

Homelessness is an often overlooked cause of HIV/AIDS. Because of the complications of drug addiction and lack of consistent medical care, the homeless are left untested, and if infected, undertreated. Thus, many homeless persons are not diagnosed with HIV/AIDS until hospitalized with a full-blown infection such as PCP, CMV retinitis, or invasive thrush. By this time, their T-cell counts are at a point where anti-retroviral therapies are of little use.

Having practiced nursing for ten years, Jacqueline was easily able to adopt the confident tone of a medical professional. Her thinking process also reflected this training—moving from social etiology to medical consequences with a logic and ease rarely seen in undergraduate writing. However, when asked to reflect on her own reasons for becoming a nurse, Jacqueline's tone and approach were quite different.

I don't know when I decided to become a nurse. Maybe because my grandmother was so ill all the time and my mother didn't much know how to care for her. Also, I knew that nurses make good money and that there's always employment prospects.

In this passage, Jacqueline flits uneasily from one reason to another. We are left wondering whether her decision to become a nurse was financial or personal. Even if both were the reasons, neither rationale is clearly explained or articulated. The tone also is alarmingly conversational in character. Jacqueline seems to have forgotten her reader and has retreated into her own ruminations—which have spilled out onto the page. She is obviously uncomfortable in this discursive arena—one understandably unfamiliar to her as a medical professional. Yet in a composition class, this writing would be held up as proof of incompetence precisely because the student as Student imagined in these classes is one who can manage multiple discursive arenas effectively—the personal narrative, the persuasive essay, literary criticism, social critique, research, and so on. Jacqueline's example, however, begs the following questions with which I will end my discussion: is the student as Student attainable or even an appropriate goal? Is the personal disabling or enabling in enabling the production of the Student? Or is habituation, rote and modeling and the consequent pedagogical rejection of nativist arguments, the way forward? And, finally, do we need to rethink our conception of the student and the consequently the methods of interpolation within academic discourse?

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antigone's noir

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Antigone's Noir (29min., mini-DV, 2008) comprises three episodes or portraits (Lenox, Effie, and Judy Barton) in which I look back at the world of film noir and envision what might have happened before a film started or after it ended, shifting the relation between background and foreground, protagonists and marginal figures, male and female characters. For me, returning to such a pivotal post-war genre opens up the possibility of showing what is virtually present and yet impossible to see in our cinematic past—irreverent configurations of memory and desire, unruly lines of power—taken beyond the stereotypes of the femme fatale and the innocent woman. To this end, I work with narrative residues and audio-visual fragments, mixing scenes shot in contemporary urban settings, documentary photographs, and footage from public archives.

In Lenox, the opening piece, I play against the catastrophic scenario of *Kiss Me Deadly* and its hard-boiled soundtrack through slow-paced camera movements and serene compositions, defining a domestic interior in which violence is unavoidable, yet ultimately displaced away from the female body. In the following piece, entitled Effie and inspired by the character of Sam Spade's secretary in *The Maltese Falcon*, I continue to maintain violence off-screen, as if suspended between past and future, always on the verge of reoccurring. Now, though, the atmosphere is one of claustrophobia—images are hyperbolically flat and the relentless shot-reverse shot montage fatally binds together still and moving images, Walker Evans's subway figures and present-day travelers. The last piece, Judy Barton, is for me the reverse side of the first one — shot primarily outside in the mode of

observational documentary, it plays with the rhythm of surveillance and flânerie, setting our eye on the trail of a woman who knows she is being followed. Judy Barton is an homage to Kim Novak's red-headed character in *Vertigo* and to the time she spends on her own, while Scottie is confined to a hospital bed, a time that the film only marks through an editing cut.

The three pieces were conceived to be screened together or independently, in the latter case as an accompaniment to the films to which they directly or indirectly respond. This applies also to the slow-motion intermezzi (or entr'actes) punctuating the work, brief re-inscriptions of Hollywood's fascination with the close-up (Ingrid Bergman in *Casablanca*, Gloria Graham in *The Big Heat*) and the textural detail (Dorothy Malone's Salome gown in *Written on the Wind*).

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