



Q5. "Texts + ways of thinking"

"Who says your way is right?" Quoye pronounced to Text card. "Who says, that the world has become a single political paradigm, why are you siding with such people as Fukuyama, you say history has reached its inevitable conclusion + has thus ended.", Quoye shrieked disbelievingly with wide-eyed horror at Text's benevolent attitude.

"You know maybe it's not such a good idea to be discussing politics + the meaning of life, who are you to vindicate me + my beliefs, look at your own pathetic life - you moved here to Newfoundland to escape the toxic reality + wasteland your life has become in NY - America - the land of opportunity, the essence of what it means to be a part of progression + the worldwide sharing of knowledge, communication + cultures, it's inevitable Quoye - if you can't make it in NY then you've got



no hope here.", Tert spat back angrily.  
"Who are you to judge, you who ~~are~~ sits  
here + plagiarises news you hear from  
the radio + attempt to pass it off as your  
own, you manipulate + deceive the very people  
who share this little community of warmth  
& close knit values. You may not value  
what you have here, you who are ignorant +  
narrow minded, you construct the truth, you  
perpetuate the idea of poststructuralists, that  
the world is made up of social constructs,  
values, culture + the reality of human  
existence, doesn't exist, it's simply a construct."  
~~You~~ Tert began to become rather defensive  
at this point... "Hang on just a minute, I  
report the truth, if you're so down on the  
way I report the news, then why did you  
move all the way out here to work on a  
paper, you obviously have no regard for. This  
paper has become a kind of therapy for the people



who work on it & read it daily, I have not deceived anyone, & the news on the radio, is one of our only links to the outside world, and if it's on the radio, it ~~must~~ must be true & who's to say I can't repeat what has already been said, I'm simply passing on the knowledge, how else am I supposed to find a source", Ted responded emphatically.

"I do respect the paper, but its insidious nature, and salacious mix of 'blood, boots & blowers' is not news, all you've done is create a false representation of the concept of the local community, this stuff may or may not have happened, but you are digging up things which not everybody needs to or wants to hear about.", Quoye stated.

"And don't let me forget about the way you manipulated my story & turned its meaning into something it wasn't, you supported the main thing I was opposing, you had no



right to do that. And your arrogance at hanging a picture of an oil tanker on your wall just to spite me was immature & childish." Quoyle spat through clenched teeth, clearly angry at Teta's disparaging behaviour & attitude toward Quoyle.

"Well, you know what I say, I agree with the artist Richard Rorty who once said "truth is made rather than found" I made the truth that you attempted to find, but you were misguided. You also should consider the postmodernist ideals which state that meaning is fluid & shifting, its the opposition to fixed Principles, you are the one with the narrow squint on the world" Teta

"me, you... you are the one who needs to align your thoughts with those of Ernest Becker and see the hickhous nature of the action world, and discover the flimsy canopy that hangs over human existence. Its just



Like Richard Rorty said, the only certainties are uncertainties & change. You need to find out that love, family, friendships & loyalty are the things to be valued and the things to live for. Not this grand illusion you have of the global world & you've ~~need~~ desperate need to be a part of it, wake up & see it's just one great homogenised culture, just like Fukuyama said "Quayle stated plainly.

"Oh, yeah like you're one to talk, I know all about you're dark past and how the violent & ~~horry~~ ~~horry~~ horrifying things you're family did, they were inbred & incestuous, cannibalistic & insane, you should be ashamed of your heritage. You a no hope, whose own past isn't even worth knowing... you shouldn't have even come back here." Text stated angrily with an edge of jealousy & spite to his voice.



"Well, I can see that you're just jealous that I've now become the editor of the *Gannet Bird*, and you are left to rot in your boring little column without friend or hope of ever going anywhere in life. I'll just leave you now to dream your dream of being a part of your precious global world of America, which is no bunch of roses. Believe me I've lived there, but I see I won't change your mind..." Quoye responded triumphantly.

Tert just sat dumfounded & too hurt, at the truth of Quoye's words, and looked over once again at the picture of the oil tanker on the wall.