Post-Modern Lover

by Raj Panna

Let us deconstruct pedagogies
You and I
My post-modern lover
(The pornographic eye)
(The pornographic eye)
(Objectifying the objectified)

Go ahead post-modern stud
Go ahead and signify me
the significant Other
I, the sublimated eye,
a reification of your recursive need,
a construct of your phallic imperative.

And, (Oh baby!) If you didn’t insist upon ejaculating your obscurantist abstractionisms into my imploding subjectivity. Why honey. I’d be nothing more than a tragic exotic haunting the periphery of discourse.

Come my darling. (Literally and figuratively) Let us ardently theorize about our mutual positioning within the canonical tradition of the Masque Grotesque. And yet, unlike the masses, (otherwise known as those ignorant, sorry bastards who fuck, bonk, get their potatoes cooked, etc.). We, the literate practitioners of a civilized heuristics, will merely subvert the institutionalized hegemony that is maintained by the Heterosexual Romantic Love Paradigm.

Now, my angst-ridden genius. What do you presuppose will be the end result of our dialogic consensus? Well, what else? An aborted dialogue.

In May 1995, Shyam Selvadurai received the Books in Canada/Smith Books First Novel Prize for his novel, Funny Boy, published in 1994. Printed here are excerpts from his acceptance speech.

I have been out of the country for the last four months and it was nice to know that in my absence David Aykroyd took on a new issue—pimping, thanks to this award. The award has also helped to increase Funny Boy's visibility at a time in our country when the message of the book has become more important than ever—imposed by the federal government on future immigrants and refugees.

As you know, Funny Boy is about the violence in Sri Lanka that leads to a Tamil family losing everything. Its home, its livelihood, and its psychic well-being. Yet the book has a bittersweet ending: the sweetness being that the family is granted a reprieve—the family members are to come to Canada and start life again. True, they will be poor and lonely, but they get another opportunity.

Well, I went to Sri Lanka in 1995. I would have to end the book differently. I would have to say that the family members did not get to come to Canada. They do not get a second chance at life. Forced to remain in Sri Lanka, they would likely spend their lives in refugee camps. The father would find it difficult to find food because of the constant attacks on the family. Ape, the narrator of Funny Boy, might end up as a used car dealer in the cockpit of a midnight raid during which the police round up young Tamil boys, take them off to prison, and torture them. In other words, the ending would be simply sinister.

My family was lucky in that we did not have to experience this. However, we have lost out to 150,000 rupees—half a year's salary for a doctor. I'm not sure that even we, an upper-middle-class family, could have afforded to come here. So what will be the plight of disadvantaged Tamil parents and especially refugees, who have lost everything?

I have always thought of being Canadian as a status conferred. I am sorry to have returned to this country to find that rather than a mainstream trickle becoming the words of the government, "it is now a commodity to be sold, as someone in the government said. It’s only the cost of a Colon TV."