

this is the editorial page...not!

WE FIRMLY BELIEVE THAT THE READER IS ALWAYS CORRECT...

Dear aye:

For a long time, I have felt that Toronto didn't have enough specialty publications, and certainly not enough arts publications. Needless to say, I think what you're doing is swell.

The two page centrespread on *Phantom of the Opera*, for instance, told me more than I thought was possible to know about chandeliers falling from ceilings. And, of course, there can never be enough information about Andrew Lloyd Webber.

Fantastic job.

And, how about that eight page pullout section on Kevin Costner? I mean, I never would have thought detailed descriptions of the catering on *Dances With Wolves* could be so fascinating! It just goes to show the depth of your entertainment reportage.

Great, great stuff.

Now I hear rumours that you're going to devote an entire issue to Madonna. What can I say?

I'm glad somebody has the guts to cover the alternative entertainment scene!

F. Nietzsche
Thorold, Ontario

(Oh, blush!)

...UNFORTUNATELY, THERE IS AN EXCEPTION TO EVERY RULE

Dear aye:

I've noticed that in recent issues you've cut back on the amount of colour you've been using: your pages don't seem to have that psychedelic acid flashback quality they used to. Also, there seem to be far fewer ads for phone sex operations (not that I personally was counting, you understand).

I mean, less colour, fewer

phone ads — what gives?

A. Camus
Toronto, Ontario**(Mother cut back our allowance and washed our mouths out with soap and water.)****OKAY, BUT WE CAN STILL MAKE FUN OF LETTER WRITERS IN HEADLINES A LOT LIKE THIS ONE**

Dear aye:

And, another thing. I thought you stopped making sarcastic remarks after every letter. I mean, you have the entire newspaper to make sarcastic remarks in; the letters section should be a free forum for response from your readers.

Or, are you proud of being like *The Sun*?A. Camus (again)
(still) Toronto, Ontario**(Oh, yeah. We forgo****UNHAPPY READER WANTS O'CHERRY TO BE PENALIZED**

Dear aye:

After reading Don O'Cherry's review of Bruno Gerussi singing the national anthem before the Leafs/Canadians match at the Gardens, I had to wonder if we had attended the same hockey game. I mean, where does O'Cherry get off calling Gerussi's voice "a cross between screeching tires and a garburator working on a tin can?" This isn't honest criticism — it's a personal attack on a fine artist and a proud Canadian.

I've been following Gerussi's anthem singing career since it started — St. Catharines, 1989. And, never have I heard him sing with so much emotion, such intensity or so on key.

Of course, O'Cherry is probably comparing his performance to the shoegazing antics of Lush, who sang the national

anthem in Montreal two nights earlier (it was a home and home series). If that's his standard, all I can say is it's about time he entered the real world.

If a reviewer can't be objective, at least I expect him to be fair.

J. P. Sartre
Paris, France**aye COLUMNIST GETS LECTURE ON THE ONDP'S UNIQUENESS**

Dear aye,

Although I generally feel it is beneath me to respond to political attacks in print, I cannot allow cer-

tain allegations in a recent "Park It Here" column to go unchallenged.

Ontario's New Democratic government bears no resemblance whatsoever to either the Liberal government before us or the Conservative government which ruled the province for almost the entire 40 years before that.

For one thing, Ontario's NDP has always taken a strong stand against foreign cod over-fishing outside the 20 mile limit off Newfoundland. We reject the other parties' contention that an Ontario government shouldn't be involved

in off-shore disputes just because Ontario has no shoreline.

For another thing, the Premier of the province is firmly committed to protecting Ontario's interests while trying to keep Quebec in confederation. This marks a clear difference from the leaders of the other two parties, who want to keep Quebec in confederation while protecting Ontario's interests.

And, if you need more proof, the NDP's colour is orange, which is more vibrant than Tory blue and more user-friendly than Liberal red.

Besides, business really hates us.

an anonymous bureaucrat

Queen's Park —

no, Downsview, Ontario

WE GET THE POINT, BUT NEXT TIME PLEASE CHOOSE YOUR WORDS MORE CAREFULLY

Sirs,

J. D. Salinger
somewhere in America

OH, GROW UP, TIM! UHH... WE MEAN, YEAH, THAT'S REALLY HIP

Dear aye,

Where was all that acid rain when we needed it at Woodstock?

Timothy Leary
somewhere over America

TELEVISION, MAN! YOU DIDN'T BLAME IT ALL ON TELEVISION!

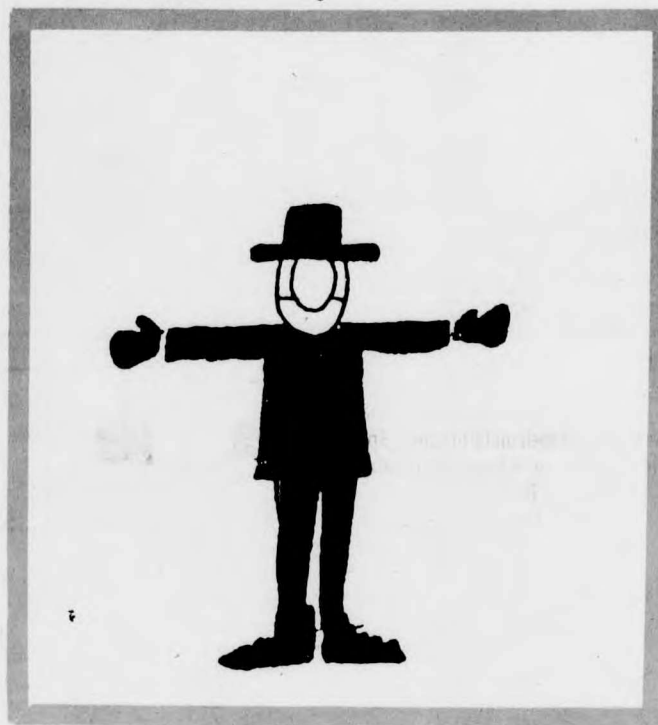
Dear aye,

Yo! What's this about our short attention sp

Kids These Days
all across Canada

TOO KOOL TO KALYPSO

by Marquis Bobesick
and EMI.



"Simon says... ovulate!"



SPACE FOR GRUNT

Make whatever unpleasant noises you like, and if we are sufficiently amused, we'll run them



Harry Rudolfs

Allusory irreproducible phenomenology troubles an ideological atrophic rhinoplast

BY HARRY RUDOLFS

The "New Journalism" is nothing but a mask for pseudo-Bakhtian notions of polyphony, dialogism, and heteroglossia. The self-reflexive dogma is steeped in the modernist aesthetic of cultural sign-systems, included in its demesne are realist representations of nationality, ethnicity, gender, race, sexual orientation — a naive, but functional sense of alienated "otherness" imprinted from an irreducible plurality of texts. Balanced with textualist or neo-formalist assertions of the total separation of art from the world, the modernist's viewpoint, in rejecting the axiom of "Intentional Fallacy," becomes inter-textually overdetermined and leads to an anxiety of non-influence in the "politi-

cized" transgression of authority-systems.

It's too easy to blame the post-modern fetishists for the over-abundance of inter-discursivity and the various other collective modes of the uniformizing impulse of common culture. The ontological culture-soup of sign systems is sprinkled with the vinegar of an hermetic, elitist, isolationism into which is thrown some of the bones of this overdetermined, intertextual self-reference.

The discursively overloaded, overvalued conceptions of "reality", that any society assumes — an auto-representation of the verisimilitude of the contradictory fragmentation of the ex-centric foregrounding — serves as a striking example of the paradox of paratextual conventions in any prob-

lematic unity of linguistic constructs. But before we can have supper we have to situate the kettle on the locus of textual meaning within an infinite text, and paradoxical views of literature, the visual arts, history, biography, theory, philosophy, psychoanalysis and sociology only serve to negate the concept of representation within the enclosure; the so-called "bracket of referentiality."

The contradictory ideological implications are contingent on particularized assumptions; the coherent, monolithic intertextual network is subjected to the myths that society lives by. The inescapable, entropic dispersal of the "modes" of cognition: the didactic, hermeneutic, and hegemonic reformulation and reappropriation "within the archive,"

appears as a parodic narrativization of the subverted identity.

The ensuing fragmentation becomes valorized in the modernist aesthetic, the "autonomy of art," incorrectly identified as art's critical relation to the "world" of discourse. By rejecting privileged semiotic self-examination in favour of the principle of "authorized transgression," particularization in favour of historical referentiality, we install devices to objectify truth. The gallery of conception is crammed with images and representations of paratextual conventions. The infinite text has reached its capacity but there are still pages blowing around in the wind.

We're not entirely sure who Harry Rudolfs is.