Contemporary Music:
An Encounter with John Rea
Ethnicity as Post-Modernism

Il Nuovo Barocco
Le mythe de l’ailleurs
Strangers’ Fugue:
An Interview with Aldo Mazza
Read Mary Melfi

A Bride in Three Acts

MARY MELFI
A BRIDE IN THREE ACTS
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and

A Queen Is Holding a Mummified Cat

MARY MELFI
A QUEEN IS HOLDING A MUMMIFIED CAT
Guernica Editions

Capezio: The Art of Dance

Capezio and Dance
Vice Versa and Words

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After two years of publication, primarily within the Montreal context, we thought the time had come to move outside Quebec and link our reflections with the wider Canadian spectrum. Vice-Versa is a bi-monthly magazine published in Montreal since 1983. It covers literature, social criticism and the arts free from academic concerns; what characterizes its way of viewing things is an open, non-ideological approach that we call «transcultural». You will notice it in the magazine's choice of topics, in its trilingualism, and in the names of its editorial staff and contributors. In Vice Versa, we meet at a cross-roads of various cultural universes, a shifting perspective whose boundaries are as wide as those of emigration.

Vice-Versa is not only an instrument of change, but a product of the profound transformations that our society is undergoing.

These are just a few reasons why we think Vice-Versa deserves your attention. And more than that, we hope you will adopt it as your magazine.

Contents

4 John Rea, Musician  
by Laurence Cohen

6 Zen and the Computer Screen  
by Marco Fratelli

7 Heels Clicking  
by Joseph Maviglia

8 Strangers' Fugue: an Interview with Aldo Mazza  
by Antonino Mazza

10 Ethnicity as Post-Modernism  
by Fulvio Caccia

12 Il Nuovo Barocco  
by Antonio D'Alfonso

14 Immigrant Culture or the Identity of the Voiceless People  
by Marco Micone

16 Surprise in the Archive  
by Bruno Ramirez

17 The Empire Strikes Back  
by Lamberto Tassinari

19 Le Mythe de l'Ailleurs  
Claude Beausoleil

20 In Search of a Lost Culture  
by Bruno Ramirez

20 An Italian Anthology  
by Maria Redi

21 The Way They Talk in Broke City  
by David Homel

22 D.A.F.: a German Minimalist Duo and its Weltanschauung  
by Christian Roy

24 Comic-Strips  
by Vittorio

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Vice Versa  
P.O. Box 821, Station N.D.G.  
Montreal, Quebec, H4A 3S2
H is music? Veritable sound paintings, the interplay of structures and forms, from opera to electronic music, his works display great variety. According to him, it is with chamber and orchestral music that his message comes across best. In Corn-possession, he succeeded in creating a 20th century tarantella, a work which, at present, remains the only "detour" into his past — into the Italian Mezzogiorno, land of his parents. "When I wrote this piece," he says, "I understood those words of Jean Cocteau: The more a poet sings inside his genealogical tree, the more he sings in tune. But as I see it, the more he sings, the more he cannot help but sing inside his genealogical tree." Being a painter of sounds, Rea has often been inspired by pictorial works: Hommage à Vasarely (1977), an optical/kinetic-like work whose topological distribution of orchestral instruments alludes to similar visual grids in the works of Vasarely Treppenmusik 1982, making reference to the paradoxical staircases — ascents and descents to somewhere/nowhere — and other strange configurations found in the graphic works of M.C. Escher, where time develops its own consonance beyond our Euclidian logic; and recently, Spin (1984), a quintet inspired by two tableaux of British artist, Peter Sedgley, using the same rhythms (4 minute cycles) of kinetic objects made from mirrors, filters and light projections. Rea often plays with words as with the palindromes in Prologue, Scene and Movement, or juxtaposes them with sounds as in the spoken-opera Le Petit Livre des Ravalet. Sometimes his compositions evoke myths: The Prisoners Play, an opera; The Days, a ballet; La Dernière Sirène (The Last Siren), a trio. At other times, they reflect a kind of orientalism. From his travels to Asia (Indonesia, Japan, China), he has retained a certain point of view. He says that Mediator (Plectrum) is a friendly attempt at communication between musical instruments of our tradition and certain sounds and gestures of East Asian music. Reception and Offering Music, a work which uses expressly the context of Tibetan ritual music, pays homage by way of musical quotations to composers such as Mahler, Bach and others, composers who, he says, may be thought of as Buddhas. One finds musical quotations in his work (again in Treppenmusik and La Dernière Sirène) in the way one might come to a crossroad where past meets present. This kind of multiplying (of live music, of recorded music and of this music sometimes heard again overlapping with the former at the end of a performance) makes one think of the process of wanting to surpass oneself, of magical enchantment, of stretching and contracting the time through which Rea elaborates his musical compositions.

Q.: You are one of the founding members of "Les Événements du Neuf". For what reasons was the society created?
A.: "Événements du Neuf" was founded seven years ago. In the beginning and as it still does today, the society wished to, as it were, break away. However, without it being a revolutionary act, our goal was to help audiences better know and appreciate different perspectives in 20th century music.

The key word here is "perspective": to listen, to see, to consider an object from different angles. It often involves the rediscovery of a musical or visual object which one thought exhausted or empty. This is our modest contribution in the field of contemporary aesthetics.

Paisage, at the beginning of this century, painted works whose images result from the superimposition of many vanishing points. There is a similar procedure at work in our wish to listen to music by way of many perspectives, many vanishing points. It helps one's appreciation and enhances, if I may say so, one's aesthetic pleasure.

Q.: The place where you give concerts changes with each event.
A.: Yes, for the most part, because it helps perception. When the place changes, the environmental context changes and, consequently, so do the visual and acoustical perspectives. Instead of being seated in a traditional hall with a prosenium stage, one might find oneself in another space: in the center, or to the side of a stage or area where the action, the visual object or sonic gesture is unfolding. It also depends on what music we are performing.

Q.: It would seem also that the society is interested in breaking down geographical frontiers as well.
A.: That depends. Each concert has its own inspiration. Five years ago, we presented music of the composers of Les Événements du Neuf at the time, Vivier, Evangelista and myself.

The concert was entitled "Travel Books." Because our own music had come to show the influence of certain non-Western cultures, we decided to invite our listeners to make a journey with us, albeit an abbreviated one. By way of certain musical examples and texts read between our compositions, we tried to show our audience how it was that we came to take such aesthetic decisions in our music, to travel "there" rather than "here", so to speak.

Musicians must work with the nationality of sounds, and that's a fact. Why does music sound the way it does? Our compositions tried to explain other musics (Indonesian, Japanese, Chinese), not as a point of departure but rather as a point of reference for our listeners. Well, these were the perspectives which crossed each other and fused within our own music and within this concert. And, since then, all our concerts have had similar
Q.: And what about the new next generation of composers? You teach at McGill University.
A.: That's a very good question because music is changing from day to day. It is unbelievable. With computers, for example, one can produce music which is of a family of sounds which now most of us recognize without difficulty. The music of young people in their early twenties take the academic courses and, within a few months, possess the tools to produce a music which one might imagine cold and sterile.

But no, it's not the case at all! They have found the means to manipulate the facade screen in such a way as to compose and realize a music which is quite attractive, sensual and substantial.

It is not an affected music nor is it abstract. For young people no longer are attracted to "weird", cosmic music; they rather compose something down-to-earth.

I wonder if this is due to the influence of pop-music, encouraging young composers to write music which is more sensual than intellectual. I do wonder, for one, don't believe in this dichotomy between sensuality and the intellect. It's a kind of pseudo-argument dear to young people. Well-composed music may be both intellectual as well as sensual.

Twenty years ago, there seemed to be a dichotomy between sterile, intellectual music and music which was romantic and sensual. Today, these categories no longer are broken bringing everyone to the point of confusion, a worsening of aesthetic importance.

Young composers today have a great deal of liberty. In the extreme, their problem is too much liberty. Someone commissions a young composer to write a new work. So the composer rushes himself; does not have the time! I don't know; for what instrument? I don't know; what is the subject? I don't know.

You can do anything and that is stressful! For many years now, there has been a lot of research and still more research in technology. But, surprisingly, the desire to communicate with audiences has come back into the artist's thinking as he searches for an aesthetic formula which to him feels to be very promising.

Q: What is contemporary music written for?
A.: It's written for everyone or for just a few people?

Q: Indeed, that is the question.
A.: Not long ago, and for the first time in Canada, a contemporary music festival was held (unofficial). World Music Days of the International Society for Contemporary Music, U.S.A. The society was founded in 1922 in Austria. Sixty years later, I was able to have a realization of contemporary music. In 1922, the answer to this question would have been, "well, this music is for us, the composers; or for us, the person who creates music for other listeners (understood to be very specific class of well-informed people).

But since that time, needless to say everything has changed. Even today, since the World War. All the categories have been exploded and music is found everywhere. Distinctions are not as clear as they once were and everything seems to overlap.

One used to be able to contrast serious music with popular music, the distance between the two being a vast ocean. But, today, so-called serious composers also write popular music. And composers of "rock" or "punk" submit musical scores which, according to me, are quite informed, serious and weighty both in their philosophical as well as sonorous content.

Especially in the last ten years, these two areas of musical discourse intersect. It's a kind of no man's land. To give you an example of what I mean. One day recently while I was searching for my favourite radio station, I happened to hear an announcement and then for the moment version of "Let's Go Crazy" by Prince, that month's hit song.

Well, the singer began to sing. You could hear the punk influence, the rock influence, a little bit of Michael Jackson etc., and all of it quite energetic and very rhythmic. When all of a sudden, during the reprise of the melody, another kind of orchestration appears and Prince shouts out, "Let's go crazy!

Well, the composer arranges the piece, in order to describe a state of madness, composers two minutes of what seemed to me to be music as complex as Schenberg's "Was this an anachronistic or humouristic sound effect? In any event, the young listeners of this record will be appreciating the music of Schenberg, Boulez and Stockhausen composed inside as well as outside. This may be the first or one of the first times that popular music includes within itself a portion of elaborately composed so-called 'rudimentary' music.

And the opposite is also true. There are so-called serious composers who exploit the harmonies, colours and harmonious progressions of popular music. What's going on today really is taking place within a no man's land between serious and popular music.

Q.: What do you foresee in the future?
A.: I am not a prophet, but I must say that I have been impressed by many things. My music has become more gentle, which is to say less aggressive than 15 years ago. But imagine 100 years ago, that genius Monteverdi managed two careers: he composed one kind of music for the Church and another kind for the Prince.

He was able to separate the intentions of a work said to be religious from the intentions of a work said to be profane. Well, today, popular music composers work with the same tools, the same instruments as composers of so-called serious music.

One day, a composer may work in one of these two worlds and, on the next day, in the other. This is what I mean when I say 'no man's land'.

Following Monteverdi, music evolved to become the product of this mixture of two styles - one for the Church and another for the Prince. I believe that we may be in a similar situation right now, a sort of covenant, music - call it sacred if you wish - becoming transformed by popular, profane, secular music. And vice versa.

And then there are other influences which make themselves felt. One may hear, for example, inside the music of Steve Reich the classical musics of the Orient, Asia and Africa. I can say in all composers often lose where we are! I happen to live in Montreal.

But is it necessary to live in Montreal in order to compose our music? A moment ago, I said that everyone writes local music. Well, yes. But, would one be able to compose the exact same sort of music in Paris? Perhaps, perhaps not. Composers here, in Paris, in Germany, in Vancouver, in Japan are all working on this new music with its influences coming from rock-n-roll, oriental music, and so-called serious music. I wonder what our sensitivity will be toward such things fifteen years from now? Question mark.
by Marco Fraticelli

Zen and the Computer Screen

According to the author, the computer may be a tool in the creation of a new form of writing — visual poetry with movement.

So, the merger of haiku and the computer might seem an incongruous one. How could any two things be more diametrically opposed than that monster of plastic and silicon and those dainty three-line poems from the East? This misconception is based as much on an unfounded mistrust of the computers as it is on a misunderstanding of the haiku form.

A haiku is more than three lines and seventeen syllables. Haiku differs from Western poetry not only in its form, but also in its intent. Traditional Western poetry is much more expository than its Eastern counterpart. The poet attempts to lay bare his thoughts and feelings for the reader to experience.

On the other hand, haiku is less poetry of exposition and more an exercise in experience which serves to constantly remind the poet of the moment in which he finds himself. It is this focus on the present moment that haiku share with Zen. «Now» is the essence of Zen. Haiku may be viewed as a Zen exercise in learning to experience each present instant and, as a by-product, to capture it in poetry.

There are still those who prefer to write their haiku on rice paper about lily ponds, plum blossoms and temple bells. In the North American context, these poems have a hollow ring to them. They appear to have been created more for their value as artifacts than as the result of a process attempting to deal with the complexities and ironies in which we find ourselves each moment.

In recent years, there have been numerous efforts made to expand the traditionally rigid haiku form. Some poets have been writing haiku of one line, others those of just two words. Another new direction which the haiku has taken in the last few years is into the area of concerts or visual poetry. Within this context, what could seem more logical than the poet’s use of the computer to further extend the bounds on the haiku and bring it into the 1980’s.

When I first acquired a computer, I was primarily interested in its capabilities as a word processor. My plan was to store all my work on computer disks so that I could then print up copies when I needed them or make corrections without retyping entire pages.

However, I soon became aware of the many other possibilities which the computer presents. One of these possibilities is that of movement. The typewritten page is static, whereas the computer provides the writer with constant motion of a rocking chair c) a record skipping over and over, d) the constant motion of a rocking chair. Besides motion, the computer provides the writer with control over the element of time. Normally, the poet has no control over the rate at which his poems are read unless he himself is giving a reading. On the computer, this is not so.

The writer controls the rate at which words appear or disappear from the screen. He can leave a word or group of words on the screen for a few seconds and then add to them or have them disappear to be replaced by a blank screen on a new phrase. For example, in one of the haiku previously mentioned, these words appear in the center of the screen:

In the darkness beside me
Your voice

When I first acquired a computer, I was primarily interested in its capabilities as a word processor.

According to the author, the computer may be a tool in the creation of a new form of writing — visual poetry with movement.
I wonder what they thought to find, gathering courage, packing hearts in kerchiefs, travelling long and hungry miles. Was it hope for a new start or fear dogging their heels?

Locked in their memory, a god hangs upside down, his sweet tongue purpled into foam dangling in a cold piazza. Talk of travel fills the air like rabid cats. Francesca says, “Can’t you sit still?” as Domenico stuffs a deck of playing cards into his suit-coat pocket. “I never have!” he answers. “It’s in my blood to move!”

Magnetic teeth slash at Francesca’s eyes. The burn of rope on twisted toes returns to haunt her, as Domenico’s heels click down the back porch stairs.

Il Duce, (Sweet One) was the nickname of Benito Mussolini.
Strangers' Fugue:

An Interview with Aldo Mazza

by Antonino Mazza

Where are answers possible for what follows. There is the obvious literary

8

self, and then proceed to turn an anecdote into the autographic speech, of the artist's auto-biography, of the interviews with the artists and of

the artist's auto-interview, but an artist interviewing his artist-sibling, now that's a choice, first ever.

It is the anthropological explanation, which, as we know, will appeal to another select group of readers — no matter their ethnico-cultural background, to be sure — since it has to do with roots and identity, and, I might add, not a little pride! This group of readers, as I was saying, will suppose that it was love, of one's own, that induced me to interview my brother — the fact that Aldo Mazza also happens to be a musician/composer/performance artist, and performer of Recuperation, the Montreal-based performance group, whose four members are often cited, internationally, as examples of the new virtuoso of the 20th century, the percussionist, becomes secondary to them.

But it is this group of readers, in particular, that I must disappoint the most — though, indeed, I love my brother, with whom I share much personal history, born in Calabria, therefore, has a more fundamental explanation, of interest, perhaps, to readers of post-modern culture. Its purpose is merely to draw attention to certain marked changes in the aesthetics that distinguish the younger Canadian expression, radically, from prevailing earlier modernist trends.

I asked my brother for an interview when he was last in Toronto, this past December, but its origins, for me, stem from certain reflections on aesthetics over some time, which have found a focus, recently again, as chance would have it, in my chance reading of the poem, 'Dear Biographer,' by Earle Birney, in the collection Fall By Fury M & S, 1978, sent to me and bearing the inscription: 'For Antonino Mazza, net happy in Kingston, November, 1984,' by its octogenarian and esteemed author.

This poem, in the form of a note, to the would be biographer, to welcome his biographer, the new comer to the shores of his world, to insist him on the side of the 'I' of the poem, that has now secured for itself an emotional territory, a felicitous separateness, from the intended addressee: the biographer.

But this is a separateness, and therefore a victory over, and against whom, we may well ask? Who is the 'biographer' — a metaphor for: an invader of privacy, a stranger in the realm, the beggarman — other who is necessarily, the poem seems to imply, will take great pleasure in none other than in prowling through our lives, to thrust some image of his own making upon one, confounding, robing one of one's intimate self — and, therefore, must, at any cost, be halted in its tracks?

Does the contemporary sensibility feel at ease with this resolve toward the 'other' in our realm, thereby accepting also the poem's mere subtle implications, or is the new sensibility more likely to question the implied instigations found in it, in order to participate fully in this glee, in this victory, the reader must also impinge a mask of anonymity and estrangement to this 'other' — whoever he may be? What if the stranger happens to be, in earnest, intent on knowing how it was to be living, in this part of the world, in the 20th century, what better subject than, then to focus on Earle Birney; certainly here he should find a human being who has witnessed modern times lucidly, sensitively, meaningfully.

This interview, with my brother, who is in his early thirties, is wholly dependent upon his complete willingness to align himself with the onto-logical order of things, or does this defensive, suppressive measure, in a tradition of modern Canadian writing which has been called, by a draft that chills my skin on reading this last stanza, of Earle Birney's successful poem, which, peculiarly enough, sheds a new light on those 'evaporated traces' — is the vanishment of his traceless, indeed, all but a new birth, a new order of life.

But there may be no such grounds on which to impinge, on Earle Birney, the colour of inimical personage, after all. And, to what advantage would anyone wish to turn this, or another part into scape-goat?

So, perhaps, looking into this poem a little more thoroughly may prove the less willful, the healthier attitude.

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The fugue

V.V.: The most surprising thing about this music is the length of the piece. It is a difficult one, but when you listen, you can see how it is put together.

A.M.: No, we didn't add, we simply replaced the two violins, and the viola, with two xylophones, and two marimbas, each corresponding to the particular register of the original strings.

A.M.: We've heard you play Bach's Fugue in G Minor, Rossini's Sonata 45 in E Flat, and various other classical pieces, but your repertoire also includes both music and instruments from diverse indigenous sources, in Brazilian and Asian countries. Can you tell me more about the history of these musical traditions, and how you reconcile these disparate interests as an ensemble?

V.V.: Both the Brazilian and Asian traditions are very ancient, reaching back to the pre-Columbian peoples. In Brazil, the Islands of Caribian and African influence have merged with their peoples to create a unique mix of musical forms. In some instances, in plucking instruments, there is a very close relationship to the music of Russia, so we occasionally play in our fusion pieces our repertoire of Russian classical music, which we then use as the basis for our own compositions.

A.M.: We've seen you play the Baroque work the way a Romantic piece is played, in two totally different concepts of making music, this, however, has nothing to do with the choice of instrumentation used to interpret the work.

So, we're doing this crossing over of instrumentation barriers, discovering new, unmapped territory. We do not label music, but rather focus on the actual sound.
Ethnicity as Post-Modernism

by Fulvio Caccia (Translated from French by David Homel)

Change international 2
Fondation transculturelle internationales, Paris
Immigrant Autobiography
William Boehlau, Esodus Edit., Zuerri, Venice
L'idee-chalet
Harmattan Editions La Presse, Montreal
L'amour du Yiddish
Regime Robin, Edizioni del Sorbier, Venice
In Their Own Words, v. II, no. 1
European Journal of American Ethnic Studies, Carcharia, Venice

Ahthropology has always been associated with the study of complex human population characteristics, including cultural and behavioral patterns. The idea of ethnicity as a historical concept is based on the assumption that human societies are divided by cultural and linguistic barriers. This definition has been challenged by the rise of multiculturalism and the recognition of the importance of cultural diversity. In this context, ethnicity is no longer seen as a static concept but rather as a dynamic process that evolves over time.

Ethnicity has always been linked with the idea of a group identity. It is the way in which people identify themselves and are identified by others. This identity is based on shared cultural, linguistic, and religious traditions. Ethnicity is not just a matter of race or ancestry, but it is also about the way in which people perceive themselves and are perceived by others.

Ethnicity as Post-Modernism

Postmodernism is a philosophical and cultural movement that emerged in the late 20th century. It is characterized by a rejection of traditional narratives and a celebration of diversity and difference. In this context, ethnicity is seen as a fluid concept that is constantly changing and evolving.

The multiethnic paradigm

The multiethnic paradigm is based on the idea that ethnic diversity is not a problem to be solved, but a resource to be celebrated. This paradigm is based on the idea that diversity is a richness that enriches society. It is also based on the idea that diversity is a way to promote social justice and equality.

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production come together." While he argues the pros and cons of the emergence of the new subject — the immigrant is no more a "noble savage" than the advance guard of the working class — he considers the fate of the second-genera
tion immigrant forced to "build an identity" on for-
ground ground. Jeanne Hy-
vard joins in defining immi-
gants as "transnationals," these young people who come into a new world already pro-
gressed by the multina-
tionals. An ironic twist of histo-
ry, whereby the transnational, the last avatar of the nation-
state, becomes a source of
cheerful labour for other na-
tions, widening the circle of
ethnic dispersion and cre-
aing a crisis of nationality.

Using the term "transcul-
ture," Jean-Pierre Colin
contributes an exhaustive his-
torical account of minority cul-
tures and their attitude to-
ward the State. From coloni-
ization to decolonization, via
the伏 of oppressed peo-
ple, the reader will discover
the current status and how
this population can claim foreign
roots, while four million lo-
cals now reside within
her borders. Yet this vitality is
accompanied by a return to
traditional ways, as evidenced
by the renewed interest in
religion.

This author relates the
rebirth of the regions to the
restless cultural laboratory of the
urban centres. From the
periphery to the centre, this
current includes the gay mov-
ment, a third element in
this cultural triangle whose
configuration seems to be leav-
ing the westward, the north —
if indeed we are willing to
accept the change. Late in the
twentieth century, the author
tells us, when the world hears
the "transnational call," it
will begin to build the foun-
dations for a durable peace.

The European intelligenc-
ia's recent interest in this
issue demonstrates just what
is at stake here. Delueze and
Guattari, if I am not mis-
taken, were the first to recognize
the issues in the course of their
penetrating study on Kafka. In this transcultural perspective, Quebec occupies
a special position. She com-
bines her post-modern situa-
tion with a minority culture in
search of sovereignty, as well as
the rich contribution of a
multicultural urban envi-
ronment.

Since Quebec has only re-
cently emerged from its solid-
ly traditional background, it
comes as no surprise that the
transformation has not been a
restful one. The Trouble in
Saint-Léonard and the racial
conflict in the taxi business
are just two examples. Yet
these incidents are not with-
out their creative possibili-
ties. Keep in mind the rela-
tions between Quebec and
Canada and Quebec and her
own ethnic and native mini-
atures, each keeping up an
endless stream of criticism of the other.

Though it may weaken na-
tional positions, this burst of
minority energies actually
constitutes the strength of the
nation. Instead of founding
nationalities on territorial
grounds, the ethnic group
bases its on its specificity.
This is the point of Morin
and Bertrand's extraordinarily
well thought out argument in
La territoire imaginaire de
la culture. "The future of
culture is to be found in
the inner movement toward
the self... the individual will
discover the external world not
as the pure other, the stran-
ger, but instead as the
strange... which will allow
him to throw himself head-
long into the invention of
other worlds."

This movement toward the
self usually insures the safe-
guarding of the main charac-
teristics and preserving fac-
tors of an ethnic group: lan-
guage and religion. For both
are bearers of the memory and
tradition of a people.

The relation with language
In Quebec, following the
secularization that modern-
ized society, language has
supplanted religion as the
cornerstone of identity. This
idea is not only dear to intel-
lectuals, but concerns the po-
ulation at large, which is the
conclusion of L'oiseau-chat,
an investigative novel by
Hervé Fischer.

Evaluating the same 7,000
answers to the questionnaire
that is the basis of the book,
the psychiatrist Julien Bigras
has pointed to how the rela-
tion to language fascinates
and even obsesses the Québé-
cois. Using a test group, the
author has shown that not
only has the relation to lan-
guage changed considerably
over the last decade, language
is indeed the source of the
Québécois' past humiliations.
A few pages further on, his
colleague François Pérard
reaches the same conclusion.
In his rigorous analysis,
Pérard points to the respon-
sibility of the Quebec's most
influential institutions as
manipulating the Language "that
allows them to speak their
fundamental aggressiveness in
only one way, and that is to
attack the medium" — lan-
guage itself.

In his opinion, one of the
manifestations of the death
wish is the impossibility of
mastering one's own lan-
guage, and he points to the
Québécois' wounded natio-
nalism that makes them turn
to an idealized Other for solu-
tions to situations that they
can just as well find within
themselves. He also explains the limitations of the enquiry
itself, including the absence
of transference that makes any
worthwhile psychoanalytical
interpretation impossible.
Methodology is the weak
point of this gigantic "self-
portrait," in which the author
gladly embraces the prolifera-
tion of the world's verbiage to
articulate language.

If the language is the current
carrier of Quebec identity,
religion has always constitu-
ted the specificity of the Jews,
a group long destrialized. They
have always denied the

The Jew cannot take lan-
guage for granted, the Jewish
writer even less so. Torn be-
tween Yiddish, German and
Hebrew, the writer must
choose. A constraint and even
an impossibility summed up
by Kafka in this magnificent
triple equation: "impossible
to not to write, impossible
to write in German, impossible
to write any other way."
The "any other way" refers to
Yiddish, the language of har-
ried exile, yet the one by
which every writer must de-
fine himself or herself. For-
med from German and He-
brew, the language was long
a source of shame for the en-
lightened intelligentsia who
preferred the clarity of Ger-
man. An unexpected result of
this was to hasten the assimili-
ation of the Ashkenazi Jews
in Poland and Russia. With a
wealth of detail, Robin relates
the impassioned battle that
raged between 1830 and 1930,
and whose issues sound so
familiar to those of us in
Quebec.

Between the Jew and the
Québécois struggling to pre-
serve their collective identity
through their religious or
linguistic specificity, what is
the immigrant's role, he who
signed over his own identity
the day he departed his coun-
try? He has no other choice
but to turn this loss into the
instrument for appropriating
world culture by adding to his
repertoire of languages and
codes. This is, as Julia Kriste-
va puts it, "the only chance,
the only acceptable positi-


Firenze Edizioni della "Voce"

Domenica, 27 maggio 1984.
Sant’Agostino. Dunque un testo per Antonio D’Agostino con cui, a Roma, ho imparato a apprezzare il barocco.

Mina sta cantando alla radio, la sua voce rauca di blues. Sto seduto pensando come devo pulire il mio corpo, sbarazzarlo del suo blues. Mio cugino Tonino dorme, non vuole alzarsi. Mi dice che si sente come se avesse portato sacchi e sacchi di fave. Non ha fatto niente da quando sono arrivato qua a Guglionesi. Il suo lavoro è divertire la famiglia, darle un po' di speranza, mostrare un'altra via, una nuova direzione. Per il barocco la vita era importante quanto l'arte.

Mina sta cantando: rosa sopra rosa; ed io ascolto mia zia strusciare con l'aceto il pavimento nuovo di marmo. Marmo: il barocco; l'aceto: vita amara? riso amaro?

A contatto con la pelle la freschezza della camicia a righe rosse. Ho deciso di non mettere la camiciola oggi. Ho messo i pantaloni di cotone comprati a Firenze, le scarpe comprate a Termoli— il mare, il mare —, e un paio di calze bianche di puro cotone. Mi sento veramente italiano qui, però ne sono timido. Mi hanno forzato ad avere vergogna di sentirmi italiano. Non è permesso essere quello che uno è in Canada. Devo abituarmi a essere quello che sono, malgrado tutte le critiche che possono farmi.

Ieri gli Azzurri hanno vinto 2 à 0 contro Team Canada. Gli Italiani del Canada per quale squadra parteggiavano? Dov'è il patriottismo canadese? Mito americano: l'Eldorado. (O Ladrarada?)


Jovine capiva la sua gente, le loro speranze, le loro paure. La sua opera, fondata su scene a dialoghi tipicamente cinematografici, si presenta come un mosaico. Il barocco italiano al suo meglio.


Il barocco è il riso dell'artista che ritrova la natura innocente. L'artista sa ciò che una cosa è, ciò che è assolutamente necessario per costituire una cosa, senza di cui la cosa non è più quella ma un'altra cosa. Il riso come soluzione possibile in un mondo troppo serio, troppo ubriaco di teorie che non servono a niente, se non a perdersi ancora di più nell'assurdità della serietà. Il barocco, cioè il Nuovo Barocco, non va contro l'essenzialità ma è un altro modo di capire, di catturare l'essenza
Come un altro universo che si apre davanti a me.

appare davanti a me denudato di qualsiasi ottimismo e pessimismo, come se fosse provocato da una forza superiore matematica.

Qui tutto ha un senso, anche le apparenze dell'inutilità. A questo punto non si può più parlare di fioriture perenni. Tutto diventa un fuoco senza attributi, l'essere nominato. Una nominazione senza il bisogno di descrivere la propria storia perché il passato si vede dappertutto, sul viso dell'atto fissato, del sentimento catturato.

Il barocco è un lirismo forse meno il romantichesimo del gesto o l'automaticismo del modernismo dove il gesto si pone come la scusa o il prodotto dell'ultimo momento.

Nel Nuovo Barocco il gesto non conta più. Il principio e la fine escono dal momento stesso, incorporati in questo, la sua narratività intrinsecamente appiccicata alla mutazione. Si può accennare ad una metafisica tipo secenesceno inglese dell'Herbert o del Donne - soprattutto perché esiste nelle loro opere questo desiderio pazzo di fissare un processo, includendo il suo principio e la sua fine e mostrarlo come una manifestazione dell'essere, la realtà, la narrazione di questa realtà in termini linguistici.

Se la modernità esprime una drammaticizzazione del momento, cioè la ricerca di eternare il momento drammatico del gesto artistico, il Nuovo Barocco rifiuta il drammatico e prova a comunicare drammaticamente l'essenza in uno spettacolo vigoroso. Dopo la modernità - la natura urbanistica, l'urbanistica come natura - viene il Nuovo Barocco che non distingue più natura e urbanistica, gesto e essenza. Il Nuovo Barocco è la funzione della funzione, la sguardo sullo sguardo che guarda, una paranoia creativa caratterizzata dalla differenza prima della materia e poi dell'arte (la realtà e la narrazione di questa realtà in termini linguistici).

Il Nuovo Barocco prende la modernità e la tradizione come parti della stessa realtà, rifiutando dunque il metalinguaggio come possibilità unica dell'arte contemporanea.

Il Nuovo Barocco come l'arte del clown bianco. (S. Francesco di Assisi. Tutti questi santi come metafore del mondo occidentale. Un linguaggio sopra il linguaggio della realtà.)

Immigrant Culture or the Identity of the Voiceless People

by Marco Micone (Translated from French by Giovanna Carnevale)

As a child I believed that the rest of the world looked like my village. As an adolescent, an immigrant in spite of myself, I wished that Montreal could look like my village; I rebel against those who erect within the city contemptible and constricting villages where those strangers, those job usurpers, those others, those ethnics, those allophones imprint not only their differences but also their similarities.

There exists no inferior culture, just as there is no inferior individual. There exists, however, a dominant culture imposed by groups of individuals, they themselves dominant by virtue of the economic and political power they hold.

The present analysis focuses on "immigrant culture in Quebec", too long censured in our kind of society where the dominant classes impose a uniformity of thought to the exclusion of groups who could potentially lay claim to their rights. We will treat mainly the question of upon what axes rests the concept of immigrant culture and, consequently, its overshadowing. It will also be noticeable that the Italian community will be frequently referred to, for not only is it numerically the most important, after only the francophone and anglophone communities of Quebec, but it is also the community to which I belong and which I know best.

From 1946 to 1980 Canada welcomed 4,950,000 immigrants. In Quebec there are presently 750,000 individuals belonging to ethnic minorities, 200,000 being of Italian origin. Five million Italians have had to leave their country since World War II. The social reforms which followed the repressive regime of Mussolini had neither the scope nor the celerity of implementation needed to satisfy the underprivileged classes. The 1951 census brought to light a rural population of six million, having no property and concentrated in the south. Following violent peasant revolts the authorities agreed to give land to only five percent of the needy. As the ruling classes preferred emigration to sharing, the drift from the land which followed was massive.

In a village which in the early fifties was crammed with 2000 people, a decade later the local grade school teacher faced a single pupil. The massive emigration became responsible for an unhoped-for pedagogical innovation - individualized instruction. Still more desolate was the spectacle afforded by the Patron Saint of the village during the religious processions. Among the few men that were left it was no longer possible to find four of the same height who could transport the Saint on his pedestal (like the Church he often leaned to the right...). The unhappy Saint mooped behind a retinue of dotterign old men, distracted children, and returning "Americans" in their garrish dress, trapped in their camera equipment like flies in a spider's web.

The countless empty houses, possessed of a bleeding Sacred Heart as their only ornament, brought to mind the evacuations of the last war. In others the white widows - who for five, sometimes ten, years had been awaiting the call which would reunite them with their husbands - sublimated their need for loving with prayer, gossip, and black dresses. These images which haunt the immigrants from Italian soil constitute the foundations upon which one should build the immigrant culture. Would these peasants and artisans have left if the ruling classes hadn't seen these massive exoduses as a safety valve capable of reducing the pressures brought to bear upon them? These impoverished rural masses, oppressed by authoritarian regimes, represented by virtue of their amenable characters and their modest financial demands an ideal source of manpower for foreign capital. In the welcoming countries these characteristics had the effect of weakening the demands of the workers, giving rise to feeling of hostility and racial prejudice which only served to divide the popular masses. One can rest assured that emigration would never have occurred if it hadn't
served to consolidate the economic and political power of the capitalist class in both the sending and receiving countries.

We find ourselves here in Quebec with hundreds of thousands of immigrants who, because of the cultural policies of the provincial and federal government, are not inclined to the lowest echelons of society. In the footsteps of "Canada's first nation", whose main objective it is to erode and lump francophone Quebec culture with English, we hear "from coast to coast", the pêquists of cultural control, "other" functions, serve as an asset to Quebec anglophones. In both cases, we find a very compliant literature, which alone can reveal to those who are neither francophone nor anglophone the real needs and the ways in which these needs can be satisfied.

Quebec policies of cultural development put forward once again the image of a "tightly knit" society of pure wow, upon which the ethnic minorities are subjected to an alienizing arabesque. It says further, "It will be unacceptable for us to become the objects of specialized services alongside other programs aimed at the establishment, the latter being a whole subsuming different ways of living and development of Quebec culture in its present state which must welcome the fertile contrivances of other cultures.

The intention seems praiseworthy and most noble. Immigrants must be enlivened by the institution of "specialized services"! And let them integrate themselves into the Macchiavellian strategy of assimilation rest assured, for as long as we don't tell them "It is not the State but Man who creates culture!". This "man" would then include those men belonging to ethnic minorities? It is obvious that linguistics must be set aside, the language of the future is a monolingual, and it is defined and influenced by the state; although we have the right to each francophone Quebec cultures (official culture, popular culture) there is, nonetheless, no Greek, Portuguese, Italian, or Haitian culture in Quebec.

There exists, on the other hand, a culture lived by the immigrants of these same origins. We call it "Italo-culture". It has been alive in Quebec for generations, and needs only to be developed in order to take possession of the dominant culture. For the culture of capitalist societies serves precisely to deny class struggle and to reduce silence all minority cultures, let alone the "Hypocritical melting pot", "Canadian multiculturalism" or "Hybrid B. Hecker's" constitutes some of the more eloquent examples of the discourse around the sentence "We are all immigrants" does not lead us deep into the essence of this question.

Only immigrant culture is in the position to give an account of the total reality of immigrants and their offspring within the Quebec society, upon three axes: The immigrants past experience in their country of origin, the experience of immigration immigration, and the lived experience in the welcoming country.

We must not, on the other hand, believe that frequenting a French school would have constituted a panacea for these young allophones. Contrasted with the marginalization of the English schools, for the present, French schools only offer assimilation. Thus, of the hundreds of young people belonging largely to the working class, besides being decimated by our school system only 5% ever make it to university, as opposed to 85% of those young people with at least one parent who is a professional, they must also suffer the alienating and marginalizing effects of possessing an English education in a francophone country.

As the authorities had kept in mind the factors of immigrant culture, they would have recognized the real needs of these young allophones deprived and torn between the expectations of their families from peasant stock, and the incessant enticements of an English-speaking majority. They might have, in conjunction with other organizations who are working towards furthering the well-being of immigrant workers and their families, found the best means of insuring the Frenchifying, integration, and knowledge of the particular background of these youths.

Nothing such was ever done. And no one uttered a deep protest. In such an atmosphere the dominating ideology simply continues to dominate. It proclaims salvation through the very diversity of the French community. It would have been a huge step towards something that is the least of what the Quebec authorities should do, at the very least, have intervened in this equalization process among the monolingual schools, so that these youths would at least be assured of possessing a basic knowledge of Quebec culture. It would have also been a huge step towards respecting a basic right of Quebec school age children, in total freedom, able to hatch and implement the ultimate strategy of aggravating the minority position in the French community, scene and date, making sure that the contents of such a course entirely gender neither prejudice nor chauvinism.

So much was ever done. And no one uttered a deep protest. In such an atmosphere the dominating ideology simply continues to dominate. It proclaims salvation through the very diversity of the French community. It would have been a huge step towards something that is the least of what the Quebec authorities should do, at the very least, have intervened in this equalization process among the monolingual schools, so that these youths would at least be assured of possessing a basic knowledge of Quebec culture. It would have also been a huge step towards respecting a basic right of Quebec school age children, in total freedom, able to hatch and implement the ultimate strategy of aggravating the minority position in the French community, scene and date, making sure that the contents of such a course entirely gender neither prejudice nor chauvinism.

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by Bruno Ramirez

The National Photography Collection is something Canadians can be proud of. It is a di
erision of the Public Archives of Canada, housed in an elegant build-
ing on Wellington Street, near the bridge that links Ottawa with Hull.

For some time I had been aware of its existence, mainly because during my frequent trips to the archives’ manu-
script section I had made it a habit to spend my work breaks looking at the photographic exhibitions on display inside the building. Finally, one sunny Spring day I decided to delve into this archival treasure where important chunks of Canadian history could supposedly be tracked picto-
rically through the thousands of photographs that make up the collection.

My goal was twofold: as a recent convert to the value of documentary photography, I simply wanted to check out this archive — see how it functioned, and assess the quality of the material. At a more concrete level, I wanted to find all the photographs I could on the Italians of Montreal of the pre-World War II period, as I was completing a book on that topic and doing research for a documentary film on the same subject.

I must confess that by the time one of the clerks had shown me around, I was not truly impressed: by the quanti-
ty of the material; by the way it has been classified; and by its retrieval system. It was modernity and efficiency at its best, accompanied by an extremely kind staff. What more could a researcher ask for?

That day I learned a lot about post-Confederation Canadian life. It was a short of anarchic learning experience. As topics came randomly to my mind, I traced them through the catalogue so that I could see what these events had «looked like» to the eye of the contemporary witness: the Winnipeg strike of 1919; the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with its score of different nationality crews; the commemoration of the Canadian nation; the Dundurn Easter Procession in 1873; the laying of the first steel rails; the suffragette movement («Dagos»); the work on the transcontinental line («Dagos»); eastern settlers moving west; magnetic storms; the construction and sinking of the Titanic; the 1901 census; the construction of the Cartier bridge; mass emigration; the strike of 1919; the work on the transcontinental line («Dagos»); and so on. It didn’t take me long to realise that one day of sifting through this visual treasure was not enough, and so I was back a few days later...

I had known about this event for some time and had even written about it, but when it turned out that this photo was the only one I could fish out, I couldn’t help reflecting that it had taken a Royal Commission to put Montreal’s Italians into the National Photography Collection.

After this brief discussion, I decided to continue my inquiry by enlarging the scope of my topics: forget about the Ital-
lans in Montreal and look for pictures of Italians anywhere in Canada. But by the time I had gone through all the possible classifications and combina-
tions thereof, my learning experience on Canadian mul-
ticulturalism was more than I could take. All I came up with was a little more than a dozen photos, the bulk or which came from Toronto at the time of World War I: an Italian living in that city had taken a series of shots of a public celebration in honour of a group of fellow-countr­eysmen leaving for the war. He had probably sold or donated the photos to the Archives and that’s how they had found their way into the photography archives.

The second day

As topics came randomly to my mind, I traced them through the catalogue so that I could see what these events had «looked like» to the eye of the contemporary witness: the Winnipeg strike of 1919; the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with its score of different nationality crews; the commemoration of the Canadian nation; the Dundurn Easter Procession in 1873; the laying of the first steel rails; the suffragette movement («Dagos»); the work on the transcontinental line («Dagos»); eastern settlers moving west; magnetic storms; the construction and sinking of the Titanic; the 1901 census; the construction of the Cartier bridge; mass emigration; the strike of 1919; the work on the transcontinental line («Dagos»); and so on. It didn’t take me long to realise that one day of sifting through this visual treasure was not enough, and so I was back a few days later....
The Empire Strikes Back

by Lamberto Tassinari
(Translated from French by Patricia Vergeleyen)

Of course I had heard about Quebec before arriving there in December of 1964. As a schoolboy I discovered it in my geography books. A long silence then settled in - a silence which was broken by General de Gaulle's famous outcry, "Vive le Quebec libre!" The entire world talked about it, that is about the General. In the seventies I made three trips to Quebec from Italy and settled there for personal reasons in 1980.

Four years residence may not seem enough time to discuss the grand ideas of independence which has been lingering here for two centuries. My voice is shaky: my words may seem superfluous after so many books, articles and speeches. As a reference I will use my own experience and mainly the recent articles I have read on the crisis of the idea of independence. Upon my arrival I was struck by two things: the extreme melancholy of the young and unerving store signs such as: "Maison du Pauvre", "Maison du Blanc d'Amérique", "Magasin de l'assisté social", (Markets for the poor, the unemployed, the recipient of Social Welfare) - signs which are not found even in the poorest regions of Italy.

To rationalize this victimization I vaguely remembered the title of a book: "Les nègres blancs d'Amérique." Since then I have read, observed, discussed. Thus I have learned that the Quebeccois have been and are still an ethnic minority, conquerors which twenty years ago was deemed political should have been the means and time for it to be interiorized and expressed as an existential malaise. The ideology was then being shaped by the French colonists' nationalism. This era gave birth to the myth of the Promised Land, the North as the site for a future Franco-Canadian civilization - this moment lasted for over a century.

In the early fifties an economic boom was sweeping Western civilization. The rural lifestyle and values of the people of Quebec were being rapidly transformed. Montreal, a close neighbor of the United States, was almost becoming an American city. The elite began its campaign for independence during these years.

Its platform was a combination of conservatism and utopianism. These intellectuals were conservative by virtue of their nationalism and utopian by virtue of their association of the idea of progress with the nation's improbable values. One could already foresee that the nationalist ideology was ironically the only component destined to survive. This ideology revealed a flaw within the theoretical and economic analysis and a lack of political insight which is often found among avant-garde movements.

I believe that this "disease" is the semi-conscious product of the Quebeccois intelligentsia rather than a baroque, inevitable consequence of history. I shall attempt to prove my hypothesis by retracing the ideological process which has upheld the dream of independence through past and recent articles on its crisis. Symptoms of the "disease" have of course always existed within the society as they resulted from the Francophones' socio-economic inferiority and colonization. I believe there that the Quebeccois people have been and are a "healthy people!"

In 1964 Michel Van Schendel was writing in Parti Pris about Quebec's own form of colonization, "It is easy to fall back on abstract generalizations which lead one more to a rootless universalism when no extensive studies have been carried out on Quebec's pattern of colonization and under-development". To my knowledge this analysis has never been developed by the intellectuals or if it has, its results have never been put into practice. "A rootless universalism" is the classic defect which is often found among intellectuals or if it has, its results have never been put into practice. "A rootless universalism" is the classic defect of every intellectual avant-garde: it is the immobilization of an ideology, separated from reality. The major difference however between the elite in Quebec and others is that its ideology has never projected the society towards a new beginning but has kept it immobilized, linked to a primordial trauma.

I will briefly trace the course of the "disease" which led to the ideology.

In the nineteenth century the daily fight for survival within this Anglo-Saxon continent created a malaise. The anguish arose from a real, physical, concrete threat and there had never been the means and time for it to be interiorized and expressed as an existential malaise. The ideology was then being...
The author makes us believe that the French Canadian nationalism of the Duplessis era as to the present social democratic nationalism. The intellectuals were aware however of the ambiguity and risks of this nationalism. Paul Chamberland in 1964 wrote, "It is true that nationalism as we know it is one of the most eloquent characteristics of our minority, our colonization. It is not only a reflection of our alienation, the petty, barren nature of our existence, it is also an ontological grandiloquence of agricultural committees, or of the "life" which under the present wave of freedom seems to be carrying this traditional nationalism to its extreme..." Within objective conditions of the situation, nationalism can only lead to a sense of national responsibility, unless it wishes to return to its primal origin.

To uphold this new nationalism, one must be ready to assault and discoursing this "man of Quebec" who exists only on the surface of society and idealistic culture and replacing him with a more fabulous "man of Quebec". Chamberland describes this new identity, "By mentioning motivation, they seem to be causing our disintegration through cowardice or impotence. The falling apart of our resistance into guilt (self-hate), changed the revolt and waste of life (suicide) into masochistic submission and persecution of others (death struggle)."

Marcel Fournier has recently written a most interesting article, "Amaur de la spécifité", in Possibles in which he states that, even though the terminology of the idea of independence may vary, there cannot be any ongoing solution to the basic ideology. The "disease" worsened when discussions on Quebec, its society and identity began. This ideology created a persistent division between the elite and the masses even before becoming a party policy so as not to change had taken place within the economy and social structure. Fragmentation grew among the people as a modifying identity forced upon them as a solution to their economic and social problems.

As we can see today, the history which would have confirmed this ideology never took place. The intellectuals and politicians are still repeating the same old song. Time has eluded their ideology, the people of Quebec have kept on living, without an, however, their "amanti" (simplification) and "disease" as their own history, a result of their own identity.

Today, Yves Beauchemin, on behalf of the "philosophers", states in Possibles that the end of the project for independence was inevitable. The author makes us believe that there may have been a real problem which was put into the creation of independence, an almost ontological difficulty, he goes on with a psychologico-interpretative, "It is our death instinct so powerful that our only available solution is a slow assimilation by..."

...to say that this "void" has a long history and that this "worldwide American" humanity is part of this modern era. Moreover, one refuses, if simply cannot realize that the values and accomplishments of this Welfare State democracy, the collectivism of assistance, the consumer society, the democratic slogans are but a variable of the "American" way.

Marcel Rioux wrote about this new society as it could evolve from a government's determination and not from a collective commitment and analysis.

But what is this "other" society which Rioux writes about? What is this new society which would mobilize the most dynamic strata of Quebec society? The conception of a self ruling society, reconciled with nature, freed from heteronomia, is fundamental.

Marcel Rioux writes about this new society as it could evolve from a government's determination and not from a collective commitment and analysis. How can such an ideology? The elite has been unable to see beyond their own petty, barrenness as its idealism and political will is tainted by nationalist pride. We thus plan, this dual economic and political class has been seeking, more or less consciously, to destroy the sun power. There is another reason, difficult to define, which evolves from social-political and aesthetic values. The nature of Canadian and Quebec society cannot be anything more than an ideology. The "Nothing happens here" attitude means that the minute details of daily life become unimportant. What I mean is that we are unable, most of the time, to see the lack of events and upheavals give me, the feeling, apparently, that we are living in a more "meaning" here than elsewhere. If one looks more closely, nothing really changes, vanishes. How do we politicians elaborate "realities" approaches? The Canadian politicians however continue to challenge this unreality.

The continuation of talk of independence now pushes us into this unreality.

Last February the ex-Premier of Quebec, Mr. Trudeau, accused of many charges according to J. Rioux on the 1970s, the "society of Quebec" has been eliminated among the masses. Vadeboncoeur, asked by the luxury of the soul, says out of the need to return to "nature" (European: but where is it), from American barbarism.

I believe that the discussion on emancipation by which the ten years, the awareness of culture and culture itself has been eliminated among the masses. Vadeboncoeur, as in the "Postman always Ring twice" as the crossing over to the "post modern" era.

I hope that the belief on the escape by the past ten years, the awareness of culture and culture itself has been eliminated among the masses. Vadeboncoeur, as in the "Postman always Ring twice" as the crossing over to the "post modern" era.
Le mythe de l’ailleurs
Claude Beausoleil

«Et sur les gazons doux comme des satinades, Ceinte d’un voile pourpre aux plis fins et légers, Khrima s’endort au sein des rêves mensongers, Près du yali désert flanqué de colonnades.»
   Arthur de Bussières (1931)

«Amant de ma tristesse, un plaintif rossignol Affligera longtemps la nuit orientale!»
   Medjé Vézina (1934)

«Cuba coule en flamme au creux du lac Léman...»
   Hubert Aquin (1965)

«Mais le rêve se perd. — Le castel en ruine Passe devant nos yeux fatigués dès longtemps, Comme le Juif-Errant qui se traîne et chemine. En haillons, à travers les âges et le temps.»
   Eudore Evanturel (1878)

(l’ailleurs, l’écartellement, le sud hante l’imaginaire de la littérature québécoise, les livres discutent souvent de cette fuite vers les montagnes du nord où vers les autoroutes du sud et c’est toujours le même recommencement des choses qui s’effectue, un mythe est au centre de ces ramifications, celui de l’effleurement épidermique des consciences, il y a une sorte de beauté dans ces fuites éperdues, ici partir c’est souvent s’enfuir — en nous-même, dans le territoire du langage, dans l’inventé —, la littérature québécoise s’alimente de partout (courants formels européens, beat generation américaine, philosophies orientales...), il y a je crois une sorte de mixture opératoire qui donne à la littérature québécoise un état particulier de frémissement, l’ailleurs est toujours là pour soulever nos peaux et nos rêves, pour inquiéter nos certitudes, pour nous permettre de survivre sans territoire, vouée à l’imaginaire voilà le destin d’une littérature mineure minant la langue et traversant les doses d’inouïs)
   Claude Beausoleil

«Il chantaient avec leur sourde musique De Shangai à Moscou De Singapour à Coventry De licee à Saint-Nazaire De Dunkerque à Manille De Londres à Varsovie De Strasbourg à Paris»
   Emile Nelligan (1899)

«Sur la plage de Malibu où folâtrent, la nuit, des stars en bikini.»
   Paul Morin (1960)

«west hollywood holistic dream sur le sentier des étoiles»
   Bernard Pozzer (1982)

«tis a beautiful game caro mio words words words nous sommes dianétiques ce soir dans un sombre tripot de Macao dans tes yeux de diamant 24 carats je vois passer des cargots suédois»
   Yolande Villemaire (1983)

«Zapothèques Mixtèques ravages de l’oubli ville funérale à l’usage de son déclin Monte Albin du haut d’un escalier de pierre (écrire ruines spectaculaires ruines balayées de vent»
   Claude Beausoleil (1983)

«Quelque part les cocotiers renoncent: pays du sapin, Laurentides Tropicales. (Orange street dans la mémoire, pyramides de citrons, sueur où vivent les mirages)»
   Pierre Nepveu (1977)

«L’horizon se catapulte derrière les feuillages tropicaux et asiatiques. Montréal aura eu raison de Bangkok.»
   Jean-Paul Daoust (1983)

«La Madone aux yeux peints, en simarre de soie Venise de tourment, de volupté, de joie»
   Paul Morin (1912)

   Louise Desjardins (1983)
In Search of a Lost Culture

by Bruno Ramirez


It is one of the ironies of our time that while official statistics announce the eclipse of the industrial worker from the centre-stage of economic life, studies on the history of the Canadian working class have been proliferating at an unprecedented pace. In Canada and in other Western countries, this irony has been rendered even more painful by the shifting industrial restructuring, which, through robotization and computerization of work processes, represent the most insidious threat to industrial workers in the history of modern capitalism. So, while the working class is "fragmented", "segmented" (or "diluted") (to use some of the most current expressions) our account of their experience is becoming deeper and more refined. We own it largely to a new vantage point of Canadian historical writing (having merged to go beyond trade-union history and tracing the working class as a historical actor capable of autonomous collective action). The approach he represents. In his Working-Class Experience, he has performed the approach he represents. In his Vision of a just society.

The "bourgeois" approach to the working class, for example, has been characterized by the labour movement as a "reproducers" (i.e., an autonomous working-class culture) that would have contributed to the working-class culture to a unified entity; he only finds feeble echoes of a collective memory. He is right in pointing to the advent of mass culture as the new, insidious force undermining working-class culture cohesion; and he is wrong to insist on the "fragmentation" and "segmentation" to show some of the "reproducers" that has unleashed to divide the working class and undermine its collective memory. But we learn little that has not been rehearsed in the peridical public language about the decline of labour militancy. In vain, for instance, one tries to understand how the 20th-century trade-union movement may have promoted or been suppressed by the autonomous working-class culture. No doubt, Palmer has done a great job at showing the history of the category "working-class culture" in the context of the economic and political life. The treatment of this category is at best unrectangular.

He does not discuss how the "producer's ideology" articulated by some of the "reproducers" (i.e., writers who helped to promote the place of women where capitalism wanted it most, thus making sexism a constant ingredient of working-class cultural behaviour.

The work by these workers is the type the Knights of Labour promoted during their heyday. But then one cannot help but see in this "reconstruction of the category "working-class culture"", and the signs of a re-reading interest in the face of the historic transformations capitalism is bringing about around us all.

Italian-Canadian Anthology

by Maria Redi


This is one of the most important literary publications of 1984, but sadly it has gone unnoticed.

To Maria Redi, we are still "le gens du silence." In this collection and I have been able to find it in Toronto book stores, though it has been in print since May 1984. I finally had to go to the Centro Scuola office in the Columbus Centre to get my copy (80 Main Street East, Toronto M4A 1C3). I hope that readers in Montreal, Vancouver and Edmonton are able to get copies of Italian Canadian Voices.

A good deal of credit is due to the editors Caroline Pignataro and Antonino Mazza for making this the most representative collection of Italian-Canadian writing to be published. In 1978 Pier Giorgio Di Ciccio brought out Italian Canadian Voices, a collection of sections in Italian Canadian Voices can be seen as an update to Di Ciccio's pioneer work.

The former group of poets: Mary di Michele, Lenn Capa, Giorgio Di Cicco, the poetry sections in Italian Canadian Voices can be seen as an update to Di Ciccio's pioneer work.

The most interesting aspect of the anthology, for me, is the inclusion of an early writer, Giovanni Delluzi. This almost-forgotten figure was publishing in French and Italian in the Montreal of the 1890's and 190's. The prose included by Di Giovanni is varied: short stories by C.D. Mimmo, Caterina Edwards, Gianni Bartocci, and essays by Luigi Ardizzi, F.G. Pacci's Black Madonna, Maria Arzini's Made in Italy, Cesare Monaci, and the Lot of Women.

Work by many other writers is included: Giuseppe Amealame, Matteo Torres, Cesare Monaci, Aldo D'Amore, sick, the poetry sections in Italian Canadian Voices can be seen as an update to Di Ciccio's pioneer work.

The anthology, for me, is the inclusion of an early writer, Giovanni Delluzi. This collection is a very impressive collection, the writing is of high quality and the selection of notes make this volume a "reconstruction of the category "working-class culture", and the signs of a re-reading interest in the face of the historic transformations capitalism is bringing about around us all.

The introduction by Di Giovanni is varied: short stories by C.D. Mimmo, Caterina Edwards, Gianni Bartocci, and essays by Luigi Ardizzi, F.G. Pacci's Black Madonna, Maria Arzini's Made in Italy, Cesare Monaci, and the Lot of Women.

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I often than not one and the attacked by religious and civil language, a stigmata of a people always been subjected to.

In Quebec, since the 1760s, English has been the dominating language and, up until recently, the language of domination. Nowhere is this clearer than in joual, in a sense the linguistic newcomer of Quebec society. English invades French, not the other way around. The fact that we speakers of English say tête-à-tête or crêpes suzette or, on an etymological level, agovernmentis nothing compared to the density of foreign influence in joual. Speakers of joual will say Je t'ai fagoté un flaire or Elle s'est déplié dehors or Il est sur le chichagaon, il bombe, not because French words for these English terrors don't exist, but because these English words better betray the domination, both economic and linguistic, under which these people live. And, in passing, it is no accident that most Anglicisms refer to actions of violence or desolation.

First, a few words about joual. It is a simple recipe. Take standard Quebec French, increase the diplohumorization, make the grammar remarkably flexible and add a healthy dose of Anglicisms — or better, Americanisms. It's this latter addition that gives joual its special savour and creates monumental problems for those brave and foolish souls who try to put a joualizing work into English. For not only do these joual words take the form of English words into its lexicon, it also disorts them once they are inside, in a kind of sabotage action against a linguistic occupying force. Pushing in a joual word is not saying English; sténopé (step-in) becomes the word for pantie, such strange and wonderful cases around.

But this linguistic sabotage, though amusing for collectors of odd morphemes, is not the heart of the Anglicism problem in joual. Take a simple Renauld sentence: Je l'essais sur le tchesteufide. He sat on the sofa. Yee this straightforward (and perfectly correct) English rendering does not and cannot render the socio-linguistic complex present in this short sentence. Why Renauld saying tcheesteufide instead of the standard French divan? And what does it mean when he does? What is the difference of meaning between these two terms that both refer to something you sit on? And what do we do with this state of affairs when we want to translate into English?

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D.A.F.: A German Minimalist Duo and its Weltanschauung

by Christian Roy

A unique and fascinating musical experiment has come to an end last winter with the disbanding of the electronic "hardcore" group D.A.F., a duo that consisted of Bavarian Robert Görl and Spaniard Gabi Delgado Lopez. D.A.F. stands for Deutscher Amerikanische Freundschaft, "German-American Friendship". The biting irony of this provocative name shows the spirit of anti-Americanism in which the group was founded in Düsseldorf in the late seventies. This basic orientation was made plain on the group's first album, *Nt. 00001 - Ein Produkt der Deutsch-Anterikanischen Freundschaft* (Warning Records, 1979), where nightmarish industrial noise is simulated with traditional rock instruments; on the cover, one can see the Prussian eagle of the coat of arms of Germany crucified in a frame with tacks, its head replaced by the crown of the statue of Liberty, and the letters D.A.F. inscribed on its chest.

In 1980, Gabi Delgado brought his distinctive memorioc vocals to A by then clearly punk-sounding D.A.F. for the group's second L.P., *Die Kleinen und die Bösen* ("The Little and the Wicked", Min Records). His lyrics added to D.A.F.'s basic anti-industrial slant a particular concern for the erosion lost in the citing of sex by the imperatives of production, that would eventually inspire about half of D.A.F.'s songs. Dominating the group's entire output however is the repudiation of the official ideal of "Lebensstilsteigerung - schnelle Produktions für die schnelle Republik" ("Increase of living standard - fast production for the fast Republic") denounced in the overpowered song "Nacht Arbeit" ("Work by night"). D.A.F. is thus the heir to the great German tradition of protest against bourgeois industrial values that goes back to the Romantik and has been represented in our century by the gangs of young Wannadérol ("magatory birds") who freed the cities of Wilhelmian Germany for a nomadic life in the wild, and the fire-corp of demobilized soldiers who subverted the Weimar Republic. Under the Bonn Republic (yet another creature of the bourgeois West), this tradition is best preserved not, as one might think, in the territory of groupuscules of puritanical middle-class youths more or less sold out to Moscow or, even in the mawkish histories of ecologies a la Rousseau, but rather in the immolation of D.A.F. (as well, doubtless, as the amoralism of Kraftwerk). This immolation dismisses the values of the Soviet East along with those of the American West, alien (and alienating) as they all are to the teutonic Mittel-Europa. This is signified from the outset on the ironic mode (albeit with music disturbingly evoking a gradual escalation of tension) in the first song of Die Kleinen und die Bösen: Der Osten wählt am längsten. (bis...) Und der Osten ist am besten. Und der Westen ist am besten. Und der Westen ist am besten. Und der Westen ist am besten. Er leckt sich seine Wunden. Und der Luchs ist im Westen. Doch der Osten wählt am längsten. Der Osten wählt am längsten. Der Osten ist am besten. Der Westen ist am besten. Der Westen ist am besten. Der Westen ist am besten. Der Luchs ist im Westen. Der Westen ist zufrieden.

One can already detect here a wicked enjoyment taken in the spectacle of the antinomy of ideologies that are theoretically opposed but practically interchangeable. This antinomy of the overcoding of opposites was to characterize the mature output of D.A.F., once the group had shed most of its members, hoisting down to its veteran Robert Görl on percussion and synthesizer and Gabi Delgado on vocals. "Der Musso- lin" is a good example of this aesthetics they began to develop on their first "classic" album, *Ailes ist gut* (Virgin Records, 1981): Geh in die Kriege. Wackele mit den Hütten. Klarisch in die Hände. Und tanz den Mussolin. Geh dich nach rechts. Tanz den Adolf Hitler. Beweg dich deinen Hintern. Geh dich nach links. Und tanz den Jesus Christus. Tanz den Kommunistus...

Bend your knee. Waggle with your hips. Clap your hands. Dance the Mussolini. Turn to your left. Dance the Adolf Hitler. Shake your buttocks. Turn to your left. And dance the Jesus Christus. Dance the Kommunistus...

The theme of "Ailes gegen alle" is similar, but throws light on the positive content of this metamorphic dialectics: "Unsere Kriege sind so schwarz, unsere Farben sind so grün. Links den roten Blitz. Rechts den schwarzen Strom. Unsere Schone sind so laut. Unter Tann ist so wild. In der Midle Tann. Alle gegen alle. Alle gegen alle..."

Our gear is so black. Our boots are so beautiful. Our colours are so glaring. On our left the red lightning. On our right the black star. Our shouts are so loud. Our dance is so wild. A new evil dance. Everyone against everyone.

There is a reason to find here the hellish, relentless rhythm of the music fords it away. It is the very principle of the Judeo-Christian, social Good that is trampled by these fake Social-Dancer's in the dark. They seem to be acting out the teachings of the most rigorous theorists of Anarchism, Max Stirner, the author of *Der Einzige und sein Eigentum* ("The Ego and his Own"), who a century and a half ago proclaimed: "The people is dead, longlive Me! - And down with the moral constructs that would束缚 me by denying that everything is good, as D.A.F. in turn professes: Sei still. Schliesse deine Augen. Bitte denk an nichts. Staube mir. Ailes ist gut. Ailes ist gut...

Be quiet. Close your eyes. Please think of nothing. Believe me. Everything is good. (Sil...) And yet, last summer Gabi Delgado Lopez warned a reporter from *Impulse* that "the things that I express opinions about don't belong to a school of thought." Indeed, there are such hidden commonplaces as appear to the lucid people of all times, places, and conditions. Beyond Good and Evil Thus Shakespeare was saying precisely the same thing as D.A.F. in "Ailes ist gut," when he put this reflection in Hamlet's mouth (II, 2); "(...) for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: (...)" Nevertheless, D.A.F. does follow a line of thinking described by Gabi as "the most important development in terms of what's happening here" (in German): "people saying 'no' to some of the effects of intense industrialization. It's not a hippie thing; it's more like
What we call 'a new Innerlichkeit', which means the people are self-aware and reject thinking in terms of pola­ristic thinking. They do what they must do.

To become what one is in the full awareness of oneself and the world, to lead a good and evil: this "new sub­jectivity" is clearly reminiscent of Nietzsche's. Many individualists concern finds a rave­ning echo in Gabi's embar­rassment. The synthesis of some of his songs have become anthems for young German democ­ratization. Gabi has like­ly a hundred thousand people singing the same words, whether it be Communism, or Nats, or a youth movement. I don't like it when the identity of the individual is subsumed in the mass. I am suspicious of people singing the same words. I don't like ideologies.

But: 'I just don't think in terms of enemies' or friends', which allows Gabi to use fas­cist imagery in his exaltation of the individual, to recoupe totalitarian energies to make them serve what they usually annihilate: the Ego, who comes out on top of this synthesis of Anarchy and Fas­cism, illustrated on black al­bum covers where Gabi Del­gado and Robert Görl strike arrogant poses.

Me and Reality

This particularly appa­rent on the cover of the group's next album, Gold und Liebe ("Gold and Love", 1981), where Görl and Gabi sport black leather gear without sleeves, revealing muscles of which they are obviously quite proud. A number of songs on the "dark side" of the record are indeed glorifications of physical force: "Mackel" ("Muscles"). "Absolute Kör­perkontrolle" ("Absolute body control"): vocals, just electric pulsations evoking those of nerves), and the awe­somely powerful "Verschwe­gen de deine Jugend" ("Waste your youth"), an admonition with distinct Stirnerian and Nietzschean overtones: "Take all you want as long as you can. Do what you will. Bum your hands."

"Muscles" makes "/d'eternité."

"Ich fülle mich so selbst­s (bis, bis..."
The Wirklichkeit kommt. (bis, bis..."

Me and me... in reality."

Me and me... in real life.

Me and me... in reality."

Reality is coming..."

The next song however, on music quickened by the en­ergy of despair and even more disgusting than the breathless, oppressive mood of Ich und die Wirklichkeit, points to a possible way out of this pro­blematic reality whose ap­proach is so threatening: "Als das letzte Mal" ("As it was the last time") depicts exacerbated eroticism as a fortress of human dignity as­sailed by industrial civiliza­tion. One is led here to a thought that evokes that of the Eternal Return: "To desire the essence of desire is to give back to desire its power of affirmation beyond all concu­piscence and all negativism," as Claude Léveque says in an essay on Nietzsche, Le petits d'éternité.

Forever...

D.A.F.'s last album, ironi­cally entitled Für immer ("For­ever", 1982), starts out in the same erotic vein with "Im Dschungel der Liebe" ("In the jungle of Love"), and caps again the old "fascistoid" one in the next two songs ("Ein Bub, der das Böse bringt", "A little war," "Die Götter sind wuss", "The Gods are white"), before veering into the next joyful irony of such songs as "Wir können sein will, muss leiden" ("One must suffer in order to be beautiful", "because suf­fering...is beautiful"), in sharp contrast with the bitter irony of Die Kleinen und die Bösen, and even the cynicism of the man­nae albums. This innocent air pervades the three love songs of Für immer, and the more countereuran even the straightforward fairy tale imagery, not twisting it in as "Verschwei­gen de deine Jugend" ("I am the pirate, no longer a loved one", "The Child of the morning..."), or "Ich... und ich... im wirklichen..."

"Ich... und ich... in der... Wirklich­keit.""

"I am the pirate, no longer a loved one, and seduce you, and abduct you. and seduce you, and abduct you."

"I am the pirate, no longer a loved one..."

"I am the pirate, no longer a loved one..."

"The Child of the morning...""

"I am the pirate, no longer a loved one, and seduce you, and abduct you. and seduce you, and abduct you, and seduce you, and abduct you..."

"I am the pirate, no longer a loved one, and seduce you, and abduct you, and seduce you, and abduct you..."

"I am the pirate, no longer a loved one, and seduce you, and abduct you..."

"I am the pirate, no longer a loved one..."

"I am the pirate, no longer a loved one..."

"I am the pirate, no longer a loved one..."

Thus New Wave as existential style appears as a new dandyism, still egocentric and saturated with sentimentality, or even an openly girlish sensibility like that of a Boy George...but mention the best known of countless instances of sexual ambiguity among the idols of youth...
ORIZZONTE...ORIZZONTE...!!!

E PERCHÉ GUARDIAMO SEMPRE ALL'ORIZZONTE!!

LA TERRA È QUI AI MIEI PIEDI...

E SOPRA L'INFINITO!!!

E TUTTI TUTTI GUARDANO SEMPRE ALL'ORIZZONTE!!

FORSE PENSA NO IN UNA MANIERA LINEARE!!