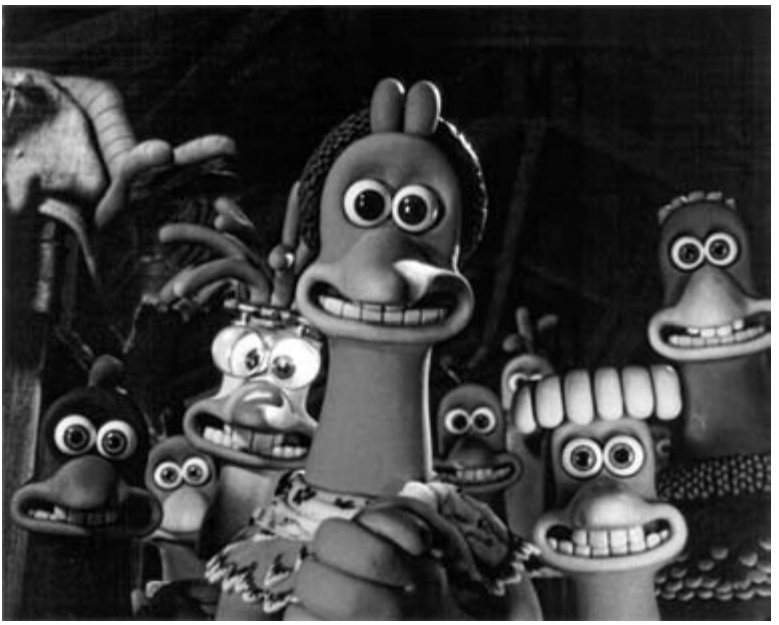
CHAPTER ONE

Animating Revolt and Revolting *Animation*

The chickens are revolting!
—Mr. Tweedy in *Chicken Run*

Animated films for children revel in the domain of failure. To captivate the child audience, an animated film cannot deal only in the realms of success and triumph and perfection. Childhood, as many queers in particular recall, is a long lesson in humility, awkwardness, limitation, and what Kathryn Bond Stockton has called "growing sideways." Stockton proposes that childhood is an essentially queer experience in a society that acknowledges through its extensive training programs for children that heterosexuality is not born but made. If we were all already normative and heterosexual to begin with in our desires, orientations, and modes of being, then presumably we would not need such strict parental guidance to deliver us all to our common destinies of marriage, child rearing, and hetero-reproduction. If you believe that children need training, you assume and allow for the fact that they are always already anarchic and rebellious, out of order and out of time. Animated films nowadays succeed, I think, to the extent to which they are able to address the disorderly child, the child who sees his or her family and parents as the problem, the child who knows there is a bigger world out there beyond the family, if only he or she could reach it. Animated films are for children who believe that "things" (toys, nonhuman animals, rocks, sponges) are as lively as humans and who can



1. *Chicken Run*, directed by Peter Lord and Nick Park, 2000.
"The chickens are organized!"

glimpse other worlds underlying and overwriting this one. Of course this notion of other worlds has long been a conceit of children's literature; the Narnia stories, for example, enchant the child reader by offering access to a new world through the back of the wardrobe. While much children's literature simply offers a new world too closely matched to the old one it left behind, recent animated films actually revel in innovation and make ample use of the wonderfully childish territory of revolt.

In the opening sequence in the classic claymation feature *Chicken Run* (2000, directed by Peter Lord and Nick Park), Mr. Tweedy, a bumbling farmer, informs his much more efficient wife that the chickens are "organized." Mrs. Tweedy dismisses his outrageous notion and tells him to focus more on profits, explaining to him that they are not getting enough out of their chickens and need to move on from egg harvesting to the chicken potpie industry. As Mrs. Tweedy ponders new modes of production, Mr. Tweedy keeps an eye on the chicken coop, scanning for signs of activity and escape. The scene is now set for a battle between production and labor, human and animal, management and employees, containment and escape. *Chicken Run* and other animated feature films draw much of their dramatic intensity from the struggle between human and

nonhuman creatures. Most animated features are allegorical in form and adhere to a fairly formulaic narrative scheme. But as even this short scene indicates, the allegory and the formula do not simply line up with the conventional generic schemes of Hollywood cinema. Rather animation pits two groups against each other in settings that closely resemble what used to be called "class struggle," and they offer numerous scenarios of revolt and alternatives to the grim, mechanical, industrial cycles of production and consumption. In this first clip Mr. Tweedy's intuitive sense that the chickens on his farm "are organized" competes with Mrs. Tweedy's assertion that the only thing more stupid than chickens is Mr. Tweedy himself. His paranoid suspicions lose out to her exploitive zeal until the moment when the two finally agree that "the chickens are revolting."

What are we to make of this Marxist allegory in the form of a children's film, this animal farm narrative of resistance, revolt, and utopia pitted against new waves of industrialization and featuring claymation birds in the role of the revolutionary subject? How do neo-anarchistic narrative forms find their way into children's entertainment, and what do adult viewers make of them? More important, what does animation have to do with revolution? And how do revolutionary themes in animated film connect to queer notions of self?

I want to offer a thesis about a new genre of animated feature films that use CGI technology instead of standard linear animation techniques and that surprisingly foreground the themes of revolution and transformation. I call this genre "Pixarvolt" in order to link the technology to the thematic focus. In the new animation films certain topics that would never appear in adult-themed films are central to the success and emotional impact of these narratives. Furthermore, and perhaps even more surprisingly, the Pixarvolt films make subtle as well as overt connections between communitarian revolt and queer embodiment and thereby articulate, in ways that theory and popular narrative have not, the sometimes counterintuitive links between queerness and socialist struggle. While many Marxist scholars have characterized and dismissed queer politics as "body politics" or as simply superficial, these films recognize that alternative forms of embodiment and desire are central to the struggle against corporate domination. The queer is not represented as a singularity but as part of an assemblage of resistant technologies that include collectivity, imagination, and a kind of situationist commitment to surprise and shock.

Let's begin by asking some questions about the process of animation,

its generic potential, and the ways the Pixarvolts imagine the human and the nonhuman and rethink embodiment and social relations. Beginning with *Toy Story* in 1995 (directed by John Lasseter), animation entered a new era. As is well known, *Toy Story*, the first Pixar film, was the first animation to be wholly generated by a computer; it changed animation from a two-dimensional set of images to a three-dimensional space within which point-of-view shots and perspective were rendered with startling liveness. Telling an archetypal story about a world of toys who awaken when the children are away, *Toy Story* managed to engage child audiences with the fantasy of live toys and adults with the nostalgic narrative of a cowboy, Woody, whose primacy in the toy kingdom is being challenged by a new model, the futuristic space doll Buzz Lightyear. While kids delighted in the spectacle of a toy box teeming with life, reminiscent of "Nutcracker Suite," adults were treated to a smart drama about toys that exploit their own *toyness* and other toys that do not realize they are not humans. The whole complex narrative about past and present, adult and child, live and machinic is a metacommentary on the set of narrative possibilities that this new wave of animation enables and exploits. It also seemed to establish the parameters of the new genre of CGI: *Toy Story* marks the genre as irrevocably male (the boy child and his relation to the prosthetic and phallic capabilities of his male toys), centered on the domestic (the playroom) and unchangeably Oedipal (always father-son dynamics as the motor or, in a few cases, a mother-daughter rivalry, as in *Coraline*). But the new wave of animated features is also deeply interested in social hierarchies (parent-child but also owner-owned), quite curious about the relations between an outside and an inside world (the real world and the world of the bedroom), and powered by a vigorous desire for revolution, transformation, and rebellion (toy versus child, toy versus toy, child versus adult, child versus child). Finally, like many of the films that followed, *Toy Story* betrays a high level of self-consciousness about its own relation to innovation, transformation, and tradition.

Most of the CGI films that followed *Toy Story* map their dramatic territory in remarkably similar ways, and most retain certain key features (such as the Oedipal theme) while changing the mise-en-scène—from bedroom to seabed or barnyard, from toys to chickens or rats or fish or penguins, from the cycle of toy production to other industrial settings. Most remain entranced by the plot of captivity followed by dramatic escape and culminating in a utopian dream of freedom. A cynical critic might find this narrative to be a blueprint for the normative rites

2. *Toy Story*, directed by John Lasseter,1995.
"The first CGI Feature Film for Pixar."

of passage in the human life cycle, showing the child viewer the journey from childhood captivity to adolescent escape and adult freedom. A more radical reading allows the narrative to be utopian, to tell of the real change that children may still believe is possible and desirable. The queer reading also refuses to allow the radical thematics of animated film to be dismissed as "childish" by questioning the temporal order that assigns dreams of transformation to pre-adulthood and that claims the accommodation of dysfunctional presents as part and parcel of normative adulthood.

How does *Chicken Run*, a film about "revolting chickens," imagine a utopian alternative? In a meeting in the chicken coop the lead chicken, Ginger, proposes to her sisterhood that there must be more to life than

sitting around and producing eggs for the Tweedys or not producing eggs and ending up on the chopping block. She then outlines a utopian future in a green meadow (an image of which appears on an orange crate in the coop), where there are no farmers and no production schedule and no one is in charge. The future that Ginger outlines for her claymation friends relies very much on the utopian concept of escape as exodus, conjured variously by Paolo Virno in *A Grammar of the Multitude* and by Hardt and Negri in *Multitude*, but here escape is not the war camp model that most people project onto *Chicken Run*'s narrative. The film is indeed quoting *The Great Escape*, *Colditz*, *Stalag 17*, and other films whose setting is the Second World War, but war is not the mise-en-scène; rather, remarkably, the transition from feudalism to industrial capitalism frames a life-and-death story about rising up, flying the coop, and creating the conditions for escape from the materials already available. *Chicken Run* is different from *Toy Story* in that the Oedipal falls away as a point of reference in favor of a Gramscian structure of counterhegemony engineered by organic (chicken) intellectuals. In this film an anarchist's utopia is actually realized as a stateless place without a farmer, an unfenced territory with no owners, a diverse (sort of, they are mostly female) collective motivated by survival, pleasure, and the control of one's own labor. The chickens dream up and inhabit this utopian field, which we glimpse briefly at the film's conclusion, and they find their way there by eschewing a "natural" solution to their imprisonment (flying out of the coop using their wings) and engineering an ideological one (they must all pull together to power the plane they build). *Chicken Run* also rejects the individualistic solution offered by Rocky the Rooster (voiced by Mel Gibson) in favor of group logics. As for the queer element, well, they are chickens, and so, at least in *Chicken Run*, utopia is a green field full of female birds with just the occasional rooster strutting around. The revolution in this instance is feminist and animated.

Penguin Love

Building new worlds by accessing new forms of sociality through animals turns around the usual equation in literature that makes the animal an allegorical stand-in in a moral fable about human folly (*Animal Farm* by Orwell, for example). Most often we project human worlds onto the supposedly blank slate of animality, and then we create the animals we need in order to locate our own human behaviors in "nature" or "the wild" or

"civilization." As the *Chicken Run* example shows, however, animated animals allow us to explore ideas about humanness, alterity, and alternative imaginaries in relation to new forms of representation.

But what is the status of the "animal" in animation? Animation, animal sociality, and biodiversity can be considered in relation to the notion of transbiology developed by Sarah Franklin and Donna Haraway. For Haraway, and for Franklin, the transbiological refers to the new conceptions of the self, the body, nature, and the human within waves of new technological advancement, such as cloning and cell regeneration. Franklin uses the history of Dolly the cloned sheep to explore the ways kinship, genealogy, and reproduction are remade, resituated by the birth and death of the cloned subject. She elaborates a transbiological field by building on Haraway's theorization of the cyborg in her infamous "Cyborg Manifesto," and she returns to earlier work by Haraway that concerned itself with biogenetic extensions of the body and of the experience of embodiment. Franklin explains, "I want to suggest that in the same way that the cyborg was useful to learn to see an altered landscape of the biological, the technical, and the informatic, similarly Haraway's 'kinding' semiotics of trans can help identify features of the postgenomic turn in the biosciences and biomedicine toward the idioms of immortalization, regeneration, and totipotency. However, by reversing Haraway's introduction of *trans-* as the exception or rogue element (as in the *transuranic* elements) I suggest that *transbiology*—a biology that is not only born and bred, or born and made, but *made and born*—is indeed today more the norm than the exception" (2006: 171). The transbiological conjures hybrid entities or in-between states of being that represent subtle or even glaring shifts in our understandings of the body and of bodily transformation. The female cyborg, the transgenic mouse, the cloned sheep that Franklin researches, in which reproduction is "reassembled and rearranged," the Tamagotchi toys studied by Sherrie Turkle, and the new forms of animation I consider here, all question and shift the location, the terms, and the meanings of the artificial boundaries between humans, animals, machines, states of life and death, animation and reanimation, living, evolving, becoming, and transforming. They also refuse the idea of human exceptionalism and place the human firmly within a universe of multiple modes of being.

Human exceptionalism comes in many forms. It might manifest as a simple belief in the uniqueness and centrality of humanness within a world shared with other kinds of life, but it might also show itself through gross and crude forms of anthropomorphism; in this case the

human projects all of his or her uninspired and unexamined conceptions about life and living onto animals, who may actually foster far more creative or at least more surprising modes of living and sharing space. For example, in one of the most popular of the "Modern Love" columns—a popular weekly column in the *New York Times* dedicated to charting and narrating the strange fictions of contemporary desire and romance—titled "What Shamu Taught Me about a Happy Marriage," Amy Sutherland describes how she adapted animal training techniques that she learned at Sea World for use at home on her husband.[1] While the column purports to offer a location for the diverse musings of postmodern lovers on the peculiarities of modern love, it is actually a primer for adult heterosexuality. Occasionally a gay man or a lesbian will write about his or her normative liaison, its ups and downs, and will plea for the right to become "mature" through marriage, but mostly the column is dedicated to detailing, in mundane and banal intricacy, the roller-coaster ride of bourgeois heterosexuality and its supposed infinite variety and elasticity. The typical "Modern Love" essay will begin with a complaint, usually and predictably a female complaint about male implacability, but as we approach the end of the piece resolution will fall from the sky in the manner of a divine vision, and the disgruntled partner will quickly see that the very thing that she found irritating about her partner is also the very thing that makes him, well, him! That is, unique, flawed, human, and lovable.

Sutherland's essay is true to form. After complaints about her beloved husband's execrable domestic habits, she settles on a series of training techniques by placing him within a male taxonomy: "The exotic animal known as Scott is a loner, but an alpha male. So hierarchy matters, but being in a group doesn't so much. He has the balance of a gymnast, but moves slowly, especially when getting dressed. Skiing comes naturally, but being on time does not. He's an omnivore, and what a trainer would call food-driven." The resolution of the problem of Scott depends upon the hilarious scenario within which Sutherland brings her animal training techniques home and puts them to work on her recalcitrant mate. Using methods that are effective on exotic animals, she manages her husband with techniques ranging from a reward system for good behavior to a studied indifference to bad behavior. Amazingly the techniques work, and, what's more, she learns along the way that not only is she training her husband, but her husband, being not only adaptable and malleable but also intelligent and capable of learning, has started to use animal training techniques on her. Modern marriage, the essay concludes, in line

with the "modern love" ideology, is an exercise in simultaneous evolution, each mate adjusting slightly to the quirks and foibles of the other, never blaming the structure, trying not to turn on each other, and ultimately triumphing by staying together no matter what the cost.

Amusing as Sutherland's essay may be, it is also a stunning example of how, as Laura Kipnis puts it in *Against Love*, we maneuver around "the large, festering contradictions at the epicenter of love in our time" (2004: 13). Kipnis argues that we tend to blame each other or ourselves for the failures of the social structures we inhabit, rather than critiquing the structures (like marriage) themselves. Indeed so committed are we to these cumbersome structures and so lazy are we about coming up with alternatives to them that we bolster our sense of the rightness of heteronormative coupledom by drawing on animal narratives in order to place ourselves back in some primal and "natural" world. Sutherland, for example, happily casts herself and Scott as exotic animals in a world of exotic animals and their trainers; of course the very idea of the exotic, as we know from all kinds of postcolonial theories of tourism and orientalism, depends upon an increasingly outdated notion of the domestic, the familiar, and the known, all of which come into being by positing a relation to the foreign, the alien, and the indecipherable. Not only does Sutherland domesticate the fabulous variation of the animals she is studying by making common cause with them, but she also exoticizes the all too banal setting of her own domestic dramas, and in the process she reimposes the boundary between human and nonhuman. Her humorous adaptation of animal husbandry into husband training might require a footnote now, given the death in 2010 of a Sea World trainer who was dragged into deep waters and drowned by the whale she had been training and working with for years. While Sutherland lavished her regard on the metaphor of gentle mutual training techniques, the death of the trainer reminds us of the violence that inheres in all attempts to alter the behavior of another being.

The essay as a whole contributes to the ongoing manic project of the renaturalization of heterosexuality and the stabilization of relations between men and women. And yet Sutherland's piece, humor and all, for all of its commitments to the human, remains in creative debt to the intellectually imaginative work of Donna Haraway in *Primate Visions*. Haraway reversed the relations of looking between primatologists and the animals they studied and argued that, first, the primates look back, and second, the stories we tell are much more about humans than about ani-

mals. She wrote, "Especially western people produce stories about primates while simultaneously telling stories about the relations of nature and culture, animal and human, body and mind, origin and future" (1990: 5). Similarly people who write the "Modern Love" column, these vernacular anthropologists of romance, produce stories about animals in order to locate heterosexuality in its supposedly natural setting. In Sutherland's essay the casting of women and men in the roles of trainers and animals also refers indirectly to Haraway's reconceptualization of the relationship between humans and dogs in her *Companion Species Manifesto: Dogs, People and Significant Otherness* (2003). While the earlier cyborg manifesto productively questioned the centrality of the notion of a soft and bodily, antitechnological "womanhood" to an idealized construction of the human, the later manifesto decentralizes the human altogether in its account of the relationship between dogs and humans—and refuses to accept the common wisdom about the dog-human relationship. For Haraway, the dog is not a representation of something about the human but an equal player in the drama of evolution and a site of "significant otherness." The problem with Haraway's vivid and original rewriting of the evolutionary process from the perspective of the dog is that it seems to reinvest in the idea of nature per se and leaves certain myths about evolution itself intact.

In fact Haraway herself seems to be invested in the "modern love" paradigm of seeing animals as either extensions of humans or their moral superiors. As Heidi J. Nast comments in a polemical call for "critical pet studies," a new disposition toward "pet love" has largely gone unnoticed in social theory and "where pet lives are addressed directly, most studies shun a critical international perspective, instead charting the cultural histories of pet-human relationships or, like Haraway, showing how true pet love might invoke a superior ethical stance" (2006: 896). Nast proposes that we examine the investments we are making in pets and in a pet industry in the twenty-first century and calls for a "scholarly geographical elaboration" of who owns pets, where they live, what kinds of affective and financial investments they have made in pet love, and who lies outside the orbit of pet love. She writes, "Those with no affinity for pets or those who are afraid of them are today deemed social or psychological misfits and cranks, while those who love them are situated as morally and even spiritually superior, such judgments having become hegemonic in the last two decades" (896). Like adults who choose not to reproduce, people with no interest in pets occupy a very specific spot in contempo-

rary sexual hierarchies. In her anatomy of pet love Nast asks, "Why, for example, are women and queers such central purveyors of the language and institutions of pet love? And why are the most commodified forms of pet love and the most organized pets-rights movements emanating primarily out of elite (and in the U.S., Canada and Europe) 'white' contexts?" (898). Her account of pet love registers the need for new graphs and pyramids of sexual oppression and privilege, new models to replace the ones Gayle Rubin produced nearly two decades ago in "Thinking Sex" to complicate the relations between heterosexual privilege and gay oppression. In a postindustrial landscape where the size of white families has plummeted, where the nuclear family itself has become something of an anachronism, and where a majority of women live outside of conventional marriages, the elevation of pets to the status of love objects certainly demands attention. In a recent song by the radical rapper Common, he asks, "Why white folks focus on dogs and yoga? / While people on the low end tryin to ball and get over?" Why indeed? It's all for modern love.

While the relationship between sexuality and reproduction has never been much more than a theological fantasy, new technologies of reproduction and new rationales for nonreproductive behavior call for new languages of desire, embodiment, and the social relations between reproductive and nonreproductive bodies. At the very moment of its impending redundancy, some newly popular animal documentaries seek to map reproductive heterosexuality onto space; they particularly seek to "discover" it in nature by telling tales about awesomely creative animal societies. But a powerfully queer counterdiscourse in areas as diverse as evolutionary biology, avant-garde art productions, animated feature films, and horror films unwrites resistant strains of heterosexuality and recasts them in an improbably but persistently queer universe.

So let's turn to a popular text about the spectacular strangeness of animals to see how documentary-style features tend to humanize animal life. While animal documentaries use voice-overs and invisible cameras to try to provide a God's-eye view of "nature" and to explain every type of animal behavior in ways that reduce animals to human-like creatures, we might think of animation as a way of maintaining the animality of animal social worlds. I will return to the question of animation later in the chapter, but here I want to discuss *The March of the Penguins* (2005) as an egregious form of anthropomorphism on the one hand and the source of alternative forms of family, parenting, and sociality on the other.

In his absorbing documentary about the astonishing life cycle of Ant-

arctica's emperor penguins, Luc Jacquet framed the spectacle of the penguins' long and brutal journey to their ancestral breeding grounds as a story about love, survival, resilience, determination, and the heteroreproductive family unit. Emperor penguins, for those who missed the film (or the Christian Right's perverse readings of it), are the only remaining inhabitants of a particularly brutal Antarctic landscape that was once covered in verdant forests but is now a bleak and icy wilderness. Due to global warming, however, the ice is melting, and the survival of the penguins depends on a long trek that they must make once a year, in March, from the ocean to a plateau seventy miles inland, where the ice is thick and fast enough to support them through their breeding cycle. The journey out to the breeding grounds is awkward for the penguins, which swim much faster than they waddle, and yet the trek is only the first leg of a punishing shuttle they will make in the next few months, back and forth between the inland nesting area and the ocean, where they feed. This may not sound like a riveting narrative, but the film was a huge success around the world.

The film's success depends upon several factors: first, it plays to a basic human curiosity about how and why the penguins undertake such a brutal circuit; second, it provides intimate footage of these animals that seems almost magical given the unforgiving landscape and that has a titillating effect given the access the director provides to these creatures; and third, it cements the visual and the natural with a sticky and sentimental voice-over (provided by Morgan Freeman in the version released in the U.S.) about the transcendence of love and the power of family that supposedly motivate the penguins to pursue reproduction in such inhospitable conditions. Despite the astonishing footage, the glorious beauty of the setting and of the birds themselves, *The March of the Penguins* ultimately trains its attention on only a fraction of the story of penguin communities because its gaze remains so obstinately trained upon the comforting spectacle of "the couple," "the family unit," "love," "loss," heterosexual reproduction, and the emotional architecture that supposedly welds all these moving parts together. However, the focus on heterosexual reproduction is misleading and mistaken, and ultimately it blots out a far more compelling story about cooperation, collectivity, and nonheterosexual, nonreproductive behaviors.

Several skeptical critics remarked that, amazing as the story might be, this was not evidence of romantic love among penguins, and "love" was targeted as the most telling symptom of the film's annoying anthropo-

morphism.[2] But heterosexual reproduction, the most insistent framing device in the film, is never questioned either by the filmmakers or the critics. Indeed Christian fundamentalists promoted the film as a moving text about monogamy, sacrifice, and child rearing. And this despite the fact that the penguins are monogamous for only one year, and that they promptly abandon all responsibility for their offspring once the small penguins have survived the first few months of arctic life. While conventional animal documentaries like *The March of the Penguins* continue to insist on the heterosexuality of nature, the evolutionary biologist Joan Roughgarden insists that we examine nature anew for evidence of the odd and nonreproductive and nonheterosexual and non-gender-stable phenomena that characterize most animal life. Roughgarden's wonderful study of evolutionary diversity, *Evolution's Rainbow* (2004), explains that most biologists observe "nature" through a narrow and biased lens of socionormativity and therefore misinterpret all kinds of biodiversity. And so, although transsexual fish, hermaphroditic hyenas, nonmonogamous birds, and homosexual lizards all play a role in the survival and evolution of the species, their function has been mostly misunderstood and folded into rigid and unimaginative hetero-familial schemes of reproductive zeal and the survival of the fittest. Roughgarden explains that human observers misread (capitalist) competition into (nonmonetary) cooperative animal societies and activities; they also misunderstand the relations between strength and dominance and overestimate the primacy of reproductive dynamics.

In an essay in the *New York Times* magazine published in 2010 humorously titled "The Love That Dare Not Squawk Its Name," Jon Mooallem asks, "Can animals be gay?"[3] Using the example of mating pairs of albatrosses who were assumed to be paired up in male-female configurations but actually were mostly female-female bonded pairs, Mooallem interviews some biologists about the phenomenon. Noting that the biologists Marlene Zuk and Lindsay C. Young assiduously avoid using anthropomorphizing language about the birds they study, Mooallem reports that when Young did slip up and call the colony of albatrosses "the largest proportion of—I don't know what the correct term is: 'homosexual animals'?—in the world," the media response was massive. Young found herself in the middle of a national debate about whether homosexuality among animals proved the rightness and naturalness of gay and lesbian proclivities among humans! Predictably North American Christians were outraged that this is the research their "tax dollars" were funding. Other media

found the story irresistible; on Comedy Central, for example, Stephen Colbert warned that "albatresbians were threatening American family values with a Sappho-avian agenda"!

The more interesting story in this essay, however—more interesting than the discussion of what to call same-sex animal couples, that is—concerns the blind spots of animal researchers themselves. Mooallem rightly notes that researchers constantly provide alibis and excuses for the same-sex sexual behavior they observe, but he also discovers that most researchers do not actually know the sex of the animal they are observing, and so they infer sex based on behavior and relational sets. This has led to all kinds of misreporting on heterosexual courtship because the sex of the creatures in question is not actually scrutinized, and mixed-sex couples, as with the albatrosses and certainly with penguins, very often end up being same-sex couples. In the case of the albatrosses, researchers thought they were finding evidence of a "super-normal clutch" when they found two eggs in a nest rather than one; it never occurred to them that the two birds incubating the eggs were both female and each had an egg. The narrative of male superfertility was more comforting and appealing. Thus intuitive evidence that contradicts the contorted narratives that scientists put together is ignored because heterosexuality is the "human" lens through which all animal behavior is studied.

How should we think about so-called homosexual behavior among animals? Well, as the *New York Times* essay suggests by way of Joan Roughgarden, anything that falls outside of heterosexual behavior is not necessarily homosexual, and anything that conforms to human understandings of heterosexual behavior may not be heterosexual. In fact Roughgarden prefers to think about animals as creatures who may "multitask" with their private parts: some of what we call sexual contact between animals may be basic communication, some of the behavior may be adaptive, some survival-oriented, some reproductive, much of it improvised.

Which brings us back to the penguins and their long march into the snowy, icy, and devastating landscape of Antarctica. It is easy, especially given the voice-over, to see the penguin world as made up of little heroic families striving to complete their natural and pregiven need to reproduce. The voice-over provides a beautiful but nonsensical narrative that remains resolutely human and refuses to ever see the "penguin logics" that structure their frigid quest. When the penguins mass on the ice to find partners, we are asked to see a school prom with rejected and

spurned partners on the edges of the dance floor and true romance and soul mates in its center. When the mating rituals begin, we are told of elegant and balletic dances, though we see awkward, difficult, and undignified couplings. When the female penguin finally produces the valuable egg and must now pass the egg from her feet to the male's feet in order to free herself to go and feed, the voice-over reaches hysteria pitch and sees sorrow and heartbreak in every unsuccessful transfer. We are never told how many penguins are successful in passing their egg, how many might decide not to be successful in order to save themselves the effort of a hard winter, how much of the transfer ritual might be accidental, and so on. The narrative ascribes stigma and envy to nonreproductive penguins, sacrifice and a Protestant work ethic to the reproducers, and sees a capitalist hetero-reproductive family rather than the larger group.

Ultimately the voice-over and the Christian attribution of "intelligent design" to the penguins' activity must ignore many inconvenient facts. The penguins are not monogamous; they mate for one year and then move on. The partners find each other after returning from feeding by recognizing each other's call, not by some innate and mysterious coupling instinct. Perhaps most important, the nonreproductive penguins are not merely extras in the drama of hetero-reproduction; in fact the homo or nonrepro queer penguins are totally necessary to the temporary reproductive unit. They provide warmth in the huddle and probably extra food, and they do not leave for warmer climes but accept a part in the penguin collective in order to enable reproduction and to survive. Survival in this penguin world has little to do with fitness and everything to do with collective will. And once the reproductive cycle draws to a close, what happens then? The parent penguins do protect their young in terms of warmth, but the parents do nothing to stave off attacks by aerial predators; there the young penguins are on their own. And once the baby penguins reach the age when they too can take to the water, the parent penguins slip gratefully into another element with not even a backward glance to see if the next generation follows. The young penguins now have five years of freedom, five glorious, nonreproductive, family-free years before they too must undertake the long march. The long march of the penguins is proof neither of heterosexuality in nature nor of the reproductive imperative nor of intelligent design. It is a resolutely animal narrative about cooperation, affiliation, and the anachronism of the homo-hetero divide. The indifference in the film to all nonreproductive behaviors obscures the more complex narratives of penguin life: we learn in the first five minutes of

the film that female penguins far outnumber their male counterparts, and yet repercussions of this gender ratio are never explored; we see with our own eyes that only a few of the penguins continue to carry eggs through the winter, but the film provides no narrative at all for the birds who don't carry eggs; we can presume that all kinds of odd and adaptive behaviors take place in order to enhance the penguins' chances for survival (for example, the adoption of orphaned penguins), but the film tells us nothing about this. In fact while the visual narrative reveals a wild world of nonhuman kinship and affiliation, the voice-over relegates this world to the realm of the unimaginable and unnatural.

The March of the Penguins has created a whole genre of penguin animation, beginning with Warner Brothers' *Happy Feet* in 2006, soon followed by Sony Pictures' *Surf's Up* and Bob Saget's animated spoof *The Farce of the Penguins* for Thinkfilms. The primary appeal of the penguins, based on the success of *Happy Feet* anyway, seems to be the heart-rending narratives of family and survival that contemporary viewers are projecting onto the austere images of these odd birds. On account of the voice-over, however, we could say that *The March of the Penguins* is already animated, already an animated feature film, and in fact in the French and German versions the penguins are given individual voices rather than narrated by a "voice of god" trick. Here the animation works not to emphasize the difference between humans and nonhumans, as it does in so many Pixar features, but instead makes the penguins into virtual puppets for the drama of human, modern love that cinema is so eager to tell.

Queer Creatures, Monstrous Animation

May the best monster win!
—Sully in *Monsters, Inc.*

Pixarvolt films often link the animals to new forms of being and offer us different ways of thinking about being, relation, reproduction, and ideology. The animation lab grows odd human-like creatures and reimagines the human not as animal but as animation—as a set of selves that must appeal to human modes of identification not through simple visual tricks of recognition but through voice cues and facial expressions and actions. Gromit, in *Wallace and Gromit*, for example, has no mouth and does not speak, yet he conveys infinite reservoirs of resourcefulness and intelligence in his eyes and in the smallest movements of his eyes

3. *Monsters, Inc.*, directed by Pete Doctor and David Silverman, 2001. "May the best monster win!"

within his face (which A. O. Scott in the *New York Times* compares to the face of Garbo). Dory, in *Finding Nemo*, has no memory but represents a kind of eccentric form of knowing which allows her to swim circles around the rather tame and conservative Marlin. How do modes of identification with animated creatures work? Does the child viewer actually feel a kinship with the ahistorical Dory and the speechless Gromit and with the repetition that characterizes all of the narratives? Why do spectators (conservative parents, for instance) endorse these queer and monstrous narratives despite their radical messages, and how does the whimsical nature of the animated world allow for the smuggling of radical narratives into otherwise clichéd interactions about friendship, loyalty, and family values?

As we saw with *Toy Story*, the Pixarvolt films often proceed by way of fairly conventional narratives about individual struggle against the automated process of innovation, and they often pit an individual, independent, and original character against the conformist sensibilities of the masses. But this summary is somewhat misleading, because more often than not the individual character actually serves as a gateway to intricate stories of collective action, anticapitalist critique, group bonding, and

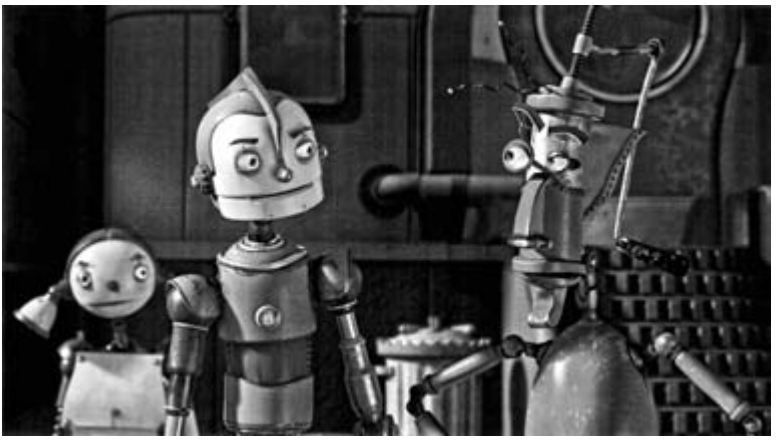
alternative imaginings of community, space, embodiment, and responsibility. Often the animal or creature that stands apart from the community is not a heroic individual but a symbol of selfishness who must be taught how to think collectively. For example, in *Over the Hedge* (2006, directed by Tim Johnson) by DreamWorks the film stages a dramatic standoff between some woodland creatures and their new junk-food-consuming, pollution-spewing, SUV-driving, trash-producing, water-wasting, anti-environmentalist human neighbors. When the creatures awake from their winter hibernation they discover that while they were sleeping, a soulless suburban development stole their woodland space and the humans have erected a huge partition, a hedge, to fence them out. At first it seems as if the narrative will be motored by our interest in a plucky raccoon called RJ, but ultimately RJ must join forces with the other creatures—squirrels, porcupines, skunks, turtles, and bears—in a cross-species alliance to destroy the colonizers, tear down the partition, and upend the suburbanites' depiction of them as "vermin." Similarly in *Finding Nemo* the most valuable lesson that Nemo learns is not to "be himself" or "follow his dreams," but, more like Ginger in *Chicken Run*, he learns to think with others and to work for a more collective futurity. In *Monsters, Inc.* (directed by Pete Doctor and David Silverman, 2001) monsters hired to scare children find an affinity with them that wins out over a corporate alliance with the adults who run the scream factory.

Fairy tales have always occupied the ambiguous territory between childhood and adulthood, home and away, harm and safety. They also tend to be as populated by monsters as by "normal" or even ideal people; in fact the relations between monsters and princesses, dragons and knights, scary creatures and human saviors open doors to alternative worlds and allow children to confront archetypal fears, engage in prepubescent fantasy, and indulge infantile desires about being scared, eaten, chased, and demolished. *Monsters, Inc.* makes monstrosity into a commodity and imagines what happens when the child victim of monstrous bogeymen speaks back to her demons and in the process both scares them and creates bonds of affection, affiliation, identification, and desire between her and the monsters. This bond between child and monster, as we know from looking at other texts, is unusual because it allows for the crossing of the divide between the fantasy world and the human world, but also because it imagines a girl child as the vehicle for the transgression of boundaries. The human-monster bond is queer in its

4. *Over the Hedge*, directed by Tim Johnson, 2006. "Collective thinking."

reorganization of family and affinity and in the way it interrupts and disrupts more conventional romantic bonds in the film.

The antihumanist discourse in Pixarvolts is confirmed by the black-and-white depiction of actual humans in these films. We see the humans only through the eyes of the animated creatures, and in *Over the Hedge*, *Finding Nemo*, and *Chicken Run* they look empty, lifeless, and inert—in fact, unanimated. The Pixarvolt genre makes animation itself into a feature of kinetic political action rather than just an elaborate form of puppetry. The human and nonhuman are featured as animated and unanimated but also as constructed and unreconstructed. In a telling moment in *Robots* (2005, directed by Chris Wedge), for example, a male robot announces to the world that he will soon be a father. What follows is a fascinating origin story that locates construction at the heart of the animated self. When he gets home, his wife informs him that he has "missed the delivery," and the camera pans to an unopened box of baby robot parts. The mother and father then begin to assemble their child using both the new parts and some salvaged parts (a grandfather's eyes, for example). The labor of producing the baby is queer in that it is shared and improvised, of culture rather than nature, an act of construction rather than reproduction. In a final hilarious note of punctuation, the mother robot asks the father robot what he thinks the "spare part" that came with the kit might be. The father responds, "We did want a boy, didn't we?" and proceeds to hammer the phallus into place. Like some parody of social construction,



5. *Robots*, directed by Chris Wedge, 2005. "Making babies!"

this children's film imagines embodiment as an assemblage of parts and sees some as optional, some as interchangeable; indeed later in the film the little boy robot wears some of his sister's clothes.

An animated self allows for the deconstruction of ideas of a timeless and natural humanity. The idea of the human does tend to return in some form or another over the course of the animated film, usually as a desire for uniqueness, or an unalienated relation to work and to others, or as a fantasy of liberty, but the notion of a robotic and engineered self takes the animated feature well into the genealogical territory of Harawayesque cyborgs. In *Robots* the cyborgean metaphor is extended into a fabulous political allegory of recycling and transformation. When a big corporation, powered by a nefarious Oedipal triangle of a dominant mother, a wicked son, and an ineffectual father (a common triangle in both fairy tales and animated features), tries to phase out some robots in order to introduce new models, Rodney Coppertop goes to the big city to argue that older models are salvageable and transformable. While Rodney is also part of an Oedipal triangle (good mother, courageous son, expiring father), he becomes powerful, like Nemo, only when he abandons the family and makes common cause with a larger collectivity. This notion of the assembled self and its relation to an ever-shifting and improvised multitude ultimately rests upon and recirculates an antihumanist understanding of sociality.

Not all animated films manage to resist the lure of humanism, and so not all animated films fit comfortably into what I am calling the Pixarvolt genre. What separates the Pixarvolt from the merely pixilated? One

answer turns upon the difference between collective revolutionary selves and a more conventional notion of a fully realized individuality. The non-Pixarvolt animated features prefer family to collectivity, human individuality to social bonding, extraordinary individuals to diverse communities. For example, *The Incredibles* builds its story around the supposedly heroic drama of male midlife crisis and invests in an Ayn Randian or scientologist notion of the special people who must resist social pressures to suppress their superpowers in order to fit in with the drab masses. *Happy Feet* similarly casts its lot with individualism and makes a heroic figure out of the dancing penguin who cannot fit in with his community . . . at first. Eventually of course the community expands to incorporate him, but sadly they learn valuable lessons along the way about the importance of every single one of the rather uniform penguins learning to "be themselves." Of course if the penguins really were being themselves, that is, penguins, they would not be singing Earth, Wind & Fire songs in blackface, as they do in the movie, and searching for soul mates; they would be making odd squawking noises and settling down for one year with one mate and then moving on.

In *Over the Hedge*, *Robots*, *Finding Nemo*, and other Pixarvolts desire for difference is not connected to a neoliberal "Be yourself" mentality or to special individualism for "incredible" people; rather the Pixarvolt films connect individualism to selfishness, to untrammeled consumption, and they oppose it with a collective mentality. Two thematics can transform a potential Pixarvolt film into a tame and conventional cartoon: an overemphasis on nuclear *family* and a normative investment in coupled *romance*. The Pixarvolt films, unlike their unrevolting conventional animation counterparts, seem to know that their main audience is children, and they seem to also know that children do not invest in the same things that adults invest in: children are not coupled, they are not romantic, they do not have a religious morality, they are not afraid of death or failure, they are collective creatures, they are in a constant state of rebellion against their parents, and they are not the masters of their domain. Children stumble, bumble, fail, fall, hurt; they are mired in difference, not in control of their bodies, not in charge of their lives, and they live according to schedules not of their own making. The Pixarvolt films offer an animated world of triumph for the little guys, a revolution against the business world of the father and the domestic sphere of the mother—in fact very often the mother is simply dead and the father is enfeebled (as in *Robots*, *Monsters, Inc.*, *Finding Nemo*, and *Over the Hedge*). Gender in these

films is shifty and ambiguous (transsexual fish in *Finding Nemo*, other-species-identified pig in *Babe*); sexualities are amorphous and polymorphous (the homoerotics of SpongeBob's and Patrick's relationship and of Wallace's and Gromit's domesticity); class is clearly marked in terms of labor and species diversity; bodily ability is quite often at issue (Nemo's small fin, Shrek's giganticism); and only race falls all too often in familiar and stereotyped patterns of characterization (the overly sexual "African American" skunk in *Over the Hedge*, the "African American" donkey in Shrek). I believe that despite the inability of these films to reimagine race, the Pixarvolt features have animated a new space for the imagining of alternatives.

As Sianne Ngai comments in an excellent chapter on race and "animatedness" in her book *Ugly Feelings*, "animatedness" is an ambivalent mode of representation, especially when it comes to race, because it reveals the ideological conditions of "speech" and ventriloquism but it also threatens to reassert grotesque stereotypes by fixing on caricature and excess in its attempts to make its nonhuman subjects come alive. Ngai grapples with the contradictions in the TV animated series *The PJ's*, a "foamation" production featuring Eddie Murphy and focusing on a black, non-middle-class community. In her meticulous analysis of the show's genesis, genealogy, and reception, Ngai describes the array of responses the puppets provoked, many of them negative and many focused on the ugliness of the puppetry and the racial caricatures that the critics felt the show revived. Ngai responds to the charge of the ugliness of the images by arguing that the show actually "introduced a new possibility for racial representation in the medium of television: one that ambitiously sought to reclaim the grotesque and/or ugly, as a powerful aesthetic of exaggeration, crudeness, and distortion" (2005: 105). She examines *The PJ's* scathing social critique and its intertextual web of references to black popular culture in relation to its technology, the stop-motion process, which, she claims, exploits the relationship between rigidity and elasticity both literally and figuratively: "*The PJ's* reminds us that there can be ways of inhabiting a social role that actually distort its boundaries, changing the status of 'role' from that which purely confines or constricts to the site at which new possibilities for human agency might be explored" (117). Obviously *Happy Feet* does not exploit the tension between rigidity and elasticity in the same ways that *The PJ's* does in Ngai's reading of the show.

The Pixarvolt films show how important it is to recognize the weirdness of bodies, sexualities, and genders in other animal life worlds, not to

6. *Bee Movie*, directed by Steve Hickner and Simon J. Smith, 2007. "Drones and queens"

mention other animated universes. The fish in *Finding Nemo* and the chickens in *Chicken Run* actually manage to produce new meanings of male and female; in the former, Marlin is a parent but not a father, for example, and in the latter, Ginger is a romantic but not willing to sacrifice politics for romance. The all-female society of chickens allows for unforeseen feminist implications to this utopian fantasy. *Chicken Run*, however, is one of the few animated films to exploit its animal world symbolics. Other features about ants and bees, also all-female worlds, fall short when using these social insect worlds to tell human stories.

Take the Pixar production *Bee Movie* (2007, directed by Steve Hickner and Simon J. Smith), starring Jerry Seinfeld. The film certainly lives up to our expectations of finding narratives about collective resistance to capitalist exploitation. Even as liberal a critic as Roger Ebert noticed that *Bee Movie* contains some rather odd Marxist elements. He writes in his review of the film, "What Barry [the bee voiced by Seinfeld] mostly discovers from human society is, gasp!, that humans rob the bees of all their honey and eat it. He and Adam, his best pal, even visit a bee farm, which looks like forced labor of the worst sort. Their instant analysis of the human-bee economic relationship is pure Marxism, if only they knew it." And indeed it is: Barry is not satisfied with working in the hive doing the same thing everyday, and so he decides to become a pollinator instead of a worker bee. But when he explores the outside world he finds out that all the labor in his hive is for naught, given that the honey the bees are making is being harvested, packaged, and sold by humans. Taking a very non-Marxist ap-

proach to remedying this exploitive situation, Barry sues humankind and along the way romances and befriends a human. Now while the romance between Barry and the human could have produced a fascinating trans-biological scenario of interspecies sex, instead it just becomes a vehicle for the heterosexualization of the homoerotic hive.

While it unintentionally skirts communist critiques of work, profit, and the alienation of the labor force, *Bee Movie* forcefully and deliberately replaces the queerly gendered nature of the hive with a masculinist plot about macho pollinators, dogged male workers, and domestic female home keepers. But as Natalie Angier points out in the science section of the *New York Times*:

> By bowdlerizing the basic complexion of a great insect society, Mr. Seinfeld's "Bee Movie" follows in the well-pheromoned path of Woody Allen as a whiny worker ant in *Antz* and Dave Foley playing a klutzy forager ant in *A Bug's Life*. Maybe it's silly to fault cartoons for biological inaccuracies when the insects are already talking like Chris Rock and wearing Phyllis Diller hats. But isn't it bad enough that in Hollywood's animated family fare about rats, clownfish, penguins, lions, hyenas and other relatively large animals, the overwhelming majority of characters are male, despite nature's preferred sex ratio of roughly 50–50? Must even obligately female creatures like worker bees and soldier ants be given sex change surgery, too? Besides, there's no need to go with the faux: the life of an authentic male social insect is thrilling, poignant and cartoonish enough.[4]

She goes on to detail the absurd life cycle of the male drone, noting that only .05 percent of the hive is male:

> The male honeybee's form bespeaks his sole function. He has large eyes to help find queens and extra antenna segments to help smell queens, but he is otherwise ill equipped to survive. On reaching adulthood, he must linger in the hive for a few days until his exoskeleton dries and his wing muscles mature, all the while begging food from his sisters and thus living up to his tainted name, drone. . . . After a male deposits sperm in the queen, his little "endophallus" snaps off, and he falls to the ground. In her single nuptial flight, the queen will collect and store in her body the sperm offerings of some 20 doomed males, more than enough to fertilize a long life's worth of eggs.

Angier concludes dramatically, "A successful male is a dead male, a failure staggers home and begs to be fed and to try again tomorrow." Sounding

more like a Valerie Solanas handbook for social change than a popular science meditation on insect life, Angier's essay captures the essentially strange variations of gender, sex, labor, and pleasure in other animal life worlds, variations that often appear in Pixarvolt animation but are skirted in other, less revolting films like *Bee Movie*.

I want to conclude this chapter by turning back to the queerness of the bees and the potential queerness of all allegorical narratives of animal sociality and by advocating for "creative anthropomorphism" over and against endless narratives of human exceptionalism that deploy ordinary and banal forms of anthropomorphism when much more creative versions would lead us in unexpected directions. Hardt's and Negri's notion of the swarm in *Multitude* (2005), like Linebaugh's and Rediker's model of the hydra in *Many-Headed Hydra* (2001), imagines oppositional groups in terms of real or fantasized beasts that rise up to subvert the singularity of the human with the multiplicity of the unruly mob. In practicing creative anthropomorphism we invent the models of resistance we need and lack in reference to other lifeworlds, animal and monstrous. Bees, as many political commentators over the years have noted, signify a model for collective behavior (Preston 2005), the social animal par excellence. A common proverb posits, *Ulla apis, nulla apis*, "One bee is no bee," marking the essentially "political" and "collective" identity of the bee. Bees have long been used to signify political community; they have been represented as examples of the benevolence of state power (Vergil), the power of the monarchy (Shakespeare), the effectiveness of a Protestant work ethic, the orderliness of government, and more (Preston 2005). But bees have also represented the menacing power of the mob, the buzzing beast of anarchism, the mindless conformity of fascism, the organized and soulless labor structures proposed by communism, and the potential ruthlessness of matriarchal power (the ejection of the male drones by the female worker bees). Most recently the bees have served as an analogy for the kinds of movements that oppose global capitalism. Using the analogy of bees or ants, Hardt and Negri combine organic with inorganic to come up with a "networked swarm" of resistance that the system of a "sovereign state of security" contends with. The swarm presents as a mass rather than a unitary enemy and offers no obvious target; thinking as a single superorganism, the swarm is elusive, ephemeral, in flight. Like ants, the bee, a social animal, offers a highly sophisticated, multifunctional model of political life. In movies, too, the bees have been cast as friend and foe, and in some fabulations the bee is Africanized and

aggressive (*Deadly Swarm*, directed by Paul Andresen 2003), communist and swarming (*The Swarm*, 1978, directed by Irwin Allen), intelligent and deadly (*The Bees*, 1978, directed by Alfredo Zacharias); bees as ecoterrorists attack humans and swarm in the UN building in New York until defused by a human-made virus that makes them homosexual, female, and dangerous (*Queen Bee*, 1955, directed by Ranald Macdougall and starring Joan Crawford). In *Invasion of the Bee Girls* (1973, directed by Denis Sanders) apian women kill men after sex. Above all, the bee is female and queer and given to the production not of babies but of an addictive nectar, honey. The transbiological element here has to do with the alternative meanings of gender when biology is not in the service of reproduction and patriarchy.

The dream of an alternative way of being is often confused with utopian thinking and then dismissed as naïve, simplistic, or a blatant misunderstanding of the nature of power in modernity. And yet the possibility of other forms of being, other forms of knowing, a world with different sites for justice and injustice, a mode of being where the emphasis falls less on money and work and competition and more on cooperation, trade, and sharing animates all kinds of knowledge projects and should not be dismissed as irrelevant or naïve. In *Monsters, Inc.*, for example, fear generates revenue for corporate barons, and the screams of children actually power the city of Monstropolis. The film offers a kind of prophetic vision of post-9/11 life in the U.S., where the production of monsters allows the governing elites to scare a population into quietude while generating profits for their own dastardly schemes. This direct link between fear and profit is more pointed in this children's feature than in most adult films produced in the era of postmodern anxiety. Again, a cynical reading of the world of animation will always return to the notion that difficult topics are raised and contained in children's films precisely so that they do not have to be discussed elsewhere and also so that the politics of rebellion can be cast as immature, pre-Oedipal, childish, foolish, fantastical, and rooted in a commitment to failure. But a more dynamic and radical engagement with animation understands that the rebellion is ongoing and that the new technologies of children's fantasy do much more than produce revolting animation. They also offer us the real and compelling possibility of animating revolt.

PLATE 1. Tracey Moffat, *Fourth #2*, 2001. Color print on canvas, 36 cm × 46 cm, series of 26. Courtesy of the artist and Roslyn Oxley9 Gallery, Sydney.

PLATE 2. Tracey Moffat, *Fourth #3*, 2001. Color print on canvas, 36 cm × 46 cm, series of 26. Courtesy of the artist and Roslyn Oxley9 Gallery, Sydney.

PLATE 3. Monica Majoli, *Kate*, 2009. Oil on panel, 16 in.× 20 in.× 1 in.

PLATE 4. Monica Majoli, *Black Mirror 2 (Kate)*, 2009. Acrylic, acrylic ink, and gouache, 24 in. × 30 in.

PLATE 5. Monica Majoli, *Jarrett*, 2009. Oil on panel, 9 in. × 12 in. × 1 in.

PLATE 6. Monica Majoli, *Black Mirror 1 (Jarrett)* 2009. Acrylic, acrylic ink, and gouache, 30 in. × 24 in.

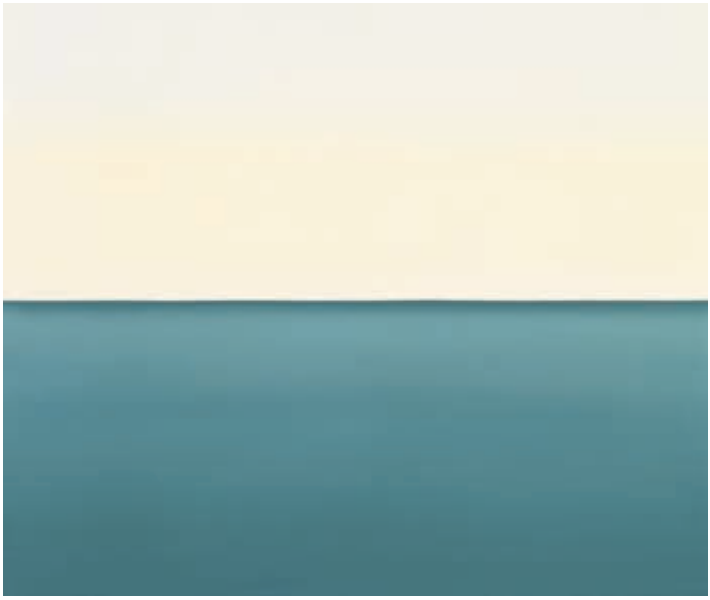


PLATE 7. Judie Bamber, *July 22, 2004, 6:15 PM*, 2004. Oil on canvas on board, 30 in. × 36 in. Copyright Judie Bamber. Used by permission.

PLATE 8. Judie Bamber, *June 24, 2004, 8:45 PM*, 2004. Oil on canvas on board, 30 in. × 36 in. Copyright Judie Bamber. Used by permission.

PLATE 9. Judie Bamber *I'll Give You Something to Cry About (Dead Baby Finch)*, 1990. Oil on canvas, 29 in. × 29 in. Copyright Judie Bamber. Used by permission.

OPPOSITE:

PLATE 10. J. A. Nicholls, *Here and Now*, 2006. Oil and acrylic on canvas, 137 cm × 183 cm. Printed with permission of J. A. Nicholls.

PLATE 11. J. A. Nicholls, *Higher Ground*, 2006. Oil and acrylic on canvas, 120 cm × 180 cm. Printed with permission of J. A. Nicholls.

PLATE 12. J. A. Nicholls, *New Story*, 2006. Oil and acrylic on canvas. 160 cm × 147 cm. Printed with permission of J. A. Nicholls.

ABOVE:

PLATE 13. Attila Richard Lukacs, *Love in Union: Amorous Meeting*, 1992. Oil on canvas, 118.8 in. × 79 in. Courtesy of the artist.

PLATE 14. Collier Schorr, "Booby Trap," 2000. Pen and pencil on pigment ink print and silver gelatin print, 148.6 cm × 111.8 cm. CS 726. Courtesy of 303 Gallery, New York.