

Hits 'n' Bits

AROUND YORK

Well-known Canadian actor **Gordon Pinsent**, who wrote and starred in "John and The Missus," will read from his new autobiography *By The Way*. The book details his life adventures, including those wacky accounts of hangin' out with Marlon Brando ("Gordon. Pass me that linguini and that can of lard there..."), neophyte dentists (obviously from Los Angeles) and Princess Di ("Why, yes, I have noticed my husband's ears are as large as a baboon's butt.") The best thing that can be said about Pinsent is that he never appeared on *The Beachcomers*. A good chance to see a real legend in Canadian television and movie history. Fri. Nov. 6 from 12:30 to 1:30 at the Studio Theatre in the Centre for Fine Arts.

Toronto artist **Tom Dean** has worked as artist-in-residence in the brand-spanking new L L Odetta Foundry faculty. The exhibition will highlight some of Dean's work in which he has accomplished during his four-months stay at York. Over the past twenty years, Dean has used a variety of media and exhibition strategies, ranging from public projects and performance pieces in the 1970s and early '80s to his recent collaborations with Richard Banks. The press release claims he details "a more sinister state of anxiety embedded in everyday objects or things." Wait a minute. That's not...my God! It's a...a...refrigerator! AAAAhhhhgggg! The exhibition opens Wed. Nov. 11 from 6-8 p.m. and runs until Dec. 20.

The **Holly Cole Trio** is back after a glorious sold-out performance at The Underground last year. Her last album, *Blame It On My Youth*, was a huge hit on the American Billboard Jazz Charts, with concerts in Europe just as suc-



cessful. Find out why, without question, the trio is one of the best Canadian acts. Maybe if we're nice, she'll bring out her dog. It's the cutest thing you've ever seen. Of course, it'll look like she'll bite your arm right off, but don't hold that against The Trio. Tickets are available at The Underground box office, located, hey whatdayaknow, right beside the Underground.

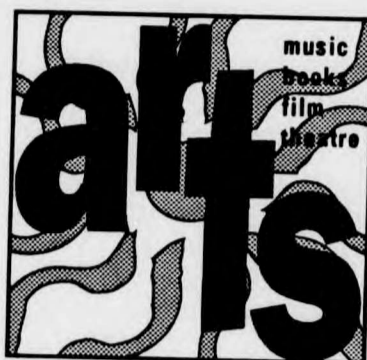
The York University Italian Association has compiled a selection of works by contemporary Italo-Canadian artists which should be recognized not only for their contribution to modern art, but also for the positive messages about the Italian community. The artists being featured are **Jacqueline Trolora, Giancarlo Piccin, Daniel Diaz, Ernesto Manera, Tania Buckrell, Christain LaLever, Peter Adamo and Ken Kirkby**. Kirkby has completed a massive portrait of the Canadian Arctic, called "Isumtaq" that measures 12 feet in height by 152 feet, winning him the prize for the world's largest portrait. 2,798 Litres of oil paint was used to complete the painting. The painting has

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# The Selling Out Of Malcolm X

by Dominic Ali

Time does change everything. With 'By Any Means Necessary' t-shirts sold at more and more Toronto street corners, it's hard to imagine the phrase once bit the core of the American psyche. It's sad to see Malcolm X, the great Black leader, summarized in one slogan.



X and his messages are getting dissed. Who's to blame for this sacrilege? Is it Spike Lee, who's cranking up the Warner Brothers publicity machine to promote his latest flick *Malcolm X*? Or is it the fault of money-hungry parasites, whose only interest is to exploit the "Black Consciousness Thang?"

X worked with journalist Alex

Haley for over two years on a project that eventually turned into the book entitled *The Autobiography Of Malcolm X*. After thirty years, the book is making a resurgence of sorts, largely due to the hype surrounding Lee's soon-to-be released film

Lee adapted the screenplay from another biography on X's life, written by James Baldwin and Arnold Perl. I've yet to read the Baldwin/Perl book, so Lee's adaption could be surprising. But the Haley book is a must read and a heavy-duty trip.

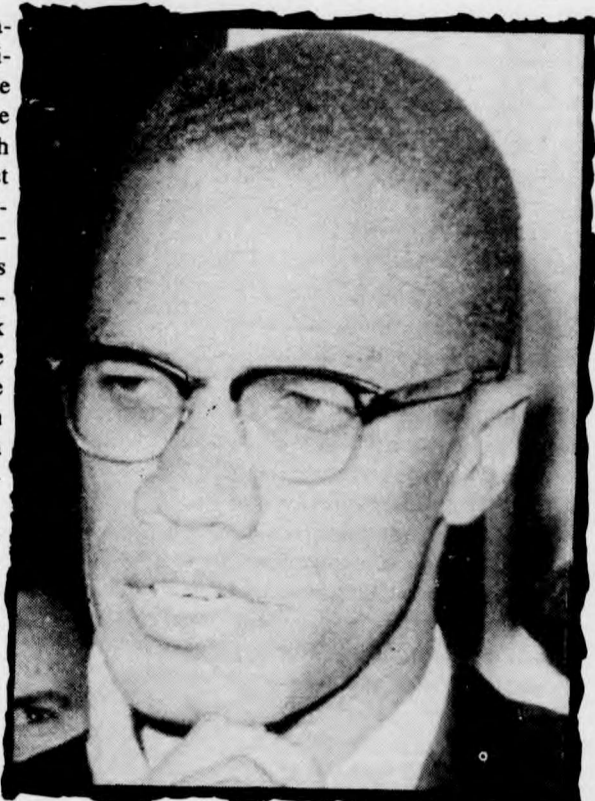
The autobiography, as told to Haley, chronicles X's rise from young street-wise criminal to militant civil rights leader. The autobiography is brutally honest; there is no trace of the "home-boy-to-hero" hype. X's "in-your-face" approach may shock a lot of readers. He spoke the Truth, regardless of the consequences. It's an amazing read, with messages that will arouse your intellect, as well as satisfy your curiosity about this important figure.

The book comprehensively illustrates X's changing opinions from the complete segregation of Blacks and Whites to his eventual belief that both races could work together to overcome racism. Towards the end of the book he said, "I wanted an all-

Black organization whose ultimate objective was to help create a society in which there could exist honest White-Black brotherhood." One of his goals was to empower Black people and restore pride to a race who's history in North America has been white-washed.

The Epilogue is especially moving, written by Haley after the Black leader's assassination. In the book, X sadly predicted, "I do not expect to live long enough to read this book in its finished form." He would be dead before the book was published and presented to a mass audience.

But the *Autobiography of Malcolm X* is much more than the story of one



The ultimate insult: "Coming soon! Malcolm X trading cards! Fun for the whole family! Collect the entire set! Waiting for your call!"

man's search for truth and self-identity. It is about religion, race-rela-

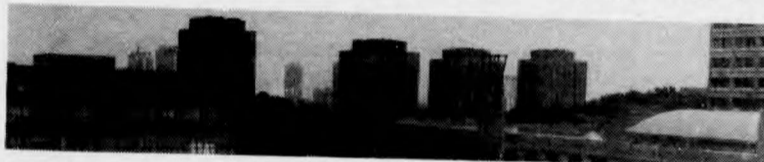
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## Look for A Nightmare on Elm Street in Edge City

by Doug Saunders

I remember I was ready to strangle millionaire mayor Mel Lastman when he started calling North York a "city." How could this hellish mishmash of factory outlets, sterile split-levels and retail bombast dare call itself urban? Wasn't this exactly the prefab tundra I'd run away from in my late teens, eager to slake my penultimate adolescent desire — to live some place where I was younger than the buildings, where people spent their time not in their vehicles but actually on the streets?

Well, *Washington Post* writer Joel Garreau has just spent 500-odd pages telling me that I was wrong all along, that I shouldn't have bothered running away to the big city. Because, he says, the somniferous subdivisions I misspent my youth in now are the big cities.



**book**  
**Edge City: Life on the New Frontier**  
by Joel Garreau  
Doubleday  
\$18.95 paperback

He's right, of course, in a funkless nebulous kind of way. Places like Markham, Mississauga, Scarborough and Burlington are no longer mere bedroom communities: more people are commuting into them in the morning than come home to them at night. All the big industries are setting up their headquarters there. And they're developing some frightful new forms of urban government.

The Edge City, says Garreau in *Edge City*, is now the city. Places like

North York, Dearborn, Mich. and most of New Jersey are to our *fin de siècle* what Toronto, Detroit and New York were to the last one. And what's happened to those crusty old urbs? They've become theme parks.

Theme parks! It's true: Manhattan's number one business is now tourism, which reportedly beat out banking years ago. When I read that frightful fact while sitting in my back yard, I rolled my eyes dismissively — and they landed on Casa Loma. I shuddered, reaching defensively for my mouse ears.

Garreau has traveled all over North America and interviewed hundreds of people to create this book. And that legwork is what gives *Edge City*

any value it might have: as a pathological study of the sort of people who don't give a shit about the communities they're creating beyond simple cost-effectiveness and marketability.

Unfortunately, it seems that Garreau himself is one of these people. If his observations were to be taken at all seriously, we would all be paving paradises and putting up parking lots through some organic reflex of manifest destiny. He doesn't see crass *laissez-faire* property development as the destruction of anything — be it fertile farmland or livable cities. Rather, he sees it as a potent act of creative patriotism. Appropriately enough, the one time he acknowledges that a developer might be getting out of touch with the huddled masses is when that developer attempts to pave over an old civil war battleground.

There are some important stories to be told about the Edge City: about governments giving up on inner cities, about the power of the development industry over any other civic interests, about the re-segregation of the U.S. (and much of Canada) through cynical urban planning. Much of this can be picked up between the lines of Garreau's 546-page book. Unfortunately, what is actually on those lines is a whole lot of saccharine flag-waving.

Garreau would like us to believe that the rise of the Edge City is "the culmination of a generation of individual American value decisions about the best ways to live, work and play." He says he wants to "examine the place as the expression of some fundamental values." But he never adequately asks: *whose values? Which Americans?* These are precisely the questions we need to ask if we're going to learn something about the rise of the shopping-mall megalopolis. Unfortunately, Garreau manages to homogenize the story and its actors the same way those malls — and the periphery cities in which we find them — homogenize us all.

## Ondaatje Wins British Literary World Series

by Peter DeCourcy

**author**  
**Michael Ondaatje**  
winner of 1992 Booker Prize for *The English Patient*

Congratulations are in order for York University's own Michael Ondaatje, who shared the prestigious Booker Prize for his latest novel, *The English Patient*. The prize is Britain's most important literary award, open to any novelist from the former British Commonwealth.

Ondaatje was able to overcome what Paul Koring of the *Globe and Mail* calls the "jinx" that left Margaret Atwood, Robertson Davies and Mordecai Richler on the short-list previously. "Jinx" is a polite, journalistic term for the anti-Canadian sentiment the judges from mother England show for her (not quite ex-) colonies. Ondaatje shared the 20,000 pound prize with British author Barry Unsworth for his novel, *Scared*

*Hunger*.

The Booker Prize is another progression in an illustrious career which has seen Ondaatje garner two Governor-General's Awards for poetry, the W.H. Smith First Novel Award, a City of Toronto Book Award and a finalist for in international Ritz Hemingway Prize.

His previous works include: the multi-media montage *The Collected Works of Billy the Kid*; *Left-handed Poems*, two poetry collections (and perennial favorite of Creative Writing students), *There A Trick With A Knife I'm Learning To Do* and *Secular Love*; the genre and media-crossing *Coming Through Slaughter*,

which is/isn't a biography of jazz musician Buddy Bolden. The latter has been called by critic Jon Moss "the leading experimental novel of the seventies." Also on the list is a biographical novel of Ondaatje's parents, *Running in the Family*, where fact and fiction compete and explode into myth; and *In The Skin Of A Lion*, the story of an Italian immigrant building the Bloor Viaduct. *In The Skin* is wonderfully mythic and sure to change a reader's perception of the dreary architecture of Toronto. For the cash-strapped students, McClelland and Stewart has recently released his collected poems, *The Cinnamon Peeler*.

Michael Ondaatje, as well as being an author, teacher and all-around nice-guy, is an editor, playwright, filmmaker and photographer. Once again, congratulations Michael. See you in Stockholm.