

# editorial

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When cultural theorists ceased talking about representation, the gap between the really real and the constructed real snapped shut. It turns out such a division was invented in the first place to enable a perspective from which some texts were 'only' representations of something prior. But how could there be prior things uncontaminated by earlier meanings? The door of the tomb has creaked open again allowing another set of mysteries to escape (they were always there, of course), including bodily sensation and affect, virtual lives and other inventions of those magical modern technologies, and, in the end, a less 'logical' conception of history.

History, henceforth, would become complicated anew, all the more so as new representational demands were made by that host of others who had been excluded from the purity of history's black-and-white written domain. How could new generations of history readers and history makers remain unaffected by new experiences and new kinds of bodily and cultural proximity? And so the dusty archive became a noisy place of sound, light and data, and sense, like the eerie feeling you get when you go to a place replete with memories of the violently dead.

At Port Arthur, Maria Tumarkin finds there are memories, traces of things heard and seen, but there are also feelings tingling up your spine, because this site of trauma is like a museal tomb of the living dead: the traumatised convicts, the Tasmanian Aboriginal people thrust into the shadows by the colonisers, and the thirty-five victims of Martin Bryant's shooting rampage in 1996. If the ruins of the convict gaol at Port Arthur spectacularise, for tourists, a (clichéd) European sense of monumental history, this can only be part of the story of this complex place. Already the Indigenous peoples had started to call the invaders *Numera*, ghosts. Death is the repeated fact of this place, which functions to focus our attention on the

essentially cultural problem of the here and the hereafter, and the curious ways the dead remain, as Tumarkin says, 'undiminished'.

The so-called history wars, you will be pleased to learn, have also traumatised the Japanese in recent times. Fujioka Nobukatsu's work, in particular, has sought to excerpt the role of the 'comfort women' from any systematic violence, so that the 'spectre' of these women's lives can be buried once again, as some kind of aberration in a more glorious history of Japan. But Julia Yonetani is no harbinger of the past's negativities; she too, like Tumarkin, speaks of life in history and of bringing fresh air to alternative futures.

The traces of life escaping through the cracks in past histories—the ghosts—also inhabit our machines, for instance the cinema. For Alan Chodolenko, writing on Maxim Gorky's early cinema experience (and on the cinema as spirit), the spectre is the 'ur figure of cinema'; it is the effect that animates it. The 'sense(s) of cinema', if we go along with this, are much more feeling, haunting and ephemeral than the older theories of ideology, spectatorship, narrative, identification and so on, which now seem dead and buried. In another article on the cinema, Steven Maras talks about the essay-film, or more precisely, the thesis-film, which we are seeing more of with the work done by graduate students in creative arts. Now that Michael Moore has won the 2004 Palme d'Or at Cannes with his documentary attacking George W. Bush, *Fahrenheit 9/11*, there will be no stopping them.

Paul Magee returns in this issue with further material in his project for the invention of experimental methods in cultural studies: deconstructing, repositioning and juxtaposing ethnomethodology (remember Garfinkel?) and Althusser. Stephen Pritchard usefully defines the 'indigenous', while Kane Race explores some of the ways in which the fear of drugs, like those other everyday fears that circulate so insistently today, is far from external, or out there, but saturates our sense of the nation and domesticity. The New Writing section has but one piece by Julian Harris, who creates a Vaclav meandering through Prague where the contemporary cultures of tourism, art and politics surge up, transform, and surprise each other on street corners.

In this our tenth year of *UTS Review* and *Cultural Studies Review*, we include a cumulative index for volumes 5–10.

This issue begins with a eulogy by Tony Birch for our colleague and friend, a young historian Minoru Hokari, whose 'Globalising Aboriginal Reconciliation: Indigenous Australians and Asian (Japanese) Migrants' appeared in volume 9, number 2. Mino died of cancer as this issue was being put together, and the intense sadness that was felt by those of us who knew him jolts us again as we read the poem. This poem calls out to a Mino who is here still, and it has nothing to do with the 'haunting' theme chosen for the issue, except to remind us that our sense of haunting is not one of obscurity or gloom. It is about the past living in the present, about the light of that cinematic magic lantern, and it is about the persistence and power of joy.