

INTO THE VISCERA:  
A MULTI-MEDIA, AUTOETHNOGRAPHIC JOURNEY INTO  
CRONENBERG'S CONSTRUCTION OF A POSTMODERN FLESH

by

BRIAN GEOFFREY VAUGHT

(Under the direction of Elizabeth Lester Roushanzamir)

ABSTRACT

An autoethnographic journey into the media landscape. This work probes my relationship to the media texts that I have consumed over my lifetime and how these function to create my identities, thoughts, and belief systems (realities). Through a deep examination of my own interests in different forms of media I attempt to discover what attracts me to (or repels me from) certain films, music, and literature. These revelations will hopefully propel the reader to draw their own conclusions concerning their research interests and relationships to texts.

INDEX WORDS: Cronenberg, Autoethnography, Media, Postmodernism

INTO THE VISCERA:  
A MULTI-MEDIA, AUTOETHNOGRAPHIC JOURNEY INTO CRONENBERG'S  
CONSTRUCTION OF A POSTMODERN FLESH

by

BRIAN GEOFFREY VAUGHT

A.B.J., The University of Georgia, 2000

A Thesis Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of The University of Georgia in Partial  
Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree

MASTER OF ARTS

ATHENS, GEORGIA

2002

© 2002

Brian Geoffrey Vaught

All Rights Reserved

INTO THE VISCERA:  
A MULTI-MEDIA, AUTOETHNOGRAPHIC JOURNEY INTO CRONENBERG'S  
CONSTRUCTION OF A POSTMODERN FLESH

by

BRIAN GEOFFREY VAUGHT

Approved:

Major Professor: Elizabeth Lester Roushanzamir

Committee: Carolina Acosta-Alzuru  
Nate Kohn

Electronic Version Approved:

Gordhan L. Patel  
Dean of the Graduate School  
The University of Georgia  
May 2002

## DEDICATION

This is dedicated to my parents, Brenda and Harry, without their funding and support this would have never been possible.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I hearty “I love you” to Elli, Carolina, Nate, my parents, and my friends, who not only believed in the project, but also stood by me while I rode the emotional roller-coaster that came along with it. I never would have gotten through all of the cold, tired, and beautifully painful moments without you. My sincerest thanks. This is as much yours as it is mine.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS .....	v
CHAPTER	
1 INTRODUCTION .....	1
Thoughts, Identity, and Reality .....	3
2 INTERFACE: WEB VS. PAPER .....	6
Reason Number One to Have a User's Guide: My Advisor is Making Me .....	6
Reason Number Two To Have a User's Guide: Comfort and Power Relations .....	9
Reason Number Three to Have a User's Guide: Demonstrating Knowledge (Mastery vs. Creation) .....	13
3 I IN (MASS) MEDIA .....	14
Ethics in Good Faith .....	14
Posing and (Re)Presentation (Part I) .....	15
Posing and (Re)Presentation (Part II: Reflection in the I) .....	17
Why This is Not the End .....	19

4	OPENING PAGE .....	21
5	FILM REFLECTIONS .....	24
6	REFLECTIONS .....	33
BIBLIOGRAPHY .....		47



## CHAPTER 1

### INTRODUCTION

Hi and welcome to Into the Viscera: Cronenberg's Construction of a Postmodern Flesh. In this text we will explore the world of the "self." When I set out to complete this project I intended to probe four of David Cronenberg's earliest films in a rather straightforward manner consistent with film studies, but the focus has shifted drastically. I am now going to examine me. Myself. How my thoughts, identity, and (ultimately) my reality are shaped by the texts that I interact with.

#### Question 1: Who are you?

My name is Brian Geoffrey Vaught (my father wanted to name me "Arthur," but thankfully my mother pressed the giant "no" button on that one) and I am twenty-five years old (that's one full quarter of a century). I have lived in Georgia for my entire life and really haven't traveled all that much. I graduated from high school in 1995 and graduated from the University of Georgia in 2000 with an A.B.J. in Telecommunication Arts and an emphasis in Production. This thesis fulfills the remaining requirement for my Master of Arts in Journalism and Mass Communication (also from the University of Georgia). My current emphasis is Mass Media Studies.

My first true love in life is music. Followed by films (why is it that I never mention my interest in art?). I do not watch television. I do not have cable or bunny ears. I enjoy reading

immensely, however graduate school has stolen much of that pleasure from me. I have a Mr. Potato Head staring at me from on top of my computer monitor and I am currently listening to Duran Duran while I write this. I know, I know, how can anyone who claims to love “music” listen to Duran Duran? Well, who cares? Thank you. I have no hair on my head and I plan on completely tattooing both of my arms into full sleeves. I hate sports and cannot tolerate intelligent people doing stupid things.

Question 2: So, why should I care what you have to say about yourself?

Simple. To learn more about YOU (and *mass communication*). I will delve into my rationale for doing autoethnography (or is it an autobiography? Or both?) instead of standard (twelve point Times New Roman) social “science” research later, but for the moment you need only consider one particular angle of this project: reflection. Forced to summarize this work quickly I would say that it consists of me meditating on my interaction with a specific set of texts.

I can understand that my own personal interest in early Cronenberg flicks might be of no concern for you, however there is more. When is the last time you really examined your own attraction to your favorite show, film, song, book, or person? I mean REALLY probed this attraction. How deep can you dig? Let’s excavate those disgusting feelings and longings that reside well beneath the surface of social acceptance.

Do you really love *Titanic* because you bought into the absurd marketing and hoopla that suggested it was somehow brilliant filmmaking (on what planet I’m not quite sure)? Or maybe you just think that Kate Winslet and Leonardo are gorgeous? Maybe it is the

cinematography or the lighting? Maybe it is the plot? Maybe it is the acting styles and performances? Or maybe...just maybe...it has nothing to do with any of those things. You might be drawn to such a film for reasons that no one could ever guess (possibly even yourself).

I have decided to grab the scalpel and slice right into my brain, my heart, and whatever else is necessary to better grasp my own interest in certain films. From there I will gain an understanding of how these texts shape my life (or how *I use them* to shape my life). Again, you may not have any curiosity about my interest in *The Brood* and *Videodrome*, but if you can just loosen up for a few minutes and read, listen, and look you might just learn something about you(rself). Open!...or as *Videodrome* tells us, “embrace the new flesh.”

### Thoughts, Identity, and Reality

Where do my *thoughts* come from? Does my brain spontaneously generate thoughts from completely random electrical impulses? I am not a scientist so I do not have a biological answer for any of this. Humans may not even be capable of truly original thought, all I know is that the concepts and ideas that float around in my head seem to have a basis in my previous experiences.

Combining Wayne Newton-style lounge music with hardcore rap might be a creative idea, but the result of such an experiment would definitely be shaped by the crooning and rap that such a musical scientist has already heard. I can do my best to expand on the previously accomplished, but I can never escape that which has come before, that which I have been exposed to.

Similarly, this project has been formed in part by all of the scholarly historical research that I have read (and since rejected). It has been suggested that I should remove all of those unuseable readings from my lit review, but that makes no sense to me. The horrible works have inspired me just as much as the quality ones (even if it is in entirely different manners).

From these thoughts I believe I have formed an *identity* (as has this thesis). My identity reflects not only what I love and trust in, but also what I loathe and despise. This project shows a great passion for new forms of writing, expression, and personal examination, but it also displays a distaste for (and a certain amount of *anger* toward) research methods that I(t) do(es) not support.

These identities are not stationary however. They constantly mutate, change, and grow. They are also susceptible to the powers of ignorance. I believe in this project with all of my being, but three years from now I may discover new types of scholarship (or even older ones) which could completely change my outlook.

You might think that Exhumed is an incredibly original grindcore band until the day that you enter a music club where the d.j. is spinning Carcass's *Reek of Putrefaction*.

Instantly you might realize that Exhumed has been stealing riffs from a band that did it better fifteen years ago. Suddenly those Exhumed patches and posters do not seem so cool anymore. Maybe your experience with newfound knowledge completely changes your thoughts on your favorite band, and now your own image (the one that wore their t-shirts and bought their merchandise) must change to reflect this revelation.

Just as my identity is based upon the thoughts circulating in my brain (and these thoughts are based upon my experiences...which are dictated by my thoughts...which are shaped by my experiences...and the circle never breaks), my reality is also dependent. As I have built a persona for myself I have begun to act accordingly. My character tells me that Steven (blah) Spielberg is a mediocre director (at best). And my opinion of his latest film will be shaped by such a preconception. In fact, I probably will not even see new Spielberg flicks based solely upon this identity. Making decisions such as this permanently affects my reality and future experiences. From things as seemingly unimportant as which films to see or books to read, to where we live and work, the identities that we create dictate the lives we lead.

Now you should have an understanding of the importance that I (eye - how does the visual nature of media/art/this work contribute to expressive modes of communication?) place on the media texts that swirl around us and the role they play in our thoughts, identities, and realities. Now I will attempt to explain how to use this thesis/project to explore both my psyche and your own.

## CHAPTER 2

### INTERFACE: WEB VS. PAPER

(“Welcome to the dawn. The lines have been drawn and the stage is set.

The ultimate battle of expression).

There has been a bit of a struggle concerning the medium of this project. As the concept began to take shape I started seeing it as a work of art, intelligent art (but maybe not *good* art). But someone, usually Carolina or Elli, always whispers that single word in my ear...“graduation.” Needless to say, “we” have *decided* to include a written, typed, printed thing (?) to accompany the website. Here my friends are some of the key issues concerning the battle of the expressive media.

#### Reason Number One to Have a User’s Guide:

##### My Advisor is Making Me

I never wanted to do this. I was completely satisfied with making a multi-media webpage, but alas, Elli has laid the smack down. “You will write a User’s Guide which can be printed on paper for all to read in a normal fashion!” she bellowed from her golden, grand pedestal of power and might. As I whimpered away like a scolded puppy with my tail between my legs I realized that...(darn it all to heck)...I was gonna have to do it.

For I know all too well what happens to those who disobey their academic advisors. For you see, advisors have a group of toughs, aka: The Tanker Boys. If you don’t follow

instructions...well, let's just say you have to watch your back...and your toes. Those boys have no pity for academic underachievers.

Just this week Elli was pointing out that society punishes creativity, and that I'm experiencing it firsthand with this project. There are certain decisions that I've made in my life that have created annoying pains. For example: tattoos. Not for one moment am I complaining, but let's face it, tattoos are still not acceptable to everyone under the sun. I, however, fully understand the consequences of my desire to have full sleeves:

1) putting up with a constant assault of stupid questions including (but not limited to):

- doesn't it huuuuuuuuurrrrrrrrrttttttttttt?
- why would you do that?
- what did your mother say?
- aren't you going to *regret* that?
- I love them, how should I go about getting tattoos?
- wow, those sure are colorful aren't they?

2) being forced to wear long sleeves in situations where short sleeves might be preferable, such as a business meeting in June.

3) losing the respect of certain *important* people who cannot understand my actions,  
and thereby possibly harming myself career-wise, etc.

I cannot tell you the number of times that I've been told that people only do such *horrendous* acts in order to get attention. I find this ignorance to be infuriating because I have tattooed myself for no one but me, and actually — I'd prefer it if you didn't notice. But, as I

said earlier, I cannot complain, I understood this consequence before the needle first pierced my flesh (there is actually a relevant point coming!). You're not there yet, but it is coming...I promise. Is this me (do you really think that I'm the devil?)?

When Elli noted that my creative side's unwillingness to work within the confines of traditional academia was being punished by society/the University I began to question my motives. Sure, the project I'm undertaking is exactly what I want to be doing, but I must admit to drawing a small bit of pleasure from the fact that it makes some codger-like bastards nervous. And that is honestly how I see their opposition.

Much like the tattoo situation, I'm beginning to tire of defending what I'm doing here (and maybe I should stop trying to justify it...I did with tattoos). While I still have not found a great way to articulate this thesis, why I'm doing it, and why it matters in under five minutes, its importance still seems obvious. Others (I am talking professors, friends, acquaintances, etc.) more often than not write it off immediately as "self-indulgent" and "worthless." But they do not mean it. The true words stinging in their hearts are more likely something along these lines:

Holy shit. What if he's right?!! What if my personal life and biases do intrude into my research and daily decisions? Work like this could serve to undermine all of the *scientific* credibility that I've worked so long and hard to achieve! This must be stamped out like a forest fire...worthless! That's it! I'll call it worthless, useless and self-indulgent! Why? Because I'm scared he's got a point!

And this attitude only reinforces my disdain for most academic research. Why don't they understand that I'm not doing this to shoot them down (exactly)... if they would calm down



and think about what I'm saying they'd realize that *all* research and intelligent thought could be moved dramatically forward by adopting just a tiny bit more honesty and openness! Hell, I'm taking this to the furthest extreme possible, but it seems necessary in order to open some eyes.

Now let me bring this diatribe back around. I am writing a User's Guide so that maybe you invisible people out there will "get" what I'm trying to do. (Of course you'll never get it the way that I do. And I'll never ever grasp what you might get out of it, and that's where the beauty lies).

And actually, I'm having a fabulous time writing this thing (despite a rather impressive run of quivering and seemingly endless avoidance), but I'm still going to do it *my* way. I may not be able to have hyperlinks, sound files, video files, or pop-up ads, but you can rest assured that I plan on assaulting your senses to the fullest of my capabilities with pictures, ugly fonts, strange colors, and anything else I can figure out a way to print on a page. Good luck! Shall we proceed?

### Reason Number Two To Have a User's Guide:

#### Comfort and Power Relations

What is our relationship? I suppose that depends on who you are. For the sake of argument, let's assume you are a highly accomplished academic, possibly a professor, a Ph.D. candidate, or maybe even one of my committee members. In such cases you have some authority to wield over me. Harsh criticisms of my methods and theories, or lack thereof, is sort of expected from you. But this format changes our relationship doesn't it? I haven't quite

figured it all out just yet, but there is something incredibly empowering about writing in this manner.

A. Whatcha Got in that Toolbelt Sonny?

The removal of academia's traditional limitations is providing me with tools that you may be either *unfamiliar with or frightened of* (am I overestimating the reaction here?).

When is the last time you read a thesis that looked like this? For all I know you read one last week. And if so, good for you, we should be on similar pages. If not, I hope you aren't tempted to toss this thing to the garbage. As my father jokingly (*sure...*) noted tonight after briefly glancing through this mess..."you're just trying to make this hard to read so people can't criticize it."

Hmm....could there be some truth (static concepts written by the modernist embedded in me...unfortunately he makes an appearance sometimes...) to this? Nah, actually I'd love it if people gave this a real look and then offered some ideas! I am not claiming that this project even approaches perfection (another static concept...). In fact, my biggest fear is that people will just walk away from it based on its aggressive aesthetics. So, actually, what my father said is the exact opposite of what I think will happen. It seems their criticisms will intensify based on its difficulty level. But I guarantee you that most of the ugly meanies out there will have no grasp on what's going on here before throwing out random sticks and stones...but you're still here aren't you? Good, back to the point.

Instead of forcing myself to work within someone else's confines, I've decided to play the game my way. Freeing myself from 12 point fonts, proper margins, etc. my writing is more direct, more emotional, more true. I am no longer chained: my thoughts and emotions do not have to be seen through the traditional filters.

This puts us on a different playing field. We have grown more equal because my writing is not as compromised. What you see is what I want you to see, not what's left after being slaughtered and watered down by rules.

#### B. Let's Get Naked!! (Part I)

Here. This is me. Me. And nothing more. Why else is our relationship more egalitarian due to my funky methods? Because you plainly can't argue with what I say. Sure, you can say this project is crap, stupid, wasteful, silly, childish, asinine, moronic, a crock of lard, but what you can't say is that I'm wrong.

I'm not trying to use this as a defense...or a way out of making any statements of value or consequence. However, the nature of this thesis is autobiographical/ethnographic. And when I lay my heart out for you to wallow over with spiky golf shoes you won't be able to say I'm wrong. You could make fun of me. You could dismiss everything I say as the nonsensical rantings of a heavy metal lunatic bald man, but you can't say I'm wrong. Because they are my thoughts, my associations, and my passions. Mine. You might hate it all. You could despise the fact that this sentence is right-justified instead of left, but the only thing you cannot do is say that I'm wrong. That hurts you doesn't it?

## B. Let's Get Naked!! (Part II)

(As I mentioned earlier, there are no rules here).

Our relationship is more egalitarian than most thesis writer/reviewer relationships because I'm making the rules. Sure, I have to get this thing through the committee. And this word processor will only allow so much (I really can't staple a live pig to each copy of page 14), but still I have much more control, freedom, and power than my friend down the hall who's "writing" up his ANOVA data (666% % #\*\*\*@93093895&943-389% % % %) 3-09t60492387\*&037^3050349\_43895-\_\_\_\_938713948735398723&&&#&#&#&#&)((((((((((((((0595953942834348\*\*\*\*\*@274y0)).

---

### B. Let's Get Naked!! (Part III)

(The truth: the holy grail of all science).

However, I understand that even though I have more control, freedom, and power, you may feel his work is more important, scientific, and valuable. This doesn't really change our relationship though, because what you think is irrelevant to me. It's cool. Don't worry about it. Enjoy it. We are equals now. Like a team.

My thoughts have a power within this paper that you might not really be used to or comfortable with, but take some pleasure in knowing that we are friends, on equal footing. You bring your baggage, mine is already here. Let's work together to make something special.

### Demonstrating Knowledge (Mastery vs. Creation)

For me, the most beautiful aspect of this project is found in its most essential attribute: the knowledge comes during the writing process, not before. Ask me what I'm writing about and I won't really have an answer for you at this point. I have absolutely no idea what might pop out of my brain onto the floor whenever I sit down to write this thing. The preliminary thoughts that I wrote about *Rabid* last week were as shocking to me as they might be to you. I never realized what a role my environment and state of mind had played in my love for the film...notice that I didn't say one nice thing about the movie? It was all about my life. The knowledge came to me as my fingers typed (jiddoighhbiegs), and not a second before.

13

## CHAPTER 3

### I in MASS (MEDIA)

#### Ethics in Good Faith

One of the major joys of this project has been the ability to escape the repressive climate of traditional academic research. Stepping outside of that box has had some upsides...such as no Human Subjects forms to fill out. I am still, however, dealing with a form of mediated communication about both myself, and others. Are there lines I am not allowed to cross?

The others matter too. I mean, really, this is an auto-something, so I must write about my life and the people that ~~infect~~ inhabit it. But they never signed up to have an open book written about them, so when is enough enough?

Might my honest and open attitude actually put others in an uncomfortable position? Or does it matter at all? Here's where I stand ('though the ground may be rather quicksand-ish...):

01 Secretly tape-recording the statements of others and putting them up on the website  
portion: wrong!

02 Telling intimate secrets that have been given to me in the strictest of confidence:  
wrong!

03 Knowingly lying about others to elicit laughter, empathy, or other amusing emotions:  
wrong!

04 Purposefully hurting someone: wrong! Unless that person pollutes our media  
landscape with shitty music...then no punishment is too harsh...hey we've all got  
our biases...right? Let's admit them. This is Tomahawk. They are great. I  
was going to put a picture of a horrible band here, but decided that would be  
no fun.

Of course this is all fine and great until my father emails me and says "I really would  
rather not have my pictures up on your website. Thanks." Hmm....that would pose a problem.  
Would I respect his wish or respect my art(/work)? Can I create authentic, honest work if I'm  
aware of this possibility? Am I subconsciously *censoring myself* to begin with?

### Posing and (Re)Presentation (Part I)

Here I am, literally, in the last week of writing and guess what happened to me? I  
caught myself thinking in a manner completely inconsistent with the entire basis of this thesis.  
All along I've been saying, "I won't really know what I'm doing until it's done. I have no goal  
set, no data to report, I'm just writing...we'll see what comes out." But I realized the other day  
that I was looking back on some of the work with a negative eye.

For a second I actually considered re-writing an entire portion. Don't misunderstand  
me, there is nothing wrong with proofreading and editing, but I'm speaking about an entirely  
different level of change here. I found certain pages to be ugly (and not just in a visual sense). I  
was forced to smack myself in the face with a 2X4. The whole point is to embrace the vile!

I'm to REJECT any notion of aesthetic and writerly propriety, for the beauty is in the moment, the emotion, and the result...regardless of what it says or looks like. How could I have possibly come so far (we're talking over a year's worth of thinking that has lead to this) and still have moments where I revert back to old school modernism (complete with standards and goals)?

So which is the *authentic* (essential=blah) me? The one who purports to be writing this self-referential biography? Or the inescapable modernist who lives beneath my flesh? Maybe both? Am I a poseur? I have to wonder how the element of "posing" creeps into the equation. When I put pictures of myself, my room, my friends, my favorite records, or whatever into these pages I am making choices. You are only seeing what I want you to see. I am creating an image for myself which is centered around this work.

Without ever telling a lie...I could highlight my film buffishness (what a beautiful word!) by constantly referring to wonderful films by non-American mainstream filmmakers such as Kieslowski and Bunuel. I might never mention my love for music. How about *only* mentioning my obsession with dance music like Prince and The Faint? Perhaps I could, instead, focus solely on the influence that hardcore/metal has had on my life by relaying stories of Slayer, Testament, Dillinger Escape Plan, and Haunted shows. I could speak more of my cheerleading, overly ~~clean~~ pestiferous roommate. Or instead write only of those dirty friends of mine who barely bathe three times a week despite smoking three packs every day and sweating a lot. I could quite simply wear a suit in every picture inserted here



Now consider this...your perception of me is not only shaped by what I tell/show you about myself, but also by the associations you have already brought to the table. For example, if you are an enormous Prince/French cinema fan, but I only told you of my love for Slayer and eighties slasher flicks....how might your thoughts of me be affected? I'll bet you would be more inclined to listen to what I have to say if you knew that we both have the Prince/French cinema thing in common. That's right, why? Because we cannot leave our experiences and opinions on the table behind us when entering a new room. Just for the fun of it, let's test it out. Ready? 1...2...3...turn the page..."heavy metal."

When you saw the phrase "heavy metal" you immediately thought *something*: it might have been positive, or it might have been negative (type-o), but I guarantee that an image just ran through your mind. As a side note, this page is absolutely pure genius. It would blow everything if I were to explain it to you, but rest assured...the above images, the words, and the meanings are brilliant. I should really get paid for this stuff. I'm a god). I can present myself to you in any fashion I wish, but I can never fully control its reception.

### Posing and (Re)Presentation (Part II: Reflection in the I)

When I read over these pages/journal entries I'm going through the same process as you. I'm filtering what ~~eye~~ I see/write through my own historical lenses. Therefore... even my reflections are impure. When I speak of Mr. Potato Head what the hell am I doing? Isn't that a form of *Corporate Communication* (copyright Elli) ? This project is filled with images of all sorts of artifacts from life in America. I can resist and struggle with our system/society all that I want, but I still exist within it, and, well... I'm a product of it.

When I think of stars, I think of Bogey and Bacall, not Orion's Belt (and damn, they are way before my time). As I've noted about my literature review (including the good, the bad, and the ugly...uggghh, there I go again, pesky culture getting in the way of my writing) it is all about how you position yourself in relation to any given text. I hated so many things that I read when beginning this project. But, from this loathing, I was able to grow into a better writer and thinker. I took the lemons and made a Malibu and pineapple juice.

We don't have to accept everything that is thrown at us. I don't really know of anyway to avoid all of the crap that goes along with living here and now, but that doesn't mean we have to cuddle up close to all of it and give up. In *Waking the Dead*, Billy Crudup's character says something along the lines of "paradise and perfection may be unattainable, but what better way to spend a life than crawling toward it?" Of course, this isn't *exactly* what he said, but much like everything I come into contact with, I take from it what I want, use it how I please, and discard the rest...sometimes intentionally and sometimes unintentionally. Don't we all?

It is how we use/abuse the films, *advertising*, milk cartons, television shows, magazines, compact discs, webpages, books, menus, etc. that flood our senses daily that composes the image we have of ourselves and that which we project to others. Remember, it's not only those things that we welcome, but those we despise which formulate this persona.

Ultimately, isn't this life a large heap of garbage which we sort through in search of a self? Wow, that sounds pessimistic, I don't mean it that way...but consider the American media landscape in February 2002. As my hero Mike Patton said, "It's a cesspool out there, and

you've got to dive in headfirst, go straight to the bottom, hold your breath and hope you can find something--because there's good shit around." He said this in the August 2001 issue of one of the world's worst, most sexist bullshit magazines ever...*STUFF*.

But as we claw through the muck, I have to wonder what it is we are hoping to find. A purpose? An identity? Happiness? Maybe it is about the search, not the treasure.

Do I look in the mirror everyday to see how I look...or to make sure I'm still here (thanks to S. K.Y. for that one)? So, the big grand point is that with all of these tools, I'm painting a picture. A canvas filled for you and for me. And I'm not real sure that it matters what it looks like in the end, just that I'm painting.

### Why This is Not the End

Halloween 1984. Could I ever really identify this work's first seed? Which end(ing) comes first? Wow is it ever tempting to write "this is not an ending, just a new beginning" or something ridiculously lame like that which we've all heard a million times.

That would be a big pile of nonsense however, because this is anything but a new beginning. It is a continuation. Just as I can't find a beginning, there is no end.

Easter 1982. There is no end for us. Will I continue writing journals in this manner? Who knows? It's really irrelevant. My life is changed forever. Because I have done this. And yours is changed as well. Maybe you loved reading this: it was captivating, invigorating, and emotionally-fulfilling (or draining). Or I hated this! Horrid Putrid Mess. It reeks of filth!

Regardless, it ~~has~~ will affect you. Whether it pushes you into realms of creativity, expression, and honesty previously unexplored, or just reaffirms your hatred for the

Modernism/Post-Modernism debate, David Cronenberg, and bald people, it really doesn't matter at all...some small, minuscule bit of this thesis will change your life. One way or another (hell, for all I know it'll just make you never read another thesis). But whatever. Embrace it. Because it's not over

## CHAPTER 4

### OPENING PAGE

February 17, 2002

The USER'S GUIDE is now up and running...this is a completely Unedited transfer from the original WordPerfect document which is being printed for committee members and myself. As a beautiful note, formatting was nearly completely lost in the HTML transfer...the dozen fonts I used have all been reduced to Times New Roman, 90% of the pictures also lost their proper position in relation to the text, etc.

What you are seeing is technology at work. In order to grasp the true intentions of the user's guide you must use the printed version. Hahahahahaha, oh the irony is just too much.

-----

February 2, 2002

Do not fret! Much work is going on behind the scenes. I've been putting together a User's Guide to accompany this site. Of course, it's inevitable that this guide will be posted onto the site very soon, it's great if I do say so myself. As usual, there are some new reflections, and I'm probably going to work on the lit review in a moment. rot 'n' roll

-----

January 30, 2002

I've officially cleared the halfway mark on the lit review! (And as was pointed out to me today, I should pat myself on the back and give myself a handshake -- thanks Beth, I'm trying).

-----

January 29, 2002

Tons of new pics on the lit page as well as thoughts on *Videodrome*...

-----

January 25, 2002

Preliminary (pre)view thoughts on *The Brood* have been added...couple of new pics on lit page .

-----

January 24, 2002

Continued updating the lit review page...wrote some preliminary (pre)view thoughts on *Shivers* and *Rabid*...

-----

January 10, 2002

I've actually gotten back on the horse here (so to speak)...I've begun by working on adding life to the lit review page. Have fun sifting through the juxtapositions...

-----

December 3, 2001

The website has been revamped! Please show yourself around...I've also added a clip from *The Brood*...Brian

CHAPTER 5  
FILM REFLECTIONS

*Shivers*

"We are faced with a transitory landscape, where new ruins continually pile up on each other.

It is amid these ruins that we look for ourselves." -- Celeste Olalquiaga

CLIPS:

Why there is nothing here: My proposal was written in the summer of 2001. It is now midway through February of 2002. And guess what? I really don't care about my thesis topic anymore. Sure, I still like Cronenberg: he's a fascinating director and his films really speak to something deep within me...but I'm not obsessed anymore.

Over the last six months or so this project has really turned into an exercise in creative writing about academia, thesis-hell, and myself as a construct. This path led me away from films almost completely.

HORROR AS TEXT:

So there's this film about giant fecal-shaped parasites crawling around an apartment complex. Sound good? Well I sure think it is. I've seen it a couple of times at this point, but it



has definitely been awhile. If my memory serves (and it rarely does), I fell in love with the way Cronenberg paints the cages we place ourselves in as humans working 8 to 5 in bland cities. Don't even consider any other options: Starliner Towers is a prison. Period.

I've read so much academic and professional criticism of this film which completely misses the point. Of course it's all open to interpretation, but sometimes I really wonder if critics even watch the films they beat into submission. Watch the film for yourself, but those parasites free an entire building of repressed, self-loathing drones from a life of hell.

As I prepare myself for "the" viewing of the film (the one that this text will be based upon), I'm becoming giddy for the cute little poos which attack old ladies from above and crawl around in the tummies of the corporate lemmings...only to unleash a world of uninhibited sex and...violence? Wait, is this what we want? As opposed to the Starliner alternative...maybe.

### *Rabid*

"...the role of humans would be seen as little more than that of industrious insects pollinating an independent species of machine-flowers that simply did not possess its own reproductive organs during a segment of its evolution..." -- Manuel De Landa

### CLIPS:

While I still feel that reflecting on those films would be a valuable and worthwhile experience, my apathy toward the work is so strong that I fear little would be accomplished.

Instead I decided to focus my energies on the so-called User's Manual (which is now a guide to nothing...or is it?).

This is the part where I should be justifying the fact that I've abandoned much of what I proposed to do. I don't even have the energy. I have drained my heart and soul into the journals and user's guide nearly every day for the last month and I'm tired. I'm very tired. I think that trying to deal with film texts at this point would kill me.

I can't take this anymore. It's not the work, in fact I'm going to miss it terribly. What I'm not going to miss is the pain that swallows me every day when I reach the wee hours after a full night of reflecting, digging through my pictures, my history, my cds, my books, and my mind in search of the perfect image or word to sum up what I'm feeling. (It is exhausting. Font color=black).

Creative work has its negative sides. Believe me. I'm not trying to be overly dramatic, and maybe I'm just a baby, but ask my friends. They know. I believe this has been cathartic, but my eyes tell a different story. I love you for reading this. Even if you are laughing. (Chuck, you're another dead hero...why are they all dying?)

#### HORROR AS TEXT:

A porn star sucks blood...through a penis located in her armpit. Of course, David Cronenberg originally wanted Sissy Spacek, but he got Marilyn Chambers. I've only seen *Rabid* a single time, but I remember absolutely loving it, and more than any of the other films

I'm looking at, I am really looking forward to watching it again. The truth is that I have no idea what I liked about it (in a filmic sense). what I really remember is watching it.

I was home for Christmas of 2000 and things were not well. It was one of the first Christmas seasons without my father's mother, my girlfriend's cat was dying, and my grandmother (mother's side obviously) was very sick. She was staying with my parents and the house was very tense and tired. No one seemed to have any privacy or time alone. My poor mother was practically losing her mind trying so hard to help her own mother deal with some issues.

This all sounds incredibly selfish, but for an hour and a half I stole away into a back bedroom, curled up in my father's bed and watched *Rabid* on a tiny (i mean really small) white television set. On one hand it was great to get away from everything for a bit, on the other hand this memory is one of those special moments that builds a nest inside your brain matter and won't leave (it'll probably never grow up and move out). While I desperately wanted to escape my family, the comfort I took in being there in their house, in their little room with their little tv, underneath their warm blanket...well, I think I could've watched anything and felt the same joy. Unfortunately I'm afraid that no other viewing of *Rabid* will ever live up to the first. And it will have nothing to do with the film itself.

*The Brood*

"It is a scene that invariably makes audiences gag in disgust. But viewed objectively it resembles a very natural moment in the animal world... absolutely essential to life."

-- William Beard

CLIPS:

Well shit. I actually put some clips here. See, I really intended on doing it. Haha. Why am I so unsettled? (I'm crying for you from the edge of the deep green sea) Just last semester I was excited about putting up clips and reflecting on these films. But as with most everything in my life...I changed my mind. You can't count on me to do a whole lot of anything. Like with music, one day I want to be in some band that crosses equal parts Cure and Slayer. (And still the hardest part for you... to put your trust in me...i love you more than i can say... why won't you just believe?) The next day I want to quit.

The following week I won't be satisfied unless I'm starting an eighties new wave dance band. It is so incredibly frustrating. (I wish you felt the way that I still do) That's why my thesis looks like this. I couldn't even stay focused long enough to do what I said in my proposal.

Now, wait a f\*cking minute. Why am I doing this to myself? One of the main points of my proposal was that I didn't know what was going to come out. The DISCOVERIES WOULD COME DURING not before. I guess I just thought that I'd discover something about my love for *The Brood*.

Why do I bog myself down with expectations? I have been completely working against myself. There were to be no rules. If I realized that I only like *Shivers* because it has nudity in it or something then so be it. Instead I realized that I've moved beyond such an analysis. Why isn't that okay? (I know I'll never really get inside of you) It is. It really is. P.S. there really are no more scans from the Brood out there, so I put up pictures that I wanted to instead. Deal with it. Now playing: WISH.

#### HORROR AS TEXT:

I've viewed *The Brood* twice, and both were incredibly different experiences.

#### 01 On a "Date"

The first time I watched this film was on a date. Not an especially great idea. I tried to sell her on the fact that the film has "killer dwarves" that run around murdering people (including a school teacher) with mallets.

Although she didn't find this scenario as amusing as I did, she reluctantly agreed to watch the film. And because I was a Cronenberg fan and had strongly suggested this flick for our viewing pleasure I realize that I spent the majority of the time trying to defend it (even though i was seeing it for the first time myself). I find this problematic. I don't think I allowed myself to dislike it. Don't get me wrong -- it is classic Cronenberg, but during this viewing I didn't really *get it*. But since the pressure was on me -- I had pretty much forced the viewing -

- it didn't seem like I could have any opinion other than, "this is pure genius!" (which in all honesty, probably wasn't really how I felt...)

## 02 Alone, but Post-criticism

The next time I got around to *The Brood* I had already done extensive research on the film. Of course, most mainstream reviewers found the film to be horror trash worthy of being called a "bomb" or "turkey"...BUT! Nearly without fail, if you come across criticism of the film from a horror film source, anthology, or magazine you will find nothing but praise and love for the film.

One particular piece (by David Chute I believe) really stuck with me. The article argued for the film's incredibly personal and emotional look into family, divorce, and parenthood. Even David Cronenberg's own writings refer specifically to extremely similar problems in his own life that he was trying to deal with through the making of this film.

When I laid down on my bed for this second viewing, I was primed to love it, and ready to soak up all of the emotional pain it could spill my way. I cried. And cried. And cried.

## *Videodrome*

"Psychasthenia...being and surroundings fuse into one... a state in which the space defined by the coordinates of the organism's own body is confused with represented space. Incapable of demarcating the limits of its own body, lost in the immense area that circumscribes it, the psychasthenic organism proceeds to abandon its own identity to embrace the space beyond."

-- Celeste Olalquiaga

### CLIPS:

Well people. This is it. The last thing that I'm going to write. Oh sure, there will be revisions, editing, probably many pages added to my user's guide, tons of reflections and whatnot, but for all practical purposes, this is the last page I'm writing. Maybe this is the first thing you are reading. If so, have fun digging through my brain during your stay.

There is no wrap-up statement or conclusion to this project. Hell, there's not even a beginning, but let me say this...I think that I love Cronenberg because he can never seem to reconcile his thoughts with his structures. His theory is postmodern, his work is modern. Watch the films. Watch *Crash*. You might agree with me, or you might not. That's okay, he probably wouldn't agree either. It matters none.

That's what I've chosen to take from his texts in order to weave the fabric of my own flesh. A new flesh indeed.

## HORROR AS TEXT:

*Videodrome* is another one of Cronenberg's films that didn't really wet my appetite for more upon the first viewing. But it was the first of my many Cronenbergian trips...I rented it with one of my best friends (someone who is and always will be several steps ahead of me when it comes to cinema) one evening in Athens. He had heard many great things about it and we decided to give it a shot.

The flavor of *Videodrome* is without a doubt...odd. His early work (and especially this one) has a certain tone and texture that is distinctly DC. But that doesn't necessarily make it easy to digest initially. While I found much of the film to be intriguing, I thought the special effects were nearly comical (a discussion Elli and I have had since: the gore/physical pain of the film -- in a sense -- affects more directly by being more obvious...and terrible...it draws attention to itself by standing out).

I also thought the plot was ridiculous and confusing, and I ultimately wondered what the hell I was sitting through. But Zach had different thoughts. He was quickly obsessed with the movie and rushed out to buy it. I certainly didn't come around on *Videodrome* because Zach liked it, however, I did spend some more time thinking the film through and decided to give it another chance almost purely because of his respect for the piece.

And if Zach had found it to be distasteful...I might be writing a thesis around Italian horror films of the seventies right now...not that it would be a bad idea.



## CHAPTER 6

### REFLECTIONS

March 1, 2002

I'm not very happy right now. I'm taking a break from raping the very life, heart, and soul from this work. Since my thesis has to undergo a "format check" by the University i have to turn in a version completely void of interest: a single font, no colors, no font size larger than 12 point, specific margins, no pictures, basically, nothing of any interest can remain.

Isn't one of my largest issues with academia that its rules and traditions actually suffocate and inhibit new thought and scholarship? Well, that's what's happening to me right now.

And to be quite honest, I'm pissed...even though it doesn't really matter. it's not like the other version won't exist anymore...it just isn't headed over to the grad school for the all-important format check of death.

-----

February 17, 2002

At some during this I said that I was going to grapple with whether or not this is an auto-biography or an auto-ethnography. I never really touched on it however. Part of that is because I haven't come up with a good answer.

I could go look both terms up in some sort of academic encyclopedia and then try and to decide where I fit in, but that seems to go against the whole notion of "auto" in the first place (why judge this based on another's opinion?).

So, I don't actually have an answer, but here are some thoughts...to me, if i had focused on the thesis process, my place within it, and how it has affected me, i could easily call it an ethnography, but I can say more than that.

There are far too many pictures and thoughts in my lit review and user's guide that are a *part of me* from years before I even considered college or creative writing. To me, an ethnography is like a snapshot or journal of a period of time in someone or some group's life, but this work precedes my own life. It has been shaped by the lives my parents lead before I was born, the Hollywood Studio system of the 1940s, British grindcore, the French Revolution, and pretty much anything else you could ever think of.

While the people studied in ethnographies are also affected in this manner, I don't believe that these forces/products are truly considered or *embraced*. So, ultimately, I believe I've done a bit of both, the ethnography of writing a thesis, and the biography of a twenty-something graduate student who grew up in the suburban, gas-station, and fast food world of greater Atlanta.

-----

February 16 (3:22 a.m.), 2002

I almost feel invigorated. As much as I've been freaking out about finishing this thing (clinging to it for dear life would be a more appropriate way of putting it...), a joyous sense of accomplishment and calmness is overcoming me now.

I want to smile really big for everyone, "hey lookie here at what I did!" But then again, it's past 3 a.m. and here I am posting... It's become such a ritual, like a daily catharsis. I sort of doubt I'll be able to let go. Ah, the drama, the irony, and the beauty.

There is no end.

-----

February 15 (3:12 a.m.), 2002

I've been writing ever since that last, slightly neurotic, post. And "I'm feeling much better now..." I won't use the word "done." All of the parts are here however. A little uploading, revising, etc. to go, but otherwise...the skeleton has clothes. Cheers!

-----

February 15 (12:54 a.m.), 2002

I really hate to bring everything down here, but I think I'm becoming fairly depressed. Too many changes at once. In the last week I've really begun to realize the immense changes that are overtaking my life within a very limited amount of time (and sorry, I just don't feel like making this look exciting...just old fashioned writing/typing...I guess it does have its place eh?).

01 this whole thesis thing is almost over, for real.

I mean, there's no ending to the reflecting, the art of it, the effect it may have on others, etc. But the strict schedule of producing journals, webpages, and thoughts is just about dead. I will turn everything in on Monday. And then what?

I'm so close to being finished that I find myself avoiding it. let me explain...if I actually sit down and write those last reflections about films, polish up the bibliography, and upload the user's manual...then what am I going to do? This thing has become so big in my life that I'm scared to death to let it end.

What am I going to do then? I'm used to putting in at least 3 hours, if not 7 or 8, EVERY day but Sunday. I am losing my outlet. I am losing my work. I am losing my identity.

## 02 music

Within the period of a couple of days I've found myself rehearsing every single night with a completely new band. New music. New people. New practice space. I'm so stressed out trying to learn eleven new songs in 7 days for a show this weekend that I can't even begin to consider whether or not I'm enjoying it.

I lost a dear friend over this switch, but I've grown closer to another. I'm drastically different from my new bandmates. Totally. Don't get me wrong, so far they seem like really great people, but they aren't my people (whatever the fuck that means).

Well, they could be, but I'm so overwhelmed with change right now that I can hardly stomach it. I'm not going to walk away from it out of fear (the fear factor is quadrupled due to this band's current level of success which could absolutely uproot my entire life). Lawyers? Management? Production deals with grammy-nominated engineers and producers? Photo shoots? Showcase shows for major labels? Shouldn't I be thrilled about all of this? Instead I feel sick. I'm drowning. And I never decided I wanted to do this...it just happened to me.

\*\*\*\*\*

Outside of my own personal space, the two biggest things I've done in the last year (music and school) are becoming completely foreign to me. I don't recognize my life and I'm pretty damn afraid. I'm not even going to begin to explain why this shit is written in the pages.

I mean really. You pretend your work isn't affected if you want. But I would be straight out lying to you if I were to act as if I'm even 50% here mentally right now (it's now 1:12 a.m.).

-----

February 13, 2002

Hi there. I just wrote the last section of my User's Manual thing. It feels weird and unfinished? Which is strange because that is the whole point of the last section of the last

chapter...that there really is no end to this. Maybe that's why I feel a complete, and total, lack of closure...? I still have much to do...I am about to work on the film reflections. More soon.

-----

February 11 (part ii), 2002

I'm having a real problem in my new digs. (me, hard at work in the summer of 1978). I'm out of my element. I am completely unable to reflect or write about what I need to today so I decided to work on finishing up my lit review... That's not going so well either. Apparently I rely heavily on comfort in order to write.

-----

February 11, 2002

My life is so insane right now that I don't know how on earth I'm going to focus on writing.

Family

My great aunt died this weekend, and while I didn't really know her very well it's still an uncomfortable, sad feeling that I have for my family. My parents have left town to travel to Tennessee for a few days. I'm living in their home, taking care of Dusty. I've taken the week off of work so I can focus on the thesis and driving to Atlanta every night for band rehearsals.

I don't really feel like getting into it now, but I'm faced with a very difficult decision involving my direction as a musician...and I may lose one of my dear friends over this. needless to say, this is seriously affecting my life. I have a constant churning in my stomach and the webs

in my mind are completely tangled. Alright, I have much work to do. As Elli says, "bye for now."

-----

February 9, 2002

I've just written some the of my best stuff yet. And now I feel like crawling into the smallest cubby-hole possible and curling up into a *tiny* little ball. Oh, I just received a *tiny* phone call and my life has just really changed...nothing bad at all. I promise, but i have to go. More later.

-----

February 8 (technically), 2002

Wow. I can't believe I haven't written a journal here in a few days. I'm writing so much offline that the site has been neglected. That's a no-no. I don't think I have anything revolutionary to say at this point. It's 1:49 in the morning and I've been "working" on this since about 6 p.m. Well...of course I've spent some time on the phone, went to eat with Micah, and procrastinated in as many other ways as I could possibly come up with, but my mind has been here...(I promise).

So, for the hell of it, here's a tour: this is a corner of my desk, complete with drinks, pills, and a draft of my first two chapters. Here is what I see out of the corner of my right eye at all times (when working at the computer of course). Here is the html for this very post. And since I'm obsessed with looking at myself...here I am, obviously in dire need of something (Maybe sleep? A scandalous cigarette? A shave? A shampoo? Some new clothes?

Neighbors who don't mind loud music at 2 a.m.? A snack? Season three of *Sex and the City* on DVD? Sssssssssshit. Who knows?). This is far too much fun to be school work.

-----

February 4, 2002

I have suffered from terrible writer's block tonight. I managed to get about four pages spit out on the user's guide, but it was tough and the quality is definitely in question. I wonder if I just couldn't write tonight or if I was trying to write the wrong thing. Maybe I could have written some fabulous reflections on *Videodrome* had I tried.

In an attempt to humorously cheer me up this evening Stephanie told me that she had "a terrible nightmare" about me last night in which she kept repeatedly stabbing me in the chest..."the nightmare," she bluntly stated, "was that you just wouldn't die!" It worked. I grinned from ear to ear and quit being such a poop.

Today is my mother's birthday. She is a glowing 26 years young. Here she is with her favorite child.

-----

February 2, 2002

(Me. Immediately after writing the following journal entry. If you look closely you can see the brilliance reflecting in the eyes. Hahaha).

I'm loving this. It's killing me, but I love it. This deep, personal sh\*t is really starting to affect my life. Sometimes working for a few hours on ye olde thesis really gets my blood



pumping and I feel better than ever...primed, alive, and thrilled to be accomplishing something that I'm so proud of. Then, other times, after some serious digging into my mind/guts I feel so drained that I want to die (not literally of course, put down those phones!).

I've been told by several friends that speaking to me this week has been really odd because I'm so brain dead and...well...strange. Last night I decided to take off early. After putting in a full afternoon I decided to leave my apartment (the only true way to physically escape the opportunity to CONTINUE working). I hung out with some people at my friend Dale's house and didn't even come home until this morning. But the pathetic thing is...I was no fun. I was a poop. A big piece of BLAH. Just couldn't escape it.

I finally snapped out of it around three a.m. And eight and a half hours later I was hard at work again. On the good side, I am F\*CKING THRILLED with the work I've gotten done in the last twenty-four hours. Is it wrong to call yourself a genius? Haha. Actually the work may not be spectacular, but it is precisely what I've been dreaming I could do. And I'm doing it. As long as Elli doesn't frown at it... :) (oh, and what am I gonna do when this is finished?)

-----

February 1, 2002

As far as the timeline is concerned...well, things are okay. I'm farther along in some areas than suggested, but dragging a little in other regions. That's okay. Mentally I'm really pushing it to the limit on most days, so I don't feel guilty about anything. I'm actually supposed to be working on my "user's manual" now. And I have been for several hours, but I had to stop, there's something really beginning to bother me.

I'm really proud of myself for opening up. I'm allowing myself to freely associate as much as possible. No lies. There may be moments when you're looking at this and you think...that the hell is that picture in there for? Or, I don't see this relationship at all? And who cares if he likes Mr. Potato Head?

But I want to be as clear as possible: I am not going to lie to myself (nor to you) about my mental state during this project. I just caught myself inserting a picture of my friend Summer into my user's manual. Why you ask? Well, I can justify it by pointing out that she is an incredibly unique individual who lives by her own rules (as much as any of us can...). She completely fits into what I'm writing about at the moment, so her presence is *completely* appropriate....but, I don't know that I've been thinking deeply enough about some of these associations. While everything I just wrote is true (Summer definitely fits in...), the fact is that she lives in Florida and for some reason I've really been missing her today.

That's why she's here. In these pages. Not because of some academic bullshit reason, but because I love my friend dearly and I'm thinking about her. How might my user's manual look different if I had worked on it last night after returning from band rehearsal? Or what if I was listening to different music? Or it wasn't overcast? Or what if I wasn't still in my pajamas at four in the afternoon? Just how intensely do our personal lives shape our work? In ways both visible...and....hidden?

-----

January 28, 2002

As I sat in Elli's office I had another realization. While I've become incredibly comfortable writing this thesis (the "user's manual" is going well, and I'm thrilled with its direction), I am incredibly UNcomfortable watching someone else read my work. I'm not delusional, I long ago grasped the concept that this autoethnography (or is it autobiography?) is open for all to see and peer into...but actually eyeing them while they do it (and seeing the smiles, grimaces, and laughter that it brings) is truly painful for me.

-----

January 24, 2002

Well. The plan has been set. I have had a lot of trouble moving on this thing lately. Elli was forced to "quantify" the road ahead by placing a schedule and deadlines on my head. And I couldn't be happier. My due date is now less than a month away...and I had a striking revelation today: I'm gonna have to watch these movies.

The project is so different from how it began, with the focus shifting from reading a text to allowing myself to BECOME a text...I almost forgot about the darned movies that started this mess.

-----

January 10, 2002

After a burst of energy concerning this project during a meeting with Elli over the break, I lost all steam and ended up relaxing over the entire rest of the break...and seeing as though my

assistantship has actually required some effort this week (and the next) I've had a hard time getting back into the swing of things.

But here I am, sitting in front of the computer -- writing. I hope this is a sign of things to come (inspiration).

-----

July 27, 2001

I finally spoke with Elli, my advisor, today. She has been exploring the world all summer. I think my rethinking of the project has come as a bit of a shock...it is a RADICAL reworking. Anyway, she was very supportive, but affirmed my suspicions that I may run into trouble getting this whole mess approved...but she used the very encouraging statement, "But I can think of ways to deal with that..." Right on.

I also loved how she was so supportive of my research interests...Dr. A has also pushed me toward this strange goal all summer and that has been wonderful, as I have felt suffocated during much of my stay here. Surprisingly, there may just be a little bit of room for someone with my "unpopular" interests in new forms of writing...and that taboo arena of theory known as postmodernism" (oops!! Did I just use the 'pomo' word?). I mean...ughhh...I am going to do a straightforward research project computing a bunch of numbers on Excel.....right.

Did I mention that I'm interested in horror films?...Oh boy.

-----

July 23, 2001

I continue to battle with myself over this site. The purpose of my thesis project is to please my own interests and research agenda (in my mind anyway). I've attempted to withdraw all conventional restrictions -- third person writing, turning in a slab of typed pages, pretending this is "scientific" and objective....however, I still wonder -- can I put this picture on here? Is that too graphic? Is that too silly? Too funny?

Maybe this will not be taken seriously...but then again it seems that this is the first project I've truly believed in since entering graduate school...therefore it should come as no surprise that the university will shut it down....surely this is not "adequately contributing to our academic body of knowledge in the field of communication research."

I can hear it now...

-----

July 20, 2001

I am finding the webpage construction process to be a liberating exercise in creativity. Although I am not an advanced HTML pro just yet, I find the mixture of old-fashioned research (such the lit review) and visual expression invigorating.

I am somewhat concerned about writing an actual proposal however. As I do not feel that I have ever seen a proposal that comes even remotely close to my interests/projects. This is not to say they exist, but I am unaware of any type of textual research that turns the examining eye inward through autoethnography, and also attempts to use multi-media to capture the most compelling moments of interest.

It seems as though just working through the construction of the site has presented me with more opportunities to learn about both myself, and my topic. I can only hope this will continue.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Altman, Rick. "A Semantic/Syntactic Approach to Film Genre." In Film Theory and Criticism: Introductory Readings, edited by Leo Braudy and Marshall Cohen, 630-641. New York: Oxford University Press, 1999.
- Baudrillard, Jean. "The Reality Gulf." In Postmodern After-Images, edited by P. Brooker and W. Brooker, 165-167. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1997.
- Baudrillard, Jean. "Simulacra and Simulations." In Jean Baudrillard: Selected Readings, edited by Mark Poster, 1-9, 166-184. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1988.
- Beard, William. "The Canadianness of David Cronenberg." Mosaic: A Journal for the Interdisciplinary Study of Literature, 27, no. 2. Retrieved on 5 April 2001 from ProQuest database. Item Number: 00271276.
- Beard, William, and Piers Handling. "The Interview." In The Shape of Rage - The Films of David Cronenberg, edited by Piers Handling, 159-198. New York: New York Zoetrope, Inc., 1983.

Beard, William. "The Visceral Mind: The Major Films of David Cronenberg." In The Shape of Rage - The Films of David Cronenberg, edited by Piers Handling, 1 - 79. New York: New York Zoetrope, Inc., 1983.

Bordwell, David, and Kristin Thompson. Film Art: An Introduction. U.S.A.: McGraw-Hill, 1997.

Bordwell, David. On the History of Film Style. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1997.

Breskin, D., and A. Watson. "David Cronenberg." Rolling Stone, 6 February 1992.

Retrieved on 5 April 2001 from Academic Search Elite database. Item Number: 9201272139.

Breskin, David. Inner Views: Filmmakers in Conversation: David Cronenberg. 201-266. New York: Da Capo Press, 1997.

Brookover, Linda, and Alain Silver. "What Rough Beast? Insect Politics and *The Fly*." In Horror Film Reader, edited by Alain Silver and James Ursini, 237-245. New York: Limelight Editions, 2000.



Butler, Ivan. “*The Horror Film: Polanski and Repulsion.*” In Horror Film Reader, edited by Alain Silver and James Ursini, 76-85. New York: Limelight Editions, 2000.

Carroll, Noel. “Film Form: An Argument for a Functional Theory of Style in the Individual Film.” (1998) 385-401. Style. Dekalb. Retrieved April 5, 2001, from ProQuest database. ISSN: 00394238.

Chute, David. “David Chute from L.A. (Journals - 12 New Movies: The Latest from Cronenberg and Venice).” Film Comment, January-February 1982, 2-4.

Chute, David. “He Came from Within.” Film Comment, March-April 1980, 36-39, 42.

Clover, Carol. Men, Women, and Chain Saws: Gender in the Modern Horror Film. New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1992.

Conrich, Ian. “Seducing the Subject: Freddy Krueger, Popular Culture and the *Nightmare on Elm Street* Films.” In Horror Film Reader, edited by Alain Silver and James Ursini, 222-235. New York: Limelight Editions, 2000.

Cook, David. A History of Narrative Film. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 1996.

Corrigan, Timothy. A Cinema Without Walls: Movies and Culture after Vietnam. New Brunswick, New Jersey: Rutgers University Press, 1991.

Corliss, Richard, and Jeffrey Ressler. "Insides Out." Time South Pacific, no. 46, 15 November 1999. Retrieved 5 April 2001 from MasterFILE Premier database. Item number: 2479767.

Crash. "Cast and Crew Filmographies and Biographies: David Cronenberg." Dir. David Cronenberg, DVD, New Line Home Video, Inc., 1996. (DVD released 1998).

De Landa, Manuel. War in the Age of Intelligent Machines. New York: Swerve Editions, 1991.

Doran, Annie. "John Waters on David Cronenberg." Grand Street, 15, no. 4 (1997). Retrieved on 5 April 2001 from MasterFILE Premier database. Item Number: 9706162980.

Durnat, Raymond. "The Subconscious: From Pleasure Castle to Libido Motel." In Horror Film Reader, edited by Alain Silver and James Ursini, 38-49. New York: Limelight Editions, 2000.

Eco, Umberto. "A guide to the neo-television of the 1980s." In Postmodern After-Images, edited by P. Brooker and W. Brooker, 154-161. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1997.

Everson, William K. "Horror Films." In Horror Film Reader, edited by Alain Silver and James Ursini, 20-37. New York: Limelight Editions, 2000.

"Film Genres." In Film Theory and Criticism: Introductory Readings, edited by Leo Braudy and Marshall Cohen, 607-611. New York: Oxford University Press, 1999.

Fischer, Dennis. Horror Film Directors, 1931 - 1990. Jefferson, North Carolina: McFarland & Company, 1991.

Fisher, Terence. "Horror is My Business." In Horror Film Reader, edited by Alain Silver and James Ursini, 66-75. New York: Limelight Editions, 2000.

Freeland, Cynthia. The Naked and the Undead. USA: Westview Press, 2000.

Greenspun, Roger. "Carrie, and Sally and Leatherface Among the Film Buffs." Film Comment, January-February 1977, 14-17.

Harkness, John. "The Word, The Flesh and David Cronenberg." In The Shape of Rage - The Films of David Cronenberg, edited by Piers Handling, 87-97. New York: New York Zoetrope, Inc., 1983.

Hawkins, Joan. Cutting Edge: Art-Horror and the Horrific Avant Garde. University of Minnesota Press, 1999.

Hill, Derek. "The Face of Horror." In Horror Film Reader, edited by Alain Silver and James Ursini, 50-61. New York: Limelight Editions, 2000.

Johnson, Brian. "A Director's Obsession." Maclean's, 13 September 1993. Retrieved on 5 April 2001 from MAS FullTEXT Ultra database. Item number: 9309140106.

Joyrich, Lynne. "Critical and Textual Hypermasculinity." In Postmodern After-Images, edited by P. Brooker and W. Brooker, 208-224. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1997.

Katz, Ephraim. The Film Encyclopedia. Revised by Fred Klein and Ronald Dean Nolen. New York: HarperCollins Publishers, Inc., 1998.

Keesey, Pam. "*The Haunting* and the Power of Suggestion: Why Robert Wise's Film Continues to 'Deliver the Goods' to Modern Audiences." In Horror Film Reader,

edited by Alain Silver and James Ursini, 304-315. New York: Limelight Editions, 2000.

Kirkland, Bruce. "The Fly." Cinefantastique, July 1986, 15 and 60.

Krzywinska, Tanya. "Demon Daddies: Gender, Ecstasy and Terror in the Possession Film."

In Horror Film Reader, edited by Alain Silver and James Ursini, 247-268. New York: Limelight Editions, 2000.

Lefevre, Raymond. "From Voyeurism to Infinity." In Horror Film Reader, edited by Alain

Silver and James Ursini, 86-93. New York: Limelight Editions, 2000.

Lucas, Tim. "The Image as Virus: The Filming of Videodrome." In The Shape of Rage - The

Films of David Cronenberg, edited by Piers Handling, 149-158. New York: New York Zoetrope, Inc., 1983.

Lucas, Tim. "Videodrome: A Remarkable Blend of Man, Machine & Perversion From the

King of Venereal Horror, David Cronenberg." Cinefantastique, April-May 1983, 4-5.

Lucas, Tim. "Videodrome: Cronenberg Explores the Limits of Sex and Violence on TV."

Cinefantastique, April 1982, 4-7.

Maltin, Leonard, ed. Leonard Maltin's 1999 Movie & Video Guide. New York: Signet, 1998.

Mayo, Mike. Videohound's Horror Show. Detroit: Visible Ink Press, 1998.

McCarty, John. The Modern Horror Film. New York: A Citadel Press Book, 1990.

McCarty, John. Splatter Movies. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1984.

Minh-ha, Trinh T. "Cotton and Iron." In When the Moon Waxes Red. 1-28. London and New York: Routledge, 1991.

O'Neill, James. Terror on Tape. New York: Billboard Books, 1994.

Patterson, Troy. "Parasites Regained - Sleeper Patrol: Cronenberg's Debut." Entertainment Weekly, 30 January 1998, 70. Retrieved on 5 April 2001 from MAS FullTEXT Ultra. Item Number: 142791.

Pevee, Geoff. "Cronenberg Tackles Dominant Videology." In The Shape of Rage - The Films of David Cronenberg, edited by Piers Handling, 136-148. New York: New York Zoetrope, Inc., 1983.

- Phillips, Patrick. "Genre, Star and Auteur — Critical Approaches to Hollywood Cinema." In An Introduction to Film Studies, edited by J. Nelmes, 161-207. New York: Routledge, 1999.
- Porton, Richard. "The Film Director as Philosopher: An Interview with David Cronenberg." Cineaste 24, no. 4 (1999). Retrieved Thursday April 5, 2001, from Academic Search Elite database. Item Number: 2319863.
- Rodley, Chris, ed. Cronenberg on Cronenberg. Boston: Faber and Faber, 1997.
- Romer, Jean-Claude. "A Bloody New Wave in the United States." In Horror Film Reader, edited by Alain Silver and James Ursini, 62-65. New York: Limelight Editions, 2000.
- Schatz, Thomas. "Hollywood Genres: Film Genre and the Genre Film." In Film Theory and Criticism: Introductory Readings, edited by L. Braudy and M. Cohen, 642-653. New York: Oxford University Press, 1999.
- Schneider, Steven. "Monsters as (Uncanny) Metaphors: Freud, Lakoff, and the Representation of Monstrosity in Cinematic Horror." In Horror Film Reader, edited by Alain Silver and James Ursini, 166-191. New York: Limelight Editions, 2000.

Sharrett, Christopher. "Mystery of the Two Davids." USA Today Magazine, July 1997, Vol. 126 Issue 2626. Received on 5 April 2001 from MAS FullTEXT Ultra. Item number: 9707161623.

Shivers. Interview with David Cronenberg. Dir: David Cronenberg. Videocassette. Image Entertainment, 1975. (Video released 1998).

Silver, Alain and James Ursini. "Mario Bava: the Illusion of Reality." In Horror Film Reader, edited by Alain Silver and James Ursini, 94-109. New York: Limelight Editions, 2000.

Skal, David. Screams of Reason: Mad Science and Modern Culture. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 1998.

Smith, Gavin. "Cronenberg: Mind over Matter — Canada's Radical Film Director Interviewed by Gavin Smith." Film Comment, March/April 1997, 14-29. Retrieved April 5, 2001 from ProQuest database. ISSN: 0015119X.

Snider, Norman. "David Cronenberg From Head to Toe." Madison, June 1999, 52-55.



Snowden, Lynn. "Which is the Fly and Which is the Human." Esquire, February 1992.

Retrieved on 5 April 2001 from ProQuest database. ISSN: 01949535.

Stam, Robert. Film Theory: An Introduction. Malden, MA: Blackwell, 2000.

Szulkin, David. Last House on the Left: The Making of a Cult Classic. England, U.K.: FAB Press, 1997.

Taubin, Amy. "Back to the Future: *Shivers*." Village Voice, 13 January 1998. Retrieved on 5 April 1998 from Academic Search Elite database. Item number:117705.

Tuchman, Mitch. "Mitch Tuchman from Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario." Film Comment. May-June 1983, 9-10.

Turner, Graeme. Film as a Social Practice. New York: Routledge, 1993.

Ursini, James. "Introduction." In Horror Film Reader, edited by Alain Silver and James Ursini, 3-7. New York: Limelight Editions, 2000.

Virilio, Paul. War and Cinema. 61-89. London and New York: Verso, 1989.

Weinstein, Deena and Michael Weinstein. Postmodern(ized) Simmel. Vii-x, 203-226.

London and New York: Routledge, 1993.

Williams, Tony. "Is the Devil an American? William Dieterle's *The Devil and Daniel*

*Webster*." In Horror Film Reader, edited by Alain Silver and James Ursini, 128-149.

New York: Limelight Editions, 2000.

Wood, Robin. "Cronenberg: A Dissenting View." In The Shape of Rage - The Films of David

Cronenberg, edited by Piers Handling, 115-135. New York: New York Zoetrope,

Inc., 1983.

Wood, Robin. "Ideology, Genre, Auteur." In Film Theory and Criticism: Introductory

Readings, edited by Leo Braudy and Marshall Cohen, 668-678. New York: Oxford

University Press, 1999.

Wood, Robin. "Neglected Nightmares: In Defense of a Subversive Genre and its Four

Undersung Auteurs: Craven, Rothman, Clark, and Romero." Film Comment, March-

April 1980, 24-32.