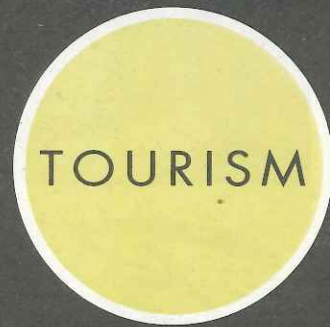


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(416) 967-9469

Business Address:

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

Subscriptions (four issues):
Individuals \$16
Low income \$14
Institutions \$25
Foreign subscriptions for all countries
in US dollars. Rates for air mail deliv-
available on request.

Border/Lines is published four times
a year by **Border/Lines Society, Inc.**, a charitable organization
and audio educational materials on
social issues.

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

We would like to thank the Ontario
The Canada Council and York University
generous support.

2nd Class Mail Registration No. 6799
Date of Issue July 1988
ISSN 0826-967X

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Printed and Published in Canada 1988
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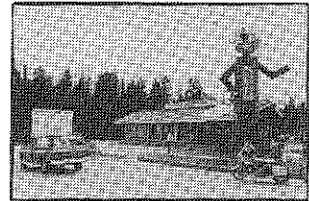
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This issue of Border/Lines has been guest edited by Jody Berland in Ottawa, with final
editorial decisions made by the collective.

The cover of issue #11 Sandra Meigs, *Corridor of Paleontology: The Cathedral*
was photographed by Peter MacCallum.

On Tour in a Strange City: A Diary

Georgina Born

On tour in Hamburg with Mike and Kate Westbrook and drummer Dave Barry, to play as soloists with the North German Radio (NDR) Big Band in Mike Westbrook's jazz arrangements of Rossini.

Carrying a cello is always conspicuous. Getting onto the terminal bus with cello and three bags, an effete and beautiful W.German businessman eyes me gallantly, weighing up whether to offer to carry it for me. Momentarily, I make to flirt; and then we both let it go. Zooming in closer, the man will have noticed untidy stickers on my cello case, trophies of past work: "Slits: Backstage Pass," "Final Solution" (punk ironies), "Rote Lieder: Festival des Politischen Liedes Berlin/DDR," "Für antiimperialistische SOLIDARITÄT," "Rock in Opposition." This aborted encounter reminds me by contrast of touring with the all-woman feminist music and performance group, FIG. Then, I approached the struggle to get airlines to meet my cello's needs sternly, aggressively. (Cellos are singled out as the only instruments to have a specified fare by British Airways: half-fare. Hence many check-in battles to get the cello on half-empty planes without paying more for it than a bohemian musician's fee). Now, 'enlightened', fashionably post-feminist and psychoanalysed, I negotiate reasonably and... flirt. Nothing gained the cello still bumps along in the hold.

Waiting in the crowd for more bags at Hamburg airport I spot a violin case, trace up, and see the shockingly aged face of Yehudi Menuhin. I nudge Kate excitedly and whisper. As we exit through customs, I find myself pulling the cello along on its skateboard wheel next to Menuhin, who smiles slyly—musicians' signs of mutual recognition—and asks "What are you playing?" I reply and, post-modern pioneer of his time that he was (duets with Stephane Grapelli, introducing Indian music), he is unphased. I ask "And when do you play?" and he cannot remember, deferring to a grey minder who reminds him. Parting, I state awkwardly "It is an honour to meet you," blowing the relaxed and egalitarian conceit that Menuhin has invited me to share.

The area where we stay must be Hamburg's Hampstead, but even more solid, prosperous: enormous 19th century villas interspersed with chic bordering a lake. The hotel seems nonetheless petit bourgeois, a traveller's stopover carved into mean rooms (I make a nuisance changing rooms till I find one to swing my cello in). Breakfast tables are laid mostly for one, each crammed with its own jams, honey, syrups, breads, and plastic 'nutreen' pot. Eventually I decode 'nutr' connoting nutrition, health, 'een' saccharine, sweetener. Schizophrenia embodied in these adornments of affluent tabletops: to stuff bread and syrup without guilt, at once reassured by the potential of 'nutreen' to 'nutr'-alize sin without pain (more than to provide nutrition, given the recently advertised dangers of chemical sweeteners). I observe middle-

class German couples eating brek together in varying degrees of dissociation; note how little charm survives across the tables of a hotel breakfast room: strictly utilitarian eating.

The band is male, white, mostly over 50 (four players are due to retire), and contains some marvellous players. It was a dance music outfit for years until recent inspired management put it to work with jazz composers like Mike and Anthony Braxton. The studio is deeply overmanned. Being a woman in the macho world of amplified sound: first rehearsal Monday morning, and Werner, studio soundman, besuited, authoritative will not find me an amp ("...for cello?"). Annoyed, and impatient to shortcut the endless literal power game played out with male technicians, I call ostentatiously to Mike "They say there's no amp...." Within minutes, two bass amps and various effects appear. "I didn't realize you had a pickup" leers Werner. Next tease: I'm finishing a sobbing Rossini cello solo. The trill fades over a final falling woodwind arpeggio... which the bass clarinet ends on a bum note, and all collapse: the cello, the bass trombone, a ninny.

Egon, the bass trombone, is the band's union rep. Plays, talks and laughs loud: he's Big. We have 10am to 4pm down as rehearsal hours. Six hours becomes three: every hour on the dot Big Egon yawns, stretches restlessly, finally gets up and tells Dieter, the conductor, reasonably, that it's a break. They sort of negotiate the return time, half an hour later. All out to the NDR cafeteria. The shock of porn, enormous breasts and frozen smiles, staring out from the NDR shop stand outside the café, along with cigs, chocs, chewing gum—oral fixation stand. On FIG tours in Germany years ago, we had a stock of running 'sausage jokes,' protest against the meat-eating, beer-swilling, cig-smoking, heart-diseased, porn-stocking, phallicentric, heterosexist German culture complex. Kate and I find ourselves saying "not yet! we mustn't begin the sausage jokes yet!..." Big Egon sits next to Kate in the lineup and gets chummy. Day one he asks her "Do you have a boyfriend?..." She points primly to Mike, and says she's married to the Bandleader. Next day, while I'm soloing away, Egon elbows Kate and says "Nice Playing! What's her name? Is she married?..." Kate tells. "Nice girl," concludes Big Egon, and calls another coffee break.

The NDR café at lunchtime reveals a cross-section of women and men similar to BBC and other media canteens, the women different post-feminist types, this expressed clearly through style. More expressive than the men's clothes, as though men's politics of style have stood still—the illusion betrayed of a male sexual political shift. These men and their style could date from 15 years back; the women are unmistakably of *this moment*.. Predominant are the high-heeled, coiffed (blonded), tailor-suited, nail-painted, large hoop earringed. Contrasting with a few bohemian, extremedressers: bigger hoops, flat Doc Martens, hair wilder or more sharp, footless tights under *rucked* skirts, black 'n' red, both more androgynous and more womanly.

Two post-feminist syntheses: reaction back to a sharper femininity, in quotes; and post punk bohemia, retaining elements of radical feminist critique, much tamed. And me? Bejeaned, blonded and...yep, be-hooped.

Lead trumpeters are known to be fragile, often alcoholic. It's the strain and stress of the high notes that crack so easily and stick out louder and more prominent than anything else. Leonard here is small and broad, Sumo-esque. He was away ill yesterday, and leaves early today. The third trumpet, to break the ice, sticks his black comb on his upper lip, sweeps his grey hair to one side, and salutes us: "Heil!!" Spitting Image. Then he points wildly to Dave and laughs "You Stalin!" Rehearsing a trick passage, Dave chooses the work ethic theme to twig Egon Bass Trombone: "You'll stay and work hard till you get it right!" To which Egon, laid back, retorts "We don't even have to be here to collect *our* pay" reminding us that, guest stars or not, they are waged and organised musos while we are mere insecure traveller jazzers. Eternal struggle: bureaucrat versus short contract artistes.

After rehearsals, at dusk, as so many times on tour with time to kill in strange cities, I wander and peer into lit up homes, imagining their routines, passions, household structures: voyeuristic, always marginal, transient, sensing difference but unable to follow through with any depth of contact with the hosts. Mirroring the voyeurism and transience of their fascination as audience with me as performer. I pass a young woman on the street who looks very like me, but to whom I cannot speak. My physiognomy would be at home here—ash fair hair, sturdy frame—but for my slight Jewish cast, the reason why I'm not in fact German but first generation British. The 'arbitrariness' is tantalizing: but for 'accidents of history' this place would be intimate and not strange. I pass two young Turkish Gastarbeiter, also outsiders, and sense with surprised recognition, immediate and unambiguous empathy coming from them, a hint of merging. Shopkeepers are disinterested, mildly irritated, barely giving me time. I do not buy much, am not part of a permanent clientele, and don't look well-heeled. However well I dress (and I dress up knowing Germany demands it) I feel style-less next to the splendid glitter of the German middle-class. Round here people's clothes seem designed, squeaky new, expensive—the local clothes shops are like Browns, Armani. The bakers have 30 kinds of bread. There's a shop that sells nothing but Japanese miniature trees; prices start at £50. Who buys? This is a scale of conspicuous consumption I've only ever witnessed in Manhattan; and this is a suburb. But Hamburg is the kind of organism swelling up this conjuncture: built on mercantile capital, ancient and new. My dislocation, though, is not so much lack of wealth, but an equally terrifying social division: not looking 'right'.

Music as property. Two days in, Mike's fretting as to whether NDR will give us a copy of the recordings, since they and the actual scores and parts are all owned by NDR as part of the deal and have to be physically left there. Mike may well not get another chance to do this Rossini arrangement, and so desperately wants a recording. By late in the week, Dieter and the recording engineers (the music world's natural anarchists) indicate that tape copies may not be a problem.

Sizing each other up. Dieter asks me over a drink "You play in an orchestra?" (Cello = orchestra, right?). I answer "No, always the fringes of jazz and rock, and

bass guitar," delig Later, Dieter and I players, people th geneologies, search fied: Dieter has w friends, is himself a NDR. Thursday, a as-Conductor, and his slightest remark music: understated sex and power: it's thory has. To cle a gaggle of women sex 'n' power effec together, swapping vered teachers, sav psychic and libidin

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The Inn Militari

John Crum

Last year, a lands lost government illegal. The agreen its air force pilots vast Québec-Labra argued that the low at tree-topping heights a is threatening the v nais-Naskapi India

That a Dutch opposed to its gov surprising; what w focused on the abo nous people in Car region's 10,000 Inr call Nitassinan, or the Dutch anti-mili

Historical Backgr

The Innu² territory of boreal forest fr

bass guitar," delighted to muddle his classification. Later, Dieter and Dave sit comparing lists of favourite players, people they have worked with, sketching geneologies, searching links. And we have misclassified: Dieter has worked with many European muso friends, is himself a composer of many parts, not tied to NDR. Thursday, and I'm 'falling in love' with Dieter-as-Conductor, and begin foolishly to read romance into his slightest remark. It's his way with the band and the music: understated, exact, humorous. The old formula, sex and power: it's amazing what effect creative authority has. To clear my head I recall when, as one of a gaggle of women 'mature' students all canny to the sex 'n' power effect, we much enjoyed ribald sessions together, swapping erotic dreams about our most revered teachers, savouring the crass predictability of our psychic and libidinal economies.

Hamburg TV has but three channels: no chaotic post-deregulation choice here yet. Late Night, one channel has nothing but videos of angsty modern operas, cut straight from one to the next, VJ like—is this modernist MTV? Unfortunate pan round the audience in big modern Staatsoper, half empty. Another prime time I hit upon a chat show, with 'ordinary people' talking hobbies interspersed by 'live' music spots. The mix: first up, a Bolivian folk music and dance troupe, uncomfortable, stiff. Second, a Leipzig chambergroup with movements from a Telemann concerto, clapped in between each movement (sure sign of low-brow appropriation). Third, a spectacular Euro-pop group—audience clap-along—called Middle Of The Road. They do only outtakes of songs—verse, chorus, rapid fade, transition to the next—like snack meals, sad, reminders of a (lost) 'real thing'. These weird mélanges (postmodern programming?), zapping without the zap, seem somehow to pre-empt the coming of cable/satellite TV.

Today, walking homeward, I find myself humming the set. Four days in the tunes and arrangements have lodged inside, a commitment that builds slowly, attachment to exquisite moments, the sublime co-ordination of all these musical lines and players. The thrill of sitting among 25 musicians, brass and saxes blasting out their simple consonant, then intrinsically diverging, rich and resonant lines, is unique, privileging. An orchestra does not feel like this, in which each player makes a unique contribution to the whole, but also individual technique and musicality combining in improvisations that construct the whole. Against the orchestra's bureaucratic rationality, the big band is a more complex division of labour, an expressive, organic totality. When it comes together, it's like *difference uniting*; the orchestra, by contrast, a hierarchical and repressive consensus. Mike designs his musical space with room for players to explore the range of their (different and multiple) musical personalities: for me, cellistic lines with voices and piano, rhythmic chord changes in with the section, and—especially—my own kind of improvisation. But difference isn't easy. The concerts arrive and, rather than pleasure, the multiple insecurity of my position threatens—as a woman, soloist, on a non-jazz instrument, playing my disruptive, 'avant garde' improvisations. Mike uses me to soar over, cut across, take apart, comment upon what's happening below, other musical shapes and moods. It's a tough role, psychic cards stacked up against. Early in the week the band stared and frowned; by the concerts we are listening and responding to each other keenly. They go well.

Georgina Born is a musician, an anthropologist, and a lecturer in communications at Brunel University in London, England.

The Innut and the Struggle Against Militarization in Nitassinan

John Crump

Last year, a peace organization in the Netherlands lost a court challenge to have a Dutch government agreement with Canada declared illegal. The agreement permits the Netherlands to train its air force pilots in low-level flying tactics over the vast Québec-Labrador peninsula. The peace group argued that the low-level flying,¹ which is carried out at tree-top heights at speeds of 800 kilometres per hour, is threatening the way of life of the Innut, or Montagnais-Naskapi Indians, of the region.

That a Dutch peace organization found itself opposed to its government's military policies is not surprising; what was unusual was that its opposition focused on the aboriginal rights of a group of indigenous people in Canada. Somehow the struggle of the region's 10,000 Innut for control of the homeland they call Nitassinan, or "Our Land", had found its way into the Dutch anti-military consciousness.

Historical Background

The Innu² territory of Nitassinan covers vast stretches of boreal forest from the coast of the Gulf of St.

Lawrence north to the tundra below the Bay of Ungava. The Innut are bordered in the west by the Québec Cree and in the east by the Inuit of Labrador. Today the Innut live in 12 communities scattered along the North Shore of the St. Lawrence and in Labrador.

Innu society is based upon a hunting subsistence economy in which the caribou plays a central economic and spiritual role. Life has traditionally involved seasonal migrations in highly mobile single- or multi-family groups from summer camps at the mouths of rivers on the coast to the interior for the rest of the year. Formerly, these treks were made by canoe or on foot. Supplies were either carried or hauled on sleds. Now the Innut use small aircraft to move in and out of the bush.

The Innut or their ancestors have inhabited Nitassinan for approximately 8,000 years. They are probably the Skraelings referred to in the Norse sagas which chronicle the Viking voyages to North America around 1000 A.D. The Innut were also one of the first indigenous peoples to come into contact with the Europeans who "rediscovered" the continent at the end of

the 15th century.

Historically, the southern Innut were called Montagnais. The people who lived farther north and hunted on the barren grounds were called Naskapi. Both were early participants in the French fur trade, and thus early objects of European intentions, which included the twin desires to "settle" and "civilize" these newly-discovered people. The Montagnais-Naskapi of Labrador, living in a land beyond the periphery of the early European colonies, managed to continue their lives with less interference. The furs they provided were coveted, but by and large their land itself was seen as worthless. Jacques Cartier is supposed to have described the Labrador coast as "the land God gave to Cain." Until this century, that perception worked to the advantage of the Innut.

As in most other areas of the Canadian North, the period since the end of World War II has seen rapid and uncontrolled change in Labrador. There have been two invasions in the North: one industrial, the other military.

In Labrador, industrial interests first focused on wood, then turned to minerals and the hydro-electric potential of the region's many rivers. In 1942 the airbase at Goose Bay was built as part of a staging route to ferry war materiel to Europe. A long-range radar installation was built near the base in 1951, and during the Cold War Goose Bay was run by the Americans as part of the NORAD air defence system. In 1971, the Canadian military assumed control of the base and the Americans left a couple of years later. Goose Bay's importance as a strategic base was reduced by the rapid development of ballistic missile technology. This change in technology and the perceived need by NATO to fly at low levels over enemy lines in the time of war has re-established the importance of Goose Bay in the eyes of the military.

Canada has signed bilateral agreements with the air forces of West Germany, Britain, and the Netherlands which permit the use of "empty" Labrador for low-level flight training based at the Goose Bay airbase. (The United States Air Force also uses Goose Bay but does not carry out low-level training exercises.) Training takes place in two vast flying zones totalling 100,000 square kilometres, one in the north of Labrador, and the other to the south near the Gulf coast of Québec.

The Canadian government is carrying out a sophisticated lobbying campaign to convince NATO to establish a Tactical Fighter and Weapons Training Centre in Labrador. The centre would train pilots from all NATO air forces in low-level flying, greatly increase the number of military flights out of Goose Bay, and—the federal and Newfoundland governments argue—provide needed economic development in the region. NATO is considering two sites: Goose Bay and Konya, Turkey. Canadian defence representatives have toured NATO capitals to see alliance decision-makers, using persuasive words and a slick audio-visual presentation to sell Labrador as the training centre site. The training centre would cost NATO about \$800 million. The federal and provincial governments argue the money would benefit the Canadian economy. A major NATO training centre in Labrador would also allow the Canadian government to argue that it takes its alliance commitments seriously.

The Innut maintain that the military activity is threatening their way of life. They say the jets are spoiling the environment and driving away the animals

they need to hunt. They have charged that the Canadian government is guilty of "cultural genocide" against them. One hunter from St. Augustin on the Gulf coast described what happens when the jets come over:

...When they reach a large lake, the planes fly extremely low, almost touching the water. They fly so low over the lakes in fact, that the exhaust ripples the water. These planes also fly very low over the camps of the Innut, and the exhaust ripples the canvas on our tents. There is some kind of pollution in the exhaust of these planes from the north. The sand on the beaches of the lakes is poisoned; the animals and fish are dying. Shortly after some of these planes fly over, we went out on a short trip in the canoe. I saw a lot of fish that were dead and also dead animals. It's the powerful smoke from those planes that must have killed the animals and the fish.

The Fight Against the Military

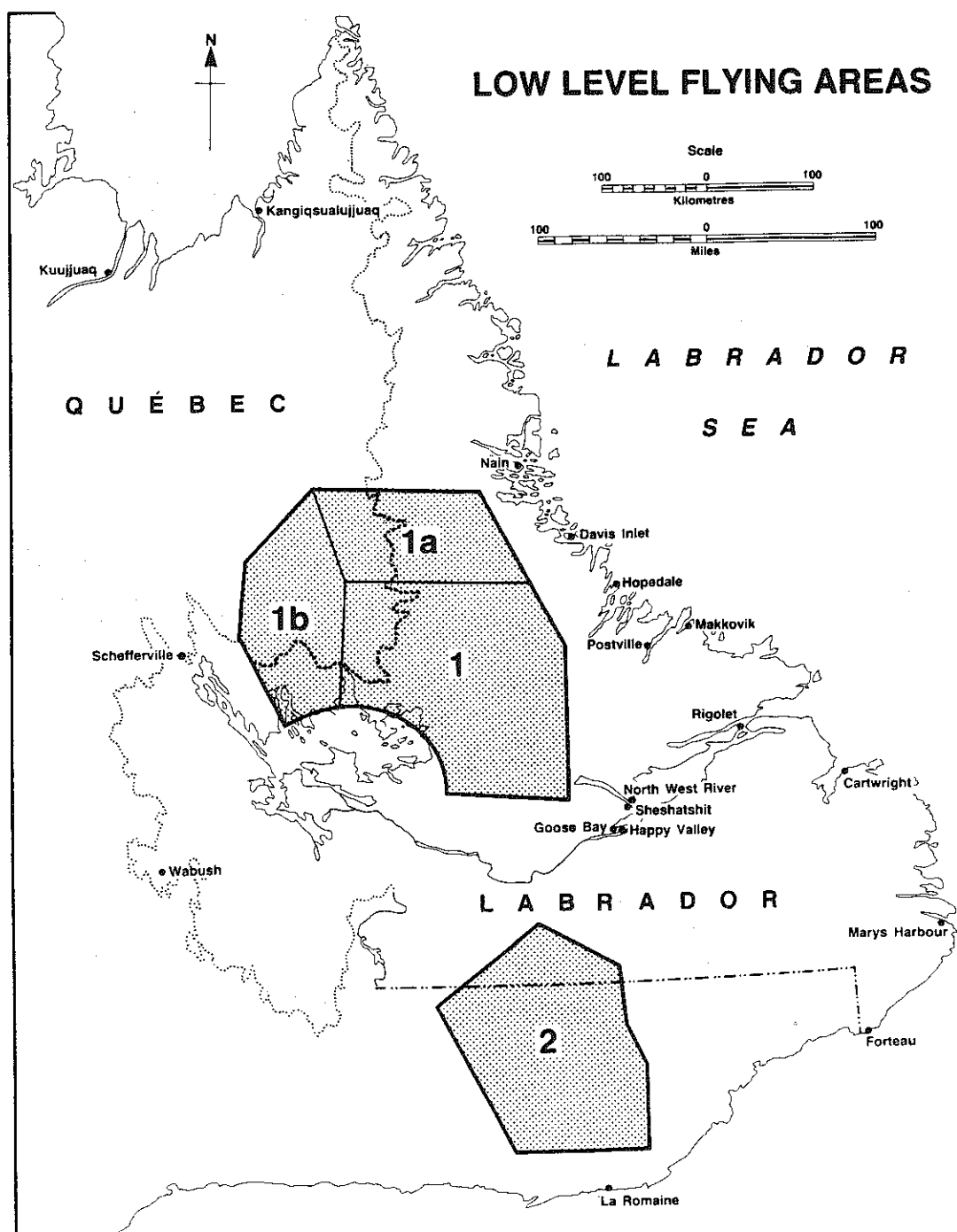
The military discounts Innut claims about the effects of low-level flying. So do local business leaders with an interest in expanded military activity. And so do officials from the local, provincial and federal governments. Innu hunters there is evidence of migration routes, changes—caribou altering their stillbirths, among other things. The pro-military side responds by saying there is no "scientific" data to back up what the Innut are saying. They say the Innut are concocting these stories because they oppose the military. Response to the Innu opposition ranges from such rejoinders to outright racism. Many people in Happy Valley/Goose Bay feel threatened by the Innu stance and they do not hesitate to make their views known through the local media.

The Innu argument is based on aboriginal rights. No treaties have been signed ceding any part of Nitassinan to Canada. There are no land claim settlements, although research was begun on one several years ago and later abandoned. Although the Innut have been colonized, they are not a conquered people. Thus the Innut argue that governments have no legitimate right to dispose of their lands—they cannot hand out mining or timber leases, control Innu hunting activity through game laws, or use the region for military purposes. It is an anti-colonial stance, and one that has received considerable attention in the media.

Innu leaders say they exhausted normal routes of communicating grievances soon after the first bilateral agreement was signed with West Germany in 1979. Numerous letters and petitions to the Canadian government went unanswered or came back with "thank-you-for-your-interest" replies.

In 1981, the Department of National Defence submitted a report to the Government of Newfoundland on the effects of low-level flying in Labrador. The report concluded that neither the Innut nor the environment would be harmed by such activity. As the flying increased, however, so did Innu protests. Innut from Sheshatshiu, however, so did Innu protests. Innut from Sheshatshiu launched a national campaign to stop the militarization of their territory. The campaign was expanded to include several European countries and the Innut stated unequivocally that their hunting and trapping way of life was being threatened by the flying.

A four-member delegation of Innut from Sheshatshiu and La Romaine conducted a 10-day tour to Ottawa, Toronto, Montreal and St. John's and held a



series of press conferences and a short-lived press conference.

The Innu campaign, Project North, a number of human rights organizations. Their cause was supported by other international organizations.

In February 1981, in the Mealy Mountains, Sheshatshiu, a community in Goose Bay, and the Mealy Mountains hunting areas for the first time began with a few protest hunting regulations of life. It ended with hunting or just hunting. The incident outraged the community, pushing reluctant hunters to lay charges. The court proceedings were proceeding grounds that the Innu judge, ironically, sentenced each member. The incident inflamed the community, helped galvanize the camp and the media coverage.

While the Innu fight against low-level flying is a battle and the overpopulation of Sheshatshiu is an arbitrary hunting area with the funding of the country: the Innu outsiders? Through have been trying to get the eyes of both Newfoundland and do this they have people that can be media, whether rural or city with this approach group attempting newsgathering cease to cover the

The natural history and issues that white terms, such as tends to work against example, a 1986 referred to the "hunting claims settlement" that the Innut are not also using the low level land claims campaign some duplicity on the Innut themselves as the same "issue" is at stake is not argued the Innut happens on—and like many other are struggling for Television, with substance what it *Journal* documented confrontation, but the underlying re-

series of press conferences. There was extensive but short-lived press coverage.

The Innu campaign at this time was supported by Project North, a church group, and an increasing number of human rights and peace organizations. Their cause was also embraced by Greenpeace and other international organizations.

In February 1987, several hundred Innu camped in the Mealy Mountains a couple of hours from Sheshatshiu, a community about 30 kilometres from Goose Bay, and hunted a "restricted" herd of caribou. The Mealy Mountain area is one of several important hunting areas for the Sheshatshiu Innu. The hunt began with a few elders and the local priest trying to protest hunting regulations that restrict the Innu's way of life. It ended with nearly half the community camping, hunting or just being there to lend moral support. The incident outraged hunters in Happy Valley who pushed reluctant game wardens and the RCMP into laying charges. Several Innu and the community's priest were charged but refused to participate in the court proceedings, which they challenged on the grounds that the Innu are not bound by Canadian law. The judge, ironically an Innu from the Labrador coast, sentenced each member of the group to a month in jail. The incident inflamed racial tensions in the region and helped galvanize community opinion in Sheshatshiu. The camp and the subsequent trial received widespread media coverage.

While the Innu hunt was not strictly a protest against low-level flying, there is a link between that battle and the overwhelming desire expressed by the people of Sheshatshiu to be freed from what they see as arbitrary hunting restrictions. Both are issues that deal with the fundamental questions of who controls the country: the Innu or the people they consider to be outsiders? Through their use of the media, the Innu have been trying to change how they are perceived in the eyes of both Newfoundlanders and Canadians. To do this they have had to create images of an embattled people that can be transmitted by an event-oriented media, whether radio, television or print. The difficulty with this approach, and it is one faced by any group attempting to publicize its cause, is that the newsgathering agencies will tire of Innu "events" and cease to cover them.

The natural bias of the media towards confrontation and issues that are easily portrayed in black and white terms, such as native people versus the military, tends to work against more substantial analyses. For example, a 1986 CBC documentary on *The Journal* referred to the "hidden agenda" of the Innu—a land claims settlement in Nitassinan. The reporter revealed that the Innu are not just fighting the military. They are also using the low-level flying issue as part of a larger land claims campaign. The tone of the report indicated some duplicity on the part of the Innu when in fact the Innu themselves view low-level flying and land claims as the same "issue". Land claims is a misnomer. What is at stake is not just use of the land, which it can be argued the Innu now possess, but control over what happens on—and over—that land. In short, the Innu, like many other aboriginal groups across the country, are struggling for sovereign power in their homeland. Television, with its inherent biases, often loses in substance what it gains in images. In the case of *The Journal* documentary, there were numerous scenes of confrontation, but little if any coherent explanation of the underlying reasons for the conflict.

Genocide in Labrador?

The battle against the military is not just being fought in the media. Part of the Innu struggle is for fundamental human rights. In 1985, the Innu invited an International Federation of Human Rights commission to visit Labrador and Québec.

The commission concluded that "certain internationally recognized natural and legal human rights of the Innu...are being violated" by military activities. Low-level flights "generate conditions that are harmful to the physical, mental and cultural well-being of at least a segment of the Innu population." The report was praised by the Innu and condemned by the military and civilian leadership for being shallow, poorly researched and "biased".

While the report did not specifically address the question, the Innu have used its findings to support the charge that they are the victims of cultural genocide. Article Two of the United Nations *Convention for the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide* defines genocide as "acts committed with intent to destroy, in whole or in part, a national, ethnical, racial or religious group." It lists these acts as killing members of the group, causing serious bodily or mental harm, "deliberately inflicting on the group conditions of life calculated to bring about its physical destruction in whole or in part," preventing births or transferring children from the group.

There are a number of problems with this definition in the case of the Innu. One is the difficulty in proving "intent". The convention is too narrow and it would be very difficult to substantiate a case which argued that Canada is deliberately luring NATO jets to Labrador to exterminate the Innu.

However, when the concepts of ethnocide or ecocide are substituted for genocide, the picture changes. Ethnocide has been defined as "...the violation of the right of an ethnic group to develop its own culture."³ Ecocide refers to "adverse alterations, often irreparable, to the environment—for example, through nuclear explosions, chemical weapons, serious pollution and acid rain, or destruction of the rain forest—which threaten the existence of entire populations, whether deliberately or with criminal negligence".⁴

Using either of these definitions would strengthen the Innu's case considerably. However, neither is included in the existing Genocide Convention, and thus it would be for the Innu to make their case stand up in international courts. Nevertheless, the Innu have in the past sought to convince the court of world opinion that Canadian policy in Labrador is destructive to them as a people. Taking their case to the United Nations is one option being discussed by several Innu leaders. Using the unofficial definitions of ecocide and ethnocide, it is possible to argue that the potential for a genocidal situation now exists in Nitassinan.

Land Claims

Another potential forum for the defence of aboriginal rights is, of course, land claims. Many Sheshatshiu Innu have questioned the merits of talking with governments they do not recognize about a "claim" over land they own anyway. However, the Conseil Atikimek-Montagnais, which represents the Innu of the Gulf coast, has been negotiating a land claim with the federal and Québec governments for several years. Lately, more Sheshatshiu Innu have been talking seriously about completing land claims research. In fact,

the federal government has recently agreed to resume funding the Naskapi-Montagnais Innu Association, the land claims organization of the Sheshatshiu and Davis Inlet Innu. Funds were cut off in the early 1980s because the NMIA was one of the driving forces in the fight against low-level flying.

The possibility of land claims talks raises a number of strategic questions for the Innu. One argument is that if they begin negotiations, they will have to temper their protests against the base. If they continue their protests, the argument goes, how can they expect the government to talk to them? There may be some truth in this; governments may indeed use land claims as a way to shut down the anti-military position. But it is not a morally defensible position. Nowhere else in Canada do people have to make a choice that sees them surrendering their democratic rights in order to gain concessions from government.

The Innu say it is the government's turn to compromise. The way they see it, they have been giving in to what governments and other alien authorities have wanted for hundreds of years.

One Innu woman summed up how most people feel. Aline is 88. Her gnarled hands and the deep red scars that cover most of her forearms speak of a difficult and dangerous life.

"The government thinks the Innu can't manage their own land but they always did before.... A child will agree to do anything if you give him a lollipop. This is how the government is treating the Innu."

John Crump has worked as a journalist in the Yukon, Ontario and West Africa. He is completing a graduate thesis on the effects of industrial and military development on the Innu of Labrador.

Notes

1 Low-level flying is part of a military strategy known as Follow on Forces Attack (FOFA). Canadian and German commanders have explained that FOFA is to be used in the event, likely in their opinion, that the Warsaw Pact invades Western Europe. NATO forces would withdraw in front of the invaders and force them to extend their supply lines. Then NATO jets, flying low to the ground, would streak in and bomb the enemy supply depots. This is the stage where opponents of the strategy fear NATO would "go nuclear". Since the allegiance has a "first strike" policy of using nuclear weapons fit the FOFA scenario. The commanders are fuzzy on this issue: they maintain that the FOFA strategy could be used in either conventional or nuclear attacks.

2 "Innu" is the name of the people. "Innu" is the plural form. The Innu, whom the Europeans called either Montagnais or Naskapi Indians, should not be confused with the Inuit who inhabit the northern coast of Labrador and whose territory borders that of the Innu in some areas.

3 Maureen Davies. "Aboriginal Rights in International Law: Human Rights," in Bradford Morse, ed., *Aboriginal Peoples and the Law: Indian, Metis and Inuit Rights in Canada*. Ottawa: Carleton University Press, 1985.

4 Commission on Human Rights, Sub-commission on Prevention of Discrimination and Protection of Minorities. *Review of Further Developments in Fields which the Sub-commission has been concerned*, Revised and updated Report on the Question of the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide, prepared by B. Whittaker, 1985.

Travelling Correspondence: Notes On Tourism

Jody Berland

1 Barbados, The Caribbean, February, 1988 Notes from a journal¹

"And we have so much to be thankful for. Just look around you: the sky is bright, the air is fresh and clean, we are truly blessed." The radio is on in the cab. Gospel music floats across a sunny topography of picturesque underdevelopment, and the driver sings along. Barbados is riotously beautiful, at once 'civilized' and impoverished, a former colony, where tourism and sugar jointly predominate as producers of the island's wealth. It is a hospitable environment in which to sketch out some of the themes central to the study of tourism: what it means to "be a tourist" (a form of cultural production distinct from "to travel"); what tourism means to the lucrative underdevelopment of growing portions of the world map; how the tourist industry manages the production of both landscape and culture; how local residents must continuously re-negotiate the possession of their own lives and landscapes.

Tourism motivates a process of continuous transformative *work* on the social environment. The traveller becomes a tourist through this productive process, which is dependent upon the capitalization of space and the never-ending repackaging of history. Everything from the monumental to the intimate and ordinary learns—is forced—to speak, thereby to produce value. It's a language of surfaces, of an excess of signs, and of shadows. Behind these may be found the hidden contours of neo-colonial world economy, of complex change, of an everyday life that is almost invisible to we consumers of the Exotic, of an imaginable era in which those who inhabit the place are no longer conscripted as Others in the text of tourism, and can get on with the work.

One does not ordinarily think of oneself in a category while watching these Others, unless one makes a conscious effort to do so. As Enzensberger points out, even "political tourism" reaches its verdicts from the *outside*². What is being judged, in "tourism of the revolution," is a representation of a possible future from the viewpoint of a rejected present. Other types of tourism reverse the chronology, and consume instead a representation of the pre-industrial past, an attempt to escape without directly confronting the futures closer to home. Either way, what is being sought in the act of being a tourist is the experience of transformation.

The nature of travel depends in important ways on the social unit you travel as. "The couple" is the overwhelmingly dominant construct in travel. Even children are a little seditious, but their parents' transgression is tolerated affectionately as it functions as a necessary footnote to the couple. Romantic

love is defined and shaped predominantly by a specific spectrum of mutual narcissism and comfortable pragmatism, intensified by social and economic sanctions. [These remarks must be read in the context of their origin: watching westerners on tropical beaches is as hazardous to empathy as being one.] The touristic experience is an attempt to reclaim a particular, more "natural" definition of the romantic; away from the banality of the everyday, the environment provides and licenses a more sensual dimension within the social formula of mutual dependency. The southern touristic experience is an intensified interval of pleasure, in which scenic backdrop and romance provide reciprocal legitimations for each other. The unfamiliar rhythmic caress of waves seduces the ear as did, once upon a time, the soon, June, moon croons in love songs of the 40s; no one believes them now, but nature cannot lie. The silhouette of lovers, palm tree and beach forms a harmonious landscape in which intensity of feeling, like the apprehension of the foreign, is at once aroused and becalmed.

Tourism also brings into focus the peculiar interdependence between consumption and intimacy, between consumption and the erotic. It offers an organized release of repressed energies, a set of occasions which practically command you to discover and fulfill your desires. Barbadians ask incessantly if one is enjoying oneself, having a good time, enjoying the meal? First time here? Pleasure is a location requiring continuous solicitude, which the locals offer with evident pride. They possess—they are—a natural resource which produces more than pleasure, and tourists are necessary to its conversion to wealth. Their smiles and solicitude are as necessary to their social and economic survival as stamina, forbearance, and excessive moderation are to our own. Their displays of warmth may be as "natural" as our legendary coldness. But like the nature which surrounds them, this "natural" resource has been converted to a social discourse, and money is changing hands.

We will never understand these smiles if we cannot see what lies behind the 'tropical paradise' we are so anxious to consume: we must also note the ironic amusement of 'natives' who serve it up, the complicit stupidity of tourists, and the social process through which all of these are produced, as any natural resource, for conversion to finished product, for conversion to income, a labour process in which we are an essential ingredient, and our happiness an essential result. The refusal to smile, where it occurs, can be read as a statement about the social economy of tourism, against which, in many cases, it may seem pointless to rebel.

In tourism, the class structure of visiting nations is not disguised. One portion of tourists is too anxious to lose its dignity; another, too anxious to retain it. The rich, however, excel at the taking of pleasure. They are knowledgeable about fishing, pleasure boats, good beaches, restaurants, tanning, good liquor, friendly management, currency exchange. Their approach is relaxed and efficient. The rest of us, unschooled in this art, watch them for tips. Like many of the young natives, their bodies are well proportioned and beautiful. Unlike most of the natives, theirs will stay that way. At some point they begin to look like caricatures.

"The mystery of both as separate exciting product.

Tourism and des immediate images of sensuality, of sun and taste. Anyone who countries" knows th which is encountered cannot be similar, eq We northerners long difference: warmth, indulgence, a balm temperaments, and economy. Our ho change, detachment where, progress, mo moment of strange, prehension.

We are never the is an afterword to M Swaggart, Levi's, th tion of America (M worst tourists are th ity, good phones, pa dark and an unble which to purchase n

To the extent th possible in Barbado situation, for which branches proliferate thank. Canada is ve sister in Montreal, a (they avoid the win dian cities with adm ans are not accusto colonizer in such tan In this most beautifu bean, it is a rich and

2 The Bus, Montreal

In the gaze from th renders one philosop milar landscape inv logically, we "make comes to encompass Sundays in the cour women. In undertak in that demilitarized for clues to personal sition to the famili everyday urban envi civilizations, now pr risk, our exploratio testing arousal and co with "nature", as Al carefully mapped in efficient, economica that our relationship construction doesn't "need" nature, this missing, presumed c

"The mystery of foreign places and people appear both as separate from our own culture and its most exciting product."³

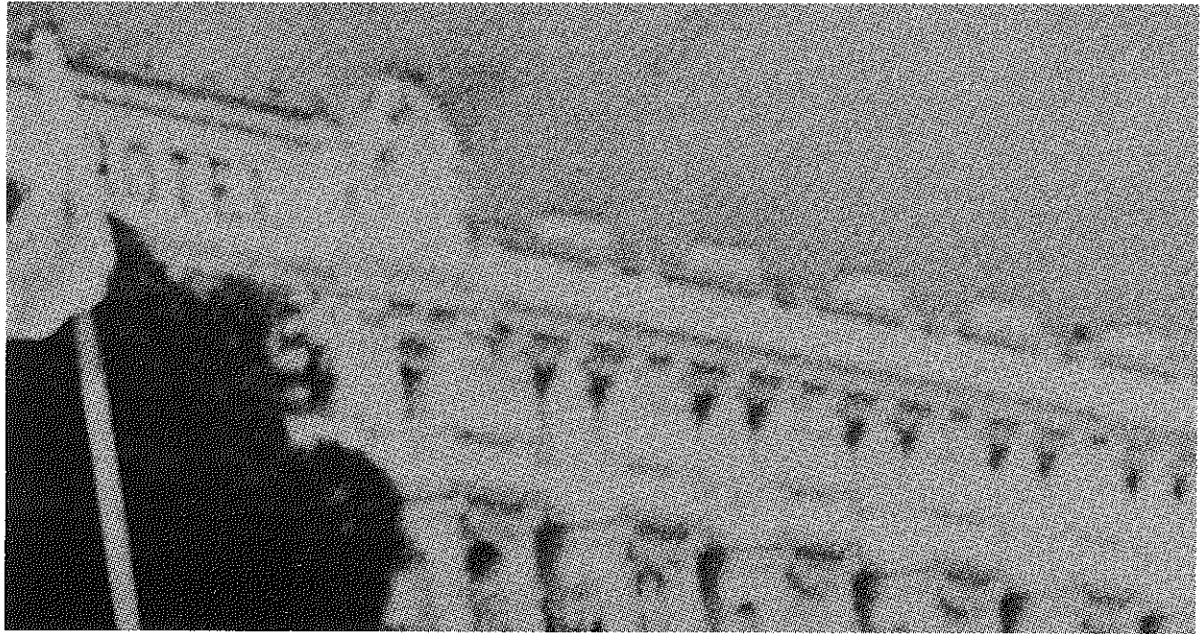
Tourism and desire: the association of terms raises immediate images of the south, of a welcome release of sensuality, of sun and skin, of colours and smells, of taste. Anyone who has travelled to "less developed countries" knows that peculiar reciprocity of longing which is encountered there: it may seem reciprocal but cannot be similar, equitable, or autonomous in its parts. We northerners long for what we construct as perfect difference: warmth, beauty, a nature that blesses self-indulgence, a balm for healing from cold air, cold temperaments, and the cold thrust of a mean-hearted economy. Our hosts long for a vision of escape, change, detachment, impersonality, getting somewhere, progress, money. Between us there can be a moment of strange, perhaps misleading mutual comprehension.

We are never the first outsiders to arrive. Each of us is an afterword to Michael Jackson, Coca-Cola, Jimmy Swaggart, Levi's, the Motion Picture Export Association of America (MPEAA), NBC, RCA, CIA. The worst tourists are the ones who want reliable electricity, good phones, paved roads, along with safety after dark and an unblemished indigenous culture from which to purchase native fabrics and crafts.

To the extent that these, and other blessings, are possible in Barbados, we find ourselves in an unusual situation, for which we have Canadian banks (local branches proliferate) and Canadian foreign aid to thank. Canada is very popular here. Everyone has a sister in Montreal, and many are saving up for a visit (they avoid the winters, of course), or speak of Canadian cities with admiration or nostalgia. Most Canadians are not accustomed to enjoying the fruits of the colonizer in such tangible, friendly, pleasurable a form. In this most beautiful and civilized island of the Caribbean, it is a rich and contradictory experience.

2 The Bus, Montreal-Ottawa

In the gaze from the bus window, forced passivity renders one philosophical. The emptiness of an unfamiliar landscape invites serious projection. Anthropologically, we "make a space for nature", a category that comes to encompass the zoo, the neighborhood park, Sundays in the country, camping, gardening, natives, women. In undertaking tourism, we look for ourselves in that demilitarized zone. The search of a landscape for clues to personal continuity works in precise opposition to the familiar anonymity which defines the everyday urban environment. Nature sites, like foreign civilizations, now present a choreography of controlled risk, our exploration providing an occasion for the testing arousal and conquering of change. Our contacts with "nature", as Alex Wilson points out, have been carefully mapped in order to make this process as efficient, economical, pleasing as possible. The idea that our relationship with nature is therefore a social construction doesn't mean that it's not "natural": if we "need" nature, this is an attempt to restore what is missing, presumed dead.



Tourism tantalizes us by proposing that everything visible is within our grasp, and yet works (as an industry) by evoking a degree of underlying longing, nostalgia, dissatisfaction. It rearranges marginal and metropolitan sites alike as conduits for pleasurable, thereby flattering us, providing a tangible sense of power over those sites which seem to place themselves before us. It mobilizes a desire to confront the sense of elusive displacement which will present and perhaps disperse itself only with the act of physical displacement which tourism incites.

3 When We Know Whom To Thank

Like everyone, I have travelled, and like everyone, I hate tourists. The contradictions of experience find their parallel in the contradictions of the landscape being traversed. We do not want to believe that the landscape is looking back at us, planning our arrival, calculating our movements. Much of what we dislike about "tourists" is the complicit dissimulation of this perception. Tourists want to possess the authenticity of the lake, the castle, the ruin, the dance, while in fact recognizing such "authenticity" (as Mark Neumann points out) only by previous circulation of the requisite image.

Canada is constructed through picture postcards as a series of "natural" sites, dominated by physical landscapes of a peculiarly rounded, vulnerable geometry, as if waiting for physical invasion to follow the eye; and by animals, and Natives, and Mounties in natural (not urban) settings. In the wake of tourism the distinction between nature and culture becomes increasingly meaningless. In Ottawa, even the seasons are presented as products of a beneficent administration: fall is presented as a gift of the National Capital Commission and February's Winterlude enjoins us to demonstrate our patriotism by enjoying winter. Oscar Wilde understood all this early in the century, arguing that sunsets were simply lesser imitations of picture postcards. Nature and culture can be equally picturesque;

they can also be equally reconstructed. When social history is also shaped to further the economy of tourism, we are confronted with very complex questions; then popular or artistic attempts to construct an indigenous history become part of the shaping of landscape for further colonization, as Ian McKay points out in his genealogy of Peggy's Cove.

Tourism elaborates the social construction of ethnic and regional identity, of difference, which is prerequisite to a renewed social ecology, and yet contaminated by precisely the same forces of commodity production against which such construction (and perhaps our travel) arises in implicit or conscious opposition. In this sense tourism is an exemplary metaphor for the cultural, psychological, economic, moral and aesthetic organization of contemporary cultural experience. It involves the re-alignment of both space and time: the reconstitution of the past and of the Other parallels the reconstitution of nature in the present, and in the end all tourism becomes a search for something called nature, even if that nature is simply one's own.

Jody Berland is a Corresponding Editor of *BorderLines*

Notes

1. This section is drawn from a journal kept during a 2-week convalescence in Barbados. Thanks to Rosemary Donegan for many conversations, cups of tea, joint encounters, and running commentaries during her week there with me.
2. Hans Magnus Enzensberger, "Tourists of the Revolution", *The Consciousness Industry: On Literature, Politics & The Media*. New York: Seabury Press, 1974.
3. Judith Williamson, "Woman is an Island: Femininity and Colonization". *Studies in Entertainment* ed. Tania Modleski, Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1986. p. 112.



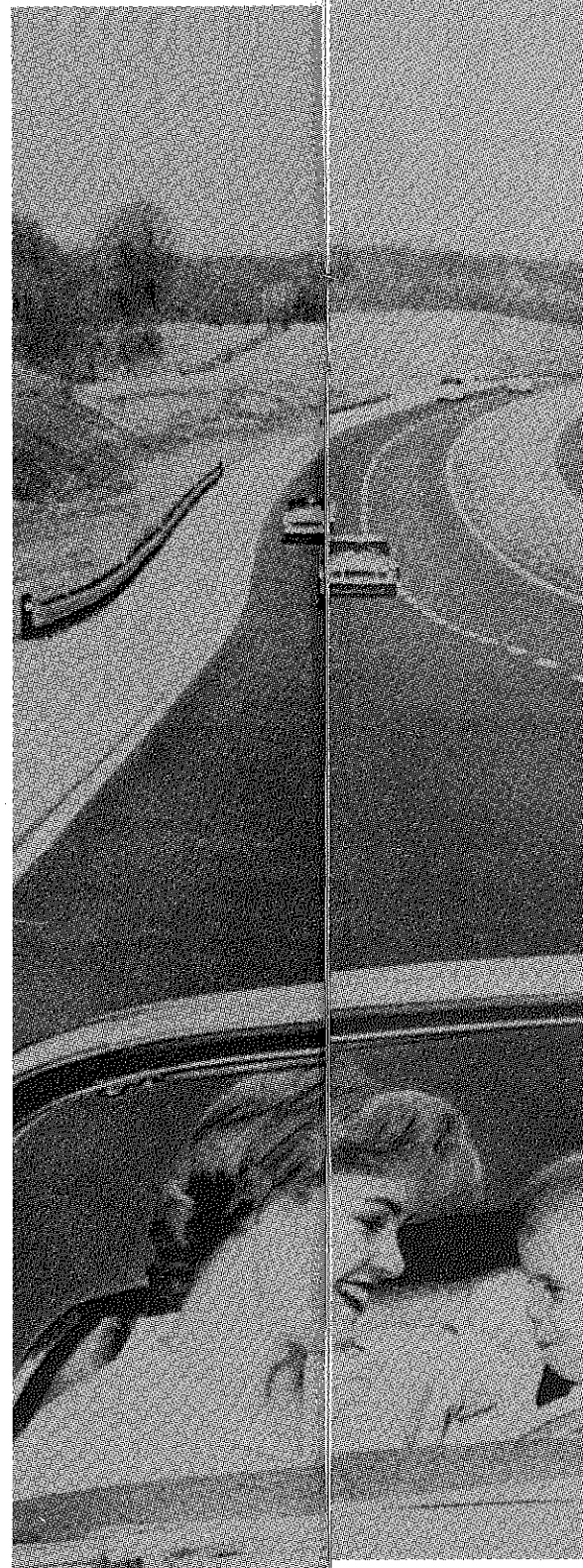
The View From The Road: Nature Tourism In The Postwar Years

Alexander Wilson

A year or so ago I took a train trip from Toronto to Vancouver. The train was called 'The Canadian'. It was old and tatty and filled with grumpy Americans who were travelling in Canada by default—that summer, we were a tourist destination without terrorists. But no tourist experience comes without its own logic, its own way of organizing landscape and our sense of it. The train carried us to Vancouver, alright, but on the way it stirred us to pay belated, though still sincere homage to the Canadian landscape. The dining car was the most intact remnant of this vestigial nationalism. Called the Queen Alexandra, it was a royal blue ode to prairie songbirds and 'prairie hospitality', with wonderful etched glass dividers and stars on the ceiling. Here was a colonialist nostalgia whose restraint and innocence spoke of the early 50s, yet it was overlaid with the ruthless corporate reality of our own day: mass produced meals and packaged travellers who were supposed to go to Greece but ended up unhappily in Saskatchewan. And out the window, as always, the vast land itself flitted by, so familiar from postcards but silent and untouchable from inside our glass cases. I remember wanting to get off the train at every point and lie in the sweet August fields. While it's nice to think that my image of those fields came from within, from the memory of authentic, animated, real space, I know that they are also part of the repertoire of images of nature that tourist culture produces in great number and variety, and that in some ways are indistinguishable from nature itself.

Tourism organizes our experience of the world and its many aggregate cultures and landscapes. In the past 50 years or so, it has become a global phenomenon involving millions of people. It is also a big and growing industry—the principle one for many countries and regions in the developing world. It will probably be the largest industry in North America as well by the turn of the twenty-first century. The history of tourism is a confusing one, because no one knows quite what it is or when it can be said to have begun. What we can say is that its history parallels that of modern industrial society. While people obviously travelled for pleasure before that time, and the wealthy classes of Rome or China had holiday villas in the country, modern mass tourism is a vastly different way of moving through the world. It has created a whole range of new geographies like motel strips and campgrounds, airports, beach compounds and convention centres. It has promoted the growth of a managerial class and service sector whose job it is to organize human desires and leisure time. It has extended the commodity form both out into the natural world and back into our imaginations. Lastly, modern tourism is a phenomenon that is both urban and rural and that at the same time breaks down the distinction between the two. It has vastly reorganized not only the geography of North America, but also our perceptions of nature and our place in it as humans.

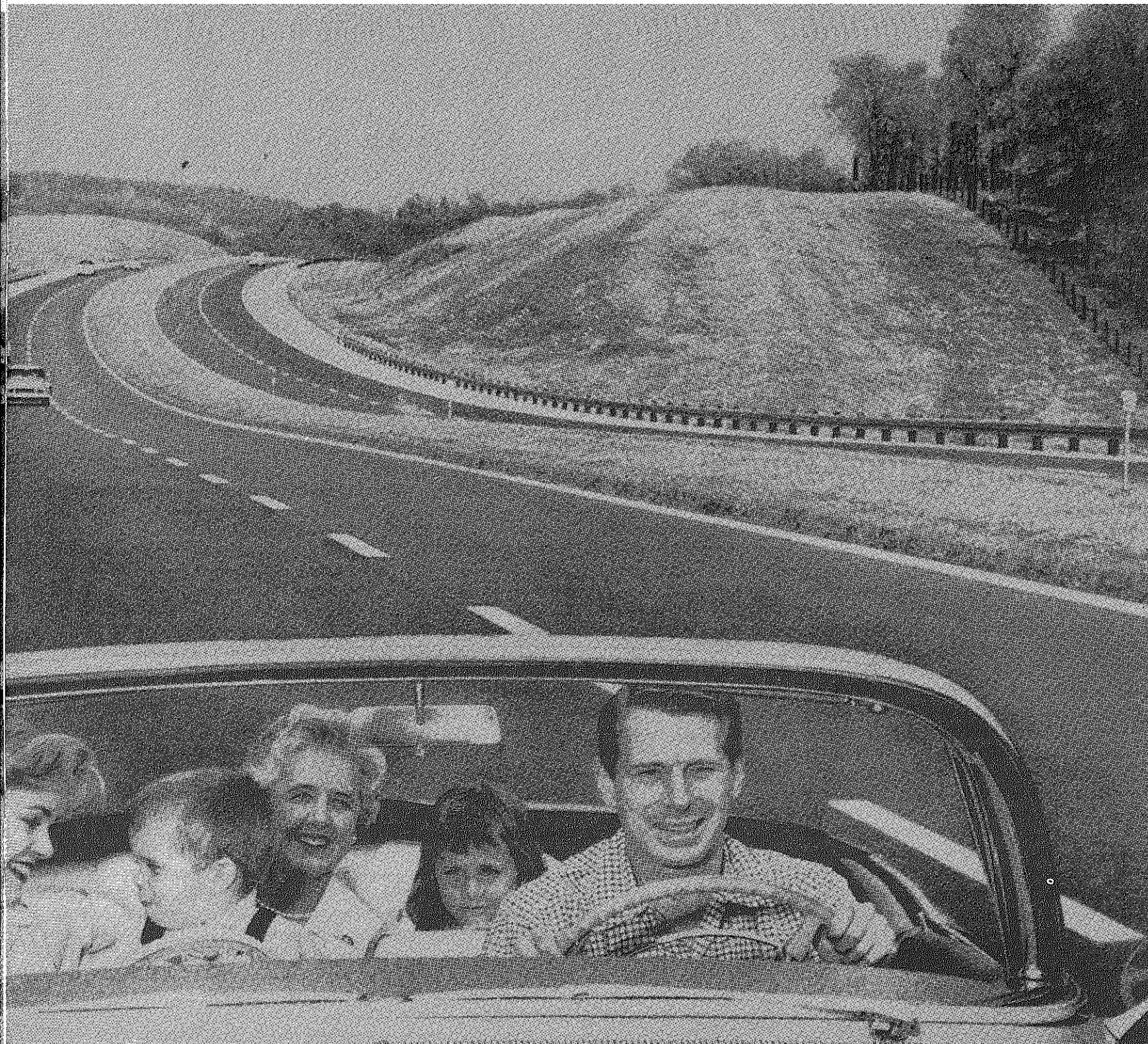
Tourism is a by-product of industrial society. Yet an economic history of tourism only tells part of the story. Tourism has all along had a particular role to play in our experience of modernity. By circulating through the material and natural world, we juxtapose the many contradictions of modern life and try to make a totality out of them. If I were to recall my experience of the train that summer, I would begin with images of dead queens and terrorists and grain elevators; then I would remember the microwaved 'Pacific Salmon Almandine' in the Rockies, the



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left: Tampa, Florida, 1958. Joe Steinmetz Studio below: ad for the Asphalt Institute, mid 1950s



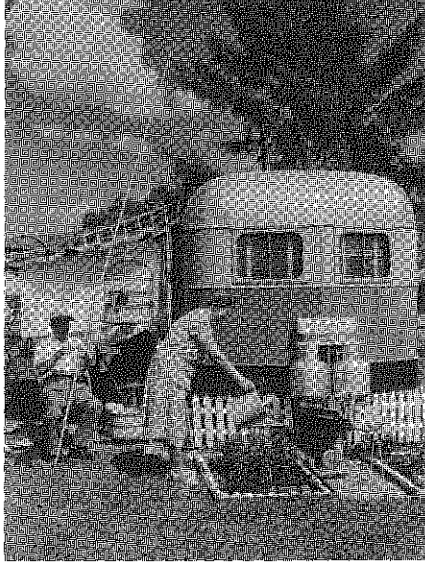
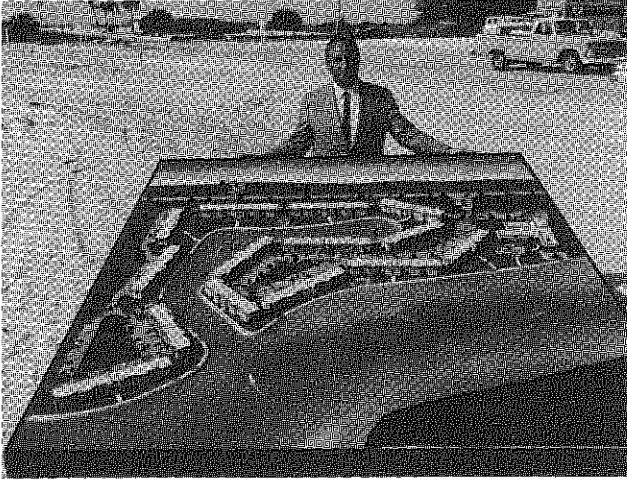
gleaming bank towers in Calgary, and the man fishing from a boat in the Precambrian Shield at sunset who the Korean monk in the next seat took a snapshot of. Sometimes I would read while all this was going on, and sometimes I would listen to music I'd brought along. That train trip, and its many small pleasures and disruptions, somehow coalesced for me into an orderly but still ambivalent image of contemporary life in Canada.

This ambivalence characterizes much of what's called 'modern life', and as modernity gets updated, we must keep sightseeing in order to understand our place in it. Our cultures, our landscapes, our social institutions are continually demolished and rebuilt. Each new moment of modernity promises to heal the wounds it continues to inflict, and at the same time encourages us to imagine an open future. We tour the disparate surfaces of everyday life as a way of involving ourselves in them, as a way of reintegrating a fragmented world. Tourism is thus a thoroughly modern phenomenon. Its institutions—package cruises, museums and amusement parks, self-guided nature trails, and visits to a shrine to the Virgin Mary or the site where a president was assassinated—continually differentiate and reorganize our experience of the world. One way these places do this is by naming the modern and separating it off from the premodern—or the merely old-fashioned, which in

contemporary culture often amounts to the same thing. Thus the tattered VIA Rail cars that hurtled us across the continent that summer were 'outdated', as our American visitors pointed out more than once, while Calgary was somehow new, or in any case, different from that. The outdated is sometimes demolished (as much of it has been in Calgary) and sometimes preserved as a reference point for us, an authenticized curiosity that reminds us of the victory of the modern over its ever-receding past.

Tourism locates us in space as well as time. It has redefined the land in terms of leisure. And it began to do this in the mid-twentieth century, at a time when most North Americans were being wrenched from traditional relations with the land. It's no accident that industrial agriculture, suburbanization and mass tourism all coincided.

Since I took that train trip, I've been thinking about how to write a contemporary history of the tourist landscape. By that I mean a narrative that would begin with this place we live in, which for me—a 'New Canadian' who grew up in the United



States—is the distinct geography of North America, its many land forms and its vast and interrelated communities of plants and animals. All of that is what we call *the natural world*, something we usually understand to be apart from, or prior to, human history.

Over top of that we might lay a number of human constructions of nature: Disney nature shows, resource and tourist industry brochures, etc—as well as specific interventions in the material world like, say, a nuclear plant, a national park, or indeed, a pot of marguerites on the front porch. I think of all of this as *landscape*, a way of seeing, a social activity that organizes our experience of the natural world.

And then there would be social history, and for reasons that are too complicated to fully go into here, I've begun this story with the end of the Second World War. In the postwar years, landscape came to be organized in new ways. An emergent leisure industry began to market its products to the large sectors of the white population who now had more time and money. The rapid development of an outdoor recreational infrastructure brought about a new set of relations between humans and the natural world. While the places people visited might all have existed before, people experienced them in new ways. Nature tourism catalogued the natural world and created its own spaces out there among the trees and rocks. It sold us nature-related products, and by and by has come to sell us natural space and experiences. All of these developments have served to fragment the natural world: here we have a sunbathing beach, over there is a nature trail for the blind, further along there's an RV campground or a petting zoo or a "singles' crosscountry resort." Nature tourism differentiates our experiences of the natural world. There are several consequences of this. The most obvious is that such fragmentation makes it much easier to package and sell nature as a product. It also means more people can enjoy natural places. And finally, it probably means that it's now more difficult to experience nature as a whole, as the total environment that for centuries and centuries has been our *home*—a very different kind of space from a 'recreation resource'.



Any account of nature and tourism in the postwar period must begin with the car and the road. The effect of the automobile on North American life has been immense, and it's well documented. The car and its ancillary industries were first developed around the turn of the twentieth century. By the 1920s, the car had been popular around the transportation, and a highway infrastructure had been started. Inter-city travel increased dramatically. During the Depression of the 1930s, large-scale road construction continued unabated, often as a part of government relief programmes. The construction of surfaced roads increased fourfold between the First and Second World Wars. By the mid-fifties, multi-lane parkways and freeways had been built to expedite travel from city to suburb and city to city, and the car had insinuated itself into the daily habits and desires of millions of North Americans.

While the population of North America has roughly doubled in the past 50 years, highway travel has increased almost tenfold. Overall, the private car accounts for more than 80% of all travel in North America, and 75% of all tourist travel. All of these trends—from highway construction to car acquisition and use—have remained relatively constant for the past 50 years. They are a good indication of how the automobile became the keystone of the postwar American economy. These changes didn't happen by themselves of course; several American corporations, most notably General Motors, had ruthless marketing strategies that would ultimately ensure the car its central place in American culture as it has come to be emulated all over the world. This meant designing cars with what's now called

planned obsolescence, and making them the only choice for millions of commuting workers. This latter was achieved by buying up and eliminating mass transit companies.

This is a well known history, and one whose consequences most people have a good sense of. But what does it mean in terms of the natural world and our relation to it? In the first place, the car and the modern highway bring with them a different ordering of space. Before the car, most roads took care of all manner of traffic. But once the car was in general use, traffic had to be functionally separated: trucks from cars from pedestrians, local and feeder traffic from inter-city travel. Expressways, for example, are usually at a different grade from surrounding land, and access to them is strictly controlled. All of these changes imply a rationalization of space. Certain places for specific purposes (whether urban or rural) as quickly as possible. In this case, the landscape you pass through is subordinate to your destination. Other roads, such as the nature parkways begun in the 1930s, bar commercial traffic and by the design of their curves and rest areas instruct drivers about how to appreciate the scenery out the window. In both cases, the car further divides the landscape, and our experience of it, into discrete zones. It promotes some landscapes and discourages others.

New road building technologies in the 1950s enabled more people than ever before to get out of the cities to play in the country. In 1944, the U.S. Congress passed the Defense Highway Act, which authorized the construction of a massive national network of roads which would supposedly facilitate movement of troops and materiel in case of foreign attack. In Canada, the Alaska Highway, authorized in 1948, had similar military beginnings. In 1956, construction on the Interstate Highway System was begun in the US, using revenues from a gasoline tax. The tax, in fact, could *only* be spent on highway construction for the first 16 years. The highways encouraged car acquisition and use, the cars in turn consumed more gas, and the tax on the gas ensured the construction of more highways. The Interstate Highways, which were completed in the mid-1980s, amounted to a massive government subsidy to the auto industry and its many dependents, including tourism. Tourism, which grew by roughly 10% annually during the fifties and sixties, was largely organized around the car and the highway. Pleasure driving had by this time become the most popular form of outdoor recreation. Older forms of outdoor activities—camping would be an obvious example—became for many an adjunct of car travel. Camping would be an obvious example—became for many an adjunct of car travel. Not only a measure of a culture's technological prowess; they were fully integrated into the cultural economy, and were talked about as having an important democratizing role: modern highways allowed more people to appreciate the wonders of nature.

The car also made possible the development of a vacation home industry during the fifties and sixties. This changed the physiography of resorts in some interesting ways. It used to be—and here we might recall the great nineteenth century spas—that resorts were typed according to the natural features of the landscape they were part of. So there were mountain resorts like Banff, spas, ski resorts, seaside resorts, and so on. Once mass second home development got under way in the late fifties, these typologies broke down. The most obvious effect of the car on nature tourism was a large-scale diffusion of recreation across the landscape. Holiday-goers no longer took static holidays at one place, but sought out ever more distant and 'unspoiled' recesses in their cars. When A-frame homes replaced resorts and resort towns, there was a proliferation of tourist sites, and consequently the experience of nature became more private for many people. By the mid-sixties, the resorts themselves had changed in character: either they went out of business or they

adapted to the demand. They have been replaced by commercial seminars. These are called—that are not

As rural tourism, the natural features of the landscape have had mostly to do with the way to serve a rapidly expanding market. These changes led to a new kind of scenery evaluation, one that is within the industry.

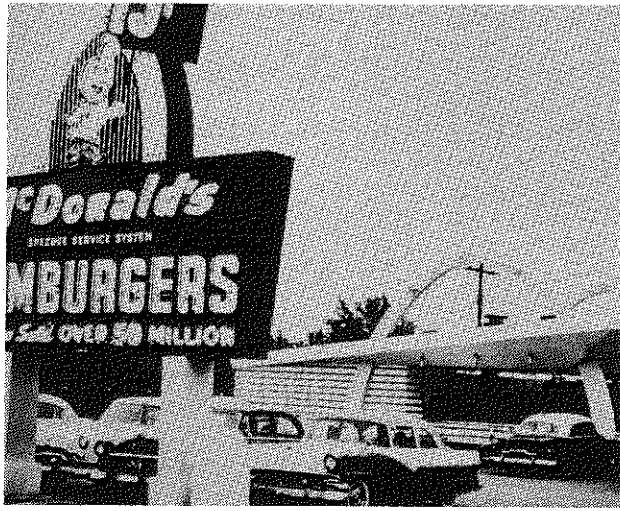
Where the landscape is much the better. In North America, where the landscape is a growth industry. The illusion of solitude in the country of the Great Plains is very densely forested. Landscape in its most natural state (This is very like the way toward explaining why make sense here are the this geography allow the frontier all at the same time to this equation, you have millions of second homes.

The car is not the only reason. In the 1950s. The trailer is the way we move across and in the vacation homes—for vacationers or it becomes the predominant 'features of the landscape' trailer camps to trail these communities models'. Temporary have thus found a space especially in the United States to job; freedom to move with it. For people includes work in the country from one place to another in for the dream of Camping is one form of home.

In any case the landscape among other places. The cultures that surround our technical mastery flourished—an idea,

Joe Steinmetz Studio left: Bradenton, Florida, 1969. Joe Steinmetz Studio

below: The first McDonald's, Des Plaines, Illinois, 1955 courtesy of McDonald's Corporation.



adapted to the demands of a new and very different clientele. Today, families have been replaced by convention goers and corporate head officers attending marketing seminars. These clients expect familiar surroundings—'amenities', they're called—that are not specific to locale.

As rural tourist development proceeded, its geographical focus shifted from natural features of the landscape to 'artificial' ones like golf courses or African animal safari parks. The reasons for this are complex, but as we'll come to see they had mostly to do with the need for the industry to differentiate its products in order to serve a rapidly expanding market. Scenic legitimacy came to rest on the marketing strategies of the tourist industry as well as the vagaries of land speculation. All of these changes led to new fields of study like tourist motivational assessment and scenery evaluation, which by the 1960s had become the subject of intense scrutiny within the industry.

Where the landscape itself was adaptable to this new industrial situation, so much the better. An example of this is the forest-lake complex of eastern North America, where the aesthetic values already in place coalesce with the demands of a growth industry. The two most desirable features of a woodland cottage site are the illusion of solitude and the view out over water. In the sinuous lake and river country of the Great Lakes-St Lawrence watershed, the land is relatively flat and yet very densely forested. There are no sweeping vistas, so the aesthetics of this landscape in its more or less wild state is built on experiencing nature *in its details*. (This is very like the visual experience of the medieval town, which goes a certain way toward explaining its appeal to the modern urban dweller.) The activities that make sense here are intimate, even private, like canoeing or mushrooming, and yet this geography allows for great numbers of people to experience the immanent frontier all at the same time. When you add the automobile and the express highway to this equation, you end up with large sectors of the remaining bush settled with millions of second homes, each with its private road and intimate view.

The car is not the only vehicle that proliferated on the new highways of the 1950s. The trailer is a related technology that has had a profound effect on the way we move across and inhabit this continent. Originally—and this would have been in the early thirties—trailers were a kind of house on wheels, like a covered wagon for vacationers or itinerant workers. Now they're called mobile homes and they've become the predominant form of prefabricated housing. Today they are 'permanent' features of the landscape, as the evolution of their town names indicates: from trailer camps to trailer parks to mobile home estates. In the American Southwest, these communities are simply called 'parks', and the trailers themselves 'park models'. Temporary dwellings—which are ancient—imply a kind of freedom, and have thus found a special place in the North American ideological landscape as well, especially in the United States. They suggest freedom from ties to nature, to family, to job; freedom to move across this land as we wish and to make new connections with it. For people who work at migratory or temporary jobs—and today this includes work in corporate sales or mid-management as well on farms—moving from one place to another is often a necessity. It's as if physical mobility is standing in for the dream of social mobility American society has been unable to deliver. Camping is one form of this refusal of station; so is desert retirement in a mobile home.

In any case the trailer is now something people use to tour and dwell in nature, among other places. We could say in fact that technologies like the trailer, and the cultures that surround them, construct nature as a place of freedom and repose. As our technical mastery over nature has progressed, the idea of nature as freedom has flourished—an idea, by the way, that would be meaningless in a time or culture other

than this one.

There are many other transportation technologies that have been developed since the Second World War, and all of them have transformed this land and our perceptions of it. Most fall under the name of recreational vehicle, or RV, and they'd include the snowmobile, the off-road vehicle (ORV), the van and camper and so on. Many of these technologies have insinuated themselves into North American family life, and social activities like clubs and vacation caravans are now often planned around them.

The trucking industry was also born in the postwar years—often as a result of the marketing strategies of companies like GM discussed above—and it too has had a curious effect on the perception of nature in this culture. Before continuous streams of trucks plied highways of every size, trains carried most freight, and this included foodstuffs. Refrigerated train cars were first put to use in the late 1920s. As *East of Eden* documents with some bitterness, this allowed produce from warmer parts of the continent like Florida and California to be shipped to large markets in the cooler regions. Like the car, however, the transport truck is a more versatile, if less efficient, technology than the train. It was able to get right into the fields and collect the avocados and grapefruit soon after they were picked. This development coincided with two others of equal importance. Postwar agricultural research bred fruits and vegetables to be part of an industrial process—they could be mechanically picked, were 'resistant' to biocides, and took well to shipping. This led to 100% increases in farm productivity during the fifties. At the same time, the transportation industry was consolidating itself: trucking firms began to be vertically integrated with food growers, processors and retailers.

This is a complex tangle of changes. I bring it up as an example of the tortured nature of technological development and its effects on society and the natural world. There were a number of consequences in this case. One was the replacement of local and regional market gardeners by large, often corporate growers in the new agricultural zones of the Sunbelt. They in turn introduced vast amounts of biocides, the full ecological effects of which in many cases remain unknown today. The industrialization of agriculture—which included the development of supermarkets—led as well to a homogenization of the seasons as summer produce (or some semblance of it) began to appear in winter as well. This in turn led to a very different relation of the culture to the geography and climate of North America. The land began to look and feel different. As paradigms of domination began to flourish in North American cultures in the 1950s—and the industrialization of agriculture was mirrored by American foreign policy of the time—it became possible to think of nature as a servant, or a well-loved pet. Conversely, it also became possible to think of nature as a victim—a sentiment which underlay much of the thinking of the environmentalist movement in its earliest years.

The car also had a more material effect on the landscape. Most obviously, it brought massive environmental change in the form of roads and traffic and deteriorating air quality. These have had their own secondary and tertiary effects, most of them bad if not catastrophic. Much less discussed are the aesthetic and psychological changes the car has brought to land forms and our perception of them. Once there were roads full of cars, there had to be a physical infrastructure to service them. Thus we got the development of the strip: gas stations, roadside motels and drive-ins, coffee shops and so on. These came with their own logic. Highway businesses had to design their buildings and advertising to attract motorists, as recognition from the road



became paramount. This encouraged the use of standardized images and eventually logos in advertising, both on and off-site. Consider the repetitive architectures of chains like Howard Johnson's or the Holiday Inn, or indeed of national parks.

Tourist services had to be built at a scale compatible with the automobile. Large signs and facades and small cheaply constructed buildings were the lessons learned from Las Vegas. Motorized access and parking lots became necessary adjuncts to every new building, whether souvenir shop or campground office. These in turn were often 'naturalized' by planting gardens around them—and such work became the bread and butter of the burgeoning practice of landscape architecture. A roadside coffee shop or gas station was transformed into an oasis in the midst of the created deserts of parking lot and highway. Similarly, driveways and garages—and the reappropriated 'ranch' architectures that complemented them—contributed to the sprawling character of postwar urban design. More recent architectures like shopping malls turn inward from their parking lots, toward the retreats of indoor gardens, leaving the roadside environments prevalent just 30 years ago to decay.

The car has imposed a horizontality on geography as well as architecture. The faster we drive, the flatter the earth looks: overpasses and cloverleaf interchanges are almost two dimensional when seen from the car window. They are events in automotive time. As highway and tourist space has become more homogenized—like the universal space of modern communications—distance is experienced as an abstraction: suburbs lie 'minutes from downtown,' and the miles per gallon we achieve getting to them minify field and stream. Compare this experience of North America with that suggested by aerial photography, which wasn't really accessible to people outside the military until the sixties. From a plane window, the landscape flattens out to a map: it is a landscape of fact (or to the military, of secrets). With more advanced satellite photography, the landscape has been inscribed with representations of resources—healthy crops, or deposits of subsurface minerals, or Cuban missile bases. The image of the earth from space, and its 'Whole Earth' counterpart, is an extension of this impulse to picture the planet as a resource. But in the 1950s, this factual landscape could not yet be perceived. Before air travel became relatively common, what we saw out the window of the speeding car—and the Futurists were right after all, it is one of the great experiences of modern life—was the future itself. Consider for instance the thrill of getting New York along the Henry Hudson Parkway, or Vancouver crossing the Lion's Gate Bridge. The speeding car is a metaphor for progress. It is always moving ahead—although the effect is the opposite, as if the landscape were moving past us, into the inconsequential shadows of history. In this respect, time has replaced space as the predominant way our experience of the world is organized.

The car itself was increasingly laden with technology in the postwar years, and some of these devices accentuated the kinds of changes we've been discussing. Air conditioning was the most obvious. It began to be sold with a few luxury cars in the mid-fifties, and soon became a sign of status, especially in climates where it was unnecessary. Of course as more asphalt was laid down and more engines circulated, roadside temperatures rose, and air conditioning did often become a necessity even in temperate climates. High speed cars also encouraged the use of air conditioning. In a car or a building, air conditioning allowed the illusion of human control over environment. This was made possible by the 'magic' of what was understood to be a benign technology. Of more interest to us here is the aestheticizing effect of air conditioning on the natural world. Nature was now something to be appreciated by

the eyes alone. Never mind the dust and heat, or the snow, nature was now accessible year-round and under any circumstances. There were no longer any contingencies—just the purely visual experience of what lay outside the picture window. The other senses were pushed further to the margins of human experience as nature came to play a role in human culture that was at once more restricted and infinitely expanded.

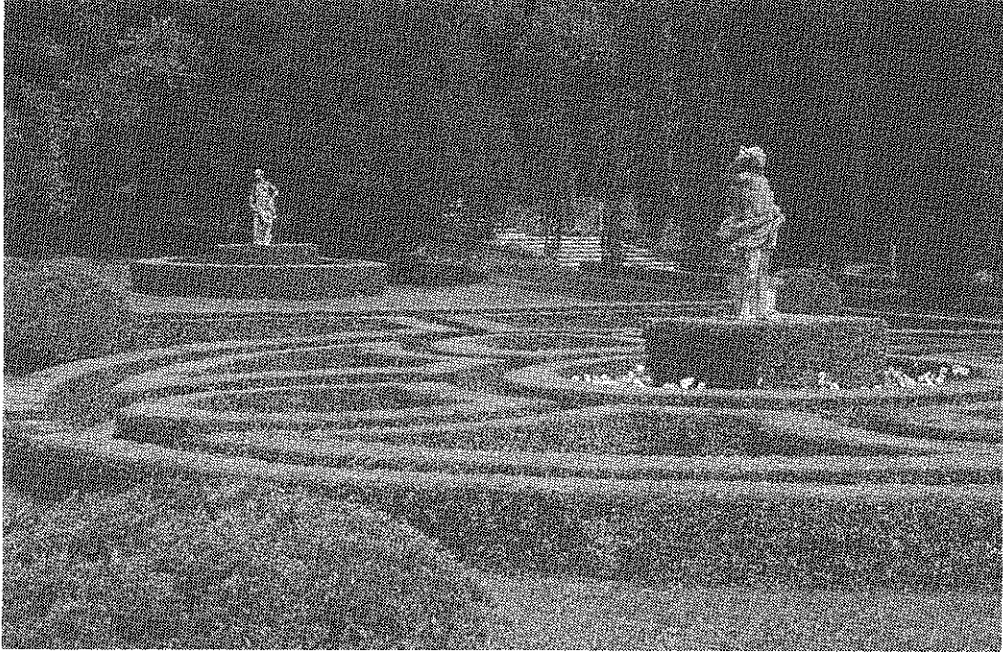
There is one last thing to say about the car and the road. Car travel is largely an *individual* activity. This is not to say that people usually drive alone, although for commuters and truckers that's usually the case. It's more that driving is a private exercise. It is a technology that fits well with the American psyche, and Detroit has done its best to manipulate this. The individual hero on the road, pushing back the frontiers and discovering this land for 'himself': this myth has a long and bloody history, particularly in American culture, and the car continues to play a part in it. It's hard to imagine a technology that better discourages communal activity and an egalitarian experience of the non-human world. Here we might recall that the private car and the nuclear family have a parallel history. They are both founded on an act of exclusion. Within is radically different from without. The family and the car—and the 'family car'—are bounded entities that discourage unregulated exchange. That said, it should be pointed out that the mobility the car has brought to North American society has contributed greatly to the restructuring of the traditional nuclear family. Its privatizing functions have been splintered by cultural practices like hitchhiking or drive-in movies. The car has also carried many North Americans, myself included, far away from the consumer culture that engendered it, and into closer contact with the natural world.

Reading List

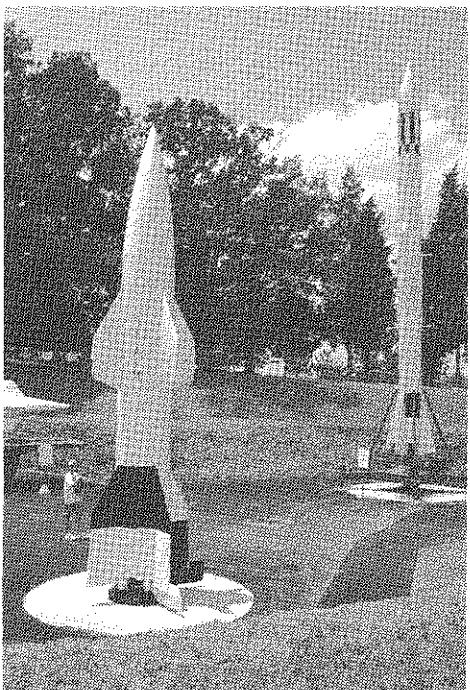
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Alexander Wilson, a Toronto journalist and horticulturist, is completing a book on popular landscape in North America since the Second World War.

THE RHETORICAL PARK



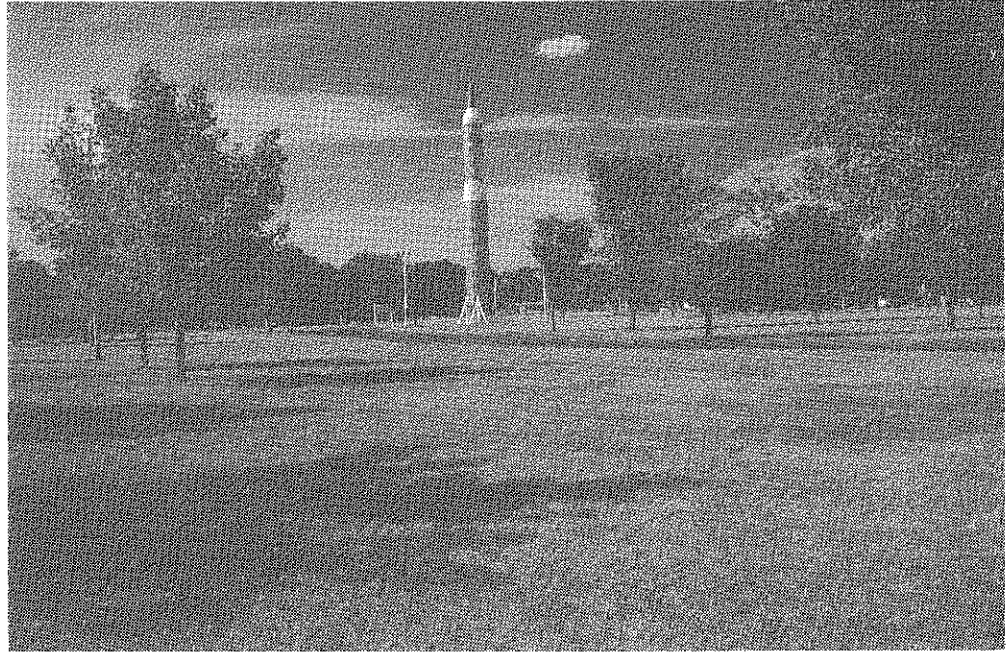
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- 15. Gardens, Villa Guista, Verona; circa 1500
- 16. Rocket Park, Alabama Space and Rocket Center, Huntsville, Alabama; 1970's

Stan Denniston



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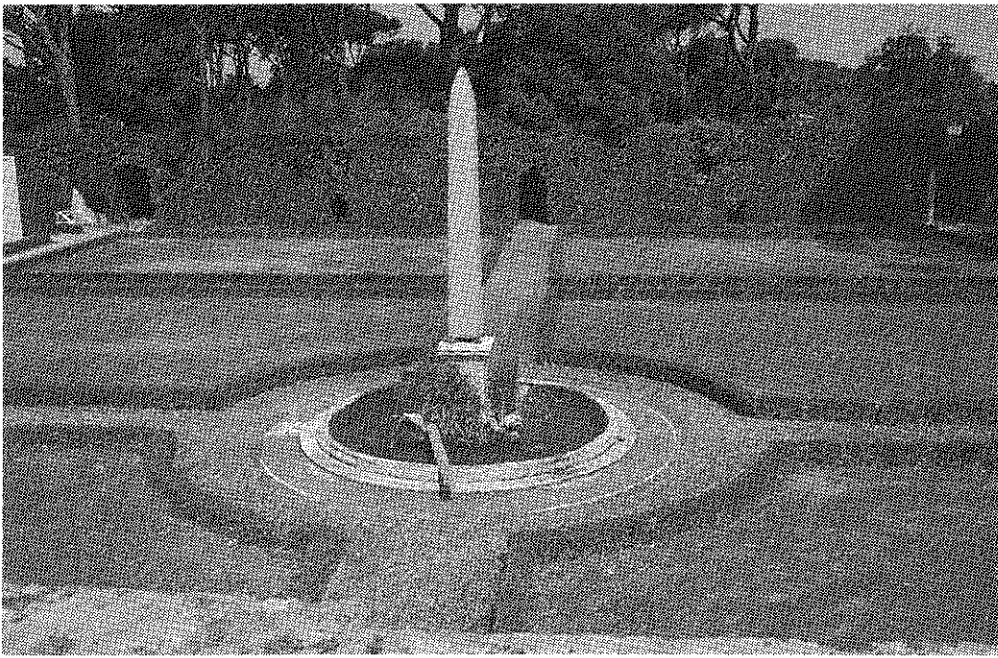
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THE RHETORICAL PARK



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17. Titan Rocket, Gotte Park, Kimball, Nebraska; 1968
18. Gardens, Villa Guista, Verona; circa 1500
19. Rocket Garden, Kennedy Space Center, near Titusville, Florida, 1970's
20. Gardens, Villa Medici, Rome, 1544

Stan Denniston

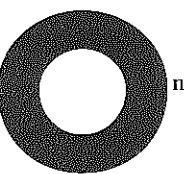
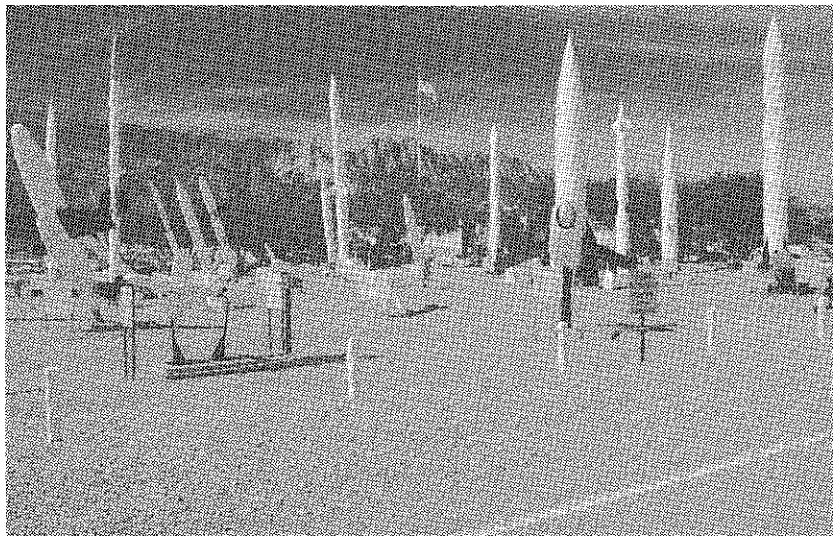


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21. Terrace Gardens, Versailles, Rome, 1544

22. Missile Park, White Sands Missile Test Range Headquarters, near Alamogordo, New Mexico; 1970's

22



Mark Neumann

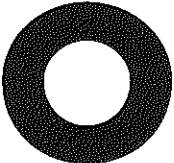
Wandering Through the Museum: Experience and Identity in a Spectator Culture

"When we discover that there are several cultures instead of just one and consequently at the time when we acknowledge the end of a sort of cultural monopoly, be it illusory or real, we are threatened with the destruction of our own discovery.

Suddenly it becomes possible that there are just "others," that we ourselves are an "other" among others. All meaning and every goal having disappeared, it becomes possible to wander through civilizations as if through vestiges and ruins.

The whole of mankind becomes an imaginary museum: where shall we go this weekend—visit the Angkor ruins or take a stroll in the Tivoli of Copenhagen?

We can very easily imagine a time close at hand when any fairly well-to-do

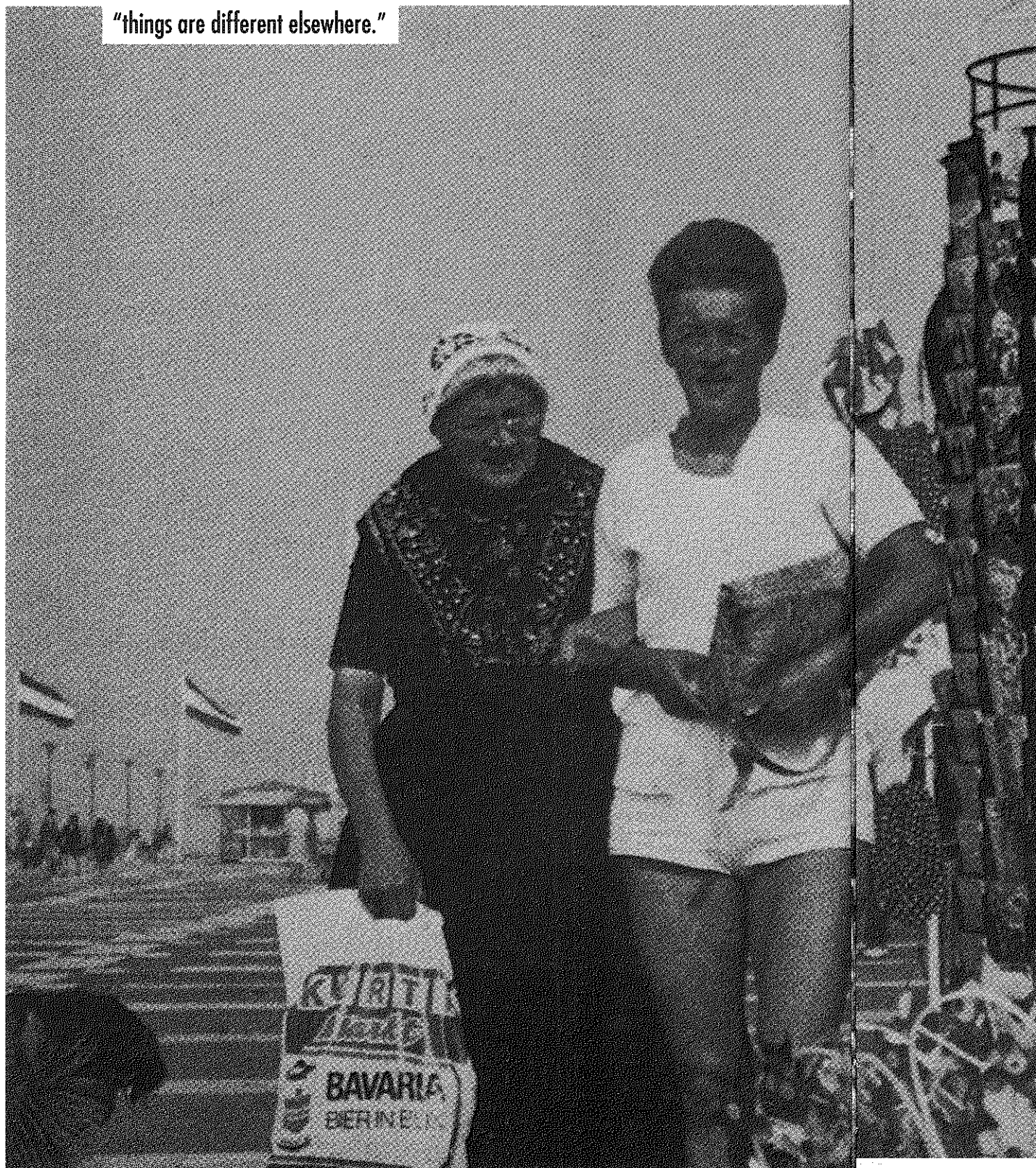
 In a recent trip to San Francisco, I took a short ferry ride with a hundred or so other visitors and toured what remains of Alcatraz prison in San Francisco Bay. The

person will be able to leave his country indefinitely in order to taste his own national death in an interminable aimless voyage."

Paul Ricoeur, *History and Truth*

Tourism and modernization go hand in hand. Historically, the tourist appears against a backdrop of broad cultural transformations that began in the mid-19th century. The developments of leisure time, and mass communication all converged in the rise of popular travel. Since that an industry of enormous proportion has developed around the common notion that

"things are different elsewhere."



prison on Alcatraz Island was active as a federal penitentiary from 1934 to 1963. It held the most disruptive, disobedient, incorrigible men from other prisons, concentrating them in one location. Presently, Alcatraz Island is part of the Golden Gate National Recreation Area managed by the US National Park Service, and a popular tourist site.

Arriving at the island, we were greeted by a park ranger who answered questions about the island and prison and invited us to a 15-minute slide presentation that explained the island's history. Following the slide show, we hiked up the hill to see the prison cells. Many of us had paid a few extra dollars to take an "audio tour"

of the cellhouse. The "audio tour," a tape that explains and describes different aspects of the cellhouse, is unusual: it is narrated by former inmates and guards of Alcatraz prison. As we walked through the cellblocks, their voices described how it felt to live or work there. Many of us walked in silence through the rows of cells, now empty, listening to the voices of men who once lived in them. Their voices transformed the concrete and steel space into the site of numerous stories. One voice recalled in detail the day he was visited by a long-forgotten sister. Another described how he managed his time and sanity in the darkness of solitary confine-

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ment. Another voice recalled a night when the sounds of a New Year's Eve party traveled across the bay from San Francisco, and crept into his cell. And still another voice invited me to stand in an empty cell. I looked at the small bunk and concrete walls while he described how it felt to live there, how after a time he felt as though the cell had become an extension of his body. I looked out through the cell bars at the other tourists. There I was with all of these strangers wearing headsets and carrying tape machines, moving silently through the still ruins of the prison while voices without bodies spoke to us of a past life.

Wandering through the museum, Ricoeur says. Alcatraz. San Francisco. The Grand Canyon. The Redwoods. New York. Boston. Or, as one city's promotional campaign suggested during the fuel crisis of the 70s, "Be a Tourist in your Hometown." The exhibits of the Museum are many and diverse. The map provided by my hotel in San Francisco divided the city into a series of exhibits—the Mission district, Fisherman's Wharf, the Embarcadero, North Beach, Chinatown, the Haight, the Tenderloin—each promising an encounter with the "other" and the peculiarities of others' lives. The map suggested that there is no real

"centre" of San Francisco. Instead, it is a mosaic juxtaposition of different worlds that people continually enter and leave. Like many cities, San Francisco exemplifies the modern, urban social domain where, as we have been saying since W.B. Yeats, "the centre cannot hold." And it is in the segmented and differentiated landscape of modernity that we so often find the tourist.

Tourism and modernization go hand in hand. Historically, the tourist appears against a backdrop of broad cultural transformations that began in the mid-19th century. The developments of leisure time, locomotive travel and mass communication all converged in the rise of popular travel. Since that time an industry of enormous proportion has developed around the common notion that "things are different elsewhere." Daniel Boorstin is one of a few writers who has attempted to sort out the social significance of tourism. Boorstin differentiates between aristocratic travel of the 19th century and the democratization of travel in the 20th century, arguing that the active, venturesome "traveler" of the 19th century was replaced by a more passive, pleasure-seeking "tourist." The modern age of tourism, says Boorstin, is filled with "diluted, contrived, prefabricated" experiences that transformed travel from an elite form of adventure to a popular act of consumption. In contrast to Boorstin, Dean MacCannell's study of tourists argues that tourism is an active response to the difficulties of living in the modern world. Where Boorstin suggests that tourists seek superficial and contrived experiences, MacCannell says that tourists instead demand authenticity. As primitive societies made pilgrimages in search of the "sacred," MacCannell views modern tourists as making quests in search of "authentic" experience.

Boorstin and MacCannell anchor the debate about the cultural meaning of tourism at opposing poles. The tourist experience is either shallow, an outgrowth of the superficiality of modern life, or serious, an attempt to escape the alienation of modern life and discover the "real." While neither of these views seems to comprehensively address the variations that are possible in tourist experience, the debate about the significance of tourism inflects much broader concerns about the relationship between society and the self. Ricoeur marks these broader concerns when he argues that the "whole of mankind becomes an imaginary museum." A number of postmodern theorists might agree with Ricoeur's vision of an "aimless" self. Theorists such as Jean Baudrillard, for example, see the self as marooned in a "simulacrum," moving through mediations

of experience that have no veridical basis. Fredric Jameson describes the postmodern age as an exhausted machine that increasingly recycles its own cultural productions and artifacts. As he mourns the "death of the subject," Jameson suggests a pathological model—schizophrenia—as a metaphor to describe the fragmented consciousness of the postmodern individual. And Jean-Francois Lyotard tells us that the grand cultural narratives that unified societies, that allowed people to agree on the very dimensions of knowledge and culture, have fallen apart. The authority of cultural stories that ensured our understanding and ordering of the world no longer hold the same legitimacy. The postmodern age, says Lyotard, is one of "incredulity toward metanarratives" that legitimated scientific thought. For contemporary postmodern theorists, we live in a cultural moment where meaning is both relative and questionable.

Our options for experience do exist in a landscape of differentiation and fragmentation. But is our social experience as incoherent as Baudrillard, Jameson and Lyotard suggest? I think not. People do come to have a sense of coherent experience amidst the variations and differences that they find in their experience in modern culture. Yet ours is an age where we must struggle in order to find a sense of coherency in our experience, to find a sense of self in relation to the social world. As we work to make sense of ourselves and our world, we do so in places where we confront visions of self and world that others have made. We confront models of experience that tell us how we live, how we feel, what we think, and what we want. But these models do not always fit our experience, so we sometimes work against them, trying to find some sense of self and world that we may call our own.

Tourist sites are an appropriate place for locating the broad debate over self and society often proposed by postmodern theory. In an age when moral, social and scientific consensus is shattered by the divergent values and practices of various interest groups, tourist sites stand out as cultural landmarks that point to moments and places where knowledge, history, and aesthetics seem to be in fundamental harmony. Jonathan Culler points out that tourism itself is a major force of stability in the modern world in that it provides "a sense of what one must see, what you 'ought not to miss'... one may be uncertain as to what people ought to think about capital punishment but one knows what they ought to see in Paris." Tourist sites call attention to themselves as places where knowledge and values converge with people's curiosity. They are sites where

we find people engaged in a struggle to have a self in a society of spectacle. Tourism is a metaphor for our struggle to make sense of our self and world within a highly differentiated culture. While tourism does not provide a new centre, it does direct us to sites where people are at work making meaning, situating themselves in relation to public spectacle, and making a biography that provides some coherency between self and world.

People work to make meaning through tourism and travel on sites that have been designated by others as places of significance and worth. On Alcatraz Island I listened to the voices of former prisoners as they described the conditions of their incarceration. As I listened to their stories, I found myself both a witness and judge of those conditions. Their voices provided a way of responding and situating myself in relation to that place, a place their stories discursively inscribed with significance. Mikhail Bakhtin (1981) suggests that by locating ourselves in relation to particular "voices," we find a sense of self in relation to experience. He offers a dialogic perspective to describe how various voices or discourses constitute self and culture. Bakhtin argues that we locate ourselves in a cultural moment by affiliating with, aligning with, or opposing existing forms of discourse. "Life is dialogical by its very nature," he says. "To live means to engage in dialogue, to question, to listen, to answer, to agree, etc." For Bakhtin, the self is constituted through responses to various voices in the sphere of a cultural dialogue. By responding to various forms of discourse, we take a position in relation to a voice that is different from our own, we make meaning for ourselves in relation to "otherness."

Tourist sites are places where many voices are at work. These voices typically suggest not only what to see, but also a way of seeing. Symbolic packages such as tour books, visitor centres, trail markers, signs, maps, brochures, and multi-media presentations suggest particular ways of experiencing a place. Rather than gaze upon places and objects in any pure or natural form, we more often confront a series of cultural discourses that veil things and places in terms of value and significance. We see "a canyon-as-a-geological-wonder," "a field-as-a-historical battleground," or "a painting-as-a-work of genius." Such places speak the voices of science, history, aesthetics, social class, and quite often, nationalism. Tourist sites are public places that privilege particular ways of understanding the world. In examining the cultural structure of tourist experiences we see some of the underlying cultural

voices that tourists confront as they attempt to find coherence in their social experiences, and a sense of meaning amidst discontinuities of contemporary life.

The World as a Museum

The artifacts and exhibits of a museum are inscribed in discourses that are underscored by scientific measurement and verification, the authority of expert interpretation, history and authenticity. I recall my own excursion to the Phantom Ranch at the bottom of the Grand canyon. Hiking the heavily traveled Bright Angel Trail, I descended thousands of feet to the canyon floor. As I hiked down the trail, I confronted plaques and markers placed by the National Park Service that displayed varied forms of geological and anthropological information. The signs proposed a certain knowledge about the portion of the canyon where I was hiking and served to orient my experience of it. As I stood near the canyon walls and read the trail plaques, I positioned myself somewhere on a totalized "grid" of geological knowledge. I stood before the walls of the canyon and thought: "so this is what this land looked like so many million years ago." I found myself experiencing the canyon with an interpretive perspective that framed the immediate experience and placed me in the realm of a past geological moment, in the realm of scientific information as translated by the Park Service.

The prevalence of scientific information takes priority in many of the "natural" experiences provided by national and state parks such as Yosemite, Yellowstone, Great Basin, Glacier, Canyonlands, and Mesa Verde. In Henry Cowell Redwood State Park, north of Santa Cruz, California, I walked behind a family that was there to see the enormous Redwood groves. The children walked with their father who wore a large Bowie knife strapped to his belt. He carried a round, galvanized canteen over his shoulder and a 35mm Pentax camera around his neck. In one hand he carried a large portable cassette tape player that played rock and roll music and in the other a guide book that gave information about the trees that have stood there for centuries. The park service has built a trail that winds through the trees and attempts to limit a visitor's access to them. Like the Bright Angel Trail in the Grand Canyon, the trees in this park are framed and contained in a particular manner. A number is posted on a small sign in front of various trees. Each number corresponds to a number in a guidebook that provides the visitor with information such as an estimation of the age of a particular tree, its biological name, and at times, its

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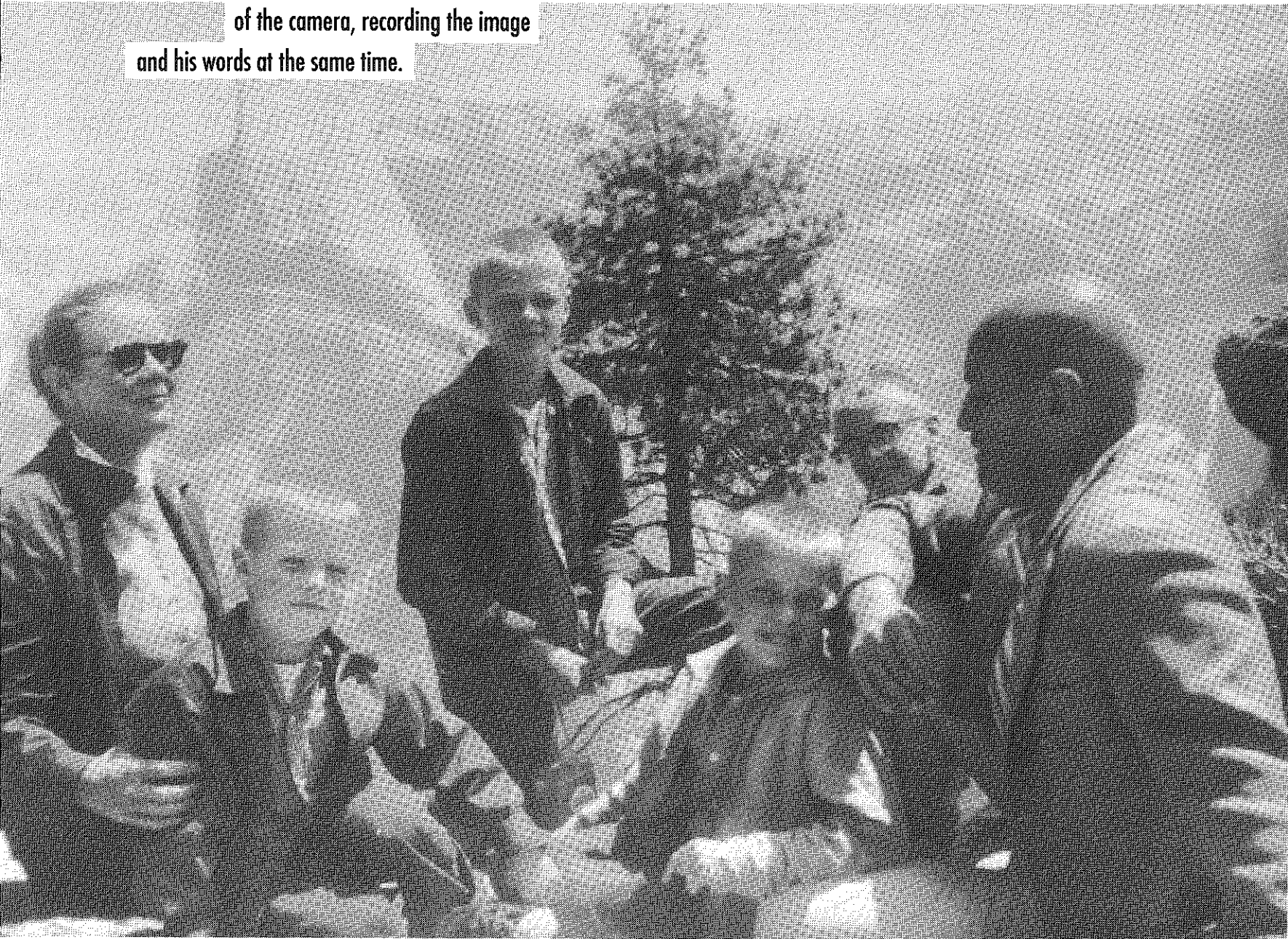
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dimensions. The visitor numbered tree, found a pamphlet, read it aloud, photographed it, and called it the next "exhibit." As the trees, through science, they are presented as public spectacles that are staged for tourists.

Historically, the public-based interpretations of national parks resulted in a struggle fought over the management of land use that began in the 19th century and continued into the 20th century. That the creation of national parks toward redwood preservation was a result of natural scientists to "

He held the camera still for a moment,
 directing it at Half Dome, one of the large granite formations
 that stand in Yosemite Valley. "I'm looking at the back-side of Half Dome
 he said quietly into the microphone mounted on the side
 of the camera, recording the image
 and his words at the same time.



dimensions. The visitors in front of me stopped at each numbered tree, found its reference in the guide pamphlet, read it aloud, looked at the tree, sometimes photographed it, and continued down the trail to the next "exhibit." As the tourists come to know the tree through science, they acquire scientific knowledge. Henry Cowell Redwood State Park is one of many public spectacles that interpretively contain experiences for tourists.

Historically, the priority placed on scientifically based interpretations of natural phenomena in state and national parks resulted from earlier ideological battles fought over the management of public lands. Conflicts over land use that began at the end of the 19th century continued on into the 1940s. Susan Schrepfer shows that the creation of early national parks and efforts toward redwood preservation stemmed from the desire of natural scientists to "preserve artifacts critical to the

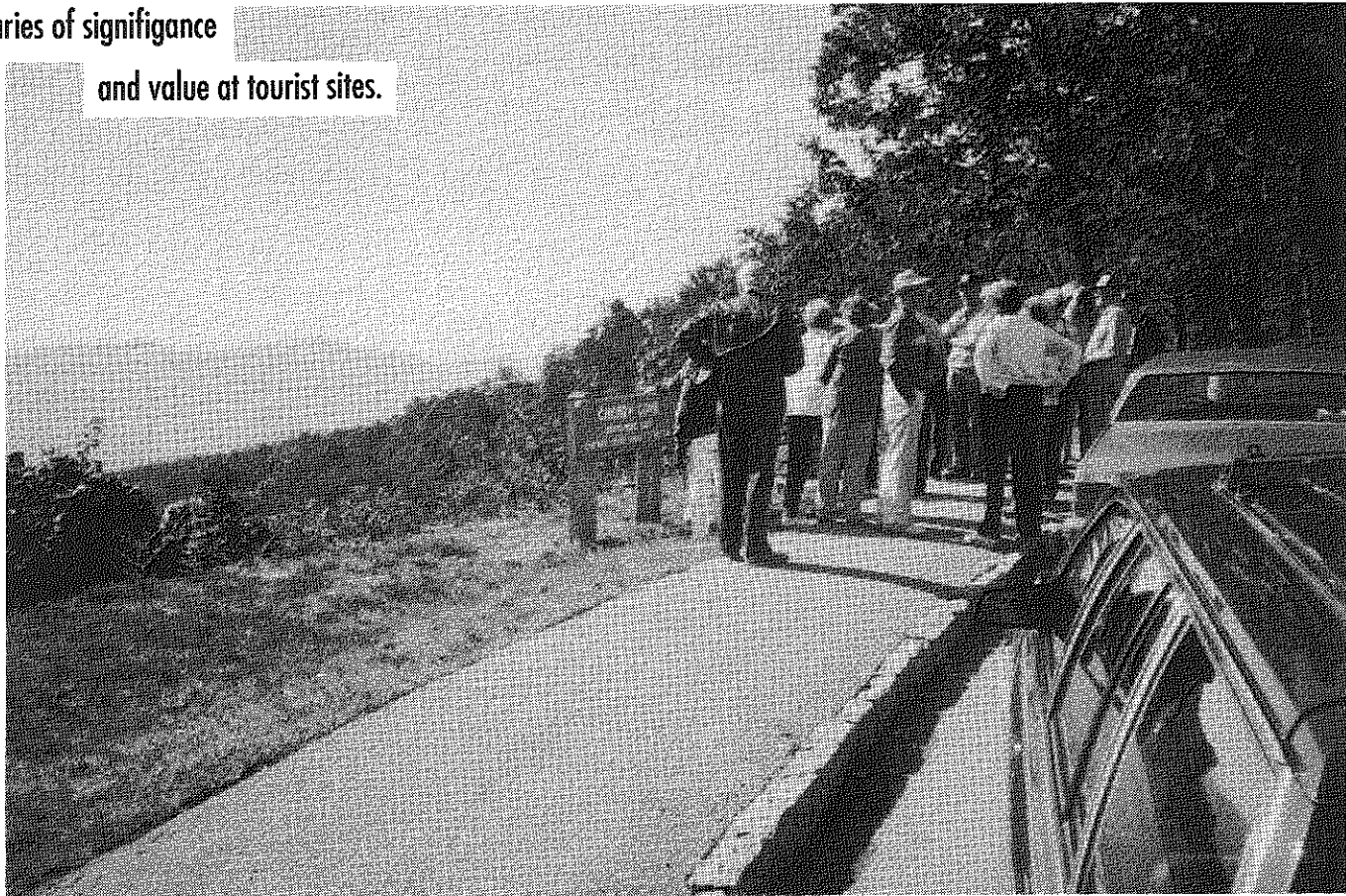
emerging disciplines of paleontology and paleobiology". According to Schrepfer, scientists who supported park interpretive programs during the early 20th century emphasized an importance in transmitting an understanding of evolutionary principles to the public. For subscribers to Darwinian thought, the parks provided "exhibits" that explained principles of natural selection, progress and development inherent in evolutionary thought. Such advocates supported the interpretive programs because they linked an understanding of the natural world to broader possibilities of economic and industrial progress, and human survival. In general, the early 20th century was a time when science proposed that humans could manage their own destiny. The interpretive park programs helped diffuse this kind of thinking throughout the public and build a foundation and support network for establishing a movement aimed at the significance and potential for

human evolution.

Presently, tourists confront park interpretations where the efforts of earlier scientists have taken hold. Freeman Tilden's *Interpreting Our Heritage*, first published in 1957 and a classic work among park interpreters, expresses both a method and an ideology for public interpretation programs. Tilden specifically shows a preference for scientific expertise in park interpretation programs. "The work of the specialist, the historian, the naturalist, [and] the archeologist is fundamental," he argues, "without their research the interpreter cannot start". One photograph in his book shows a young woman and a uniformed park ranger looking at a boulder hanging on the edge of a cliff in Acadia National Park in Maine. The caption beneath this photograph explains the image: "Natural features that might otherwise not be understood by the visitor take on new meaning through interpretation, as with

Tourists are rarely left to draw their own conclusions about objects or places before them. Instead, they often confront a body of public discourse that marks the boundaries of significance

and value at tourist sites.



this glacial erratic in Acadia National Park". This photograph and caption suggest a view inherent in the public interpretation project. The tourist in this instance is not capable of understanding because understanding falls within the dimensions of a particular kind of knowledge and outside the boundaries of everyday life.

From the perspective of the interpretive program, the tourist site is both a moment and place when individuals come together to collectively witness a vision of the natural world that boasts a human ability to understand and contain natural phenomena. Viewing the canyon, ruin, or artifact is a moment when tourists can witness the possibilities and promises of science that make claims on the natural world. As it appears in park literature, then, the naturalist's field hike or campfire presentation, a discourse of science positively or negatively contains the tourist and the spectacle. The public sight becomes one that can be seen as rich with scientific information or contaminated by the presence of signs, numbers on trees, or fenced-in walkways. Spectators can meaningfully substitute such representations/"voices" of science and history for the absence of direct, dialogical engagement with "otherness." The spectators confront the tree or the canyon as they are veiled in the discourse of science and history. In doing so, they confront an object or place that is culturally assigned a certain significance.

Tourists, of course, may rebel and see such interpretive efforts to be a nuisance or obstacle that hinders their appreciation of some more significant attribute of the place or object sought out in their journeys. Tourists, however, cannot escape the mediation of objects or events. In Don DeLillo's novel, *White Noise*, Jack, a college professor, and his friend Murray, an ex-sportswriter, drive to a tourist attraction called "The

Most Photographed Barn in America." As they travel to the site, they confront road signs that tell them they are approaching the famous barn. When they arrive at the attraction they find tourists swarming the area armed with photographic equipment.

We walked along a cowpath to the slightly elevated spot set aside for viewing and photographing. All the people had cameras; some had tripods, telephoto lenses, filter kits. A man in a booth sold postcards and slides—pictures of the barn taken from the elevated spot. We stood near a grove of trees and watched the photographers. Murray maintained a prolonged silence, occasionally scrawling some notes in a little book. "No one sees the barn," he said finally. A long silence followed. "Once you've seen the signs about the barn, it becomes impossible to see the barn." He fell silent once more. People with cameras left the elevated site, replaced at once by others. "We're not here to capture an image, we're here to maintain one. Every photograph reinforces the aura. Can you feel it Jack? An accumulation of nameless energies."

A discursive assembly of signs and advertisements encapsulate the barn, translating it into an object of significance. The tourists see (and photograph) what they came to see. DeLillo's passage is reminiscent of Walker Percy's essay, "The Loss of the Creature," in which Percy explains why contemporary tourists cannot see the same Grand Canyon that was discovered by the explorer, Garcia Lopez de Cárdenas. Percy argues that the modern tourist cannot confront the Canyon directly: "It is almost impossible because the Grand Canyon, the thing as it is, has been appropriated by the symbolic complex which has already been formed in the sightseers mind. Seeing the canyon

under approved circumstances is seeing the symbolic complex head on." The canyon is ultimately a piece of evidence for the symbolic complex. When Murray tells Jack, "We're not here to capture an image, we're here to maintain one," he suggests the discursive power and authority concealed in mediation. The tourist confronting a symbolic complex is in a place where a particular understanding of the world is built and reaffirmed through collective participation. In this case, photographing the barn is a collective moment of engaging in the discursive portrait that makes the barn significant. In a similar way, Percy's modern tourist is satisfied with the "real" canyon to the extent that it measures up to preconceived ideas about it that are present in the symbolic rendering of the Grand Canyon made by mass media, postcards, and other images of the canyon that circulate in the culture. Clearly, it is not that some authentic or essential, pure object exists beneath or behind the discourse that encloses it. Rather, the choice of a specific interpretation of the Redwood grove, the Grand Canyon, or "The Most Photographed Barn in America" eclipses other possibilities of interpretation and of perhaps discovering those things in another way. Tourists are rarely left to draw their own conclusions about objects or places before them. Instead, they more often confront a body of public discourse—signs, maps, guides and guide books—that repeatedly mark the boundaries of significance and value at tourist sites.

Much of the public discourse that suggests the importance of a tourist site is inherently political. Science is one prevailing voice that holds cultural authority, inscribing a site with a certain cultural significance. But science is only one voice heard at tourist sites. We also frequently hear other voices such as cultural history, commerce, and nationalism. I recall a visit to Philadelphia where I saw the Liberty Bell

displayed in a visitor large plate glass wind building that stands a view through the wind I stood in the middle though the bell were the building. If I flattened between them bell, the window and create one enormous p ence Hall with the Lib a group of tourists gath to a Park Service inter relating some details paused. "Now when I up and touch the bell, the bell you're going you'll feel, but I think liberty." When he finished moved closer to stroke across its surface, so make it ring, and other members as they tou

This experience ritualistic blending of ists took turns stroking dence of their history entire ensemble of rel a presentation of poli Bakhtin would argue Liberty Bell, as well heard in national park in culture. Centrip homogenizing effect and maintaining the social relations withi markers that transfo shared cultural signifi ing function. The po experience of the Lib nations that show us canyon, are examples tripetal force. Put s discourse endows a t tural significance. Ce ing unity and conser tance of places and because we already k as important. Adver forms of public disc complex described They furnish us (as a

displayed in a visitor centre. Behind the bell there is a large plate glass window that creates a frame around a building that stands across the park. The building in view through the window is Independence Hall. When I stood in the middle of the visitor centre, it looked as though the bell were superimposed on the surface of the building. If I flattened my perspective of the distances between them, the spatial arrangement of the bell, the window and Independence Hall seemed to create one enormous postcard—an image of Independence Hall with the Liberty Bell in the centre. I joined a group of tourists gathered around the bell and listened to a Park Service interpreter tell its history. He finished relating some details about the bell to the tourists and paused. "Now when I finish here I invite you to come up and touch the bell," he said. "And when you touch the bell you're going to feel... well I can't say what you'll feel, but I think it might feel like freedom, or liberty." When he finished the tourists applauded and moved closer to stroke the bell. Some ran their hands across its surface, some knocked on it as if trying to make it ring, and others photographed friends or family members as they touched the shrine.

This experience at the Liberty Bell suggested a ritualistic blending of religion and patriotism as tourists took turns stroking a sacred artifact, physical evidence of their history and politics. The bell, and the entire ensemble of relations around it, was couched in a presentation of political history and national pride. Bakhtin would argue that the voices at work at the Liberty Bell, as well as those scientific voices that are heard in national parks, maintain a "centripetal force" in culture. Centripetal force has a unifying and homogenizing effect that works toward establishing and maintaining the significance of a particular set of social relations within a culture. Discursive signs and markers that transform places into tourist sites of shared cultural significance are instances of this unifying function. The political narratives that frame our experience of the Liberty Bell, or the scientific explanations that show us the value of a redwood tree or canyon, are examples of discourse fueled by this centripetal force. Put simply, the centripetal force of discourse endows a tourist site with a particular cultural significance. Centripetal force works at maintaining unity and consensus about the value and importance of places and things. We go to tourist sites because we already know about them, and regard them as important. Advertising, travel guides, and other forms of public discourse that comprise the symbolic complex described by Percy, work centripetally. They furnish us (as a culture) with the knowledge and

vision of a place. And it is these interpretive packages that tourists confront as they work to find meaning in their travels.

Images, Relics and Remembering

Last August when I visited Yosemite National Park in California, I watched a family traveling in an Isuzu Trooper wagon pull up next to my car in a parking turnout on the Tioga Road. A man got out of the front seat carrying a video camera and walked to the edge of the pathway where I stood viewing the valley. His wife and daughter sat in the car and waited for him. After taking a moment to quickly assess the view, he put the camera on his shoulder and panned across the valley. He held the camera still for a moment, directing it at Half Dome, one of the large granite formations that stands in Yosemite Valley. "I'm looking at the backside of Half Dome," he said quietly into the microphone mounted on the side of the camera, recording the image and his words at the same time. He recorded the scenery for another moment, then put the lens cover on the camera and walked back to his car. He pulled the Trooper out of the parking space and headed back onto the Tioga Road, one hand on the wheel and the other holding a can of Diet Pepsi, moving steadily as if on some schedule.

"Travel becomes a strategy for accumulating photographs," argues Susan Sontag. "It can mean putting oneself into a certain relation to the world that feels like knowledge—and therefore power." This tourist in Yosemite seemed preoccupied with gathering evidence to remind him of his journey. His videotape may be a testimony to the events he witnessed on his trip. As he made a recording of the valley, he came to possess it in a certain way. He generated an artifact that recalls the experience, and makes a claim about his knowledge of the world. John Berger says "Like Positivism, the camera promised access to the real, an objective view of the world." As it is used in tourism, the photograph, home movie, or videotape is a form of "power" in that it provides proof of the authentic, the real experience that a person has undergone in his or her travels. In this way, the image becomes a piece of evidence that verifies a relationship between the self and the world. These images allow people to apprehend, contain, confirm, and measure their experience for themselves and others. The example of the tourist in Yosemite is a typical one. Many of us have seen, or been, this type of tourist. We know that we frequently photograph things that have already been photographed by others. But what is the nature of our

experience that prompts us to collect images and souvenirs from the places we have traveled?

In an old family photo album I found a photograph of myself taken when I was eleven years old. The photograph was taken on a family vacation that took my parents, younger brother and me across the country from Connecticut to California in a 1969 Ford Fairlane. This specific photograph was taken at a roadside rest area somewhere in Kansas. In the image, I see myself standing in front of the 10-foot-diameter of the wheel of a Caterpillar earth mover. The enormity of the wheel and its accompanying vehicle dwarf me. It is likely that my father told me to stand next to the vehicle to provide a measure or a perspective so a viewer of the photo could judge the size of the machinery. But the image suggests more. It is as though a particular aesthetic were embedded in the consciousness of the photographer, one that reveals a particular manner of arranging experience. The photograph provides evidence of the unusual, the spectacular, a capturing of difference. It serves as a private index of what is possible in the world that exists away from the home. My father could show his photograph and say, "This is one of the strange things we saw on our vacation. Look at how big it is next to my son." The photograph testifies to the range and variety of things and places that he has witnessed. In this way, the photograph appears to be made with a future moment in mind. The photographer transcends the immediacy of the moment and is projected into a later moment that considers ownership of such an image. But tourist photographs often suggest more than evidence of a person's experience. The images also suggest that tourist sites are places where people remake their sense of identity, their bond with others, their family. The vehicle could easily have been photographed without my standing in front of the enormous wheel. But my presence acknowledges a relationship between my father and me. My presence adds a value to the photograph because it marks a moment in our relationship. The photograph recalls a specific journey, but it also recalls a fragment of our relationship. In this sense, it objectifies the relationship. It is evidence of where *we have been* in terms of our kinship as well as geographically.

Photographs, videotapes, and home movies reveal a concern among tourists to tell their story. I remember a box full of canisters of 8mm home-movie film in my parent's home. Some months after a vacation, my father would sit at the kitchen table and combine the individual rolls of film on one large reel. He would take out the film that was poorly exposed and out of focus, and edit the fragments of film into a

sequence that recorded the chronology of events on the trip. The box in the closet was filled with travelogues—"Nova Scotia 1964," "Ontario 1966," "Florida, 1972." In some of these films I see "staged" moments, where younger brother and I are waving "goodbye" out of the rear window of our 1962 Buick Invicta station wagon, its roof rack loaded with luggage and camping gear. These scenes, along with title shots, were spliced into the large reels of the travelogue to add continuity. The film would begin with a shot of us waving as the car backed out of the driveway and we left home for vacation. The film would end with the car returning home. We find this same concern for continuity in photo albums, or slide carousels. People take out the "bad" shots, and put the images in some order that seems to make sense at the time, an order that tells some story. They are stories not only of places, but also of relationships between people. They are artifacts that suggest how we ambitiously devote attention to remembering ourselves, and presenting our experiences to others.

The production of tourist images is a kind of autobiographical act. Janet Gunn's (1982) theoretical approach to autobiography enlarges our understanding of the relationship of souvenirs to identity. Gunn approaches the notion of autobiography as a moment of cultural presentation. Where classical theories of autobiography focused on a "hidden self," Gunn argues that autobiography is a culturally symbolic space. It is in that space that we find moments when a person *displays* the self. The autobiographical moment is one when a person confronts his or her relation to the temporality of experience. For Gunn, this confrontation occurs as a person brings experience to language. The self displays itself through language and claims a site on the symbolic terrain of culture. Taking photographs and purchasing souvenirs show us that tourism is an instance when people are confronting a temporal dimension of their experience. The images from the vacation or the wearing of the souvenir t-shirt are acts of self display. They reflect moments when we read our experience through culturally meaningful symbols. For some, the photograph may provide a more personalized piece of evidence of their experience. But it is the souvenir industry that has most prolifically reconciled tourist experiences with the consumption of commodities. Ashtrays, lighters, t-shirts, posters, paperweights, are all examples that provide proof and verification of going somewhere that is away from home. Like the photograph, the wearing of a t-shirt is proof of one's experience. In some ways, it lets others know who you are, what you have seen or done.

T-shirts are perhaps one of the most popular souvenirs that display a sense of experience in a public setting. It is a piece of evidence of personal narrative. The public dimension of that narrative—the dimension evidenced by wearing the t-shirt—locates its wearer in

a cultural and historical space. Sometimes it is a space that not everyone can occupy. For instance, t-shirts proclaim participation in numerous, diverse public events that transcend museum showings, or visits to national parks. T-shirts frequently reveal an individual's participation in a city road race (road races generally include in their entry fee the price of a t-shirt that commemorates the event and participation in it), or shirts that merely declare the "survival" of an experience (for instance, "I survived Mt. St. Helens," "I survived the Buffalo Blizzard of 197___," or "I survived Spring Break in Ft. Lauderdale"). Such souvenirs seem to mark a participation (or survival) in an event. But there is a reverse relation between the t-shirt and the personal photo. My colleague David Eason points out that the personal photo "stamps personal identity on public space while the t-shirt stamps a public identity on personal space." They are different ways of linking signs and experience.

These acts of self display place experience on a cultural level and provide a sense of cohesive unity to experience. I am not suggesting that people re-live their experience each time they look at a photograph or wear a souvenir t-shirt. The artifacts of the journey are fragments—photographs, t-shirts, souvenirs—that are unified by their owners, through stories and conversation. As these relics provide material evidence of lived experience, they also invite comment from others. The artifacts are public utterances that not only proclaim one's experience, but seem implicitly to ask for a response. The photograph and the souvenir are invitations to engage in a dialogue where the fragments of the journey can be weaved into a broader personal narrative. Such acts point to the self-conscious attempts by people to struggle to have a biography, to own experience.

Still, the accumulation of souvenirs by tourists as a means of authenticating and displaying their experience seems to suggest a contemporary cultural need to confirm the materiality of experience. That is, people need to mark themselves in time. In earlier societies, people closely tied to the land through agrarian labors marked time through a primary relationship with the earth. On a social level, they marked time initially with festivals that corresponded with changing seasons and harvests. By the Middle Ages, the carnival impulse of medieval folk culture found its way into the public marketplace. For medieval man, Bakhtin argues, carnival was a totalized experience that provided a second world, a communal world ordered by festive laughter and parody. "Carnival is not a spectacle seen by people; they live it, and everyone participates because its very idea embraces all people," says Bakhtin, "While carnival lasts, there is not other life outside it." Essentially, carnival was a way of marking time. Its "second world" opposed official forms of social order, but also placed boundaries around more common ac-

tivities (work or religion, for example) and punctuated experience. It was a centralized participatory event that located people in a common world.

The absence of carnival in western industrialized culture suggests the presence of other ways whereby people can punctuate the experiences of everyday life. The mediation of experience in various forms of public culture seems a natural consequence of a modern world that lacks the communality found in carnival. Perhaps it is the impulse to punctuate experience that brings us to tourist sites and public spectacles, prompts us to take family vacations, and sometimes resist the routines that constitute our everyday lives. For example, consider this headline news story about tidal waves:

Quake Sparks Tsunami Warnings

Palmer, Alaska (AP)—A major undersea earthquake shook the Aleutians Wednesday and sent a series of small tidal waves speeding across the ocean to the Pacific Northwest and Hawaii, forcing the evacuation of thousands of people. . . While officials reported thousands heeded the warnings, many of the curious ignored them. "All the beaches are packed with people from Portland who want to see this," said Lt. Mike Thompson of the Coast Guard in Oregon. "The highway going from Portland to Seaside is bumper to bumper. I can't believe it." Hundreds of people went to San Francisco's Cliff House at Ocean Beach, jamming restaurants there just before the wave was due.

We build personal museums with photographs, souvenirs, and stories of our travels, our witnessing of the other. In building a personal archive, we situate ourselves within it. We place our relics out in public so others may view them, and perhaps, hope they may ask us to remember and tell our stories.

"You won't believe where we ended up . . ."

While we might agree that there has been a decimation of master narratives that unify cultural practices, the metaphor of tourism implies that people do work to locate and narrativize themselves in a spectator culture. Tourism provides a site for considering how people make meaning in the midst of differentiated and fragmented social experiences. MacCannell suggests that "ethnography will eventually occupy a position in the modern world similar to the one occupied by psychoanalysis in the industrial world. Ethnography has always dealt with social totalities, and it has always

attempted to discover parts of society." MacCannell's ethnography is consistent with the idea that I have been using here. The basis of this approach is the positioning of the self in a broad dialogue of culture. We make narratives out of others.

Bakhtin suggests that the chronotope that provides for the positioning of the self in a broad dialogue of culture is a chronotope, a time-space relationship. Like "the site" is a chronotope, a time-space relationship that provides for the positioning of the self in a broad dialogue of culture. American tourist sites are significantly and differently situated in Science and History. Tourism, and place con- sider possibilities for interpretation to various forms of public culture.

Yet, while stories may allow people to situate themselves in a site and should be visible to others, they may mean something different. Cultural visions of the site points out that in every culture there is also a centrifugal force for diversity, and stratification within a cultural moment. The forces of culture may be different in tourist's experience.

In Jack Kerouac's novel, *Sal Paradise*, reveals the country from Pater Ocean. "I'd been poring

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attempted to discover their relationship between the parts of society." MacCannell's description of ethnography is consistent with the dialogical perspective that I have been using here to frame touristic experiences. The basis of the dialogical principle is the positioning of the self in relation to "otherness." As we engage in touristic experiences, we participate in a broad dialogue of cultural discourse where, frequently, we make narratives out of those confrontations with others.

Bakhtin suggests that "the open road" is a chronotope that provides for the chance meeting of characters. Simply put, a chronotope is a way of imaging actions that are possible of characters in specific time/space relationships. Like "the open road," tourism in general is a chronotope, a time/space relationship where certain experiences become possible. At contemporary American tourist sites, I have suggested experiences are significantly and often bound by "voices" of Science and History. Such voices are prevalent in tourism, and place constraints and boundaries on the possibilities for interpreting our experience in relation to various forms of public culture and ritual.

Yet, while stories and images that circulate in culture may allow people to agree that a place is a tourist site and should be visited, their journey to that place may mean something quite different than the popular cultural visions of that place suggest. Bakhtin also points out that in every instance of discourse there is also a centrifugal force that works at the disunity, diversity, and stratification of meaning that is possible within a cultural moment. The centripetal and centrifugal forces of culture may work simultaneously in a tourist's experience.

In Jack Kerouac's novel, *On the Road*, his narrator, Sal Paradise, reveals his dream to hitch-hike across the country from Paterson, New Jersey to the Pacific Ocean. "I'd been poring over maps of the United States

in Paterson for months, even reading books about the pioneers and savoring names like Platte and Cimarron and so on," recalls Sal, "and on the road-map was one long red-line called Route 6 that led from the tip of Cape Cod clear to Ely, Nevada. . . I'll just stay on 6 all the way to Ely." Sal's plan, however, quickly fails. He gets caught in a rain storm and retraces the short distance he'd covered. He realizes that Route 6 is an infrequently traveled road and hitching a ride is nearly impossible. "It was my dream that screwed up," says Sal, "the stupid hearthside idea that it would be wonderful to follow one great red line across America instead of trying various roads and routes." Yet it is because his vision fails that he finds a different experience of travel, one that takes place on the edges of American culture. When Sal finally meets up with Dean Moriarty, his experience of travel becomes something that is not ordered by maps, books, or a nostalgic, romantic vision of the American West. Instead, his journey takes him through an America comprised of numerous and different worlds, and gives him experiences that do not fit with any models of travel he knows.

This passage from Kerouac's novel suggests how travel is a dialogical enterprise where self and culture are produced through the tension between centrifugal and centripetal forces. Sal's narrative ultimately represents a struggle to find meaning through travel. The America he finds, however, is different than the one he expects. His travels often fail to confirm his expectation of the West and the meaning and significance he makes through his journey arises out of this conflict with expectation. His travels show us how a centripetal, singular vision of the West, converges with a set of experiences that push him away from any homogeneous notion of the West. Sal's journey is a making of meaningful experience that occurs in the space between the known and unknown,

between the anticipation and indeterminacy of experience.

The personal meanings of tourist experiences, I suspect, are achieved in a similar manner. People go to tourist sites loaded with expectations and knowledge about what they will find there. They do, quite often, see what they went to see. But I believe they also find something else, something that differs from their expectation, something they find through accident. It is the accidents and unplanned events that provide the basis of stories. We tell the story that reveals a confrontation with events other than those we expected at a tourist site. The stories of travel testify to the struggles of living. At least these are the kinds of stories I most often hear from others when they recount their travels. People seem more often to talk about losing traveler's cheques, seeing a neighbor in a far away place, getting a flat tire, getting stuck somewhere, seeing a famous person in a restaurant, getting robbed, missing a train, staying in a lousy hotel. They often speak about these events more than they do about the places they had set out for. Stories of familiar places are often heard. Stories of misfortune and the unexpected are typically more interesting. These personal stories represent a moment of transcendence, a witnessing of a moment where the familiar routines, expectations and boredom of everyday life collapses. It is in these ruptures that we find something of ourselves we may want to tell others.

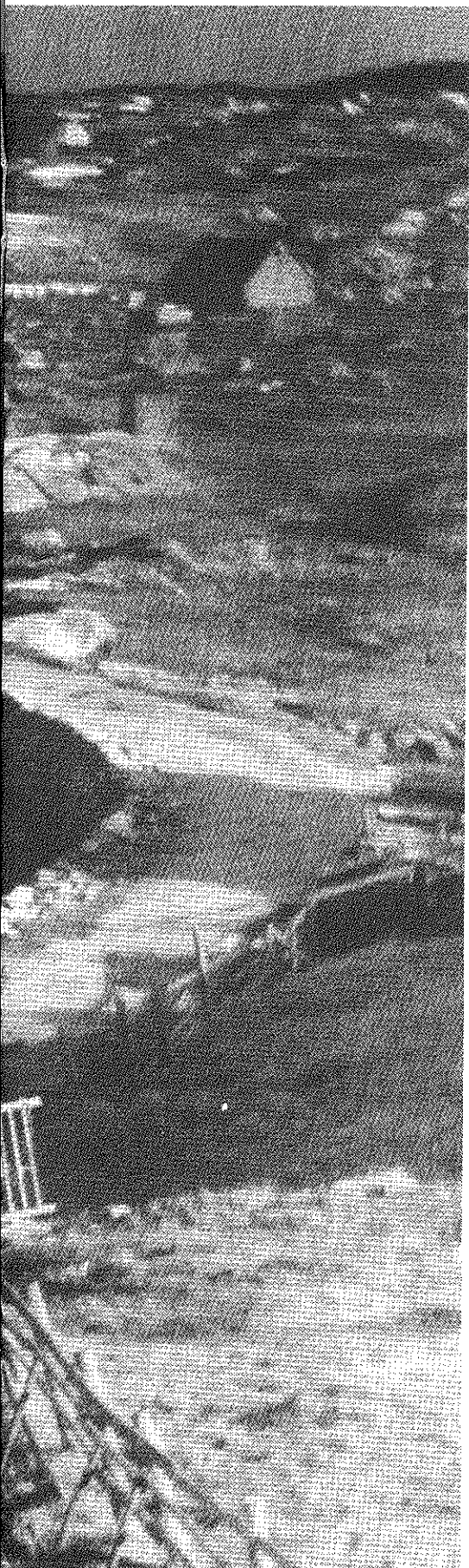
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Peggy's Cove became Halifax's cultural antithesis and playground, where painters and poets could savour peasant authenticity in a pleasing natural setting, without having to go a long way.



Twilight at Peggy's Cove: Towards a Genealogy of "Maritimicity" in Nova Scotia

Ian McKay

*"In passing from history to nature, myth acts economically: it abolishes the complexity of human acts, it gives them the simplicity of essences, it does away with all dialectics, with any going back beyond what is immediately visible, it organizes a world which is without contradiction because it is without depth, a world wide open and wallowing in the evident, it establishes a blissful clarity: things appear to mean something by themselves."*¹

As for the past, I will restrict myself to pointing out the paradox under which contemporary society lives in relation to 'tradition,' and by means of which it in fact tends to abolish this tradition. It is a matter of the co-existence of hyper-information with essential ignorance and indifference. The gathering of information and objects, never before practiced to this degree, goes hand in hand with the neutralization of the past: an object of knowledge for some, of tourist curiosity or a hobby for others, the past is a source and root for no one....Neither 'traditionalist,' nor creative and revolutionary (despite the stories it tells on this subject), the epoch lives its relation to the past in a manner which does, as such, represent a historical innovation: of the most perfect exteriority.²

The past has become the property of the tourism industry in Nova Scotia. This colonization of the past by capital and the capitalist state in the interests of increasing tourism revenue poses a threat to the honest dialogue between past and present which constitutes the precondition of historicity, a society's ability to determine the order of its representations and to visualize the future.

It is easy simply to deride tourism, far harder to understand or transcend its dominant idioms. We have all enjoyed a knowing laugh at the expense of tourists, uneasily aware as we do so that we are often tourists ourselves. Modern tourism means the triumph of a sort of epistemological relativism—is this a "real" event, we are often made to wonder, or merely a "pseudo-event" for the tourists?—and a totalizing integration of aesthetic and commodity production. It is thus a prime instance of what Fredric Jameson has suggested is the cultural logic of late capitalism. For this logic he reserves Plato's conception of the 'simulacrum'—the identical copy for which no original has ever existed. The "culture of the simulacrum" comes to life, writes Jameson, "in a society where exchange-value has been generalized to the point at which the very memory of use-value is effaced," and the image itself becomes the final form of commodity reification.³ In the special case of a dependent and underdeveloped region where, for six decades, culture has been commodified in the interests of tourism, a myth of a prelapsarian Golden Age—for which we might (following Barthes) coin a word, "Maritimicity," a peculiar petit-bourgeois rhetoric of lobster pots, grizzled fishermen, wharves and schooners—is both a material and a moral force, both a resource to be appropriated and a powerful idiom shaping local interpretations of Maritime history and landscape.

And therein lies the pathos of Golden Age mythology in a region that has become economically dependent on tourism. A pastoral discourse on the region answers to the ideological needs of a certain kind of Maritime 'nationalist' and to those of a certain kind of tourist. This duality was inscribed in the rhetoric of Maritimicity from the very moment of its birth in the 1920s and 1930s. For this reason, it can never be enough to confront the pervasive simulacra of the pre-industrial folk as mere tourist 'fakes.' What is espe-

cially tricky about tourism, as it reshapes and reimagines Maritime history, is that its reading of the region correlates perfectly with the prelapsarian longings of homegrown romantic regionalism, and in this correlation lies the secret of its cultural pervasiveness. This correlation was the product of history: both versions of the politicized pastoral were born in the region's crisis of the 1920s, both were keyed to a new international emphasis on the 'primitive' and the 'natural,' and both required the efforts of urban middle-class people, many of whom in fact worked on both sides of this cultural street.

I will try to explore the peculiar cultural logic of tourism in Nova Scotia by tracing the genealogy of that famous form within the myth of Maritimicity, Peggy's Cove; and I shall suggest parallels between this story, that of the *Bluenose*, and of other recent appropriations of the myth of the Golden Age, which, since the pivotal 1920s, has been the dominant idiom of provincial tourism.

Peggy's Cove: The Invention of Fishing Village

Peggy's Cove is the most unequivocal example of a form invented by modern tourism. That it is now the most famous landscape in the province would have shocked Nova Scotians in the nineteenth century, who did not consider Peggy's Cove beautiful nor most fishermen picturesque. Mere natural beauty (which, anyway, is always socially and historically constructed), or the behaviourist theories that attempt to explore the origins of aesthetic satisfaction in our animal inheritance, or even psycho-analytical theories, cannot meet the challenge of this particular landscape which, over the course of a short twenty years, went from being ugly and sterile to being sublime and inspiring.⁴ Any explanation must therefore be based, not on the facts of the Cove's existence, but rather on the Cove's means. To investigate the moment of its invention will give us valuable clues to the systemic cultural changes which made it possible.

There can be no doubt: the gaze of the nineteenth-century tourist was not drawn to a place like Peggy's. The famous Baedeker guide made no mention of Peggy's Cove in 1907, and neither did locally produced guides.⁵ This neglect did not arise from the fact that



Peggy's Cove had not yet been "discovered," for it lay within easy striking distance of fashionable coastal resorts. It arose, rather, because of the dominant idiom of nineteenth and early twentieth-century tourism. Within the dominant discourse of moral and social improvement, those landscapes were esteemed that most closely resembled the southern English countryside—fertile and gently rolling hills, a hint of historical romance, comfortable towns, and so on. It followed that the most popular destination of tourists, and the first area within the region to succumb to a precocious experiment in 'total tourism,' was the Annapolis Valley, which was thought not only to look somewhat Italian, but to be imbued with historical romance as the setting of Longfellow's *Evangeline*. Within this same horizon, however, the rockbound South Shore was by contrast constituted as the bleak, sterile, even monstrous and repulsive negation of beauty.⁶ Even in locally-produced writings, the rocky shoreline is seen as the province's unattractive, iron frame, which visitors and intending immigrants should not mistakenly assume is typical of the beautiful and abundant interior.⁷ The travel books of the period 1890-1914 present what is to us an odd assortment of attractions—coal mines, the homes of wealthy individuals, immaculate public parks, the wondrous hedgerows of Yarmouth—which make sense only within a way of seeing which esteemed civilization (in the narrow 'bourgeois' sense) above other attractions.

Then, in the 1920s, everything changed, in the social equivalent of a "paradigm shift." The photographer Wallace MacAskill produced the first widely circulated image of Peggy's Cove in his *Quiet Cove* (1921) and the Cove became a major theme in his renowned work.⁸ Kenneth Leslie and other poets made the Cove a symbol of the beauties of nature and the admirable hardiness of the fisherfolk, while a small army of amateur and professional painters (notably Stanley Royle and his associates and students) depicted Peggy's Cove (or coves like it) in countless paintings. The Cove first achieved prominence in provincial tourist literature in 1927, and by 1935 had clearly achieved star status as the province's most renowned beauty spot. In the 1940s the writers J.F.B. Livesay and Dorothy Duncan brought the celebration of Peggy's Cove to an ecstatic climax in travel writings that had a national influence.⁹

How should we ations and ways of se scribed as sterile and u of the province's natu was celebrated by loca the distinctiveness, b ence—of the Maritim economic and social scape and that culture their ideal of the regio Cove was, somewhat minded promoters, w the province which w emphasis on "nature" tional tourism, which sense of disillusionm the interwar period.

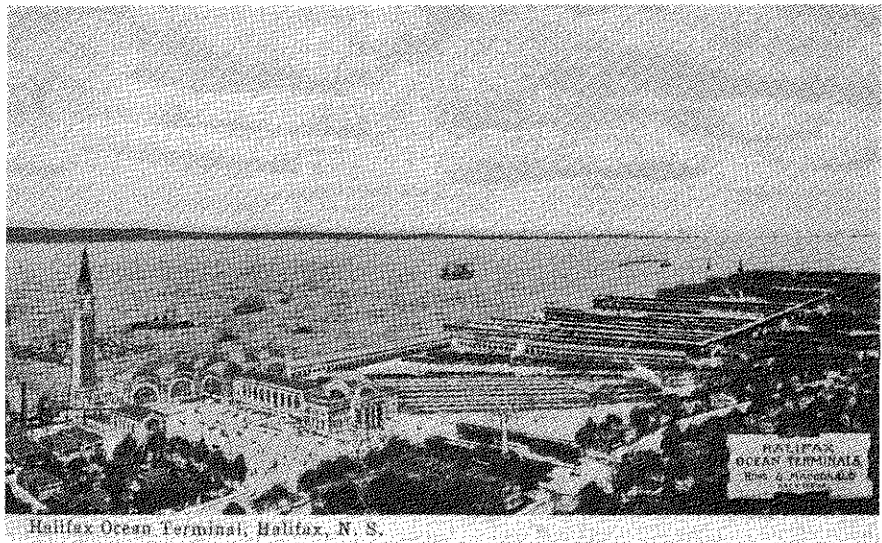
Although there w tions of regionalism, correct to date "the bi period.¹⁰ It was only the Maritimes' indu earlier idiom of prog Then, slowly, beginni nating in the 1940s, a cated on the idea that M traditional, and conse the unquestioned com about the region.

Progressive histo found, for example, i Markland, had been future-oriented. Histo moved triumphantly which were, here as and moral. In contrast 1920s and 1930s—fo *Ships and Iron Men* flowed backwards, b sence" which was the not always ancient pa sometimes violently Patrick Wright, on the essential stuff of his time—even though it at an earlier point in passage of years becom widening gulf betwee remains 'our' rightfu increasingly distant pa 1920s and 1930s enta glow of a mythically however, it did so by making the present in be enjoyed and save pleasure. In empirical argues Wright, "histo ward through qualita Precisely because it process a distinction present. The 'histori present: it becomes o scended and therefore way of conceiving th present is founded on ness (without which it the past as in any way mythical conception

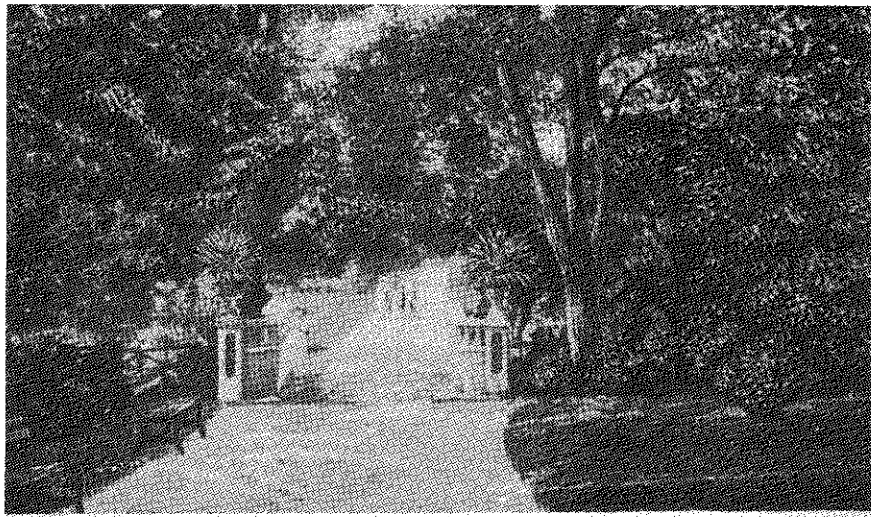
How should we try to explain these new evaluations and ways of seeing, whereby a vista once described as sterile and ugly became the ultimate signifier of the province's natural beauty? First, Peggy's Cove was celebrated by local cultural producers as a sign of the distinctiveness, beauty, and worth—the *difference*—of the Maritime region, at a time of severe economic and social crisis. They selected that landscape and that culture which most closely conformed to their ideal of the regional essence. Secondly, Peggy's Cove was, somewhat later, taken up by commercially minded promoters, who emphasized those aspects of the province which were most in keeping with a new emphasis on "nature" and "the primitive" in international tourism, which in turn reflected a very marked sense of disillusionment with western civilization in the interwar period.

Although there were nineteenth-century anticipations of regionalism, Ernest Forbes is undoubtedly correct to date "the birth of the region" in the postwar period.¹⁰ It was only with the brutally rapid collapse of the Maritimes' industrial base in the 1920s that an earlier idiom of progress began gradually to recede. Then, slowly, beginning in the early 1920s and culminating in the 1940s, a quite different discourse—predicated on the idea that Maritimers were *essentially* rural, traditional, and conservative—took hold, and became the unquestioned common sense of those who thought about the region.

Progressive historiography in Nova Scotia, as found, for example, in R.R. McLeod's compendious *Markland*, had been emphatically teleological and future-oriented. History in this Victorian conception moved triumphantly through time towards its goals, which were, here as elsewhere, industrial, scientific, and moral. In contrast, the new mythical history of the 1920s and 1930s—found in F.W. Wallace's *Wooden Ships and Iron Men* and its numerous progeny—flowed backwards, by establishing a regional "essence" which was then postulated as "an immutable if not always ancient past." In this "chronologically and sometimes violently mournful perspective," writes Patrick Wright, on the analogous British case, "the essential stuff of history remains identical through time—even though it is unfortunately all concentrated at an earlier point in the passage of time. Hence the passage of years becomes entropic, opening up an ever widening gulf between 'us' in the present and what remains 'our' rightful and necessary identity in an increasingly distant past."¹¹ The new historicism of the 1920s and 1930s entailed commemorating the dying glow of a mythically-conceived past. Paradoxically, however, it did so by eliding past and present—by making the present into a kind of "past," which could be enjoyed and savoured with a fond melancholy pleasure. In empirically-oriented teleological history, argues Wright, "historical development moves forward through qualitative change and transformation. Precisely because it takes place in a transformative process a distinction is established between past and present. The 'historical past' is alienated from the present: it becomes other to the extent that it is transcended and therefore no longer with the present. This way of conceiving the relation between the past and present is founded on a properly historical consciousness (without which it would be impossible to conceive the past as in any way distinct from the present)." The mythical conception that came to prevail in the



The travel books of the period 1890-1914 presented an odd assortment of attractions, a way of seeing which esteemed civilization. Peggy's Cove and its fisherman were considered neither beautiful nor picturesque.



Maritimes in the 1920s, is quite different:

In the mythical conception, however, 'History' can be reversed and run backwards because it has identity rather than difference as its theme. What existed then can be retrieved and recognised now because it remains truly 'ours.' In this mode repetition is of the essence.... There need accordingly be no essential discontinuity between past and present as long as the ceremonies are carried out and respected. As an essence that is embodied in such ceremonies the nation is immutable—either it finds its witness in the present or it is lost and betrayed.¹²

This essentialist treatment of Maritime identity is that of an organic and conservative society indisposed to rash innovation and social experiment.

Given the pervasive power of this re-reading of history, across a wide cultural spectrum, it takes a real effort of will to remember that it, no less than its progressive antecedent, was a highly selective construct. After the First World War, fishermen, who became the "essential" Nova Scotians, were far outnumbered by industrial workers; only a small minority of Nova Scotians lived in isolated outports; the schooners of the Lunenburg fleet were typical neither of the Age of Sail (which had effectively lost its battle with steam in the 1880s) nor of the province's mainly inshore fishing industry; and the *Bluenose*, which became the ultimate signifier of the provincial essence, did so through an activity (winning races) which was at best a peripheral part of the traditional fishery. It would have been as appropriate to select as "essential" Nova Scotians the militant coal miners and to found the claim for regional difference on their distinctive traditions: but to do so would not have been in keeping with the emphatically petit-bourgeois perspectives of most of the local cultural producers. The generation of these powerful symbols represented the choices and decisions of those in a position to impose these meanings upon the population at large: and this meant, essentially, Halifax cultural producers and externally-based travel writers, working closely in tandem with each another. There is nothing unusual about a middle-class response to social crisis which, rather than launching a critique of the system, takes refuge from class conflict in a kind of integral nationalism, and this seems likely to be one significant key to the flowering of regionalism in the 1920s.

There were two connecting links between economic collapse and the invention of new traditions. One was the local intellectual response to the socio-economic, which took the form of a kind of defensive neo-nationalism. The other was tourism, which internationally began to emphasize the discovery of "natural," pre-industrial people, thus providing a niche for Nova Scotia.

The local cultural producers were, for the most part, members of the Halifax middle class, which provides us with perhaps the best answer to the question, "Why Peggy's?" Peggy's Cove became Halifax's cultural antithesis and playground, where painters and poets could savour peasant authenticity in a pleasing natural setting, without having to go a long way. What they sought, generally, were the "natural Maritimes," and for some, this search was tinged with a mournful, romantic regionalism.

The multi-faceted, interwoven traditions of regional literature and art from 1920 to 1950—with Thomas Raddall and G.M. Adams writing forewords for MacAskill, with the artist Donald MacKay illustrating Raddall's history, with Andrew Merkel introducing so many friends to Peggy's Cove and producing a book on the *Bluenose* with MacAskill, and so on—allow us to speak, rather tentatively, of a regionalist moment among Nova Scotia cultural producers, of a newly awakened passion for the maritime tradition and those coastal communities which seemed to embody it.

Thus heralded in photography, poetry and art, Peggy's Cove drew thousands of tourists in the 1930s and 1940s, drawn by travel accounts which enthusiastically vulgarized the artists' and poets' pastoral vision. (In many cases, local cultural producers were drawn directly into the sphere of promotion—in 1929, for instance, MacAskill's vision of Peggy's Cove was promoted in the Province's major promotional pamphlet, with the caption: "Visitors to Nova Scotia find new life in the sharp breath of the sea."¹³) Those in search of the "natural" were attracted to plain and humble folk: not, unsurprisingly, the industrial workers, for whom many middle-class tourists felt no particular fondness, but the pre-industrial lower classes—"the peasant, the fisherman—specifically the poorer inhabitants of Europe's Mediterranean regions ('...for the people are as beautiful as the land')."¹⁴

Nova Scotia's farmers and fishermen could be made to fit this peasant ideal admirably. Nova Scotia became an "an old-world land that civilization has not



yet robbed of its charm," as one travel writer wrote in 1925, wrapping himself in a rather perplexing contradiction in terms. "True, you will hear the roar of trains, you will see the scurrying of automobiles. But still the ox carts creep along the roads, the great patient beasts plodding as in a dream, and by their side go weather-beaten old men who look with annoyance and disdain on the conveyances of modern life."¹⁵ (The process of "framing" seems to be going on here right before our eyes: oxen are centred and in focus, the automobiles and trains are blurry distractions on the edges). It was an old-world, pre-industrial society in which the visitor from the more developed world could savour the trusting innocence of the natives.

"Peggy's Cove is rapidly becoming the most famous and beloved spot on the Nova Scotian coast," *Mayfair* reported in 1948, crediting much of this newfound fame to the work of MacAskill, the writings of J.F.B. Livesay, and the efforts of countless amateur artists.¹⁶ Communities that had been denounced as

backward hamlets by Victorian travellers and missionaries (and sometimes by twentieth-century social activists, who noted their high rate of tuberculosis and the appalling low prices for fish) were now re-constituted as refuges from the twentieth century. G.M. Adams, under contract as a writer by the provincial government, was lavish in his praise. "A nest of rocky hills, neat homes, hospitable fisher folk, and ravishing natural beauty. . . There are no trees, very little earth in which to plant anything—just beautiful blue grey rocks, tiny harbors with their fishing boats, nets and crates, tidy homes with their. . . flowers—and the sea. And here a peaceful, contented, happy folk. Sturdy and honest as the rocks that support their homes. Not a pessimist among them!"—which would have been refreshing news indeed in such Depression years.¹⁷

Within the new idiom, Peggy's Cove was constructed on the basis of its absences. "As everywhere that people lead a simple wholesome outdoors life," we read in another visitor's account of life in Peggy's Cove,

"The very statement of their days is caviar to our ears. The natural life is at last news. These people have never been kept awake by trolleys, newsboys, street radios, or klaxons. They do not make out laundry-lists. They never have to telephone and ask 'Are you dressing?' They do not telephone. They are not dress latchkeys. They never have to tip bell-hops, coatroom-attendants, and taxi-drivers. They never have occasion to say 'What an awful picture!' They neither makes speeches at banquets nor have to listen to them. They need never walk between rows of lying advertisements on their way to work. They never hear 'Mister, will you gimme the price of a cup of coffee?' They never see a neighbor put out on the street. The very language of our times—margin-calls, fade-outs, caterpillar club, spit-ball—would be strange to them. Indeed to these dwellers on the bare ancestral rock, to which they even cart the soil for their flower-beds, our subway civilization must seem a lurid undergrowth."¹⁸

In *Bluenose: A Portrait of Nova Scotia* (1942), Dorothy Duncan was delighted to add to these defining absences of South Shore life, the absence of serious politics or social questions, and of statesmen or intellectuals; given their peasant stolidity, it was even rather surprising that they had had the imagination to turn to the sea in the first place.¹⁹ (The trick to such writing, as Raymond Williams has reminded us, is that the contrast between the city and the court, nature and worldliness, depends on the suppression of work in the countryside and the property relations through which this work is organized.)²⁰ As for Peggy's Cove, Duncan found it to be a perfect example of what an outport used to be like, though she lamented that its character had been largely lost with improved transportation and the coming of tourists.²¹ Others trusted in the "sturdy good sense of her people" to keep Peggy's "pure and unspotted from the world."²²

With the entry of the state into tourism planning (signalled by the formation of the Nova Scotia Travel Bureau in 1923 and the Publicity Bureau in 1924, as well as a crash program of road-paving and the designation of various highways as specially designed tourist trails), the pastoral idiom acquired the status of an

official language. With of the day, the state's sands of publications, films. The province's example of the new idi



version was, "Nova 5 which rather incongru into "The Playground words achieved perma Ocean Playground." 2 ffectly the social constr new idiom: while nin had never stopped talki their province's buoy now proclaimed the pr ism in the context of th a dialogue with the pas me souvenirs"; what Ocean Playground"? P here is a place wher innocence of childho mentally, for others.

Total Tourism and the

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official language. Within the technological limitations of the day, the state's activities were impressive: thousands of publications, photographic displays, and even films. The province's new motto was a splendid example of the new idiom at work. Its first, mid-1920s



version was, "Nova Scotia, Canada's Playground," which rather incongruously metamorphized by 1927 into "The Playground with a History." Finally the words achieved permanence in 1929, with "Canada's Ocean Playground."²³ This motto crystallizes perfectly the social construction of the province within the new idiom: while nineteenth-century Nova Scotians had never stopped talking about industrial progress and their province's buoyant future, every license plate now proclaimed the province's naturalism and hedonism in the context of the country as a whole. We expect a dialogue with the past in the province that gave us "Je me souviens"; what do we expect from "Canada's Ocean Playground"? Perhaps just what the slogan says: here is a place where one can regress to the lost innocence of childhood, and which is defined, fundamentally, for *others*.

Total Tourism and the Proliferation of Simulacra

We have shown that Peggy's Cove was constructed in the 1920s within a new pastoral idiom, by local cultural producers and by the public and private promoters of the tourism industry. The idiom has not changed decisively since then. Contemporary tourist literature from Nova Scotia still conveys the impression that the province is a tranquil, pre-industrial haven from the rigours of the twentieth century.

However, what has changed decisively—since about 1960—is the scope and character of the state's involvement. Until the 1960s, although the state was instrumental in building the infrastructure of tourism (roads, some hotels, visitors' bureaux and so on) and in soliciting tourists, it generally stopped short of orchestrating the actual experience of tourists in the province. (There were some interesting exceptions, such as the invention of new sporting events). This limited the extent to which the state undertook the responsibility for constructing an appropriate past, which was left in the less powerful hands of such private interests as the Dominion Atlantic Railroad. Once, however, this limitation was overcome, the path to "total tourism," in which the state and capital collaborate in the active shaping of the tourists' experience, lay open, and the pastoral idiom, far from retreating in the face of indus-

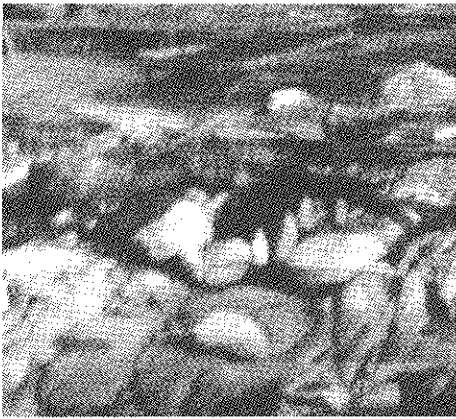
After the First World War, fisherman, who became the "essential" Nova Scotians, were far outnumbered by industrial workers.



Toilers of the Sea, Wallace MacAskill, 1928

trialization and urbanization, became far more pervasive.

It is now assumed that the Department of Tourism and other arms of the state have the right and the responsibility to design the province's calendar of events so that it exports the province's pull in the international tourist market. An imposing array of pseudo-events—the Gathering of the Clans, the Nova Scotia Tattoo, scores of local festivals—fill the tourist season. The province co-ordinates this effort by selecting a general theme: "Old Home Summer," or "We've Come for the Ceilidh." (The Scots, although never a majority of the population, through the invention of a provincial tartan in the 1950s, the stationing of a brawny piper at the province's tourist bureau at the border, and the strategic use of Gaelic, have displaced the Acadians as the province's major ethnic attraction). In a recent report, the province's Select Committee on Tourism captured the all-inclusive qualities of this new style of tourism very well. "The product," the report calmly notes, "includes a range of diverse elements which, taken together, constitute the tourism consumer's experience: natural attractions and fea-



tures, facilities and services, transportation and other infrastructure components, and the socio-cultural features of the resident population."²⁴

The recent uses to which the "Age of Sail" has been put demonstrates the new correlation of economic and cultural forces at work. The 1984 Visit of the Tall Ships, and the Parade of Sail in Halifax raised the rhetoric of "Maritimicity" to the level of mass spectacle. As Atlantic Cultural Consulting, Limited suggested, "The Tall Ships' visit to Canada this summer is an historic and splendid event. An event that will not quickly be repeated." (All the more reason, naturally, for one to get out and order the individually numbered and signed "original print" of the Tall Ships, accompanied by a genuine certificate of authenticity: the rhetoric of postmodernism always seems to need reassurance about its own ontological status, it always seems to be pinching itself to make sure it is not merely part of some great dream of capital from which it cannot awaken).

The music which accompanied the television spectacular, "Sail on Nova Scotia," was vetted by the Department of Tourism, which wanted a song which would win the hearts of Nova Scotians and visitors alike. Picking up the official line on cue, *Atlantic Insight* proclaimed that "Sail on Nova Scotia... there's still so much to sea," was "enthusiastically acclaimed by Nova Scotians from every walk of life."

The state also set aside \$160,000 to the CBC television's "Coast of Dreams," and no less a personage than provincial Premier John Buchanan, promoted the television special as a "tale about a disheartened sea captain who finds renewed meaning in his life through his contact with the spirit of Nova Scotia." That many people responded to this media saturation is evident: during the Parade of Sail, an estimated 300,000 people gathered on Halifax waterfront to watch the Tall Ships depart.²⁵

This cultural event was distinctly "post modern" not only in its massive size and dependence on the state, but because, focussing on vessels that often were literal simulacra of non-existent originals, it caused the actual history of seafaring in the nineteenth century to recede in memory. In the Parade of Sail, one heard no tedious accounts of labour on the vessels or merchants' strategies: everything was wrapped in a lustrous Disney glow, the warm and consoling light of infantile enchantment. We found ourselves before a spectacle which provided, in Jim Overton's words, "a psychic escape, but into an imagined world which does not exist and never existed."²⁶ "Myth," writes Barthes, "deprives the object of which it speaks of all history. All that is left for one to do is to enjoy this beautiful object without wondering where it came from."²⁷

Nova Scotia was represented in this particular pseudo-event by a simulacrum of the *Bluenose*, a vessel promoted by the Halifax *Herald* and whose victories in the 1920s and 1930s were accompanied by a fervent outpouring of regionalist pride. The motives behind these races and the emotions aroused by the *Bluenose* were many and various. They included a progressive belief that the design of fishing vessels could be scientifically tested in such races, a nostalgic sense of a need to preserve momentoes from the dying age of sail, and regional pride. The impulse to build a replica of the vessel came, appropriately enough, from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which in the 1950s commissioned the Smith and Rhuland yard in Lunenburg to build a replica of the *Bounty* for its forthcoming movie. The building of this simulated *Bounty* for a film studio prompted reflections on the possibility of similarly recreating the *Bluenose*. These were promptly taken up by a regional brewery, Olands, which already sold a beer called "Schooner" and could see the promotional possibilities. The vessel was built in 1963.

Bluenose II is thus deeply rooted in the economic processes we have come to know very well in late capitalism: its homeland is, unmistakably, the world of public relations. Here the notion of the "simulacrum" is a disturbingly literal one. *Bluenose II* is really the *Bluenose* (we are assured again and again, with anxious insistence), with only a few minor differences: the *Bluenose* actually did go to the Banks, it actually smelled of fish and salt, it actually did win races, and it met its end while prosaically doing business in the West Indies. *Bluenose II* has been freed from these fetters to actual history. It has been purified of the smell of fish and of the risks of racing: cut loose from these intrusions of realism, it can now become a beautifully aesthetic object, free to parade, as an infinitely beautiful and isolated work of art, before delighted crowds. *Bluenose* measured her achievements in the numbers of races won and catches caught, while *Bluenose II* counts her victories in the totals of favourable press releases and new tourist arrivals.

The full sense of this transition from populist romanticism in the 1920s to state-orchestrated Maritimicity is conveyed by Silver Donald Cameron's *Schooner: Bluenose and Bluenose II* (1984), intended as an instant book for the Tall Ships spectacle, but with a (surely intentional) subtext of black humour and squalor. Try as Cameron might to invoke the time-honoured clichés of wind-and-water romanticism, the story of *Bluenose II* is simply not the stuff of dream and legend. When the *Bluenose II* sails from Nova Scotia to Atlantic City, Cameron hopefully essays the faithful "rite of passage" rhetoric. The mere boys who had set sail from Nova Scotia such a short time before, he writes, now seem more like men, they have a different bearing—indeed, Cameron sees evidence of this transition in... their avid devouring of a girlie magazine in the cabin. The civil servants under sail keep reassuring Cameron, and perhaps themselves, that they aren't really sailing an illusion—true postmoderns, they anxiously grope for some confirmation of their own reality. There was something hauntingly forlorn about this story: in the 1970s, the *Bluenose II* sailed aimlessly on the high seas of hedonism, with local hacks using public money to pay staggering liquor bills and inept seamen crashing wildly around North America's ports. We want to laugh along with Cameron, but the fare, like so much myth, is ultimately far too rich: the drunken Halifax party-goer dead in a sea of his own vomit... And there are no heroic races to relieve this saga of unrelieved aimlessness. Only such monuments as the world of post modern tourism can erect: "An estimated fifty thousand Americans visited the vessel and more than two thousand travel-industry representatives were entertained aboard. Largely as a result of the trip, the



number of U.S. tourists visiting Nova Scotia went up 18.5 percent over 1973 and the province won a Silver Award from the Public Relations Society of America..."²⁸

An embalmed, cleansed past: on the Halifax Waterfront, yet another shrine to Maritimicity, its lacquered face is everywhere. The redevelopment of the city's waterfront has allowed old, functional buildings to be 'saved,' but only in the sense that they now convey a vague, stereotypical 'pastness' or '1860s-ness,' while new buildings, such as the Sheraton Hotel, cannibalize plain early nineteenth-century styles all the better to highlight the brass-infested opulence within. To walk through modern Halifax today is to confront a whole battery of aesthetic signs, a pastiche of pseudo-nineteenth century images and effects, which, for all

their ostensible "historical" value, are more than the waning of an old way of living history, our post-modern situation than the present. Halifax's "Historic Properties" are a pastiche of images—street scenes and "historical" props—punitive stocks as tourist attractions, one vast, highly profitable industry of authenticity underwritten by the hard-issue stores and one may purchase hard-core art, much of which appears to be while in fact representing the interests of unskilled workers (some of whom are in the forms of recent immigrants).

But we must retrace our steps through the years has been a lacrima, a copy of a past village which never existed. Peggy's Cove has changed: the road has been paved and parking has been built, parking facilities, a restaurant has been operated at the end of the road. Peggy's Cove is gone there and history has persisted, unchanged through the last century.

The modern state has taken Robert Stanfield's Commission on the Peggy's Cove and the charm of the coastal stretch near the Minister of Municipal Affairs to purchase, expropriate, and a Peggy's Cove area, and provincial officials from the community, including that of design, buildings may not be constructed, altered, reconstructed to control "the architectural appearance of any or all buildings within the area."²⁹ The annual tourist inflow of 100,000 persons from May to October (permanent residents) has led to the specialization of the site, the appearance masks a real fishing village into a simulacrum of the past. The rocks are sprayed with evidence of paint-wie, and have been placed on other outdoors activities. The vast congregations of people line and style of window lated, and vigorous streets from the picturesque was the harmless which carries the force of law.

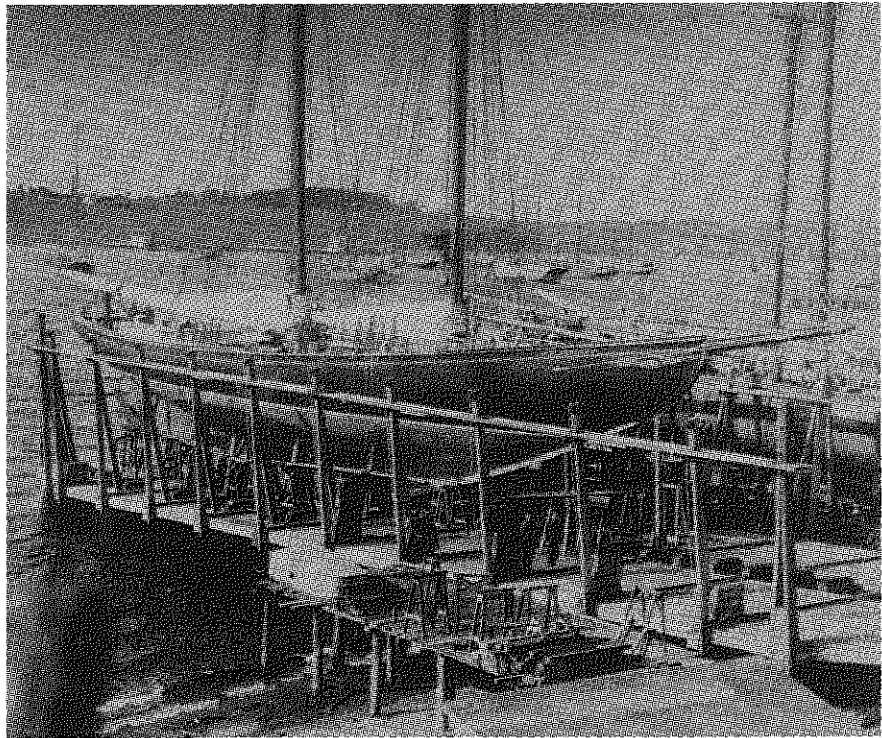
It is in this fair-weather Peggy's Cove's appearance spoiled fishing hamlet

their ostensible "historicism," testify to nothing other than the waning of any effective sense of ourselves living history, our post modern capacity to bracket the past as just one more style. Nothing better captures the situation than the penetrating irony of the name of Halifax's "Historic Properties," which, in an immense pastiche of images—stone warehouses, the Bluenose, and "historical" props (wagon wheels, iron anchors, punitive stocks as tourist playthings) turn history into one vast, highly profitable property, where the claim to authenticity underwrites the banal universality of standard-issue stores and boutiques. And in these shops, one may purchase handicrafts and standardized folk art, much of which appears to be locally-rooted and old while in fact representing the labour of poorly remunerated workers (some of them in the Third World) and forms of recent invention.

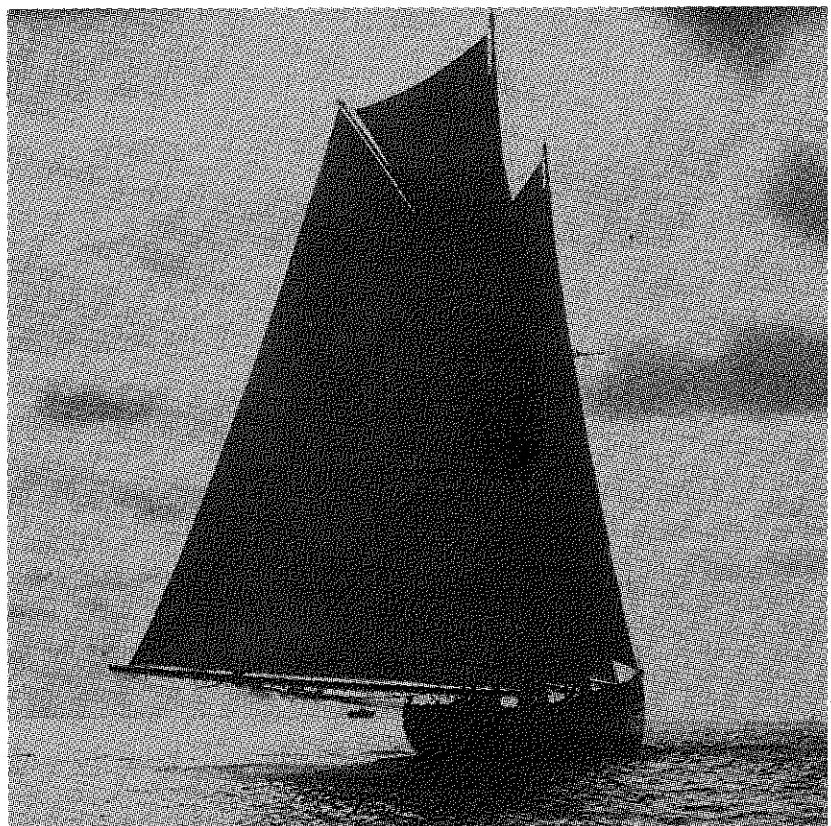
But we must return to Peggy's Cove, which through the years has become a purer and purer simulacrum, a copy of a prosperous and tranquil fishing village which never in fact existed. Outwardly, Peggy's Cove has changed little since the 1940s. The road has been paved and straightened, the government has built parking facilities, and a large commercially operated restaurant has been strategically placed at the end of the road. Peggy's Cove faithfully produces both timelessness and history for the crowds: one may still go there and feel that one is touching an essence which has persisted, unchanged, since the beginning of the last century.

The modern state has made quite sure of this. Robert Stanfield's Conservative government established the Peggy's Cove Commission in 1962, to protect the charm of the community and that of the seven-mile coastal stretch nearby. Under this legislation, the Minister of Municipal Affairs was given the power to purchase, expropriate, or otherwise acquire land in the area, and a Peggy's Cove Commission made up of local and provincial officials and four additional members from the community, was given broad planning rights, including that of designating the purposes for which buildings may not be used, occupied, erected, constructed, altered, reconstructed, or repaired. It was also to control "the architectural design, character or appearance of any or all buildings proposed to be erected within the area."²⁹ Thanks to these regulations, an annual tourist inflow estimated at about 200,000 persons from May to October (to a community with 47 permanent residents) has not led to a flagrant commercialization of the site.³⁰ An outward continuity of appearance masks a whole series of political and cultural changes which have, in essence, transformed a real fishing village into a self-consciously constructed simulacrum of the pre-industrial community. The rocks are sprayed with paint or acid to remove the evidence of paint-wielding tourists, strict prohibitions have been placed on children selling fudge and the other outdoors activities one normally associates with vast congregations of tourists, the precise angle of roof line and style of windows in houses are closely regulated, and vigorous steps taken to stamp out deviations from the picturesque norm. Once the pastoral idiom was the harmless whimsy of a few tourists; now it carries the force of law.

It is in this fairly direct and obvious sense that Peggy's Cove's appearance as a "tranquil" and unspoiled fishing hamlet is patently a constructed image.



Bluenose on the slip in Lunenburg, *Wallace MacAskill*
Bluenose running with the wind, *Wallace MacAskill*

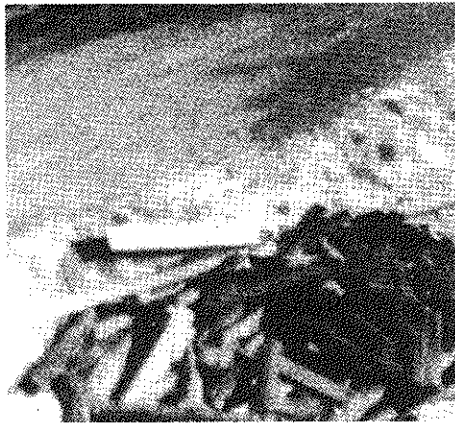


Bluenose II has been freed from the fetters of actual history. It has been purified of the smell of fish and of the risks of racing. Cut loose from these intrusions of realism, it can now become a purely aesthetic object.

But even without this tight web of regulation, it is scarcely representative of the fishing outposts of the province—there are no unpainted houses, shacks, or poor people. There is, in short, an immense divide between what is being presented to us—this unspoiled, quaint, pre-industrial Cove—and the actual, overtly political and economic, processes which made this Cove possible, and an equally large gap between this beautiful image and its actual history.³¹

"If they haven't already done so, everyone who owns a Winnebago will eventually visit Peggy's Cove," writes one columnist sarcastically, "and (1) suffer a vertigo watching the heaving surf, (2) stab themselves in the finger trying to eat a lobster, and (3) buy a sou'wester for Uncle Bill which they will then wear back to Halifax to blend in with the locals. . . . The place is a Las Vegas of Quaint." We laugh: it is a good line, and there is something faintly ludicrous about a community of 47 souls being inundated with "75 war wagons, . . . their occupants opening up on anything that was faintly picturesque with blazing Nikons. . . ."³² Yet it is a kind of twilight, postmodern laughter. Nova Scotia, with its simulated racing schooners that will not race, with its hosts and hostesses professionally trained to simulate smiles that do not mean what they seem to mean, with its simulated fishing hamlet that only the state can preserve in its pre-industrial splendour, has become the homeland of the surreal. One does not come here to escape the postmodern sense of unreality, but to feel its sharp, cutting edge, not to recover the healthy folk past before capitalism but to glimpse what will happen everywhere once all images are commodities, and all signs fully motivated.

But why should the state stop at just one, relatively restrained, simulacrum of a fishing community? Why not go further and invent a community from scratch? To get a sense of how entrenched Maritimicity has become as an idiom, consider the leading question that will dominate provincial tourism circles in 1988: the proposal that the government invest an estimated \$13 million in a re-creation of a fishing village at Upper Clements, near Annapolis Royal. The core of this theme park—which may also contain an amphitheatre,

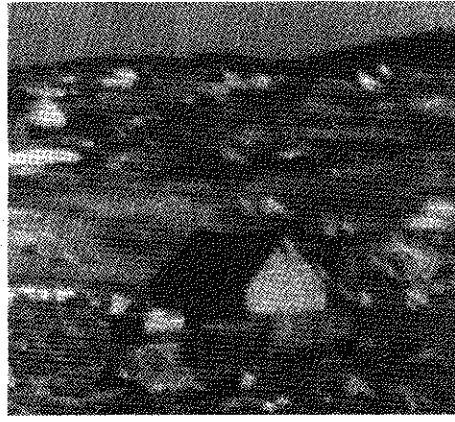


an imitation grist mill, a "sophisticated" miniature golf course in the shape of Nova Scotia, a discreet roller coaster, and a maze—will be an idealized reconstruction of a fishing village. This will lend an element of historic "authenticity" to a site which tourism planners hope will serve as a "honeypot" for Americans and others in the Annapolis Valley.

Does this concept make sense, given that the demographic base of our tourism industry is based on the wealthy, comfortable citizens of Canada and northeastern United States? Will the jobs provided be unionized and well-remunerated? Why invest this money in the Annapolis Valley (incidentally in the riding of a prominent cabinet minister) rather than paving roads in other areas?³³ But pertinent and useful as they are, such practical questions somehow seem to miss the core of our uneasiness. This uneasiness stems from the state's candid commercialization of an idealized Golden Age which never existed. What the industry is that the state, acting to further the interests of the tourism industry, has taken upon itself the task of interpreting history. As in Peggy's Cove, an ideologically loaded historical myth will be given (as Barthes would say) the full guarantee of nature, a material and hence irrefutable embodiment.

Human emancipation cannot even be imagined without a scrupulously honest interrogation of, and a serious dialogue with, the past. What becomes of the future when the past is colonized by capital and by the capitalist state, and the possibility of this serious dialogue removed?

One-third of the houses of Peggy's Cove are not inhabited on a year-round basis, and the number of residents who make their living off the tourist trade now exceeds those who go fishing. "Preservationists" are worried. Even unserviced houses in Peggy's Cove, often owned by Haligonians, have commanded prices of up to \$79,000, somewhat beyond the reach of the average fisherman on unemployment insurance. "If these wharves go down and with just a few fishermen," worries one resident, "I don't think it's going to be Peggy's Cove. It's just going to be a place to go stretch your legs and get back in your car again."³⁴ The future that seems to haunt Peggy's Cove today is that of becoming an "archetypal" fishing village with no fishermen, a monument to rugged individualism propped up by state subsidies, a haven of rural tranquility owned by Americans and urban Nova Scotians and overrun with tourists. In an article in the province's "heritage" handout, Kildare Dobbs, with a rigorous adherence to the essentialism that is tourism's unwritten philosophy, proclaims: "Nova Scotia is a province that becomes more itself in every decade."³⁵ He may, unfortunately, be right. Besieged with simulacra, invented traditions, deftly manipulated myths, and pseudo-events, Nova Scotians may indeed become more and more like their "true" folk essences every decade, the ultimate, living "simulacra," bereft of their



collective memories, their actual traditions, and their future.

Ian MacKay will be teaching social history at Queen's University, Kingston in the fall and is an editor of New Maritimes. This article is part of an on-going project on the invention of tradition in the Maritimes.

Notes

- 1 Barthes, *Mythologies*. (Frogmore, trans. Annette Lavers, 1973), p.143.
- 2 Cornelius Castoriadis, "The Crisis of Western Societies," *Telos*, No.53 (Fall 1982), pp.26-27.
- 3 Fredric Jameson, "Postmodernism, or the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism," *New Left Review*, Number 146 (July-August 1984), p. 66.
- 4 Jay Appleton would explain the aesthetic pleasure offered by Peggy's Cove in terms of prospect-refuge theory, which argues that the capacity of an environment to ensure the ability to see without being seen is an immediate source of aesthetic satisfaction. (See *The Experience of Landscape* (London, 1975), p.73. Freudian insights could also be brought to bear on the enduring appeal of the cove flanked by the lighthouse tower. Neither approach seems promising, however, when it comes to explaining a landscape which was so dramatically re-evaluated in the course of its history.
- 5 Karl Baedeker, *The Dominion of Canada With Newfoundland and an Excursion to Alaska: Handbook for Travellers* (Leipzig, 1907); *Osgood's Maritime Provinces: A Handbook for Travellers* (Boston, James R. Osgood, 1883); S.E.Dawson, *Hand-Book for the Dominion of Canada* (Montreal, 1888).
- 6 Hugh Murray, *An Historical and Descriptive Account of British America* (Edinburgh, 1839), Vol.II, 154, 160; Andrew Learmont Spedon, *Rambles among the Blue-Noses: Or, Reminiscences of a Tour Through New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, During the Summer of 1862* (Montreal, 1863), 124., among many titles that could be cited to substantiate this point.
- 7 See, for example, Herbert Crosskill, *Nova Scotia: Its Climate, Resources and Advantages. Being a General Description of the Province, for the Information of Intending Emigrants* (Halifax, 1872), p.5.
- 8 For a collection of MacAskill's evocative photographs, see *MacAskill* (Halifax, 1986), although unfortunately this book does not have much in the way of an interpretation.

- 9 J.F.B.Livesay, Dorothy Duncan, *Blue* (New York and London 1976), Chapter 2.
- 10 Ernest R. Fox, 1976), Chapter 2.
- 11 Patrick Wright, *National Past in Con* p.176.
- 12 Wright, *On Li*
- 13 *Nova Scotia*, [Halifax], n.d. [1929],
- 14 Louis Turner York, 1976), p.77.
- 15 Emma-Linds *Adventures in Captiv*
- 16 "Peggy's Cov
- 17 George Matth (n.p. [Halifax], n.d. [c.
- 18 Maurice Long
- 19 Duncan, *Blues*
- 20 Williams, *Th* 1975) p.61.
- 21 Duncan, *Blues*
- 22 *Mayfair*, May
- 23 *Vacation Da*
- 24 *Evangeline Route* (n.p.
- 25 *Ocean Playgrou* (n.p.
- 26 Nova Scotia, *Report of the Select Co* pp.4-5.
- 27 *Chronicle-He*
- 28 *Nova Scotia 1984* (Su 1984.
- 29 Overton, "Pr Culture as Tourist C Economy (Autumn N Newfoundland's resp
- 30 Barthes, *Myth*
- 31 Cameron, *Sc* (Toronto 1984), pp.89.
- 32 *Statutes of No* 1962, "An Act to Crea and to Establish a Peg
- 33 *Chronicle-He*
- 34 It should also popularity as a tourist present to visitors any r to commemorate those fishery. In contrast, at E of 35 Northumberland rated in a sculpture by etching, by William D brates, however, alleg memorating an actual
- 35 *Globe and M*
- 36 These questi *Daily News*, in an edi concept," 23 January 1
- 37 *Chronicle-He*
- 38 Kildare Dobb (Halifax, Department

9 J.F.B.Livesay, *Peggy's Cove* (Toronto, 1944); Dorothy Duncan, *Bluenose: A Portrait of Nova Scotia* (New York and London, 1942).

10 Ernest R. Forbes, *Maritime Rights* (Montreal, 1976), Chapter 2.

11 Patrick Wright, *On Living in an Old Country: The National Past in Contemporary Britain* (London 1985), p.176.

12 Wright, *On Living in an Old Country*, pp.177-178.

13 *Nova Scotia, Canada's Ocean Playground* (n.p. [Halifax], n.d. [1929], p.38.

14 Louis Turner and John Ash, *The Golden Hordes: International Tourism and the Pleasure Periphery* (New York, 1976), p.77.

15 Emma-Lindsay Squier, *On Autumn Trails and Adventures in Captivity* (London 1925), p.9.

16 "Peggy's Cove," *Mayfair* (May 1948), p.84.

17 George Matthew Adams, *Glimpses of Nova Scotia*, (n.p. [Halifax], n.d. [c.1932], p.22.

18 Maurice Longstreth, *To Nova Scotia*, pp.15-16.

19 Duncan, *Bluenose*, p.140.

20 Williams, *The Country and the City* (Frogmore 1975) p.61.

21 Duncan, *Bluenose*, 150.

22 *Mayfair*, May 1948, pp.84-85.

23 *Vacation Days in Nova Scotia, The Land of Evangeline Route* (n.p., n.d. [1927]; *Nova Scotia, Canada's Ocean Playground* (n.p. [Halifax], n.d. [1929]).

24 Nova Scotia, House of Assembly, *The Interim Report of the Select Committee on Tourism* (Halifax 1986), pp.4-5.

25 *Chronicle-Herald*, 8, 12 July 1984; *Parade of Sail: Nova Scotia 1984* (Supplement to *Atlantic Insight*), June 1984.

26 Overton, "Promoting 'The Real Newfoundland': Culture as Tourist Commodity," *Studies in Political Economy* (Autumn 1980), p.134. Overton's work on Newfoundland's response to tourism has been pathbreaking.

27 Barthes, *Mythologies*, p.151.

28 Cameron, *Schooner: Bluenose and Bluenose II* (Toronto 1984), pp.89-90.

29 *Statutes of Nova Scotia*, 11 Elizabeth II, Chapter 10, 1962, "An Act to Create a Peggy's Cove Preservation Area and to Establish a Peggy's Cove Commission."

30 *Chronicle-Herald*, 14 April 1984.

31 It should also be noted that, even given its immense popularity as a tourist site, no attempt has been made to present to visitors any real information about the site itself, or to commemorate those who lived and died in the Atlantic fishery. In contrast, at Escuminac, New Brunswick, the death of 35 Northumberland Strait fishermen has been commemorated in a sculpture by Claude Roussel. There is one stone etching, by William DeMarsh, at Peggy's Cove, which celebrates, however, allegorical fishermen, rather than commemorating an actual event.

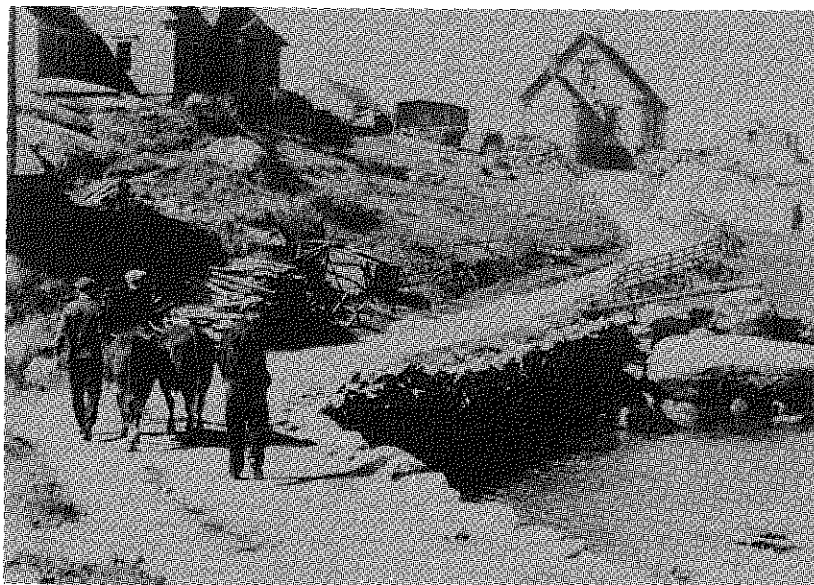
32 *Globe and Mail*, 27 April 1984.

33 These questions have been asked by the *Halifax Daily News*, in an editorial "Fake fishing village a bizarre concept," 23 January 1988.

34 *Chronicle-Herald*, 2 June 1984.

35 Kildare Dobbs, *Nova Scotia: The Living Heritage* (Halifax, Department of Tourism, 1987).

One does not come to Nova Scotia to escape the postmodern sense of unreality, but to feel its sharp, cutting edge, not to recover the healthy folk past before capitalism but to glimpse what will happen everywhere once all images are commodities, and all signs fully motivated.



Peggy's Cove, Wallace MacAskill

Bohemian Paris: Culture, Politics and the Boundaries of Bourgeois Life, 1830-1930
by Jerrold Seigel
New York: Viking Penguin, 1986, 453 pp.

The Transformation of the Avant-Garde: The New York Art World, 1940-1985
by Diane Crane
Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1987, 194 pp.

By the mid-nineteenth century artists in all fields gradually claimed an independence that was to be an essential condition of modern creation. The clarity and intransigence of their self-conscious break from tradition and the conventional institutions of support have no equivalents in the previous history of art and literature. More currently, the spirit of defiance and innovation that marked the modernist avant-garde is perceived as exhausted. Having to fill the gap is postmodernism. The air crackles with postmodernist rhetoric. Yet it is very difficult to make out the exact political and cultural content of so many words and so many gestures designed to suggest that some momentous change has overtaken us. So it behooves us to examine some of the historical and sociological reasons for the eclipse of modernism. The two books under review, though different in method and style, propose to do just that.

Jerrold Seigel's *Bohemian Paris* explores the culture and politics of Paris between 1830 and 1940. Seigel, a historian, treats the avant-garde as a play coiled within the larger play of Bohemia, and in so doing throws substantial light on why Bohemia was essential in carrying the arts into a period of renewal and accomplishment. By contrast, Diana Crane's book, *The Transformation of the Avant-Garde*, deals chiefly with the succession of avant-garde movements that flourished in New York between 1940 and 1985. Crane, a sociologist, focuses on the disintegration of the New York avant-garde from a close-knit community of competing groups into an image-making business that alternatively stimulates and entertains but does not threaten the middle class with its aesthetic provocations.

Bohemian Paris is a well crafted piece of cultural history. Through a careful synthesis of archival material, biography, and political and literary analysis, Seigel has both recreated the whimsical and tragic figures of Bohemia, and brought into sharp focus the ambivalent relation of the modern artist to bourgeois life. Each chapter of the book is given over to the study of one or two bohemian figures.

With the exception of the painter Gustave Courbet and the composer Erik Satie, all the principals examined had a literary background. None are women. That Seigel had so little to say about bohemian women—who are marginalized to the role of *grisettes*, the working class lovers of artistic bohemians—is certainly the main oversight of the book. Beyond that, it also points to a traditional phallogocentric history of modernism where the historical voices of women remain muted.

Beginning with the work and life of Henry Murger (1822-1861), who popularised Bohemia with his successful musical stage play *Scenes of Bohemian Life*, Seigel leads us into a cultural underworld that was home to ragpickers, artists, criminals and gypsies—Parisians thought that all gypsies came from Bohemia and that artists were becoming gypsylike. Murger equates Bohemia with romantic rebellion, easygoing tolerance, and opposition to the dominant culture. In his stories, Bohemia is portrayed as a world where sheer existence was a work of genius and imagination; a place where the discontented bourgeoisie could satisfy their restlessness and artistic sensibilities.

But the real Bohemia, maintains Seigel, is not easily contained within this romantic definition, for it filled a complex social role. It functioned as a powerful symbolic aid to the rising bourgeoisie who, wanting to shore up tradition and stability, associated Bohemia with all that was pathological and aberrant in modern society. As technical and political revolution caused received structures and conventions to fall apart, Bohemia also became an accessible laboratory in which the tendencies emergent in modern society were tested.

In his opening chapters Seigel does a persuasive job describing the political life of the French capital. In Paris, the intense conflicts among a still powerful aristocracy, a self-assured, ascending bourgeoisie, and an aroused working class made for continual clashes. The revolution of 1848 and the Commune of 1871 intensified these tensions, especially inside Bohemia where political radicalism was more pronounced. Marx, for his part, was suspicious of radicals bred in an environment that was also the home of the *lumpen* and the "ruined offshoots of the bourgeoisie." He had little sympathy for the disintegrated mass of Bohemia, which he disdainfully associated with swindlers, pickpockets, and *litterati*. While it is true, says Seigel, that Bohemia was a higgledy-piggledy assortment of political adventurers and radicals, their styles of life were nonetheless crucial in shaping a political milieu which tolerated extremes of heterodoxy. In Bohemia, one could dramatize any

number of political stances, and every political act was given a double significance, as public defiance and as grand personal gesture.

The chief beneficiaries of bohemian life were artists, who found in it a personal inspiration: not a way to live in society but a way to live with themselves, with their own feelings and sensibilities. This was the case, for example, with the Water-Drinkers—a relatively obscure group, who Seigel explores in some detail. Henry Murger had himself been a member of the ascetic Water-Drinkers, a coterie of aspiring writers, who retreated into their own cloistered world. In their willingness to live at the margins of society, and in their determination to make art without any compromises, we see early signs of the emergent avant-garde. The Water-Drinkers disbanded after one year, but their ideas about art and their hatred of a conventional public was shared by the painter Gustave Courbet, whose beery personality and commitment to realism without idealization brought him to the forefront of the Parisian art world by the mid 1850's. Courbet shunned the official Bonapartist salons and, anticipating the Impressionists, set up his own competing art gallery where he exhibited his work.

Bohemia offered artists the freedom to follow a vast variety of impulses. The irregular life of Bohemia also allowed for an experimental disorganization of sensations. Perhaps no other bohemian exemplified this tendency more than Charles Baudelaire. Seigel spends a lengthy chapter, chiefly informed by the work of Walter Benjamin, examining how Baudelaire used his bohemianism and dandyism as ways of exploring the self-diffusion of modern life. His bouts of alcoholism, his drug taking and his flights into debauchery were all means of fragmenting perceptions, and the only decent alternative to a society which had made money the goal of life.

Baudelaire's strategy of diffusing sensation was accompanied by its very opposite, concentration, which permitted him to remain within the limits of classical art and literature. But beginning with Verlaine and Rimbaud, both of whom Seigel covers in some detail, it became more difficult to maintain a separation between the inner life of the artist and the conventional forms of expression. A new dialectic was set in motion which was to produce one of the central ideas and myths of modernism: that by allowing the senses to be acted upon by external stimuli, artists could achieve, partly as a result of unconscious processes, and partly through the exercise of critical consciousness, the idioms and forms of new art.

By the first decade of the twentieth

century a self-conscious avant-garde emerged ready to challenge the conventional limits of art. But because Seigel fails to make a clear distinction between the avant-garde and Bohemia, the reader is left wondering if the two are interchangeable. Seigel seems to treat them as such. The separation of the two camps is no minor cavil but an important issue to get clear. Bohemia is a fusion of contradictory cultural and political forces. The avant-garde is exclusive, more focused on its aesthetic experiments and declamations.

The final section of the book, though having a number of insightful things to say about Parisian Cabarets and their co-optive influence on Bohemia, is perhaps the most derivative, for it draws heavily on the work of Roger Shattuck on the origins of the avant-garde. Nearly all the avant-gardists that Seigel discusses wanted to free the creative potentials of the everyday by dissolving the boundaries between art and life. Alfred Jarry's bizarre philosophy of pataphysics, where logic and the chains of physical determinations are made arbitrary, prefigured the whole aesthetic of pastiche and Surrealism. Marcel Duchamp's famous project of turning bicycle wheels, hat racks, and urinals into art objects signaled the beginning of the modernist strategy of transforming any human product into art once it was removed from its normal context and associated with the artist's oeuvre and personality. Erik Satie championed a similar idea in music, and his experiments with the lyrics of the everyday led him to *musique d'ameublement*, or furniture music. All of these interventions were designed to break down the hierarchies that consigned art to a separate sphere outside everyday life.

What is especially surprising, however, is that Seigel pays so little attention to the cultural and political implications of the aesthetization of everyday life. While touching lightly on this issue, Seigel never really explores it. This point is worth examining, since it is clearly at the core of what we now call postmodernism. If modernist writers and artists refused to be circumscribed by the "reality" of the everyday, neither could the everyday remain normal anymore in the old sense; everything had to be new and original, self-supporting and self-contained. The sounds, the technology, and the images of the ordinary items of daily life had to be privileged and given that absolute pre-emptory quality that one assigns to aesthetics. The irony is that the market, in its infinite adaptability, used modernist techniques to further commodify and exploit the representations of daily life. Increasingly, aesthetics intervened in the way politics and culture was understood and perceived. From here on

it is an easy step to *lacrum* where any serenity is abolished in an aestheticized inform

As we get closer historically, Seigel's work to reveal its veiled nature. His discussion of the tension between Bohemia and the avant-garde is especially burdensome. Here, the 'freight' of bohemian life is seen as a restless rebellion. The text is less interesting than Crane's similarly explained ideological struggle between Bohemia and the moral universe, rather than through the lens of politics. Despite the use of psycho-history, the argument is much that is compelling. One of the things I like in *Bohemian Paris* is Seigel's ability to bring a breath of surprise to the life of a surrealist figure, some of the Goncourt brothers, Maurice Barrès, and mention a few more. As a historian this is a skill that enables Seigel to bring the avant-garde and Bohemia into an examination of each other rather than through highfaloot

The arguments Diane Crane in *The Transformation of the Avant-Garde* have become the critics: that the avant-garde has loved to shock the audience and shock increasingly been the mainstream of pop culture reaches her conclusion of the rise of seven major avant-garde art, and by examining the forces which have brought about the bourgeoisie of

Crane has a love affair with the avant-garde, charts, and she has an enthusiasm for her analysis of the avant-garde. She maintains her analysis of the New York art world for the Abstract Expressionist and Figurative Painting movements, Pattern Painting, and other movements. When discussing the book reads like a tour for rent at a museum. Like most museum tours, it is too rigidly organized that we are about to

Aided by 32 illustrations, the tour with the avant-garde artists' synthesis of modernism (via Hans Hofmann) and the stages of Abstract Expressionism "the traces of the pre-

it is an easy step to Baudrillard's *simulacrum* where any sense of cultural reality is abolished in a single dimension of aestheticized information.

As we get closer to the present historically, Seigel's whole analysis begins to reveal its veiled neo-Freudian biases. His discussion of the ambivalence between Bohemia and the dominant culture is especially burdened with Freudian freight. Here, the "self-dramatization" of bohemian life is seen as a form of adolescent rebellion. The avant-garde's interest in non-canonical innovation is similarly explained in terms of a psychological struggle between youthful rebels and the moral universe of their parents, rather than through the tropes of power or politics. Despite the occasional lapse into psycho-history, there is in this book much that is compelling and challenging. One of the things I like best about *Bohemian Paris* is Seigel's ability to marshal a wealth of suggestive information and bring to life a surprising array of bohemian figures, some notable others less so: the Goncourt brothers, Jules Vallès, Maurice Barrès, Emile Goudeau, to mention a few more. For any cultural historian this is a sensible strategy, one that enables Seigel to discuss the avant-garde and Bohemia through a practical examination of people's lives, rather than through highfalutin abstractions.

The arguments Diane Crane formulates in *The Transformation of the Avant-Garde* have become evident to many critics: that the avant-garde, which traditionally has loved to challenge its tiny audience and shock the bourgeoisie, has increasingly been absorbed into the mainstream of popular culture. Crane reaches her conclusion by analysing the rise of seven major styles of avant-garde art, and by examining the larger structural forces which have led to the *em-bourgeoisement* of the artist.

Crane has a love affair with classifications, charts, and statistical tables. Her enthusiasm for hard-edged data spills into her analysis of the seven styles that she maintains have dominated the New York art world for the past forty years: Abstract Expressionism, Minimalism, Figurative Painting, Pop Art, Photorealism, Pattern Painting, and Neo-Expressionism. When discussing these styles, the book reads like the transcript of a tape for rent at a museum for a self-guided tour. Like most museum tapes, the narrative rigidly organizes the experiences that we are about to see.

Aided by 32 illustrations, we begin the tour with the early Abstract Expressionists' synthesis of Cubism and Surrealism (via Hans Hoffman), to the later stages of Abstract Expressionism where "the traces of the previous symbol system

are removed" in favour of a surface that is "stripped of all secondary ideas." The crowning achievements of this style were the paintings of Jackson Pollock. Next, we have the Minimalists, who "pushed the boundary further by expunging all kinds of ideas, emotions, and values from the art work." What remained was the pure phenomenology of perception, of which Frank Stella explained, "what you see is what you see." Following the Minimalists we have the Figurative painters who, as Alex Katz put it, liked "style to take the place of content."

The limits of Crane's approach are evident. Certainly there are enough familiar names as background atmosphere, but the complexity of the art movements is obscured. Each style is given a simple interpretive frame and ambiguities are purged in the interest of keeping the narrative flowing smoothly. Still, the result is far from negative—it reads well. There is a semblance of coherence and continuity, and one does, by the end of the book, gain a cursory understanding of the "seven major styles" that left their imprint on the art scene of New York. What is absent from Crane's text, however, is the whole cultural temperament of the New York avant-garde. Information about galleries and art museums and content analyses of artistic styles fail to bring us closer to the power of ideas, the passion of convictions, the grandeur of artistic themes—and their complex relation to class, money, publicity and the market.

In the years following World War II American art made unprecedented incursions into European intellectual life, and New York was suddenly catapulted into the center of the avant-garde world. Given the new success of American cultural exports and the growing public interest in the arts, the number of galleries and museums increased dramatically. The number of artists nationwide similarly rose, and the word "art" found its place inside (if not onto) the walls of the American middle-class living room. All levels of government, maintains Crane, began to be interested in art as socially useful therapy. Art courses were prescribed for prison rehabilitation and as a solution to the problems of old age; art, it was claimed, lessened adolescent violence, encouraged craftsmanship, and discouraged crime. Business increasingly saw art as a good investment and as a way of improving the corporate image. At the same time, entrenched political interest groups began to support the "travelling exhibition" as a kind of intellectual Marshall plan, and as propaganda for the American way of life.

While the infrastructure for the arts has been growing, so has the social and occupational role of the artist. Today's artists are flocking into the American academic system. The number of Fine Arts degrees awarded by American Universities rose from 525 per year in 1950 to 8,780 in 1980. And the academic world has become an important source of support, where artists serve at the periphery

as visiting critics or artists in residence, or more centrally as part-time instructors and full-time staff. Others work in commercial arts or art related occupations such as editing, reviewing, curating, art dealing or administration. All this evidence, observes Crane, suggests that the artist's role has been professionalized.

With the professionalization of the artist, the typical definition of the avant-garde as the site where an intellectual cadre sees itself in aesthetic and cultural opposition to dominant values becomes increasingly untenable. And Art itself undergoes an important shift. The first dramatic changes came with Pop Art, which undermined the concept of high culture and fused the aesthetic of the modernist avant-garde with that of popular culture. The doyen of Pop Art, Andy Warhol, pushed that style to the limit. Pop Art did not simply use the themes and images of popular culture: it *became* a form of popular culture which appealed without difficulty, complexity, or snobbery to the masses.

More than any other style that followed Pop Art, Neo-Expressionism has been obsessed with mass produced images. Through the use of "pastiche," these self-proclaimed postmodernists recycled previous styles such as neoromanticism, Surrealism, and other fashionable aspects of French and Italian art of the 30's and 40's. Julian Schnabel's descriptions of his painting are typical of the attitudes of the postmodernists, "my painting comes out from the continuum

Painted Water Glasses, Janet Fish
reprinted from *The Transformation of the Avant-Garde*



of art that has been." The postmodernist approach has critical implications: namely, that in a society saturated and dominated by mass media, popular culture and pastiche are better able than the sacred pretensions of the avant-garde to provide the visual metaphors for the dilemmas of the everyday.

But some people argue, as Diana Crane does, that the cultural eclecticism promoted by postmodernism is itself the expression of a crisis of meaning, arising from the phenomenon of information being produced more rapidly than meaning systems can integrate and synthesize. What is missing from postmodernism is a genuine attempt to innovate and integrate. Lacking this potential, many neo-expressionists are satisfied with either pure entertainment value, or sinister provocation. Thus, the paintings of Eric Fischl and Robert Longo are full of violence, explicit sexuality, and a sense of undefined catastrophe designed to amuse and provoke the public.

According to Crane, the only art style that is at the vanguard of innovation is Pattern painting, for reasons that are both sociological and aesthetic. Pattern painting is a movement that is primarily dominated by women, who have traditionally been excluded from the reward systems of modern art. Because artists like Judy Chicago and Miriam Shapiro attempt to reclaim feminine subjects, there is a psychological and political content to their art that is noticeably missing from other groups.

Crane's book is a "sociology of art" constructed in a fairly conventional mold, but it does have a number of useful things to say about the contemporary arts and artists which are both pertinent and welcome, especially because they throw light on the reasons why the courage, audacity and innovation that were the original virtues of the avant-garde are now in decline. In some sense Seigel's *Bohemian Paris* and Crane's *Transformation of the Avant-Garde* speak to a similar issue. Crane blames the institutionalization of the artist within the university, as well as the spectacular growth of the art market and the infusion of massive funds into the art world by corporate and governmental institutions, for moving what had been a wilfully exclusive modern art movement into the mainstream of popular culture. In a complementary way, Seigel recognizes that it is difficult for the avant-garde to survive without a subcultural enclave that shelters and encourages adversarial expression.

Bohemia had its poseurs, its frauds and its nihilists who overwhelmingly outnumbered the serious artists, but it did offer an alternative community which

prided itself on its unconventionality and an avowed independence. Bohemia and the avant-garde needed each other. Not only did they shake the complacency of society, but they made doing so a profession of faith. In our postmodernist interregnum both the artist and the intellectual, as Russell Jacoby has recently argued, have lost the quarrelsomeness and solemn sense of anti-values that were once found inside Bohemia. Such qualities are more difficult to express both from within the bureaucratic world of academe, and from the hyped *simulacra* of mass culture, which turned the eccentric forms of bohemian lifestyles into commodified expressions.

The eclipse of Bohemia and the avant-garde is closely bound to the emergence of a new moment in late-consumer capitalism. Modernism was proud of the demands it made on its audiences. Now the public, having fully integrated the aesthetic tricks of modernism, lives on its borrowed images. A portent of this trend is the transformation of history into an instantaneous electronic present: self-enclosed, pre-emptive and fully aestheticized. If postmodernist art, or any kind of postmodernist inquiry, is to play a constructive critical role then it must restructure its cultural production so that it can once again call into question the reality principle of the middle class. Whether it can fulfil this role is still an open question, though time is running out and the room to maneuver increasingly restricted. We are at an ambiguous point in what has often been an ambiguous historical moment. And it is easy in the midst of this confusion and uncertainty to succumb to the soothing illusions of the *simulacra*, or an equally soothing dark vision of postmodernist pseudo-despair. The challenge is to move towards a more diverse and democratic culture, and perhaps, a new Bohemia.

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The Closing Of The American Mind: How Higher Education Has Failed Democracy And Impoverished The Souls Of Today's Students by Allan Bloom (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1987). 392 pp.

Two reports issued in 1983 fundamentally challenged the effectiveness of the American educational system. The first, "A Nation at Risk," decried the "rising tide of mediocrity" in American Schools. It cited an "alarming decline" in educa-

tional standards and lowered SAT scores as evidence of crumbling educational standards and growing illiteracy.

The second report, by the 20th Century Fund criticized the Federal Government's role in education. It found federal intervention to be "counter-productive, entailing heavy costs and undesirable consequences." With these reports, the latest round of the "crisis" in American education was inaugurated. Since then, education has become a major national issue and the subject of several best-sellers, most notably—or notoriously—Allan Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind*.

There can be little doubt that Bloom's work has tapped into some prevailing social sentiments, the ground for which has been prepared by the neo-conservative critique of education. Neo-conservatives see a legitimacy crisis in American education based on the excess demand put on the educational system by the forces of liberalism and individualism. Higher education in particular is troubled by the conflict between popular democratic tendencies and the "internal" functions of the universities, the training of professionals and social elites. Neo-conservatives claim that post-war educational reforms and the baleful influence of Deweyan progressivism have watered down educational standards; while intellectual leaders, suffering from a "failure of nerve," have not had the courage to stand up to students and dissident intellectuals and assert real standards.

The forces of conservative restoration attempt to solve the legitimacy crisis through a return to respect for authority and intellectual standards. Many, like Secretary of Education William Bennett, have called for a return to a core curriculum: a set of required texts which provide the student with the basic ideas of Western culture. For Bennett, these ideas are absolute truths which have been corrupted by the rise of moral and intellectual relativism.

Allan Bloom's conservative jeremiad takes off from the groundwork of the neo-conservative critique of higher education. However, he gives it an even more conservative twist, rooted in the philosophy of Leo Strauss. Like Bennett, Bloom sees relativism as the central educational problem. He seeks a return to reverence and respect for authority and absolute truth based on a renewed study of classic texts—texts which Bloom views largely as sacred. Bloom grounds his argument not only in the ideas of modern conservatism, but in Plato and Aristotle. He employs the ancient model of the human soul and the idea of a rational purpose in nature to buttress his critique of modern society.

Despite Bloom's academic creden-

tials this is not a scholarly work. Not only does it lack citations and references, it is filled with misguided arguments and non-sequiturs. My personal favourite is a paragraph that begins with an allusion to Margaret Mead's sexual adventures and ends with the conclusion that "all such teachers of openness had either no interest in or were actively hostile to the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution." There is no discernable connection between the substance of the paragraph and its conclusion.

The structure of the book is equally puzzling. Divided into three loosely connected sections, *The Closing of the American Mind* vacillates between a theoretical treatment of the rise of modernity rooted in a conservative *Kulturkritik*, and personal/intellectual vendettas—against old teachers at Chicago (for teaching relativism) and colleagues at Cornell (for giving in to the black students). Biographical and criticism stand in an unresolved tension.

A treatment of these tensions would be a compelling and revealing task, however, I've chosen to focus on Bloom's arguments about the secularization of modern culture, for it is here that his link with the neo-conservative critique of education is most apparent and most insidious.

Bloom laments a disintegrating American culture racked by an easygoing nihilism which ultimately leads to the destruction of community. In treating all values as equal, it fails to affirm the distinction between good and evil, worthy and worthless. Characterized by a pervasive "openness" which accepts all without any rank order, American politics degenerates into an indiscriminating pluralism, which diverts politics into factionalism and social fragmentation. Modern pluralism, argues Bloom, views the polity as the competition of a discreet set of interests. It lacks any notion of a common public good.

If the modern polity is disordered, this is reflected in the disorder of the soul. For Bloom, as for Plato, the soul is an ordered hierarchy. The higher rational parts must govern and restrain the appetites. The *eros* that drives the soul must be shaped, moderated and directed to its true end, the good. This is the task of education. Not all, however, are capable of the proper ordering of the soul; they must be directed in other ways, by harnessing the will or the appetite in socially harmonious ways.

Modern culture does not engender the orderly shaping of *eros*. The modern family has lost the sense of piety and respect of the traditional family—though Bloom's notion of the traditional family has no real correlate in historical experience; it is more a figment of his conservative imagination. Bloom views the fam-

ily as a place where transmitted through ceremony. The modern, however, is undermined by feminism which relegates the home and attention to their careers. personal life, content of the family go against integration of family, reversible effects of proper training the passion and incapability lack the striving for desire and education. Bloom links desire and authority rather.

Bloom's account of modern society is supposed to be secularization. In a survey of the culture and politics, the middle section of the book the burden of responsibility for stripping moral authority. R. (lar) thought has metaphysics with a which sees thinking creation of a solita

Political moderation, chiavelli, who subsoul and continuation of virtue into tied to the Protestant interest has a redeemer in the political moderate balancing interest is for Blo American polity Straussians.

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The terminus of tion is found in Nie to Bloom, holds the ment of the world dissolution. Alth mines religion it i its own foundation

ily as a place where moral authority is transmitted through religious ritual and ceremony. The moral unity of the family, however, is undermined by the wave of feminism which removes women from the home and attenuates men's dedication to their careers. Besides fragmenting personal life, contemporary conceptions of the family go against nature. The disintegration of family life also has irreversible effects on children. Without proper training their souls are devoid of passion and incapable of education. They lack the striving for wholeness that links desire and education. Here, predictably, Bloom links desire to respect for order and authority rather than to freedom.

Bloom's account of the decay of modern society is supported by a critique of secularization. In a long and free-wheeling survey of the disenchantment of culture and politics, which constitutes the middle section of the book, Bloom places the burden of responsibility on rationalization for stripping away the metaphysical/religious grounds for political and moral authority. Rationalist (read secular) thought has replaced religion and metaphysics with a rampant subjectivism which sees thinking and acting as the creation of a solitary subject.

Political modernity begins with Machiavelli, who substitutes politics for the soul and continues with the transformation of virtue into self interest. When still tied to the Protestant ethic, however, self-interest has a redeeming moment clearest in the political theory of Locke. Locke's moderate balancing of enlightened self-interest is for Bloom, the basis of the American polity so admired by the Straussians.

Locke's political solution, however, is unstable. It can not fully contain the forces of secularization and the subjectivization of culture. The romantic quest for unity and spontaneity represents, for Bloom, the flip side—the dark side—of bourgeois culture, and this reinforces the tendencies toward a subjectivist interpretation of the self. The continuing disenchantment of the world has led to the rejection of nature as a teleological order. Freedom comes to be understood as pure activity. The romantic notion of culture does try to introduce moral order as a counter to disenchantment. But this substitute for religion breaks down. It loses its original universal reference and becomes exemplified in a plurality of cultures grounded in "rootedness" and "ethnicity."

The terminus of modern rationalization is found in Nietzsche who, according to Bloom, holds that reason's disenchantment of the world is the source of its own dissolution. Although reason undermines religion it is incapable of finding its own foundation. Reason requires the

abandonment of rationalism.

This insight, if true, would seem to undermine Bloom's own position, based as it is on a form of classical rationalism. However, Bloom bypasses this problem and extends his critique to modern education. Influenced by (primarily German) ideas of value-relativism and subjectivity, modern intellectuals have lost sight of the true purpose of the university. They teach the equality of values, and treat value choices as irrational ultimate decisions. Human activity becomes infinite freedom and creativity without respect for its necessary limits and awareness of the anarchy of pure freedom.

Far from being a refuge for great minds, the university is democratized. It is this threat of democracy both in the university and in society which Bloom fears the most. According to Bloom, democracy exemplifies interest detached from reason. It represents only mass opinion, and follows the concerns and fashions of the times, not the permanent truths of the cosmos. Bloom pays lip service to democracy, but denies that collective deliberation is the basis for a rational judgment.

Bloom's animus extends to socially disadvantaged groups as well. He can barely conceal his resentment against women and racial and sexual minorities who assert their own needs or desires against the supposed harmony of the whole.

Bloom's tragic lament for the fate of modernity contains its element of farce. His "solution" to the dilemma of disenchantment resorts to a magical incantation to the ghost of lost souls. Like the neo-conservatives, he takes the results of Max Weber's theory of rationalization and attempts to read back into it conclusions that the theory cannot hold. While Weber concluded that the power of religion to integrate society, culture and economy into a whole is inevitably lost in the transition from religious/metaphysical to modern worldviews, Bloom simply postulates as given a religious need that can be fulfilled only by returning to the traditional notions of the sacred. No grounds are given for this argument, nor does it seem to follow from the implications of secularization. It is a dogmatic assertion implicit throughout Bloom's book. The conservative critique of modern culture presumes that there can be no moral unity without a religious consciousness. There is, however, no reason to rule out a secular or non-transcendental conception of social solidarity—a notion internal to social life itself.

Bloom's analysis of secularization equates modern rationality with a kind of instrumental reason—one which leads to subjectivism and relativism. While Bloom may have touched on some of the pathologies of modern society, he has not

shown that modernity itself is pathological. Here his analysis confuses cause and effect. The fragmentation of culture is not due to modernity or to its form of rationality, but to the effects of a capitalist modernization. It is this process which selects out and favours the dominance of instrumental rationality, and which is at the root of the reification of culture. Bloom, however, wants to convert a social process into one that occurs mainly in the heads of intellectuals. Misguided intellectuals are at the core of the problem.

The ultimate effect of Bloom's proposal is to invalidate the experience of students. The conservative theory of human nature and the hierarchical ordering of the soul that Bloom proposes, impose an order on the drives and desires of individuals based not on the potentialities of social life, but on an historical metaphysics which conceals its own ideological basis. The alienation and devaluation of experience leaves the student open to manipulation under the guise of tutelage supposedly based on the interests of reason. These best interests, however, restrict the student's own potentials to find happiness and solidarity in relation with others.

This tactic is evident in Bloom's book. The reader is constantly told that students are incapable of judging what is good for them. They must be led to the truth by master (and primarily male) teachers. In Bloom's view the skill of the teacher lies not in a capacity for rational persuasion, or productive dialogue with students, but in erotic performance. The erotic power of the teacher is aroused and stimulated by the rapt desire of virgin students to be filled with the master's power. This interpretation of eros seems less like the dance of lovers than the last tango of erotic domination. Based on power rather than concern for the other, it places the performance of the teacher at the centre of the process.

For those of us who do not view education as a process of libidinal bondage, Bloom's view may strike us—with good reason—as perverse. The act of teaching requires a respect for the independence of learners and a willingness to listen and be educated. In a similar way the notion of culture used by conservatives is not, as Bloom seems to think, a "single coherent object" created by gods or geniuses, one which restrains and dominates an uncivilized everyday life. Far from being the solution to the educational problems of today, *The Closing of the American Mind* is a symptom of the depth of the crisis.

Brian Caterino underwent considerable education most recently at the University of Toronto. There he had a chance to observe Allan Bloom first hand. Currently, he holds the Walter Benjamin

folding chair at a library near you.

Gender and Expertise

Edited by Maureen McNeil

London: Free Association Books, 1987 266 pp.

Women have always had a lot to say about scientific rationality. But their observations have taken many different forms. In 1792, long before there was an organized women's movement, Mary Wollstonecraft argued that the inferior position of women resulted from the fact that most women did not have access to education. A true daughter of the Enlightenment, she believed that the position of women would improve only when they had the means to become as 'rational' as men.

This theme has been voiced in feminist writings as recent as those of Simone de Beauvoir, who believed that women, being closer to their 'animality', were prevented from transcending their immediate situation and thereby entering the world of cultural creativity.

Fortunately, in the years since, the scope of the debate has become broader and more complicated. Feminist approaches to rationality and science are more heterogeneous and diverse. They emanate from a number of sources including those women engaged in practical struggles, such as the women's health movement, to women involved in academic endeavours; the latter consist notably of feminists taking a deconstructive approach to the gendered metanarratives that mark Western thought.

Nevertheless, few feminisms have managed to disentangle themselves from the association of woman with nature; fewer still have stopped to problematize such slippery conceptions as rationality, expertise or technology.

Liberal feminists have, for the most part, pursued Wollstonecraft's concern about women's access to the professions and trades traditionally dominated by men. For them the only problem with expertise is how to get more of it. And it is in part due to their efforts that the number of options available to women has greatly expanded—particularly for middle and upper class women. But these so-called equity projects stop short of questioning the gendered relations of power through which expertise is defined.

In an interesting, if predictable twist, liberal feminists have also been active at important sites of popular struggle where gender and expertise have been the focus of theoretical work, namely the women's

health movement and the peace movement. Women in these movements have mounted a powerful critique of both the medical system and the military complex, arguing that because of women's closer relationship to nature and their experience as caregivers, they are in a unique position to take on the phallogocentrism of scientific rationality and to construct 'feminine' alternatives.

This position has found a strange bedfellow in that espoused by radical feminists who want to develop an alternative women's culture as a counterpoint to the violent irrationality of the male world, a philosophical approach that has been expressed eloquently in Susan Griffin's book, *Women and Nature—The Roaring Inside Her*, and notoriously in Mary Daly's *Gyn/Ecology: The Metaethics of Radical Feminism*.

To some extent it has been left to socialist feminists to push approaches to scientific rationality beyond the thorny problems of the woman/nature — man/culture split. Some of these attempts have met with varying degrees of success, a fact that is strikingly evident in *Gender and Expertise*, a new collection of essays and reviews edited by Maureen McNeil (Number 19 in the Radical Science Series).

While this volume covers a diverse range of topics and viewpoints, most of its contributors have taken a decided position against the essentialist equation of women and nature. Instead, they tend to emphasize a materialist perspective on the relationship between the position of women and the constitution of expertise in late capitalist society.

There is always danger in generalizing; however most of the essays in *Gender and Expertise* can be roughly located within a Marxist feminist camp, emphasis on the Marxist. Similar in many ways to other work produced by the Radical Science Collective, *Gender and Expertise* displays strong links to the labour process approach to technology first articulated by Harry Braverman; his influence is felt most clearly in the section on Work.

Sonia Liff's article, "Gender Relations in the Construction of Jobs," for instance, attempts to move beyond a narrow analysis that examines the sexual division of labour in the workplace, to one that acknowledges gender as a dynamic in the development and structure of the labour process, including the adoption of technology. Equally important is her assertion that the social relations of the workplace are a significant force in the construction of gender.

But the overwhelming feeling we get when reading this book is that, despite protests to the contrary, a feminist analysis has simply been grafted onto a Marx-

ist framework. Anne Karpf, for example, states in her article, "Recent Feminist Approaches to Women and Technology," that "I am interested in how Marxist analyses of technology can be amplified and enriched to consider the effects of technology not only on class relations but also on gender relations."

This is what we call the "add gender and stir" approach. We would argue that this approach does not adequately address the complexity of the problems surrounding the constitution of gender, knowledge and expertise — in the 'hard' sciences or in the study of social issues. This, in fact, is a problem that arises throughout *Gender and Expertise* primarily because the authors never really tackle how we define expertise, science, technology, or gender for that matter. The first three concepts are used in such a way as to further muddy the conceptual waters.

The result in many of the articles is a continual semantic slippage: technology, for instance, is seen variously as a *process* or a type of *object*, imposed on the gendered subject from without. This has two immediate consequences: firstly, it renders women passive in the face of a technological juggernaut; secondly, by giving technology a life of its own, discussions of this sort fall short of challenging the constituent elements of technological practice.

Furthermore, as Pam Linn argues, there is more to technology than just hardware:

On its own, matter is nothing at all. For us it never exists in that asocial sense. It is always constituted in the social practices of language and other forms of representation, in traditions of use, with associated techniques and training procedures, in domains of knowledge, and

in relations of production and consumption. In short, technology is a cultural product.

Leaving aside the articles by Linn, Donna Haraway ("Contested Bodies"), and to some extent McNeil, the tendency to 'thingify' technology is a problem throughout *Gender and Expertise*. This is in no small part due to the productionist tendencies of Marxist thought. Other feminists, by taking up the issue of representation, have had more success in tackling how technologies and the 'value-free' practices of science are gendered cultural productions.

Borrowing from the traditions of literary criticism and psychoanalysis, theorists such as Evelyn Fox Keller, Jane Flax and Sandra Harding have attempted "to read science like a text" in order to reveal its social meaning. These studies share, as Flax has put it, "a profound skepticism regarding universal (or universalizing) claims about the existence, nature and powers of reason, progress, science, language and the 'subject/self'". Central to this project is a deconstruction of representations of gender and expertise as a point of departure for the analysis of social life in late capitalist societies. Upon such an understanding, emancipatory practices can be developed.

To the credit of *Gender and Expertise*, all of its contributors share a commitment to developing transformative strategies. Articles on adult education, teaching girls science, reviews of books about a famous scientist (Barbara McClintock) and a not-so-famous black nurse who tended the soldiers during the Crimean War (Mary Seacole) are much appreciated. Pam Linn's description of her involvement with the Technology Networks, set up under the auspices of the Greater London Council, adeptly

describes the obstacles encountered in transforming the power relations that define technology, not the least of which is sexism. And last but not least, the 30-page critical bibliography included with *Gender and Expertise* is an invaluable tool.

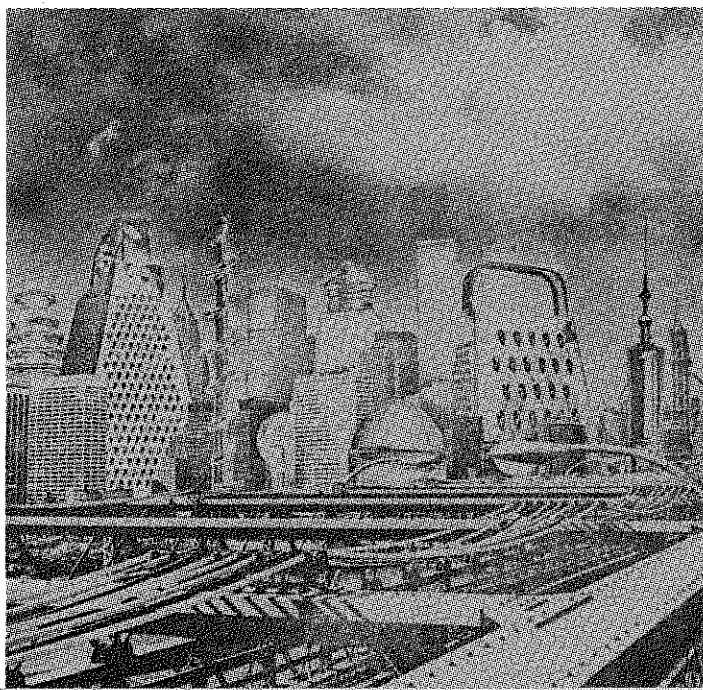
In certain sense the strengths and the weaknesses of this collection are epitomized by McNeil's call (in "Being Reasonable Feminists") for the need to develop "really useful" feminist knowledge to liberate women. On the one hand, the emphasis on practical strategies is a pointed antidote to Left intellectualism. On the other hand, it's something of a red herring to demand "really useful" knowledge without specifying the power relations that capitalize on some forms of knowledge as "useful" and discount others.

To be blunt, how can we begin to resist gendered technologies without understanding the technologies of gender?

Although *Gender and Expertise* is an accessible introduction to current feminist directions, its theoretical lacunae underline the need for a more adequate theorization of gender in analyses of expertise with respect to the sexual division of labour and the constitution of women's subjectivities. More generally, it seems clear that a progressive politics and science will have to include a self-conscious and critical examination of the relationship between the social experience of its creators and the kinds of knowledge that get produced.

As Sandra Harding puts it on the last page of *The Science Question in Feminism*, feminist theorists began their work knowing that the tasks ahead would be difficult. "But I doubt that in our wildest dreams we ever imagined we would have to reinvent both science and theorizing

*Metropolis II, Christopher Plowman
reprinted from Gender and Expertise*



itself in order to make social experience."

Katherine Scott is at York University and Women's Press. Peter Laurie is a first graduate student at

Selling Culture: B. Vreeland and the New Reagan's America
by **Debora Silverman**
New York: Pantheon

Theodore Adorno's amateur is incompetent in the museum. Indeed it is the collector between the scholar and the uneducated who have created and the uneducated have reluctantly captured an audience, which has an atmosphere of uncertainty in the present crisis of the result of the waning of the museum in the wake of the also attendant on the capture an audience wanted in the first years ago, that "if it to visiting museum of everything," has Repeated surveys thirty years have shown audience has remained middle-aged. Children elderly and the conspicuous by their political tendencies seventies followed economic hardship attempt to justify by trying to broaden make money. Although ours are undoubtedly servative trend in money-making priority. The absurcise is pointed up nature of the museum personal collection crats and scholars teenth and seventies

It is against Debora Silverman Much of its force comfort at the inc not only into the m within it reserved curator-consultant tion is Diana Vre teuse and ex-edite per's Bazaar. Aft ting the cultural ar

self in order to make sense of women's social experience."

Catherine Scott is a graduate student at York University and a member of the Women's Press.

Peter Laurie is a freelance writer and a graduate student at York University.

Selling Culture: Bloomingdale's. Diana Vreeland and the New Aristocracy of Taste in Reagan's America

by Debora Silverman

New York: Pantheon Books 1986

Theodore Adorno once wrote that the amateur is incomparably more comfortable in the museum than is the expert. Indeed it is the conflict of interest between the scholars and connoisseurs, who have schooled the modern museum, and the uneducated public, whom they have reluctantly come to see as their audience, which has created the current atmosphere of uncertainty. Although the present crisis of the museum is largely a result of the waning of government funding in the wake of economic decline, it is also attendant on the museum's failure to capture an audience which it never really wanted in the first place. The fear expressed by a French curator some forty years ago, that "if the public at large took to visiting museums, it would be the end of everything," has proved groundless. Repeated surveys taken over the last thirty years have shown that the museum audience has remained middle class and middle-aged. Children and youths, the elderly and the working class are conspicuous by their absence. The populist political tendencies of the sixties and seventies followed closely by increasing economic hardship, have led museums to attempt to justify their existence both by trying to broaden their audience and make money. Although the two endeavours are undoubtedly linked, a neo-conservative trend in government led to the money-making project attaining first priority. The absurdity of the entire exercise is pointed up by recalling the elitist nature of the museum: its origins lie in the personal collections of cultivated aristocrats and scholars of Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

It is against this background that Debora Silverman's book is to be read. Much of its force comes from her discomfort at the incursion of the amateur not only into the museum, but the domain within it reserved for the expert: that of curator-consultant. The amateur in question is Diana Vreeland, socialite, *raconteuse* and ex-editor of *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*. After an introduction setting the cultural and political scene, Sil-

verman begins with two events: Bloomingdale's "China" campaign in the fall of 1980, and Vreeland's concurrent exhibition of Chinese imperial court dress of the Ching dynasty (1644-1912) at the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute. The interest in Chinese exotica is further traced to the costumes worn by Nancy Reagan and others at Ronald Reagan's first inauguration in January 1981. The second chapter covers the period 1981-84, when Diana Vreeland presented three shows at the Costume Institute with French Culture as their theme. They were: "The Eighteenth Century Woman" which detailed the extravagant and frivolous lifestyle of the French aristocracy on the eve of the revolution, "The Belle Epoque" looking back at Parisian high and low life just prior to the First World War, and Bloomingdale's campaign "Fête de France" which immediately followed it. "Twenty Five Years of Yves Saint Laurent" was a retrospective of the works of this *haute*

couture designer who is a close personal friend of Vreeland. The third chapter is an extended review of Vreeland's memoir, *D.V.*, which was marketed by the museum in conjunction with the Saint Laurent exhibition. Chapter Four describes the exhibition "Man and Horse," a display of equestrian clothing used by the English aristocracy, and notes its sponsorship by the designer Ralph Lauren. The final chapter traces these equestrian and Anglophile themes through Reagan's second inauguration and other mass cultural events in 1985. Two other exhibitions, Vreeland's "Costumes of Royal India" and the (Washington) National Gallery's "Treasure Houses of Britain" are also described. The book has numerous black and white illustrations of material from the exhibits and sales campaigns, as well as the principal persons mentioned in the text and some comparative historical material.

Silverman sees all these events as being closely connected to the expansion

of political neo-conservatism. While Reagan and his entertainment and fashion associates posture on stage, social services are dismantled to feed the maw of the industrial-military complex. Silverman has set herself an extremely ambitious project, especially when the work purports to be little more than "a discrete cultural reading to stimulate thought and discussion." Unfortunately, the issues that this book tries to tackle are far beyond the intellectual tools brought to bear on them.

One of Silverman's constant refrains is the lack of scholarship and correct museological practice, evident in Vreeland's displays. She defines a good museum exhibit as one which fills three criteria: correct historical interpretation, public education, and technical perfection. Silverman has apparently little background in museology and seems not entirely aware of recent developments in this field. Even the most hidebound of curators have been forced in the present



Diana Vreeland in her Park Avenue Apartment
photo: Pricilla Rattazi, reprinted from *Selling Culture*

climate to concede that their audience is entitled to an aesthetic experience or even simple pleasure. Indeed, it was the enthusiasm of the connoisseurs which first created collections and provided them with a public. Furthermore, some of Vreeland's seemingly questionable practices, such as the use of perfume in actual exhibits, were suggested as long ago as 1967 by Marshall McLuhan and Harley Parker of the Royal Ontario Museum. Silverman's outrage at the use of store mannequins to display the costumes is particularly ironic since much of the exhibition techniques of the modern museum have been copied from department stores and trade fairs.

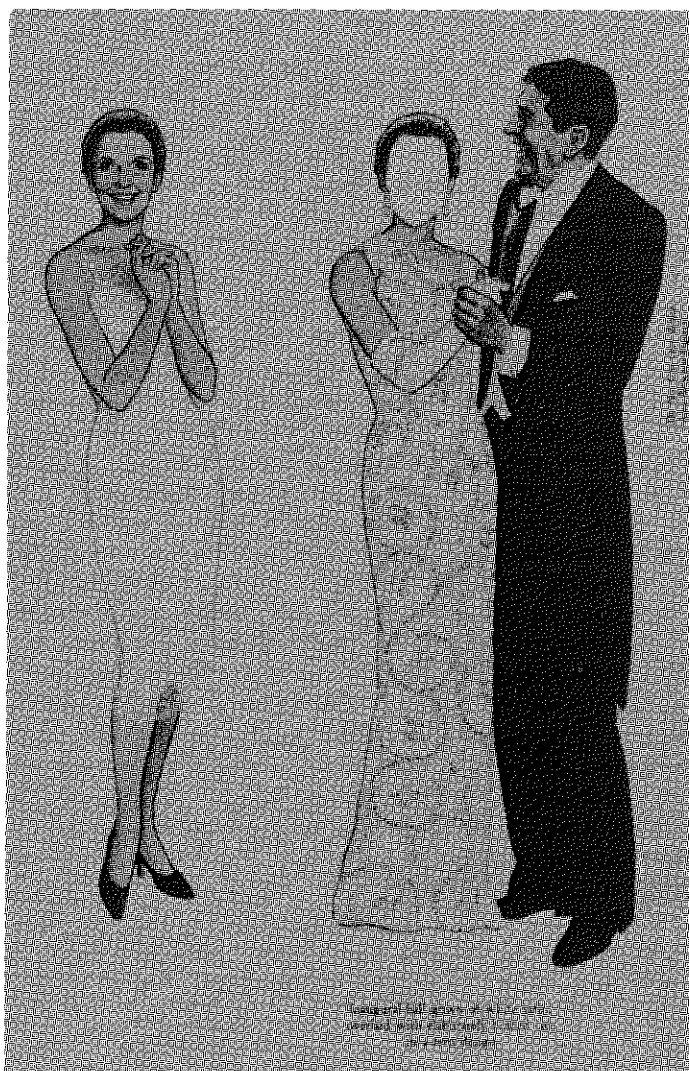
The lack of an adequate theoretical framework condemns Silverman's book to be little more than an outburst of rage against forces which she cannot understand. The popularity of Vreeland's exhibitions is not a monument to the cupidity and intransigence of those who run the Metropolitan Museum. Still less is it an outcome of the Reagans' entry into the White House. The commodification of culture has been taking place at an accelerated pace since the sixties and is a direct result of the development and consolidation of a late capitalist political economy. The apparent dichotomy between life and art has evaporated as the work of art itself has begun to incorporate elements of life through collage, and other techniques. On the other hand, social life has been transformed by an infusion of aesthetic values. This end, one of the major desiderata of the modernist avant-garde, has been adopted as the most important marketing strategy of post-industrial capitalism. The question of whether any resistant, progressive culture can exist in an environment where there is no longer anywhere that is "outside" art has provided much of the material for the "Postmodernism" debate which is now some five years old in the U.S.

It is perhaps because of her own intellectual and class background that Silverman has chosen to ignore this literature. A holder of three degrees from Princeton, she seems to adhere to an upper class liberalism with elements of *noblesse oblige*. She makes much of the many foundations and bequests provided by industrialists for American museums in the late nineteenth century, as well as the "historical" consciousness of Jackie Kennedy as manifested in her project to restore the White House to its "original" appearance. Despite her knowledge of modern cultural history, Silverman does not seem to be aware that the foundation of museums in the last century was part of a movement which aimed at substituting culture for religion as the consolation of the masses. That the Kennedys were no

less media creations than are the Reagans is obvious. Yet it seems that the greatest offence of the Reagans' circle in Silverman's eyes, is that they are upstarts, lacking taste and breeding. It is also from this perspective that she misinterprets Vreeland's *gaucheries* as evidence of an unfeeling, even sadistic character. They are more likely attributable to a combination of a desire to shock with the lack of a formal education. Silverman even accuses Vreeland of showing disrespect for Queen Mary.

In this light, Silverman's attack on Vreeland's lack of scholarship and supposed untruthfulness about herself is particularly irritating, especially when it becomes apparent that the author often fails to adhere to the rigorous standards of academic research which she claims to uphold. Although Silverman is obviously well informed about the social and cultural history of France in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries (it is after all, her "field"), she seems a lot less authoritative on events in China which formed the background to trade agreements with the U.S. and gave rise to such phenomena as Bloomingdale's "China" campaign. The only relevant work listed in the bibliography is Orville Schell's coffee table book *To Get Rich Is Glorious: China in the 80s* (Pantheon 1984). Most of the other items included here, apart from the monographs, were culled from such sources as *The New York Times*, *Time* and *New York* a "lifestyle" magazine. In the chapter devoted to Vreeland's memoirs, there are many instances where passages are misquoted, taken out of context or wilfully distorted. To protest that *D.V.* is "a memoir without memory, an autobiography without time" is to miss the point. The scholarly method which Silverman claims to be defending is supposed to be based on a careful and unbiased examination of all relevant material.

I would also like to point out the role that rhetoric plays in this book. To begin with, it partakes of its central thesis: that the hyperbole of politics and advertising in the hands of inveterate liars like Ronald Reagan and Diana Vreeland has converted culture and scholarship into the dross of commerce. It is perhaps because of the nature of her material, as well as a strongly emotional reaction to it, that Silverman is tripped up by her tropes. She seems unable to distinguish pertinent fact from irrelevant anecdote. Are we seriously expected to believe that Diana Vreeland and Nancy Reagan are in close cahoots because Nancy once "invited Mrs. Vreeland to dine at the White House and she shares her passion for the colour red?" It also seems unlikely that a chance remark by Nancy's hairdresser, that he "loved Lauren/Polo" hints at some vast



reprinted from *Selling Culture*

and sinister conspiracy to undermine good taste and grind the faces of the poor. Silverman's comparisons of the Reagan elite with the French aristocrats of the *ancien régime* are just as misleading and inaccurate as Vreeland's own ahistorical musings. Given her material, it is not surprising that Silverman has blown trivial personages out of all proportion. Lacking a self-conscious point of view, she cannot understand that there is room for playfulness and enjoyment in cultural activities. When she criticises the Vreeland persona, Silverman seems to have forgotten the psychological truism that everyone is their own creation. As recent work in this field has shown, the fabrication of autobiography is part of a process of invention beginning in young children and set in motion by the acquisition of language. Where there is text, any text, there is duplicity, where there is narrative, there are lies. It is the failure to deal with these issues that limits *Selling Culture's* contribution to the study of cultural history and museology.

I do not wish to give an entirely negative impression, however. As Borges put

it: "After rereading I am apprehensive lest I have not sufficiently underlined the book's virtues. It contains some very civilized expressions..." It does indeed. Silverman's wit, when it is displayed, is neither heavy-handed nor excessive but points up well the monstrous absurdity of the protagonists. Her obvious familiarity with and deep understanding of recent Western cultural history holds out many an unexpected pleasure for the reader. Even if Silverman still cherishes a dream of the fulfillment of the Enlightenment project, we cannot doubt her good will in so doing. As I suggested above, her failures stem in most part from mapping out too large a terrain of enquiry, and not least from venturing into the modern museum in a critical spirit, where few have gone before her.

Robyn Gillam is a graduate student in the Near Eastern Studies Department at the University of Toronto. She is interested in the representation of ancient cultures in academic and popular discourses.

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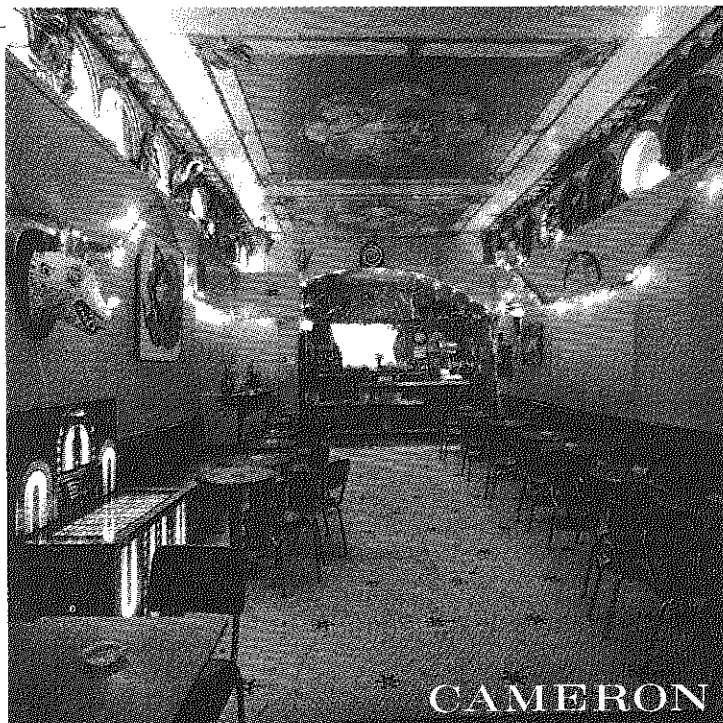
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ME(A)SURE: a Conference on Contemporary Art
Canadian Association of Artists (ANNPAC/RACAPAC), Manitoba, June 1-5, 1988. Gilles Herbert Art Centre, 460 Main St., Winnipeg, MB. 2B6 (204) 965-5500

Center for Research in Literature: Tradition and Innovation
July 9-11 University of Toronto. David Wood or Susan Wood for Research in Literature, University of Toronto, England CV4 7A

Phenomenology of Aesthetics
The VIIIth American Seminar, Northampton, MA, July 15-25, 1988. This seminar is for painters, sculptors, literary critics, and philosophers in a dialogue. Contact: American Society for the Fine Arts and Phenomenology of Art, Belmont, MA 02458

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Conferences

Teaching and Learning in Higher Education

Eighth Annual Conference at McMaster University, Hamilton, Ontario, June 18-21, 1988. This conference gives faculty, teaching assistants, educational researchers and developers, study skills counsellors and administrators a forum in which to examine ways to improve teaching and learning in post-secondary education. Topics will include: teaching critical thinking, teaching communication skills, promoting active learning, evaluating learning, adapting teaching to learning styles, improving student evaluation of teaching, facilitating the first year experience for students. Write: S.T.L.H.E., c/o Instructional Development Center, McMaster University, Hamilton, Ontario L8S 4K1. Ph.(416) 525-9140

ME(A)SURE: a Conference About Artists and Contemporary Art Criticism

ANNPAC/RACA Annual Conference, Manitoba, June 10-12, 1988. Contact: Gilles Herbert ANNPAC/MANITOBA, 460 Main St., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3B 2B6 (204) 965-5985

Center for Research in Philosophy and Literature: Translation/Transmission/Tradition

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International Comparative Literature

Association: Space and Boundaries
August 22-27, 1988, Munich, Germany. Write: Roger Bauer, Abt. für Vergleichende Literaturwissenschaft, Institut für Deutsche Philologie, Schellingstrasse 3, D-8000 München 40, Federal Republic of Germany

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University of British Columbia, August 2-26, 1988. Some Courses offered: Deconstruction and the Margins of Theory (G. Spivak), The Ethnography of Modernity (J. Clifford), The Social History of the Body (J. O'Neill) Signature Event Context: Readings in Canadian Literature (S. Scobie), The Indian Woman in Myth and Symbol: Literature, Cinema, Painting (N. Dev Sen), The Evolution of Semiosis (S. Sebeok), Romanticism and Reading: Theory, Practice, Hermeneutics (T. Rajan) Colloquia: The Semiotics of Representation, Aug.5-7; The Body as System, Aug.12-13; Cultures in Conflict: The Problem of Discourse Aug.19-21. Workshops: Catastrophe Theory (A.

Wildon), Teletheory (G. Ulmer), Writing Narrative Ethnography (B. Tedlock), Can. Literature and the Question of Ethnicity (B. Goddard) Write: Prof. L. Weir, Director, ISISSS 88, c/o Program in Comparative Literature, University of British Columbia, 1866 Main Mall, Vancouver, B.C. Can. V6T 1W5. Ph. 228-2365

21st Annual Conference of the American Italian Historical Association

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American Studies Association: Creativity in Capitol Differences—The Cultures of Gender, Race, Ethnicity, and Class

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