ann Kaplan called for a move "beyond deconstruction to reconstruction" to learn how "to manipulate the recognized, dominating discourses so as to begin to free ourselves *through* rather than beyond them" (Kaplan, 1983, pp. 140-141). She calls, in other words, for the return to narrative, and moreover, to narrative at its most hysterical--melodrama--with the subject motherhood which, she argues, remains at least in part unviolated by the patriarchy, unenmeshed in the symbolic (Kaplan, 1983, pp. 205-6).

Laura Mulvey has also called for an end to binary oppositions (Mulvey, 1983), but from a somewhat more intricate theoretical base. The debate around narrative has focused on strategic formal points, such as the operations of suture, the positioning of the subject through the play of looks in the working of recognition/identification, and particularly on the eradication of sexual difference in the impetus towards closure. It is the beginnings and endings, she suggests, which return to the insistent interpellation of viewers into familiar subject-positions, maintaining thereby the existing cultural order. Mulvey hopes that we may employ the idioms and conventions of mass culture, specifically narrative forms, but that we may find our potential for subversion in the opening out of the narrative, the resistance to closure through and expansion of the "middle"--eg. through cyclical forms or celebrations of the ludic or carnival, an ecstatic dilation of elements of the spectacle (Mulvey, 1984).

Teresa de Lauretis is much less cautious, arguing that "the most exciting work in cinema and in feminism today is anti-narrative or anti-Oedipal; quite the opposite. It is narrative and Oedipal with a vengeance, for it seeks to stress the duplicity of that scenario and the specific contradiction of the female subject in it, the contradiction by which historical women must work with and against Oedipus" (de Lauretis, 1984, p. 157). As for feminist theory, she argues, it is time for some change: "Which is not to say that we should dispense with rigorous analysis and experimentation of the formal processes of meaning production, including the production of narrative, visual pleasure and subject positions, but rather that feminist theory should now engage precisely in the redefinition of aesthetic and formal knowledge, much as women's cinema has been engaged in the transformation of vision" (de Lauretis, 1985, p.158). Some writers see the return to narrative as simply a sellout, or more viciously, the willed destruction of the avant-garde. Some see the current trends as embedded in the endemic weaknesses of the theoretical project, which was always attendant first and foremost to the working of classical narrative and Hollywood and never "really" committed to the avant-garde (Elder, 1983).

▽

"The desire for larger audiences, obviously one crucial factor, may truly be directed towards harnessing the pleasure of mass culture to a trenchant and subversive politics."

strategies. Argentinians tell the history of a decade of military rule by terror in slapstick (*Funny Dirty Little War*, 1983), while Cubans, in a break from social realism, discuss the housing shortage and escalating materialism through the conventions of situation comedy (*House for Swap*, 1984), Chantal Ackerman's shopping mall musical has recently been released. Even Jean-Luc Godard has returned to a pre-1968 narrative with *Je Vous Salue, Marie*, (1984).

Certainly, however, the trend towards narrative is firmly underway, not only among women filmmakers but throughout the international political cinema. In a return to the very territory which political filmmakers had fled only a generation ago, we find the widespread embrace not only of narrative but of the most "entertaining" conventions of the narrative mode. Post-modernist sensibilities in the visual arts and architecture have paved the way for the re-institution of romantic and classical allusions, as well as the iconography of mass culture, narrativity, and even sentimental kitsch. Avant-garde cinema has been one of the last bastions of modernism, but even its most stalwart practitioners are flinging themselves -- sometimes playfully, but sometimes oh-so-seriously -- into genres such as the musical, melodrama, thriller and fantastic. South American and Third World cinemas, once noted for their indigenous qualities, are now sweetening their politics with strong infusion of Hollywood

The return to narrative can most productively be read not only as a "sell-out", or even as a gesture in opposition to the self-reinforcing elitism of an ever-more esoteric avant-garde. The desire for larger audiences, obviously one crucial factor, may truly be directed towards harnessing the pleasure of mass culture to a trenchant and subversive politics. In this way, the current trends seem truer to the revolutionary aesthetics of Eisenstein and Brecht, whose artistic sources included the working class arts of their day (circus, music hall, sports arena). Claire Johnston, one of the most influential people in the early stages of a developing feminist theory, certainly posited, in her repudiation of the cinema vérité documentary, a conjunction of "entertainment and politics" as an idea from Brecht whose time had come (Kay and Peary, 1974, p. 398).

De Lauretis characterizes the shift to narrative amongst women filmmakers rather differently: it is "a shift...from modernist or avant-garde aesthetic of subversion to an emerging set of questions about filmic representation...a shift in women's cinema from an aesthetic centred on the text and its effects on the viewing or reading subject -- whose certain, if imaginary, self-coherence is to be fractured by the text's own disruption of linguistic, visual and/or narrative coherence -- to what may be called an aesthetic of reception, where the spectator is the film's primary concern... What is new here is the particular conception of the audience, which now is envisaged in its heterogeneity and otherness from the text" (de Lauretis, 1985, pp. 169-70). Issues related to the spectator as social subject engendered as female have been explored in women's cinema in several ways, among them avant-garde strategies of the disjunction of image and voice, the reworking of narrative space, and modes of address which interrogate conventions of representation. De Lauretis concludes that both from an oppositional avant-garde and within narrative "women's cinema has undertaken a redefinition of both private and public space that may well answer the call for 'a new language of desire' and may actually have met the demand for the 'destruction of visual pleasure', of by that one alludes to the traditional, classical and modernist canons of aesthetic representation" (de Lauretis, 1985, p. 175).

I began by suggesting that political filmmaking was in disarray on a global scale, and that this is a particularly perilous time for feminist filmmakers. In the course of writing this paper, I have come through to a view of the current trend towards narrative as quite other than the wholesale abandonment of the insights of feminist film

theory, and a sense that indeed we may be in a period of intense activation of both theory and practice. As the practical demands of the women's movement are inexorably achieving results in the form of increasing participation of women in the mainstream of cultural industries, where feminism itself is increasingly taken for granted, we may be not in disarray or impasse, but simply in the process of discovering the most productive deployment of theoretical and material resources. It may be more accurate to posit retrenchment, rather than co-optation or retreat, as the current position of feminist troops.

Let us continue to proceed warily, however, for there are no signs of retreat for the forces which seek to maintain male dominance, and these fields of the dominant discourse are intricately mined. But if we wish to end two decades of sniping from the marginal positions of the documentary and the avant-garde, we have no choice but to amass our forces and storm the fortress of the dominant mode.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF WORKS CITED

- Jeanne Betancourt. *Women in Focus*. Dayton: Pfaulm Publishing, 1974.
- Bruce Elder. Unpublished Remarks. Presented at the Conference on New Narrative and the Future of Film Theory. Vancouver, 1983.
- E. Ann Kaplan. *Women and Film: Both Sides of the Camera*. New York: Methuen, 1983.
- Karyn Kay and Gerald Peary (eds.). "Interview with British Cine-Feminsits". *Women and the Cinema: A Critical Anthology*. New York: E.P. Dutton, 1977.
- Teresa de Lauretis. *Alice Doesn't: Feminsim, Semiotics, Cinema*. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1984.
- Teresa de Lauretis. "Aesthetic and Feminist Theory: Revisioning Feminist Film Theory". *New German Critique* #34, Winter 1985.
- Laura Mulvey. "Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema". *Screen* vol. 16, no. 3. Autumn, 1975.
- Laura Mulvey. Unpublished Paper. Presented at the Conference on New Narrative and the Future of Film Theory. Vancouver, 1983.
- Luda and Jean Schnitzer, and Marcel Martin (eds.). *Cinema in Revolution*. London: Secker and Warburg, 1973.

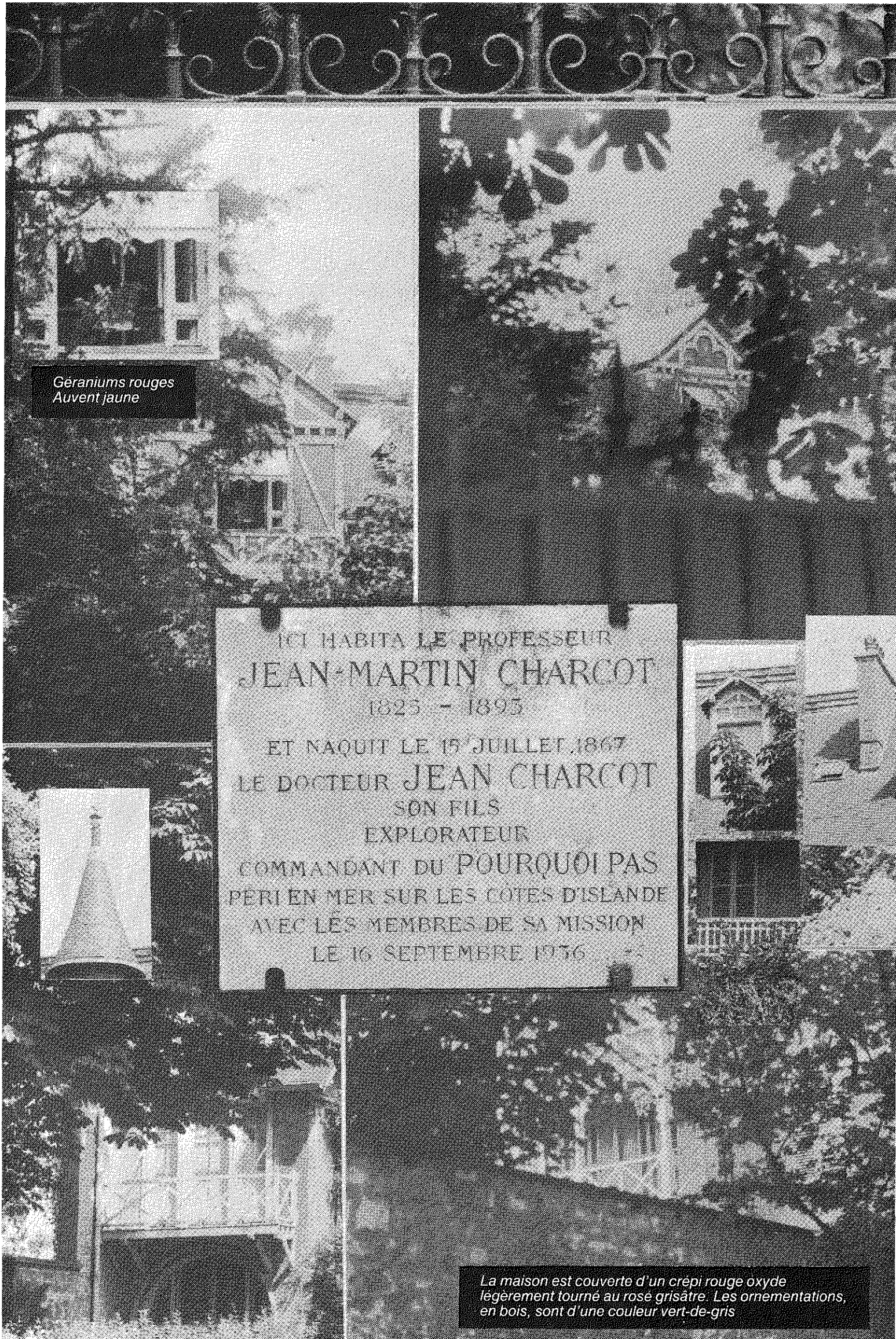
Kay Armatage teaches Women's Studies and film at the University of Toronto. She is a programmer for Toronto's Festival of Festivals and a filmmaker.



53. Bd. du Commandant Charcot, Neuilly-sur-Seine,
métro Pont de Neuilly — Avenue de Madrid



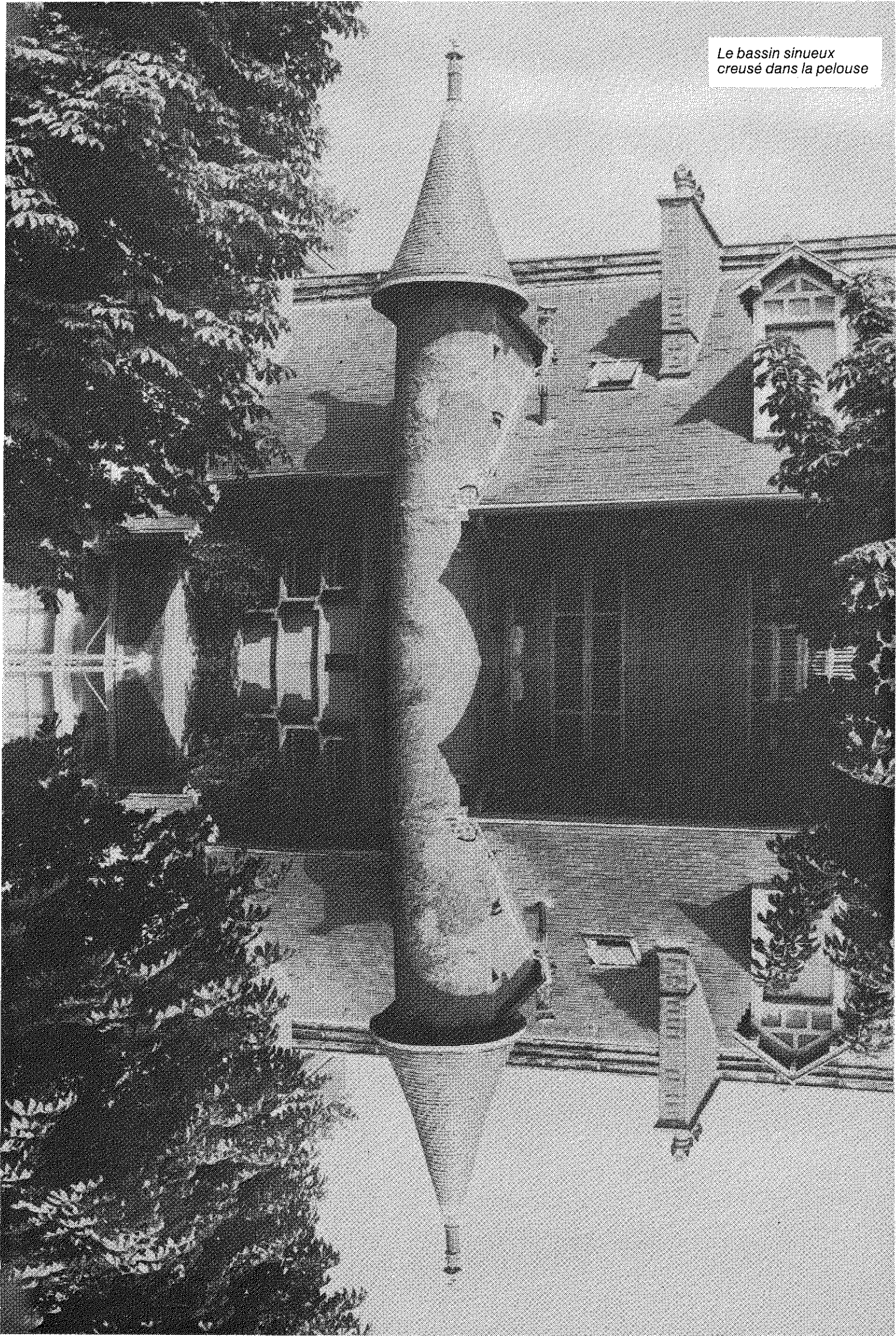
Au sud de la «folie» St-James



Géraniums rouges
Auvent jaune

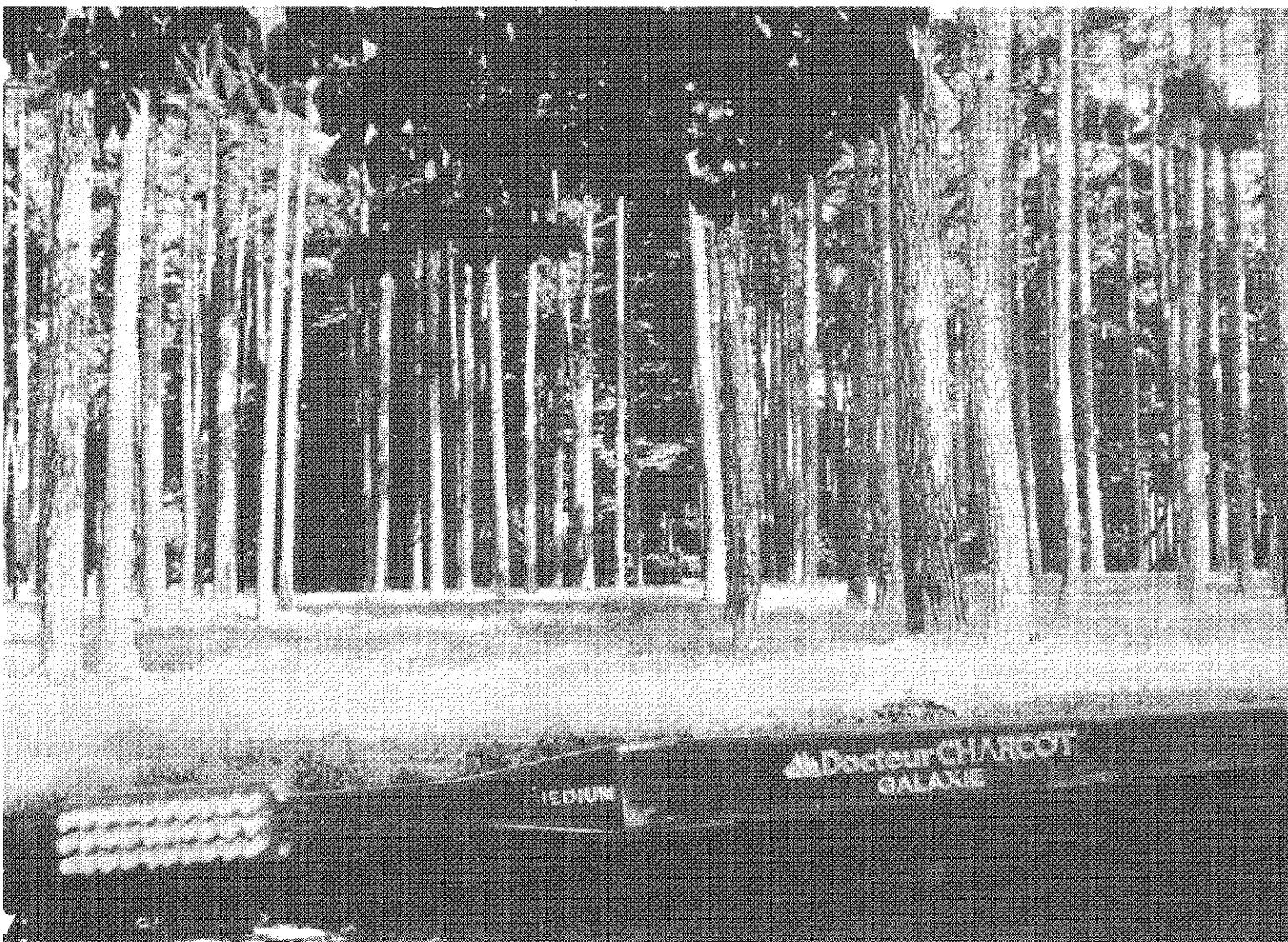
ICI HABITA LE PROFESSEUR
JEAN-MARTIN CHARCOT
1825 - 1895
ET NAQUIT LE 15 JUILLET 1867
LE DOCTEUR JEAN CHARCOT
SON FILS
EXPLORATEUR
COMMANDANT DU POURQUOI PAS
PERIEN MER SUR LES COTES D'ISLANDE
AVEC LES MEMBRES DE SA MISSION
LE 16 SEPTEMBRE 1936

La maison est couverte d'un crépi rouge oxyde
légèrement tourné au rosé grisâtre. Les ornements,
en bois, sont d'une couleur vert-de-gris



*Le bassin sinueux
creusé dans la pelouse*

En face, le Bois de Boulogne



Nicole Jolicoeur, août 86

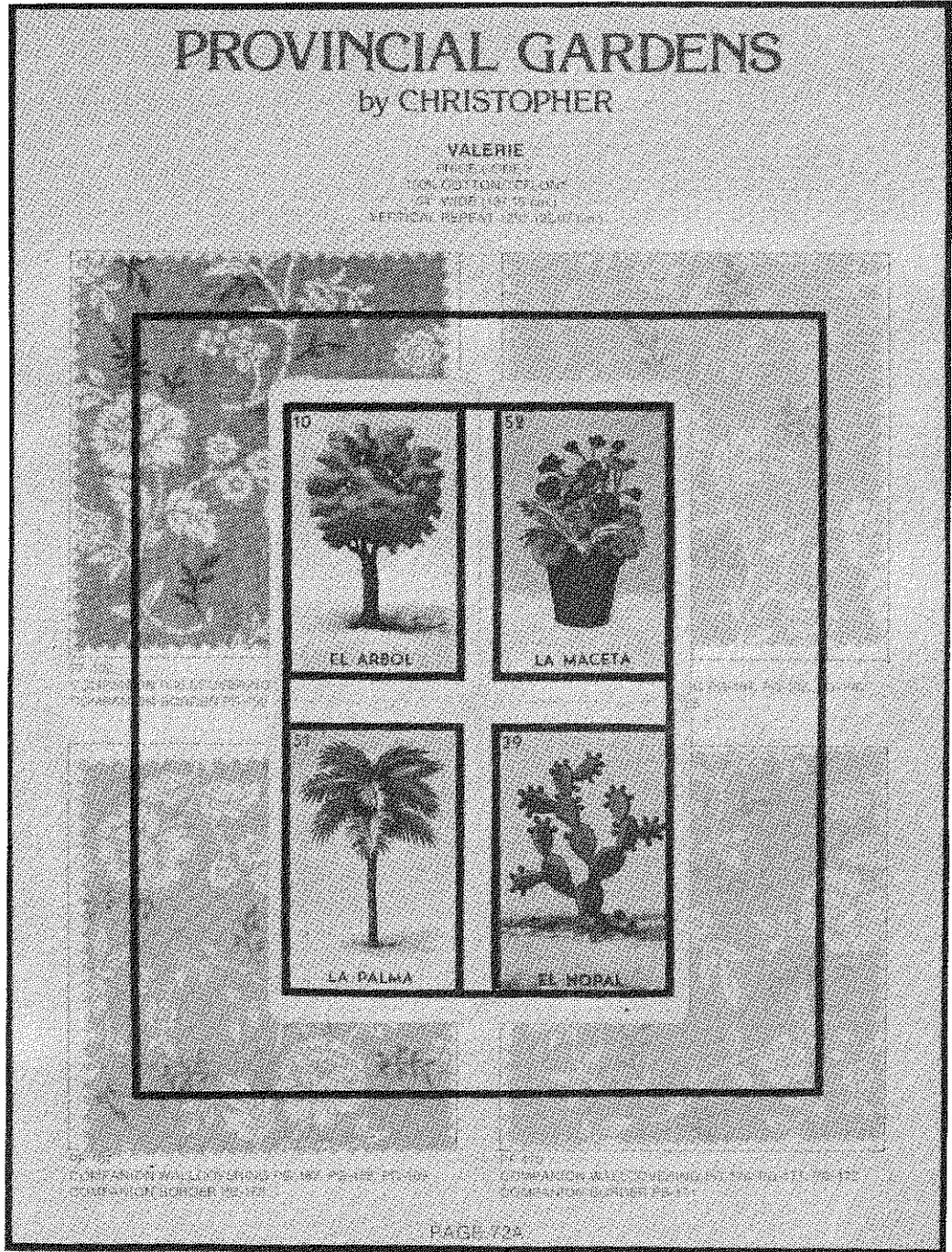
WHEN ♦ THESE ♦ LIPS ♦ S

BRENDA LONGFELLOW

hat I'd like to do here is make a very general and strategic incursion into what has been packaged in North America as "New French Feminism". As very little of the "old" has ever made it to these shores, the project of contextualizing this body of theoretical work (represented most prominently by writers Julia Kristeva, Hélène Cixous, Luce Irigaray and Michèle Montrelay) in relation to the evolution, struggles and schisms of the French feminist movement is a difficult if not near impossible task.¹ The work thus arrives with all the intoxicating and seductive flavour of the latest intellectual fashion from Paris and, like all imports, suffers a certain damage in the trans-atlantic crossing due to the intermittent and fragmentary nature of the translations. Beginning with the first of these, which trickled into North America in the late seventies in special issues of *Signs*, *Diacritics*, *Ideology and Consciousness*, and in the anthology *New French Feminism* which appeared in 1980², the work has been read with equal amounts of derision and wild enthusiasm. With the translation and publication of Luce Irigaray's *Speculum* and *Ce Sexe Qui N'en a pas Un* last year by Cornell University Press, Catherine Clement's and Hélène Cixous's *La Jeune Né*³ this year by the University of Minnesota's series on "The Theory and History of Literature", and with the continuing publication of the work of Julia Kristeva⁴, the theoretical terrain has been substantially fleshed out for the Anglo reader, allowing for a more rigorous appraisal.

Mapping the Difference

Apart from its continental origins and ostensible "newness", what distinguishes French Feminism from the tradition of North American feminism is its particular theoretical intent and object. While North American feminism was and is rooted in socio-political struggles around issues such as equal pay, professional recognition, abortion and the development of social services, the object of French Feminism is marked by the investigation of the cultural constriction of female psychology and its symbolic realizations within the order of language and representation. French Feminism thus shares, with much of the post-structuralist project, the insight that we are spoken by language, that our identities, our very psyches and experience of sexuality, are pre-determined by ideological values carried and reproduced within language. As concerns the struggle for social change, what marks French Feminism is the insistence that the transformation of social relations is primordially dependent on a profound re-thinking and re-working of existing relations of representation and language.



This determination of language as the principal field of struggle is not, however, contingent on a denial that women are in a situation of specific exploitation with respect to economic relations of exchange and production. What it is dependent on is a recognition that the exploitation of women as objects of economic exchange is complemented and reinforced by a symbolic economy in which "woman" is objectified as a means of exchange between men and positioned as the silent support of patriarchal fantasy and desire. To thus insist on interrogating discourse and symbolic relations, however, is to place the issue of form at the forefront of any political agenda. "In order for women to be able to make themselves heard, a 'radical' evolution in our way of conceptualizing and managing the political realm is required."⁵

One of the dangers in any categorization of difference, however, is its tendency to lapse into simplistic oppositions such as theory versus practice, an opposition which disguises the much more profound realignment of those terms within French Feminist writing. Nor can one easily position the Anglo American feminist movement by its wholesale rejection of theory for the kinds of theorizations developed under the aegis of "the personal is political". Indeed, the insistence on the experiential often overlaps with many of the considerations of French Feminism. One clear difference though, has to do with the French Feminist appropriation and re-reading of psychoanalysis as the theoretical touchstone of all investigations, an appropriation which opens feminist investigation to the field of desire, subjectivity and the unconscious in their mutually determining relation with language.

S P E A K ♦ T O G E T H E R ♦ ♦ ♦

The Paradox of Difference

Given the nature of its investigation, French Feminism is immediately confronted with the question and the paradox that lie at the heart of any feminist theoretical problematic. How, do we begin to challenge and alter relations of meaning while still caught within the language of patriarchy? That is, given the fact that "woman", within patriarchal systems of representation, is everywhere signified, written and read as fantasmatic cause and support of male desire and everywhere negated and repressed as speaking subject, how do we discover a space for female desire, for a discourse where women are producers of their own meaning?

According to Irigaray, women within patriarchal culture are caught in a catch-22 dilemma which determines that if "woman" should choose to accede to the position of desiring subject, she has two options: either she adorns herself in the feathered accoutrements of femininity, playing with this masquerade as either a fetish; or she becomes a transvestite - a phallic woman - and adopts "masculine" systems of language. In either case, she disappropriates herself from her relation to other women and to her own experience. But to speak of disappropriation is already to assume the existence of a register of female experience that is not completely contained or summed up by the masquerades through which women exist in patriarchal culture. "If she

can play that role so well," writes Irigaray, "if it does not kill her, quite, it is because she keeps something in reserve with respect to this function. Because she still subsists, otherwise elsewhere than there where she mimes so well what is asked of her."⁶

And it is, in the theorization of this "difference", this space of otherness where the woman discovers her own authenticity, that all the fun and controversy begins. If, as Irigaray writes, "the exploitation of the matter that has been sexualized female is so integral a part of our sociocultural horizon that there is no way to interpret it except within this horizon",⁷ then how to theorize this difference without repeating the patriarchal logic which already dumps otherness on the woman, already positions her as exterior to culture, on the side of irrationality, the flesh, God and the unconscious? How to forge a collective voice, construct new representations that could authenticate women's experience without lapsing back into the old models, the old gestures, the circular movement by which resistance is undermined and returned as the same, as the mirror image of the status quo?

For French Feminism, the theorization of the "reserve", this difference of women which exceeds patriarchal constructions has evolved through a consideration of woman's auto-erotic relation to her own body and her relation to the body of the mother. To focus on the body, however, is to enter into a very tricky and potentially dangerous area given that the force and weight of established connotations attached to the representation of woman's body problematize any notion of a simple return to the "real" or "natural" body of the woman. Indeed, it is precisely this concept of the "natural" which has been patriarchy's strongest line of defence -- a rationalization of the subordination of women given in terms of a biological or anatomical cause.

What I think has to be immediately forwarded in defence of the French Feminists is the particular context which frames their consideration of female corporeal experience. In the first place, these considerations are elaborated in relation to a trenchant criticism of the mind/body dualism of western philosophy (and the post-structuralist enterprise) which results in the massive repression of the body and, in particular, the maternal body. Secondly, the theorization of the female body has to be considered -- not in relation to any kind of "scientific" effort to determine empirical identity -- but as a utopian, affirmative and, above all, political gesture.

By and large, the Anglo response to the French Feminist endeavour, as exemplified in the writings of the *m/f* collective, Stephen Heath, Monique Plaza, Jacqueline Rose, among others, has been a forceful rejection of the radical effectivity of French Feminist theory, claiming that such work is based on a simple inversion of phallogocentric terms. According to this critique, French Feminist strategies result in an implicit collaboration with "essentialism" which situates "woman" in the realm of the pre-discursive and defines her specificity in terms of a non-mediated relation to the body. Heath, for example, argues that Irigaray consistently runs "the feminine back into an anatomically mimetic expression of the body", "a point of resistance . . . that is also a point of oppression".⁸ Beverly Brown and Parveen Adams concur, arguing that for them, the French Feminist's positing of a pre-Oedipal polymorphous sexuality is, in effect "the positing of sexuality as an impossible origin, a state of nature, as simply the eternal presence of sexuality at all".⁹

Provincial Gardens by Shirley Yanover



It seems to me that the consistent blind spot of these critiques has been their attribution of an imaginary unity to texts which resist -- at all levels -- being placed in any singular position. Written on the margins of poetry and fiction, what marks these texts is their radical play with ambiguity and their consistent deconstruction of the concepts of 'truth' and 'identity'. The referencing of the female body, therefore, cannot simply be extrapolated as a singular political prescription, but has to be situated in the context of these texts' massive interrogation of the epistemological precepts which have historically determined our culture's production of knowledge.

Writing Difference

The dimensions of what constitutes feminine specificity vary in the texts of French Feminism. Kristeva conceptualizes a primordial feminine imaginary that is constituted for woman by the impossibility of effecting any psychic separation from the body of the mother. Irigaray theorizes an isomorphic relation between genital configurations and discourse -- the two lips of woman's vulva touching each other in a continuous act of autoeroticism -- evoking for her a feminine discourse characterized by plurality and fluidity. What is consistent is the extent to which these theorizations are oriented around the possibility of a specifically feminine practice of writing.

Écriture féminine, in fact, is given as the terrain -- above all -- on which the specificity, the difference of "woman" is constituted. It is only through the textual practice of writing that the woman gives birth to herself; through fiction, as Cixous claims, that the woman can project her future possibility in the *non-encore là*.

One cannot, as Irigaray observes, predict the content of woman's consciousness; "the female all", as she terms it, "will come. . . But you can't anticipate it, predict or fit it into a program. This 'all' can't be schematized or mastered."¹⁰ The writing of the female imaginary is never given in terms of a radical content, as a new origin of subjectivity or difference. The point, Irigaray insists, is not to make the feminine, the mark of sexual difference, but to *practice* this difference: "what other mode of reading, of writing, of interpretation, of affirmation could be mine - as woman?"¹¹ Difference, then, is not a matter of some eternal essence but, as Cixous writes, of "economic differentials": "That is why I always write with my eyes closed."¹² For Irigaray, it is the essence of "le proche", tactility, and non-separation which is postulated as an alternative to the dominant specular economy grounded in the subject object dichotomy of western thought. As such, this difference is only intelligible through language, as a transgressive and transformative practice of *écriture* which works through and against the fixed propositions of phallogocentric discourse and the subjects it supports.

Imploding Impasses, or Notes on a Possible Escape from Circular Logic

Certainly, none of the writers of French Feminism would disagree with the "anti-essentialist" claim that the identity of "woman" is constructed in language and culture. Irigaray's reading of speculative philosophy in *Speculum* -- from Plato through Hegel, Freud and Marx -- is precisely intended to illuminate how the western philosophical tradition has consistently produced and positioned "woman" as the primordial "Other", as the silent support and mirror which reflects back to man his own fantasies of being. Where the difference emerges is in the double-sided nature of the French Feminist critique which insists that the strategy of social transformation must be thought -- most critically -- in relation to a positive and affirmative gesture. "I try to go through masculine imaginary, to interpret how it has reduced us to silence, to muteness or to mimesis", writes Irigaray, "and I attempt, starting from that point and at the same time, to rediscover a possible space for the feminine imaginary".¹⁴



"How to forge a collective voice, construct new representations that could authenticate women's experience without lapsing back into the old models, the old gestures...?"

Effusive, on the side of excess, spending and exuberance, *écriture féminine* ruptures the economy of use value, of representation and the distinction it supports between origin and copy. "What is produced", Kristeva writes, "is something other than knowledge. . . [it is] the very place where the social code is destroyed and renewed".¹³ It is the place where the practice of writing traces nothing but copies, simulacra, the movement of writing itself, where language is returned to its materiality, to its relation to the body through insistence on rhythm, intonation, puns, alliterations etc.

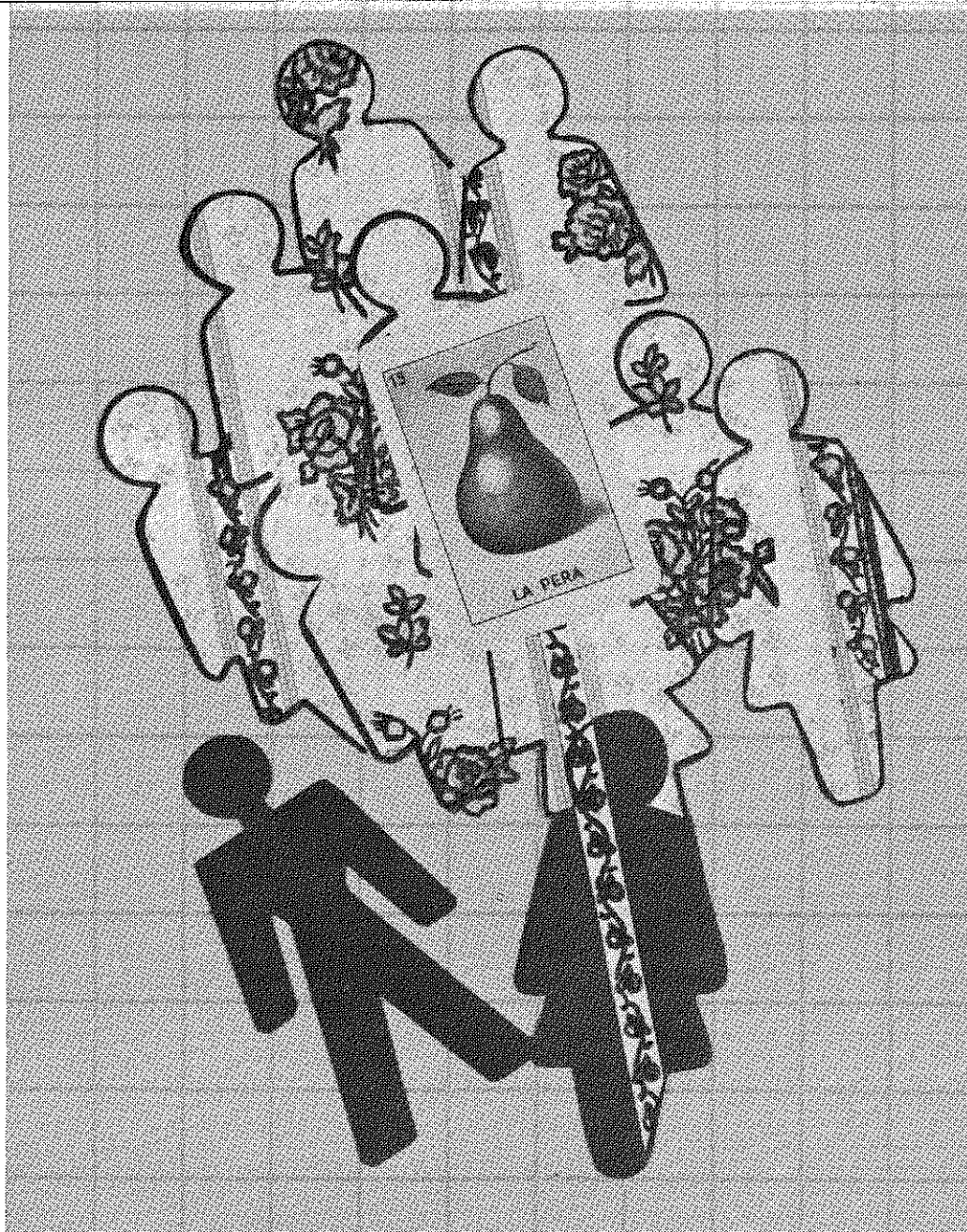


One of the problems of the anti-essentialist position is that within the context of its own logic any strategy of social transformation is necessarily limited to that of negation -- the appropriation and deconstruction of existing patriarchal values and definitions. Within that context, however, the female subject remains precisely nowhere. Locked into the determinations of an order in which there are no limits, no outside, she exists only in the space between signs, radically exterior to any given meaning system.

One of the ways out of this theoretical impasse is to reformulate the debate around the possibility of alternative feminist discourse in terms of the politics which inspire the French Feminist texts which chart new and potentially "dangerous" areas of theoretical investigation. While the theory and practice of *écriture féminine* interrogates the structure and concepts of representation, its mode is not simply one of negation or of formal hermetic abstraction where the text refers to nothing but itself.

These texts have a thesis, an object and an abiding point of view which has to do with the desire to trace what has been repressed in the history of phallogocentric culture -- the specificity and *jouissance* of woman.

If "difference" continues to inform the practice and theorization of *écriture féminine*, it is a difference understood as political identification and approach: the choice to remain, as Cixous writes, on the side of and from the point of view of women. "I am not of the neither-one-nor-the-other. I am rather on the side of *with*, in spite of all the difficulties and confusions this may bring about."¹⁵ It is perhaps in this sense that we can begin to understand "difference" as a utopian threshold, an imaginary horizon that can only be approached through a writing that situates itself as a fictional incarnation of a future possibility. Viewed from that perspective, I would argue that while French Feminism may veer close to "essentialism", the imaginative and theoretical rewards of posing the possibility of an existence for women beyond the consistently naturalized assumptions of phallogocentric discourse, may, clearly, be more than worth the risk.



1. Alice Jardine's *Gynesis/Configurations of Woman and Modernity* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1985) represents a belated and to my mind somewhat problematical endeavour to place "New French Feminism" in the historical context of the major topologies of French "modernist" (post-structuralist) thought. What transpires, however, is a prolonged exegesis of the men: Derrida, Lyotard, Deleuze et al., who represented as the spiritual and intellectual fathers of these "new" feminist daughters.
 2. *Signs*, vol. 1, no. 4 (1976); vol. 3, no. 4 (1978); vol. 6, no. 1 (1980); vol. 7, no. 1 (1981); *Diacritics*, (June 1977); *Ideology and Consciousness*, vol. 1 (1977); *New French Feminisms*, eds. Elaine Marks and Isabelle de Courtivron (New York: Schocken Books, 1981).
 3. Hélène Cixous and Catherine Clement, *The Newly Born Woman*, trans. Betsy Wing (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1986). See Pat Elliot's review in this issue of *borderlines*.
 4. Notably, *Desire in Language*, trans. Thomas Gora, Alice Jardine, Leon Roudiez, ed. Leon S. Roudiez (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1980), and *Revolution in Poetic Language*, trans. Margaret Waller (New York: Columbia University Press, 1984).
 5. Irigaray, *This Sex Which Is Not One*, p. 127
 6. Irigaray, *This Sex*, p. 152
 7. *Ibid*, p. 171
 8. Stephen Heath, "On Difference", *Screen*, vol. 19, no. 3 (1978), p. 75.
 9. Beverly Brown and Parveen Adams, "The Female Body and Feminist Politics", *m/f*, no. 3, p. 39.
 10. Luce Irigaray, "When Our Lips Speak Together", trans. Carolyn Burke, *Signs*, vol. 6, no. 1 (Autumn 1980), p. 75.
 11. Luce Irigaray, *Ce Sexe Qui N'en Est Pas Un* (Paris: Les Editions de Minuit), p. 154, my translation.
 12. Hélène Cixous, "Interview" In *Hélène Cixous: Writing the Feminine*, Verena Andermatt Conley (Lincoln, Nebraska: University of Nebraska Press, 1984), p. 146.
 13. Julia Kristeva, *Desire in Language*, trans. Thomas Gora, Alice Jardine and Leon S. Roudiez (London: Basil Blackwell, 1980), p. 132.
 14. Irigaray, *Ce Sexe*, p. 159.
 15. Cixous, "Interview", p. 150-51.
- Brenda Longfellow is a writer and filmmaker currently teaching at Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario.*

I Write Le Body Bilingual

a love affair-e in nomads land

Susanne de Lotbinière-Harwood

"... like trying to say a map"
Patti Smith

you are in a room with four speakers. one voice's in French one in English one in the masculine one in the feminine. sometimes this room seeps onto the printed page and bleeds. QUADRAPHONIC SITE.

you live on rue Fabre, east of Montréal Main, because you're afraid of losing your mothertongue, the language of love. yet English is a major part of your daily life. so where do your loyalties lie? you always did call your father Daddy and your mother Mômman. sometimes you even spoke English with him. it was OK, he was a businessman, and business in Québec in those days was conducted in English. this you'd never do with her. you must respect your mother-tongue.

now/here you are/attempting your first public piece in an other tongue. how to think (of) yourself in-to a second language? in the absence of *mater materia*, the roots don't go back all the way ... you're building in the second person ...

Frued too wrote the mother in an other : "matrem nudam". out of fear? guilt? revenge? maybe the distance afforded by other-tongue provides a better reading of origins? the irony of so perilous an identity ----- here ----- the fault line -----dis -----course of fracture and displacement ----- the profound schizophrenia built-in-to the national psyche of Québec. wanna belong/wanna make it.

.....

FASCIA (from *L. band, bandage*) : sheet of connective tissue covering/binding together body structures

emerging from viscera onto fascia, the uncharted territory - le body bilingual - no gash/gap of estrangement - 2 solitudes - but continuous porous tissue erasing language barriers. trying to read what is imprinted on^e skin between body-language-structures.

ENGRAMME (fr. *L. gramma:writing, record, small weight*) : trace left on neural tissue by an event from one's individual past

thought-forms of past tattooed : fascia *engrammé*. a trans^elucid memory membrane mouth, trying to voice the gravitational pull of. a convergence of signs.

.....

it happened one summer day in Parc Lafontaine when you said No to a guy handing you a tract "*pour l'indépendance du Québec*" during a demonstration protesting Trudeau's plan to repatriate the Constitution. like saying a double No : No to the piece of paper, No to the political dream you don't share because it would have you choose and you refuse to choose, "*pis j'suis pas moins Québécoise que toi pour cà!*". even if it is true you can't write a text wholly in French -- so what and why should you, you've spoken English since the age of four, and never were *indépendantiste*.

outraged, the guy lunged at you. his friend grabbed him by the arm: Let's go, she ain't worth it.

with that No began the un-gagging, the end of the civil war within. inside/ *la Révolution tranquille* had not been quiet. it hurt like hell. love hurts.

what i can't feel i surely cannot see
Be Good To Me
sung by Tina Turner

you feel neither de Lotbinière nor Harwood but a hyphenated citizen by birth, i.e. in your maiden form. she was accused of treason in '68, apparently for speaking "white" and having a half-English name. drop the Harwood, they said. choose, *l'anglais-e*, mutilation or rejection. another or. another call to order, i.e. to silence. deep cut throat. poor her. at 17 she was not only politically incorrect but inarticulate. she felt guilty but could not defend herself. lonely but refused to convert.



"In bilingual societies", writes Maroussia Hajdukowski-Ahmed, "one language represents power more than the other. The lower down on the social echelon, the more people tend to "minor" unilingualism (language of the colonized); the higher up one goes, the more one finds 'major' unilingualism (language of the colonizer). In between, people are more or less bilingual depending on their aspirations"¹

would it have mattered to those modern-day patriots that The Name originated here in 1823 when Loise-Josephte de Lotbinière, whose family was in 'La Nouvelle France' since 1651, married Robert Unwin Harwood, a Protestant businessman newly arrived in Montréal from Sheffield, England? (daughters of the landed French nobility were then entitled to keep their maiden name when there were no male heirs to keep papa's property/name alive.) would it have mattered that, pistol in hand, she defended the seigneurie house against the British soldiers during the 1837 uprising? that her descendants have always worn the new hyphenated family name and spoken mothertongue?

here the hyphen unites. language line bridging both sides of Montréal Main like a *main amoureuse*.

COMMENT : "You're lucky to be so perfectly bilingual". (wondering) What's luck got to do with it?

you feel yourself Susanne not Suzanne. people almost always misspell it, choosing the 'correct' French spelling, with a z. but the second s too is on the birth certificate : your parents took Susan and added a French *terminaison*, thus providing you with a perfectly bilingual name from start to finish. lately you've been wondering whether the constant "correction" (when you ask for the second s they knee-jerk and immediately

want to drop the -ne) isn't a form of rejection of the impure. like the androgyne, yours is le body bilingual, "disliked by the orthodox, who view(ed) all mergings of the sexes as unequivocally sinful"²

paradoxe : proximity of opposites in oneskin creates outsidersness.

second s / second sex. it's the same damn malaise that logos has in conceptualizing the feminine, isn't it. Mōman/woman she does not figure in the male symbolic order except as that familiar other. gap/gash. siteless. the feminine being "the compulsion to deride order" (Lyotard), elle *dé-range*, this "living heresy" (Pope Joan/*Top Girls*), this out-law whose laughter dissolves *border* lines. trying to topo-graph this nomad's land where fr iction between tongues generates ----- "emotional ground".³

can you feel the here in there? the her in here?

.....

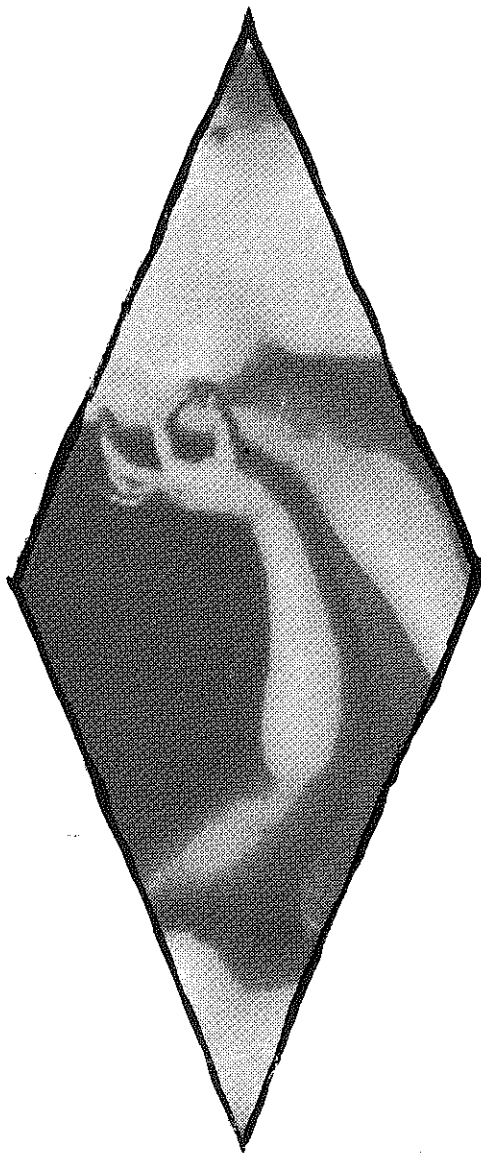
an offically bilingual state does not end prejudice, nor does it produce viscerally bilingual bodies. and because we live under the phallic signifier, all women are bilingual, speaking the dominant "he/man" language⁴ and in our own muted tongue(s). in a state of trans^elation. (meaning) being so perfectly bilingual makes me just as marginal as being female

.....

in grade school i learned our notorious *p'tit catéchisme* and read Katy Keene comix "In My Room" with the Beach Boys. at convent i went to mass every a.m. and fantasized about Marianne Faithfull up through grades called *syntaxe, versification, rhétorique*. my friends turned *péquistes* and fans of our *chansonniers* (folksinger-songwriters) but the Stones had put the touch on me so i defected. exil-e in Anglophonia. so close yet so far away West of the Main. says Ahmed : "Excessive assimilation of the dominant model is a typical language attitude of the colonized, the bourgeoisie being the class most affected".⁵

while Daddy's Mōman spoke no English at all, Mōman's parents, exemplary members of Montréal's *bourgeoisie d'affaires*, had *The Gazette* delivered daily to their home in Outremont home. as the product of, you were born in heavy political crossfire for years Mōman was the only one you spoke French with, except for some customers at Eaton's . making it -- at the cost of belonging?

never knew if you should say "we" or "them" when speaking about *les gens du pays*. a guy once called you "the most noncommittal broad" he'd ever met. you seem detached because the body is lost in translation. you become fluent in the universal language of symbols.



sometimes you feel other/sometimes you feel superior, being so "rare", so perfectly bi-. mostly you just feel *lâchée lousse*, footloose. (but Yes, more cultural, more *intello* in French. remember the scene in the 1964 movie *Becket* when Peter O'Toole as King Henry II of England is introduced to a new implement called the fork, imported from . . . France? except that Québécois is neither "Parisian" nor "good," it's uniquely North American French, for better *and* for worse. in horticulture its called "hybrid vigour".) in both groups you serve as "foreign correspondant." a position of privilege. hard to challenge. is this the cop-out?

maybe this SITE is *nothing but* politics . .

in French, a grammatical gender language, women must mark our *présence* by adding a silent e to the masculine root. *déviant-e*. and that's just the beginning. so we figure the more rules there are (*L'Academie francaise* is watching you), the more there are to break. broken is open. an entrance for women encoding our meanings. fair *sex/faire sens-e*.

but (how does this subversion translate into othertongue? and do i care? i mean : how do i love thee, "language of our oppressors" (A. Rich)? whose voice is speaking here? the Québécois-e voice, in which "our" means we French-speaking people of Québec and the oppressor's language is English, agent of British colonialism, of U.S. imperialism now? (in this sense Bill 101 has been good for getting the other's tongue out into public space. like bra-burning.) or is it the Québécoise voice, when "our" means women and the oppressor, as Rich means it, is any 'man-made' language, English being merely "the most positively and expressly masculine . . . the language of a grown-up man, with very little childish or feminine about it" ⁶. *femmes du Québec* : d-double colonization.

like hysteria, it's not a visible condition, it's an inner grammar, hence difficulty of representation. and like the insane, le body bilingual can't be located on the social map, it's a "categorical scandal"⁷. *faire sens/faire scandal-e*.

maybe this SITE is everything *but* politics. dare one conceive an uncolonized space? inédit, it remains a-syntactical, a lushly polymorphous Eden. from there you can spiral out anywhere.so many knots. such an abundance of other. trying to inscribe that magnetic interstice between thigh closing shirt opening one hand caressing one or the other writing *la différence entre* ----- *à double sens-e*.

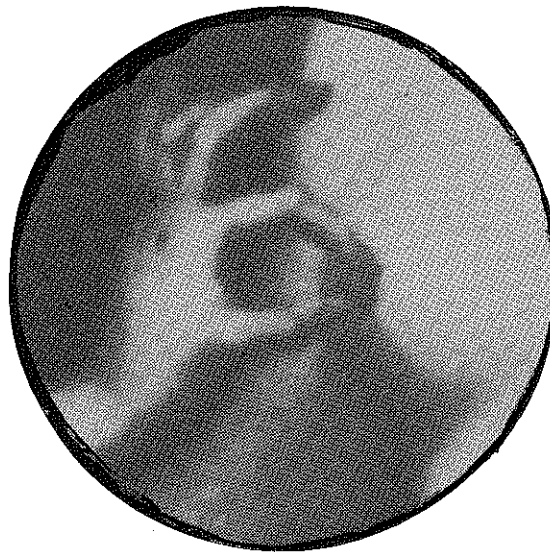
trans^elocation : with feminism came a political grid that included, served and empowered you, a her part of a them you could feel as we. "ethnic background : woman"⁸. that summer day in the Parc you voiced your "four-colour separation" realizing that binary phallogentrism had been at work in the attempt, back then, to make you choose. *sans le savoir*, you'd chosen not to be seduced, i.e. "led apart from" yourself, refused to betray Louise-Josephte : so few of us are lucky enough to know our female ancestors' names. felt yourself not French-Canadian, fractured where the hyphen divides, but Québécoise, whole. bandages removed from y/our wounded anima, racial memories voiced in the feminine.

you see the letters P A I N graffitied on a wall. you wonder is somebody crying with pain or with hunger? (pain=bread) what's the difference when signs converge on fascia **engrammés au féminin** ? the female mouth's multilabial meanings (Irigaray)/red into the dialectical black and white. fluid red so as not to choose.

"a woman writing thinks back through her mothers" writes Virginia Woolf. Made in Québec, i'd shrivel up and die anywhere else. when Toronto friends urge me to move to "Canada", they're forgetting just how 'French' i really am. my act is so good i tend to forget too. i deride/n'i derive/using 'bad' language, abusing mothertongue. the great matricide goes on . . . just as *le masculin grammatical* rules over and includes (so they say) *le féminin* - while in the process of éliminating it -- English is now swallowing up French world-wide. "Language has always been the companion of Empire", right? ⁹ yet French has been vital in thinking *la post-modernité*. is this a contradiction?

writing French *au féminin* in this *fin-de-siècle* may seem suicidal. *utopique*. in fact, *c'est écrire la résistance*. inscribing mothertongue in a supra-national, gynocentric emotional ground, rooting a *culture d'origine(s)*. women writing forward, founding a future so we don't have to deep going back to the future (*rétro-futur*, as the trendy French call it). unearthing and/or inventing *les mots pour le dire*. can you feel the *mot* in . . . -her(s)?

still/now/ maybe this map, because it requires language, is unspeakable.



GLOSSARY

rue Fabre : street often celebrated in Québécois novels and plays as representative of Montréal's working-class district, *le Plateau Mont-Royal*

Môman : Québécois transliteration of *Maman*. mother.

pour l'indépendance du Québec : for Québec's independence

pis j'suis pas moins Québécoise que toi pour ça : and I ain't less Québécoise than you are because of it

la Révolution tranquille : Québec's "Quiet Revolution" of the Sixties

"Speak White" : title of Michèle Lalonde's famous poem about Québec's linguistic colonization, written at the peak of the nationalistic fervor of the late Sixties.

l'anglais-e : English-wo-man

main amoureuse : amorous hand

terminaison : ending, suffix

elle dé-range : she dis-arranges, disturbs

p'tit catéchisme : the "little catechism" taught by rote for years in the French Catholic school system

péquistes : members or supporters of the PQ/Parti Québécois

bourgeoisie d'affaires : the new business-oriented French-Canadian bourgeoisie, often opposed to the intellectual one.

The Gazette : Montréal's English-language daily

Outremont : wealthy French-speaking area of Montréal

gens du pays : title of a song by poet & singer Gilles Vigneault which has become Québec's unofficial national anthem; it means people of this land or country

intello : a typically French-from-France way of abbreviating *intellectual-le*

faire sens : to make sense, to encode or create meaning

faire scandale : to create scandal

sans le savoir : literally, without knowledge; i.e. without knowing or realizing it

la différence entre . . . à double sens-e : the difference between and/or the difference enters, *entre* meaning between and also being the present tense of the verb *entrer*, to enter; à double sens-e meaning literally double meaning or 'double entendre' as it is said in English.

inédit : literally, unpublished, un-edited; usually translated as unsaid or unvoiced.

fin-de-siècle : turn-of-the-century

c'est écrire la résistance : means writing resistance

According to french socio-linguist Marina Yaguello, the level of bilingualism is about equal for boys and girls under 15. The gap widens with age, men becoming increasingly bilingual in the marketplace.

2. Barbara G. Walker, *The Women's Encyclopedia of Myths and Secrets*. San Francisco: Harper & Row, 1983.

3. The title of a video by Montreal artist Ann Ramsden.

4. "He/man language" is an expression coined by psychologist Wendy Martyna in reference to the use of *he* and *man* as generic terms in English. Quoted in Dale Spender, *Man Made Language*. London and Boston: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1980.

5. Ahmed, op. cit.

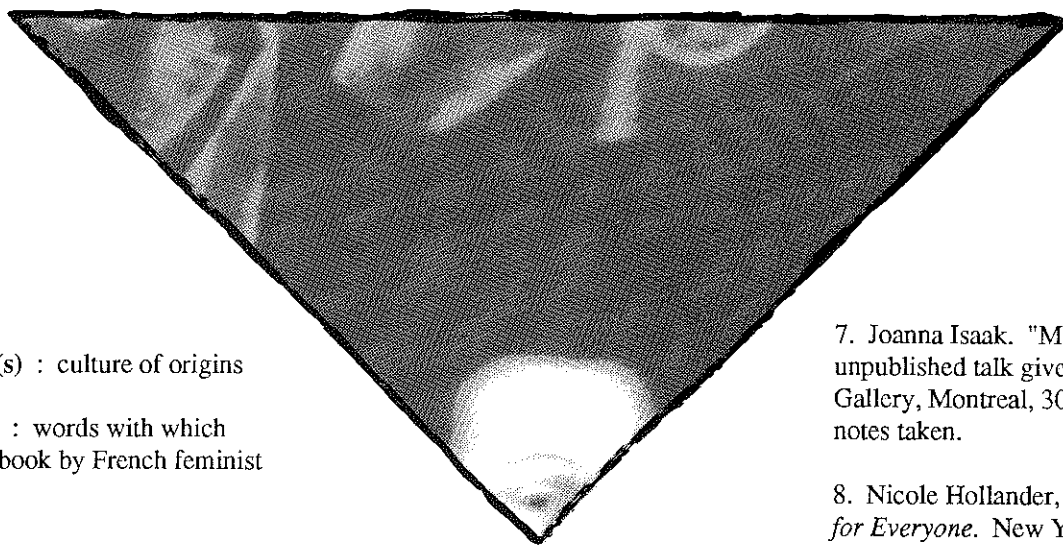
6. Otto Jespersen, *The Growth and Structure of the English Language*. New York: D. Appleton, 1923.

7. Joanna Isaak. "Mapping the Imaginary", unpublished talk given at Powerhouse Gallery, Montreal, 30 January 1986. From notes taken.

8. Nicole Hollander, *Okay! Thinner Thighs for Everyone*. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1983-84.

9. Inscription on frontispiece of the first modern European language grammar, published in Spanish in 1492, the year Columbus "discovered" America. cf Note 7 for source.

Susanne Lotbinière-Harwood is a poet and writer living in Montréal. She has translated many Québec feminist writers.



images: Christine Davis

culture d'origine(s) : culture of origins

mots pour le dire : words with which to say it; title of a book by French feminist Marie Cardinal

mot : word

NOTES

1. Maroussia Hadjukowski-Ahmed, "Le dénoncé/énoncé de la langue au féminin ou la rapport de la femme au langage", in *Féminité, Subversion, Ecriture*, Suzanne Lamy and Irène Pagès, eds., Editions du Remue-Ménage, 1984. Translation mine.

Spadina Avenue

by Rosemary Donegan
Introduction by Rick Salutin
Vancouver, Toronto:
Douglas and McIntyre, 1985

REVIEWS

Although I welcome this book very much, I wanted to begin by returning to an argument I made when reviewing the exhibition: 'I can say in advance - it is central to my argument - that no book can have the effectivity which the exhibition, in that place, had.'¹ Jane Weinstock, reviewing the 212 page documentation of a post-partum document - Mary Kelly's *Post-Partum Document*, also raises this as a question:

What happens when this Art becomes a book? Does its fetishistic quality vanish when Kelly's found objects are no longer available, when they are mere reproductions? How does the *Document*'s meaning change as it passes from the Art Market to Art Book/Theory Market? Does its status as serial work, as work which refuses to become discrete, disappear when it is assembled with a permanent binding? And how does the viewer/reader's position change when he/she is able to contemplate the *Document* at close range over a long period of time?²

Recently I have become obsessed with two related themes: cultural pedagogy and the questions that cultural production asks us/differently, *if we listen*. In reviewing Rosemary Donegan's exhibition I spoke about the murmuring produced, I believe, by her montaged display and organization. I am beginning to see another sense in the term 'talking cure' which is simultaneously freed from the dyadic situation of psychoanalyst and the subject who speaks *and* involves some transversality between looking and viewing and listening and hearing. I think there are forms which silence, which exclude -- there is a violence in this silence and I think there are re-arrangements which *pose* questions. There is another connection here with Mary Kelly (and, of course many others) insofar as she has worked to show shifting. As Jane Weinstock puts it on the same page I quoted from this productive cultural pedagogy 'presupposes a viewer/reader who is constantly shifting from foot to foot.' This is a practice where a montage produces in/forming uncertainty, questions that invite our work of making sense differently.

Although I think the book-form cannot so comprehensively accomplish this, I want to extend my celebration of the exhibition to the book as, precisely, a document of/from the exhibition to which it has an indexical relation. The book tries to sustain the senses of Spadina as a street printing Peter MacCullum's sequence of out-takes from Front Street to Spadina Crescent at the foot

of the pages. After Rick Salutin's 'Introduction' (of 25 pages) which has received much attention in other reviews each page -- and often each opening -- montages other photographs and reproduced or newly produced texts, including oral history statements. As with another exhibition (which I helped curate) translated into a book -- the long sequence in John Berger and Jean Mohr's *Another Way of Telling* which also produced the shifting, uncertainty, questioning and a hubbub of viewing, the translation here reduces some of the productivity of the materials and instruments we are provided to think and feel with. But, more so than with the Berger/Mohr exhibition and, again, closer to the different content of Mary Kelly's work, the loss in this translation is the senses, sensualities and sensibilities made possible in the earlier installation. Notably, streets are not 'known' (embodied) like, for example, maps -- cartography is different from knowing (and also not knowing) our different ways around. Streets have two sides, in this case the two sidedness is emphatically known as we walk the street.

But of course with a book there can be a *closer* study -- and that special easy 'gentle' apocalypse, when knowledge is made festive' called sharing a book with another person, sitting together and turning the pages, flipping back, moving forward, returning, talking and enjoying all the while. There is that other sharing where books can be loaned, given, with enthusiasm -- precisely 'offered in love'. There is thirdly also the ways of reading done alone, intensely -- with a passion, in a context, murmuring, exclaiming recognition, feeling joy, anger, pain -- feeling a sense of having been there. I would want to affirm these embodied sentimentalities as a deliberate transgression of the too abstract, too total, discussion of books as commodity-things, as exchange-objects. Again, I want to recall that people use cultural products.

The book does not entirely lose its liveliness compared with the exhibition, or rather, perhaps, there are different knowings which this form founds and makes possible. One is the ability to examine and be surprised by the openings, by the page by page display -- to listen carefully -- and to return and return. But I respond in a curious way (it may be due to the stillness of books, as well as due to problems of scale and space which I have mentioned) -- somehow, and I think this maybe what Jane Weinstock also means, as

a book there is both less sense of the work of the cultural production that was so much *there* in the exhibition presentation and, relatedly, the book does not draw our attention -- making us stop and listen -- to the pervasiveness of our visually mediated world.

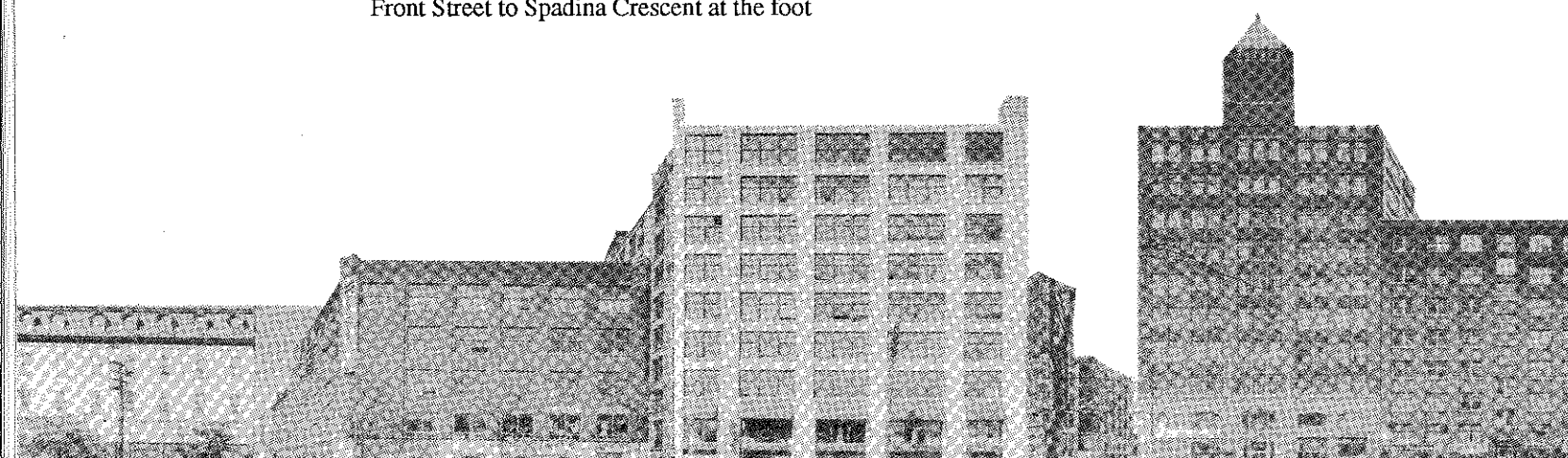
But it is good to have the document, which is excellently designed/organized and will be (as it already has been) productive socially, culturally and thus politically. Spadina Avenue sings and struggles through.

Philip Corrigan is a writer who teaches at Ontario Institute for Studies in Education

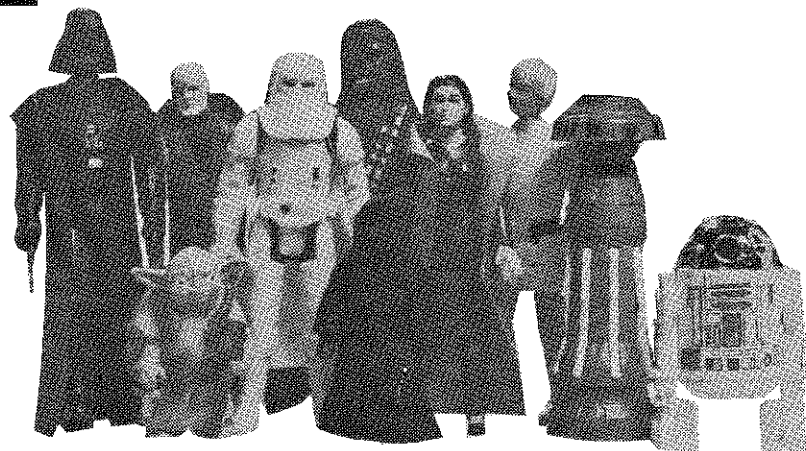
1. *Parachute*, (37) 1985 p.46. My review of the exhibition there involves an argument about photographic work also returned to in 'In/formation' *Photo-communiq  *, Fall 1985. Some resources for developing the metaphor of viewing as listening can be followed through R. Barthes 'Listening' in his book *The Responsibility of Forms* (New York, Hill & Wang, 1983); J. Berland: 'Contradicting Media' *borderlines* No. 1 1984, 'Sound, Image and the Media' *Parachute* (41) 1986.

2 J. Weinstock 'A Post-Post-Partum Document' *Camera Obscura* (13-14), p1 60. I am very grateful to Marion McMahon for drawing this issue to my attention and form much productive conversation regarding film/photographic work in relation to re-membering.

3 London, Readers and Writers Co-operative, 1982. There both Berger and Mohr talk about their shared practice of images-and-texts, as they have also done in relation to *A Seventh Man*. Berger's recent book - *Our hearts, my love, as brief as photographs* (New York, Pantheon, 1984) is a wonderful texting montage with a lot to say about our different losses inside 'civilization'.



Peter MacCullum



**Empire, Aliens and Conquest:
A Critique of American
Ideology in
Star Trek and other Science
Fiction Adventures**

by Jay Gouldin Toronto:
Sisyphus Press, 1985

Avid readers of science fiction as well as those who only have a passing interest in the genre will find *Empire, Aliens and Conquest* both informative and provocative. The focus of this small book is an examination of American ideology as revealed in the popular adventure series *Star Trek* and *Star Wars*. But it also invites the reader to engage in serious reflection: "The first and foremost "strange new world" that Trekkers ought to explore," writes Goulding, "is their own -- the one conspicuously absent from the television series" (p. 86). The work of the Frankfurt theorists, especially Horkheimer and Adorno, is the point of departure for Goulding's own critical exploration, but to Goulding's great credit we are spared any lengthy theoretical discussions. The virtue of this book is that it takes us straight to an analysis of science fiction, and we are generally presented with a critique that is sometimes simplified but never far from the mark.

The book is divided into four short chapters plus a brief preface and conclusion. The writing style is breezy and punchy, though it does occasionally lapse into a proto-Germanic prose that is reminiscent of Adorno's own contorted style. In the first chapter, "Federation or Empire," we are given highlights of a few of the 79 *Star Trek* episodes which Goulding, like many teenagers of the early seventies, watched spellbound, "phaser gun in hand." What these programs dish out, argues Goulding, is "the banality of beyond," in which the imperialist politics, values and beliefs of America prevail. The Federation blithely contravenes its own rule of non-intervention whenever it sees fit, and Capt. Kirk, the trickster, the daring individualist with a *gung ho* frontier mentality, is always triumphant.

In chapter two, "How Alien are the Aliens?," the normative assumptions of *Star Trek* are examined. Capt. Kirk is a modern Odysseus guided by both faith in technology and an animal cunning. This is the subtext of nearly all of the *Star Trek* episodes: an embattled Capt. Kirk (Politics) is walking a tight rope between self-preservation and self-destruction with Mr. Spock (Science) and Dr. McCoy (Religion) as his balancing rods. Kirk's manly rationality is counterposed with that of numerous aliens which are "set up as straw men, riddled with paradoxes." Thus, Dr. Sevrin and his merry band of space hippies who are searching for Eden are ridiculed for their anarchy and their chiliastic hopes. In the end there is no Eden.

Paradise is a poisonous planet. In a different episode, the class system is favored over a system of slavery. On the mining planet of Ardana, which produces Zienite, we find a society divided between the rulers who live in a luxurious cloud city called Stratos, and a subterranean slave colony of simple minded Troglodyte miners. The latter are prone to revolution because Zienite emits an odorless gas that induces violence and enfeebles the mind. Kirk quells the rebellion by giving the zienite intoxicated miners gas masks with which to repress their violence and better appreciate the high culture of Stratos. "It is clear," argues Goulding, "that slave societies are not acceptable to the Federation but proletarian ones are fine as long as they produce goods."

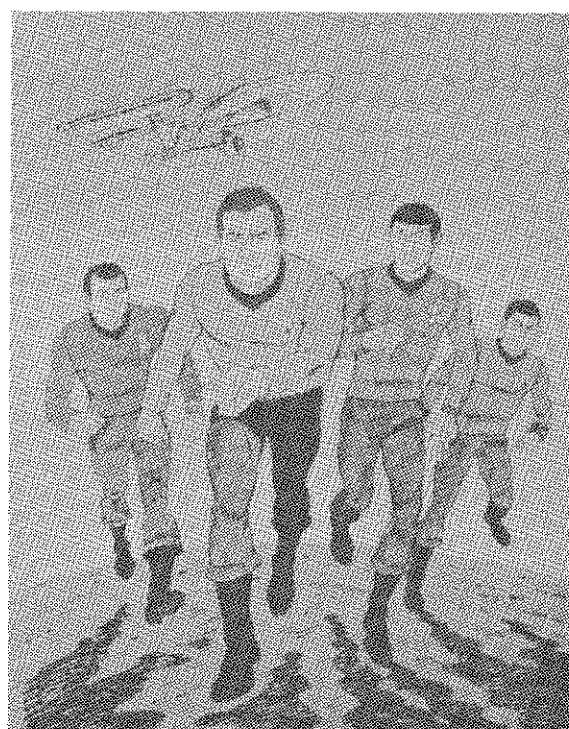
"Genesis and Armageddon" is the third and perhaps best chapter. Goulding's attention here turns to the role of women in *Star Trek*. The Klingon and Romulan women are virtually stereotypes of all that is evil and dark in "female nature." Federation women, on the other hand, embody all that is commendable in a liberal-democratic housewife: domestication and docility. More generally, however, women are treated as treacherous and narcissistic *femme fatales*. There is one glaring omission in Goulding's overview, however: when he notes that women are not portrayed in important positions, he neglects the role of Saavik, Spock's protege in the second and third films. The reader would not like to think that Goulding was repressing data which did not fit his thesis. As it turns out, however, the character of Saavik only confirms it: no Vulcan would cry as Saavik did, even at the funeral of her mentor. It seems that the Mrs. Cleaver-style femininity attributed to all "good" women on *Star Trek* is more important than Saavik's Vulcan heritage, genes and training.

Also in this chapter is a more detailed analysis of the three *Star Trek* movies released since 1979. The increasing fascination with the power of destruction looms in importance in these movies more so than in the television programs. In the first movie, V'ger, the omnipotent alien energy that threatens to destroy the universe, is treated not with fear but with awe. In *The Wrath of Khan*, the Genesis Device is viewed similarly. It can create life, but only by altering the basic genetic structure of an entire planet in minutes, thus destroying as it creates: the ultimate doublethink.

In the final chapter, "Imperialism in Space," Goulding compares the essentially rational, anti-mythic *Star Trek* with *Star Wars*, which is "overtly myth affirming, with its reliance on unseen magical forces which bring order to the personality and the universe." In *Star Trek*, technical rationality is portrayed as philosophically superior. In *Star Wars* it is the aestheticization of technology that is given a significant role à la Walter Benjamin. The galaxy is the site of a colossal Armageddon, and the viewer marvels "at the beauty of entire planets being vapourized." One cannot help, argues Goulding, but be drawn silently and inexorably towards an aesthetic that bears striking similarities to the fascists' unwholesome delight in "the beauty of tanks razing a valley with flame throwers."

There is little doubt that through science fiction we subliminally enter into our most fundamental western myths. What is less obvious is that the popular Hollywood fluff also engages us in an imperialist discourse: the calm acceptance of the ideology of conquest and domination. With little effort, writes Goulding, one can "loose oneself in the quest for the 'final frontier' and play out the fantasies necessary to legitimate a Western democracy gone sour." Self-reflection is usually the victim in this fantasy which projects a ready made image of self onto the world, one which includes phaser guns, light sabres and laser blasters. The interest and usefulness of this book is that it speaks directly to the Trekkies and the *Star Wars* fans, the cult worshipers who are likely to engage in massified role taking. Goulding's message is simple but worth restating: ideology always makes a parody of the old philosophical question "who am I?". Here finally is a sociologist who is not just talking about critical theory, but doing it.

Joe Galbo is a graduate student in Sociology at York University.



The Newly Born Woman

by Hélène Cixous and
Catherine Clément
Minneapolis: The University of
Minnesota, 1986
(Originally published in France
as *La jeune née*
Paris: UGE, 1975)

The Newly Born Woman is a blending of many voices: hysterical voices, mythological voices and fictional voices from the work of Aeschylus to that of Kleist. Like the figure of the hysteric with whom both authors are concerned, the text "unties familiar bonds...gives rise to magic in ostensible reason," frustrates and fascinates simultaneously. The book is organized into three sections. Part 1 contains Clément's two essays, "The Guilty One" (on the relationship between the sorceress and the hysteric) and "Seduction and Guilt" (on the transformation of hysterical suffering into guilt). Part 2 is Cixous's essay "Sorties: Out and Out: Attacks/Ways Out/Forays," portions of which appear in the collection *New French Feminisms*,¹ and Part 3 is the "trans-scription" of a dialogue between two women which often shares the page with quotations from Marx, Engels, Gramsci and Freud.

Although Clément and Cixous share an interest in what has come to be known as *l'écriture féminine* (a writing which explores/creates/derives from the feminine Imaginary), they differ significantly on the issue of its potential effects on social and political life. For Clément, the power of the imagination, poetry, and desire may free individuals "to act on the real" or it may "motivate"², but such power is not subversive in and of itself. In her view, real change does not occur at the individual level but at the level of class struggle. On the other hand, Cixous finds class struggle attenuated; she distrusts the idealism of those who would subsume the women's struggle under that of class and who would sacrifice poetry to the political. If forced to choose between politics and poetry (a false dilemma?) Cixous would sacrifice politics to poetry (and this seems to be one of the criticisms most often made of her work³). Despite these apparently irreconcilable political differences which emerge explicitly from the dialogue, Cixous and Clément agreed to co-author the book, as if hoping something new would be born of their collective effort. Perhaps it is the attempt to think poetry and politics together, and to read Clément and Cixous together without having to choose between them that constitutes the challenge of this book?

Clément and Cixous both address the relationship between hysteria and femininity, although their approaches and perspectives differ radically. Clément will make this relationship the central theme of her contribution, while Cixous allows it to wander in and out of her text.

For Clément the hysteric, like the sorceress, is an historical figure who no longer exists. Although she may haunt, she does not inhabit modern woman. Following a remark made by Freud after reading *Malleus Maleficarum* ("The Witches' Hammer, A Manual For Inquisitors") Clément traces the affinities between witch and hysteric who she claims are related as mother to daughter. Both represent what has been excluded from the socio-symbolic order; they are "possessed" and forced by the inquisitor/analyst to confess their sins. Born of the sorceress and sharing her erotic tendencies, the hysteric suffers an internalized, psychic pain as opposed to the physical pain inflicted by the torturer. Although the suppressed and transgressive eroticism is enacted in the witches' sabbath or the hysterical attack, such theatrics are considered by Clément recuperable by a social order which much contain excess or madness.

Clément follows the historical assignation of guilt from sorceress to hysteric to fathers, mothers, daughters and finally, to the family itself. But here it is difficult to sort out fantasy from reality as Clément's narrative becomes entangled in the same "vertiginous regression" psychoanalysis discovers in its search for the truth. Insofar as the hysteric refuses to circulate but puts into circulation her own incestuous desire, she is guilty of transgressing the fundamental laws of human society. On the other hand, she is also the victim of seduction by fathers, uncles and brothers whose perversion is rendered invisible, impossible, a mere fantasy by virtue of having designated the hysteric "the family invalid". Finally, the hysteric is trapped within a familial structure in which her own desire cannot exist, and she becomes a metaphor for femininity struggling to give birth to itself.

Clément will insist that hysterics are now deceased and that they were impotent except insofar as they anticipated the emergence of new woman. The hysteric is a figure who is "ambiguous, anti-establishment and conservative," an imaginary inscription on the body of the family which knows how to contain disturbances:

(Hysteria) introduces dissension, but it doesn't explode anything at all; it doesn't disperse the bourgeois family, which also exists only through dissension, which holds together only in the possibility or reality of its own disturbance, always reclosable, always reclosed.

According to Clément, to study hysteria is one thing, but to believe it produced any lasting effects outside the "Imaginary" realm is to participate in "the Armchair Real: the limits of psychoanalysis." Perhaps this is also the limit of Clément's analysis?



If Clément is preoccupied with enclosures, imprisonment and impossibilities, Cixous is looking for exits, ways out and possibilities. Stylistically influenced by Derrida, Deleuze, Nietzsche and Joyce, Cixous finds in writing a means of escape to another space as well as an escape from the claustrophobic, silent places traditionally occupied by women. Falling somewhere "between theory and fiction", Cixous's writing is difficult to describe; it fluctuates, changes subjects, adopts various persona, articulates a potential way of being/thinking which is foreign to us. Or perhaps not so foreign?

Cixous seems to find within her own feminine imaginary the voice of the hysteric. One might say that this voice speaks through her, that it is witness to the otherness within the self. Cixous's infinite capacity to identify with authors and literary characters both ancient and modern, both male and female, indicates the presence in her writing of what she call "the other bisexuality." Distinct from the notion of bisexuality as a fantasy of wholeness based on a denial of sexual difference, Cixous's other bisexuality refers to "the location within oneself of the presence of both sexes. . . the nonexclusion of difference." Although Cixous attributes this bisexuality to women (due to libidinal economy not based on loss, due to mother's experience of non-self within self, and due to the necessity for the dominated to recognize the dominant), it also functions as a potential or an ideal for both sexes.

Cixous's imaginative construction of the feminine as bisexual derives in part from her reading of hysteria and in part from her identification with Freud's hysterical patient, Dora.⁴ Unlike Clément's hysteric who is a woman of the past, imprisoned in the family, Cixous's hysteric is a sister, a living presence, whose "voiceless rebellions" are now being heard:

"Dora seemed to me to be the one who resists the system, the one who cannot stand that the family and society are founded on the body of women, on bodies despised and rejected, bodies that are humiliated once they have been used. And this girl -- like all hysterics, deprived of the possibility of saying directly what she perceived . . . still had the strength to make it known. It is the nuclear example of women's power to protest. It happened in 1899; it happens today wherever women have not been able to speak differently from Dora, but have spoken so effectively that it bursts the family into pieces."

Cixous is able to affirm the disruptive potential of the hysteric, to make it productive, to recognize in the hysteric's struggle the "insoluble contradiction" of being a woman when woman means nothing, to say "I am what Dora would have been if woman's history had begun." (p.85) Clément refuses the uncomfortable alliance Cixous makes with Dora, preferring to keep this ineffectual symbol of victimization firmly in the past: "Listen, you love Dora, but to me she never seemed a revolutionary character." The disagreement which erupts at the end of the book is provocative and points to questions that have been lingering throughout the text. At what point does individual rebellion become politically significant? For whom? To what extent do we exaggerate minor points of resistance to assuage our fears of ineffectuality or or ultimately cooptability? Is Cixous's powerful rhetoric and imaginative writing promising or misleading?

From Freud's essay "Creative Writers and Day-Dreaming" we learn that every child at play behaves like a creative writer, in that he creates a world of his own, or, rather, rearranges the things of his world in a new way . . . The opposite of play is not what is serious but what is real.⁵

We should resist the temptation to use this analogy between the child and the creative writer to discredit Cixous (as I had originally intended to do), to claim, as her critics do, that her playful and poetic prose bears no relation to reality but remains hopelessly utopian. For Cixous's playful exploration of the feminine Imaginary and her emphasis on flight can indeed be interpreted as a flight from the dominant social reality, a reality founded on a master/slave model and on the repression/exclusion of otherness. Although the limitations inherent in any utopian project are applicable to Cixous (Toril Moi provides an exhaustive list⁶), this is far from rendering invalid Cixous's attempt to theorize other possibilities based on her own desire and experience.

In the realm of fantasy one takes one's own desire to be reality, and in the realm of reality there seems little room for fantasy. If the poet, the writer and the child occupy a different space it is because they are able to move between imagination and reality, to distinguish between the two. Perhaps the newly born woman, unlike the hysteric, will be able to live there too.

Notes

1 Cixous, "Sorties," and "The Laugh of the Medusa" in E. Marks and I. de Courtivron. *New French Feminisms* (New York: Schocken Books, 1981).

2 Clément, "Enslaved Enclave," in *New French Feminisms* . p. 131.

3 Cixous's work has come under attack by both French and English speaking women for being apolitical, ahistorical, essentialist, idealist and bourgeois. See "Variations on Common Themes," in *New French Feminisms*, Ann Rosalind Jones, "Writing the Body: Toward an Understanding of l'Écriture Feminine", *Feminist Studies* 7(2), 1981, and Toril Moi, *Sexual/Textual Politics*. (New York: Methuen, 1985).

4 Freud, "Fragment of an Analysis of a Case of Hysteria" Standard Edition, Vol.8. Also see Cixous, *Portrait de Dora* (Paris: Ed. des femmes, 1976).

5 Freud, "Creative Writers and Day-Dreaming," Penguin Edition, Vol. 14, p.132.

6 Toril Moi, *Sexual/Textual Politics*, Ch. 6.

Pat Elliot is a Phd. student in Social & Political Thought at York University.

The Nuclear Controversy

William P. Bundy ed.
New York: New American Library,
1985.

Nuclear War: The Search for Solutions

Published by Physicians for Social Responsibility
Altona, Manitoba: Freisen
Printers, 1985.

The Strategic Defense Initiative: Assured Security for Canada,

William B. Campbell and
Richard K. Melchin
Vancouver: Carachain
Conservation Centre,
Kirk Mailing services Ltd.,
1985.

Star Wars: Self-Destruct Incorporated

E.P. Thompson and Ben
Thompson
London: Maryland Press,
1985.

The scrutiny of a major third player, the peace movement, has profoundly affected the way the public discussion of nuclear weapons has been conducted in the 1980s. The nuclear debate is no longer the exclusive preserve of policy makers, military strategists and the arms industry. On the contrary, the past few years have witnessed a remarkable growth of literature on the subject. Hundreds of books and countless articles have reflected the concerns and growing sophistication of a population deeply disturbed by the nuclear threat. This literature is the product of a broad movement and increasingly a resource for the movement as it deepens its understanding of the issues and seeks political strategies which will effectively impose genuine anti-nuclear policies on the governments of the world.

The Nuclear Controversy is a collection of articles first published in the journal *Foreign Affairs* between 1981 and 1985. Edited by William P. Bundy, former assistant Secretary of Defense in the Kennedy Administration and Assistant Secretary of State under President Johnson, the book is published for those who feel a "sense of frustration, even helplessness" with the breakdown of international peace negotiations and the poor quality of debate in the (Republican dominated) political arena. Though by no means a work stemming from the anti-nuclear peace movement it represents an attempt by a group of former senior government officials and experts to outline alternatives to the policies of the Reagan administration. As Bundy explains in his introduction: "... this is an action book . . . every article in this series offers not only important analysis

and historical background but specific policy recommendations". He concludes his introduction with a summary of the tasks facing the opponents of Reagan's policies: "The problem for most of us is what to get behind today and tomorrow."

The other articles in the book cover a wide range of topics focusing on four themes: the impracticality of a policy of first use of nuclear weapons as a deterrent to Soviet conventional forces in Europe, the need to reverse the dangerous tendency for strategic planners to make assumptions about the possibilities of waging and winning limited nuclear wars, the catastrophic consequences of nuclear war, and practical measures for negotiated arms limitation. Two articles by the "gang of four", McGeorge Bundy, George F. Kennan, Robert S. McNamara and Gerard Smith, challenge the logic and feasibility of the first use policy of NATO, and of Reagan's plan for arms limitations through Star Wars. "What is centrally and fundamentally wrong with the President's objective (Star Wars)," the authors argue, "is that it cannot be achieved." Of special note is the article by Carl Sagan, "Nuclear War and Climatic Catastrophe: Some Policy Implications," in which he explains the likelihood of nuclear winter which would follow any significant nuclear exchange.

The Nuclear Controversy offers a useful summary of the opposition to the policies of the Reagan administration from within the American political and military establishment with its strong commitment to NATO. The problem with the book's perspective, however, is that it remains locked within the framework of a perpetual cold war. Its policies for nuclear disarmament are extremely cautious and its ultimate alternative to nuclear build-up is conventional re-armament. Additionally problematic is the writers' commitment to achieving disarmament through the established negotiating mechanisms and to changing US policy through Congress and the ballot box. It is no surprise that men of their public stations have little to say about the growth of the popular peace movement. They prefer to work through the giant bureaucracies of the U.S. government of which they are all influential members.

Nuclear War: the Search for Solutions is a publication by one of the most active and effective constituencies within the peace movement: Physicians for Social Responsibility. The book includes the published proceedings of a conference held at the University of British Columbia October 19-21, 1984. In his preface the honourable Walter Gordon situates the conference proceedings against the background of the peace movement in Vancouver where the 1984 Walk and Rally for Peace attracted 115,000 people. The editors strike a similar note, introducing the book as a contribution to the ongoing growth and development of an informed peace movement. The appeal

of the collective action dominates many speeches, including those by Leonard Johnson and Helen Caldicott. In the words of Michael Pentz, former chair of Scientists Against Nuclear Arms (SANA), "some new political force" is required to halt the doomsday machine of the arms race. "I believe that such a political force is beginning to emerge. It is the worldwide movement for nuclear disarmament and peace . . . What is needed is a more powerful (movement). It is interventionist democracy at an altogether higher level than has ever before been achieved".

The 21 chapters of the book are comprised of speeches from prominent physicians and academics including two representatives from the Soviet Union. Along with the transcripts of the major addresses the book is peppered with edited versions of the question and answer sessions which followed many of the speeches and panels, and with summaries from the "action workshops".

Many of the contributions reflect the traditional concern of the Physicians with the medical consequences of nuclear war and the nuclear threat. However, several other themes are also covered. Dr. Howard H. Hiatt deals with the immediate human costs of the arms race, linking the appalling waste of arms production with world-wide deprivation and starvation. Speeches by John M. Lamb, Admiral Robert H. Falls, Dr. Ian Carr and General Johnson deal with aspects of Canada's role in the arms race in general and NATO in particular. Canada's Ambassador for Peace Douglas Roche, in the unenviable position of representing the Mulroney government, offers his own humble plan for moving Canada "Inch by Inch Toward Peace". It is refreshing to find the inclusion of a representative from the Soviet Union. This modest gesture at undermining the stranglehold of cold war ideology is further assisted by Jane M. O. Sharp's straightforward account of the history of "Soviet Approaches to Arms Control".

Nuclear War: The Search for Solutions knots together a wealth of factual information and analysis covering several themes. Inevitably in a book of this type there are many gaps and a lack of overall integration of the material. But these small failings are more than made up for by the fact that the book is faithful to the October 1984 Conference. Like the conference, the book is a genuinely collective exercise. Unlike so many arms length treatments of the issues, this book manages to convey all the excitement and dynamism of the peace movement in action. This feature makes it particularly appealing and accessible reading.

A decidedly pro-Star Wars position has recently been advanced in a tiny pamphlet published by the Canadian Conservative Center, entitled *The Strategic Defense Initiative: Assured Security for Canada*,

written by William A. B. Campbell and Richard K. Melchin. The authors defend Star Wars as a means of effectively neutralizing the Soviet option to launch a first strike. Not surprisingly, this hackneyed argument, with its rhetoric of peace and nuclear disarmament through "strength", fails to make clear several aspects of the Star Wars project.

First, nuclear parity with the Soviet Union is now a permanent feature of the superpower confrontation. No amount of space weaponry will make a military "end run" around the Soviets possible, or restore to the U.S. the strategic nuclear superiority it enjoyed in the 1970's. Second, SDI is a continuation of the Reagan administration's attempt to establish a first strike nuclear capacity. But as dozens of independent commentators have pointed out, Star Wars is every bit as offensive in its conception as it is defensive. When we get to the bottom line, unbridled anti-Sovietism is employed by the Reaganites to justify preparations for an attack on the evil empire before it attacks us.

Third, Star Wars is being sold as a plan for technological and economic development. Technology will be restructured around a vast military project spanning more than two decades. Economic development will abandon the problems of earth in favour of the "industrialisation of space". In this sense, SDI is being advanced as the solution to the economic problems of the United States and its allies. Reagan has answered the crisis of economic and social planning with the promise of a new future on the "High Frontier".

For these reasons an excellent companion to the above pamphlet is a lengthier essay by the renowned British peace activist E.P. Thompson and his son Ben Thompson, entitled *Star Wars: Self-Destruct Incorporated*. Thompson traces the gradual emergence of the idea of Star Wars from two sources: the ongoing search for a means to restore American superiority and the pressure to seize the initiative from the nuclear freeze movement and present the American people with a guarantee of security. Thompson's account highlights the irrational thinking which is characteristic of Reagan and his key advisors.

The pamphlet goes on to examine the SDI schemes and options in some detail. This is a useful summary for the untrained reader. Thompson argues that -- technically -- SDI is entirely unworkable. But that, he concludes, is irrelevant given that the real intent of Star Wars is to provide "intermediate" defensive systems which can be paired with existing offensive weapons systems to restore U.S. nuclear superiority in the medium term. This is the truly sinister character of Star Wars even at this so-called planning stage.

Jump Cut: Hollywood Politics and Counter-Cinema

Peter Steven (editor)
Toronto: Between the
Lines 1986

These two pamphlets offer a compact summary of the choices which are now before us. On the one hand, the proponents of Star Wars appeal to a familiar well established set of values. For them America's superiority in the work is an unqualifiable good. The enemy of freedom is external -- the Soviet Union. The nature of the enemy makes the struggle for nuclear superiority a noble aspiration. Star Wars represents the moral and technological climax of our civilization. On the other hand, Thompson and others argue that SDI represents a psychotic vision of the future. Superficially plausible, SDI rests on assumptions which have no basis in reality. Star Wars, Thompson argues, is the apocalyptic vision of a bankrupt militaristic ideology which threatens to destroy the world. While the one ironically exposes the insanity of the cold war confrontation, the other soberly sketches out the chance for alternatives. Together with the rest of the literature born from the Nuclear Age, they dramatize the need for a deeper understanding and for broadening the base of collective action.

David Kraft

The rise of the New Left around the non-communist world in the late sixties brought with it a resurgence in progressive and explicitly left culture. Informed by and integrated into political activity, this culture developed a large body of work. In part it was based on the immediacy of those events that would lead to "revolution," or so those of us who were involved at the time believed. The rest took other oppositional weapons to "bourgeois" culture. (Bourgeois - such a nice word, especially when you spit the "wa" at the end, but so difficult to spell.) This battle against the dominant culture, which we saw as the "prime carrier" of ideology (specifically the odious disease of "false consciousness"), took place in the streets, in the cinemas, and on the printed page.

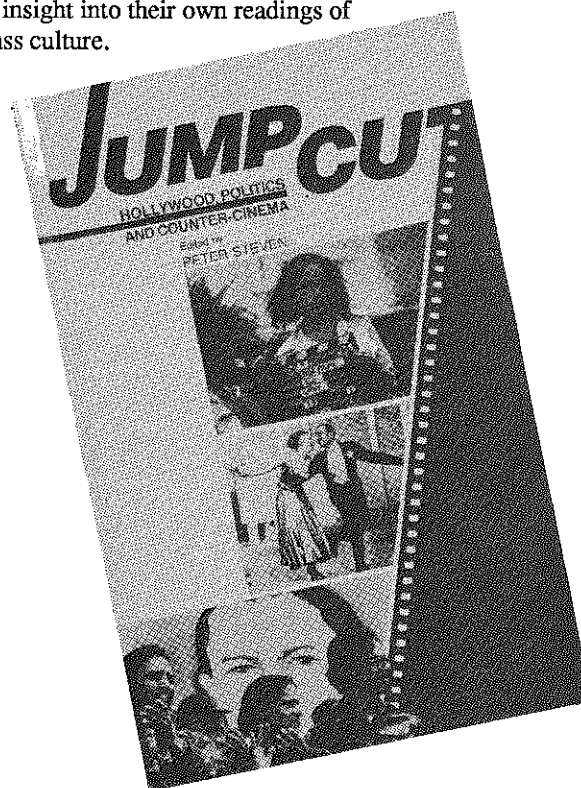
We recognized that one of the most powerful ideological media is film, and developed our own films both as tools of the "struggle" and as attempts to define and critique the dream factory. We also developed our own literature about films. One place where the propagation of a new culture in film joined with major critiques of mainstream, Hollywood films was the critical magazine, *Jump Cut*. Founded in 1974, *Jump Cut* quickly established itself as a journal of the independent left. With a decidedly non-academic tabloid format -- text set on a typewriter and printed on newsprint pages which yellow with age -- it has published some of the best analytical writing on film inconsistently ever since. (It has as unpredictable a publishing schedule as *borderlines*.) Now, Peter Steven, an associate editor of the magazine, has selected some of the best articles from over ten years of *Jump Cut*, and *Between the Lines* has published them as a book. *Jump Cut*, the book, will not yellow on your bookshelf, although it may become grubby from your repeated thumbings through in the years to come. The transformation from tabloid to book is quite remarkable. Those who have struggled with the tabloid's design (or lack of it) will find the book a pleasure to read. More than that, the book stands as a remarkable introduction to the film criticism and analysis that *Jump Cut* has provided over the years.

Designed very much as an introductory text for those about to jump simultaneously into the worlds of film and politics, *Jump Cut* is a welcome addition to the growing number of texts on film theory that are both politically radical and accessible to those with a certain kind of "intermediate-level" academic language (like me).

The book is divided into five parts. The first section, "The Dominant Cinema" offers carefully constructed critiques of the contradictory nature of our (sometimes guilt-ridden) experience of Hollywood's ideologically loaded pleasures. The article "Shirley Temple and the House of Rockefeller" by Charles Eckert contrasts Hollywood's Pollyanna visions of the Depression with the lived realities of poor and working-class children. This piece is good ammunition to use to debunk the alarming consistency of the "nostalgia market," which has sold "stars" like Temple as the cutesy representatives of some a-historical never-never land.

Jane Feuer's "Hollywood Musicals: Mass Art as Folk Art" describes further the contradictions between the escapism of the movies and the realities of everyday life. According to Feuer, that most American of institutions, the Hollywood musical, initially gained its enormous popularity because it used the work of (mostly) ordinary people, some of whom became stars later. But behind the musical's images lies an industrial apparatus that rivals GM -- an ideological factory which erases all indications of its production. The classic "rehearsal" scene -- frequently a part of the musical -- is the most blatant example of what Feuer call "creation and erasure." The rehearsal is the site where real sweat and labour are transformed and edited into a seemingly effortless, seamless product, sans sweat, sans labour.

The final essay on Hollywood is a series of interviews grouped under the title "Hollywood Transformed: Interviews with Lesbian Viewers." It gives insight into the range of perceptions that the audience brings to the cinema. The questions of audience identification with the movie's characters which the women raise, afford for most heterosexuals, I'm sure, an insight into their own readings of mass culture.



Part Two, "Independent Filmmaking in North America," is rather less satisfying. Although *Jump Cut* is an American magazine, Peter Steven is a Canadian and the publisher, BTL, is Canadian. Yet only one article deals specifically with Canadian film, and knocks off its obligations to both Canadian and Quebec film by reviewing only the joint Quebec/Ontario production of *A Wives Tale*. *Jump Cut* -- the magazine and the book -- exhibits a certain chauvanism in its concentration on American and Third World film. Canadian film gets its nod, but European independent film is totally absent. *Jump Cut* is already quite fat, and it is never possible to deal with everything in one book, but I would make this request to *Jump Cutters* (the magazine, anyway), "We want more/and we want in now."

The other problem with this section is the absence of new material. The most recent article is Clyde Taylor's fine piece "Decolonizing the Image: New U.S. Black Cinema," first published in 1984. But it is focused on an even earlier period of Black cinema. What is going on now in independent cinema? What have been the changes in form and content under the influences of feminism, gay and lesbian politics, eh? This isn't to say that the book doesn't deal with feminism or homosexuality, but it removes it from the discussion of independent filmmaking.

The placement of two peices of feminism together in Part Three, "Women's Counter-Cinema," is a recognition of the diverse interpretations within feminist positions. In "the Politics of Positive Images," two articles argue the old questions of what is a positive image? And whom does it address? These unresolved questions inhabit both film creation and film criticism, and carry over into the debate on form which has been one of the major discussions in feminist film circles. B. Ruby Rich's "In the Name of Feminist Film," is a cogent overview of the debate. Her distinctions revolve around the "American model," the so-called "sociological approach," and the British "methodological approach." These approaches are further elaborated by Rich within the context of (American) phenomenology and the European use of Freudian and Lacanian models of linguistic analysis. The final article in this section, "The Perils of Feminist Film Teaching," by Michell Citron and Ellen Seiters, is a very practical piece of advice to those teaching film. It defines some of the social and economic obstacles women face when they enter the world of film.

Tom Waugh introduces the argument that tokenism and stereotyping are not the exclusive practice of the dominant cinema, but that they also afflict the pocitical left and its films. Waugh makes a convincing case that in a homophobic culture it is necessary to evaluate the tokenism that exists within progressive culture, and warns against the "euphoria of 'ghetto liberation'."

In the section "Gay and Lesbian Cinema," Peter Steven has assembled what can only be described as a primer for a complex and often painful attempt to re-educated hetros. A discussion between Tom Waugh in the Gay and Left corner and Chuck Kleinham in the Straight and Left corner, introduces the section. The three other articles in this section help establish both a critique of Hollywood and a brief introduction to the best known (American) films by lesbians.

The final section of *Jump Cut* contains some of the best writings of the book. "Radical Third World Cinema" offers Clyde Taylor's overview of the production and use of Third World cinema. He makes the important point that "Third World cinema" is a first-world description (or ghetto); not one which the filmmakers use to describe their own work. Teshome H. Gabriel contributes a detailed and succinct reading of *Xala* and the films of Ousmane Sembene, which is extremely valuable for its insight into the cultural codes of Semebene and his countrymen. Two pieces on Cuban cinema are valuable simply because they give a perspective on the value of film to revolutionary cultures, especially those that are within the broadcast distance of the big "A", Amerika. Rounding out this section is a piece that reflects the editor's concern that activists use film and film criticism. Julia Lesage's plug "For Our Urgent Use: Films on Central America" is appropriate and timely.

What else can I say? I'm for *Jump Cutting*. By the way a jump cut is (1) an abrupt transition between shots that jars the viewers sense of continuity; (2) the violation of the cannons of spatial, temporal, and graphic continuity to disorient the spectator; (3) a magazine; and (4) now a book.

Glen Richards is an independent film producer with Indignant Eye films.

Confessions of an Albino Terrorist

by Breyton Breytenbach
London: Faber and Faber, 1984

Victorian Prison Lives: English Prison Biography, 1830-1914

by Philip Priestly
London: Methuen, 1985

Prison is such a demeaning, sickening, inhuman experience that the question 'why read prison accounts?' often seems like asking why any new reading would do more than say, yet again, that prison is demeaning, sickening, inhuman.

Some stories are told and told again and some experiences are lived afresh each generation. Whatever social structures we think of, there are none which have not sent people away to a place that was beyond everyday routines of society, places to which people were confined because they were considered to be immoral, or feckless, or mischievous, or anti-social or incompetent, or just plain wicked (and all of these sentences vary in their meaning from society to society). Thus reading prison literature contains within it an exercise in understanding the various societies that have created prison as a solution to their own problems of marginality. And it *is* an important aspect of the literature of incarceration. We read to understand the commonality of discourse or the occasions for a discourse which would allow Socrates or Genet or Gramsci or Wilde or St John the Divine or Jack the Ripper or Caryl Chessman to have anything to say to each other. Whatever reason people had for getting there, the shock of recognition of the space that has to be inhabited is common to all. Prison denies sociability -- rather, it imposes a false sociability -- it stops us in the tracks of an everyday routine, it forces us to confront the others with whom we would never otherwise choose to be associated. If there is any objective, universalistic ethic in the world, it is the universalism of incarceration -- much stronger than class, or religion or race, it forces the recognition that we were/are *there*. Francoise Villon or Boethius, Victor Serge or Solzhenitzyn, Angela Davis or Vaclev Havel speak the same language of finitude, of decimation -- of escape? But if there is a common language, rhetoric, ambience, then the real question relates to how do we make sense of the different telling of the stories (because clearly the stories are told differently)?

Breytenbach, for example, confesses to being an addict to prison stories but, addict that he is, locates us in the only one story that he can tell well -- his own, as an Afrikaans writer gun-running for the African National Congress in South Africa, sprung from jail by Francois Mitterand because of Breytenbach's Vietnamese wife. An improbable tale? All prison stories are improbable. An Afrikaans friend of mine, also a member of ANC, was locked up both by Botha in South Africa and Rajv Gandhi in India, because he didn't fit in either sides definition of what was right: the international conspiracy of the super-moralists, who would define us all as being what they are not. But, meanwhile, the prison.

How do we tell a prison story? How do we make sense of other peoples' prison stories? On one level we tell the story as it comes, because this story is more important than other stories -- hence Solzhenitzyn's aggrandisement of the Gulag to himself or Oscar Wilde's or Genet's definition of the prison as the ultimate release of the psyche. *This* story, my story, is more important than other stories because my presence made the telling so important. And who are we to quibble with that? We read their stories because of their presence at a particular place and moment in time which created the occasion for importance. Some stories stand after the moment, some may not. Breytenbach's autobiography/social history/sociological account should stand on its own, but may be eclipsed when Nelson Mandela's memoirs finally become available. After all, Mandela has been over twenty years behind bars, Breytenbach a mere four. But one suspects that Breytenbach is doing something to redefine prison, as the metaphor of the world, while Mandela's book will be more a piece of instant news, an autobiography of place/person, used in a specific political context, than to be forgotten. (Who reads former Anglican archbishop Trevor Huddleson's *Naught for your Comfort* any more, now that Tutu has taken over?)

There are, of course, other prisoners, who are locked up for "everyday crimes," who write their accounts instead of masturbating in the corner or trying to blow up the north cell block. How do we read their accounts? How are their accounts meant to be read by those of us who are not part of the grapevine, nor even part of the incarceration process? Who are they written for? These two questions (for the moment) go unanswered. Instead Philip Priestley tries to answer another question: how should we try to read them against our own experiences? What Priestley does is to argue that the experience of incarceration is a story which has been told again and again. Why not take all the tellings as if they were a composite whole and write a collective autobiography in which all the prisoners, together, create a story which we can all accept as the version of the truth that we all want to know about?

He does, much as Victor Serge did in *Men In Prison* (which Priestley does not quote or even refer to), take the everyday experiences as the moment for understanding what goes on. (Serge, had to sneak his accounts page by page out of the prison, thus providing a story which could be assembled in any order). Priestley has the advantage of sequence and distance. His recycling of old stories starts with "Into Prison" and ends with "Release," as if any inmate ever really has "release." Thus Priestley's segment is bounded by the walls. Such a reading of the composite autobiography affects his use of sources and his reading of the everyday. The outside world impinges on these accounts encapsulated by the sense of being there, but not coming from anywhere. In a chapter entitled "Prisoners," which has sub-headings like "Women," "Gentleman Prisoners," "The Working Classes," "The Criminal Classes," he shows little sense of social or class history, though surely the stories speak through his framing of them. Contemporary historical research (as in Gareth Stedman Jones' work, or that of the History Workshop) has passed Priestley by, though he does contribute to our knowledge of the politics of space. There are, of course, some good stories, but that is in the nature of the exercise. Anyone who has been locked up or who has chosen exile has many good stories to tell. The important issue is what do they mean? Unfortunately Priestley's account gives us no sense of meaning or even of reading, and he has fudged the only real metaphor that informs his book -- the composite autobiography. The story that he wants to tell starts outside prison and goes on outside it. In this sense Breytenbach's account is quite innovative. It projects the external into the internal, it throws the internal experience back in the face of those who defined the reason for incarceration, it provides a subjective account of the self in jail.

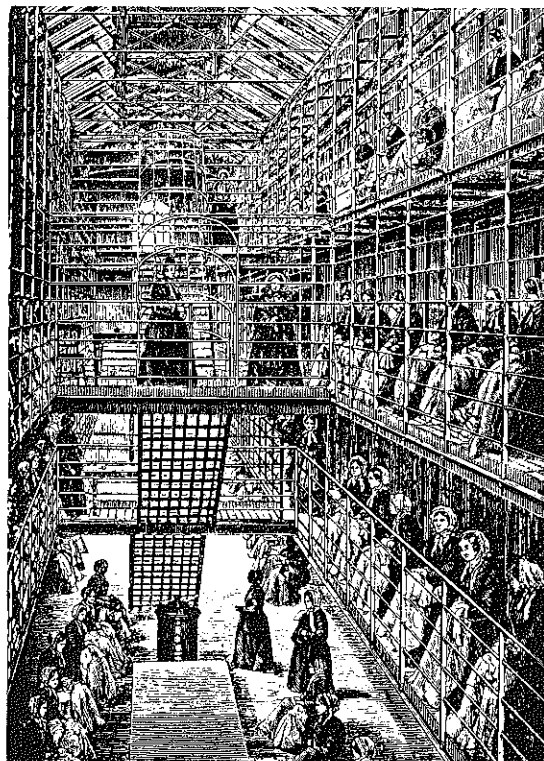
It asks all the important questions. For that it is the classic book (after Serge) on what the experience of prison is about anyway. It invites discourse. Priestley's book is important for one reason, and it is provided by Breytenbach when he comments, at the end, that

"When you are interested in prison accounts as a genre you will soon see that prisons are pretty much the same the world over. It is rather the peculiar relationship of power-repression which seems immutable, wherever you may hide . . . The least all of us can do -- the marginal ones, the outcasts, the displaced persons, the immigrant workers, citizens of our various countries -- is to expose all the intelligent services and the spy organs and security or political police and the secret societies of the world."

By using autobiography as a collective effort, Priestley seems to address that issue. The structure of his book gives us productions which we will have to rework via another discourse in order to understand why prisons are not only an important part of our social narrative but why the use of narrative itself is an important part of our ongoing discourses.

Priestley tries to let the prison stories speak out to us, without, as it were, the hyphen that would make the bridge or the incision. But, of course, he has framed his stories in a particular way that requires our own retelling. We, like Breytenbach, create the hyphen.

Ioan Davies teaches at York University and is on the editorial collective of borderlines.



Female convicts at work in Brixton Prison

If the Government in Ottawa gets its way, they may take this magazine right out of your hands

The Great Depression; two world wars; a small, spread-out population; recessions; inflation; overwhelming competition from the U.S.—none of these could kill Canada's magazines...

...but the current Government in Ottawa just might.

The Government is considering demolishing the delicate structure of postal, tariff and tax-related incentives that helps keep the Canadian magazine industry alive. If this happens, many Canadian magazines will die.

Those that survive will cost more to readers and publishers and will be more vulnerable than ever to competition from foreign magazines that have the advantages of huge press-runs and lower per-copy costs.

Those that survive will be less profitable and, therefore, more likely to succumb to adverse economic circumstances in the future.

CANADA'S MAGAZINES

...a voice of our own

CANADIAN PERIODICAL PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION,
2 STEWART STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO M5V 1H6

call for proposals

Public Access invites artists to submit proposals for original video works to be screened on the Video Wall installation at Square One, Mississauga, Ontario. The installation, 36 monitors in a 6 by 6 matrix with stereo audio facilities, provides an opportunity for artists to work with advanced communications technology in an advertising context. Each selected project will be allotted a five-minute time slot in an hourly cycle & appear over a period of one month. Public Access will pay artists fees & help cover production costs.

Artists are asked to consider the specificity of both medium & site before they make submissions and are encouraged to contact Public Access for further information. All proposals should be post-dated by the 15th of March, 1987.

Public Access 156A Avenue Rd. Toronto
Ont. Canada M5R 2H8 (416) 928-1918

Public Access acknowledges the support of
The Canada Council & The Wall Network, Inc.

PUBLIC ACCESS



In memory of **Jose Carrasco**
Killed by gunmen, Chile, 1986

TRANSFORMATION

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF SOCIAL CHANGE

A new Canadian publication which will deal critically with social change.

IN OUR FIRST ISSUES:

- "The politics of the 'pro-choice' movement: when 'abortion' becomes a dirty word"
- "What the peace movement needs... is some class analysis"
- "Obstacles to participation: experiences of rank-and-file workers"
- "The feminine mystique: the fantasy of the 'women's peace movement' "
- "Organizing for failure: a guide for activists"
- "Class realities in the Canadian women's movement"
- "Whatever happened to the national question?"

Single copy: \$3.00 (includes postage).

Subscription: six issues for \$15.00. Institutions: \$20.00.

DONATIONS WELCOME. TRANSFORMATION is a reader-supported project — we neither solicit nor accept state grants. (Read all about the effect of state grants on social change in a future issue!)

P.O. Box 1983
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan S7K 3S5



SOME
ONE
IS
KEEPING
AN
EYE
ON
THE
WEST

AND HAS BEEN FOR 10 YEARS!

Ten years old and still no one covers the West the way we do. Subscribe. Once a month you'll get political and social commentary, theatre and book reviews, poetry and short stories, music and the graphic arts. All from some of Western Canada's best writers.

Ten issues per year only \$10.00. Two years \$18.00. Institutions \$15.00 per year. Foreign add \$3.00 per year. Fill in this form and send it with your cheque to NewWest Review, Box 394, Sub PO 6, Saskatoon, Sask. S7N 0W0.

Name

AddressCity*ProvincePC.....



Casual Casual magazine is proud to announce the **Casual Casual Cultural Exchange**

A travelling exhibition of the Graphzine Arts with stops in Toronto, Montreal, Paris and Tokyo. Starts Apr. 1 '87. Watch for details.

Subscribe! 698a Queen Street west, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M6J 1E7 \$12.00 annual \$3.50 each

Special Thanks to The Conseil des Arts du Canada and Ontario Arts Council

A listing of academic, political and cultural events, compiled by DL Simmons, Tom Kempfle, and special guest Kathleen Kern. This section aims to bring together the various events, particularly in Canada, which are not generally publicized. Information to be published in future quarterly issues of border/lines should be sent to us at Bethune College, York University, 4700 Keele Street, North York, Ontario, Canada M3J 1P3.

Political and Cultural Events

Free University Toronto -- an alternative learning network. Write to PO Box 423, Station D, Toronto, ON, M6P 3K1 for listing of discussions and events.

Fallout Around Chernobyl -- Repression against the Moscow based anti-nuclear *Trust Group* has continued unabated in the U.S.S.R. since the Chernobyl disaster. The Trust Group request solidarity from Western activists; it may be reached through Sergei Batovrin, PO Box 1073, New York, NY, 10040, USA. (212) 304-1943.

Emma Goldman Resource Group -- The EGRG is developing a collection of hard-to-get libertarian books, pamphlets, and periodicals which deal with such themes as: the critique of traditional leftism; the politics of everyday life; anarcha-feminism. For a current list, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Emma Goldman Resource Group, PO Box 5811, Station A, Toronto, ON, M5W 1P2.

Popular Feminism -- lecture and discussion group at 8 pm on the first Monday of every month (except January), OISE, 252 Bloor St. West, Toronto, ON, M5S 1V6. The speakers, women's studies faculty at OISE and the University of Toronto, will talk on how feminism has influenced and shaped their work. Free admission.

Depo Provera and Women's Health -- Several women's groups have formed a coalition to investigate the effects of the contraceptive drug Depo Provera, and to fight against its legalization. The coalition hopes to provide a forum for those who have used the drug and wish to share their experiences. Contact one of the following: Healthsharing Magazine, 101 Niagara St., Suite 200A, Toronto, ON, M5V 1C3; Disabled Women's Network, 14 Boem Ave., Scarborough, ON, M1R 3S8; Women's Health Interaction, 58 Arthur St., Ottawa, ON., K1R 7B8.

General Male -- an anti-sexist men's group in Toronto. Write Box 85, 275 King St. East, Toronto, ON, M5A 1K2.

Canadian Committee Against Customs Censorship -- has launched a legal challenge to banning of *The Joy of Gay Sex*, and is distributing information about the issue of censorship in Canada. Write CCACC, 598A Yonge St., Toronto, ON, M4Y 2V8.

Tools For Peace -- the coalition for aid to Nicaragua; sends material aid and organizes political education programs in collaboration with INTER PARES. The Toronto office is 347 College St., Suite 301, Toronto, ON, M5T 2V8.

Eritrean Relief Association -- Since 1961 Eritreans have been fighting a war for independence from Ethiopia. The ERA is essentially the relief arm of the Eritrean People's Libertarian Front, the main group fighting for independence. In spite of the war and recent famine, the ERA has had some success in sustaining small-scale projects which develop self-reliance. Contact the ERA at Box 5027, Station A, Toronto, ON, M5W 1N4. (416) 598-2813.

Company of Sirens Series of Soirees

-- a series of performances by women in theatre, performance art, dance, poetry and music. The Soirees will take place 11-14 December at OHM Productions, 187 Harbour Street, Toronto. Advance tickets at the Toronto Women's Bookstore.

McLuhan Institute Lecture Series -- lectures at 4 pm at 39A Queen's Park, Toronto, Ontario. 5 January 1987, "the City as Text: the Landscape of Charismatic Rule in 18th Century Candy"; 2 March, "Greek Textual Literature: A Re-examination"; 6 April.

Return to Dresden: A Call for Peace -- a production of the National Film Board, available from NFB offices across Canada. The premiere was in September at a meeting of the Performing Artists for Nuclear Disarmament (PAND). In Toronto, call (416) 973-9093.

Kodak Chair Lecture Series -- lectures on film and photography all to be held at 7:30 pm, the Ryerson Polytechnical Institute, Learning Resources Centre, Room L072, Victoria and Gould St., 19 January 1987, Margarethe von Trotta; 12 February, Frederick Sommer; 20 February, Stan Brakhage; 4 March, William Klein; 20 March, Norman Jewison. Two tickets per person available from 6-9 pm on the Tuesday evening preceding each lecture in the Film and Photography Department lobby, 122 Bond St, Toronto, ON, M5B 1E8. Admission free.

Conferences

Scanner wants to gain a wider and more general audience for activities which are listed in specialized journals.

Strategies of Critique: The Politics of Knowledge -- Toronto, 13-14 March 1987. A forum for interaction between different critical discourses and traditions in order to discuss the efficacy of these discourses in relation to the "political"; a confrontation between contemporary social theory and the political and cultural implications of its own practice. Deadline for 1-2 page abstracts 15 December. Write c/o Graduate Programme in Social and Political Thought, York University, 4700 Keele St., North York, ON, M3J 1P3.

Learning Disabilities As A Language Problem -- Toronto, 31 January 1987. Sponsored by the Toronto Association for Children and Adults with Learning Disabilities. Symposium speaker: Geraldine P. Wallach, Professor of Communication Disorder, Emerson College, Boston. Write: Conference Centre, OISE, Suite 5-105. 252 Bloor St West, Toronto, ON, M5S 1V6.

Greening The City -- Toronto, 18-20 February 1987. A discussion of ecologically and economically sound approaches to urban open space planning, development and management. The emphasis will be on practicality and action. Sponsored by The Pollution Probe Foundation, a non-profit research and educational group. Contact the Green City Symposium, 12 Madison Ave., Toronto, ON, M5R 2S1. (416) 967-4511.

Water For World Development -- Ottawa, 29 May - 3 June 1988. First call for papers; deadline is 20 May 1987. Sixth World Conference on Water Resources. The International Water Resources Association was established in 1972 as an international forum to promote interdisciplinary communication and

cooperation among industries, business and social groups and professionals of diverse backgrounds. Write: The Secretariat, Sixth IWRA World Water Congress on Water Resources, University of Ottawa, 631 King Edward Ave, Ottawa, On, K1N 6N5. (613) 564-3902; telex 053-3338.

The Olympic Movement and The Mass Media -- Calgary, 15-20 February 1987. An international congress dealing with past, present and future issues, one year before the 1988 Calgary Winter Olympic Games. Issues will be discussed from the perspectives of academics, media practitioners and Olympic officials. Contact: The Olympic Movement & the Mass Media congress, Conference Office, University of Calgary, Education Tower 102, 2500 University Drive, N.W. Calgary, AB, T2N 1N4. (403) 220-5501.

Homosexuality, Which

Homosexuality -- Amsterdam, 15-18 December, 1987. International conference on gay and lesbian studies. PO Box 7161, 1007 MC Amsterdam, The Netherlands.

Hispanic Radio Programming -- Denver, USA, April 1987. Write Mercedes Hernandez, KUVU, PO Box 11111, Denver, CO, 80211, USA.

Orality and Literacy: Cognitive, Semiotic, and Social Aspects -- Toronto, 19-21 June 1987. McLuhan Institute and Toronto Semiotic Circle. Phone Sylvia Wookey (416) 978-7026.

The Right of Internal Asylum or Sanctuary -- Montreal, 12-14 June 1987.

Call for abstracts and titles. Questions to be addressed will include: How can we begin to fill the significant gaps in the historical study of sanctuary as it existed in ancient and medieval times? Can common ground be found between sanctuary as refuge for the persecuted and for criminal fugitives? What aspects of the sanctuary tradition are relevant to the contemporary scene, and in what ways can they be applied? Can the sanctuary model as a mode of dispute settlement provide an alternative approach? What impact will contemporary sanctuary movements have on internal and domestic law and on the future of the nation state? Contact: Dr. Charles Stastny, Conference Coordinator, Sanctuary Research Group, ICES, C.P. 8892, Montreal, PQ, H3C 3P3. (514) 282-3013, or 282-6-93.

Annual Drama Conference: Women in Theatre -- Riverside, CA, 13-15 February 1987. For information on submitting papers write College of Humanities and Social Sciences, University of California at Riverside, CA, 92521. (714) 787-3572.

