

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALGARY

"We had a Vision"

A Written Accompaniment to the Thesis Exhibition

by

Rébecca Bourgault

A PAPER

SUBMITTED TO THE FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES
IN PARTIAL FULFILMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE
DEGREE OF MASTER OF FINE ARTS

DEPARTMENT OF ART

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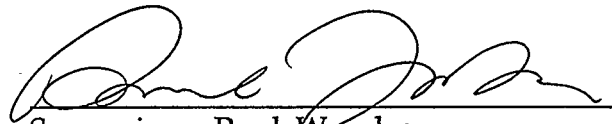
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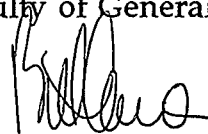
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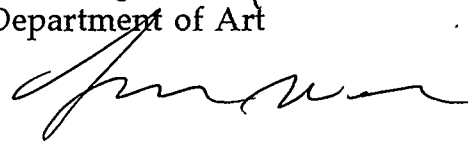
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Abstract

This paper is presented as a support to the Thesis exhibition "We had a Vision". Rather than acting as an explanatory text for the visual work, this paper accompanies the exhibition as a double, a twin-sister, a translation of images into written words.

While borrowing its format from the possibilities offered by electronic hypertexts, this paper accounts for the acquisition of new knowledge and how the memory upon receiving new information, catalogues and processes these ideas to become part of one's fluttering sense of identity. The texts have been ordered into 14 chapters or Stations as a paradigm for the journey of the Seeker. Obstacles and events climax with the heroine's metaphorical death, and the paper as well as the exhibition become the repository for the accomplished journey.

Acknowledgments

Having traveled extensively in order to produce this Master's-of Fine Arts-Thesis-Exhibition-and-Support-Paper, I need to be specially rigorous with the acknowledgments I wish to express. Everyone would agree that the "reverse chronological" method is the most practical. If it does not lend itself easily to the ways of the heart, it can, however, prevent the unavoidable failures of my memory system. I will therefore proceed by categories trying to display a semblance of order.

Transcending the institution category and infringing on the friend's, the therapist's, the ferryman's and the confident's territory, for this two last years section of the journey, I must pay homage to my Supervisor, Paul Woodrow. Words fail me here to suitably honour him so I will offer my most meaningful silence and he will understand everything. Geoffrey Simmins, Bill Laing, Ray Arnatt, Arthur Nishimura and Brian Rusted proved also to be precious allies and I am indebted to them for their support up to the end of this degree. Dr. Bershad deserves a special mention for his enthusiasm with my art history paper despite my early difficulties in english as a second language. Rick Calkins, Steve Nunoda, Jodie Godwin, Helen Miller, Bernice Peterson, Karen Lyons, Diana Poole, Terry Boyle and Nancy Allison acted as skillful and knowledgeable support persons in a department where we, as graduate students, became the privileged ones. Outside the University fortress, and in the role of the ferrywoman, my warmest thanks go to Diana Sherlock. She has been my first cultural and

social guide in this city and I would not have fared so well without her generosity and insight.

I am also indebted to these friends left in Québec, who supported my endeavours at a distance but would always be near the phone or the mailbox whenever I felt lost or relatively homesick: Julie Durocher, Mlle Lou, Guy Fréchette, Denis Michaud, Réjean Gagnon, my sister Myriam and brother Jean Daniel; further away, Raymond whose path I follow in my own ways, and Evangéline from whom I learned the energy for survival.

I wish I could list my heroines from the Internet, but in my younger days I had to meet them in books. The reason I list a few here is that today, I still draw a lot of confidence and inspiration from their words: Marguerite Yourcenar, Marguerite Duras, Nathalie Barney, Virginia Wolf, Anaïs Nin, Alexandra David Neel and Jenny Holzer.

I would also like to pay homage to my companion Martin Boucher, who bravely survived my storms, bouts of euphoria and the whole spectrum in between.

The inventory of this journey's encounters would remain incomplete without mention of Miriam Prantl and Kerry A. Flynn, both from a planet of their own. They appeared on the path as the Angel and the Crow. They also taught me new ways of flying.

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Introduction

"Maps are magic. In the bottom corner are whales; at the top, cormorants carrying pop-eyed fish. In between is a subjective account of the lie of the land. Rough shapes of countries that may or may not exist, broken red lines marking paths that are at best hazardous, at worst already gone. Maps are constantly being re-made as knowledge appears to increase. But is knowledge increasing or is detail accumulating ?

A map can tell me how to find a place I have not seen but have often imagined. When I get there, following the map faithfully, the place is not the place of my imagination. Maps, growing ever more real, are much less true.

And now, swarming over the earth with our tiny insect bodies and putting up flags and building houses, it seems that all the journeys are done.

*Not so. Fold up the maps and put away the globe. If someone else has charted it, let them. Start another drawing with whales at the bottom and cormorants at the top, and in between identify, if you can, the places you have not found yet on those maps, the connections obvious only to you."*¹

Let us suppose that a text is a map. A text lays down the symbols and structures needed to take you to a destination. If the text traced one of your favorite novel, or a fairy tale, you would recline with anticipating pleasure in your armchair, smile sensuously and, let yourself be gradually immersed in the territory of delight which is opening up for you. If the text were the map, your participation in the story would take you places in the territory of your mind; places well beyond the written symbols lined up in front of your eyes. Perhaps will you insist on traveling as close as possible

to the text per se. In this way, if she says: "Little Billy wished he could have spoken with the swan, but being incapable of producing any birdlike sounds, all he could do is look down and around him, holding on tight to the feathers of the bird's wings", you will imagine a little boy riding a big white flying bird.

Otherwise, you will most probably drift away from Little Billy and become yourself the flying child. Perhaps instead, will you remember your first airplane flight with the clouds seen from above and this will consist of your momentary journey within the territory disclosed by the page. If you are a more serious scholar you will mentally visit the library and wonder if you ever read any books on birds and their means of communicating. The possibilities are indeed numerous. Numerous but not unlimited. Words, as we know, are made of a signifier and a signified. The signified should contain the meaning within boundaries. I am always impressed, however, at the speed at which the meanings of a word can evolve. Dictionaries are not the best repository for meanings, as informal, creative and popular transmutations seem to lead the way. One only needs to think of the word "bird". Depending upon which country, province, region, class, education, gender etc. you grew up and evolve in, a bird can indeed possess the most unexpected signifieds. Need I give examples ?

What I would like to suggest here is that the journey you will make through a single quotation from a book is determined by the capacity of your memory to connect the new incoming message to the pre-existing information or knowledge. For example, if you consider a text written in a foreign language, you may dwell on the aesthetic aspects of the words, but nothing can really be made of the signifieds in the words. If you gaze at a geographical map of a desert where the writing appears, let's say in arabic, the only signs you will most probably recognize will be the symbols for trails and settlements, because the way it is communicated is recognizable to you. (I do not intend here to digress and try to explain how some visual signs have appeared from the darkness of times and made their way in a somewhat consistent

form through many human cultures and ways of communicating, but these signs can be generally called **Icons**. I will return to this matter later on). If you tried today to explain to me the nuclear fission theory, it would enter my "computer system" and either cause a shortcircuit or be rejected at once. The reason for this is that possessing no "units" to anchor the new knowledge, I cannot process the information.

We could perhaps at this point, propose that within the boundaries of the signifieds of a word and then of a text, there is still enough room for multiple journeys. Let us suppose that the communication medium is the english language: we are all so familiar with it that we can read between the lines. We can also, if we insist, read five stories in one single text. Who does not remember the stir caused by Roland Barthes's The Death of the Author ? Our "computers" know how to process the information of written language, but our cultural specificities; our experiences and acquired knowledge functions as a world within, and, the entering text will always find there a different context for the journey.

If a text were a map, let us imagine that the words used for the specific quotation delineates a highway. After the entrance in the territory of the text, if you are driving, you have to stay on the road (within the boundaries of the signifieds) otherwise you may get lost (loose the direction or the thread of the text). But who says what you will see on the road, where the road will take you inside that world within, what kind of strange beasts of emotions you will awaken as you stumble on unexpected connections ?

If you wish, go back to the opening quote. I read that text. As I read I went in the world-within. As I went in, I connected it with other dormant meanings. I made connections. I came back to tell you what I found, and what I highlighted in bold characters is the report. Therefore: The Call, The Departure, discoveries, connections etc., The Dissociation, The Repository .

When you will start traveling in the book later, all the texts you will find are

connections I made during my travels. Of course it will have been **my** journey. But is it not what this paper is meant to be ?

We have touched upon how I came to see a research as a journey. We have now to link it to other travelers' works. My companions in this, were selected amongst the Hypertext's riders. Perhaps my method is less attached to the technology than theirs. It is also possible that I am a fake or an anachronism, producing something that is considered contemporary, using methods as old as humanity. Some things never get lost. Some others are never really invented. A "real" computer possess in fact nothing more than a much bigger, stronger, more reliable and faster memory than the system I was born with. Let us not get into the philosophical question of the Soul. My own built-in computer usually shortcircuits or overheats at questions it cannot make sense of ...

In his book Hypertext: The Convergence of Contemporary Critical Theory and Technology, George P. Landow describes the hypertext as a "*text composed of blocks of words (or images) linked electronically by multiple paths, chains, or trails in an open ended, perpetually unfinished textuality described by the terms link, node, network, web, and path*".²

In the same book, he then proceeds to quote Roland Barthes in S/Z. The man has grasped the poetry of the travel:

"In this ideal text, the networks [réseaux] are many and interact, without any one of them being able to surpass the rest; this text is a galaxy of signifiers, not a structure of signifieds; it has no beginning; it is reversible; we gain access to it by several entrances, none of which can be authoritatively declared to be the main one; the codes it mobilizes extend as far as the eye can reach. . . plural text. . . based as it is on the infinity of language".³

"The galaxy of signifiers" constitutes, in my view, the formal aspect of the virtual library. The traveler still has to use her connections with the signifieds to proceed on her journey, if she wishes to follow a certain direction. Examples of such journeys will be given below.

What seems to be the greatest attraction of the Hypertext so defined, resides in its flexibility and the possibility of non-linear travels. However, when we work with books, we do not necessarily proceed linearly, we do not read the book entirely, let alone begin with chapter 1. I began the journey with "identity" in mind. I collected 50 books, put them on the table and started to read. In one of them I might have begun at chapter 3, because the title was enticing. Having stumbled on a passage describing, let's say, the transformation expected of a new immigrant, I might be directed to another book addressing the issue of geography and sense of belonging. Then, I meet Professor Woodrow, tell him about the trail I have been following and as can be expected, he will say: "I have some books...", and, we will exchange our knowledge of the subject, overflow in periphery of the theme and he will lend me his books; but while we are at it, we will find something else in the library that looks interesting, etc. etc.

The other extremely seductive aspect of the world of hypertexts is that the galaxy can be bigger than the City of Calgary Library, U of C Library and Professor Woodrow's Library combined ! The immediacy of access is also greater. You can be reading multiple books "at the same time", all virtually contained within the screen, go back and forth, etc. Once again, the humble research one may lead with books, conversations, other types of accidents and interactions follows a process of discovery akin to the methods of reasearching the hypertext's galaxy. The difference is in scale and speed.

If Hypertext refers to a way of accessing information within a mega-hyper-library, the term has also been used by Landow to describe the "result" of the journey. However, I would consider it a report displaying the structures of hypertextuality. In Landow's words, any scholarly paper, quoting other scholarly papers, can be called *explicit* hypertextuality in non-electronic form. The travel is apparent. It is also ethically compulsory. An *implicit* hypertextuality could be a novel in which one can

sense the references, but not actually see them as “bites” (Derridian term for quotations, parts, *morceaux*). If we agree that any creativity is born of what we possess in our *world-within*, to which any new knowledge can be added at any time; if we agree this world-within has been constructed with “imported” information, that our memory is not genetically furnished, nor instructed by a beam from heaven, then, ultimately, any piece of writing would be an implicit hypertext.

This present paper appears therefore to be a report on explicit hypertextuality in non-electronic form. The concept for this report grew out of the consideration that no implicit references are necessary (binding text; personal writing between “bites”), since what matters here is the compilation of one’s acquisition of new knowledge and the construction of the web into which the new knowledge has been placed. The woven structure, present in any research, has been here brought to the front, and it is through the text’s position in the web that the reader can access my point of view. The reader may remain the traveler she always has been while entering the world of any text. She will have, however, to find her way through the impression of chaos. This sensation of disorder should be dispelled, if she keeps in mind the title of the station (chapter), and consider that every text has been chosen for its perceived reference to an aspect of the concept. The reader, being confronted with someone else’s report, might have chosen, would it have been her journey, to link one “bite” to another station. The not-so-rigid structures of signifieds and the manifestation of the specificity of the “world-within” merge here. . .

Let us investigate a few paths followed by fellow hypertext riders.

Written in 1966, Norman O. Brown’s Love’s Body presents an account of readings and reflections compiled into 16 chapters. Each chapter’s title announces the theme of a journey which is itself a “station” in the journey of the book. Formally speaking, the book is constructed of personal text and notes (implicit hypertextuality) mixed with direct quotations; although there is a well defined direction in the flow of

ideas, the text has been divided in “bites” and is not constructed with the habitual structures of continuity. In this fashion, each paragraph appears somewhat independent of the next. To construct this apparent disruption, Brown adds the footnotes directly under each paragraph. The book as a whole, however, draws its homogeneity from the choice of texts. Most of the quotations have been extracted from psychoanalytical studies, religious as well as mythological works. The tone of the book remains investigative while meandering into the poetic realm and accounts for a research in a specific field.

By comparison, Dick Higgins, in foew&ombwhnw: a grammar of the mind and a phenomenology of love and a science of the arts as seen by a stalker of the wild mushroom, written in the same decade (1969), shows the epitomy of disrupted journey lines. The publisher offers, in the preface, a key to understanding the objectives of this most unusual gathering of texts: *“I have met him on a variety of occasions, as composer, writer, speculator, dramatist, colleague, presence, etc. But there seems always to have been a common ground of research underlying his investigations in any field. He seems to approach things without the assumption of mastery over them, more with curiosity about them. As a result the distinctions among these fields apparently seem to him to be manifestations of man’s fondness for “understanding” by putting labels on things, rather than by confronting them and seeing their similarities as well as their disparities ”.*⁴

Rather than attempting a reconstitution of a theme through the compilation of texts written from within a mostly common preoccupation, like Brown’s Love’s Body, Higgins tries to demonstrate how ideas relate and how they acquire sense when confronted with each other. Conceptually speaking, the exploration I conducted and for which I account in the rest of this paper, follows the same trend. The spectrum of unrelatedness in terms of the chosen texts is, however, in Higgins’s work far greater and produces an increased effect of random. I believe that it is Higgins goal to demonstrate that under the chaotic appearances of this written amalgamation

an order or at least a thread can be found (or believed in). The title of the book already announces the expanse of the territory. In foew&ombswhnw, the format of the book becomes the overriding concept, and the texts could almost be anything. This formal attraction acts as the strategy for the demonstration of the interrelatedness of ideas, sounds, images etc. But, once the point made, the book is best read in sporadic, random bites (the actual figurative meaning is of consumption, this time), perhaps as we would do for an encyclopedia or even the Bible (which might explain why the document is bound in the manner of a gospel or mass book).

Perhaps situated midway between Love's Body and foew&ombswhnw, Walter M. Spink in The Axis of Eros traces a survey into the mythological and religious past of our perceived human condition, by compilation of texts and images from both the Orient and the Western world. As can be expected, the sources of the texts are mainly found in "eternal" documents such as the Bhagavad Gita and the Bible. He also gives speech to poets, philosophers and writers, to psychoanalysts as well as visual artists. The book, which contains almost as many photographic reproductions of works of art as it contains texts, is very rich and meditative. The homogeneity is present all the way through the exploration and the author reflects on ideas as he goes along. In the manner of J. Campbell the book demonstrate human spirituality and belief, with the emphasis on the polarities between east and west when it comes to the legacy of Eros. Implicit, are therefore two basic divergent origins of texts, and their dialogue seem to bring about a more complete picture of humanity.

It might be significant to mention that, with The Axis of Eros, written in 1973, none of the three books may have actually relied on the technology associated with hypertexts to achieve their aim. The resulting format could then be considered a display of what usually results from a journey into virtual libraries, without relying on it. This present proposition, We had a Vision, falls into this category as well. I have retained from Higgins the notion that texts from very different origins can pro-

duce enlightening dialogues and increase their scope of meanings when juxtaposed. I have, however, maintained a tighter connection between the chosen texts within a same chapter, announcing with the chapter's title (Station), the commonality of discourse or of concept I had previously perceived in them.

As for the question of mastery, on which Higgins publisher brushes swiftly, I intended to demonstrate that many journeys are contained within every text. As well, I bear in mind the certitude that all I know has simply been gathered somewhere or other, and this paper displays how I have perceived and catalogued the connections made through the journey. The clarity of this exposition is perhaps more related to Walter M. Spink's The Axis of Eros, but using a wider field of sources.

The rationale behind the choice of texts is, therefore, their connections to the master idea proposed by the title of the Station. If the format of the Exhibition as well as of the Paper remains that of a journey, it is not absolutely specified to which or whose journey I refer. It could be the known history of this province, my own journey in Alberta, more probably my journey into this Master's of Fine Arts studies, the 'eternal' human journey, a journey into knowledge as it is acquired and transforms the way we see the world, etc. It could also be all of the above, superimposed, overlaid. Even if there seems to be a sense of time, of linear development, any station could be played at this very moment. One enters the story at any point, or feels related to a specific Station depending on the personal journey she is aware of pursuing at the time. Because of its apparent multiple addresses joined by a focused word-concept, one could say that the visual work as well as the text possess qualities inherent to Icons.

Daniel J. Sahas in Icon and Logos: Sources in Eight-Century Iconoclasm, explains from a religious point of view, the difference between an image and an icon: "*Image* (from *imago*) implies a depiction out of one's imagination. An image is a desideratum, not a statement. . . *Icon* is the noun from the perfect tense (*êoika*) of the Greek verb *êiko*

(to be like). Even the grammatical detail is significant, in that it suggests that the likeness is an already accomplished fact.”⁵

Within the world of the religious icons, a prototype precedes the existence of an icon. This icon is not similar to the prototype and neither can it exist without it. However, the icon is more than an image, in that it embodies the qualities of the prototype. In the profane world, the cultural or natural icon functions the same way. If we think of the representation of Lake Louise, for example, the icon embodies what we sublimely attach to the Canadian wilderness: unspoiled, majestic, serene, the mountains at the back seem unreachable, lofty, cold and silent, eternal, etc.

However, something additional to the qualities attached to Lake Louise, has contributed in establishing its representation as an icon: the photograph is always taken from the same angle; if it isn't, in some rare exceptions, the photograph will be perceived as the icon through transfer of memory, or simply will not be recognized. We always remember Lake Louise as it is seen from the Château.

Religious icons have always obeyed strict rules of representation. Boris Uspensky, in Semiotics of the Russian Icon, suggests that in order to keep the icon within its functional purpose (in line with the holy writings), and in this way to be properly understood, Orthodox have elaborated a very precise vocabulary and grammar to be scrupulously followed by the icon painters. St-Nicholas, for example, will always be seen wearing a red and white dress on which appears a black cross, his hair will be grey, etc. St-Peter will more often than not be depicted with a heavy set of keys at his waist or in his hands, his hair will be black, with a beard, etc. Subtle changes in representations are carried out with time, and these changes can be related to the evolution of language as signifieds, grammar, and even signifiers transform. Because of its close relationship to writing, Uspensky suggests that the icon should be considered a text and it should be read as such.

If the icon must be painted following strict rules of composition and colors (gram-

mar and signifiers), icons are best understood as “copies”, in the sense that they must be painted in the same way. The message conveyed through the icon of St Peter for example, should remain of the same essence, every time he is depicted, let’s say, in a portrait fashion. If successful, the eternal St Peter will exist through every icon. Although reproduced, the icon and its aura do not lose their sanctity or their validity. In Russian, to “copy an icon” is said “peverod”, which means the same as “translation”⁶. It is also significant to note that the icon painter cannot be considered the author of the icon. His work is closely related to that of, for example, a Bible translator. The icon painter is not a creator; he is someone who reveals: “*in icon-painting terminology, the master [dolicnik] reveals [raskryvat’] the extra-personal elements [the dolicnoe], and the paint which he uses for this purpose is called the “revealer” [raskryska].*”⁷

The religious icon is constructed through the copy of an already “eternal” representation. With it appears a simple text, often few words which direct the reading of the image. I would like to parallel this description with our icon of Lake Louise. We will suppose that the icon is in a poster format.

Since the religious icon must be accessible to all and since its authenticity through reproduction remains the reason of its existence, one could say that icons act as stereotypes. We have already agreed that the persons (or our “natural” icon) represented are the vehicle perpetuating already existing values. The recognition of these values is maintained through the reoccurrence of familiar traits or views. With the text tightening its semantic field, or directing it, the stereotypical image acquires a depth of meaning which will be recalled everytime the image surfaces.

In the case of our Lake Louise poster, displaying a photograph and the words: “Lake Louise, Alberta”, or “The Rockies” or “The Canadian Rockies”, the stereotype not only calls on to the sublime landscape but to the commercial goals imbedded in the ideology of reproduction and distribution.

If we give credit to Lyotard for his insight, in that “the sublime is now in the

market place”, then the icon-stereotype, while serving a more mundane purpose, nevertheless functions like its ancestors: the icon summons within a specific ideology and its consistent representation assures an easy recognition calling to a “sublime” experience.

If the semantic field of an image can act as the icon for a specific value or concept, by containing its “essence”, I would like to propose that a text can also be read as an icon. As we have discussed above, an icon can be read as a text.

For every Station contained in this paper, the texts have been selected for their relationship to the key-word of the title. The 14 Stations of the Journey are based on a very famous Christian story which has provided, through the ages, numerous other stories and tales with a typical format. This format has acquired through multiple reproductions a status of “immortality”. Every texts chosen to “represent” the 14 “prototypes”, contain somewhere in their lines the values respective to the prototypes. And I, as the “copyist”, can only serve as the translator of these values.

For the same reason of already existing stereotypes and values, I have constructed all the visual work using the images of others. What I read in those images I have translated through juxtapositions and layering of already existing icons, while remaining faithful to the “essential” values of every Station.

In the hope that this long introduction will have supplied you with all the maps and supporting material needed for your journey, the time has now come for my voice to recede behind the texts and to allow you the discoveries of yet another North West Passage.

NOTES

1. Jeanette Winterson, *Sexing the Cherry* (London: Vintage, 1989)p. 81
2. George P. Landow, *Hypertext: The Convergence of Contemporary Critical Theory and Technology* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1992) p.3
3. Roland Barthes, cited in *Hypertext: The Convergence of Contemporary Critical Theory and Technology*, George P. Landow, p.3
4. Publisher's preface, *foew&ombwlnw*, Dick Higgins (New York: Something else Press, 1969) p.7
5. Daniel J. Sahas, *Icons and Logos: Sources in Eight-Century Iconoclasm* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1986) p.6
6. Boris Uspensky, *The Semiotics of the Russian Icon* (Lisse: the Peter de Ridder Press, 1976) p.10
7. Ibid., p 13

STATION I

THE CALL

The world is full of origin of Myths, and all are actually false. The world is full, also, of great traditional books tracing the history of man ... from the age of mythological beginnings, through periods of increasing plausibility, to a time almost within memory, when the chronicle began to carry the record, with a show of rational factuality, to the present. Furthermore, just as all primitive mythologies serve to validate the customs, systems of sentiments, and political aims of their respective groups, so do these great traditional books.

On the surface they may appear to have been
composed

^ This is an interior landscape. It is inside.

as conscientious history. In depth they

It is private. The poem is not a slogan.
reveal themselves to have been conceived as

It cannot promote your reputation for sensitivity
myth: poetic readings of the mystery of life from

You are a student of discipline
a certain interested point of view. But to read a

Do not act out the words.
poem as a chronicle of facts is - to say the least -

The poem is nothing
to miss the point."¹ *but information.*

*It is the Constitution of the inner country. If you
declaim it and blow it up with noble intentions
then you are no better than the politicians whom
you despise. You are just someone waving a flag
and making the cheapest appeal to a kind of
emotional patriotism. Think of the words as
science, not as art. They are a report."2*

“ Wann wird, wann wird, wann wird es genügen
 das Klagen und Sagen ? Waren nicht Meister im Fügen
 menschlicher Worte gekommen ? Warum die neuen Versuche ?

Sind nicht, sind nicht, sind nicht vom Buche
Do not, do not, do not books for ever
 die Menschen geschlagen wie von fortwährender Glocke ?
hammer at people like perpetual bells ?
 Wenn dir, zwischen zwei Büchern, schweigender Himmel erscheint: frohlocke
When, between two books, silent sky appears: be glad...,
 oder ein Ausschnitt einfacher Erde im Abend.
or a patch of plain earth in the evening.

Louder than gale, louder than sea swell, men
have roared and yelled... What preponderances of stillness
must reside in the cosmic spaces, when
the cricket is audible still to yelling mankind.
When stars, the silent, shine for us in the yelled-at-heavens !

Redeten uns die fernsten, die alten und ältesten Väter !
 Und wir: Hörende enlich ! Die ersten hörenden Menschen.”³

" You are reading. Did you not realize these green plants are breath, these moving animals

" If you had no name

are words ? Now, notice a change in your own body. A transformation ! Your words are the

If you had no history

hiss of steam. Your stomach is a pit of coal. your tongue is a DEVICE you have made from

If you had no books

hair and teeth and stones and fire. Know that you must no longer trust this machine. You

If you had no family

will ignore all reason and you will kill it !."4

If it were only you

Naked on the grass

Who would you be then ?

This is what he asked

And I said I wasn't really sure

But I would probably be

Cold

And now I'm freezing

*Freezing."*5

NOTES

The Call

1. Joseph Campbell, *The Masks of God: Occidental Mythology* (New York: The Viking Press, 1964), p. 95
2. Leonard Cohen, "How to Speak Poetry", *Stranger Music: Selected Poems and Songs* (Toronto: McClelland & Stuart inc., 1993), p. 288-89
3. Rainer Maria Rilke, *Rainer Maria Rilke: Poems 1912-1926*. Intr. Michael Hamburger (Redding Ridge, CT: Black Swann Books, 1981), p. 80-81
4. Andrew Carlisle, *You Are Reading*, Billboard for Artcote Gallery, Windsor, Ontario. May 15 - June 26, 1992
5. Susanne Vega & Philip Glass, "Freezing", *Songs From Liquid Days*. Philip Glass (New York: CBS Records inc., 1984), 7464-39564-4
6. Andrej Dugin & Olga Dugina, *Dragon Feathers* (Charlottesville VA Thomasson-Grant, 1993), unpaginated

STATION II

THE DEPARTURE

A partir de l'appareillage, tout ce que vous faite désormais pourra être retenu contre vous. Résonne la parole du juge d'instruction. Haut-lieu: haute cour. Voici ouvert l'espace de la cause, sans excuse aucune ni pardon. Tout geste compte, chaque mot et même l'intention, jusqu'au plus mince détail. Comme le dit judiciaire, l'acte de performance ici accompli est immédiatement performatif; la réalité lui colle aux chaussures: Sitôt esquissé, tout aussitôt sanctionné. A la chute, vous n'avez plus droit. Vous commencez à vivre selon un autre style".¹

*"I ween that I hung on the windy tree,
Hung there for nights full nine;
With the spear I was wounded, and offered I was
to Othin, myself to myself.
On the tree that none may ever know
What root beneath it runs.*

*None made me happy with loaf or horn,
And there below I looked;
I took up the runes, shrieking I took them,
And forthwith back I fell.*

*Then began I to thrive and wisdom to get,
I grew and well I was;
Each word led me on to another word,
Each deed to another deed." ²*

“De quoi nous occupons-nous? De données numériques, d'équation, de dossiers, de textes juridiques, des nouvelles sur le marbre ou les téléscripteurs: bref, de la langue. Du langage vrai dans le cas de la science, normatif pour l'administration, sensationnel pour les médias.

De temps en temps, tel expert, climatologue ou physicien du globe, part en mission pour recueillir sur place des observations, comme tel reporter ou inspecteur. Mais l'essentiel se passe dedans et en paroles, jamais plus dehors avec les choses... Irrépressiblement, nous communiquons. Nous ne nous occupons que de nos propres réseaux.

Ceux qui, aujourd'hui, se partagent le pouvoir ont oublié une nature dont on pourrait dire qu'elle se venge mais qui, plutôt, se rappelle à nous qui vivons dans le premier temps et jamais directement dans le second, dont nous prétendons parler cependant avec pertinence et sur lequel nous avons à décider....

Au moment même où physiquement nous agissons pour la première fois sur la terre globale, et qu'elle réagit sans doute sur l'humanité globale, tragiquement, nous la négligeons.”⁵

NOTES

The Departure

1. Michel Serres, *Le Contrat Naturel* (Paris: Editions François Bourin, 1990.)p. 173

2. Joseph Campbell, *The Masks of God: Occidental Mythology*. p. 482-483

The author added: "No one knows who wrote these lines. They occur in the precious manuscript known as Codex Regius, in the Royal Library in Copenhagen, which appears to have been written c. 1300 A.D., and of which the contents (judging from the form of language) must have been composed between c. 900 and 1500 A.D.. That is to say, the period of composition was that of the great Viking expeditions out of Scandinavia."

3. Leonard Cohen, *Stranger Music: Selected Poems and Songs*. p. 73

4. Gaile McGregor, *The Wascouta Syndrome: Exploration in the Canadian Langscape* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1985) p. 285

5. Michel Serres, *Le Contrat Naturel*, p. 53-54

STATION III

THE BADLAND

The prehistoric mediterranean world is sometimes characterized as the first Eden" or "garden of God". The roots of the word *Eden* include the Babylonian *eindu* and the Hebrew *Ethen*, translated variously as paradise, plain and hunting ground. . . . If the thesis that agriculture underlies humankind's turn upon the environment, even if out of climatological exigency, is cogent, then the ancient Mediterranean theater is where the "fall of Paradise" was staged, for here began extensive humanisation of the natural landscape".¹

"Sumeria, located between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers in the area known as the Fertile Crescent, some five hundred miles northeast of Egypt, presents an equally fascinating

of ancient agriculturists coming to conceptual grips with an ecological transition. The Sumerians can claim many firsts, including the distinction of forming the first nation-state. Writing is the most famous and perhaps most important creation (3300 b.c.e.) of these people. The essential genius of their insight was in moving beyond the pictographic images of hieroglyphics to words constructed of letters used to make syllables. This new form of writing, called Cuneiform, was a powerful tool supporting not only sophisticated commerce but the creation of literature and stable code of laws".²

*"Despite their extraordinary numbers their powers of regeneration could not keep pace with the increased intensity of hunting that came about as a result of a final combination of a new demand for buffalo hides, an increasingly efficient means of slaughter and easier access to the plains. The new demand arose from the discovery in 1871 of a method of tanning buffalo hides that would make them strong enough for use as belting for power transmissions in the new factories that were multiplying in the eastern United States."*³

*"As the wide plains were progressively surveyed and taken up by private owners, as homesteads were fenced in and grazing rights leased; as the right to cut wood was appropriated to lumbermen; as fences closed in hay meadows and drinking spots; as railroads rights of way cut across Indian trails and game trails, the age of old rights of common gave way before the advance of exclusive salable property rights. Only the private owner, supported by the police, might now use the gifts of the Great Spirit."*⁴

*"Our changed socio-economic and intellectual-cultural conditions have severed our bondage to the ancient gods, and to Yahweh as well, for Yahweh too fell victim to the process of objectifying and falsifying collective human experience"*⁵

"There is nothing

*nothing to stand in
the way of the eye.*

*Earth rolls under light
scabbed by bush.*

*Overwater course
over slough and sand flat
eye travels out
to rest on land's edge.*

*Sky sheets down
sun-glazed air*

*eye open
in /to space where*

*There is nothing."*⁶

"CROWFOOT: The white man destroys everything. His whole history is a story of destruction, of killing and being killed.

ABERHART: No, no, chief, history is prophecy fulfilled, what you just did. All the prophecies of all the coming ages must be fulfilled before -

PRINCESS LOUISE: Now, William, really, I refuse to endure another of your interminable sermons. Nothing will destroy my beautiful province where the sun shines so endlessly. Lake Louise... I want to go and see it, Lake Louise, isn't that mellifluous, Lake Lo - ...

CROWFOOT (*as they slowly separate*): See ! where are your pretty little trees now, your beautiful (*He gestures*) undulating hills.

PRINCESS LOUISE: What was that dreadful noise - and what is that dreadful hole ? (*Comes forward, pointing*)

ABERHART: That's progress ! There's coal everywhere under Alberta and these fellows are just getting at the coal.

PRINCESS LOUISE (*aghast*): This is a coal mine ?

ABERHART: It's just a little hole. You can't make an omelet without breaking the egg you know. ...

PRINCESS LOUISE (*not yet recovered*): I've seen the coal mine in the Midlands. The women and little children pulling coal cars in the black tunnels.

ABERHART: This isn't that kind of mine. The coal's just a few feet down. All they do is peel the top off, strip her back -

CROWFOOT: Scalp the earth, rip it off to the black burning rocks -

PRINCESS LOUISE: Worse and worse ! My beautiful province one huge muddy slag heap, like Wales, a slimy - ...

ABERHART: You're right Crowfoot, and you're wrong. You're right, there's going to be an awful big hole here, but you're wrong if you think this will destroy the lands of the farmers. This hole - coal mine- will transform the people and this province. Now you come with me and I'll show you the spawning ground of the politics of Alberta. (*He is leading on.*)

PRINCESS LOUISE: Spawning ground ? Really, I don't much like lakes.

ABERHART (*stopping and staring at her for an instant*): I meant a farm, Princess.
That's where it happens in Alberta, on the farm.

PRINCESS LOUISE: Really ? How interesting !

They exit to their music as lights fade."

NOTES

The Badland

1. Max Oelschlaeger, *The Idea of Wilderness: From Prehistory to the Age of Ecology* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1991) p. 31
2. Ibid., p. 38
3. Irene Spry, "The Great Transformation: The Disappearance of the Commons in Western Canada", *Man and Nature on the Prairies*. Richard Allen ed. p. 26
4. Ibid., p. 36
5. Max Oelschlaeger, *The Idea of Wilderness: From Prehistory to the Age of Ecology*, p. 38
6. Peter Stevens, "Prairie", cited in "Circumference of Absence: Land and Space in the poetry of the Canadian Plains", Laurence R. Ricou, *Man and Nature on the Prairies*, Richard Allen ed. p. 72
7. Rudy Wiebe & Theatre Passe Muraille, *Far as the Eye can see* (Edmonton: NeWest Press, 1977) p. 32-36

STATION IV

THE SEPARATION

In the Imaginary, the child is still bound up with an image of himself in a unified position; the child and his image "subject and "object", are not differentiated. This fictional totality which Lacan calls the *Ideal Ego* is formed by the Imaginary capture of the ego by its reflection. Their "unity" is a sort of leap of desire... To consider the Other as the Same must by definition be imaginary...An important point to emphasise here is the "otherness" that is necessary for the construction of the subject in language. The *Symbolic* is a construct of differences in that the sign is no longer collapsed with its referent; the child is split from his image...

The access to the *Symbolic* is affected by the recognition of sexual difference. It is this which creates the "social I". Once the "social I" is formed it is impossible to return to the old unified Ideal Ego, because the mirror-image now reflects the Social I and this is a symbolic representation."¹

*"I dream of the animals
that may sulk here
deer snake and bear*

*dangerous and inviolable
as I am not inviolable
Even the gentle deer*

*scare me at midnight
no one else for 100 miles,
even the sucking snakes*

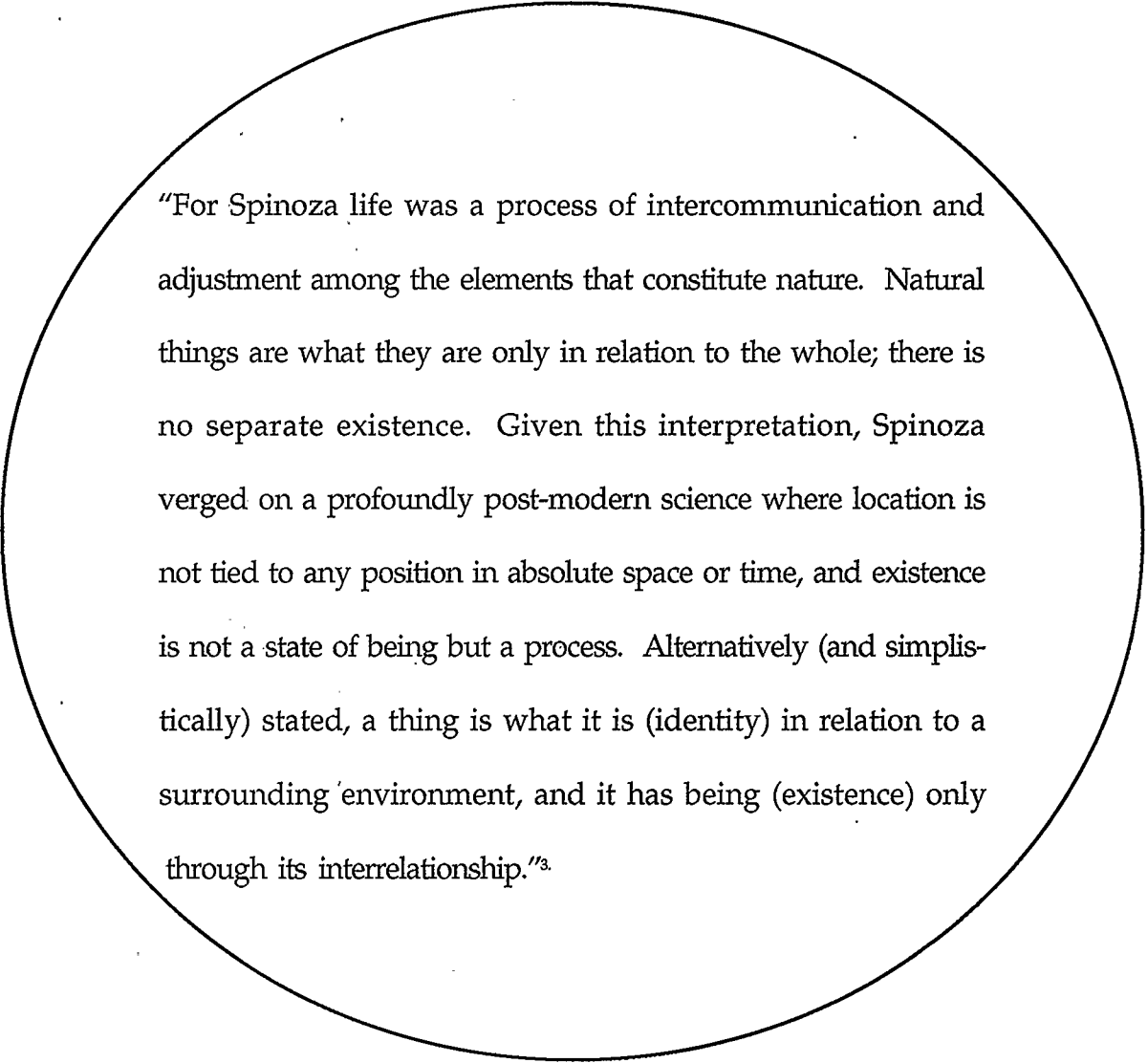
*small and lithe as syrup.
The forest is not silent,
water smashes its way,
rocks bounce, wind magnifies*

*its usual noise
and my shivering fear
makes something alive*

*move the trees
shift in the grass
10 feet above me.*

*I am too frightened
to move or to stay
sweating in the wind.*

*An hour later
I convulse unthinking,
and run, run, run down the cold road. "²*



"For Spinoza life was a process of intercommunication and adjustment among the elements that constitute nature. Natural things are what they are only in relation to the whole; there is no separate existence. Given this interpretation, Spinoza verged on a profoundly post-modern science where location is not tied to any position in absolute space or time, and existence is not a state of being but a process. Alternatively (and simplistically) stated, a thing is what it is (identity) in relation to a surrounding environment, and it has being (existence) only through its interrelationship."³

"Re-departure: The pain and the frustration of having to live a difference that has no name and too many names already. Marginality: who names ? whose fringes? An elsewhere that does not merely lie outside the center but radically striates it. Identity: the singular naming of a person, a nation, a race, has undergone a reversal of values. Effacing it used to be the only means of survival for the colonized and the exiled; naming it today often means declaring solidarity among the hyphenated people of the Diaspora...Identity is a way of re-departing...Since identity can very well speak its perplexity without suppressing its singularity, heterologies of knowledge give all practices of the self a festively vertiginous dimension...The necessity of re-naming so as to un-name."⁴

"Once the boundary between the Imaginary and the Symbolic has been crossed, it is impossible to return. But though the fictional totality of the Ideal Ego is broken, the subject is haunted by its ghost."⁵

NOTES

The Separation

1. Judith Williamson, *Decoding Advertisements: Ideology and Meaning in Advertising*.
(London: Mario Boyars, 1978) p.62
2. John Newlove, *Apology for Absence: Selected Poems 1962-1992*, p.33
3. Max Oelschlaeger, *The Idea of Wilderness: From Prehistory to the Age of Ecology*,
p.124
4. Trinh T. Minh-ha, *When the Moon Waxes Red: Representation, Gender and cultural
politics* (New York: Routledge, 1991) p.14
5. Judith Williamson, *Decoding Arvertisement: Ideology and Meaning in Advertising*,
p. 63

STATION V

THE FERRYMAN

Je l'appelle Tiers-instruit: expert dans les connaissances, formelles ou expérimentales, versé dans les sciences naturelles, de l'inerte et du vivant, à l'écart des sciences sociales aux vérités plus critiques qu'organiques et à l'information banale et non rare, préférant les actions aux rapports, l'expérience humaine directe aux enquêtes et aux dossiers, voyageur de nature et de société, amoureux des fleuves, sables, vents, mers et montagnes, marcheur sur la terre entière, passionné de gestes différents comme de paysages divers, navigateur solitaire au passage du Nord-Ouest, parages où le savoir positif traversé communique, de manière délicate et rare, avec les humanités, inversement versé dans les langues anciennes, les traditions mythiques et les religions, Esprit fort et bon Diable, enfonçant ses racines dans le plus profond terreau culturel, jusqu'aux plaques tectoniques les plus enfouies dans la mémoire noire de la chair et du verbe, et donc archaïque et contemporain, traditionnel et futuriste, humaniste et savant, rapide et lent, vert et chevronné, audacieux et prudent, plus éloigné du pouvoir que tout législateur possible et plus proche de l'ignorance partagée par le grand nombre que tout savant imaginable, grand peut-être mais peuple, empirique mais exact, fin comme soie, grossier comme toile résistante, sans cesse en errance sur l'empan qui sépare la faim de la satiété, la misère de la richesse, l'ombre de la lumière, la maîtrise de la servitude, le chez-soi de l'étranger, connaissant et estimant la méconnaissance autant que les sciences, les contes de bonne femme plus que les concepts, les lois aussi bien que le non-droit, moine et voyou, seul et courant les voies, errant mais stable, enfin surtout brûlant d'amour envers la Terre et l'humanité. ¹¹

"A SINGLE EVENT CAN HAVE INFINITELY MANY INTERPRETATIONS
A SOLID HOME BASE BUILDS A SENSE OF SELF
A STRONG SENSE OF DUTY IMPRISONS YOU
ABSOLUTE SUBMISSION CAN BE A FORM OF FREEDOM
ABUSE OF POWER COMES AS NO SURPRISE
ALL THINGS ARE DELICATELY INTERCONNECTED
ANYTHING IS A LEGITIMATE AREA OF INVESTIGATION
ARTIFICIAL DESIRES ARE DESPOILING THE EARTH
AT TIMES INACTIVITY IS PREFERABLE TO MINDLESS FUNCTIONING
BEING SURE OF YOURSELF MEANS YOU'RE A FOOL
BELIEVING IN REBIRTH IS THE SAME AS ADMITTING DEFEAT
CLASS ACTION IS A NICE IDEA WITH NO SUBSTANCE
CLASS STRUCTURE IS AS ARTIFICIAL AS PLASTIC
CONFUSING YOURSELF IS A WAY TO STAY HONEST
ELABORATION IS A FORM OF POLLUTION
EMOTIONAL REPOSSES ARE AS VALUABLE AS INTELLECTUAL RESPONSES
ENSURE THAT YOUR LIFE STAYS IN FLUX
EVERY ACHIEVEMENT REQUIRES A SACRIFICE
EXPIRING FOR LOVE IS BEAUTIFUL BUT STUPID
FAKE OR REAL INDIFFERENCE IS A POWERFUL PERSONAL WEAPON
FEAR IS THE GREATEST INCAPACITATOR
GRASS ROOTS AGITATION IS THE ONLY HOPE
GUILT AND SELF LACERATION ARE INDULGENCES
ILLNESS IS A STATE OF MIND
IN SOME INSTANCES IT'S BETTER TO DIE THAN TO CONTINUE
IT'S CRUCIAL TO HAVE AN ACTIVE FANTASY LIFE
LEISURE TIME IS A GIGANTIC SMOKE SCREEN
LOVING ANIMALS IS A SUBSTITUTE ACTIVITY
MANUAL LABOR CAN BE REFRESHING AND WHOLESOME
MEN ARE NOT MONOGAMOUS BY NATURE
MODERATION KILLS THE SPIRIT
MONOMANIA IS A PREREQUISITE OF SUCCESS
MYTHS MAKE REALITY MORE INTELLIGIBLE
OFFER VERY LITTLE INFORMATION ABOUT YOURSELF

PLAYING IT SAFE CAN CAUSE A LOT OF DAMAGE IN THE LONG RUN
PRIVATE PROPERTY CREATED CRIME
RESOLUTIONS SERVE TO EASE YOUR CONSCIENCE
SELF-AWARENESS CAN BE CRIPPLING
SEPARATISM IS THE WAY TO A NEW BEGINNING
SOME STONES ARE BETTER LEFT UNTURNED
SYMBOLS ARE MORE MEANINGFUL THAN THINGS THEMSELVES
THE NEW IS NOTHING BUT A RESTATEMENT OF THE OLD
THE UNATTAINABLE INVARIABLY IS ATTRACTIVE
WORDS TEND TO BE INADEQUATE
YOU ARE A VICTIM OF THE RULES YOU LIVE BY
YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR CONSTITUTING THE MEANING OF THINGS
YOU SHOULD TRAVEL LIGHT
YOUR ACTIONS ARE POINTLESS IF NO ONE NOTICES"²

"The bounty of nature could not be purchased. It could only be won by those with high
Until you lie down in the dark again to see
The white faces floating and the mouths that say
 human qualities and by concentrated human efforts. Outsiders coming into the country
urgently listen to me Listen only to me
 were soon aware of this. Even some "mighty hunters" as John Palliser and Lord Dunmore
The familiar faces like fathers turning
just out of sight of the dreaming eyes names
 and other eager young sportsmen who traveled to the prairies in search of adventure and
almost remembered mothers of hatred and fear
and cousins to murder strangers seeking
 heavy game, had need of native guides and hunters to provide their parties with the inti-
you for themselves Remember how real
your waking life seemed until you lay down
 mate local knowledge and skills that were essential to success in the hunt and without
in the dark and pulled
 which it was impossible to survive for long out on the plains."³

*a sheet to your head"*⁴

They first appear one night as Martin and I sat on the floor of the apartment.

They lay there, dead dusty old things. I think Death came to move first. It started to struggle with Martin. I told Martin that if he did not believe in it, She would go away. There was nothing Death could do to him. I took my finger and aimed as if it were a gun, concentrating on a ray directed at the head of Death. Death died again. It returned to its dusty state.

Then the Mummy came to life as well. She stood up and turned into a very beautiful woman. She stood in front of me and I closed my eyes wishing it away. But she laughed and coming towards me she said that it was exactly what I shouldn't be doing. Desire made her alive. So I tried to reject any thought of wish, it almost worked. She had dark long hair and a dark blue sweater. Death came alive again and she turned also into a very beautiful woman. I think I was terrified but I tried to be very brave. I tried my concentration power and other things. It almost worked. It should have.

Suddenly I saw myself going to sleep, getting smaller, smaller, smaller. I was horrified. I lay on the floor. I knew I was going to be "initiated". First I remember seeing myself from the outside, in the corner of the room, looking like a little doll or a prawn, beside the dustbin.

Then I found myself flying with the Mummy as a beautiful lady, blue and dark. She was showing me tricks, how we could achieve great speed in flight. We were flying like rockets. I thought that I should not be learning this. I thought that there was knowledge I should not access because there would be a price to pay. I did not want to learn because it meant that I had to give up a certain freedom. So I tried to forget things as soon as she showed them to me. I tried to escape the Mummy by thinking about something else, like concentrating on the colour black, not wanting anything. When I did that she could not reach me.

I remember that I looked out of the kitchen window, before all this happened and I saw a man not far from our balcony. I had never seen him before. He went in downstairs but I did not trust this and I thought I'd better close the window. It is when I turned around that the Mummy and Death came alive. By simply looking at them, we awoke them. It was hard to look without being noticed.

I woke up because I called myself out of the dream. I was thinking very hard that I did not want to be with the Mummy and I tried to get out "mentally". I was scared. It felt really nice to fly but I knew it was a dangerous, maybe deadly, deal. It felt like the deals with the devil in the legends from Quebec.

I also knew that if I carried on with the Mummy, I would have to meet with Death afterwards. This was really scary.⁵

NOTES

The Ferryman

1. Michel Serres *Le Contrat Naturel*, p. 147-148
2. Jenny Holzer, "Truisms", *Blasted Allegories*, Brian Wallis ed. (New York: The New Museum of Contemporary art, and Cambridge: The MIT Press, 1987) p. 103, 105-111
3. Irene Spry, "The Great transformation: The Disappearance of the Commons in Western Canada", *Man and Nature on the Prairies*, Richard Allen ed., p. 23
4. John Newlove, *Apology for Absence: Selected Poems 1962-1992*, p. 100
5. Dream from the night of March 31st, 1994, Calgary, Notes from my Journal.

STATION VI

THE REFLECTION

Arriving at each new city, the traveller finds again a past of his that he did not know he had: the foreignness of what you no longer are or no longer possess lies in wait for you in foreign, unpossessed places...

Marco enters a city: he sees someone in a square living a life or an instant that could be his; he could now be in that man's place, if he had stopped in time, long ago; or if, long ago, at a crossroads, instead of taking on a road he had taken the opposite one, and after long wandering he had come to be in the place of that man in that square. By now, from that real or hypothetical past of his, he is excluded; he cannot stop; he must go on to another city, where another of his pasts awaits him, or something perhaps that had been a possible future of his and is now someone else's present. Futures not achieved are only branches of the past: dead branches.

"Journeys to relive your past?" was the Khan's question at this point, a question which could also have been formulated: "Journeys to recover your future?"

And Marco's answer was: "Elsewhere is a negative mirror. The traveller recognizes the little that is his, discovering the much he has not had and will never have."¹

"FUR TRADE WILDERNESS"

"CATTLE KINGDOM"

"BREAD BASKET"

"LAST BEST WEST"

"DUST BOWL"

"BIBLE BELT"

"FUNNY MONEY"

"HOME OF THE BLUE-EYED ARABS"

"LAND OF OPPORTUNITY"²

...

"Those are all stories;
 The pride, the grand poem
 of our land, of the earth itself,
 will come, welcome, and
 sought for, and found,
 in a line of running verse,
 sweating our pride;
 we seize on
 what has happened before,
 one line only
 will be enough,
 a single line
 and then the sunlit brilliant image
 suddenly floods us
 with understanding, shocks our
 attentions, and all desire
 stops, stands alone;
 We stand alone
 we are no longer lonely
 but have roots,
 and the rooted words
 recur in the mind, mirror, so that
 we dwell on nothing else,
 in nothing else,
 touched, repeating them,
 at home freely
 at last, in amazement;
 the knowledge of
 our origins, and where
 we are in truth,
 whose land this is
 and is to be.
 in our desires, our desires,
 mirages, mirrors, that are theirs, hard-
 riding desires, and they
 become our true forbears, moulded
 by the same wind or rain,
 and in this land we
 are their people, come
 back to life again."³

"One sense of self is always mediated by
 the image one has of the other.

(I have asked myself at times whether a
 superficial knowledge of the other, in terms
 of some stereotype, is not a way of pre-
 senting a superficial image of oneself.)"

"It is worth noting here a journalist's re-
 port in a recent *Time* issue, which is enti-
 tled "A crazy game of Musical Chairs". In
 this brief but concise report, attention is
 drawn on to the fact that South Africans,
 who are classified by race and placed into
 one of the nine racial categories that deter-
 mine where they can live and work, can
 have their classification changed if they can
 prove they were put in the wrong group.
 Thus, in an announcement of racial
 reclassifications, by the Home Affairs Min-
 ister, one learns that: "9 whites became
 colored, 506 coloreds became white, 2 whites
 became Malay. 14 Malay became white,... 40
 coloreds became black, 666 blacks became
 colored, 87 coloreds became Indian, 67 Indians
 became colored, 26 coloreds became Malay, 50
 Malays became Indian, 61 Indians became
 Malay..." and the list goes on. However,
 says the Minister, no blacks applied to be-
 come white, and no whites became black"⁴

"Sometimes I wonder how a sculpture would be if it had a very reduced physical presence - a work that may be overlooked because it is small or low, obscured or inaccessible. Or, a work that appears to be an object so familiar that it has little claim to uniqueness and attention. Added to this is the understanding that while I initially identify an object by its physical appearance, however faint, a sense of that identity persists even when the object is not present or is physically altered.

Some years ago, a woman told me the history of the weight of her body. Although she had lived a long time her body weight had changed only a few times and on the whole she maintained a weight of 98 lbs.

She identified with the body that weighed 98 lbs.

Of course, she was still herself when she weighed less or more, but not so completely herself. When she weighed 98 lbs. she more closely resembled the person she thought of as herself.

Recently, an event occurred that again affected the weight of this woman. She became ill and lay in her small cabin, unnoticed for several days. She put out a distress flag, but because it didn't resemble in placement or in form what had been agreed upon, it didn't communicate as intended to her neighbours and it was only by chance that she was rescued."⁵

"The highly specialized and technical nature of the oil and gas industry requires highly specialized technicians and professionals. Consequently, since the end of the Second World War, Alberta's population has become increasingly white collar and middle class. In addition, because of the vast sums of money which the industry both requires and generates, Alberta has, in recent years, seen the emergence of a sizeable monied class, whose new fortunes have been made in oil and gas investments and in the real estate boom which accompanied the rapid growth induced by energy industries. Both of these sectors of Alberta society - the white collar technicians and professionals and the financier-developers - have tended to bolster the ranks and power of political conservatism in the province. While not wanting to over-generalize, one can, in fact, see evidence of the existence of a common political philosophy underlying the assumptions of many leaders and employees of the oil industry. It is a conservative political ideology built on an almost social-Darwinian faith in the efficacy and ultimate morality of an economy based on unfettered individualism and rooted in a vision which sees western Canada, particularly present-day Alberta, as one of the last frontiers of economic opportunity - a place and time which demand the energies and talents of a "special breed" of daring entrepreneurs free to manoeuver in an environment of minimal governmental restrictions.

The Calgary or Edmonton oil executive is, in self-image, a not-altogether incongruous successor to the ruggedly independent frontier farmer and rancher who opened "The Last Best West" eighty years ago."⁶

"International tourism promotion, aimed at economic development, requires every location to offer something unique. By this logic, each country or region must produce and publicize its unique identity, with a "name recognition" that signifies its superiority. All over the world there is a fantastic incorporation of identifying signs into touristic products: nostalgic places, historic monuments, traditional and rural heritage, the skills of ethnic groups. Populations are solicited to attract foreign attention with their talent and creativity. Everyone plays himself or herself and acts out a performance. Widespread marketing research determines what this image should be, matching aspects of local identity, with the desires of potential clients. This fabrication of identity defines the seductive attributes and crystallizes them in an advertising image such that even the locals may eventually recognizes themselves".⁷

NOTES

The Reflection

1. Italo Calvino, *Invisible Cities*. (London: Picador Edition, 1974) p. 25
2. Howard & Tamara Palmer, "The Alberta Experience", in *Journal of Canadian Studies*, XVII, 3 (1982) : 24
3. John Newlove, *Apology for Absence: Selected Poems 1962-1992*, p. 91-93
4. Trinh T. Minh-ha, *When the Moon Waxes Red: Representation, Gender and Cultural Politics*. p. 73
5. Liz Magor, *The Most She Weighed*, Catalogue of Exhibition, Glenbow Museum, Calgary, April 1 - May 29, 1983. p. 13
6. Howard & Tamara Palmer, "The Alberta Experience", *Journal of Canadian Studies*, XVII, 3 (1982): 29
7. Marie Françoise Lanfant & Nelson H.H. Gaburn, "International Tourism Reconsidered: The Principle of the Alternative", *Tourism Alternatives: Potentials and Problems in the Development of Tourism*, Valene L. Smith & William R. Eadington eds. (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1992) p. 99

STATION VII

THE WONDERLAND

Weapon shapely, naked, wan,
Head from the mother's bowel drawn,
Wooded flesh and metal bone, limb only one and lip only one,
Gray-blue leaf by red-heat grown, helve produced from a little
seed sown,
Resting the grass amid and upon,
to be lean'd and to lean on,

Strong shapes and attributes of strong shapes, masculine trades,
sights and sounds,

"Welcome the measureless, grazing-lands, welcome the teeming soil
of orchards, flax, honey, hemp;

Welcome just as much the other more hand-faced lands,
Lands rich as lands of gold or wheat and fruit lands,
Lands of mines, lands of the manly and rugged ores,
Lands of coal, copper, lead, tin, zinc,
Lands of iron - lands of the make of the axe.

...

The disembarkation, the founding of a new city,
The voyage of those who sought a New England and found
it, the outset anywhere;

The settlements of the Arkansas, Colorado, Ottawa, Willamette,
The slow progress, the scant fare, the axe, rifle, saddle-bags;

...

The beauty of independence, departure, actions that rely on
themselves

...

A sterile landscape covers the ore, there is as good as the best for
all forbidding appearance

There is the mine, there are the miners,
The forge-furnace is there, the melt is accomplished, the
hammersmen are at hand, with their tongs and hammers,
What always served and always serves is at hand.

...

I see the mighty and friendly emblem of the power of my own
race, the newest, largest race.

...

The axe leaps !

The solid forest gives fluid utterances,
They tumble forth, they rise and form,
Hut, tent, landing, survey,
Flail, plough, pick, crowbar, spade,
Shingle, rail, prop, wainscot, jamb, lath, panel, gable,
Citadel, ceiling, saloon, academy, organ, exhibition-house,
library,
Cornice, trellis, pilaster, balcony, window, turret, porch,

Hoe, rake, pitchfork, pencil, wagon, staff, saw, jack-plane,
mallet, wedge, rounce,
Chair, tub, hoop, table, wicket, vane, sash, floor,
Work-box, chest, string'd instrument, boat, frame, and what not,
...
The shapes arise !
The main shapes arise !
Shapes of Democracy total, result of centuries,
Shapes ever projecting other shapes,
Shapes of turbulent manly cities,
Shapes of the friends and home-givers of the whole earth,
Shapes bracing the earth and braced with the whole earth."¹

THE EMPEROR

"Realization. Accomplishment. Worldly power. Wealth. Stability. Authority. Indomitable spirit. Endurance. Leadership. Father. Brother. Husband. Male influence. Direct pressure. Dominance. Inconsideration.

THE FOOL

Folly. Thoughtlessness. Extravagance. Lack of discipline. Inconsideration. Delirium. Frenzy. Unrestrained excess. Carelessness in promises. Insecurity. Beginning adventure. New start. Precipice of life. Excitement. Something new."²

"Galileo's new science, Bacon's new logic, Descartes's mechanistic reductionism, and Newton's physics.... Collectively they represent a paradigm shift so radical that the very meaning of the word *nature* was changed. This conceptual change is reflected in such twentieth-century usages as "wild nature" as distinct from "nature" *simpliciter*. Nature is now believed to be the object of scientific study, and nothing remains in it of anything that is identifiably wilderness".³

" Indeed the Industrial Revolution involves a coalescing of so many variables that it appears almost a coincidence; but for the Renaissance there would not have been the growth of trade; but for the growth of trade there would not have been the wealth of the British Empire (extracted from colonial nations through imperialism); but for the wealth there would not have been capital; but for industrial technology there would not have been the machines to engender mass production; but for the Reformation there would not have been the religious justification for pursuing worldly success; but for the market there would not have been the division of labor; but for mass production there would not have been mass products".⁴

CRITERIA FOR LAND USE

1. Environmental goals
2. Developmental goals
3. Social goals: community stability etc.
4. Safe guards to health
5. Small business role
6. Economic diversification
7. Regional equity
8. Intergenerational equity
9. Stewardship, conservation and wise use
10. Preservation
11. Revenue generation
12. Industry viability
13. Taxpayer burdens
14. Cultural values

STRATEGIC THINKING

PREAMBLE

1. Recognize societal values
2. Crystallize a vision
3. Declare a policy

STRATEGIC PLAN

4. Identify targets
5. Set priorities
6. Do an action plan
7. Establish accountability
8. Implement the plan
9. Monitor and upgrade regularly⁵

SELECTED EXAMPLES OF TOURISM AND RECREATION DEVELOPMENT PROJECTS AND PROPOSALS IN ALBERTA

<u>Area</u>	<u>Examples</u>
National Parks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Ongoing expansion of Lake Louise Visitor Services Center - Focus of Alberta government on Banff townsite - Upgrading and major expansion of hotel and convention facilities - Twinning (past and proposed) of Trans-Canada highway and road interchange upgrading - Increased expansion at Sunshine and other ski areas including summer and winter use development
Kananaskis Country	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Incremental growth: - hotels and golf courses - riding stables - children's summer camp - Mount Engadine Lodge - Nakista ski hill development - National ski team hut on Haig Glacier
Eastern slopes	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Policy perspectives on: - tourism development - wilderness protection - forest industry growth - resource extraction <p style="margin-left: 40px;">examples: waterslide park near Waterton Lakes National Park Westcastle ski hill south of Pincher Creek Mount Kline glacier ice extraction</p>
Bow Corridor	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Expansion/ urbanisation of Canmore and Bow Corridor - Extent of government subsidies on projects - Major hotel chain & resort developments - Tea house on Mount Lady McDonald - Golf courses - Tourism studies - Resources extraction⁶

NOTES

The Wonderland

1. Walt Whitman, "Song of the Broad Axe", *Leaves of Grass*. Intr. Justin Kaplan (New York: Bantam Books, 1983) p.148-158
2. Stuart R. Kaplan, *Tarot Classic: Instructions*. (Switzerland: Muller & cie, for U.S. Games Systems inc., 1971) p.6-7
3. Max Oelschlaeger, *The Idea of Wilderness: From Prehistory to the age of Ecology*, p.76-77
4. Ibid., p.91
5. F.L. C. Reed, "Perspectives on the Future Use of Alberta's Forest Land", *Alberta into the 21st Century*, J.S. Frideres & R. Gibbins eds. (Calgary: Faculty of Social Sciences, The University of Calgary Printing Services, 1993) p.52-53
6. Herbert Kariel & Dianne Draper, "Evolving Land Use Considerations in Alberta's Recreation and Tourism Sector", *Alberta into the 21st Century*, J.S. Frideres & R. Gibbins eds. p. 67-68

STATION VIII

THE NOSTALGIA

Ainsi, toujours poussés vers de nouveaux rivages,
Dans la nuit éternelle emportés sans retour,
Ne pourrons-nous jamais sur l'océan des âges
Jeter l'ancre un seul jour ?

O lac ! l'année à peine a fini sa carrière,
Et, près des flots chéris qu'elle devait revoir,
Regarde ! je viens seul m'asseoir sur cette pierre
Où tu la vis s'asseoir !

Tu mugissais ainsi sous ces roches profondes;
Ainsi tu te brisais sur leurs flancs déchirés;
Ainsi le vent jetait l'écume de tes ondes
Sur ses pieds adorés.

"Un soir, l'en souvient-il ? nous voguions en silence;
On entendait au loin, sur l'onde et sous les cieux,
Que le bruit des rameurs qui frappaient en cadence
tes flots harmonieux,

Tout à coup des accents inconnus à la terre
Du rivage charmé frappèrent les échos;
Le flot fut attentif, et la voix qui m'est chère
Laisa tomber ces mots:

"O temps, suspend ton vol ! et vous, heures propices,
Suspendez votre cours !
Laissez-nous savourer les rapides délices,
Des plus beaux de nos jours !

Assez de malheureux ici-bàs vous implorent:
Coulez, coulez pour eux;
Prenez avec leurs jours les soirs qui les dévorent;
Oubliez les heureux.

Mais je demande en vain quelques moments encore,
Le temps m'échappe et fuit;
Je dis à cette nuit: "Sois plus lente"; et l'aurore
Va dissiper la nuit.

Aimons donc, aimons donc ! de l'heure fugitive,
Hâtons-nous, jouissons !
L'homme n'a point de port, le temps n'a point de rive;
Il coule et nous passons !

...
O lac ! rochers muets ! grottes ! forêt obscure !
Vous que le temps épargne ou qu'il peut rajeunir,
Gardez de cette nuit, gardez, belle nature,
Au moins le souvenir !

...
Que le vent qui gémit, le roseau qui soupire,
Que les parfums légers de ton air embaumé,
Que tout ce qu'on entend, l'on voit ou l'on respire,
Tout dise: "Ils ont aimé !"¹

"The pull of wild nature", writes a modern historian, "can always be recognized as an essentially anti-social emotion", an emotion that is linked with a love of freedom and lack of sympathy with the dominant trends of an age. The late nineteenth century abounds with numbers of cases to bear out Thomas's statement. Indeed, an influential contemporary believed that "love of nature had been partly forced upon us by mistakes in our political economy". Many lovers of Nature hold utilitarianism responsible for severe damage done to the social fabric, cultural vitality, and the natural environment - the working classes, art, and nature had to be defended. Nature and the past were turned to in order to give strength and guidance in the battle against commercialism and to win a better society. Nature retained a place as the "grand alternative to all that man made of man" for significant social critics and an unknowable number of contemporaries."²

**For Nature ever faithful is
to such as trust her faithfulness**

"What am I after - crush or exaltation ? It is

**When the forest shall mislead me,
When the night and morning lie,**

not a landscape and not sky but something

**When sea and land refuse to feed me,
'T will be time enough to die;**

outside and beyond the enclosed forms. I grasp

**Then will yet my mother yield
A pillow in her greenest field,**

for a thing and a place one cannot see with these

**Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
The clay of their departed lover." ³**

eyes, only very faintly with one's higher eye. . .

*Oh, to be still enough to hear and see and know
the glory of the sky and earth and sea". ⁴*

"If the traveler does not wish to disappoint the inhabitants, he must praise the postcard city and prefer it to the present one, though he must be careful to contain his regrets at the changes within definite limits: admitting that the magnificence and prosperity of the metropolis Maurilia, when compared to the old, provincial Maurilia, cannot compensate for a certain lost grace, which, however, can be appreciated only now in the old postcards, whereas before, when that provincial Maurilia was before one's eyes, one saw absolutely nothing graceful and would see it even less today, if Maurilia had remained unchanged; and in any case the metropolis has the added attraction that, through what it has become, one can look back with nostalgia at what it was"⁵

" There is something of the sublime in capitalist economy. It is not academic, it is not physiocratic, it admits of no nature. It is, in a sense, an economy regulated by an Idea - infinite wealth or power. It does not manage to present an example from reality to verify this Idea. In making science subordinate to itself through technologies, especially those of language, it only succeeds, on the contrary, in making reality increasingly ungraspable, subject to doubt, unsteady.

The secret of artistic success, like that of commercial success, resides in the balance between what is surprising and what is "well-known", between information and code. This is how innovation in art operates: one refuses formulae confirmed by previous success, one throws them off balance by combining them with other, in principle incompatible, formulae, by amalgamations, quotations, ornamentations, pastiche. One can go as far as kitsch or grotesque. . . In this way, one thinks that one is expressing the spirit of the times, whereas one is merely reflecting the spirit of the market. Sublimity is no longer in art, but in speculation on art."⁶

NOTES

The Nostalgia

1. Lamartine, "Le Lac", *Méditations Poétiques*. Intr. Jean des Cognets. (Paris: Editions Garnier Frères, 1956) p. 39-41
2. Peter C. Gould, *Early Green Politics: Back to Nature, Back to the Land, and Socialism in Britain 1880-1900*. (Sussex: The Harvester Press, 1988) p.15
3. Emerson, cited in, *The Concept of Nature in Nineteenth Century English Poetry*, Joseph Warren Beach (New York: Pageant Book cie., 1956) p. 349
4. Emily Carr, cited in, *The Logic Of Ecstasy: Canadian Mystical Painting 1920-1940*, Ann Davis (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1992) p. 110
5. Italo Calvino, *Invisible Cities*, p.27
6. Jean François Lyotard, "The Sublime and the Avant Garde", *Postmodernism: A Reader*, Thomas Docherty ed. (New York: Columbia University Press, 1993) p.255-56

STATION IX

THE WASTELAND

So many of us, alas, were born with no Northwest Passage to discover. We spend our lives carrying that poignant absence inside us wherever we go, around and around the earth.

Commodore Eric F.F. Forrer stood in the bow of his sailboat, *The Northwest Passage*, near the base of the bowsprit (whose configuration was most personal, most abstract), arms folded over his still large-calibre chest and shouted: "Eric F. F. Forrer, Commodore!" And then he listened to his echo skittering away among the branches and boles of the scrubpine".¹

"...How must it be
to be caught in the Empire, to have
everything you do matter ? The scornful
self-abuse comes from inside the boundaries
of the possible. Outside the borders of royalty
the barbarians wait in fear,
finding it hard to know which prince
to believe; trade-goods comfort them,
gadgets of little worth, cars, television,
refrigerators, for which they give iron,
copper, uranium, gold, trees, and water,
worth of all sorts for the things
citizens of Empire take as their due."²

"The transition from signs which dissimulate something to signs which dissimulate that there is nothing, marks the decisive turning point. The first implies a theology of truth and secrecy (to which the notion of ideology still belongs). The second inaugurates an age of simulacra and stimulation, in which there is no longer any God to recognise his own, nor any last judgement to separate true from false, the real from its artificial resurrection, since everything is already dead and risen in advance.

When the real is no longer what it used to be, nostalgia assumes its full meaning. There is a proliferation of myths of origin and signs of reality; the second-hand truth, objectivity and authenticity. There is an escalation of the true, of the lived experience; a resurrection of the figurative where the object and substance have disappeared. And there is a panic-stricken production of the real and the referential, above and parallel to the panic of material production: this is how simulation appears in the phase that concerns us - a strategy of the real, neo-real and hyperreal whose universal double is a strategy of deterrence"³

"Thus the answer to Big Question #4—Will the Net alter the very metaphysics of human existence?—is: not really. The attraction of cyberspace isn't so much that it radically transforms human interaction as that **it leaves the feeling of interaction intact**. The things it changes are the arbitrary constraints on interaction. Distance is not an impediment. Race doesn't matter. Being a big strapping male or a nubile female won't affect the amount of deference you get.

This does lead to a **freer, truly disembodied mingling of minds**, and if someone out there can get a Ph.D. in semiotics by calling that a metaphysical watershed (as someone probably already has), more power to him. But the bigger story seems to be the surprising extent to which basic social dynamics remain unchanged. There's been much talk about the effect in cyberspace of genuine, impenetrable anonymity (which is available on the Net), of how it strips away our civil facade, **frees the animal within**. But almost no Net regulars use true anonymity to be purposefully abusive, and the ones who do would probably be spending their time making nuisance phone calls if the computer hadn't been invented. The frequent talk on the Net about "flaming" is partly a testament to the tender sensibilities of some internavts; given its darkness, **cyberspace is a stunningly civil place**. And the reason is that the human desire to be liked by our neighbors runs more than skin deep."⁴

"Stampeding" can mean many things depending on your preference. A visitor to the city might start the day with ranch-style flapjacks served at any one of several shopping malls and sponsored by various companies and/or local service groups. Next is a bus or a C-Train ride (as parking is next to impossible) to Stampede Park to enjoy the midway attractions or to take in the infield events of the rodeo competition. Bucking broncs, steer-wrestling, bull-riding, lassoing and yahooing by real-live cow-boys highlight the rodeo - the centrepiece of the whole Stampede celebration. A tiring visitor would then likely spend the evening at the Grandstand Show on the fairgrounds, watching top flight entertainment including the renowned and thrilling chuckwagon races.

Stampede Week has additional attractions for Calgarians. For Calgary workers Stampede means, foremost, discarding the regular business world suits, ties or dresses and showing up for work wearing cowboy boots, blue jeans and cowboy hat. It means a half-day holiday from work (supposedly to attend the Parade), long and thirsty lunches, and a lot of hangovers."

Calgary Stampede historian Tom Hall sees the Stampede as having been a vital force "...without which Calgary would not be the city it is today". Ironically, however, Calgary's attachment to the cattle industry and to cowboys has had less to do with historical legacy than with promotional gimmickry. As anthropologist Herman Konrad has suggested, Calgary's wild-west image followed long after the demise of the era of large-scale ranching in the province. Instead, Konrad has argued, the image was the product of various hucksters, promoters and civic politicians who sought "... to put Calgary on the national and international tourist map".⁵

NOTES

The Wasteland

1. Michael Yates, "The Sinking of the Northwest Passage", *Fiction of Contemporary Canada*, George Bowering ed. (Toronto: The Coach House Press, 1980) p. 63
2. John Newlove, *Apology for Absence: Selected Poems 1962-1992*, p. 105
3. Jean Baudrillard, "The Precession of Simulacra", *Simulations*. (New York: Semiotext(e) inc., 1983) p. 12-13
4. Robert Wright, *Voice of America: Overhearing the Internet from the New Republic*.
urs0503 / externe (urs0503@UQSS. UQuebec. CA). Unpaginated.
5. Colin S. Campbell, "The Stampede: Cowtown's Sacred Cow", *Stampede City: Power & Politics in the West*, Charles Reasons ed. (Toronto: Between the Lines Press, 1984) p. 102-105

STATION X

THE LOSS

*B*etween the sounds men sit in their houses watching machines in
form them in Edison's light. In the marshes, the music of ominous living...

a leggy insect runs on that surface, frogs wait, fish, angling birds.

*In the cities men wait to be told. They sit between the locomotive and the fish. The flat sea and the prairie
that was a sea contain them. Images float before their eyes,*

men and women acting,

entertaining, rigorously dancing with fractured minds contorted to a joyless pleasure, time sold from life.

*The locomotive hums, the prairies hum. Frogs touch insects with their tongues, the cannibal fish and the
stabbing bird*

*wait."*¹

“...A sign replaces something for someone. It can only mean if it has someone to mean to.

...An object ‘replaces’, ‘stands for’, an image or feeling; then the product ‘replaces’ the original object in this role and appropriates the meaning of that image or feeling.

... But the receiver is only a creator of meaning because he/she has been called upon to be so.

... And it is ideology which connects them, or rather, which provides the invisible cloak in which their intermeshing is rendered transparent: ideology is always precisely that of which we are not aware. It is only ideology in as far as we do not perceive it as such. . .

It works through us, not at us. We are not deceived by someone else ‘putting over’ false ideas: ideology works far more subtly than that. It is based on false assumptions. . . There is a big difference between saying something is true, and saying that the truth of something *need not be questioned*. . . ”²

“S’il existe une pollution matérielle, technique et industrielle, qui expose le temps, au sens de la pluie et du vent, à des risques concevables, il en existe une deuxième, invisible, qui met en danger le temps qui passe et coule, pollution culturelle que nous avons fait subir aux pensées longues, ces gardiennes de la terre, des hommes et des choses elles-mêmes. Sans lutter contre la seconde, nous échouerons dans le combat contre la première. Qui peut douter aujourd’hui de la nature culturelle de ce qu’on nomma l’infrastructure ?”

“Certes, nous pouvons ralentir les processus déjà lancés, légiférer pour consommer moins de combustibles fossiles, replanter en masse les forêts dévastées... toutes excellentes initiatives, mais qui se ramènent, au total, à la figure du vaisseau courant à vingt-cinq noeuds vers une barre rocheuse où immanquablement il se fracassera et sur la passerelle duquel l’officier de quart recommande à la machine de réduire la vitesse d’un dixième sans changer de direction”.³

" But what is an event ? A gesture framed, a statement repeated, an image reproduced, a shot fired ? What happens when details are bracketed and actions extracted from the horizontal expanse of lived time and stacked to form a reconstruction of the real ? Events are literally created for the media, from miniseries, whenever hostages are taken, to the structural embroilments of diplomacy and the aesthetic formalities of summit meetings and state visits. These terse docudramas are stuffed into the nightly news broadcasts, which are then generously spiked with a dollop of "natural disasters" footage. While the former reminds us of the strong government leaders who are taking care of both business and us, the latter - the meteorological mishaps, the 'acts of God' - give airtime to our Ultimate Leader and handily distract us from what his lieutenants down here on Spaceship Earth are really up to. So while wars are fought over bruised egos and saved faces, we are treated to major coverage of natural calamities, of that which seems beyond "man's" control and through which we all suffer together, cameras stalk the globe sniffing out clumps of "natural" morbidity ripe for representation. Broadcast worldwide, these become symbolic of "universal suffering", elicit sympathy and some money to alleviate a fraction of the problem, and are quickly forgotten, supplanted by the next atrocity in another exotic "elsewhere".⁴

"Much time and money is now devoted to the "remaking of memory" (Jeudy 1986) to create new marketable identities. Thus we restore, regenerate, conserve and preserve works and events as identities for a touristic society. Things long resigned to decrepitude are resuscitated as heritage or "collectibles". The obsolescent and the obsolete once more become profitable. We extract the old from fragments of collective memory or, better still, from rare survivals still found in daily life.

Anything can become a tourist product as long as it can be given value. We invent new deposits to be mined: forgotten folklore, buildings in ruin, the sites of ancient cities. We move monuments from one place to another change their meanings, and make new springs gush. Thus even the "natural" regional distribution of tourist attractions may become obsolete."⁵

"I realize that every time I turn on an electric light, or ride on a Pullman, or pocket the unearned increment on a stock, or a bond, or a piece of real estate, I am 'selling out' to the enemies of conservation. When I submit these thoughts to a printing press, I am helping cut down the woods. When I pour cream in my coffee, I am helping to drain a marsh for cows to graze, and to exterminate the birds of Brazil. When I go birding or hunting in my Ford, I am devastating an oil field, and re-electing an imperialist to get me rubber. Nay more: when I father more than two children I am creating an insatiable need for more printing presses, more cows, more coffee, more oil, and more rubber, to supply which more birds, more trees, and more flowers will either be killed, or what is just as destructive, evicted from their several environments.

What to do? I see only two courses open to the likes of us. One is to go live on locusts in the wilderness, if there is any wilderness left. The other is surreptitiously to set up within the economic juggernaut certain new cogs and wheels whereby the residual love of nature, inherent even in "Rotarians" may be made to recreate at least a fraction of those values which their love of "progress" is destroying. A briefer way to put it is: if we want Mr. Babbitt to rebuild outdoor America, we must let him use the same tools wherewith he destroyed it.

He knows no other. "⁶

NOTES

The Loss

1. John Newlove, *Apology for Absence: Selected Poems 1962-1992.*, p.95
2. Judith Williamson, *Decoding Advertisement: Ideology and Meaning in Advertising*, p.40-41
3. Michel Serres, *Le Contrat Naturel*, p.56-57
4. Marie-Françoise Lanfant & Nelson H.H. Graburn, "International Tourism Reconsidered: The Principle of the Alternative in Tourism", *Tourism Alternatives: Potentials and Problems in the Development of Tourism*, Valene L. Smith & William R. Eadington eds. p 100
5. Barbara Kruger, "Remote Control", *Blasted Allegories*, Brian Wallis ed. p. 397
6. Aldo Leopold, cited in *The Idea of Wilderness: From Prehistory to the Age of Ecology*, p. 216-217

STATION XI

THE FEAR

*D*octor Doctor what is wrong with me
This supermarket life is getting long
What is the heart life of a colour TV
What is the shelf life of a teenage queen
...
And the children on Melrose
Strut their stuff
I absolute zero cold enough
And out in the valley warm and clean
The little ones sit by their TV screens
No thoughts to think
No tears to cry
All sucked dry
Down to the very last breath

Bartender what is wrong with me,
Why am I so out of breath
The captain said excuse me ma'am
This species has amused itself to death
Amused itself to death
Amused itself to death
We watched the tragedy unfold
We did as we were told
We bought and sold
It was the greatest show on earth
But then it was over
We oohed and aahed
We drove our racing cars
We ate our last few jars of caviar
And somewhere out there in the stars
A keen-eyed look-out
Spied a flickering light
Our last hurrah
And when they found our shadows
Grouped around the TV sets
They ran down every lead
They repeated every test
They checked out all the data on their lists
And then the alien anthropologists
Admitted they were still perplexed
But on eliminating every other reason
For our sad demise
They logged the only explanation left
This species has amused itself to death
No tears to cry
No feelings left
This species has amused itself to death
Amused itself to death"¹

"To come to the pleasure you have not,
you must go by a way in which you
enjoy not.

To come to the knowledge you have not,
you must go by a way in which you
know not.

To come to the possession you have not,
you must go by a way in which you
possess not.

To come to be what you are not,
you must go by a way in which you
are not."²

"It's 4:30 A.M. on a Tuesday
It doesn't get much worse than this
In beds in little rooms in
buildings in the middle
of these lives which are
completely meaningless
Help me stay awake, I'm
falling. . .

Asleep in perfect blue
buildings
Beside the green apple sea
Gonna get me a little oblivion
Try to keep myself away from
myself and me

I got bones beneath my skin,
and mister. . .
There's a skeleton in every
man's house
Beneath the dust and love and
sweat that hangs on everybody
There's a dead man trying to get out
Please help me stay awake, I'm
falling. . . "3

"Give me back my broken night
 my mirrored room, my secret life
 It's lonely here,
 there's no one left to torture
 Give me absolute control
 over every living soul
 And lie beside me, baby,
 that's an order !

Give me crack and anal sex
 Take the only tree that's left
 and stuff it up the hole
 in your culture
 Give me back the Berlin Wall
 give me Stalin and St. Paul
 I've seen the future, brother:
 it is murder.

*Things are going to slide in all directions
 Won't be nothing
 Nothing you can measure any more
 The blizzard of the world
 has crossed the threshold
 and it has overturned
 the order of the soul
 When they said REPENT
 I wonder what they meant*

You don't know me from the wind
 you never will, you never did
 I'm the little jew
 who wrote the bible
 I've seen the nations rise and fall
 I've heard their stories, heard them all
 but love's the only engine of survival

Things are going to slide in all directions

There'll be the breaking
 of the ancient western code
 Your private life will suddenly explode
 There'll be phantoms
 there'll be fires on the road
 and the white man dancing
 You'll see your woman
 hanging upside down
 her features covered by her fallen gown
 and all the lousy little poets
 coming around
 trying to sound like Charlie Manson

Give me back the Berlin Wall
 give me Stalin and St. Paul
 Give me Christ
 or give me Hiroshima
 Destroy another fetus now
 We don't like children anyhow
 I've seen the future baby:
 it is murder"⁴

NOTES

The Fear

1. Roger Waters, "Amused To Death", *Amused To Death* (Sony Music Entertainment inc., (Columbia), 1992) 0 7464- 47127-4
2. St. John of the Cross, cited in *Bill Viola: Installations and Videotapes*, Barbara London ed., Catalogue of Exhibition, The Museum of Modern Art, New York, October 16, 1987 - January 3, 1988, p.45
3. Counting Crows, "Perfect Blue Buildings", *August and Everything after* (Geffen Records inc., 1993) 7 2064-24528-4 4
4. Leonard Cohen, "The Future", *Stranger Music: Selected Poems and 'Songs*. p. 370

STATION XII

THE DESPAIR

The body ages. The body is preparing to die. No theory of time offers a reprieve here. Yet we condemn ourselves as no other culture has done.

The spectre of death has always haunted man. Death and Time were always in alliance. Time took away more or less slowly, and Death more or less suddenly.

Yet Death was also thought of as the companion of life, as the pre-condition for that which came into Being from Non-Being: one was not possible without the other. As a result, Death was qualified by that which it could not destroy, or by that which would return.

That life is brief was continually lamented. Time was Death's agent, and one of life's constituents. But the timeless - that which Death could not destroy - was another. All cyclic views of time held these two constituents together: the wheel turning and the ground on which it turned.

Modern thought has removed time from this unity and transformed it into a single, all-powerful and active force. Modern thought has transferred the spectral character of Death

to the notion of time itself. Time has become Death triumphant over all.

The concept of entropy is the figure of Death translated into scientific principle. Yet, whereas Death used to be thought of as being the condition of life, entropy, it is maintained, will eventually exhaust and extinguish not only lives but life itself. Here is the finality of modern despair, against which no plea is possible. Our totalitarianism begins with our teleology.

... Today, as the culture of capitalism abandons its claim to be a culture and becomes nothing more than an instant practice, the force of time, still retaining its absolute supremacy, is felt to be inhuman and annihilating. The planet of the earth and the universe are running down. Disorder increases with every time-unit that passes. The envisaged final state of maximum entropy, where there will be no activity at all, is termed heat death. "1

"Man's need to will, his will to power, is very strong. When he finds that there is nothing left to will, he will will. . . nothing."²

"The English did to us what we did to the Indians, and the Americans did to the English what the English did to us. I demanded revenge for everyone. I saw cities burning, I saw movies falling into blackness...I saw the Jesuits punished. I saw the trees taking back the long-house roofs. I saw the shy deer murdering to get their dresses back. I saw the Indians punished. I saw chaos eat the gold roof of Parliament. I saw water dissolve the hoofs of drinking animals. I saw the bonfires covered with urine, and the gas stations swallowed up entire, highway after highway falling into the wild swamps."

"For the chains of victors and victims to be recovered, for "revenges" to be achieved for everyone, would according to F's vision involve the collapse of all forms of human civilization and their return to the chaos of Nature, to the "wild swamps". In this vision the Indian is just one victim among many; for this is a vision of total victimization in which *everything* is a victim, even the water that is being drunk by animals. Further than this it would be hard to go."³

"Once upon a time on Tralfamadore there were creatures who weren't anything like machines. They weren't dependable. They weren't efficient. They weren't predictable. They weren't durable. And these poor creatures were obsessed by the idea that everything that existed had to have a purpose, and that some purposes were higher than others. These creatures spent most of their time trying to find out what their purpose was. And every time they found out what seemed to be a purpose of themselves, the purpose seemed so low that the creatures were filled with disgust and shame.

And, rather than serve such a low purpose, the creatures would make a machine to serve it. This left the creatures free to serve higher purposes. But whenever they *found* a higher purpose, the purpose still wasn't high enough.

So the creatures made machines to serve the higher purposes, too. And the machines did everything so expertly that they were finally given the job of finding out what the highest purpose of the creatures could be.

The machines reported in all honesty that the creatures couldn't really be said to have any purpose at all.

The creatures thereupon began slaying each other, because they hated purposelessness things above all else.

And they discovered that they weren't even very good at slaying. So they turned that job over to the machines, too. And the machines finished up the job in less time than it takes to say, "Tralfamadore".⁴

NOTES

The Despair

1. John Berger, "That Which is Held", *Keeping a Rendez Vous*. (New York: Vintage Books (Random House), 1991) p. 29-30
2. Nietzsche, cited in "Man and Nature in the Modern West: a Revolution of Images", Douglas John Hall, *Man and Nature on the Prairies*, Richard Allen ed., p. 88
3. Leonard Cohen, "Beautiful Losers", cited in *Survival: A Thematic Guide to Canadian Literature*, Margaret Atwood (Toronto: Anansi Press, 1972) p. 101-102
4. Kurt Vonnegut, "The Sirens of Titan", cited in "Man and Nature in the Modern West: a Revolution of Images", Douglas John Hall, *Man and Nature on the Prairies*, Richard Allen ed., p. 89

STATION XIII

THE DISSOCIATION

In an effort to find out I am searching for a dancer who may or may not exist, though I was never conscious of beginning this journey. Only in the course of it have I realized its true aim. When I left England I thought I was running away from uncertainty and confusion but most of all running away from myself. I thought I might become someone else in time, grafted on to something better and stronger. And then I saw that the running away was a running towards. An effort to catch up with my fleet-footed self, living another life in a different way.

... Time has no meaning, space and place have no meaning, on this journey. All times can be inhabited, all places visited. In a single day the mind can make a millpond of the oceans. Some people who have never crossed the land they were born on have travelled all over the world. The journey is not linear, it is always back and forth, denying the calendar, the wrinkles and lines of the body. The self is not contained in any moment or any place, but it is only in the intersection of moment and place that the self might, for a moment, be seen vanishing through a door, which disappears at once."¹

"If language were liquid	I won't use words again
It would be rushing in	They don't mean what I meant
Instead here we are	They don't say what I said
In a silence more eloquent	It's just a crust of a meaning
Than any words could ever be	with realms underneath
These words are too solid	never touched, never stirred
They don't move fast enough	never evenly through
To catch the blurr in the brain	
That flies by and is gone	If language were liquid
and is gone	It would be rushing in
and is gone, gone, gone	instead here we are
and is gone	In a silence more eloquent
I'd like to meet you	than any words could ever be
In a timeless placeless place	and is gone, gone
Somewhere out of context	and is gone
and beyond all consequences	and is gone, gone, gone.".. ²

...

"For myself, I have no aim. I have no ambition. I will let myself be carried on by the general impulse. The surface of my mind slips along like a pale-grey stream reflecting what passes. I cannot remember my past, my nose, or the colour of my eyes, or what my general opinion of myself is. Only in moments of emergency, at a crossing, at a kerb, the wish to preserve my body springs out and seizes me and stops me, here, before this omnibus. We insist, it seems, on living. Then again, indifference descends . . .

And, what is this moment of time, this particular day in which I have found myself caught ? The growl of traffic might be any uproar – forest trees or the roar of wild beasts. Time has whizzed back an inch or two on its reel; our short progress has been cancelled. I think also that our bodies are in truth naked. We are only lightly covered with buttoned cloth; and underneath these pavements are shells, bones and silence."³

"In the analysis of the creation of "tourist attractions", cultural heritage is exploited as a "mineable resource". It must be "put to good use" by changing its purpose, and hence its meaning. (cf. MacCannel 1976). It is restored along rational lines for commercial promotion and may end up looking like one in a series of reproductions rather than its own historic self. In Europe, for example, historic landmarks and properties were often preserved by philanthropy derived from a sense of community pride. Now, however, every city restores its historic ramparts, church, or castle to attract tourists, and funding is solicited from art dealers, from cultural sponsors, and from the tourist arms of the state. Tourism promotion is allied with marketing, and uses the quick functional "cultural engineering" perfected in the United States. Heritage, transformed into productive capital, is renovated and the profit used to repay the cost rather than for safe guarding. Tourism therefore ensures renewal"⁴

"I stumbled out of bed. I got ready for the struggle. I smoked a cigarette, and I tightened up my gut. I said this can't be me, must be my double. And I can't forget, I can't forget, I can't forget but I don't remember what.

...

I'll be there today with a big bouquet of cactus.

I got that rig that runs on memory. . ."5

NOTES

The Dissociation

1. Jeanette Winterson, *Sexing the Cherry*, (London: Vintage, 1989) p. 80
2. Susanne Vega, "Language", *Solitude Standing* (A & N Records of Canada ltd., 1987) CS-5136.
3. Virginia Woolf, *The Waves* (London: Grafton Books, 1977) p.76
4. Marie-Françoise Lanfant & Nelson H.H. Graburn, "International Tourism Reconsidered: The Principle of the Alternative", *Tourism Alternatives: Potentials and Problems in the Development of Tourism*, Richard Allen ed., p. 99
5. Leonard Cohen, "I can't forget", *I'm your Man* (Los Angeles: CBS Records inc., 1987)

STATION XIV

THE REPOSITORY

My friends, do I have a right to use your lives as if they too were only words? Once they were more but now the past is only verbal, plastic, ornamental, recitative according to an agreed code. I remember the code but now I do not always find it possible to recall the stories about myself, much less any anecdotes of your existence. I have to be reminded but I don't worry and this calmness will be the end of me. The cat is among the newspapers under the table.

Loneliness makes me extravagant, for me. It's hard to restrain invention when nothing else seems to exist, no matter how impoverished the discovery may be: in a desert men dream of water, not rubies."¹

"But an art museum is not just a building, not just a collection of objects. An art museum - particularly a municipal art museum like our own - is a public institution with a mission, with a mandate. And the Philadelphia Museum of Art, uh, like all public institutions, was the product of a public policy. . .

. . . the Municipal Art Gallery should be "generous enough to fitly symbolize the function of art as the expression of all that is noblest in either the achievements of the aspirations of humanity. . . **where there is no vision the people perish. . .** "

"Well, frequent this museum of yours and get in contact with tradition. You drink in the tradition that exists [here] and that is . . . piled up [here], all the epochs; all the great ages. You will feel with me that these touchstones, these standards, after all, are not pedantic things [but] standards for a cultivated, governed, discriminating instinct.

Let's not just talk about art. Because finally, the museum's purpose is not just to develop an appreciation of art, but to develop an appreciation of values. . .

By appreciation of values we have in mind the ability to distinguish between the worthy and the unworthy, the true and the false, the beautiful and the ugly, between refinement and crudity, sincerity and cant, between the elevating and the degrading, the decent and indecent in dress and conduct, between values that are enduring and those that are temporary, between. . .

Here . . . Over here, between . . .

Jane walks quickly back into the corridor with the telephones, coat room, rest rooms, Art Sales and Rental Gallery, etcetera. She moves around the corridor, gesturing to these things as she refers to them:

. . . here, the ability to distinguish between a coat room and a rest room, between a painting and a telephone, a guard and a guide; the ability to distinguish between yourself and a drinking fountain, between what is different and what is better and objects that are inside and those that are outside; the ability to distinguish between your rights and your wants, between what is good for you and what is good for society.

Well. That's the end of our tour for today.

Thank you for joining me and have a nice day."²

"The stereotype is the word repeated without any magic, any enthusiasm, as though it were natural, as though by some miracle this recurring word were adequate on each occasion for different reasons, as though to imitate could no longer be sensed as an imitation: an unconstrained word that claims consistency and is unaware of its own insistence. Nietzsche has observed that "truth" is only the solidification of old metaphors. So in this regard the stereotype is the present path of "truth", the palpable feature which shifts the invented ornament to the canonical, constraining form of the signified. (It would be good to imagine a new linguistic science that would no longer study the origin of words, or etymology, or even their diffusion, or lexicology, but the progress of their solidification, their densification throughout historical discourse; this science would doubtless be subversive, manifesting much more than the historical origin of truth: its rhetorical, languaging nature"³

"I do my utmost to attain emptiness;

I hold firmly to stillness.

The myriad creatures all rise together

And I watch their return.

The teeming creatures

All return to their separate roots.

Returning to one's roots is known as stillness.

This is what is meant by returning to one's destiny.

Returning to one's destiny is known as the constant.

Knowledge of the constant is known as discernment.

Woe to him who wilfully innovates

While ignorant of the constant "4

" I loved you all my life, and that's how I want to end it. The summer's almost gone. The winter's tuning up. Yeah, the summer's gone but a lot goes on forever. And I can't forget, I can't forget, I can't forget but I don't remember what."⁵

NOTES

The Repository

1. John Newlove, "The Story of a Cat", *Fiction of Contemporary Canada*, George Bowering ed., p. 33
2. Andrea Fraser, "Museum Highlights: A Gallery Talk", *October*, 57 (Summer 1991): 105-122
 "Museum Highlights" was developed as part of the Contemporary Viewpoints Art Lecture Series, which was organized by the Tyler School of Art of Temple University, and funded by the Pew Charitable Trusts. The performance owed its existence to Hester Stinner, the director of Contemporary Viewpoints, who invited [me] to Philadelphia, and to Daniel Rice, the Philadelphia Museum of Art's Curator of Education, who sponsored the performance from within the Museum." p.106
3. Roland Barthes, *The Pleasure of the Text*, p.43
4. Lao Tzu, *Tao Te Ching*, intr. & transl. D.C. Lau (London: Penguin Books, 1963) XVI, Book One, p.72
5. Leonard Cohen, "I can't forget", *I'm your Man* (Los Angeles: CBS Records inc., 1987)

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List of Slides

1. **"We had a Vision"**. Entrance to the installation with partial inside view. Bull and bear head: styrofoam, plastic & paint.

All mentioned works are contained in the installation;

2. **Station I - The Call**. Photo transfers, oil & synthetic gold leaf on wood panel. 23 X 35 in. 1994.
3. **Station II - The Departure**. Photo transfers, oil, collage & synthetic gold leaf on wood panel. 23 X 35 in. 1994.
4. **Station III - The Badland**. Photo transfers, oil & synthetic gold leaf on wood panel. 23 X 35 in. 1994.
5. **Station IV - The Separation**. Photo transfers, oil & synthetic gold leaf on wood panel. 23 X 35 in. 1994.
6. **Station V - The Ferryman**. Photo transfers, various objects & synthetic gold leaf on wood panel. 23 X 35 in. 1994.
7. **Station VI - The Reflection**. Photo transfers, oil & synthetic gold leaf on wood panel. 23 X 35 in. 1994.
8. **Station VII - The Wonderland**. Photo transfers, oil, velvet, electric lights & synthetic gold leaf on wood panel. 23 X 35 in. 1994.
9. **Station VIII - The Nostalgia**. Photo transfers, oil & synthetic gold leaf on wood panel. 23 X 35 in. 1994.
10. **Station IX - The Wasteland**. Photo transfers, oil & synthetic gold leaf on wood panel. 23 X 35 in. 1994.
11. **Station X - The Loss**. Photo transfers, oil & synthetic gold leaf on wood panel. 23 X 35 in. 1994.
12. **Station XI - The Fear**. Photo transfers, oil, collage & synthetic gold leaf on wood panel. 23 X 35 in. 1994.
13. **Station XII - The Despair**. Photo transfers, oil & synthetic gold leaf on wood panel. 23 X 35 in. 1994.
14. **Station XIII - the Dissociation**. Photo transfers, oil & synthetic gold leaf on wood panel. 23 X 35 in. 1994.
15. **Station XIV - The Repository**. Photo transfers & synthetic gold leaf on wood panel. 23 X 35 in. 1994.

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