

November 1979

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# CENTERFOLD



**IMMIGRATION:  
DO YOU HAVE CANADIAN EXPERIENCE?**

THE  
MILITARY CAREER  
OF FRANCIS COPPOLA

ILLNESS  
AS METAPHOR:  
ANOREXIA NERVOSA



# SWITCH TO FUSE

This is the last issue of CENTERFOLD. It has been a long time since CENTERFOLD was a slim tabloid whose middle pages just happened to list art events.

So we are changing our name. CENTERFOLD will become FUSE. FUSE will have a glossier look. FUSE will have more graphic detail. FUSE will feature the same fusion of cultural ideas and views we have offered our readership from the very beginning. We are always for more information. We don't intend to change our content. We have decided to change our look and name. In December CENTERFOLD will become FUSE. Look for us on the newsstands. Our subscription policies remain unchanged.

**IN DECEMBER OF 1979\***

**THE FIRST FUSE WILL HAVE MORE FOR YOU**

\*Special insert documenting The 1979 Independent Video Open.

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A Special 25 page report

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## Letters



SPRECHEN SIE BEUYST  
A recent interview with artist/philosopher Joseph Beuys  
conducted in the recent European Festival for 'The Urban  
Space' explores this new German political position of  
abstract art.



Your paper and Tom Sherman deserve to be congratulated. "Surveillance and Insecurity" is well written, more than topical and of great interest to the Ontario Ministry of Labour. Much has been written about the case and surveillance in industry. Needless use of cameras in the workplace insults workers and destroys the quality of working life. Individual freedom is also attacked by preemployment testing which can be seen as a racist/sexist ploy by companies to legitimately discriminate in employment. Fear is generated by constant monitoring and employment testing. The answer to these growing problems is to get correct information to those who may need it. Keep up the good work.

Respectfully,  
Sarah Fawcett  
Ontario Ministry of Labour

**What's at the Wooden Stake?**  
In his review of *Semiotext(e)* (*Centerfold*, September 1979), Karl Beveridge locates the general problem, currently Sylvère Lotringer, *Semiotext(e)* General Editor and "... self proclaimed revolutionary freak pushing the bounds of his schizoid individuality in a classless New York art world." The review is, more accurately, a terse chronicle of "left leaning one-upmanship" where "signified semiologists" and "café terrorists" pump the "art ghettos" and produce "schizo-inanities of revolutionary neurosis" — presumably, *Semiotext(e)* magazine. Under these bleak circumstances, any further analysis of *Semiotext(e)* would

be premature.

What's the interest of this attack on Lotringer, ostensibly gleaned from an unauthorized interview published in *Impulse* magazine? What's at the wooden stake except the general problem, made more general by Beveridge's suspect research? The unmentioned content resists this humanist heart-hunting.

Vague accusations of "opportunism" and "doing your own thing" are hardly adequate to dismiss eight issues of *Semiotext(e)* and Deleuze and Guattari's *Anti-Oedipus* (by notably strained proxy).

Responding to Tim Guest in the same *Centerfold* issue, Beveridge notes "... the moralizing attitude all too common to the left often arise from the need to cover over the lack of concrete analysis. Developing this analysis is not simply a matter of sitting down in an easy-chair and figuring out what's going on." Weak-link intelligence is very weak without effective analysis of the strengths of the enemy.  
Judith Doyle, Toronto

"Oh Mr. Postman, look and see..." I have often read *Centerfold* before I get my subscription copy. It's even come about a month and a half later than when it first arrives in Vancouver. Andy Harvey who lives at the same address has received his copy (in the past) three weeks before I. Now is there that much time between "H" and "P"? The point I am trying to make is send them out on time. I like *Centerfold* and think that it improves with each issue but I do like my information on time. I think there should be a west coast distributor where we know we can always get it.

Shawn Preus, Vancouver

*Yours is becoming a common complaint. We send out all copies of the magazine, including bookstores, the day the magazine arrives from the printer. All copies are mailed second class bulk. Unfortunately we only make 5 cents on every copy sold on subscription, we could add an extra \$3 a year on the subscription price for 1st class delivery, but how popular would that be? We are about to improve the number of Vancouver outlets.*

**Who Knows Best?**

I've recently read your media piece on newsmagazines (*Centerfold*, March 1979). I'm sure by now you must

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In the Toronto Citizenship Court on St. Clair Avenue, Mrs. Sylvester is made a Canadian citizen. Our thanks to the court employees for their cooperation.

Cover photo: George Whiteside

## Letters



photo:Peoples Republic of Poetry

realize how silly your overall prognosis appears. Your attempted grasp at media terminology was so poor that not even your well cushioned and sometimes flamboyant verbiage could salvage the mess. Instead of embarrassing the art community next time try consulting those who know better.

Angelo Sgabellone  
Creative Director  
Maclean's Magazine, Toronto

(What a confusing letter! It was you yourself who suggested that "Time" may have stolen its new design from the nascent weekly "Maclean's". I wrote to John Colville (Design Director) of Maclean's requesting as you had suggested, a visit to see the "original, new" Maclean's layout (which was never used) in the magazine's library. Mr. Colville never replied. Terminology aside, Maclean's has not improved on Time's original design. The colour that is so liberally thrown around your pages in screens, underlines, etc. does not cover up more basic design faults. As you are a former co-editor of an artist's magazine who supposedly has ascended into the real magazine world I suggest that you personally have no knowledge as to what does or doesn't "embarrass the art community". Does your editor ever ask your creative opinion of what stories should be published in Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine? Just reading the yappy trash that passes for arts coverage maybe, in fact, he does. — C.R.)

### Counter-Surveillance on Parliament Hill

I appreciated ++ much the publication of Tom Sherman's ++ informative article, "Surveillance and Insecurity". Especially valued was his flushing out of the few legal precedents concerning video surveillance. They do not provide much to be secure about insofar as privacy and living "off the record" are concerned. The problems of surveillance by any means or technique has been a consistent concern of the Peoples Republic of Poetry (PRP) foralongs. Some of this concern has been expressed in the policy slanghinked as Little Brother Watches Back — to counter surveillance, counter-document. This policy was expressed in OFFICIALDUMB STATEMENT TO THE BIG BROTHER POWERS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA published in *Only Paper Today* (June 78); "This policy means that the PRP and its

Poetariat agree to protective counter-surveillance of each other by each other physically and/or by technological recording and/or transmitting devices. Protective counter-surveillance in Oldspeak means caring and looking out for each other and ourselves. All acquired documentation is maintained in Peripheral Index for image national insecurity reasons."

The aforementioned Officialdumb Statement pertained mainly with mail surveillance, but the same philosophical attitude can apply to all other forms of surveillance. I would like here to enunciate a few techniques that the PRP employs at all its poetic events to discourage a clear image of its activities. The exercise of these techniques was epitomized during the recreation of Two Minutes Hate on Parliament Hill, Aug. 20/78.

All Poetariat wore white clothing. This projects the image of the clinically impersonal 10,000th nonperson down the corridor (no one in particular, just anyone in general) and intensifies reflected light.

All Poetariat wore chrome faceless shields to protect unique facial identity from visual recording devices and to reflect sunlight into the lens of the same.

All Poetariat wore a Poetic Licence card bearing their respective numbers (social insurance number) on their lapels. No other form of identification is carried by the Poetariat. Social insurance numbers provide identification protection pursuant to Section 107, Chapter C-5, Part III of the Canada Pension Plan Act.

20 large chrome placards shaped like data cards were carried to the site. The Poetariat were advised to deliberately reflect sunlight into any lens not authorized by the PRP.

One half of the PRP documentation squad is devoted to the recording of the immediate peripheral environ-

ment of any PRP event. The other half records the event. In addition there is always a plain clothes Poetariat who is advised to document everything in case circumstances arise which cause the confiscation and/or destruction of all visual documentation obtained by PRP personnel. (This same methodology applies to all audio maneuvers.) All documentation is quadruplicated and distributed to Peripheral Index. One set is sent to a nation other than Canada.

Two Minutes Hate was kept under video surveillance by nine remote control cameras with special night vision features. The cameras are located on the rooftops and turrets of the Parliament Bldgs. and strategic downtown Ottawa bldgs. They are operated by the Security Service of the RCMP. As well, there were news media cameras and tourist cameras, all of which were assaulted by reflected sunlight and recorded by PRP visual devices. All observers of the event were recorded by the PRP and their images compared with the images recorded at previous events.

What has been enunciated here may not appear to be much or unknown insofar as counter-surveillance techniques are concerned. There are, of course, other insecurity measures that the PRP takes to insure privacy, dignity and anonymity to itself. These measures will not be enunciated here or in any written form or in any forum or environment that is susceptible to penetration by any surveillance/recording device. The reasons for this should be quite obvious.

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## Centrifuge



### RUT-A-TUT-TUT!

"Just in time for Tutmas".

TORONTO — Guess who's coming to our community? 800,000 Tutties (like Trekkies) all — we are told — panting to get into the Art Gallery of Ontario's showcase of historical treasures, the most important of which is MONEY, in the form of Egyptian gold.

Laura Secord (famous Canadian confectionist) is one of the organisations who will collaborate with the AGO by selling Tut chocolates on the steps of the house of contemporary art. In fact, almost every business in Toronto is suddenly Tut-inspired in the one-time belief that what is good for art is good for business. So it's not surprising to find a group of artists who are Tually committed to proving what is good for business can also be good for art. Michael and Arlene Feldman have launched *Queen/Tut X Change (QTX)*, a research project that will bring the Queen Street artist community together with the promised 800,000 Tutties and vice versa. Co-conspirators in this unconsummated marriage are *Only Paper Today*, the Toronto artists' tabloid. *OPT* plans to solve its ailing resources by selling advertising to the local Tut-dazed shopkeepers who wait for the promised influx of consumers with mummied breath.

Like a seahorse attempting to flag down a whale, the *QTX* project plans to use "the concept of an umbrella organisation (the *QTX*) for the purpose of mass publicity and promotion of non-commercial "alternative" art and artists as an identifiable community within the larger structure of a mass event."

*Only Paper Today* will be giving away 10,000 copies of two/three

special Tut issues (Sept. - Dec.). We anxiously await those tourist interviews, those polaroid Tut shots of people wearing their "Pharaoh Fawcett" and "Keep your hands off my Tuts" T-shirts. It's bound to be an exciting time, someone is going to faint, a baby will be born...

There used to be an Art Gallery of Ontario in Toronto that had some sort of peripheral involvement with contemporary art at great expense to, and at the same time draining masses of funds from, the artist organizations. Separate and distinct from this there was the Royal Ontario Museum that dealt with anthropology and archaeological science. Now we still have the ROM but now we also have the AGO dithering with archaeological history and "alternative" artists imitating the AGO imitating the ROM. How homogenous!

### "THE NEW DADA: MAIL AND STAMP ART"

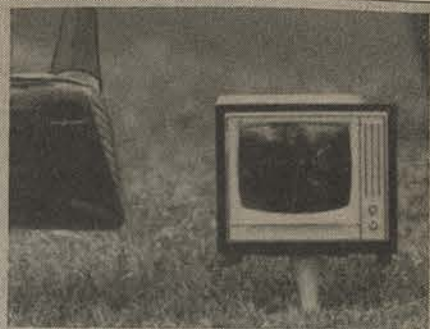
Klaus Groh, founder of International Artists Co-operation (1972) (a project exchange network), has been invited to be artist-in-residence at the Alberta College of Art, Calgary. Groh, an active mail artist will also be giving a lecture in Toronto at the Ryerson Library (corner of Victoria and Gould) on the 24th October at 12:00 noon.

### VIDEO OPEN '79

The 1979 Canadian Video Open which begins in Kingston, October 25th, has changed its name to The Second Independent Video Open, 1979. "The competition was open to all Canadian residents but we do not wish to be misleading in that we cannot guarantee that it will be nationally representative," organizers say, adding, "The focus is on a collection of tapes produced in Canada within the last year — it was never intended for the Open to be perceived as a showcase of some non-existent National Culture."

90 Entries: At the last count, 90 tapes have been received. The tapes will be juried on the 6th and 7th of October. The thirty tapes selected will be shown on Kingston Cable TV (24,000 subscribers) from Thursday 25th October — Wednesday 31st October.

Toronto: The five award tapes will be shown at Cineplex, Toronto, on Monday 5th November. The approxi-



mate two and a half hour programme will have two showings, at 6:30 p.m. and 9:15 p.m. Tickets are \$3.50 for a limited number of seats. Advance booking is possible on the 5th from Cineplex.

The award tapes will also be shown at Art Metropole for two nights: Tuesday 6th November, and Wednesday 7th November. Tickets are \$3.00 for one showing nightly at 8:00 p.m. A limited number of seats will be available.

Calgary, Vancouver, Halifax, Montreal: The Second Independent Video Open, 1979 will also be shown at the Alberta College of Art Gallery, Calgary November 17th - 20th, *The Western Front*, Vancouver, December 6 and 7, and *Centre for Art tapes*, Halifax, January 23rd, - February 2nd, 1980. A decision on the tapes being shown at Cinéma Parallèle, Montréal will be made in October.

### ROUGH TRADE-IN

The latest news, and a big surprise on the local scene, is that Toronto's own "Rough Trade" has finally signed a record contract. They'll be doing the soundtrack for *Cruising*, the film which provoked minor riots and huge demonstrations by the gay movement this summer in New York during its production. *Cruising* is essentially a gay-murder-detective-horror story, a fiction which utilizes the worst, and the most fearsome stereotypes of the "homosexual underworld". The film is not only insulting to gays, it's a complete falsehood, and the gay movement has set an important precedent in challenging the movie industry's "right" to promote homophobia. It's also the first time a film has been protested before its release, in anticipation of the wave of queer-bashing that will surely follow. All this leaves *Rough Trade* with a disappointing sell-out and first prize for irresponsible trendiness. ■



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## Prisons

# ODYSSEY

### The Skin Search

*At Millhaven Penitentiary, having visitors means stripping down.*

*The following is a letter from the Odyssey Group, to Donald Yeomans, Correctional Commissioner. The Odyssey Group is made up of prisoners serving long-term sentences in Millhaven Maximum Security Prison. (For additional writings by Odyssey Group, see Centerfold, September, 1979, pp. 295-299.)*

**Unnecessary Skin Searches at Millhaven.** In being "consistent" with other Maximum Security Penitentiaries in this country, we feel that, like them, the regime at Millhaven should abolish the standing Institutional Policy that presently makes it mandatory for all prisoners to be stripped naked and subjected to a skin search *before and after* visits with vital, auxiliary assistance organizations such as lawyers, legal aid, law students, the John Howard Society, Salvation Army, priest and other community help resources who play an important role in the rehabilitation factors of prisoners.

1) We believe that any moral-thinking person in this day and age would agree that subjecting prisoners to this means of detecting contraband, is barbaric and in itself, is not even fool proof. It is not only immoral and perverted, but is also a form of preventative rehabilitation, meaning that it destroys the individual's fundamental moral character, which is not consistent with rehabilitation.

2) This highly questionable practice has two effects. First a very unpleasant cloud of suspicion is thrown over the personal integrity and credibility of auxiliary professions visiting most productively within the penal system. And second, this practice

causes many prisoners to not receive the valuable assistance of these visitors because they do not wish to subject themselves to this form of humiliation, which naturally conflicts with their sense of moral decency. Within the past eight days, one man had to refuse two separate visits, on the grounds of this basic principle: one visit from a Queen's University Law Student visiting at the prisoner's request for assistance on his appeal, and the other from his Legal Aid representative for the very same reasons. Thus he was refused to even be able to speak to them through a screened visit and subsequently did not see either.

3) We refer to point number one where we have stated that this barbaric procedure is not even fool proof. Since any person wishing to hide contraband in the form of letters, or what have you, could easily do so by inserting it into volumes of legal papers and related paraphernalia he would carry with him into his interview. Obviously this contraband, if only in paper form, would not likely be discovered by anything less than the most careful examination. So obviously this Administration's thin explanation that skin searches of prisoners going to interviews are designed to protect paper contraband is ridiculous. Even when hidden in the mouth or the rectal passage, such contraband is next to impossible to detect, unless of course we are talking about books and magazines, which we doubt.

4) All other contraband can easily and much more effectively be detected by a hand frisk and the use of metal detectors and scanners. So why should prisoners be humiliated, coerced and intimidated by this illogical depravity? Not to mention the insult and intimidation suffered by lawyers and other members of the professional community. With today's technology capable of detecting contraband on

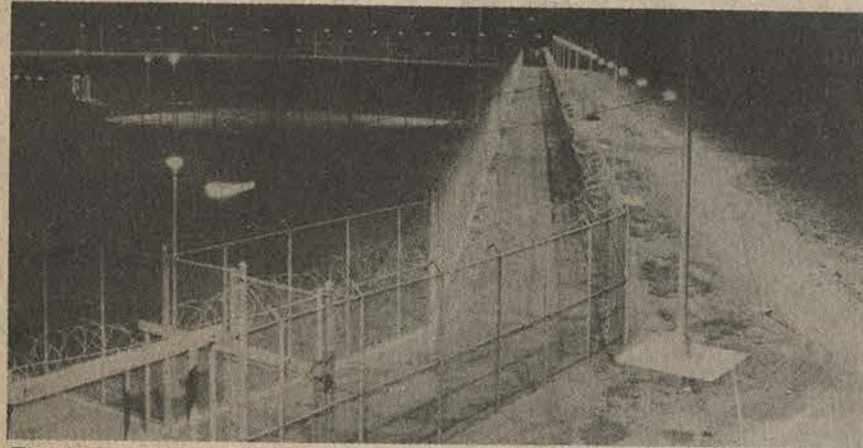


## Prisons

the person, don't you, yourself, wonder why it is that these machines are not used, while prisoners continue to suffer — along with their visitors — the insult of this ridiculous procedure before even being allowed to have their interview.

5) There is no possible way that a prisoner could conceal anything more

viously he was clean going in, he could be clean going out, unless we consider that the interviewer is suspect, which is not likely. At any rate the security preventative clearance should be responsible to insure that he or she is. Therefore there should be good faith shown toward these people and not its opposite.



The double fence at Millhaven.

photo: Canadian Penitentiary Service

important than paper on his person, if he was first required to empty his pockets, explain questionable contents, then be properly hand-frisked, and scanned with a metal detector. And a prisoner does not even need to conceal something in this manner, since there are a hundred fool-proof ways by which he can communicate some message he preferred not to be censored, to the outside world, without attempting to conceal it in his anus! If, for the sake of argument, he was going to pass some letter or message to one of these interviewers, then first, the interviewer must be a conspirator and as such, the prisoner could simply write the message out once in the interview! There is no need to risk its interception during a skin search or attempt to dig it out of his anus while within the glass enclosed interview room. (To do so, a prisoner would have to at least drop his pants and do some pretty quick as well as embarrassing extractions.)

6) The very same arguments are presented against skin searches on a prisoner's return from such interviews. Here at Millhaven, these interviews are all conducted within a glass enclosed room next to the main control, making the room and its activity open to supervision by officers in that control centre. A scanner run down and hand frisk is more than adequate upon the prisoner's return, since ob-

In conclusion the following recommendations are made:

A) Rather than skin search, prisoners should be manditorily subjected to three pre-visit security detection procedures:

- 1) Emptying of contents from pockets, and explanation of materials present on person and being carried.
- 2) A thorough hand frisk by security personnel.
- 3) A thorough hand metal-detector scanning of entire body.

B) The same procedures as described above should be applied to prisoners returning from interviews, rather than skin searches.

C) Upon notification and reasonable suspicion of either a prison officer or a visit and correspondence officer, any prisoner can be stopped upon his entry to or departure from an interview and be subjected to a thorough skin search for contraband.

D) Visit is defined as any legal authorized visit by either family, auxiliary resource people or friends approved prior to visit.

E) Prisoner should have the option to take a screened visit rather than an open one, rather than subject himself to either of the above conditions.

This Brief is presented in the form of a most Serious Grievance by: Odyssey Group, Millhaven Institution.

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— Los Angeles Times Book Review



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CENTERFOLD, October/November 1979

# IMMIGRATION: DO YOU HAVE CANADIAN EXPERIENCE?



CENTERFOLD, October/November 1979



# IMMIGRATION: DO YOU HAVE CANADIAN EXPERIENCE?

Ethnic conflict divides the labour force, turning labour against itself. Canadian workers (themselves all former immigrants) misblame new immigrants for unemployment, lower wage levels, excess social welfare services. . .

## 1 An Introduction/Karl Beveridge

The recent police killing of Albert Johnson, and the acceptance of 50,000 Vietnamese refugees have made headlines of an issue that has constantly been in the wings of Canadian history — immigration.

It has often been noted that the constant civil strife evident south of the border never surfaces in Canada because in Canada, law and order came first. Racism is considered a new and temporary feature in the Canadian landscape. Canadians, again looking southward, remain confident of their tolerant superiority. But these observations are not so much the virtues of Canadian liberalism, as they are the deliberate suppression of history. The myth of anglo-superiority, instituted with the conquest of French Canada, and later of the Métis and Native Peoples, has persisted to obscure the reality of generations of Canadian Asians and Blacks who have lived in conditions equally oppressive to those in the 'less enlightened' parts of the world. This same notion of anglo-acquiescence condemned to death 300 East Indians forcibly turned away from Vancouver harbour in 1914, humiliated the 'D.P.'s of the '30's, interned Japanese Canadians during the Second World War, and today harasses and culturally degrades peoples from every part of the world. Canadians themselves, have few civil rights, but let's face it, immigrants have none.

Racism in particular, and the fear of immigrants in general, are often explained as purely sociological problems. Such explanations focus on the mistrust of people who are 'different' and the misunderstanding of minority

cultures. For example, the official response to the police killing of Albert Johnson in Toronto was explained as a breakdown in communication between the Black community and the cops. More extreme incidents, such as those involving the ultra-conservative, neo-fascist National Party, are written off as the actions of warped individuals seeking self-aggrandizement through the persecution of racial and ethnic minorities. Although these sociological insights have some analytic value, they tend to obscure the more serious problems of basic economic inequalities and the exploitation of labour.

Immigrants provide cheap labour for competitive industry. They are used not only to supply low wage manual labour, but to create a surplus labour pool in order to force general wage levels down. Of equal importance, ethnic conflict divides the labour force, turning labour against itself. Canadian workers (themselves all former immigrants) misblame new immigrants for unemployment, lower wage levels, excess social welfare services, lowered standards of living etc. In the daily grind to earn a living, it is, of course, difficult to pinpoint the real problem: the ruthless manipulation of labour by corporate industry. In short, the raw material rape of underdeveloped nations for domestic production starts the immigrant flow then used by corporate capital to inflate the domestic labour market. This manipulation denies the central role labour and especially immigrant labour has played in the development of Canada, not only materially, but socially and culturally as well. This is

not the melting-pot theory of multiculturalism, but the hard reality of the collective radical identity of multinational labour below the veneer of anglo-corporate rule. The Canadian middle and upper classes can afford to take a moral stance, their jobs aren't threatened, except by those second or third generation immigrants who have taken the only route to success, anglo-cultural assimilation. It is worth noting that the rabid anti-Americanism or in some cases anti-English nationalism of some professional protection groups in Canada results from the fact that these immigrants threaten the middle and upper class job market, notably in education.

The Canadian Government, of course, denies any participation in the manipulation of the immigrant workforce, or the racist character of government policy. Immigrants come to Canada seeking 'a better life'; a view the government has spent millions promoting abroad. Canada is also famous for selecting the most highly qualified and skilled refugees in its missions of mercy (Ugandan — East Asians, and now Vietnamese) only to provide them with menial jobs (The 'happy' Vietnamese engineer washing dishes in downtown Toronto.). Once in Canada immigrants face a massive propaganda campaign promoting multiculturalism aimed at pacifying 'ethnic unrest'. As is pointed out in the article by Charles Roach, multiculturalism's real intent is to maintain the dominant anglo-culture, while giving token recognition to minorities. I would like to add that this policy is aimed at more than ethnic immigrant minority groups, but also at Asiana-

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dians, Black Canadians, Native Peoples and French Canadians as well.

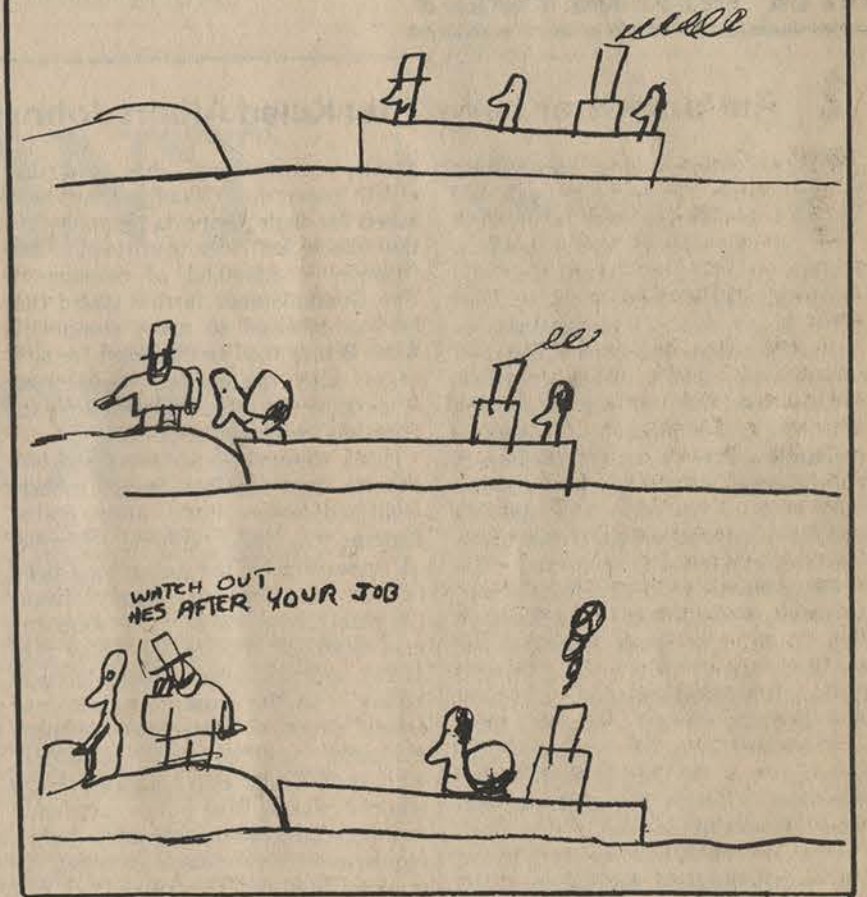
The reality of government attitudes towards immigrants becomes clear in Bill C-24, the new immigration law passed in 1977. Among its stipulations are the following: A new category of 'conditional immigrant' under which an immigrant has only temporary status and whose job is under the direction of the immigration department. The department reviews the case every six months to recommend or revoke its extension. Police can, under mere suspicion, search the home and arrest an immigrant without a warrant. Any immigrant can be deported for 'national security' reasons. This can include support for the overthrow of a foreign government, be it Chile, South Africa or wherever. Such deportation can be based on evidence from secret (police) reports heard at secret hearings to which the immigrant has no access or process of appeal. A Canadian is subject to a prison term or fine for not informing on an immigrant's activities, and so on.

Most of the articles in this issue focus on the social consequences of immigration, which are found in every aspect of Canadian life, popularized as the exotic fringes of the dominant culture. Included here are articles on Multiculturalism; "Immigrants in Schools" which discusses the process of streaming immigrant children into vocational training and thus into the manual labour market; "Criminalization of the Innocent", and "The Sponsored Immigrant" which look at the nightmare of immigrant women who are kicked back and forth between the Immigration Department, Social Welfare Services, and employers; "Truths and Rights" which looks at a specific response to multiculturalism and a positive example of cultural self-determination; "The Unwritten Laws That Killed Albert Johnson", which looks at the fine edge of institutionalized racial violence. The strange inclusion of an article on CAR/FAC (Canadian Artists Representation) in this context serves as a specific example of the distorted understanding of Canadian history and culture through its implicit support of anglo-elitism. Instead of defending the rights of immigrants and supporting immigrant culture as a part of mainstream culture, CAR/FAC policy and practice works against it.

These articles do not exhaust the

## Immigration

A CONCISE HISTORY  
OF CANADIAN IMMIGRATION  
POLICY



many issues involved, nor do they represent isolated incidents. They are points in a social structure, a culture, that institutionalizes racism and anglo-male chauvinism, a structure that intentionally obscures its own historical base and roots. Canadian history denies the real role of immigrant labour, from the Irish construction workers of the 1840's, to the Asians who built the C.P.R. in the 1870's, to the Finnish, Ukrainians, Hungarians, Polish and other immigrants who opened up the north and the west in the 20's and 30's, to the Italians,

and Portuguese in the construction trades and heavy industry in the 50's and 60's, to the West Indians, East Indians, Arabs, Asians, Latin Americans, working today.

If the recent incidents involving the suppression of racial and ethnic minorities points to anything, it points to the fact that Canadian culture is based on historical deceit. The question "Do you have Canadian Experience" simply asks have you assimilated the language, symbols and values of the dominant anglo-Canadian culture. ■



# IMMIGRATION: DO YOU HAVE CANADIAN EXPERIENCE?

## 2 The Unwritten Laws That Killed Albert Johnson/Clive Robertson

On Sunday August 26th Albert Johnson, the 35 year old father of four was fatally shot by a police officer in his own Toronto home. His seven year old daughter, Colsie told a number of print, radio and TV journalists on various occasions the same account of her father's death. The journalists believed the West Indian girl's description, but a large portion of Toronto's population doesn't want to believe in police harassment. They would rather wait until they are informed that one of their innocent activities can be interpreted as a criminal offence.

Mr. Johnson described being beaten by nine police officers in his house on May 12th in a complaint of police brutality filed with the Ontario Human Rights Commission. Not until August 15th, was the complaint turned over to Metro Toronto police for investigation. On August 29th Superintendent William Dixon, Metro Citizens Complaint Bureau, said, "No, I've never seen any letter from them. I've searched believe me." (*Globe and Mail*). Tucked away at the bottom of a four column report by the *Globe and Mail* (September 1st) we further learned that the complaint was received on the 22nd, where it stayed in the inter-department mail system until it was "retrieved from the mail room by Police Chief Adamson's executive officer on August 28th."

The reason for the delay, according to Human Rights Commissioner Bromley Armstrong, was that a larger report was being prepared.

Much has emerged. Armstrong admitted that Metro police have an "immigration pick-up squad" in 14 Division in order to find illegal immi-

grants. Armstrong has said that eighth generation Canadians have been asked for their passports by police and that Black American tourists have also formally complained of harassment. The Commissioner further stated that he had received so many complaints from Blacks that he discussed the situation with the provincial Attorney General, who in turn "passed along the concerns" back to the police.

This discussion occurred eighteen months ago. Within twelve months eight people were shot by Metro police. Perhaps the most graphic examples of aggression by the police have been in the shooting of Buddy Evans (August 28th, 1978), the shopping mall death of William Elie (May 8th, 1979), and the recent Albert Johnson killing. In the current inquest into Evans' death, a former police college instructor testified that the officer who shot Evans was a below-average student during his police academic training, adding that Metro's police requirement for course training in criminal law and the Police Act was lower than smaller police forces in the province.

These details become significant as minority groups and local politicians began to use the Johnson killing to lobby for reforms of weapon usage by police, civilian review boards and minority representation. The police force became angry at the mounting accusations of racism, police brutality, and harassment, to the extent that the police association bought newspaper advertising asking for public support. They could have saved their money. In the past weeks the letters section of the *Toronto Star* has been overflowing with anti-minority letters, claiming to

Metro police have an "immigration pick-up squad" in 14 Division in order to find illegal immigrants. . . eighth generation Canadians have been asked for their passports by police and Black American tourists have formally complained of harassment.

one degree or another that if you are a law-abiding citizen you will live loving your police force.

This concept of the "law-abiding citizen" (or immigrant) is built upon the belief that the law is written and enforced with the best interest of the citizen/immigrant in mind. Civil rights lawyers Victor Paisley and Charles Roach informed *Toronto Star* readers of the conflicting facts. In a full page article (September 8th) titled "The Law. Does it really protect you?" they make clear to all Canadians that anyone detained or arrested by the police does not have the right to call a lawyer. "Courts have routinely admitted evidence obtained before a suspect was allowed to talk to anyone," they added.

Both Roach and Paisley comments are supplemented by Alan Borovoy, General Counsel for the Canadian Civil Liberties Association: "Canadians have a complete misunderstanding of their rights from watching U.S. television." The following emerges:

- 1) Canada has on its statute books greater police powers than any other Commonwealth country.
- 2) The Canadian Bill of Rights has in many situations been reduced to linguistic jargon.
- 3) The police are protected by the Criminal Code in many places where the citizens are not protected.
- 4) An RCMP officer is issued a writ of assistance for the duration of service with the force. With that writ, an officer does not have to satisfy anyone but himself that there are reasonable grounds for searching your home.

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## Immigration

5) The Supreme Court has held that even when an arrest has been proven to be illegal, a person can be convicted of a criminal offence for not cooperating with the police.

Lawyer Roach commented: "In Canada there doesn't exist the climate to prevent the laws intruding on civil rights. The public generally thinks it's okay for the police to break the law because they're protecting them. We have gone along with them for so long the police now know they can demand certain things and people will not object."

Well people do object.

In January of this year Toronto experienced *The Body Politic* Trial (see *Centerfold* February-March 1979). The trial of the gay newspaper allowed a public educative function to take place and substantial support for the gay community was forthcoming from a wide spectrum of public media. *The Body Politic* was acquitted. In reaction to the backfiring of this gay show-trial, the Metropolitan Toronto's Police Association publication *News and Views* printed an article written by Staff Sgt. Tom Moclair entitled "The Homosexual Fad":

# WE CAN'T DO IT WITHOUT YOU.



"To Serve and Protect" is no advertising slogan. It's our sworn duty. But we can't do it without the support and respect of the people of Toronto.

We believe that most Torontonians are proud of their police officers and we believe that we've earned that respect.

After all, this city is a safe place to live. In fact, we have less violent crime here than any other major North American city. That's because of you. It's because you won't stand for anything less than real security for yourselves and your children. It's because you've always given your police men and women the vote of confidence they need to deal with crime on a professional level.

Now, being a cop in Toronto isn't what it used to be. But then, neither is Toronto. These days, the criminals throw more than sticks and stones.

So we're prepared to act as medic, detective, psychologist, philosopher, crossing guard, arbitrator, mother, garbage man, bureaucrat, teacher, you name it. Most of us love our work, and we think it shows.

So far this year, we've answered and reported on over 670,000 radio calls. More than 125,000 of those calls involved serious Criminal Code allegations. Most of these incidents never came to your attention because they were handled in a routine, professional way.

We're going to keep doing our work proudly and to the best of our human ability, no matter what. But right now, what we need most is your support.

Show it by writing your newspaper, government representative, or us. Every neighbourhood officer needs to know that his neighbourhood respects and supports his work and the spirit in which it's done.

We need to know because more than a few of us have died for you.



Metropolitan Toronto Police Association  
Representing the 3500 police officers of Metropolitan Toronto.

## WE'RE PROUD OF US.

(right) Four of some 250 letters published in the *Toronto Star* in September.

## 'A minority in our own country'

I think it is about time we WASPs started yelling prejudice — since I'm sure we are fast becoming a minority in our own country.

Mrs. N. CLARK  
Mississauga

## 'You are free to leave Canada'

As a concerned citizen I am writing to express my admiration and respect for our hard-working dedicated police force.

I have a message for the loud-mouthed troublemakers: You are free to leave Canada.

H. CONWAY  
Willowdale

## 'His comments sound racist'

Here we have Bromley Armstrong, a human rights commissioner, a supposedly intelligent and reasonable man, making strident, unbalanced accusations of racism against our police force before any investigation of Albert Johnson's death has been completed.

His remark — "We all know what is going on in this city" — merits his immediate dismissal from the Human Rights Commission.

We don't need this from someone in a position as sensitive as his. His comments sound racist themselves.

STEVEN GURIAN  
Toronto

## 'Sick of police being blamed'

I am getting so sick and tired of our police being blamed for everything that happens when their only fault — if you can call it that — lies in protecting their lives.

Why is it that the public seems to give all its sympathy to the criminals? Would they rather the law-breakers killed the police?

All during this talk about having an investigation, they are stressing racial discrimination but not one time has it been brought out that had the police not shot Albert Johnson, that policeman would probably be dead now.

TONY BURZA  
Toronto



# IMMIGRATION: DO YOU HAVE CANADIAN EXPERIENCE?

"Canada came quietly out of a colonial situation, while Americans had to fight a revolution to gain their independence, and other countries had to fight to gain their civil liberties."

"Just listen to them talk (if you can stomach them); and they sure like to talk, because talk is a penchant of homosexuality especially in the physically deprived and cowardly male." . . . "Selling their condition as if it were a virtue; acting it out; prancing and wiggling, and sometimes dressing in effeminate (sic) garb; smelling like polecats; these are not involuntary acts. These are sick, volitional despicable actions." (March 1979).

Other articles in the March issue denigrated Blacks, Jews ("If you want to get a laugh, drive over to Glencairn and Bathurst and see the Jews."), Catholics and Italians. These words were later to be denied as being representative of or connected to Metro Police. The sworn duty of the police, "To Serve and Protect", has a limited meaning which is to serve and protect the powers given to the police.

The publication of these "police views" forced a demand for a public meeting with the Metropolitan Board of Commissioners of Police. Submissions were presented to the Commission from the Right to Privacy Committee, the Department of the City Clerk, the Metro Social Planning Council, the Gay Academic Union and others on April 5th, 1979. Twenty-seven proposals were put forward. All were rejected.

Following this, written representations were sent to the Ontario Police Commission asking for an enquiry into the Metro Toronto police force. These came from The Working Group on Police-Minority Relations, the Right to Privacy Committee, the Gay Academic Union and Clayton Ruby, lawyer and director of Amnesty International. On July 26th a report was issued from

the Ontario Police Commission stating that: "It is our opinion that the Board of Commissioners (for Metro Toronto) and the Chief of Police have dealt adequately with the entire matter, and have taken the necessary steps to ensure that policies of non-discrimination are clearly enunciated in the Rules and Regulations of the Force." In other words, No! One of those demands had been for a Civilian Review Board, a function now carried out by the very people who refused an enquiry.

The OPC's report is revealing. It shows that support for such a civilian review board was separately recommended by the Maloney Inquiry and the Morand Royal Commission. However the Marin Report (Commission Inquiry into RCMP discipline procedures) rejected such input on the principle that: "Police discipline is a total discipline and should not be fragmented into a dual system of control."

The Marin Report emphasized the need for a formal uniform system based upon local police force response, the maintenance and analysis of all complaints, and an objective impartial monitoring role. This last factor was conveniently ignored. Had the police not harassed the gay community, had they not carelessly shot two West Indians, this de facto position might have held. The report fails to mention the Pitman Report (1977) which also recommended an independent civilian review board to deal with complaints against the police.

Civil Rights lawyer Charles Roach posits the historical emphasis of Canadian police power. Canada came quietly out of a colonial situation, while Americans had to fight a revolution to gain their independence, and

other countries had to fight to gain their civil liberties. "All those things the Americans have in their constitution, like the right to remain silent, the right to due process — all those things are not very highly regarded in Canada . . ." When the Canadian government invoked the War Measures Act during the FLQ crisis in 1970, which suspended the Bill of Rights and gave police new powers of arrest, search and seizure, people didn't care," Roach said. "In the U.S. you would have to kill a great many people before they would accept that kind of martial law."

In Toronto meanwhile, a mediator between the police and the Black groups was appointed. Metro Police Commission Chairman, Philip Givens, told reporters, "Civil rights groups wouldn't be happy if we had brought God down from Heaven," following their initial rejection of the selected mediator, Gerald Emmett Cardinal Carter, leader of Toronto's Roman Catholics.

After three weeks of gathering political pressure, the provincial Attorney General Roy McMurtry announced (Sept. 13th) that the Ontario government would introduce special legislation next month creating a procedure for citizen review of complaints against the police. The Attorney General, as the province's chief law officer, can order a judicial inquiry, but McMurtry also happens to be the Solicitor General, an office which is responsible for the police. Switching roles in a matter of sentences, he also was reported as stating: "The bottom line of it is that we still have a pretty fine bloody police force and I'm personally not going to be a party to undermining it." Roy McMurtry



Following the killing of Albert Johnson, there was a demonstration in Toronto. Over 2,000 people gathered to protest. photo:Karl Beveridge

stands in the middle of a conflict of interest, and as the pressure increases he should be made to give up one or the other and maybe both roles.

Toronto's Mayor John Sewell, who actively supports minority groups within the city, has stated of law enforcement that the provincial Attorney General is standing in the way of necessary reform in Metro Toronto. He added that it costs Metro Toronto \$188.2 million for its police force, of which the province contributes only a sixth. Yet the Attorney General appoints the majority of the Metro Toronto Police Commission.

The question remains, how many people have to be harassed, beaten and shot before the population at large is willing to admit that current police power was constructed to crush the possibilities for Civil Rights?

All of this is of little use to Albert Johnson.

Following his beating on May 12th, Albert Johnson was arrested four times. On June 9th, June 11th, July 12th and August 9th. Seventeen different officers were involved in the arrests. Many of the charges were dismissed in court before his death. One charge was carrying a dangerous weapon. That "dangerous weapon" was a six-inch stick.

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These episodes around police power and the laws which protect such power are far from complete. On Friday September 28th, 1979, two Metro Police constables were charged with manslaughter in the shooting death of Albert Johnson. It used to be common practice to charge police officers with manslaughter if they had shot and killed a member of the public. But that practice was dropped fifteen years ago. As further reaction to the charges of manslaughter the Metro Toronto Police Association passed a number of resolutions at a recent meeting. One resolution stated: "It appears that the attributes most evident of those who have been so vocal are motivations of hate for the police, a desire for fame and attention, along with anarchist beliefs, not to mention a propensity for back-seat driving and diarrhea of the mouth." It would not be untrue to say that the Metro Toronto Police Association is verbally bullying the daily press to give them positive coverage in the week(s) leading up to the trial.



# IMMIGRATION: DO YOU HAVE CANADIAN EXPERIENCE?

## 3 The Criminalization of The Innocent/Joan Anne Gordon

I recently discovered some old journals, dating back to the turn of the century, in a house in Montreal that had once served as a refuge for immigrant women. A reading of these diaries revealed that a large number of the women who had come to the house seeking help were from Great Britain. They had come from poor homes and orphanages to work as servants or factory workers for the nouveau riche, a class of entrepreneurs who were reaping a golden harvest of wealth in the New World — the fruits of immigrant sweated labour. The women who come today seeking my help have the same painful histories recorded in these old journals. Their origins are geographically different, more often their skin is black or brown, but the problems are the same.

Of all the guest workers presently in Canada, the situation of the domestic worker is the most critical. Many of these women are economically exploited and often physically and emotionally exhausted by the demands of employment that is not protected by Provincial Labour Statutes (with the notable exceptions of Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland). No minimum wage, health or compensation insurance, or standard work hours have been legislated for guest workers. In addition many of these women have had to suffer sexual abuse from male employers. Recognition of their rights for protection as workers will not be easily won, given the tenuous position of the guest worker under the rigid enforcement procedures of the Immigration Act.

It is lamentable that Canadians should have been encouraged to en-

gage in public debate on Immigration policy at a time of deepening economic recession. Economic crisis has engendered a crisis of individual confidence; most Canadians are confused and fearful of losing jobs and their share of limited social services. A climate of economic and, consequently, personal uncertainty forced the debate on immigration policy to focus on isolationist tendencies and to a view of the immigrant as, once again, the scapegoat for the failures of our society. The government response to the political pressures that were generated by that debate is the introduction of a long-awaited new Immigrant Act, an Act that, in essence, offers no vision of the positive inter-relationship of immigration and national development.

The citizens of Canada have, unthinkingly, given assent to legislation which invests a branch of the civil service with inordinate judicial power and then allies this branch with national, provincial and municipal police forces throughout the country in a formidable coalition of enforcement power. The arbitrary enforcement of this law will engender in the future, as it has in the past, a criminalization of the innocent. I use the term criminalization, in this sense, to portray the plight of those immigrants who desperately or inadvertently evade the law in order to ease the complications of their lives and who are then pursued and treated like criminals by the Immigration Department. They are often guilty of nothing more than trying to survive in a strange land.

What kind of policies have produced this level of desperation within immigrant communities? What kind

of law has allowed the Immigration Department to pursue a tourist, student or guest worker with the same kind of force with which we would pursue a murderer?

of law has allowed the Immigration Department to pursue a tourist, student or guest worker with the same kind of force with which we would pursue a murderer? Let us look, briefly, at some of the policies that have shaped Bill C-24, our recently enacted immigration law.

Government control of immigration after the Second World War was a response to the world change in immigration patterns arising from the need to resettle the displaced persons and the homeless of Europe, and Canada's own objectives of population growth and economic development. The government, however, opposed large scale immigration from the Orient.

A necessary ingredient for economic expansion was a highly skilled labour force and a policy of selective immigration was devised to meet this need. A new government department of Citizenship and Immigration was established in 1950 in order to implement these policies. Canada was, by this policy, to become more hospitable to her former enemies than to her dark skinned Commonwealth cousins. In 1950, Germans were allowed admission on the same basis as other Europeans. In 1951, agreements with the governments of India, Pakistan and Ceylon allowed for the yearly admission of 150 Indians, 100 Pakistanis and 50 Ceylonese. These quotas remained in force until 1962. An Immigration Act, designed to provide a framework for policy, was introduced in 1952 and was proclaimed into law June 1st 1953. The Act, lacking a firm legal base, allowed the Minister

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and His Officials uncontrolled discretionary power. This large element of discretionary power rendered it the most arbitrary and unpredictable law in our statutes. The law imposed a strong component of control by laying down conditions for the arrest, detention and deportation of immigrants and prospective immigrants. The Immigration Branch became responsible for enforcement of its own law. Its officials became judge, jury and executioner, thereby violating a basic principle of natural justice in that no one should judge in his own cause. The Governor-in-Council was given wide power to prohibit the admission of persons by reason of nationality, citizenship, ethnic group, occupation, class or geographic area of origin, or to persons of peculiar customs, habits, modes of life or methods of holding property.

In 1967, Expo brought a large number of tourists to Canada and regulations were amended to permit these visitors to make application for residence while still in Canada. This amendment introduced a method of immigrant selection based on a system of points relating to age, skill, education and language ability. This system, which allowed the flood of visitors to apply for permanent residence and gave them the right to appeal deportation created an unmanageable backlog of cases before the Immigration Appeal Board. It became common practice for travel agents in the poorer countries of Europe and the Third World to exploit this regulation for large profit. People were encouraged to buy a round trip fare to Canada and were told that if they were in possession of a return ticket, they could apply for permanent residence. This marketing approach failed to mention the admission criteria that would be applied to requests for permanent residence. When many of the visitors failed to meet the requirements and were ordered deported, those who did not avail themselves of appeal procedures went underground thus helping to create a substrata of illegal immigrants in Canada.

On August 15, 1973, Parliament enacted Project 97, subtitled: "Make my Country your Country," giving persons illegally in Canada before June 23rd an opportunity to acquire landed immigrant status. The period of amnesty lasted two months — too short a time

## Immigration

to encourage trust in the immigrant community in what was admittedly a humane and generous gesture. On October 15, 1973, the welcome mat was removed and the door closed. The right of appeal was then restricted to landed immigrants or to persons in possession of visas issued outside of Canada. The law was further tightened by imposing greater elements of control over immigrants. This control became increasingly repressive in the non-white ethnic communities. Immigration officers linked with the RCMP Passport Division and local police officers made middle-of-the-night searches



The new Immigration Act is progressive in wording only. photo: K. Beveridge

in private homes, clubs, factories and restaurants, using writs of assistance warrants. The use of paid informants was common practice and one that led to increased incidences of criminal and emotional blackmail with devastating consequences for personal and community health.

Finally, in November, 1976, the Government introduced Bill C-24 in first reading of a new Immigration Act; civil libertarians reacted with shock to the stringency of the Bill. Bill C-24 widened the powers of arrest without warrant. It required visitors and permanent residents to submit to fingerprinting at the request of an immigration officer. The categories of deportable persons were broadened and the power to deport without stated reasons was introduced. The concept of national security was frequent-

ly invoked, but nowhere was it defined. Only the Solicitor General needs to know what peril exists, or is believed to exist before the Minister has the power to invoke these security measures. The protest rang loudest from Quebec and it held a note of anguish. Memories of the War Measures Act, with its unlimited powers of search and seizure, are still painfully active in Quebec. Bill C-24's invocation of a shadowy national security as sufficient reason for arbitrary detention and deportation compelled many in Quebec to make a protest that they could not make in October 1970.

The protest failed. The Act was proclaimed into law in April 1978, with only minor changes.

The Immigration Act does have positive features. The anomalies of health conditions have been changed; epileptics are now admitted. The archaic language of the old law has been removed; it no longer refers to idiots, imbeciles and morons, or to moral turpitude. We have made semantic not moral progress.

Skilled manpower needs will still be met through immigration, but unskilled needs will be met largely through the issuance of work permits rather than landed immigrant status. Work permits will now have to be obtained outside of Canada, where previously applications could be made by the employer, or the non-immigrant from within the country. This regulation increases the Immigration Department's control over admissions and will, at the same time, increase the scope of action of private employment agents or agencies who contract with Canadian employers to provide foreign labour. These agencies have, in the past, often been accused of acting as dignified fronts for a variety of criminal or exploitative activities ranging from prostitution to the black market of passports.

The protection of a loosely defined national security will allow control over the actions of immigrants and non-immigrants already within the country, by use of the discretionary power to detain and deport without stated reason. This provision of the law means that innocent immigrants could be penalized for the actions of a few if the Minister deems that national security — as he defines it, for the law does not — is being menaced. The heavy-handedness of this law casts all immigrants into a mould of criminality.



# IMMIGRATION: DO YOU HAVE CANADIAN EXPERIENCE?

The criminalization of the non-immigrant is almost always an outgrowth of an encounter between an innocent student, tourist or worker with the rigid, zealously enforced Immigration Act and its regulations. Law is understood only when its effects upon people can be seen and measured; in an attempt to portray this human dimension, some case histories can be cited.

Glenda, aged nineteen, came from Trinidad to visit her sister, a landed immigrant living in Montreal. When she arrived at the airport, she passed through Customs without being referred to an Immigration officer and, consequently, without receiving information about her status as a visitor to Canada.

Glenda enjoyed being with her sister and young nephew and unintentionally prolonged her holiday for seven months without reporting this prolongation to the Immigration Department. One evening, as she was browsing through a store, Glenda picked up a chocolate bar and began to eat it. She was immediately apprehended by a store employee who called the police. After an examination of her passport, police officers decided to hold Glenda overnight in police cells and to charge her, the next day, with theft of a 25 cent chocolate bar.

The criminal charge against Glenda was dismissed but immigration officials, who were present in the court room, issued and served a warrant for her re-arrest on the grounds that she had violated the Immigration Act by remaining in Canada longer than three months without reporting to an Immigration officer. It was a Friday afternoon — too late for an Immigration inquiry to be convoked to hear the case. Glenda was transferred to

As a domestic, Elena earned only \$40 a week. When she asked for a raise her request was refused and her employer threatened to contact friends within the Immigration Department and demand her deportation if she tried to quit and look for another job.

Tanguay women's prison to await an inquiry, scheduled for the following Monday. At some point during the weekend, she was a victim of a physical attack by a group of inmates.

When Glenda was brought to the Immigration Department on Monday morning, she was weeping with fear and despair. After a perfunctory hearing, she was deported from Canada.

**T**he guest worker of today resembles her counterpart of yesterday, the indentured labourer. A guest worker must sell her labour to an employer without the protection or benefits that a Canadian worker of similar skills enjoys. There is not right to medicare, national pension plans, job security arrangements, long term insurance coverage or promotion. Community services, social services and health care are also denied to guest workers. All that they can safely and legally claim is their wages and if, as is the custom for Canadian workers, these employment and social benefits are calculated as part of a total wage package, then guest workers are most surely being underpaid at any wage rate.

At the end of their proscribed period of labour, guest workers must return to their home country. With this seemingly simple regulatory device, the dual problems of manpower needs and admission control have been served — labour needs have been met without granting citizenship.

The increased use of the work permit as an element of admission control and the necessity of obtaining permits from outside of the country promise to increase the criminalization of non-immigrants, by forcing them into rigid situations of exploitation.

The statistics relating to work per-

mits for the year 1976-1977, show that the largest number of permits in Quebec were issued to domestic workers. These workers are vulnerable to the same criminalizing enforcement procedures that are applied to erring visitors if they change jobs without authorization from the Immigration Department. Again, let us examine a personal history.

Elena came from a poverty-stricken Jamaican family. A brother, living in Montreal, obtained a job offer for her in the city and forwarded money for plane fare for the trip from Jamaica to Montreal. She began work as a live-in maid for a well-known and highly respected Montreal family. The hours were long, the work hard, and the food provided minimal. Elena earned only \$40.00 a week. When she asked for a raise her request was refused and her employer threatened to contact friends within the Immigration Department and demand Elena's deportation if she tried to quit and look for another job. Elena was too frightened to test the validity of this threat by contacting the Immigration Department herself. She decided to take a chance by leaving the untenable situation with this family and eventually found another job without obtaining a new work visa.

One evening, while visiting a friend, she was arrested and detained by Immigration authorities. After a hearing the following day, Elena was ordered deported. We met her in the detention centre of the Immigration Department and were able to record her statement of her working life and the desperation that led her to change her job. She was tired and hungry, unable to buy any lunch because she had not been allowed to gather her possessions or contact her friends after her arrest. Elena did not have to face the pros-

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pect of incarceration at Tanguay women's prison. Fortunately, there was a seat available on a flight to Jamaica and she was deported that evening. She did not have an opportunity to collect her pay or to say good-bye to friends.

The stories of Glenda and Elena serve as examples of the way in which a law, based upon the theory that control is paramount, can criminalize ordinary people and force them to submit to punishment which bears no relation to the crime.

**I**t is interesting to note that the language of Bill C-24 changed significantly from its first reading to the third reading in the House of Commons. The frightening language of the first reading was tempered by the courageous protest against the Bill after its introduction and many of the harsher words and phrases were deleted from the final Act. Yet, despite these semantic refinements, the intent of the Bill remained unchanged. Enforcement of this Act will be defined by the intent of the law and not by its specific language. Most immigration cases are judged by the Immigration Department itself and there is little opportunity for recourse to the Civil Courts, where a more liberal interpretation

## Immigration



Sanctioned by Bill C-24, the guest worker is very much like an indentured slave. Thus labour needs have been met without granting citizenship. photo: E. Hayes

might be possible.

This article has been an excursion through the darker side of Canadian Immigration Law, the side of the Law that criminalizes immigrants and creates fear and trembling within immigrant communities. It is painful, though necessary, to confront these laws, for they reflect the darker side

of our national character. ■

(Reprinted from "Branching Out", Vol. V, No. 2, 1978.)

Joan Anne Gordon is a community organizer in Montreal. She is a founder of the Women's Committee for Rights of Immigrants and helped set up the Quebec Liaison Committee Against Racism. She immigrated to Canada from England as a war bride.

## 4 The Sponsored Immigrant/Lisa Steele

**I**n the last few months there has been a change of policy at Metropolitan Toronto Community and Social Services, but it isn't written down anywhere. The welfare department change involves women who are landed immigrants, and in some cases immigrant/citizens, who have been sponsored by their husbands. As the policy is now being carried out, a woman who separates from her sponsor/husband, for any reason — even violence, is not considered to be eligible for welfare assistance until she has had an interview with the Department of Immigration. The purpose of this interview is to determine whether or not the sponsorship has broken down. This practice seems to have been implemented as the result of "inter-office memos" rather than legislation; and whereas it is merely a further inconvenience and headache for the women involved in some cases, in others it is a flagrant violation of their rights, es-

pecially those guaranteed under the Family Law Reform Act.

When Zaheda Shah came to Canada from Pakistan almost five years ago, she and her two children were sponsored to become landed immigrants by her husband who owns a small business with his three brothers. Earlier this year, Mrs. Shah was forced to take her two children and flee her husband who had repeatedly beaten her, sometimes publicly, and who had constantly degraded her abilities to ever provide for herself. He threatened her, saying that if she left him she would be deported from Canada. But for her own safety Mrs. Shah left anyway. And now, six months later, she is on the way toward making a new life for herself and her children. She has found a job working in a factory, has applied for citizenship and she has been given welfare assistance; first, to help her find a place to live and then to supplement her low income. But

getting that welfare has been more difficult for Mrs. Shah than it is for most native-born Canadian women who find themselves in similar circumstances: alone with their children, jobless and frequently homeless.

Why was it more difficult for Mrs. Shah? Because she is a sponsored immigrant, and in this case sponsored by her husband. When she applied for welfare assistance, she was living at a Toronto hostel for battered women. Applying for welfare is one of the first things a woman in one of these hostels is urged to do if she is not currently working and if her ex-husband is unwilling or unable to provide complete support for the separated family, as is often the case. On applying for assistance, however, Mrs. Shah was told by the welfare department that she would have to go to the Department of Immigration and get 'clearance'. Needless to say, Mrs. Shah got very nervous. Would her husband's threat come



# IMMIGRATION: DO YOU HAVE CANADIAN EXPERIENCE?

true? Would she and her children be deported? She was not told which department, Immigration or welfare, was demanding this 'clearance', nor was she informed what this 'clearance' would involve. She was certainly not told that either the granting of 'clearance' or the refusal of it would be *totally* at the discretion of the individual immigration official who interviewed her.

In Mrs. Shah's case things turned out all right in the end. The 'clearance' was granted by the Department of Immigration. She was interviewed about the circumstances of her marriage breakdown and the immigration official believed that there was sufficient cause to declare that the sponsorship had broken down. Mrs. Shah told this official that she was seeking support from her husband through Family Court and that was that. Shortly afterwards, she was informed by the welfare department that she was eligible for assistance.

Joyce Allen had a very different experience with welfare and Immigration. Mrs. Allen immigrated to Canada over 5 years ago from the West Indies, also sponsored by her husband. She has one child. Like Mrs. Shah, she left her husband because of a violent relationship. At the time of the break up, Mrs. Allen had just completed a registered nursing course. She applied for welfare assistance for herself and her child because she was not currently working. Mrs. Allen and her child are both Canadian citizens.

When she made her application, like Mrs. Shah, she was told that she would have to go to Immigration first, to determine if she was eligible for assistance. At the Department of Immigration, Mrs. Allen was told by her interviewer that they would have to talk with both her and her husband

together before they would consider whether or not the sponsorship had broken down, and thus whether or not she would be eligible for welfare assistance. Another interview was set up. Mrs. Allen and her husband were both present, but most of the negotiations took place between the Immigration official and Mr. Allen. Pressure was applied, and whether through a genuine sense of responsibility toward his family, or simply through fear for his own immigration status, Mr. Allen agreed to assume financial responsibility for his wife and child.

During this interview, Mrs. Allen was made to feel like a piece of chattel whose price was being haggled over. A further arrangement added a final indignity to Mrs. Allen. Her husband and the Immigration official agreed that he should pay the rent on her apartment *directly* to her landlord, and not give the money to her. The Department of Immigration felt that they had cleared up Mrs. Allen's case. She would not be eligible for welfare assistance because her husband would continue to be responsible for her financially. But Mrs. Allen felt she had been put in an unnecessarily dependent relationship with her husband. And she was right.

The first thing to keep in mind when considering these two cases, is that when they applied *both of these women* were eligible for welfare assistance under the General Welfare Act — without any interviews, without any 'clearance', without any letters from the Department of Immigration. They were both sole-support mothers with no other source of income and as such would have been eligible. There is no clause in this Act that refers to "immigrants" or "sponsored immigrants". (There is a residency requirement, but both had lived

The whole question of support payments in a marriage breakdown, whether the people involved are citizens or sponsored immigrants, is covered by The Family Law Reform Act. And the arena for negotiation is the Family Court, not the office of an Immigration official.

in Metro Toronto for five years, so that was not the problem.) What this means is that the welfare department is making demands of *some* of its applicants that are totally outside of its legislated mandate. No doubt, the welfare department sees these demands as necessary in these times of Social Service cutbacks. The welfare department has never wanted to be seen as an easy mark. And what could be more convenient than finding another Department (capital D) which could assist in stemming the tide of The Welfare State. The Department of Immigration is proving itself to be only too willing to be of assistance.

**T**he whole question of welfare sending these women to Immigration is questionable on other grounds. As sponsors, they have, in fact, entered into *no* contract themselves. The contract of sponsorship is between their sponsors (in these cases, their husbands) and the government. If anyone should appear before an Immigration official, surely it would be the person who had entered into the sponsorship contract in the first place. While this might appear to be logical from the welfare department's viewpoint, it is still not legal.

Requiring that either a wife or a husband negotiate support payments for themselves and their children at the Department of Immigration is not within the legislated mandate of the welfare department. The whole question of support payments in a marriage breakdown, whether the people involved are citizens or sponsored immigrants, is covered by the Family Law Reform Act. And the arena of negotiation is the Family Court, *not* the office of an Immigration official, where the Allens found themselves. Under this Act, both parties have the



Collage: Karl Beveridge

right to be represented by a lawyer. And both have the right to have their case heard by a judge, and to come to an agreement about their assets and more importantly about their children. Neither Mrs. Allen nor her husband were given this right. They came to an 'arrangement', under pressure. Nobody can make you sweat like an Immigration official.

Any woman who applies for welfare after the breakdown of her marriage is asked about her husband and his ability to contribute to her

and their children's support. She is asked this at the time of her original application. She is also urged to go to Family Court and apply for support from her ex-spouse. All this is within the mandate of the welfare department under The General Welfare Act. It is also within welfare's mandate to go to Family Court *on behalf* of a woman, to seek support payments from her husband. So the welfare department cannot be said to be easily taken advantage of by separating families. They've got all the bases pretty well covered in the legislation.

This current demand that the welfare department is making of sponsored immigrant women is legally questionable, and as such deserves to be challenged. It capitalizes on a particular vulnerability of one group of people — immigrants, both sponsors and sponsored — and the delicate relationship they see themselves to have with the Department of Immigration. And the Department of Immigration is cooperating, acting as policemen in a situation that already has adequate legislated controls. ■



# IMMIGRATION: DO YOU HAVE CANADIAN EXPERIENCE?

More than 400 students in one Jane-Finch public school, Firgrove, have come to Canada in the last two years, adding to the many foreign-born students already enrolled there.

## 5 Immigrant Children in The Schools/Peter McLaren

Over recent years, public demand for more stress on academic fundamentals has directed attention away from the plight of both teachers and students in the suburban classroom. This demand is quite often the result of ignorance of the cultural environment that exists in today's suburbs. For those teachers and students in Metro's suburban schools, school means much more than coping with reading, writing and arithmetic skills.

"Suburban schools are now facing a range of similar conditions that inner-city schools have faced for many years," according to a 1979 Metro Toronto Social Planning Council Report. "They are having to face these conditions, however, in a time of economic instability, declining enrolment, and a different political climate."

The Planning Council's report goes on to reveal that almost 44 per cent of Metro schoolchildren from families on social aid are in suburban schools; youths aged 10 to 19 make up the largest single age group in the suburbs; and 23 per cent of suburban youth aged 15 to 17 are not in school full-time. Between 1971 and 1976, 10 per cent more women in North York flooded into the work force and the number of single mothers soared by more than 53 per cent. One in six suburban families with children are single-parent families, 90 per cent of these are mother-led families.

These facts suggest that the prototype suburban family — father in the labour force, mother at home full-time, ownership of a ground level home with private open space, two to

four children, homogeneous neighbours — is no longer the present reality of the suburbs.

Over the last decade, the pattern of immigration into Canada has changed. These changes have contributed to this new suburban profile. Prior to 1967, a restrictive Canadian immigration policy favoured immigrants who were predominantly white and from Europe. These immigrants, mainly from Italy, Germany and the British Isles, didn't really become visible in Metro's suburban areas. They usually established themselves on the western edges of the central urban area — the City of Toronto and the boroughs of York and East York.

Since 1967, the inception of the new immigration 'point system' policy (see "The Criminalization of the Innocent", pp. 14-17, this issue of *Centerfold*), an unprecedented number of non-European immigrants have entered Canada, dramatically changing the "complexion" of our ethnic composition. And increasingly the destination of the recent immigrants is less likely to be the city centre, or urban core, but rather the outer municipalities, the suburbs. The Don Mills area in North York had the highest proportion of recent immigrants in all of Metro, according to the 1976 census, absorbing 30 per cent of all Metro's immigrants arriving in the previous five years.

As immigration patterns changed, and more new immigrants settled outside of the urban centre, there was a growing demand for low-rental housing in the suburbs. To meet this demand, the Ontario Housing Corporation took

over extensive numbers of high rise developments, originally intended to be high rent dwellings. Many lower-income ethnic families now live in these high-rise subsidized housing developments.

But the outer municipalities are not equipped to handle the responsibility of providing services to these new Canadians. Immigrant families experience severe isolation and stress, particularly if English isn't their first language. Sources of social integration are almost non-existent. Information resources and services for recent immigrants unfamiliar with government and community programmes, or where special language difficulties exist, are completely inadequate. And areas with the highest rates of working women with children also have the lowest amounts of organized day-care available.

It becomes obvious then, that the formal and informal supports which have traditionally existed for new Canadians no longer exist for large numbers of immigrants that now flood our suburbs. These immigrants are expected to integrate into Canadian life far sooner than previous generations of immigrants. And the suburbs will continue to absorb at least half of about 30,000 immigrants who settle in Metro each year.

While one of the biggest challenges for the suburban school has been the rapid growth in the number of immigrant children, more significant is the increasing number and diversity of immigrant groups.

In the Jane-Finch Corridor, there are more major recorded countries of birth than in any other neighbourhood of Metro. More than 400 stu-

5

## Immigration

dents in one Jane-Finch public school, Firgrove, have come to Canada in the last two years, adding to the many foreign-born students already enrolled. Thirty-six nationalities are represented in the student body. About 42 per cent of these students come from single-family homes in the Corridor, and approximately 75 per cent of the children live in subsidized housing.

"Instant city" North York districts like The Peanut, Flemingdom Park, Lawrence Heights and others have also experienced a rapid growth in cultural

a community college, but can learn a trade. Level 4 courses are general academic courses but don't directly prepare students for anything. In level 5 courses (for university-bound students) one finds very few ethnics. Most of them are third or fourth generation.

The main concern about this kind of streaming is that children who might otherwise pursue a professional career in university or community college get placed in these programmes. Many of the graduates of basic level

largely due to a mismatch between workers and jobs caused by lack of information or skills among workers. But the work crisis is economical not educational. The economy does not provide enough jobs and most jobs that are available are not particularly fulfilling or stimulating. Furthermore, the skills required for many available jobs require very little training, especially in the rapidly expanding secondary labour market where pay is low and working conditions poor.

Vocational programmes for the poor reduce the competition between working class and middle and upper class youth by channeling the working class youth away from the career ladder and the credentializing requirements obtained through university degrees.

Present curriculum models used by the majority of our educational institutions do not meet the needs of new immigrants — especially those from working class backgrounds.

"Curriculum technicians in our boards of education and ministry offices (many of whom) still persist in viewing the world through neo-classical economic analyses, continue to perpetuate the mistaken myth that the immigrant child is basically lazy, lacks ambition, and if he really 'puts out' could eject himself from his unfortunate surroundings through the 3 R's alone."

Ontario now has many ethnic subcultures, and every child from every one of these subcultures is somewhat startled and disturbed when he first finds out his family customs differ from those of other children in his class and his teacher. Schools are often the first places in our society where children are initiated into the most traumatic conflict of their formative years. And they learn later on that, because of their cultural differences, their success can only be partial, no matter how adequately they are able to mimic middle class attitudes and linguistic norms.

The encapsulated poor in our suburban inner-city schools need a curriculum that will not look down at them as simply "culturally deprived". Too often these sociological labels are used by educators as a rationalization for educational failure.

Peter McLaren, teacher and poet, is author of "Corridor Kids", to be published this fall.

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the secondary schools where it is common for both ethnic and poor children to be streamed into the lower level programmes. Level 2 programmes are occupational or vocational, and are worth very little. Students mainly put in time until they are sixteen. The very poor get placed in these courses.

At level 3 a student can't go on to

get through by simply refraining from breaking the rules, but the successful students, bound for higher education, must incorporate personality traits and value systems of the higher-echelon students.

The fact that a vocational education will better prepare students for today's reality is partly a myth that blithely assumes unemployment is



# IMMIGRATION: DO YOU HAVE CANADIAN EXPERIENCE?

## 5 Immigrant Children in The

Over recent years, public demand for more stress on academic fundamentals has directed attention away from the plight of both teachers and students in the suburban classroom. This demand is quite often the result of ignorance of the cultural environment that exists in today's suburbs. For those teachers and students in Metro's suburban schools, school means much more than coping with reading, writing and arithmetic skills.

"Suburban schools are now facing a range of similar conditions that inner-city schools have faced for many years," according to a 1979 Metro Toronto Social Planning Council Report. "They are having to face these conditions, however, in a time of economic instability, declining enrolment, and a different political climate."

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These facts suggest that the prototype suburban family — father in the labour force, mother at home full-time, ownership of a ground level home with private open space, two to

four children, and a high level of affluence is a reality of the suburban classroom. Over the years, the cultural environment of immigrant children has changed. Prior to the 1960s, immigrants were mainly British and Irish. They were visible in the western part of the city — the west end and the west end borough. Since then, new immigrants (see "Immigrant Children in the Inner-City" in the November 1979 issue of *Centerfold*) have moved into the inner-city area in proportion to the Metro census, and Metro's population has increased by five years.

As immigration patterns changed, and more new immigrants settled outside of the urban centre, there was a growing demand for low-rental housing in the suburbs. To meet this demand, the Ontario Housing Corporation took

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challenges for the suburban school has been the rapid growth in the number of immigrant children, more significant is the increasing number and diversity of immigrant groups.

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## Immigration

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"Instant city" North York districts like The Peanut, Flemingdom Park, Lawrence Heights and others have also experienced a rapid growth in cultural diversity. It should be stressed that these immigrants are largely from poor, rural areas. The countries of origin in these districts reflect the national pattern of immigration into Canada. In 1978, there were 18 major

a community college, but can learn a trade. Level 4 courses are general academic courses but don't directly prepare students for anything. In level 5 courses (for university-bound students) one finds very few ethnics. Most of them are third or fourth generation.

The main concern about this kind of streaming is that children who might otherwise pursue a professional career in university or community college get placed in these programmes. Many of the graduates of basic level programmes end up as labourers, factory workers and assistants because the level of training they receive is often too low to enable them to do anything else.

School authorities refuse to disclose



Kids outside shopping plaza in Jane-Finch Corridor. photo: Victor Schwartzman

recorded countries of birth of immigrant children enrolled in Catholic schools in suburban municipalities; in the inner municipalities there were fewer major countries of origin (8).

How is the school system meeting this challenge of cultural diversity in our suburban schools? Not very well. Take, for example, the secondary schools where it is common for both ethnic and poor children to be streamed into the lower level programmes. Level 2 programmes are occupational or vocational, and are worth very little. Students mainly put in time until they are sixteen. The very poor get placed in these courses.

At level 3 a student can't go on to

what percentage of vocational and basic level graduates are immigrants. In public schools, immigrant children are being streamed into pre-vocational classes through a series of psychological tests.

Academic streaming becomes a process of socialization that affects students at each level of our culture. The students in the lowest level courses can get through by simply refraining from breaking the rules, but the successful students, bound for higher education, must incorporate personality traits and value systems of the higher-echelon students.

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# IMMIGRATION: DO YOU HAVE CANADIAN EXPERIENCE?

## 6 Multiculturalism/Charles Roach

In the light of John Harewood's claim that there isn't a shred of truth in my statement that Multiculturalism as practised by the Trudeau government caused insularity and isolation of Ethnic cultures, I should like to explain my position on Federal and Provincial government funding of Ethnic programs.

In response to vigorous Black demands of the late sixties for a greater share of power, the state, provincial and federal governments of North

America beefed up funding of ethnic community projects. This response was in effect saying — Here's some money; you can have your own roost to rave as you wish.

The sugar-coated brand name "Multiculturalism" as patented by the Trudeau government turned out to be a codeword for an operation to pacify minority demands to share power. The issue was switched from sharing in economic and political power by substituting a cultural carrot.

Multicultural grants have funded a

range of activities in the Black community. One such grant, for example, enabled a contingent of Black performers to attend Festac, a festival of African People, in Lagos, Nigeria in 1977. A quarter of a million dollars was spent on this venture so it appeared that the Canadian government was really boosting Black Culture. However, there was no exposure of this creative talent in the mass-media here at home.

The mass-media remains as impenetrable to national minorities as ever.

Multicultural television and radio are not on the agenda of the masses of Canadians and exposure in the ethnic media is not unlike riding at the back of the bus.

## THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS BEING MORE OR LESS CANADIAN



In our country, a Canadian is a Canadian, regardless of his or her background... regardless of whether they were born in Canada or immigrated here. In Canada, we respect each person as an individual. We respect the individual's race, cultural roots, religious and spiritual values. Each Canadian benefits from sharing every other Canadian's talents, skills and contributions to Canadian life. That's what helps to make Canada a great country! Your Canadian Government, through its permanent policy on Multiculturalism, creates and administers a wide variety of programs to encourage all Canadians to maintain their culture... and share it, proudly, with all other Canadians.

One of the roles of your Minister of Multiculturalism is to ensure equal opportunity, equal rights, for all Canadians, regardless of ethnicity or cultural background. Your Minister of Multiculturalism also helps ensure that the multicultural policy is carried out in all your Canadian Government's activities and programs, too. This makes Canada truly multicultural. These continuing Canadian Government Multicultural programs champion the diversity of all Canadians and their equality. All Canadians are equal. There is no such thing as being more or less Canadian... thanks to our policy on Multiculturalism.

### Multiculturalism unity through human understanding

Minister of Multiculturalism  
L. Romo  
Member of Parliament  
Multiculturalism

## 6

## Immigration

If all your information about Toronto was gained from *The Globe and Mail*, *The Toronto Star*, *The Sun* and the CBC and CTV networks you would never dream that there are in Toronto over 300,000 Italians, about 180,000 blacks and about 80,000 East Indians and many other ethnic groups or that any of these groups were capable of anything cultural.

Multiculturalism has encouraged the ethnic press, radio and television. This way the clamour to get on prime-time CBC programming and page one of *The Toronto Star* is forestalled. Multicultural television and radio are not on the agenda of the masses of Canadians and exposure in the ethnic media is not unlike riding at the back of the bus.

For ethnic minorities, Multiculturalism has become the chief obstacle to a break-through in the mass-media — national TV networks and publications. It has tended to make ethnics satisfied with church-basement programs, cable television productions at obscure hours and on-and-off news-magazines with miniscule circulation.

We are placed in a dilemma: we have to support and strengthen projects such as Black Theatre Canada for our own protection yet we have to remove barriers preventing these programs from getting into the Canadian

mainstream.

It is not enough to know and love one's own culture in a country like Canada. We must know other people's culture. And they must know ours. Multiculturalism has not been aimed at interculturalism or broad exposure of ethnic cultures to the Canadian masses. Ethnic minorities remain inscrutable to rank-and-file Canadians and will continue to remain so absent access to the mainstream.

But there are other vicious effects of Multiculturalism:

—It has fostered a sense of inferiority in ethnic minority youth by their subconscious perception that their culture was basement programs, not good enough to be learned in the big school.

—It co-opted the most progressive ethnic minority leaders who might otherwise have been demanding radical reforms of the system, thus serving to protect the status quo.

—It fostered the myth that there could be cultural preservation without economic power or material guarantees.

—It funded competing projects in the same community so as to weaken and divide that community. A case in point: NBCC was weakened by funding of other 'umbrella' groups in the Black Community.

—And it has deadened political

consciousness. It is only a delusion that government sponsored conferences allowed cross-fertilization since these conferences are attended by only a tiny number of ethnic mandarins. You don't have to 'attend', mass culture comes to you.

—It has made people believe that separate is as good as equal.

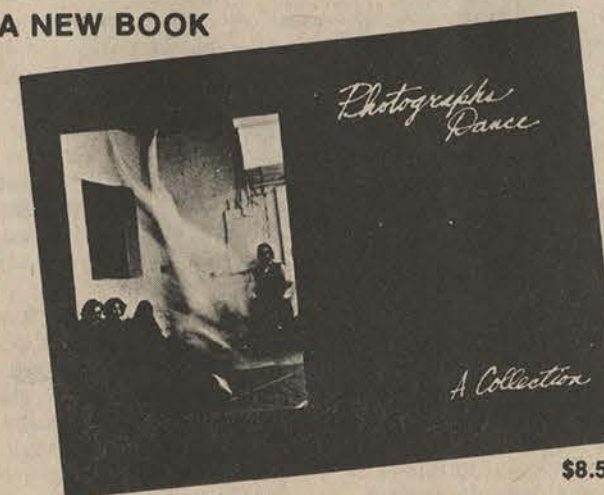
Orlando Patterson, a black native of Jamaica and a professor of Sociology at Harvard in his book *Ethnic Chauvinism: The Reactionary Impulse* considers Multiculturalism as an essentially conservative concept and a threat to humanism.

The basis of Multiculturalism is not the value judgment that a pluralistic society is desirable or that the salad bowl is better than the melting pot. Rather it is the pragmatic response of those in power to maintain the status quo. Those who control the organs of mass communication call the cultural shots. The economically powerless are condemned to cultural death.

Conceptually, Multiculturalism is like motherhood: as practised by the Canadian government it is a form of apartheid.

(Reprinted from *Contrast*, July 19, 1979.)  
Charles Roach is a Toronto civil rights lawyer and a prominent spokesman for the Black community.

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# IMMIGRATION: DO YOU HAVE CANADIAN EXPERIENCE?

## 7 Truths and Rights/Isobel Harry and Lisa Steele

Truth and Rights: "If we as brethren cannot discipline ourselves, how can we liberate, teach and win the spirit of others?"

ImmiCan is a community-oriented West Indian youth group. Based in Toronto, most of ImmiCan's core membership of 45 are Rastafarian. The group had already been well-organized at a grass-roots level for a year, when they received government funding to carry out a woodworking project, in 1978. However, a year later, government funding was withdrawn. Not coincidentally, this was at a time when the musical drive of ImmiCan had surfaced. Two groups — Gayap African drumming band and Truths and Rights reggae and soca band — had formed, and both were working on their cultural message.

This Centerfold interview was conducted in September 1979 by Isobel Harry and Lisa Steele with Truths and Rights band members Mohjah (lead guitar and vocals), Abnadengel (drums), Natta (keyboards), Chico (bass), Ovid (lead vocals), Kwame (congas and timbales), Djimo (mix), and Ato Seitu (graphic designer). The interview with Lillian Allen, ImmiCan organizer, took place two days later.

Centerfold: How did you get involved in ImmiCan?

Abnadengel: ImmiCan started as an arts and crafts youth project. We found the need to get together and express ourselves culturally; we felt stifled in that area as there were no outlets. We'd do arts and crafts during the day, and play music at nights and on weekends and that's how the

"ImmiCan is a re-creation of the Black family and the Black human as we know him, before he was underdeveloped, before all the dependencies were created, the real Black family in a historical sense; a family that met its own needs and supported each other."



Truths and Rights, reggae/soca band formed out of the ImmiCan membership. (l to r) Kwame, Abnadengel, Ovid, Chico, Mohjah, Natta. photos: Isobel Harry

band evolved. Now we're getting on to the point where we almost have to lock everything out and concentrate on the music, but some go to school, some work on the youth program.

Chico: The message in the music is a very universal one; here in this country people can relate to the rhythms but the words and the message coming from the group is difficult for people to understand because we sing in West Indian dialects.

Mohjah: Here is how it started: I think it was between me and Dengel. We knew we wanted to play music in a band. We heard about ImmiCan and me and him went down there positive one day, we weren't doin' nothin' at all man and we went down there with high hope. We met everyone there.

Dengel: We were searchin' for a place.

Kwame: I heard about ImmiCan and came down and liked what was

going on. I was supposed to go back to school, but I am still here.

Chico: I was playing music at home, and one time at a concert Onkphra invited me to ImmiCan because the group was losing its bass player, so I went down, and the works just manifest, so that's it.

Kwame: The message was within everyone before the band existed. I came to ImmiCan for the set purpose that this is what I always was about: culture and getting the message across to people, it was a natural coming together.

Djimo: Birds of a feather.

Mohjah: Like a force.

Dengel: We were all feeling a certain amount of pains from pressure and culture shock.

(continued on page 26)

## Lillian Allen Talks About ImmiCan

Centerfold: How did ImmiCan come into being as a Cultural Centre in Toronto?

Lillian Allen: ImmiCan started in the Regent Park area. There were young men in the area. They found themselves with nothing to do, they had no jobs; a lot of them were on the streets, just in the hallways, all over the place. Onkphra (an original organizer) went into that area, did some work and he was able to identify a lot of the problems of the youths in that area, a lot of their needs and aspirations. The interesting thing about ImmiCan is that the people who came together are mainly artists, people with creative skills. People started out on a very small scale, putting their skills to use.

C: Was this after the building was acquired?

LA: No, that was long before the building. Stage one was really making certain contacts. Onkphra was very good at that, and bringing some people together. Then these people started to meet together in some other places, started organizing work areas; that was mostly artistic or craft kind of work. In fact the organization was going about a year before they got government funding. Then they moved to a basement in Dixon Hall. The organization began to grow and the people themselves became involved in the process of identifying the needs of the group, the vital strategies. They became certain quite early that it had to have an economic base to actually sustain people because people had to survive. People had their mothers to help, or other families. People were living in poverty. As the group started growing together, peoples' consciousness started developing because of their approach to the group — through the problem solving, looking at their work. I think people began to get their perspective. Which meant that the work had to have an economic base, it had to be educational and it had to be cultural. That involved everything.

I would like to describe ImmiCan as a recreation of the Black family and the Black human as we know him, before he was underdeveloped, before all the dependencies were created. The real Black family in a historical sense; a family that met its own needs and supported each other. A kind of self-

sufficiency, not just materially speaking, but in terms of emotional, cultural self-sufficiency.

The educational aspect of it was seen as a bringing into reality peoples' vision, peoples' feelings, and that means that the education has to be critical education; education for developing critical functions. For instance, there was the shop that was going on at the time. We were educating people about management and technical skills.

C: So there was a production of cultural products that served to give people an economic tie to what they were doing and there was also critical thought about this production, the educational parts. What about the actual economics?

LA: In the early days it started out with nothing, of course. Then it went up to being able to provide bus fare and then it went up to about



Lillian Allen photo: Isobel Harry

\$10 a week, until the government funds came, which in my mind is like colonialism coming to certain places in Africa. I'm certain it has its good sides and its bad sides. But to my mind and to others in ImmiCan this funding was not that positive. By virtue of having grown out of it, being where we are now, we definitely see the good side. But I think, it's like funding in Third World countries creates dependencies. Also the state

sees education differently than a people who are submerged in a culture of poverty, who are oppressed. We see education as: you reveal to transform. The state however will conceal to preserve. So there's a definite conflict with the state.

C: How does the educational program function? Does it take place as a process of osmosis, or are there meetings?

LA: Yes there's osmosis. There's a peer group, support groups; people know what's expected of them and certain attitudes are developed out of group activities, group discussions. These are maintained. There are people there to support you; there are people there when you are outside of certain bounds to give you a push. There are classes. There used to be classes quite regularly when we had a central place, that would deal with specific things, such as production, technical and management skills, and academic skills. Really to make people functional humans, to develop their critical consciousness so they can look at their work critically and act on their lives rather than being acted upon.

Right now we do engage in some educational activity. It's not as rigid. In terms of the band, for instance, there is a lot of discussion of the material they present. There was a lot of discussion of police brutality, and of course, it's important that songs be written about that now.

C: So the band itself works as a kind of self-educational group?

LA: Yes. And there are other people who input, like myself. We will bring to the discussion certain perspectives and if there is any background work to be done we will do some of that. Like "Acid Rain", for example, was something we discussed. It was topical and a song was done about it. This is a very important aspect of the group functioning because people have different ways of seeing, different ways of reacting. Two people in a given condition will react differently: one might go out and rebel and tear down a building or attack another human being depending on the way they see it. Or another could go out and do, what I consider, to be constructive: write a song about it and try to raise the consciousness of other

(continued on page 27)



# IMMIGRATION: DO YOU HAVE CANADIAN EXPERIENCE?

**Ovid:** ImmiCan was like a magnet. For me, when he first carry me down there, I sort of instantly moved downtown, I went home once a week. It was like a home. It's still growing more and more.

**Djimo:** Now that ImmiCan building is closed there is no centre for people like us to come back to. A band that we helped start up just faded away. We came through a passage.

**Dengel:** In most ethnic groups, there's a big cultural building where they can go to. What it boils down to is that black people do need something like what we had in ImmiCan. We found after a while the main downfall was government funding because you end up being puppets on a string. In fact it is a very important part of our daily lives to establish a community centre especially for the young ones coming up. That is in fact what we're working towards, independently.

**Djimo:** ImmiCan is what it is, you know. The building doesn't exist, but the spirit of the people is still living. The building itself diminished, it broke the spell of what was happening but it goes on. The core is still standing firm, give thanks and praises to the Father, Rastafari.

**Ovid:** We have no choice. We either build it, or go out and build for someone else who would just capitalize on our energies. This is me. I have no choice.

**Djimo:** It's something we can live.

**Mohjah:** I think most people who come out here experience culture shock; me for instance, for a while it seemed as though I was into Babylon very heavy. Something just come into I man that I should really check within I self and I looked and I saw a lot of dreadful things. I experienced both

situations, and I could tell you this one had to be positive. I and I had to stand firm to I and I self.



**Ovid:** When I was in Guyana, I didn't understand the riches that I man had down there, because the ideal in people's lives is to gain material wealth. When I came here those were my ideas, to try and get me some threads, all right, you know? That was in itself culture shock, because I reached the heights of that and within myself I felt I wasn't getting any place. I had that but I didn't have myself. I kind of disbanded that and started self-searching. I like this side better though. That is where ImmiCan happened.

**Djimo:** Most of the West Indies have been held back, educationally, because they're still teaching colonialism down there. So with what they teach you, you grow up thinking that what's down there is not important.

**Chico:** We as a band try to put forward that experience in relation to understanding this.

**Centerfold:** Many immigrants find themselves to be economically inferior to the dominant culture when they first come to a new country. Doesn't the dominant culture feed that economic inferiority in order to use the immigrant, to keep them striving for higher economic status?



**Abnadenel:** Babylon dictates the needs of the world . . . it's a very great power, and in order to be that great, there's going to be class structures and who's at the bottom of the line is going to have to support who's at the

"As far as the culture, we here in the west have one thing in common: we are not the original people on this side of the world. The Blacks came here as slaves and the whites came here as refugees."

top. So economically you're always under pressure if you follow Babylon's course.

**Djimo:** Here it's visions of grandeur. Lots of money flowing. Chargex. Back home it's a natural thing to build up a wood fire anywhere and just put on a pot an cook and we sit and reason and night will fall and day will come and you must lose that when you come here.

**Ovid:** What causes West Indians to think like that is that they're always in need.

**Mohjah:** Where I come from I know people expect me to come back with a portion of gold in my hand, instead I man come back roots, nat-up, dread. They say to me "Lloyd, things are hard." But this time I all right.

**Centerfold:** Is the immigrant in a particularly vulnerable position?

**Ato:** It's not just the immigrant who's vulnerable. The government becomes vulnerable and contradictions are exposed within Canadian society that had never been tested before; things that no one was aware of before the influx of immigrants.

**Centerfold:** What is your perception of racism? Has there been any change since you have all come here?

**Ato:** Racism has two types of growth. As the population increases, racism will increase because of a common economic strategy. The larger the working force is, the more intensified racism will be so as to keep the people divided. But enlightenment grows, equally, with the arrogance that exists in racism. The more racism is exposed, the more the consciousness of people is raised. So in a way, racism digs its own grave. A lot of North Americans, especially North American whites, feel that they are part of this country, part of the western world and *we* are not.

**Chico:** It's that 'go back where you come from' attitude.

**Ato:** As far as the culture, we here in the west have one thing in common: we are not the original people on this side of the world. The blacks came here as slaves and the whites came here as refugees.

**Kwame:** When I went to school here, the kids used to talk about who was a third-generation Canadian and who was a fourth-generation Canadian and you had more priority if you were fourth generation. When we're all from somewhere else! (laughter) Even the Prime Minister of Canada, he and Trudeau during the election campaign had this quibble. Clark claims Trudeau is a European Canadian and he's a Canadian Canadian! These are the men who are going to lead this country so you can see where the attitudes come from.

**Centerfold:** How do you counter this attitude?

**Ato:** It's an undying process. It's a dialectical movement. The process increases when the state increases its process. Incidents counter racism (the recent Albert Johnson case, a West Indian shot by Toronto police, ed.), politicization counters it. As the society grows, it builds its own contradictions and it must explode one day. When it explodes, it creates change. Right now, our music has meaning within the immigrant community as a whole, is going through a period of soul-searching, which is bound to raise some consciousness.

I do think artists have a very great role to play in the consciousness of people. Usually there is no difficulty communicating with human beings. The difficulty is the *process* you have to go through to communicate with people. For example at the Edge (a Toronto club) we get along very well with the audience, but we don't get the chance to communicate through the media, for instance, the radio or the tv. Institutions set up the criteria for who will be allowed to participate within those media, what area, how much, how deep, how far you will go in communicating.

For example, while reggae is growing in popularity, here it's being held back economically because it's not being given serious play on the radio. When Ernie Smith (*leader of reggae band, Roots Revival*) first came up from Jamaica, TV wanted him to do a show. But one of the stipulations was that he couldn't

play reggae. We do not understand, but on the other hand, we cannot be naive about those things, because reggae is our music that is used as a vehicle to create changes or to raise consciousness. So on the other hand you cannot expect to be raising the consciousness of the people against the oppressor and expect the oppressor at the same time to support your program. That's a kind of sacrifice.

There have been several times when people have been tried here in Toronto, West Indian immigrants, particularly those who are more visible — Rastafarians — where reggae records have been used as testimony in court to prove the effect that it has on the consciousness of people. This happened when that taxi driver was shot. They played a reggae 45 rpm in court to show how much reggae preaches violence, how 'anti-establishment' the art is. They did it once again when a youth got caught in some trouble. So you can see the culture is not isolated from institutions, as the courts will use it for their own ends.

In the American recording industry, reggae rhythms are used in disco, but the social and political content is always restricted. You find immigrants come here with a certain amount of aggressiveness. Right now, we're strongly fighting American-dominated Black or white culture because artists don't have outlets here.



**Mohjah:** Even the artists who were born here, they oppose their own culture in some ways, and as artists they are getting nowhere.

**Ato:** They are from the oppressed class too. When it comes to cultural class oppression, it has no colour. Racism has a colour, class oppression has none. The ruling class sets the standard and allows who will filter through, and in order to filter through you have to go through their hands, through their power.

But we are trying to negate that. And that is creating pressure on the Canadian government because we're raising issues that haven't been touched before. As immigrants, we're coming with a different light. So the government feels threatened, and is using the Immigration Act, which can mean deportation for participation in any form of demonstration against any country in the world. (Continued p. 28)

## Lillian Allen Talks About ImmiCan

(Continued from page 25)

people about the condition.

**C:** So the band works toward the message in a very conscious way?

**LA:** It also tries to practice, within its own internal structure, what it's preaching. There are a lot of theories going around about art and culture, but ImmiCan has definitely rejected the notion of art for arts sake. Oppressed people cannot afford to shelter that notion. It's work to be done. If you are not conscious of what you are doing, then you are simply reacting to other forces. You have to be conscious of what you are doing, be vigilant and stand up and work towards what you want to see happen.

**C:** What role do women have in ImmiCan?

**LA:** People like myself who came into ImmiCan already with some experience in the community with women's issues, were able to assist the others in identifying the problems around the role of women. A women's group has been created so that we ourselves can approach our problems and our own particular place in life from our collective points of view. In fact, the men were very eager to endorse a change in the role of women. The men have worked with us very hard to integrate women within the organization; to take women out of the traditional roles. This is one of my biggest attractions to ImmiCan, that a lot of the men are also committed to that struggle.

**C:** How do you think that consciousness came about in the men?

**LA:** Once people get it out of their heads that you have to make a buck and by doing that you have to exploit each other. When you start seeing through that and looking at each other as human beings, start looking at yourself in the broader context, within a group, then what you want is what is good for everybody. Once that happens, no one is satisfied with the traditional inferior-superior relationship. And of course, when there were a lot of things to be done, there was no time to say "woman stand back". Everybody had to be engaged. ■



# IMMIGRATION: DO YOU HAVE CANADIAN EXPERIENCE?



**Djimo:** We could all be deported for demonstrating against apartheid. Canada has an image of being a peace loving nation. 'We love every other country in the world'. They try to put that out on a big billboard that the world is going to see. Demonstrations are a threat to that image.

**Centerfold:** What about multiculturalism? It is a policy. It is also an attitude. It is one of the places where the contradictions appear so strong. What do you think?

**Kwame:** The idea of multiculturalism is fantastic but the way it is being implemented in Canada is a waste of time.

**Ato:** I think Multiculturalism is a farce. We don't need multiculturalism to tell people to blend. The state is defining how people should assimilate as different races.



**Kwame:** If we are all of different races living in Toronto, and we're allowed the freedom to practice our own culture, then people will interrelate. It does not have to be institutionalized. It is such baloney anyway, because in Canada English and French people cannot even co-exist. The government is trying to teach Italians and Portuguese and Africans to live together, when the two major forces can't even get along. That is such a basic contradiction in this society. Bilingualism is the same.

**Ato:** Multiculturalism has two objectives. One is for immigrants to co-exist and communicate. But that can go on on an individual one-to-one basis. Multiculturalism is really created to determine in which area each

immigrant fits into the Canadian society. So it's like the development of the separate Bantu state in South Africa. Multiculturalism is set up within the granting agencies mostly, so that something like Harbourfront can be created. What multiculturalism is really saying to the immigrant is "Don't go to St. Lawrence Centre, don't go to Massey Hall, go down by Harbourfront." They push us into that area. That's the objective: to provide money to keep you confined, to determine how you fit in within Canada.

**Djimo:** And then squeeze the hell out of you.

**Ato:** That's the objective of multiculturalism: to keep immigrants out of the Canadian mainstream.

**Djimo:** To keep all the other countries together. To keep them isolated. So when the Queen comes to town, all she sees is this big empire. Hair to the Queen.

**Ato:** For example, the problem between the Black community and the police force really shows the face of multiculturalism. The police force has the least amount of programmes dealing with multiculturalism, whereas the areas where people only communicate occasionally, cultural areas, have the highest amount of programmes available for multiculturalism. The area of the most confrontation has nothing within it to deal with the problems of those confrontations.

One other thing, multiculturalism applies only within the creative arts. It doesn't apply economically. And it doesn't really apply socially. For multiculturalism to serve any real meaning, it has to integrate within the political, the economic and the social structure of the society. If the

Insular Nationalism in the form of cultural patriotism is an issue without supportable logic. Currently 6 million immigrants have passed into Canada out of a total population of 23 million.

government tried to do that, we wouldn't really need multiculturalism, because that would mean that the society would no longer be practicing racism, and would be allowing equal opportunity, regardless of sex, class, creed and race. So you see, there is really no way we can accept multiculturalism because it is not solving any problem as it is being practised. It is creating problems instead.

**Kwame:** They have just about decided that "we can keep these people quiet by giving them an outlet to play a little music..."

**Centerfold:** How do you see being able to make connections with other groups?

**Ato:** I think art can do that. As artists we make linkage in countries and areas that Canada never originally made any linkage with. We are Africans, part of the Third World community here. So when we go to Africa, to exhibit at the Second World Black Art Festival in Nigeria, we're not only representing the Caribbean as people originally from the Caribbean, we're also representing Canada in that we live here. No matter what race or particular background, when it comes to art, it has a way of breaking both class and race barriers. Even though we might get involved in our own region, our own nationality, we also have another side. The other side is the universal. We're people of the universe. We override Canada. We see ourselves living here and both Canada and the Caribbean are gaining experience from our communication, internationally. When we meet somebody from Africa or from Germany, they go back and say "I met a Jamaican living in Canada." It stretches. We know that art transcends its own regional boundary.

## 8 Nationalism in The Visual Arts/Clive Robertson

In 1968 a Canadian institution was formed to protect the rights of self-defined "Canadian artists". CAR/FAC (Canadian Artists Representation) now mimics the organization of a union (with locals, regionals and a national executive) though its operation was constituted as a artists' lobbying association. For the last eleven years CAR/FAC has progressively lost support from its constituency including the East coast, Quebec, British Columbia and centrally from Toronto. CAR's Nationalism Policy has been the central feature of its failure, coupled with the conservative nature of the organization and lastly the hesitancy of artists to formulate a strong federal political organization.

CAR has had a lobbying history with The Canada Council of attempting (and for periods of time succeeding) in denying artist immigrants their economic rights to make a living. This immigrant vs. citizen argument is shallow considering for a moment that CAR's position supports the common mythology that Canadian citizens whose colour is red, or black, or yellow are culturally protected "as Canadians".

The plain truth, which CAR and its founders have never recognised, is that both Nationalism and the more recent Multiculturalism cannot guarantee true cultural representation for all Canadians:

*"If you want to be a real Canadian, you've got to change your name," so said a white friend to Chan Dun who just opened the Panama Cafe in Victoria, B.C. in 1910. For a while Chan Dun called himself Mr. Dun. Emigrating to Canada in 1890 at the age of twelve, it was not until 1947 at the age of 69 that he received the right to vote in British Columbian elections, the mark of Canadian citizenship. (Asianadian Vol. 1, No. 4, 1979).*

CAR has failed the artist community over the question of Canadian identity in two major ways. Firstly it was founded on a wave of anti-Americanism, which though understandable in the mid-sixties, has never given way to a more positive attitude towards national identity. Secondly, CAR has always defined itself from the position of the male anglo chauvinist. British

imperialism in Canada has always been a dominant force, a factor upon which all official Canadian cultural history resides. CAR may have made the occasional resolution, but they have never visibly supported minorities. They have never supported the rights of women artists, native artists, Québécois artists, or gay artists to have official rights within the official culture, to be represented within exhibitions, The National Gallery, etc.. These minorities and others, without such support from CAR, are subsequently left to exist within the Culture in the vacuum of traditional isolationism (Folk Culture):

*"In May 1978, Jane Martin did a survey of Canada Council juries in the visual arts: Women as members of juries ranged from 0 per cent to 39.2 per cent. The percentage of works by women in the permanent collections of major public galleries in Ontario are: Agnes Etherington 6.7 per cent; Art Gallery of Ontario 7.2*

*per cent; Art Gallery of Stratford 15.9 per cent; Robert McLaughlin Gallery 16.9 per cent; London Art Museum 17.5 per cent; in 1976. Then there are exhibitions in both public and commercial galleries. 47.5 per cent of CAR/FAC members are women. We are told that 'there are lies, damned lies and statistics'. There IS definitely SOMETHING WRONG!" (CAR, Toronto leaflet, Sept. 25. From a report made to CAR 1978, The first CAR report on the Status of Women Artists.)*

CAR has historically refused to define its membership — relying on the self-definition of its individual members. The CAR artist has accepted the model of the artist as artist genius who, if committed to Nationalism, will ipso facto produce a Canadian culture. Anyone who is a member of CAR, so the logic would imply, will be a good Canadian artist, that is, an artist able to articulate the 'Canadian identity'. What about a true-blue

# CARFAC NEWS!

CANADIAN ARTISTS' REPRESENTATION / LE FRONT DES ARTISTES CANADIENS VOLUME 4, NO. 34 JULY 1979

## Canada Council Conned by Office Boys

On June 27/79 The Canada Council released another brilliant example of its clearly defined role in developing Canadian culture. It reads as follows:

**Canada Council News Release**  
For immediate release  
Ottawa, June 27 -- At the recently concluded meeting, the Canada Council approved to propose a new regulation affecting landed immigrants who apply to the Council for individual awards. The policy will take effect in April, 1980. From that date all landed immigrants will be eligible to compete for individual awards after five consecutive years of residence in Canada.  
The extension of eligibility to all those with whom the Council has worked for some years. The Council's primary mandate is to promote the arts in Canada. The bulk of its support therefore goes to Canadians. Prior to April 1979, landed immigrants normally became eligible for Council grants after twelve months residence here. At that time, the Council adopted a new regulation on a trial basis: under this regulation a landed immigrant who had not applied for Canadian citizenship was eligible for only one year, and then only during his or her first three years in Canada. The restriction could be waived, however, for exceptional artists or those who had made an exceptional contribution to the arts in Canada.  
During the trial period, very practical difficulties appeared in the administration of the waiver provision. It proved to be difficult for the Council and its advisers and artists to define "exceptional" quality objectively and uniformly across disciplines.  
Thus, on the recommendation of the Council's Advisory Arts Panel, the Council agreed in principle at its June meeting to drop the waiver system altogether and to allow all landed immigrants five years residence here to compete for the Arts and Letters awards. The new regulations will appear in the announcement of competitions for the 1980-81 fiscal year, and will take effect for all competitions adjudicated following April 1, 1980. The possible application of the policy to other Council programs is now under study.  
Reference: Jocelyn Harvey  
The Canada Council  
P.O. Box 907  
Ottawa, Ontario K1P 8J9  
(613) 993-1000

One of the important points to note in this Release — I mean besides its chicken-shit attitude towards anything Canadian — is that Geoffrey James, Head Officer, Visual Arts, Film & Video and his staff have once again helped influence and interfere to have things their own way. James has stated his interventional attitude on many occasions, both privately and publicly.

The Press Release noted that the decision was made "on the recommendation of the Advisory Arts Panel." For those of you who don't know the Council system, the Advisory Panel is chosen and recommended by the staff. It is Geoffrey James, Visual Arts Officer; Theatre, Dance, Music and Writing & Publications Officers. So it is not at all surprising that the Advisory Panel and the staff are in agreement about the "practical difficulties" etc. etc.

Besides finding itself a new Head Visual Arts Officer, The Canada Council could avoid a great deal of difficulty by simply adopting the only sensible policy: CANADIAN COUNCIL GRANTS FOR CANADIANS — CANADA COUNCIL FOR CANADIAN CULTURE.  
It is time to change the mandate of the Canada Council to avoid this nonsense once and for all. The mandate of the Canada Council should read "To promote and develop the arts of Canada", not "the arts in Canada" as it now reads. CARFAC urges parliament to consider the following changes to the Canada Council Act:  
PART II, Subsection 8.(1) The Objects and Powers  
The objects and powers of the Council are to foster and promote the study and enjoyment of, and the PRODUCTION OF WORKS IN, THE ARTS and, in particular, but without limiting the generality of the foregoing, the Council may, in furtherance of its objects,  
\*SHOULD READ: PRODUCTION OF WORKS IN THE ARTS OF CANADA  
a) assist, cooperate with and emit the aid of organizations, the objects of which are similar to any of the objects of the Council;  
b) provide, through appropriate organizations or otherwise, for grants, scholarships or loans to persons in Canada for study in the arts in Canada or elsewhere or to persons in other countries for study or research in the arts in Canada;  
c) make awards to PERSONS IN CANADA\*\* for outstanding accomplishment in the arts;  
\*SHOULD READ: MAKE AWARDS TO CANADIANS  
d) arrange for and sponsor exhibitions, performances and publications of WORKS IN THE ARTS\*\*\*;  
\*\*SHOULD READ: WORKS IN THE ARTS BY CANADIANS  
e) exchange with other countries or organizations or persons therein knowledge and information respecting the arts; and  
f) arrange for representation and interpretation of Canadian arts in other countries."  
Bill Lohbach

CARFAC Action  
Reinstates Commission

L'Action du CARFAC  
Reinstaura des Commissions

During the announced government's third Indian budget in August 1978 the Commission of Enquiry...



# IMMIGRATION: DO YOU HAVE CANADIAN EXPERIENCE?

Canadian artist who paints in a N.Y. style? CAR is noticeably silent on that point. By not defining the workforce it supposedly represents CAR does not define management as it pertains to the production of culture. For example, anyone can be an associate member including curators. Furthermore CAR has spent most of its time dealing with government and state institutions. It has alluded to Canadian ownership within the corporate structure but has never defined the extent of the problem. CAR's constipated thinking has emerged from the narrow viewpoint of art existing only between the easel and the gallery. Again for example it has never questioned the problems that face the artist publication competing within hostile corporate distribution monopoly. CAR has never studied the other artist products that are effectively denied from reaching their own Canadian constituency.

**T**he function of an organisation such as CAR is to fully represent those at the workplace, namely artists. To work in Canada, an artist, like anyone else, needs to obtain legal status. That is all that CAR should be concerned with. Questions of the particular nationality of such workers is the responsibility of specific government agencies. The question of foreign cultural domination is an issue that the organisation must take up not only with the government, but with

specific companies whose interest is to maintain foreign ownership of Canadian resources. CAR itself has added nothing to the debate on "Canadian content", never suggesting that the term itself denies the reality of where the culture originates. CAR has bought the official Canadian history which predominantly denies the Canadian role of Scandinavians, Asians, Blacks, Ukrainians and Italians. These early ethnic and racial groups have been assimilated into official anglo-history. The Group of Seven are an example of such a WASP establishment, rarified by a specific historical viewpoint. Greg Curnoe, longstanding CAR member, recently stated in Toronto that there is now a generation of Canadian painters taught by Canadians. This was in reference to the Sable-Castelli stable — Alex Cameron, David Craven, Paul Hutner, etc. To Curnoe, a Pontiac sedan must be an indigenous Canadian car — since several generations of the product have been assembled in Canada!

Insular Nationalism in the form of cultural patriotism is an issue without supportable logic. Currently 6 million immigrants have passed into Canada out of a total population of 23 million.

CAR has underwritten the status quo by stressing its nationalist position. If CAR would be willing, as an organisation, to concern itself with the breadth of Canadian history, then

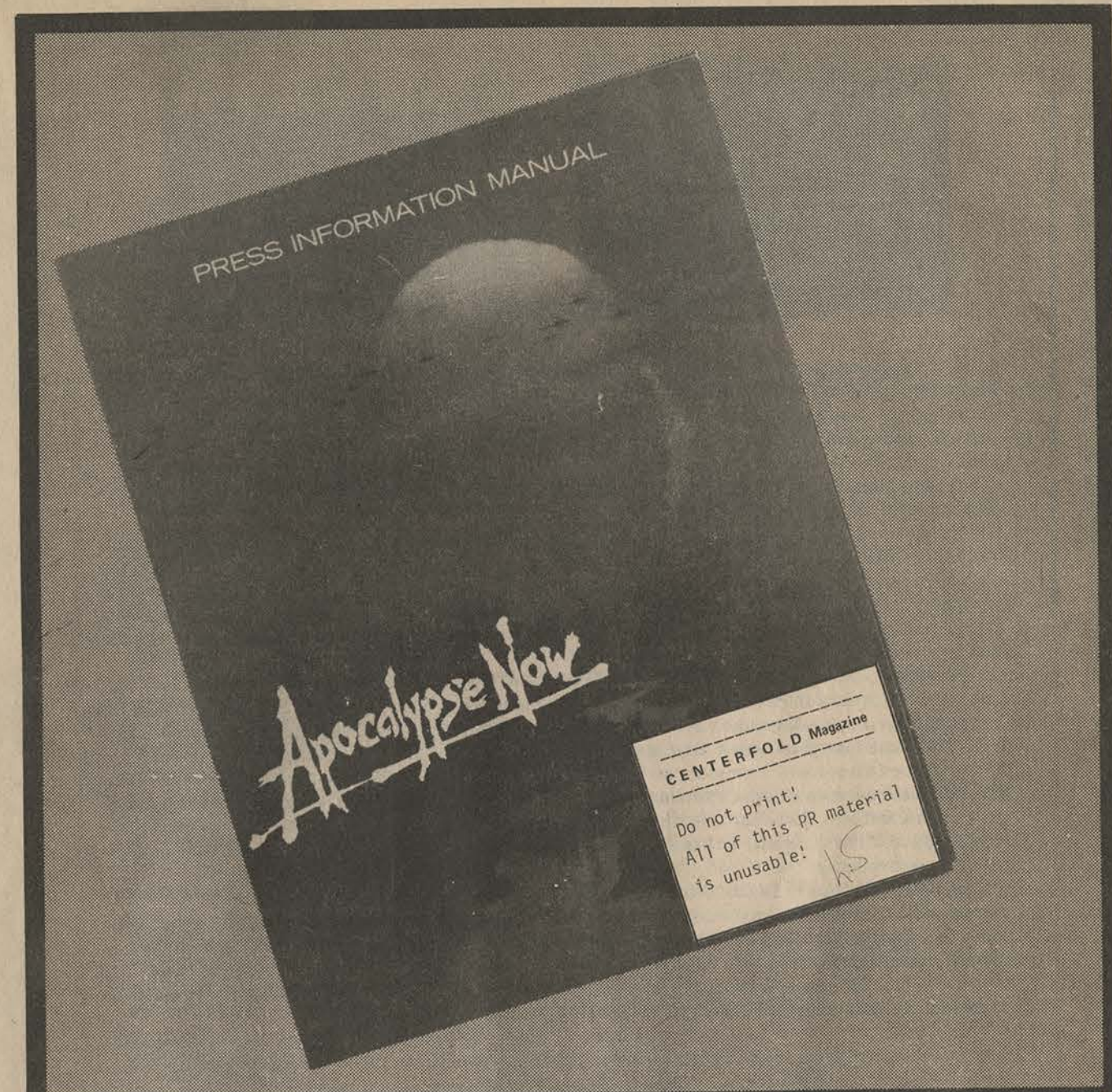
collage: John Greyson



CAR has had a lobbying history with the Canada Council of attempting (and for periods of time succeeding) in denying artist immigrants their economic rights to make a living.

the whole question of national identity would take on a different character. Instead, in the recent issue of CAR/FAC's newspaper (July, 1979), we read an editorial demanding a rewording of The Canada Council's mandate as it appears within parliament's Canada Council Act. CAR has recommended that "Production of works in the arts" would become "Production of works in the arts of Canada"; "make awards to persons in Canada" would become "make awards to Canadians"; and lastly "sponsor works in the arts" will be "sponsor works in the arts by Canadians". The CAR Executive is only too aware that it could be challenged on such illiterate jingoisms. ANNPAC (Association of National Non-Profit Artists' Centres) has more members than CAR. This magazine has more artist/subscribers than CAR has members. An organization like CAR/FAC is going to have to work hard to earn its currently unjustified claim as being representative of Canadian artists. An artists union should exist. If CAR/FAC doesn't get its act together it will inevitably be replaced, hopefully by a coalition of minorities that collectively constitute the majority.

Within CAR itself there has always been the fear that the Executive would be non-national. They wonder, "What would happen?" Indeed, what would happen if a Blackfoot or someone of Japanese origin was the National Spokesperson? ■



## THE MILITARY CAREER OF FRANCIS COPPOLA

—Lisa Steele—





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Canada's experience of Vietnam was different than that of her neighbor to the south. The following article was written by an American who left the U.S. because of the Vietnam war.

Consider these two things, APOCALYPSE NOW cost around \$30 million dollars to make, and, with a few exceptions, most notably Michael Herr, neither the director, writers, producers, production crew nor actors had any direct involvement in the combat of the Vietnam war. Like the rest of us, no doubt, they watched it on television. And like many of us, they felt that the 'television war', for all the sickening realism it depicted had left the heart of the Vietnam war unexplored, and many questions unanswered. So up the river went Francis Coppola and his 'army'. Their mission: to find the truth and bring it home to America. Not only about Vietnam, but about war in general.

But good intentions and lots of money were not enough. APOCALYPSE NOW is a leviathan of a fraud. Why? Because 1) it is an 'antiwar' statement that visually revels in technically re-creating the spectacle of combat, 2) because the act of making the film served as an exoneration of Coppola's and his co-writers' personal guilt, and most importantly 3) because the film itself seeks to answer the wrong question about Vietnam - namely, why did America lose the war? - when the real question is why did we ever get involved in Vietnam in the first place.

Coppola is able to ignore this basic question of initial involvement and focus on America's loss, because he has chosen to view the Vietnam war as a moral and military struggle, but never as a political one. Ironically, this was, by and large, the view the U.S. State Department took of Southeast Asia. Since the late 1940's, the American government has grappled with IndoChina as a military commitment - whether or not to send troops, how many, how soon, and as a moral commitment - how to stop the forces of communism. The political questions of self-determination, civil war, and genuine internal revolutionary movements existing in Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam were never part of the State Department's or the Pentagon's reasoning about the situation. It was simply: STOP COMMUNISM. And Vietnam proved how far they would go to do this.

In 1945, John Foster Dulles, Secretary of State under Eisenhower, told Henry Brandon, Washington correspondent for the London Sunday Times, "I can tell you that American aircraft carriers are at this moment steaming into the Gulf of Tonkin, ready to strike." This particular plan fizzled out (for lack of British cooperation), but early in 1961, newly-elected John F. Kennedy did exactly the same thing. And by November, 1961, on recommendation of General Maxwell Taylor, the U.S. had violated the Geneva accords as Kennedy sent 3,000 'military advisors' to Vietnam. The war was on.

But at this point, there was hardly a whimper of dissent at home. Why? Because it was a war that wasn't declared, with no actual troops involved, only 'military advisors'. The Vietnam war began without the knowledge of most Americans. It began as a covert government action because, at that time, it would have been difficult to sell the country on this war. Vietnam is a small country far from the United States. The threat to national security was dim. It was first necessary to get into the conflict, without questions, then the government's rationale for American involvement would be that we were already involved.

Vietnam was a military solution: where to hold the hard line against communism. (Remember U.S. embarrassment over the Bay of Pigs?) Sending troops to Vietnam also held up the large economic investment that had already been made to President Diem, who proved to be such an embarrassingly despotic leader everyone was relieved to see him assassinated. And of course, Vietnam was the testing ground for JFK's pet theory about the training of an American "guerilla force" to fight against Communist wars of liberation.

If Americans felt that in Vietnam they were in over their heads before they knew what was going on, they were right. In APOCALYPSE NOW, Coppola makes much of the sensation of sinking into quicksand that the U.S. experienced in Vietnam. But because he refuses to consider any of the political realities of that specific war, he allows the film to suggest some very dangerous conclusions.

He would have us believe that the U.S. lost the war because a) the U.S. soldiers smoked pot, listened to rock and roll music and went insane (the moral dilemma), and b) because the war took place (OVER)



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in unfamiliar jungle terrain (the military dilemma). For the most part he does not touch on the political dilemma of the United States' entry into what was essentially a civil war in opposition to the well-organized indigenous army of the National Liberation Front. Based in the North, the NLF had the support of many of the people of South Vietnam as well. That is the reason the U.S. lost the war in Vietnam, not because our country was falling apart at its spiritual seams, and not because our soldiers didn't know how to fight in a jungle. The defeat was a political defeat. We shouldn't have been there in the first place.

There is a danger and deception in making individual soldiers personally responsible for the Vietnam war and consequently its loss. This completely denies the actual basis of war as it is carried out. War is a practice which is territorial and economic in origin and not based in the so-called 'murderous instincts' of individuals. We will never understand war as it is practiced by our state if we continue to only look within ourselves for the answer. In APOCALYPSE NOW, Coppola doesn't seem to understand this fact: A nation, or a state or a race is not merely an enlarged individual - it is a group of individuals. War is not simply hot blood rising on a full-moon night with hell to pay in the morning in the form of a great big moral hang-over. It is a collective action, but not one which is always undertaken with the understanding, let alone consent, of the individuals involved. Which is not to say that any individual is absolved of responsibility. But rather, that if Vietnam is rising like indigestion after enchiladas in the moral digestive system of America, it would be better to look for a cause than to prescribe a cinematic enema like APOCALYPSE NOW, or THE DEER HUNTER, for that matter.

This catharsis, presented by Coppola is merely symptomatic relief. The printed introduction in the programme hand-out given to all viewers at the premiere screenings illustrates Coppola's own confusion and ambivalence. "The most important thing I wanted to do in the making of APOCALYPSE NOW was to create a film experience that would give its audience a sense of the horror, the madness, the sensuousness, and the moral dilemma of the Vietnam war. . . . I tried to illustrate as many of its different facets as possible. And yet I wanted it to go further, to the moral issues that are behind all wars. . . . Over the period of shooting, this film gradually made itself; and curiously, the process of making the film became very much like the story of the film. . . . I found that many of the ideas and images with which I was working as a film director began to coincide with the realities of my own life, and that I, like Captain Willard, was moving up a river in a faraway jungle, looking for answers and hoping for some kind of catharsis. . . . It was my thought that if the American audience could look at the heart of what Vietnam was really like - what it looked like and felt like - then they would be only one small step away from putting it behind them."

The sheer monomania of this statement of intention is what, I assume, reviewers have used as justification for calling this motion picture the new Hollywood 'art film'. However, two questions arise: 1) When is war truly a sensuous experience? (answer) When it is a 'war' staged on film, and 2) In whose interest is it for the American people to put the Vietnam war behind them? (answer) The U.S. government, of course. It was a war that was lost and thus better forgotten. If in the process of dis-remembering the blame can be placed deep in the heart of each individual citizen, all the better. The U.S. State Department and Pentagon, no doubt, feel that enough is enough. All those anti-war agitators, at home and abroad, called them shit-heads in the service of imperialism for years already. It must be a relief to be let off the hook, at least partially, which is what APOCALYPSE NOW does - in spite of Coppola's dove posturing. The film is critical of governmental actions in a generalized way, but there are no clear illustrations of how these actions have been implemented, time and time again, Vietnam being only one example.

Coppola's philosophical intention could be seen to be merely misguided. That is, he has attempted to show the complicity and cooperation of the citizens with a governmental policy that led the country into what, in his eyes, was essentially an immoral war (never mind illegal for now). The ideal outcome of this cinematic education process would, no doubt, be resistance to such complicity by the citizens of the future. And everything would be all straightened out. Right? Wrong. The problem with this (OVER)





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reasoning is: by ignoring the machinery and decision making that went into this specific war and by spreading the blame equally over the entire population of America, the only possible result is more guilt and a heightened sense of isolation. We are the government, it is true, but it is also true that the government functions independently or covertly at times, and such times consistently foster aggressive military action.

The Vietnam war did not result from a mass uprising in the United States that spread, by general consensus, to Southeast Asia. The Vietnam war was a governmental action aided and abetted by the corporate nature of the military as it existed at that time and still exists now. John Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon consistently violated their elected presidential powers in carrying out this war. The troops were committed originally (1961), North Vietnam was bombed (1964) and Cambodia was invaded (1970) without congressional approval or even advice. These actions were undertaken primarily on the advice of generals (Maxwell Taylor and Williams C. Westmoreland to name two) and the Joints Chiefs of Staff, all of whom wear uniforms. Military men advocating military solutions.

Nor does U.S. foreign policy show a different face at the present time, even though the tone of the press releases may have changed. In the last two months, for example, the National Broadcasting Corporation (NBC) has aired two special programs on foreign policy, one on the SALT agreements and another on the Middle East oil situation. Both programs included hypothetical war scenarios: What if the Russians fired missiles at defense installations in central Missouri? What if American troops were sent into the Persian Gulf? Thus, the media could be seen to be preparing for a future war action. Preparing whom? The citizens, of course. In view of these programs, and the national paranoia they reflect and amplify, a movie like APOCALYPSE NOW appears to be unspeakably self-indulgent.

What is needed at this time is not one man's guilty vision of a recent war, but instead an analysis of what caused the war. If we, as Americans, are to be indicted as having been compliant, at least let us see what it is we have complied with. If the government must be taught, then teach them how to make responsible foreign policy decisions. Coppola could have used his \$30 million to show how a progression of irresponsible decisions results in this sickening display of aggression by a supposed 'freedom-loving' nation. That would have been a real service for the future of us all. But Coppola was too busy playing the 'artist' and plumbing his own depths for that.

Take for example, the making of the film. You have to. Coppola has chosen to batter the potential viewers with story after story stretching over a period of 3 years about The Making of Apocalypse Now. Add to these the seemingly endless versions of My Personal Apocalypse During The Filming of Apocalypse professed by cast, crew, and even Coppola's wife Eleanor, and ego inflation hangs heavy in the air. Coppola himself has said, "My film is not ABOUT Vietnam; it IS Vietnam." And he obviously believes this. He has trafficked on this sentiment. He used all the profits from his highly successful GODFATHER films, he mortgaged his house, his marriage fell apart (you've heard all this, right?), he drove his crew to heat exhaustion and general dismay with his personal obsession. Coppola's war. A private obsession, but on a Napoleonic scale. BUT IS IT ART? I think not. It just looks like Francis Coppola did the Wild Watusi on a piece of rented jungle in the Philippines for a few years and has lived to tell the tale, and sell it.

The tale he tells, at least in the first two-thirds of the film, is just more Boys and Their Deadly Toys, and as such is machismo incarnate. There is too much reverence for the technology and actual machinery of war-making to ever qualify APOCALYPSE NOW as an anti-war statement, no matter what dramatic content is depicted on screen. Too many silver jets streaking through Asian skies. Too many picture-postcard views of aesthetic helicopter formations. But why this glut of visual information about the 'actualities' of combat? Why would Coppola end up attempting to re-create a war he was supposedly critical of?

Giving him the benefit of the doubt, he probably wanted to 'tell it like it was'. And (OVER)



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thanks to Michael Herr, author of "Dispatches" and war correspondent for Esquire Magazine, this is accomplished in many ways. Herr was in Vietnam during the war. His narration, an eccentric observation of the equally eccentric madness-that-was-combat in Southeast Asia, is accurate in its detail if not in its overview. APOCALYPSE NOW is not the war the State Department or the CBS Evening News would like us to believe we engaged in. Instead of heroes, Coppola's war is fought by paranoid, pathological, egocentric individual American soliders.

Captain Willard, the army assassin (played by Martin Sheen) is a good example of this. Through his eyes we view the action. He is shown in the first 10 minutes of the film to be on the verge of a psychotic breakdown. He does a little oriental dance, alone and drunk, smashes a mirror, cuts himself, and the scene dissolves with him wailing away in solitude. Why is he breaking down? Because he is stuck in Saigon and longs to be back in The Jungle. But why does he want to be back in the jungle? We never really find out, and can only assume it is because the jungle is where the action is and action is what he craves.

The next thing we know, this burgeoning psychotic is being sobered up and given a mission: to kill the genuine psychotic, Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando). Kurtz is a rather single-minded officer who has installed himself as a god up the river in Cambodia and has murdered a few people in the process. Who gives Willard the assignment? The Army, of course. And through The Looking Glass we go. The only problem is that from that point on in the film, Willard is presented as the picture of sanity in comparison with most of the other Americans he comes across. All the soldiers, both leaders and grunts, are going over the edge into a solitary madness.

Colonel Kilgore (Robert Duvall) is more concerned with surfing than with fighting. His individual pre-occupations dictate his style of combat. He can be superstitious and petty, as when he drops 'death cards' on the bodies of the dead Vietnamese "to let Charley know who did this", or he can be grandly passionate, as when he gears up for an air attack by blasting Wagner's "Die Walkure" over an air-borne sound system in his own helicopter. His style of fighting is the Recreational Vehicle style of living: Why miss your home while travelling? Take it with you. And so his boys have a beach-party style cookout after bombing the hell out of a village. The scene has black humour, but with a vicious edge.

The individual soldiers are no better really. Something has given them a mandate for madness which they exercise as frequently and as extremely as possible. They paint their faces, smoke dope incessantly, drop acid at the most inappropriate times and often get done up in outfits straight out of "Let's Make A Deal". It seems in the Vietnam war of APOCALYPSE NOW, lack of competent leadership is not the problem: everybody is nuts.

The U.S. fighting force is shown to be massively out of control. Atrocities are committed. There are deliberate acts of cruelty. Civilians are massacred senselessly. And as reportage, this is indeed the historical truth. Individual men were out of control to an unprecedented degree in Vietnam. Coppola has shown us this bleak reality - we were not the heroes we thought we were. But when it comes to explaining why the American soliders fell off their pedestal, Coppola fails.

He waffles back and forth between two possible causes. On the one hand, he seems to indicate that it could be the specific circumstances of combat in Vietnam, jungle warfare and the difficulties encountered by a 'civilized' nation when it wages war on a 'primitive' culture, that drove the American men to the breaking point and beyond. (Is Vietnam any more 'primitive' than we are? True, it is a country without K-Mart and spin-dryers for lettuce, but still it is not quite the country of little rice baskets and sampans that Coppola presents us.) And on the other hand, he sees the Americans' innate lack of both self-control and concentration as the problem. His soldiers look like the cast of Hair gone wild in a Radio Shack outlet. They fairly bristle with North American cultural artifacts - surfboards and waterskiis, headbands and beads, portable radios and cassette recorders. These details may be accurate, but simply stacking American icons up, layer upon layer, doesn't in the end, say much about America. (OVER)





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We are certainly more than the sum of our consumer parts.

In fact, neither of these 'answers' works in the context of the Vietnam war. Seen together, they illustrate Coppola's own confusion about this war. The "jungle equals primitive equals madness" formula is just an excuse for racism and anti-communism and Coppola uses it overtly in all of the speeches that Kurtz/Brando delivers about "them" — the devious, vicious Vietnamese communists. And his "civilization equals decadence" — is just a chic anti-American, anti-capitalist stance. Convenient but not very enlightening.

So in the end, Coppola manages to build an ideological fraction in which both halves cancel each other out. He has made a film that can appear to be both anti-capitalist and anti-communist. Something for everyone. But neither of his 'anti' stances deals with anything more than the surface, physical manifestations of the ideologies he is reacting against.

To Coppola, communism is a whole village of Vietnamese rushing out at midday to move munitions, while capitalism is American soldiers mobbing Playboy bunnies at a USO extravaganza. No questions, no analysis — just the facts. Or so he says.

Coppola's cynicism wins the day in APOCALYPSE NOW. Everybody, it turns out, was wrong in this war. But he arrives at this stance by a circuitous path. His anti-Americanism is most evident at the beginning of the film, where the U.S. atrocities are detailed. By the end of the film, however, he allows Kurtz to take over. And Kurtz is a mess. Kurtz admires the Vietnamese communists because they are so vicious, and, being so vicious himself, he has found a fellowship of sorts with them. But looking at a manuscript that Kurtz is studying, the camera finds a little note: "Drop the bomb — exterminate them all." Kurtz ends up dead, but his philosophy is never questioned by Coppola. And Kurtz has a very distorted view of the Vietnamese communists that serves Coppola in justifying American over-reaction in Vietnam.

Which brings us to the Vietnamese, who after all played rather a major part in this war. How does Coppola view them and their struggle? Not very accurately, I'm afraid. There is only one indication, early in the film, of the commitment the Vietcong, the NLF, and their supporters had to the war. Willard says, "Charley had only two ways home — death or victory." Other than this statement, the Vietnamese communists are viewed as either an ever-present annoyance to the American soldiers, buzzing around like gnats, shouting with high-pitched voices "Fuck you, G.I." in the darkness, or as diabolical 'life-is-cheap' Oriental killers. Both views are racist. Both completely ignore the political basis for the Vietnam war as it was being fought within Vietnam, long before the Americans ever arrived. And both offer a possible 'explanation' or 'cause' in psychological terms, for the American military men's madness. Coppola seems to say, we Americans might have been bad and decadent, but they and their goddam jungle were even worse. And we'll never forgive them for that. Or ourselves. In a way, it is the classic stance of the wife-beater — "I was weak, but she drove me to it." It is a hole out of which none of us can ever climb.

Coppola is able to view the Vietnamese civilians as victims, but I suspect that is due more to his own personal guilt than to any insight. And of course, it is also fact. Thousands, hundreds of thousands of civilians were killed by American actions in Vietnam. But for all its 'realism' APOCALYPSE NOW is still a distortion. In the first two-thirds of the film, before the scenes in the Kurtz compound, the war seems to be going very well for the U.S. The helicopters and the jets appear again and again, performing both air strikes and 'personalized hits'. It's hard to believe we lost. Charley seems woefully inadequate. A frail Vietnamese girl tosses a grenade into a helicopter (a hit) and is promptly mowed down by the mad Colonel Kilgore. Munitions being moved in a rickety little car are simply blown away by the excessive military might of the U.S. war machine. Graffiti on the nose of a U.S. helicopter labels the chopper 'Death From Above'. We see the results. Bodies of the Vietnamese are everywhere, villages are flattened and the jungle burns.

So how could this nation of peasants who, for the most part, are viewed by Coppola as ants running from helicopter gunfire, manage to defeat the military expertise and over-kill of the United (OVER)



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States of America? Coppola doesn't really have any idea. He pays lip-service to the Vietnamese communists' motivation in this war of national liberation, but really he views their victory as a result of the jungle terrain of Vietnam combined with the 'jungle mentality' of the communists.

It is left to Kurtz to explain the racism that has only been implied so far. He says to Willard, "Give me ten battalions of 'them' and I could win this war . . . they can kill without judgement . . . horror and moral terror are either your friends or your enemies." And there we have it. The nasty racist little heart of this dark movie. Presumably the Vietnamese communists are on very friendly terms with both horror and moral terror, being the indiscriminate killers that Kurtz sees them to be. But Kurtz has more to say.

Suddenly lucid, he relates to Willard his own turning point in Vietnam. Kurtz says he was among a group of American soldiers who had given polio vaccinations to some Vietnamese children. After the Americans left the village, the Vietcong had come through and cut off all the inoculated arms of the children. Kurtz returned and saw, "the little inoculated arms in a pile." He was horrified; he wept, he wanted to cut his eyelids off. But then clarity struck him, ". . . like a diamond bullet." He saw that this action EMBODIED the Vietnamese communists' strength. The reason that they were stronger than the Americans was because they ". . . could stand it." Shortly after this speech, Kurtz is killed by Willard and Willard leaves the compound. In the aftermath of this "special" death, Coppola waltzes gracefully out of 'his' war-torn Vietnam, with all the loose ends tied up neatly, his own personal cynicism intact.

The only problem with this inoculation-atrocity story, is that, by most accounts of the Vietnam war, Kurtz' revelation is simply a lie. Deirdre English, in a review of the film in Mother Jones says, "No army that was ever even rumored to do such a thing could win a guerilla war . . . Anywhere in Vietnam that Americans went, journalists were not far behind. If anything like the film's monstrous scene had ever happened, it would have gotten ten times the coverage of the My Lai massacre — the vast U.S. Army public relations apparatus in Saigon would have seen to that."

So why did Coppola fabricate the incident (as surely as Michael Cimino fabricated the Vietnamese obsession with Russian roulette in THE DEER HUNTER)? Partly, perhaps, out of a misplaced sense of dramatic balance. He had, after all, spent a great deal of film time exposing and detailing atrocities committed by the American forces in Vietnam, rising to a crescendo with the mad-dog Kurtz and his penchant for severed heads. Without this denouement, his film could be seen to be one-sided, not 'universal' enough.

But 'dramatic balance' is a slippery out when you are talking about an actual war. It seems more like justification to me. If the Americans can be seen in the aggression to be simply reacting to the viciousness of the Vietnamese communists, there would be a reason for it. And when they over-react, turn weird, turn to drugs or ultra-violence, Coppola implies that the entire North American culture as typified by the soliders is in moral decay. And in reality, it is this 'moral decay' that he is sketching in his flabby parable APOCALYPSE NOW. Francis Coppola is preoccupied with what he sees as America's decadence. The Vietnam war is just a symbol of the 'national collapse' he sees all around him. It is a view both Amero-centric and dangerous. It is a view of almost pure cynicism, leavened with a secret, thrilling admiration of a great nation seen just at its moment of collapse. Because Coppola, in true macho form, sees the military defeat of the U.S. as a collapse.

Thus Kurtz is the 'hero' of APOCALYPSE NOW. A great man and a great thinker, made mad by the complexity of his own thoughts. He is America. And Vietnam? Vietnam is merely the stage upon which this 'tragedy' is acted out. But what Coppola doesn't seem to see, is that if there was a 'tragedy' in the Vietnam war, it was not the United States' loss of that war — it was the destruction of a country, physically. A country that had already endured decades of internal war and a country that was almost demolished by American hardware. That country was Vietnam.

So how did Francis Coppola, who started out supposedly wanting to make an anti-war (OVER)



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film — an expose of what really happened in Vietnam — produce an ultra-realistic 'war' of a movie instead? How did he end up like a latter-day General Westmoreland, being chauffeured around in his own private helicopter, attended by a group of 'military advisors'? Did his statement about Vietnam involve the realistic re-creation of the war itself, or was it just his own personal salvation that demanded it? Did Coppola want to go to war? I think so. And I have the suspicion that the more involved Coppola and his writers got in the project the more clearly they saw a way out of their own guilt. If they simply made an anti-war film, they could always be labeled as ineffectual liberals, little dogs yapping at the big and ambiguous mystery called "war". It should be remembered that being 'anti-war' has always been a suspect activity in America and in every other war-making country — the very antithesis of masculinity. Francis Coppola could not put his malehood on the line. So instead, he lived out the dream cum nightmare.

Interestingly enough, in the beginning of his project, the liberal press took him to task saying, "Francis, we've already had one sickening war in Vietnam, why bother to spend all those bucks to create another one?" And Coppola fought back. In a Nixonesque speech at Cannes, where APOCALYPSE NOW was presented for the first time, he accused the press of spreading vicious lies about him, saying he was crazy. And having finally received the goods, so to speak, the press has backed off. Many seem quite willing now to judge the movie on its 'artistic' merits and so far the verdict looks pretty good. The final attendance figures will be interesting. Coppola will no doubt recoup his losses and in this cultural process of pursuing the bucks (that is, Hollywood movie making), he has been able to participate in his very own male initiation rite — Francis goes to war. Personally, Coppola's hawkish spectacle makes me sick.

If you doubt Coppola's involvement with this process of war-making, read the so-called 'log' in the printed hand-out that supports APOCALYPSE NOW. It reads like a shopping list for a Sea Cadet's training session, not quite the real thing, but close enough to look good:

"March 20, 1976. First day of shooting. The Philippines were chosen because of similarity to Vietnam terrain and availability of U.S.-made surplus helicopters and other vital military equipment which the U.S. Defense Department refused to make available." (Coppola has made much of the fact that the U.S. government was not cooperative with his film. However, he was able to score a few 'military advisors', including a real live army assassin, ex- that is.) The log continues: "May 15, 1976. A simulated napalm drop consumes 1,200 gallons of gasoline in 90 seconds. . . Typhoon Didang destroys sets, equipment and forces evacuation of cast and crew . . . More than 500 smoke bombs, 100 phosphorus sticks, 1,200 gallons of gas, 50 water explosions of 35 sticks of dynamite each, 2,000 rockets, flares, tracers and 5,000 feet of detonating cord are used in the 1½ minute finale (the blowing up of Do Lung Bridge scene) . . . A tribe of Ifugao Philippine aborigines is quartered at Pagsanjan to play the parts of Kurtz' Montagnard followers. . . ." And finally, in what must have seemed a stroke of genius to the filmmakers, "April 26, 1977. The puppy-sampan scene is shot using South Vietnamese refugees who have escaped their country by boat only two weeks previously." For those who have not seen the film, the puppy-sampan scene is a massacre of Vietnamese civilians by the American patrol boat crew. How fitting that the first Boat People should be employed as actor-victims in a movie version of a war they had just lived through.

Has Coppola given us a view of Vietnam that we can use? No. He has hidden the truth behind the war as effectively as the State Department covered it up for years. The Vietnam war, into which the United States intervened, was a war of self-determination. The Vietcong led a movement organized with wide-spread popular support, in both North and South Vietnam. The United States was defeated because of this widespread support. To quote Deirdre English, "In 1965, Assistant Secretary of Defense, John McNaughton read a report, entitled 'Vietcong Motivation and Morale', prepared by the Rand Corporation under Pentagon sponsorship and based on interviews with Vietnamese. His comment to the Rand team: 'If what you say is correct, then we have joined the wrong side.'" Coppola and his co-writer John Milius should have understood the message of that report. In APOCALYPSE NOW, Coppola has shown his own personal 'heart of darkness' but the real truth of the Vietnam war remains safely buried.

Art

Susan Hiller  
"Thirteen Male Absences"

Interview/Paul Buck

*This interview was conducted in London, England in April 1978, at which time Susan Hiller had three simultaneous shows: Enquiries/Inquiries and Dedicated to the Unknown Artists (Kettle's Yard, Cambridge); Fragments (Museum of Modern Art, Oxford); The Photomat Portraits (Hester van Royen, London). Some of the works have been shown again since, including Fragments in this year's Hayward annual. An illustrated catalogue with texts by the artist, Four Works (Museum of Modern Art Oxford, 1978) has appeared. The material below is extracted and edited from a*

*four hour interview to appear in Curtains (Paris 1980).*

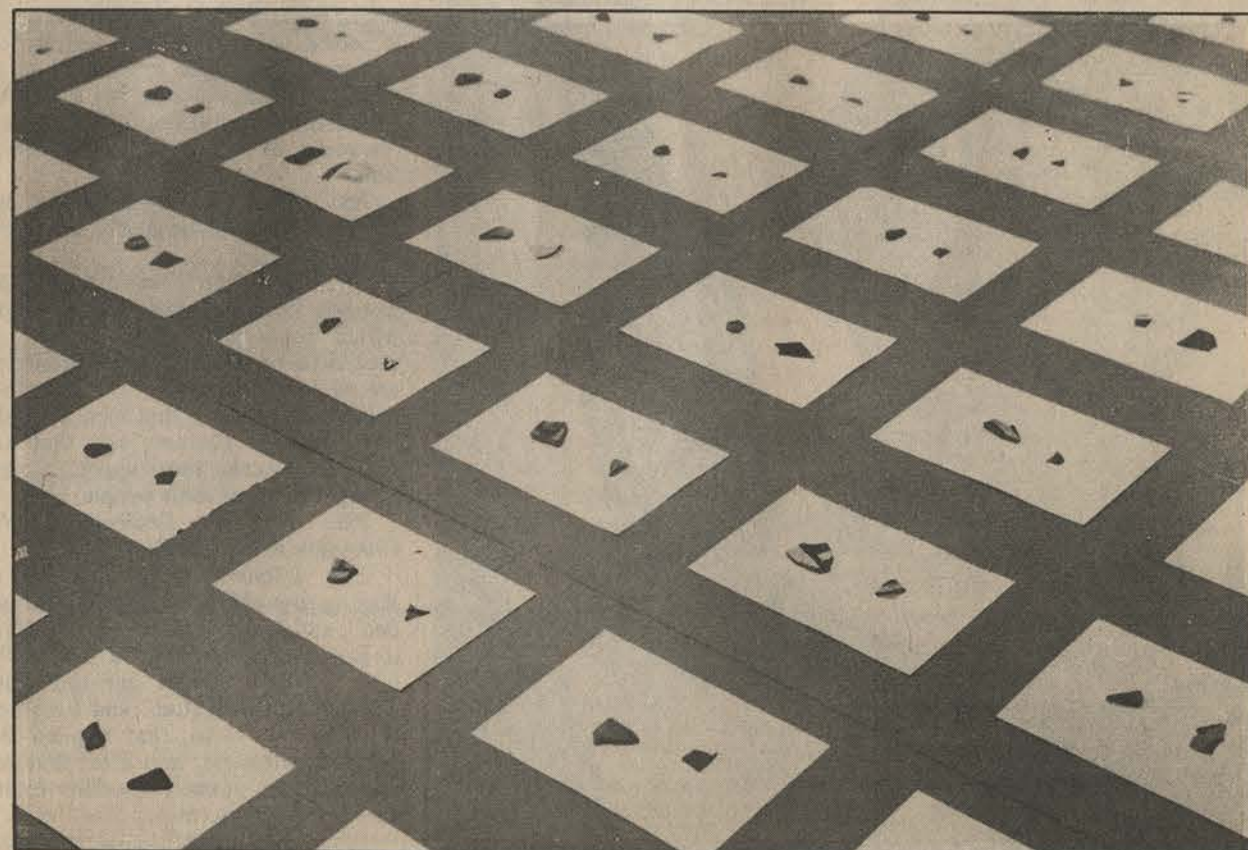
**Paul Buck:** Your most recent finished work is *Fragments*. It's extremely complex, but perhaps you could describe it briefly.

**Susan Hiller:** The basic materials are approximately 300 very small pieces of broken pottery that I collected years ago from the surface of a mound which had been a rubbish dump for American Indians. I have painted 300-odd representations of these potshards, in earth colours, so that my activity was analogous to the initial work of the artists. For they

get their ideas for pottery designs from found broken pieces of old pottery. So I'm suggesting that art activity is always a picking up of fragmented bits and using them to create the new. I'm also suggesting that art and archaeology are similar activities in that the action of sorting, classifying and analysing experienced reality is the same for both artist and archaeologist.

**PB:** The piece has a lot to say about the role of women in art.

**SH:** I'm saying that very strongly. By including in the piece various statements by contemporary American



Detail from "Fragments." The floor array consisting of 100 potshards and 100 gouache drawings. photo: Susan Hiller



## Art

Indian potters, I've placed them within the context of contemporary art. All artists validate their work in two ways, just like these women do: they either get their ideas from prior art, or inspiration . . . the aspects of dreams in the piece.

**PB:** The male is shown by his absence, right?

**SH:** Yes. Called "thirteen male absences". One of the reasons that women in this culture have trouble achieving credibility as artists is the patriarchy simply cannot accept women as being primary makers of meaning. That's where the problem comes.

When sorting the fragments I found thirteen pieces of flint, the debris left over after projectile point-making, spear-heads or arrow-heads. The male was signified by absence of his artifacts. It seemed to me important to present that as a kind of alternative picture to the way we usually see things, the female absent from culture.

**PB:** The display concept of the material is extremely challenging to an interested viewer.

**SH:** I could describe the room installation as dealing with a reconciling between painting and sculpture.

I could also describe one side of the room as dealing with developmental conceptions of time in that I arranged the materials in three wall sections, first monochrome, second bichrome shards, and third polychrome shards. On that side of the room it's also significant that I've placed the pictures above the shards, saying it's already dealing with our ideas about the material rather than the material itself. On the other side where I put the fragments above the pictures, I arranged things by shape and size which are actual conditions of the material brought about through experienced time. Of course, the major part of the work is the floor section that deals with the whole reality and representation issue — it's a more lyrical version in a way.

**PB:** Do you feel that perhaps it's so complex, so many possibilities open to reading?

**SH:** The whole idea of analysis to me is a way of expressing one's freedom, mental freedom to understand the world. When you do a piece like this, you are entirely free to make the kind of connections you want to make. I don't think I did anything which was inaccurate in terms of that body of material, and it seems to me that the activity of anthropologists and archaeologists is "art" in the sense that it's a playful formulation, reshuffling of categories, categories of knowledge and information.

**PB:** You don't actually say the pottery work was originally made by women do you?

**SH:** No. But in the "Art (Tradition) & Dream (Inspiration)" section where some short texts appear, it should be obvious, since the pronouns are all "she" and "her" . . . It comes across quite clearly that men are only mentioned in absence, and that did seem to provoke some anger. Good, it ought to anger some people.

**PB:** How was *Dedicated to the Unknown Artists* sparked off?

**SH:** I found a picture postcard in Weston-super-Mare that said "Rough Sea", and I was fascinated by the fact it had a caption. Then a few weeks later I found another one that said, "Rough Sea, Brighton" and I realised if there were two, that implied the existence of a set, and after that for about three years I literally found them everywhere.

**PB:** Why isn't the work called "Rough Sea"?



photo: courtesy Susan Hillier

## Art

**SH:** It's called *Dedicated to the Unknown Artists* because I took the stance of acting as curator for the work of the unknown artists who created this specific body of materials. One has on the one hand an image and on the other a verbal designation. A mysterious doubling or redundancy. By a kind of truth to materials I did a visual presentation of their work and an analysis, a set of tabulations.

**PB:** You also noted relevant remarks of the senders.

**SH:** Like 'We had a storm today, just like this one.' Sometimes they made lovely poetic descriptions. One brilliant one led me to discover a whole category of cards. This simply had written on the back: 'faked'. I looked hard and realised the waves were faked, and that led me to others. They were initially pictures of very calm seas and this idea of 'rough sea' was overriding. This shows the power of words to structure reality.

**PB:** All your work seems related to art activity, doesn't it?



Detail from "Fragments", photo: Hillier

**SH:** It's a consistency, but I would say I contradict the notion of art being about itself. Because all the pieces are about art activity they are also about art with reference to life. What I'm looking at in *Unknown Artists* is a set of cultural ideas that basically come down to certain obsessions about nature in relation to culture. I mean the sea threatening the buildings. Notions of sexuality come into that, notions of male and female, active and passive. I'm interested in cultural metaphors . . .

**PB:** Another collective work you used as materials resulted in *Enquiries/Inquiries*.

**SH:** That's right. *Enquiries/Inquiries* is a very basic exercise in applying certain notions about what culture is, about what a fact is, about what reality is. I'm dealing with the body of our own folklore which purports to be true fact and I'm trying to bring into question what a fact actually is, and what it says about what we think is the nature of reality.

**PB:** *Enquiries* is based on an English

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## Art

encyclopaedia work, and *Inquiries* on an American. Both of the 1930's.

SH: Yes. What struck me as odd was that each question was followed by a single correct answer, just like in the Catholic catechism. When the texts are presented as images and shared by an audience to contemplate together, as you can do with slides, an awareness develops in the audience first of a kind of embarrassment or kind of humorous denial of the fact. I mean people at first feel that there's some nonsense involved in it which is very hopeful to me. It seems very promising that people can look at their own cultural data in that way. And later, at least from my viewpoint, in watching comes almost a kind of terror at the extent to which we are conditioned through language to accept certain notions of truth and reality, which may in fact be contradicted by our lived experience.

PB: Both *Enquiries* and *Inquiries* have been shown separately, but at the Serpentine in 1976 you showed them as one piece. What struck you at the time?

SH: I felt personally responsible and embarrassed by the attitudes in the American set. They seemed to me to be overwhelmingly about two things, one a kind of social cynicism . . . for example, slang vocabulary words for politics that relate to corruption, exchange of favours, etc. The other a disorientation, with questions like "Can an object ever be wider than it is long?" Things like that seem to express a complete misalignment in relationship to the environment which has to be put right, once and for all, by getting the facts straight. The British set was full of social snobbishness and a kind of imperialistic bias that the whole world is available. English people watching have a reversal of my reactions. Embarrassed at their own exposed culture, and finding the American exotic and folksy.

PB: When you commenced this work you were more interested in the materials to be used?

SH: That's right. That's why I always thought of the piece as an extension of painting. Basically it's a collage transformed into another medium. I wanted to represent the pieces of paper and the actual texts not as they appeared to be, but to dematerialize them as much as possible by presenting these images as slides. The materials themselves seemed to lend

themselves to a kind of cyclical repetitive rhythm, which is what you get in the slide show. It's a cycle of forty minutes on which you can come in at any point and leave at any point.

PB: *The Photomat Portraits* have been in progress since 1970 I believe.

SH: Yes. What interests me about them is that like the postcards, the tail-end of the landscape tradition, the photomats are contemporary portrait format. The fact that in our tradition of formal portraiture we have a weird situation where an artist over a period

cameras, colours, lighting . . .

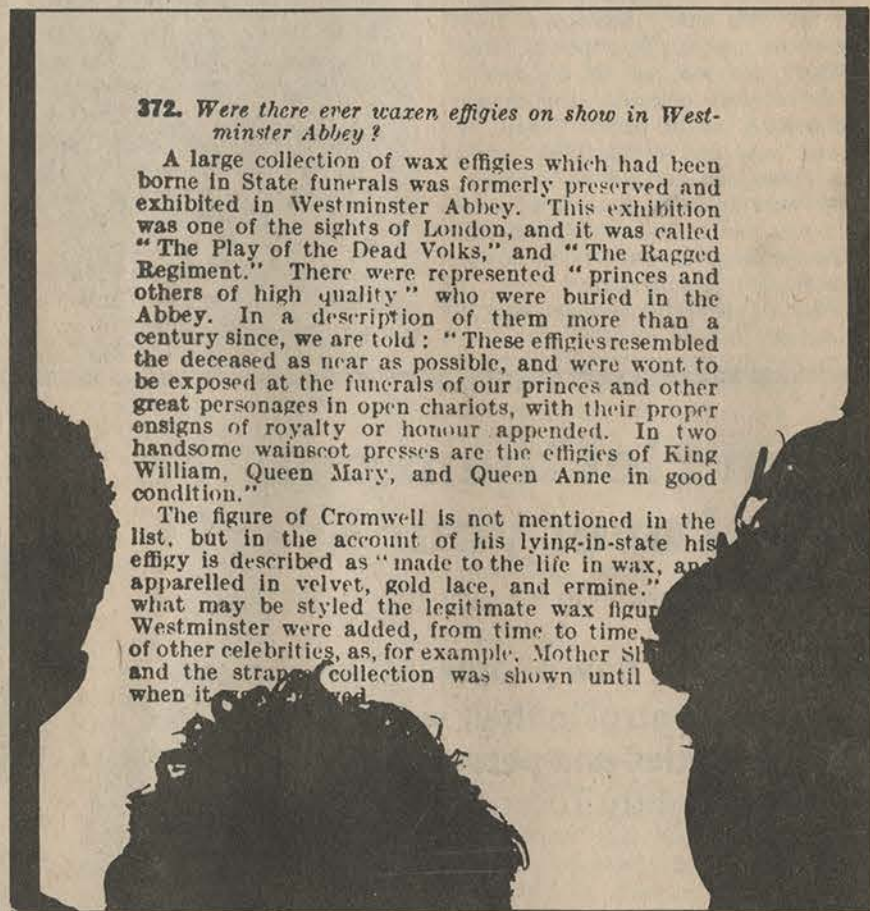
PB: And faultiness of machinery?

SH: Yes, because I also collect discarded, photos thrown away for one reason or another near the machines.

PB: And once the material is collected?

SH: Then I look at the photos and come up with some kind of statement that brings into focus what the person is saying about himself or herself.

PB: You say "herself", but in fact there aren't many women are there?



372. Were there ever waxen effigies on show in Westminster Abbey?

A large collection of wax effigies which had been borne in State funerals was formerly preserved and exhibited in Westminster Abbey. This exhibition was one of the sights of London, and it was called "The Play of the Dead Volks," and "The Ragged Regiment." There were represented "princes and others of high quality" who were buried in the Abbey. In a description of them more than a century since, we are told: "These effigies resembled the deceased as near as possible, and were wont to be exposed at the funerals of our princes and other great personages in open chariots, with their proper ensigns of royalty or honour appended. In two handsome wainscot presses are the effigies of King William, Queen Mary, and Queen Anne in good condition."

The figure of Cromwell is not mentioned in the list, but in the account of his lying-in-state his effigy is described as "made to the life in wax, and apparelled in velvet, gold lace, and ermine." What may be styled the legitimate wax figure of Westminster were added, from time to time, of other celebrities, as, for example, Mother Shipton and the strange collection was shown until when it was removed.

A wall piece from "Enquiries/Inquiries".

photo:courtesy Susan Hiller

of time paints a picture of a person who is a passive object for the artist who composes a composite image of the person through time, which ends up being one image which falsifies the time experience of the actual making of the portrait.

PB: You take the subjects to a number of booths and allow them to take their own portraits in whatever manner they wish?

SH: Right. The variations come in the way the subject reacts in the booth, and the different types of

SH: I think that female narcissism involves an Other and women perform but for a mirror or a camera being held by someone else. Apart from a few friends I find that few women will go close to the camera of their own accord because it distorts the features, reveals the imperfections. They tend to get into very formal poses with shy little smiles. ■

Paul Buck is a writer living in England. He is also editor of "Curtains" magazine.

## Labour

# A.G.O. Union Drive

## "Robots Don't Take Coffee Breaks"

Karl Beveridge

" . . . during the conversation the future role of the maintenance department was discussed. At that time I suggested we may in the future contract the cleaning out . . . I also pointed out that we may employ robots which can be programmed to vacuum and polish the floors." (Taken from testimony given by the head of the maintenance department on a conversation he had had with an employee in his department.)

The insidious meaning of such a statement is almost lost in its clichéd form. It's heard so often in labour struggles that it's easily passed over by all except those directly involved. In passing one might comment that the Art Gallery of Ontario (A.G.O.) could, at least, be a little more creative in its union busting. In fact, the A.G.O. is almost classic in its anti-union activities, using every means possible to intimidate, stall, and prevent the organization of its employees.

For a moment one wonders why.

What's to be gained? The excuses of tight funding, the special nature of the institution, and the diversity of its workforce hardly provide sufficient reasons for the sustained anti-union effort by the A.G.O., lasting over two years and involving two unions in countless confrontations. The first union organizing drive was conducted by C.U.P.E. (Canadian Union of Public Employees) and was outflanked by management. The present drive organized by O.P.S.E.U. (Ontario Public Service Employees Union) learned from this first attempt and is proceeding more methodically. After all the A.G.O. isn't your hard core industry, or even an essential public service. Most people are barely aware of its existence, and those who are spend pleasant afternoons soaking in the dignified airs of cultural refinement. Most people are surprised to learn that the A.G.O. employs a workforce of 300. In fact the A.G.O., like other similar institutions, is a growing and influential business, an ideological

factory not only initiating and preparing major international exhibitions, but providing cultural services and programs to smaller provincial galleries, schools and communities, and includes educational, audio-visual and film departments, a bookstore, restaurant, gallery shop, etc. etc. In 1978, the A.G.O. had a revenue of \$5,412,820 (of which \$202,383 came from non-governmental sources). As a business the A.G.O. has definite interests to promote, and any threat to the power of its management is a threat to those interests.

The fine arts, which is management's 'productive' concern, involving as it does, the finer sentiments of consumer society, requires the most delicate manoeuvrings on the part of management which something as crude as a union could only upset. Consider for a moment the effects if a union were to demand input into exhibition policy and programming. A not unthinkable possibility that would send shudders through the enlightened



(left) Preparators at work. (right) OPSEU union members building a pyramid to carry in the Labour Day march, 1979.

photo:courtesy AGO

photo:Karl Beveridge



## Labour

### Art Gallery of Ontario

To: Management

From: Labour

Date: Anytime

The following is a list of the unfair labour practice charges brought against the A.G.O. by O.P.S.E.U.. A decision has not been handed down by the Ontario Labour Relations Board, and the Union is seeking consent to prosecute the Gallery in criminal court on these charges. On the basis of these charges O.P.S.E.U. has asked for automatic certification. At present the Ontario Labour Relations Board is holding examinations of the bargaining unit, and certification hearings will begin sometime in October 1979. The charges:

- 1) The director of the Art Gallery knew or ought to have known that various members of his staff were engaged in violations of the Ontario Labour Relations Act.
- 2) An employee in the maintenance department was advised by his superior to 'get out of the union'. The employee was also told that maintenance work would be contracted out if the union got in.
- 3) An employee in the preparations department was told by the head of administration that there was a policy against solicitation on the premises. (NB. Under the Ontario Labour Relations Act, an employee can solicit on the worksite on his/her own time.) The employee was also warned not to step out of line.
- 4) An employee in the preparations department was told by his supervisor not to continue his union involvement and the supervisor threatened to review his job classification.
- 5) The administration branch head told an employee he could not solicit during coffee breaks or invite other employees to join him during coffee breaks and threatened the employee with dismissal.
- 6) The head of the audio-visual department asked if her employees had signed union cards. Although none had, it was indicated who might be next to sign a card among them. The employees were then told that management 'would know when they had signed cards'.
- 7) Another branch head warned an employee against soliciting union support on the gallery premises during coffee breaks and threatened her with dismissal.
- 8) An employee was advised by a supervisor to sign a card indicating he wanted out of the union. The supervisor was aided by another employee who headed an anti-union drive. The employee was also told to sign a petition against the union.
- 9 - 13) Several charges against an employee who headed an anti-union drive and spent working hours, was seen in areas of the Gallery not considered his working area, and was seen with management personnel not his immediate superiors, soliciting support against the union through the signing of anti-union cards and a petition against the union.
- 14) An employee in maintenance who openly supported the union drive was told his recent promotion would be invalidated by a department re-organization and the supervisor would not confirm the employee's probationary position because of his making 'immature decisions'. Upon complaining to the personnel department his probation was extended in order to 'have a closer look at his work record'.
- 15) An employee was approached and physically threatened by the employee heading an anti-union drive for having posted a union notice on the employee's bulletin board at the Gallery. At a later meeting, attended by top management, the employee was told that the attack wasn't meant as a threat.

guardians of good taste; 'My god, a man who could be replaced by a robot making decisions on the value of fine art.' Even Chief Curator, Roald Nasgaard's nostrils would twitch.

**The A.G.O. As Industry.** It has often been noted that labour is exploited for profit. But profit is more than the sheer acquisition of money. It is the uses to which money can be put, the control money can exercise over the social landscape, that is crucial. This not only means the use of money to control industrial production to ensure the concentration of profit to the few, but the use of money to mystify the injustice of such concentration through the control of social institutions. Such power can only be maintained if people are convinced that the capitalist system of production is the only feasible system, the 'natural' order of things. To perpetuate the myth of this 'natural' order, and to ensure its effective dissemination social institutions must be structured in the same way as capitalist industry itself. The presentation of art, and the organization of labour at the A.G.O., for example, must structurally reproduce the 'natural' order of industrial production. This structure ensures that the ideological function of the institution and the art it chooses to exhibit conform to the needs of capitalist industry, its 'benevolent' sponsors. When talking about industrial management, the physical structure embodies a hierarchy of authority that emanates from the top down. The Board of Trustees of the A.G.O., all cultured business moguls, make the major financial and policy decisions. Successive levels of management fear the axe from those above. The curator, who represents middle management, exercises his/her aesthetic judgement within clearly defined limits, not only financial, but ideological as well, and in turn must insure that those below do not question these limitations.

**It's Such a Nice Place to Work.** The unfair labour practice hearings against the A.G.O. this summer demonstrated the Gallery's hierarchical industrial structure. The first example concerns the Audio-Visual Department. The head of the department called in her employees to discuss the union, as this topic, it seems, was adversely affecting the 'friendly, family-like' atmosphere of the department. During the discussion the employees were encouraged to express their opinions on the union. Of course, the depart-

## Labour

ment head let it be known, in so many words, that she did not view the union in a favourable light. Now this all sounds very democratic, no intrigue here. A professional department conducting cultural discussions in the paternalistic 'father knows best' tradition. Next we move to the Preparations Department. It's a little more bold here, the work is more manual. The employee involved, who is active in the union drive, is told to watch his step, and is watched watching his step. Finally we hit the Maintenance Department. Now in maintenance there's no fooling around. An employee is told that if the union comes in the Gallery might have to consider contracting out or even hiring programmed robots to do the work. The levels of authority are clear as are the attitudes to different departments in relation to their professional function within the Gallery.

**E**ven though the immediate demands of the employees concern salaries, salary appeals, benefits, and grievance procedures, etc., the main issue is the right to challenge the decisions of management. Appeal procedures exist, at present, but the ultimate point of appeal is to the Gallery director from whom the original decision emanated. With a union, employees could modify or initiate decisions affecting the operation of the Gallery independent of management.

**The Public Has the Same Choice As the Employees.** The maintenance of this industrial structure is not only internally, but publicly necessary as well, for it sustains the official view of culture. The public is never invited to decide what might be culturally important, but is presented with a 'historical' fact. The public has the same choice given employees. The public can choose not to look at what's there, in the same way an employee can choose not to work there.

The industrial structure has a third effect, that upon the production of art itself. By virtue of being able to select and promote the exhibition of artwork, both past and present (past work sets the historical rationale for the present), without being answerable to the artists' community, management exercises considerable, and in conjunction with other institutions, decisive influence over what succeeds or fails as art.

**Does Supporting the Union Support Bureaucracy?** Most artists recognize the role management plays in regulating their production, although many would dispute the extent to which this regulation intrudes. A number of artists, however, who are quite outspoken in their criticisms of management hesitate to support the unionization of the A.G.O. employees.

port the union drive would only further entrench that bureaucracy. (This is further aggravated by the fact that the managerial support structure is paid whereas artists are not, yet artists provide a good amount of 'raw material').

It's a similar argument that is put forward about public sector unions in general. Unions are responsible for

## BUSINESS AS USUAL



## SUPPORT UNIONIZATION ART GALLERY of ONTARIO EMPLOYEES

This is worth looking at, not only because of the particular arguments put forward, but also because they reflect more general attitudes about the public sector unions as a whole.

**T**he basic argument put forward by these artists is that they are opposed to the institutional bureaucracy represented by the A.G.O. and that to sup-

port the union drive would only further entrench that bureaucracy. (Every one has their favourite story about the post office.) Management then appears, particularly in the press, as the public savior cutting bureaucracy by cutting jobs and wages.

Of course, what is conveniently forgotten is that management set up the whole mess in the first place. It is management that organizes and con-



## Labour

trols the work, organizing it in such a way that working conditions are deplorable, oppressive and monotonous, and who pay as little for it as possible. When a union objects, management screams sabotage, public irresponsibility, and accuses the unions of wasting public money and raising inflation. The workforce appears as the enemy of the public, a public who management deceitfully champions. It's a neat trick, and demonstrates the power of management mass media.

A.G.O. employees are not the ones who create the conditions under which artists are forced to 'negotiate' with the institution. Nor are the employees the ones who decide what is done or how it is done within the institution. Management has made that very clear during the union drive. To support the employees' rights within the institution does not reinforce managerial prerogatives. Quite the contrary, it could alter them. Management isn't fighting the union because it has nothing better to do.

**A**nother consideration is the nature of the institution itself and its relation to the production of culture. Some would argue that the very premise underlying

such an institution, and its mode of representing culture are questionable. This is not the place to get into a complex discussion, for it involves not only the institution, but assumptions underlying the very practice and production of culture itself. However, a couple of points in this regard can be made. First, the assumption that some form of self-management by artists could be achieved at an institution like the A.G.O. separate from a more general social transformation, is wishful thinking. It is based on the misconception that corporate interests consider culture a harmless leisure-time activity or, even more unlikely, that such interests would act in accord with their own liberal apologetics. Second, that such a change could be affected without the participation of the workforce, and as indicated above, without the involvement of the labour movement as a whole is impossible, unless, of course, the intention of artists is to replace one form of management with another. But this would simply mean that some artists would themselves become managers. By supporting the unionization of the A.G.O. employees, a first organizational step would be

taken. If this were accompanied by the organization of artists themselves and their participation in the labour movement, it would fulfill a prerequisite for any major change in the nature and operation of an institution such as the A.G.O.

**Who Wins?** The unionization of the A.G.O. and the improvement of their working conditions is not only important for the employees, but for artists and the public as well. The organization of the inside workers puts direct pressure on management, and is the only means by which effective action can be taken against it. Artists could attempt to boycott the Gallery, and the public could initiate limited legislative reforms, but the employees are the only ones who could directly confront management. As a part of the labour movement, the employees can play an important role in labour demands around culture (for example exhibitions that focus on labour, the work place, and working life.)

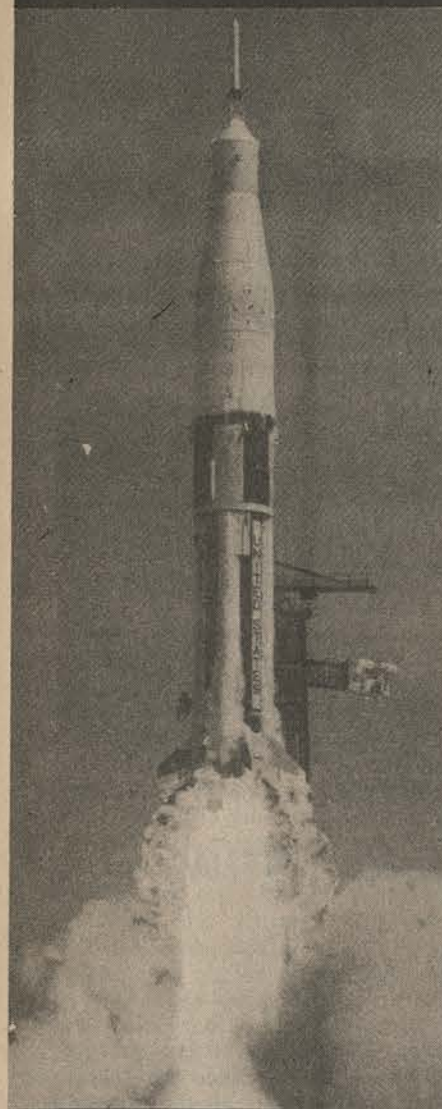
One last point. If artists and the public do not support the unionization of the A.G.O. there is only one group who'd win — A.G.O. management. ■

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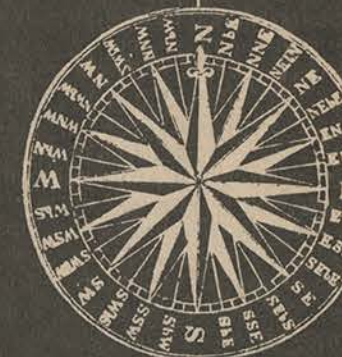
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## Censorship



photo: Henri Robideau

# Anatomy of a Situation

Off the wall at the B.C. Artists Show

Avis Lang Rosenberg

Last June, a sea-green and ivory brocade couple gliding and surging on the crests of cunninglingus beneath a flowering sky was taken down off the wall of the B.C. Central Credit Union lobby and out of *The B.C. Artists' Show*. The exhibition was organized by the Central Visual Artists' Association — originally a B.C. breakaway from CAR — mostly because the Vancouver Art Gallery had been quite clear in the catalogue of their 1977 major B.C. survey that they were unlikely to stage another one for quite a while. The CVAA-run open show would probably not have happened had it not been for the considerable support of the B.C. Central Credit Union and in particular that of Wendy

Stephenson, the originator and (at that time but no longer) coordinator of their all-Canadian, juried art-purchase programme, amounting so far to more than 200 works within less than two years. At one of the planning meetings, with both CVAA people and Wendy Stephenson present, it was agreed that B.C. Central would have final say over what hung and what didn't, i.e., in the event of a piece found to be offensive. It was a question, but not a burning question, since this eventuality was judged to be quite unlikely. For one thing, there was to be a three-person jury. The matter was settled quite readily, then apparently shelved or at least not made known as policy.

The fabric picture mentioned above, *Picnic Lunch*, is the work of

Jean Kamins, a 38-year-old recent graduate of the Vancouver School of Art and mother of three children. It was one of three pictures by her that made it through the jury of Glenn Allison, Peter Malkin and Jack Shadbolt (two curators and one senior artist). Kamins was the only artist to have three large works chosen; three others had three and the remaining 39 were represented by one or two. The show opened in early June at B.C. Central's Vancouver headquarters, and the hanging committee found that there just wasn't room for all three of Kamins' large pieces. She eliminated one that had been shown the previous month, *Hawaiian Tourists*. *Picnic Lunch*, of course, provoked all sorts of reactions. No one actually lodged a

complaint, and one official of the credit union contemplated buying the work himself. The show was up for just over a week when a senior member of management returned from a business trip. Word came down quickly that he found *Picnic Lunch* unsuitable.

Stephenson saw trouble. "I was ready to fight for it not to be taken down, because I thought that for the few people it might have offended, Central had more to lose in being seen as a censor. However, when I phoned the artist, she joked and agreed to change that piece for the other one that we hadn't had room to hang. At the time it was an easy answer that seemed to satisfy everyone. It was all done in 20 minutes or so. If it had been seen as a big philosophical thing, it would have been handled differently. But it was based on people and their reactions, on personalities. The philosophical issues come after the fact. It was not more complicated than just saying CENSORSHIP — is was more simple."

There's something we mustn't miss here, aside from Stephenson's readiness to have fought her superior's disapproval if the artist had gotten up in arms when requested to change pieces. What we mustn't miss is what it means to say that philosophical issues come after the fact. It is a type of refusal to conceptualize which, in effect, denies the connectedness between events and attitudes, between occurrence and understanding, between action and meaning. It's close to saying that real experience happens over here, and ideas happen somewhere over there. The fact is that censorship is both action and idea, both offspring and parent. Censorship by its nature is always based in particular circumstances, always "based on people and their reactions" — it is not separate from them.

So, the work was censored and *Hawaiian Tourists* went up instead. The artist feels perhaps she acquiesced too readily and too unthinkingly. "I didn't realize I had much option. She asked me to take it down, and I said I would. And I did laugh — yes — my approach to things that are unjust is usually to be humorous. It was Monday morning at about eleven when she phoned; she said he came back that morning from his vacation. She just drove right over and traded it and took the other one back . . . I see a larger situ-

## Censorship

ation, but I have not felt personally compelled to fight the issue of censorship. Besides, another thing happens: a level of me is affected by their thinking my work is dirty. It's one thing to do 'dirty pictures' but another thing to want to fight publicly to have 'dirty pictures' argued about. But I don't do my art for it to sit in a closet. I don't want it in the closet, I want it on the walls. I think what I'm saying is important. I think that sex as a fun thing is important because everybody does it and it's always being exploited. I don't see any reason that everybody can't enjoy it too."

Let's consider this idea of 'dirty'. We all know that squirmy, common word. It covers sex of any and every sort, and it summarizes perfectly our culture's exceedingly destructive lack of differentiation between images Kamins was calling fun and enjoyment — both participants thoroughly pleased to be there — and what Eleanor Wachtel called, in a recent issue of *Branching Out*, "hate literature disguised as entertainment." 'Dirty' makes no distinction between celebration and coercion, between the homage and the insult. It says all sex is the same: slimy, embarrassing, selfish, urgent, and ultimately repulsive. But neither are sexual events nor the depictions of them all the same, and we desperately need to get clear on some of the differences. It should be obvious that I'm heading for the issue of Pornography vs. Erotica.

Clarifying this distinction has been one of the really important contributions that feminists have made to the discussion of the issue. As an indication of the mobilizing feminist stance, I would like to quote from a lengthy essay by Jillian Ridington and Barb Findlay in the April-May '79 issue of *Kinesis*, the excellent periodical put out by Vancouver Status of Women. They write, in a segment titled, "Erotica and Pornography: Celebration and Degradation":

*Erotica is the depiction of the sexual expression of love (from the Greek 'eros,' meaning sexual love). It shows or describes sexual activity which is loving, non-coercive and joyous. It celebrates the sexuality that makes us uniquely human; the ability to communicate emotion, express love and break down barriers between individuals through the*

*sharing of sexual intimacy . . . . Today's pornography reinforces the same ideologies as clitoridectomies and foot binding. It mystifies and corrupts the true nature of female sexuality, and enjoins that women must suffer to give men pleasure . . . . Pornography creates two mutually exclusive castes of people. It leaves no room for love or communication or understanding across the wall it builds between the sexes . . . . It is because we have denied the nature of human sexuality — particularly female sexuality — that pornography and erotica have been confused, and both labelled 'obscene' . . . .*

*Picnic Lunch* is an unrivalled example of what pornography is NOT. It is full of delight and full of consent, and brings to mind those famous words of Molly Bloom: ". . . and then he asked me would I yes to say yes . . . and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes." Except (oh distinction of unutterable magnitude) that James Joyce, the author, is a man and Molly Bloom is swooning at the memory of her pleasure in pleasing a man, whereas Jean Kamins is a woman, and what she is showing us is the direct pleasure of a woman and how exciting it is for her man to pleasure her.

There was a good deal of aftermath to the 20-minute transaction of substitution described above in which each party played its part. There were sustained urgings by a friend that Kamins write a letter to the newsletter of their own organization, the CVAA, which had put together the show. She did. There were urgings by the chairperson that Kamins not demand to have her letter published, lest business withdraw their support of artists. She agreed to delete her last line. The show as a whole got no reviews — partly because the big Vancouver dailies were on strike/lockout — even though one of the jurors (who had just been fired from the Vancouver Art Gallery, essentially for insubordination) said he felt the submissions were more interesting than those for the huge 1977 VAG show. There were other aspects and further details. But I don't want to analyze the aftermath. It would be enough if we could learn from the core of the event. ■

Avis Lang Rosenberg is a free-lance writer living in Vancouver. She has been a frequent contributor to *Criteria* and *Vanguard*.



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**Video**

**Miniature Theatre**

**NANCY NICOL**  
*YYZ Gallery, Toronto, September 4 - 15, 1979*  
*reviewed by John Greyson*

Those who adhere to the telecommunications aesthetic, insist that paper as a tool for language will soon be redundant and ink will be replaced by electronic impulses. Nancy Nicol does not. Her reason for placing her text *Miniature Theatre* on a video-screen seems to be primarily one of control. The text could easily have been published in book form (this simplification for the moment ignores the content). By placing it on tape via a character generator and then narrating it with a voice-over, she gains a double edge over us. We are placed in a subservient position, no longer given the option to pause - it determines our assimilation of what is presented, tells us how long to spend with each sentence, manipulates our passive state of reading. There were no chairs, so we sat on the floor in the dark, gazing up at the Advent screen. A futuristic sculptured lounge chair hung from the ceiling above our heads, too high and too plush to climb into. This monument to the leisure class was denied us, thus solidifying our role of inferiors questing enlightenment.

The tape does not preach. If anything it cannot, for it rushes along at a headlong pace, line after line, too fast for us to assimilate, almost too fast to read. Nancy's voice, soothing, unemotional throughout, becomes a monotone of abstract sound rather than a vehicle for elucidation. Multiple viewings help. I've seen it 3 1/2 times and found each successively more involving. A case of familiarity breeding enjoyment. The speed, however, always remained an obstacle. Nancy Nicol will be remaking the tape later to catch the typos. Hopefully she will clean up the awkward clauses in some of the sentences and radically alter both the pacing and the pauses. The same material could better be stretched over 40 minutes than its present 27.

The semi-story involves one narrator (Nancy) who finds the notes of a researcher and reads/writes them to/for us. This implementation of double narrative (story within a story), in reality a double input (we hear and read the words on the screen simultaneously) brings up all sorts of

enjoyable interior questions: 'Are we reading the researcher's notes before or after Nancy reads them to us?'; 'Is this an anecdote that abridges the researcher's notes or are they transcriptions that Nancy is reading us?'; 'Which came first, the transcription or the narration?'

Behind the writing she placed super 8 transfers, mostly water shots, once a scene in a room looking out the window. These weren't illustrations of the text, but a parallel metaphor that was alluded to now and then by Nicol. Her character was typified by poetic expressions of boredom, disinterest, and fatigue with the researcher's notes, and she would mention the water, usually by colour (slate grey, charreouse, golden). Water as a macrocosm, a vastness that obscures, etc. One key shot: the camera looks down at a shallow section, water three inches deep, with pebbles on bottom. A hand enters, to arrange stones in a line. The waves wash over her hand and her pebbles, hiding the ones she has chosen so that her hand becomes the element that makes the chosen pebbles special. Once it has moved on, they sink back into their common conformity.

The researcher relates her experiences in a lab. Though her notes are written/read in a pseudo-corporate-scientific jargon, she is an outsider, not one of the scientists. She has been called in because the microcosm in a flask that the lab is studying, or rather the organisms that make up the microcosm, are talking back - they do not want to be researched. It is apologetically concluded that they have souls. She has been brought in to add her own unspecified perspective to this unique situation. She at one point suggests to her superior that her analysis must be based on intuition, since souls escape logic. He disagrees, finding intuition unthinkable - he wants a solution based on deductive tactics. Feminine intuition versus male logic. He adds later that in perceiving the microcosm it is easy to discern overall patterns and solutions, and yet still be unable to apply any of these conclusions to the larger 'cosms' that contain us. Moreover, because we are enclosed, we are unable to see with clarity. *Miniature Theatre* functions as an example of the macrocosms that contain us. Its difficult and diffused nature is purposeful, we must assume, to perpetuate the confusion of this

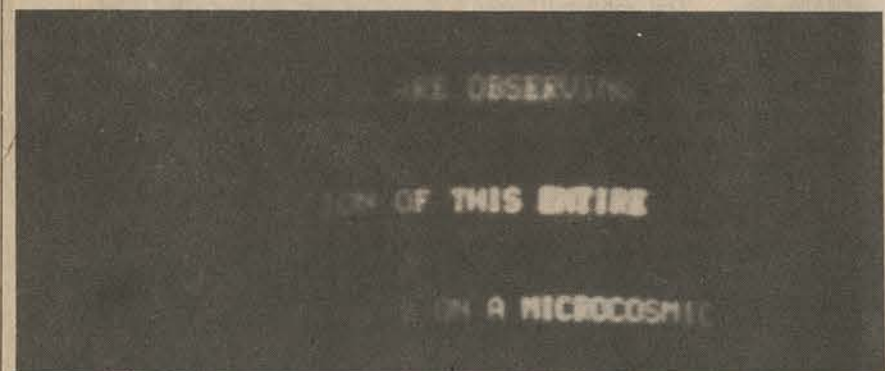


photo: Nancy Nicol  
WHAT YOU ARE OBSERVING IS THE PROJECTION OF THIS ENTIRE RESEARCH LAB ON A MICROCOSMIC SCALE. NOW, LET ME DRAW YOUR ATTENTION . . .

FROM THE MOMENT THAT I LOOKED THROUGH THE ILLUMINATED APERTURE MY PHYSICALITY BECAME THAT OF THE MICROCOSM ITSELF. AT ANY RATE . . . THE SHIFTS IN MY ATTENTION, BROUGHT ABOUT BY MY SENSE OF EXPECTATION, MY INTUITIONAL CERTAINTY, WERE EMPHATICALLY PREMONITIONAL. I COMMUNICATED THIS SENSATION TO MY SUPERIOR . . .

THERE IS NOTHING MYSTERIOUS OR INTUITIONAL IN WHAT YOU HAVE OBSERVED. THE VARIOUS COMPONENTS OF THIS RESEARCH LAB, WHETHER HUMAN OR MECHANICAL ARE EXEMPLARY OF THE FIRST PRINCIPLE OF DETERMINED OPERATION FUNCTIONING HARMONIOUSLY. . . .



## Video

### In Gory Detail

#### MEDICAL IMPLICATIONS OF NUCLEAR ENERGY

A Lecture given by Helen Caldicott, 24th April, 1979 to medical students at Santa Barbara, California

reviewed by Martha Fleming

This videotape is difficult to talk about. It is unlike any tape I have ever seen. It is not 'educational', in the way that National Geographic videotapes are educational, it is not video art, and it is not yet broadcast material or quality. It's a bit subversive — a 1980's version of a 50's mimeographed Marxist newspaper — with its poor sound and its fuzzy image of a slightly stocky academic woman with a piece of chalk in her hand and her floral sleeves drawn up above her elbows.

The information, however, is easier to talk about. It has weight, validity and a lot of shock value. So much so that I am not sure that I have been able to assimilate the information. Perhaps I have heard it and chosen not to deal with it. In the day-to-day of it all, much of what Dr. Helen Caldicott said was somewhat unbelievable, not manifest enough to be presently concerned with. But it certainly stopped my lip from curling slightly when I hear about anti-nuke demonstrations.

Caldicott leaked a lot of Pentagon secrets — or at least, that's what she said they were. You can't tell when you can't check the facts. But all the physics information about radiation and floating electrons was correct.

Here are some highlights: U.S. power is approximately 12 per cent nuclear generated. Of that figure, 3 per cent is used to process uranium

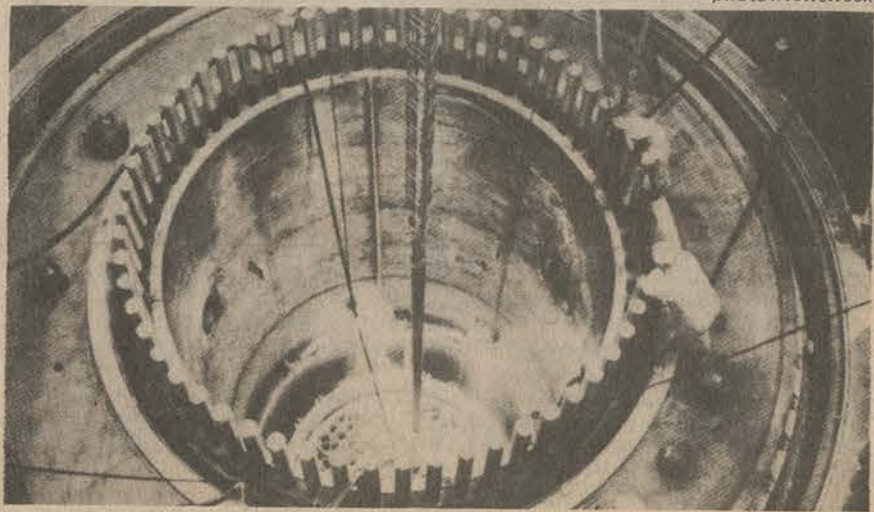
for use in weapons and other nuclear power plants. This means that for all the risk, for all the danger, only 9 per cent of US power is currently nuclear.

Basically what nuclear power does is boil a lot of water to make steam to power a turbine which magnifies that steam power. The uranium is made into pellets and put into tubes which are then tightly packed into a huge cylinder. When they are all in there together, the density/intensity causes electrons to break away from the atoms and float about free. This is extremely dangerous, and requires constant monitoring and containment. If the water level goes below a certain point, the heat is strong enough to melt the whole kit and kaboodle right into the ground — The Melt Down to China Syndrome. Apparently, the radioactivity of this would have the effect of about 1,000 of the bombs dropped on Hiroshima. In other words, all of Pennsylvania would have gone with Three Mile Island.

No medical staff at any level are trained to deal with radiation poisoning and no plan for the evacuation of a radioactive area has ever been made. Some of the instant effects of radiation are: total hair loss, the gut sloughing out through the bowels, sterility, leukemia. Less instantaneous are the genetically mutative effects. Imagine a world where mutants abound.

At Harrisburg, cooling waters carry-

photo:Newsweek



YOU MIGHT ALSO REMEMBER THAT YOU ARE OBSERVING THIS PHENOMENON ON A MICROCOSMIC SCALE. I REMIND YOU OF THIS FACT BECAUSE I REMEMBER HOW EASILY FASCINATED THE PHYSICAL/EMOTIONAL ORGANISM BECOMES WHEN CONFRONTED WITH THE MICROCOSM AND HOW EASY IT IS TO FORGET THE NUMEROUS DETAILS WHICH YOU OBSERVE ON YOUR NORMAL SCALE OF GROSS PHYSICAL REALITY . . .

specific enclosure. Such a rationale can become an easy justification for obscurity, and escaping from the responsibility of getting the message across. With this tape, the obscurity can be focussed through repeated viewing.

"Microcosm" (. . . a miniature representation . . . any community or other complex unity, viewed as an epitome of the world . . .) and *Miniature Theatre*, the title, by dint of repetition, become keys to understanding or misunderstanding the tape. Repetition triggers their retention, till they become one-word explanations of the content. Words repeated get loaded, and can backfire — as content, people might reject them. Thus *Miniature Theatre* suffers. It's too rich, too full of its own associations, and as a phrase it describes poorly what this tape is up to. This tape is about plugging the word into the wall, playing with language on the video screen. Though it has obvious similarities to other written video tapes (e.g. *Theoretical Television*, by Tom Sherman, *Captain Mike and the Television Sensibility*, by Scott Didlake), it reminds me more of Vera Frenkel's work *Signs of a Plot*. Both are self-referential works about aspects of communication that prompt enjoyable interior questions. They both use a semi-linear story line, with characters and action, that breaks down before it resolves itself. This turns the fiction back on the viewer, back to the reading/viewing experience. The main difference lies in the fact that Frenkel's ambiguous exploration (using the murder mystery as structure) incorporates a comprehensive stage vocabulary of actors, props, sets, costumes, and makeup. Nicol's fiction is distilled down to its source, the words. Her fiction stays disembodied at its source, deciding that words are enough. ■

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## Video

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No one appears to be taking responsibility for nuclear waste, called 'tailings'. There is so much of it and it is so difficult to dispose of that in some places it has even been used as

answers are so obvious, and the reasons for continuing to use nuclear power are so obscure. Unless it really is only money that keeps it going.

Which it probably is.

But the presentation of this information is important too. And I wasn't interested in Caldicott's scare tactics, though I was scared by them. A lecturer is basically a performer who gives "inanimate" information a life and immediacy. To effect this he or she has to be, to some extent, manipulative of the audience. And this

Another tape should be made which has none of this kind of brimstoning, none of this 'telling of tales' — for example of being phoned by nuclear power workers in Harrisburg who murmur "Strange things are happening here and I can't talk about them now."

Another tape that gives just the facts. And then it should be broadcast prime-time. It's very important information and people should have access to it. I just don't know how effective a 3/4 inch cassette (as opposed to Betamax which can be used in hundreds of thousands of home video machines in Canada and the States) can be. Show it on a large screen in a public place every day? But perhaps the book will do the job. How long will it take to teach the illiterate to read and then get them to read Caldicott's book? According to her, we only have a 40 per cent chance of making it to the year 2,000.

It's just too bad that companies like EXXON own both uranium mines and television stations. That's why no one really knows about the dangers of nuclear power. ■

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the Schwartz book on Duchamp and perhaps this is the publisher's clue.

George Brecht, the former chemist, together with his friend and sometimes co-worker Robert Filliou, appropriated from science into art the now common working term "research". Brecht also defined clearly what he originated and used as "events" (as

writing a paper, "Chance Imagery" (1957), and enrolling in John Cage's historical new music class at the New School of Social Research (1958). Brecht produced the first issue of *cc V TRE*, which later became the *FLUXUS* tabloid and authored perhaps the most important post-Cagean compositional writing, "Water



Volume 1, Footnotes to Chapt. VIII, page 2. Unpainted wooden chair with television set. "The world's largest chocolate factory . . ."



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## CENTERFOLD

VOLUME THREE — BACK ISSUES  
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### ○ NUMBER ONE/TWO — TELEPERFORMANCE DOUBLE ISSUE

Twelve Texts documenting the performances of the Fifth Network/Cinquieme Reseau. Information on/by Elizabeth Chitty, Peggy Gale, Tom Sherman, Rene Blouin, David Buchan, Colin Campbell, Marshalore, Nancy Nicol, Daniel Dion & Daniel Guimond, Paul Wong, The Hummer Sisters, Willoughby Sharp, General Idea, Jo-Anne Birnie Danzker, Clive Robertson, Vera Frenkel, Dennis Tourbin, Glenn Lewis, Jean-Francois Cantin, Robert Racine, Randy and Bernicci, The Government. Plus additional features and reviews. Guest Editorial by Kenneth Coutts-Smith.

○ NUMBER THREE — THE BODY POLITIC TRIAL. 23 page examination of the issues surrounding the trial of the Gay Newspaper that was eventually acquitted of obscenity charges. Analysis of the trial, the media, the public reaction, and the central question: freedom of expression. Plus Censorship & Women, Susan Britton's 'Tutti Quanti', Eleventh International Festival of Sound Poetry, the Gina Show, Paul Wong's 'In Ten Sity', and other articles and reviews by Tim Guest, Carole Conde, Nell Tenhaaf, Kenneth Coutts-Smith, Tom Sherman, Karl Beveridge, A.S.A. Harrison, Lisa Steele, and Jeff Nuttall.

○ NUMBER FOUR — WOMEN AND INFANTICIDE. A report on the social environment in which children are killed. Articles and reviews on The

Music Gallery of the CCMC, Margaret Dragu, British Performance, Political Content in Art, Subsidy in the U.K., Colin Campbell, Randy & Bernicci, General Idea, CAR/FAC, Flash Performance, The Deer Hunter, the B-52's, the Nihilist spasm Band, the Tubes, I.O.U., a Kingston performance project, and alternative artist-run organisations — just another alternative?

○ NUMBER FIVE — 1 CAMERA, 1 VOTE. Election manoeuvres as game-show ennui. The CBC's RIEL twists history badly enough to seriously hurt the Metis. Venezuelan Video Festival, Lisa Steele's recent video tapes, reviews of Rubber Gun, Susan Britton's Message to China, Elizabeth Chitty's Demo Model, 13 Cameras, Carole Conde/Karl Beveridge, C.K. Tomczak, Larry Dubin, Relican (Religion Canada) and reports on two new artists spaces.

○ NUMBER SIX — SURVEILLANCE & INSECURITY. Tom Sherman examines video surveillance legislation. Low rent housing for artists in England. Text by and interview with Joseph Beuys. Millhaven Prisoners formed a group called Odyssey, and tell the story themselves, writing for active reform. Video, audio, and performance festivals. Reviews of Semiotexte, four German tapes, new video at Pumps in Vancouver, Videocab, Performance publications, Kerry Trendgrove, Devo, The Government, the CRTC, NABET filming their own strike, and Anti-Nukes at Darlington.



## Video

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No one appears to be taking responsibility for nuclear waste, called 'tailings'. There is so much of it and it is so difficult to dispose of that in some places it has even been used as foundations for housing. I guess it's cheaper than concrete.

Special stainless steel containers are manufactured to contain this waste. The containers have an average life of 50 years. The tailings can sometimes remain active for 1,000,000 years.

But there are big bucks in nuclear power. The mining, the technicians, the weapons, the construction . . . Solar power, Caldicott claims, is not in great use because no one can own or make money off the sun . . .

Well, anyway, you sort of get the idea.

It's all pretty amazing, but it's difficult to know what to do with it. The

answers are so obvious, and the reasons for continuing to use nuclear power are so obscure. Unless it really is only money that keeps it going.

Which it probably is.

But the presentation of this information is important too. And I wasn't interested in Caldicott's scare tactics, though I was scared by them. A lecturer is basically a performer who gives "inanimate" information a life and immediacy. To effect this he or she has to be, to some extent, manipulative of the audience. And this manipulation can paradoxically be the first thing to invalidate the information.

I guess I just wanted facts without the graphic descriptions of possibilities. Like hoards of unrecognizably mutated humans coursing over the landscape. I also didn't want her to start talking about what God has charged us to do, which she did. It's such a cop out. Remember? First by flood and then by fire. It represents the kind of sin, punishment and redemption equation that allows good Christians to abandon responsibility for their most destructive actions.

Another tape should be made which has none of this kind of brimstoning, none of this 'telling of tales' — for example of being phoned by nuclear power workers in Harrisburg who murmur "Strange things are happening here and I can't talk about them now."

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## Books

### Taking A Chance. . .

AN INTRODUCTION TO GEORGE BRECHT'S "BOOK OF THE TUMBLER ON FIRE"

by Henry Martin, 260 pp., hardcover, colour plates, \$55. Multhipla Edizioni p. le Martino 3.20137 Milano, Italy. Also available by mail from Art Metropole, 217 Richmond St. W., Toronto M5V 1W2.

reviewed by Clive Robertson

This book looks like one of those tomes on Picasso, Dali, Kandinsky or Chagall; you know, one of those books that would all but crush the strongest of coffee tables. Is it a book for the collector? "I own a George Brecht?", "Who's George Brecht?" and whammo you bring down this 3 lb. book on the unsuspecting inquirer's fingers. It reads not unlike the Schwartz book on Duchamp and perhaps this is the publisher's clue.

George Brecht, the former chemist, together with his friend and sometimes co-worker Robert Filliou, appropriated from science into art the now common working term "research". Brecht also defined clearly what he originated and used as "events" (as

in Happenings and Events). As pre-artists, Robert Filliou worked for the United Nations on economic studies, and George Brecht worked at Johnson & Johnson inventing the Modess Tampon, for which he holds the patent. For a while Brecht was both a chemist and an artist (he quit being a chemist in 1965), producing random number paintings in 1955-56, writing a paper, "Chance Imagery" (1957), and enrolling in John Cage's historical new music class at the New School of Social Research (1958). Brecht produced the first issue of *cc V TRE*, which later became the *FLUXUS* tabloid and authored perhaps the most important post-Cagean compositional writing, "Water



Volume 1, Footnotes to Chapt. VIII, page 2. Unpainted wooden chair with television set. "The world's largest chocolate factory . . ."



## Books

Yam", a collection of 110 inspirational cards to be used for events (1962-1965).

Henry Martin's book pieces George Brecht's life-work together from a variety of sources. A quarter of the book is taken up with re-prints and English translations of interviews with Brecht by Ben Vautier and Marcel Alocco (1965), Henry Martin (1967), Irmeline Lebeer (1973), Gisliind Nabakowski (1974), Robin Page (1972), and Michael Nyman (1976). Similar questions arise — the history of Fluxus, the relationship of Brecht's work to Duchamp and Cage, chance,

theories of objecthood — but together, the interviews overlap without much repetition. Brecht blocks the humour of Vautier and defuses the academics of Nyman.

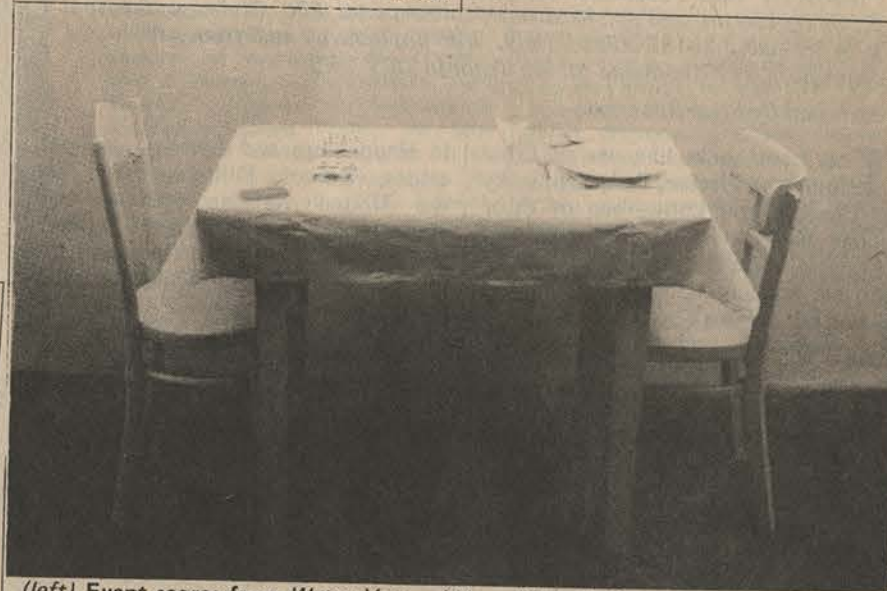
The opening section of the book is a historical appraisal of Brecht's work by Henry Martin. Martin seems sensitive to Brecht's thinking and actions. In sixty pages he carefully reconstructs a Brechtian behaviour, suggesting where it differs from Surrealism, where it is devoid of emotion, how it uses complicated theories of *field* and *spectrum*, how it is contained within Brecht's preoccupation with *spiritual virtuosity*. It is difficult to see how much Martin, once involved in this project, has suffered from attempting to "sell" Brecht. One assumes that Brecht is far more modest and art-relaxed than Duchamp, for instance.

Before dipping into the substance of *The Book of Tumbler on Fire*, I should mention that the Martin's book also contains texts by Brecht. An essay titled "From 'Project in Multiple Dimensions'" (1957-58) ends with the line: "My art is the result of a deeply personal, infinitely complex, and still essentially mysterious, exploration of experience. No words will ever touch it." Also reprinted are "Paragraphs, Quotations, and Lists" (1961), "Something about FLUXUS" (1961), "Chance Imagery" (1957), for which Brecht published an after-note in 1964 on realizing that his focused appraisal of Pollock's chance imagery should have been reserved for Cage, and "Some More About

Fluxus" (undated). The remaining 109 pages are filled with black and white and colour plates from *The Book of the Tumbler on Fire (And Other Works)*.

And so we come to the title of the book, *The Book of the Tumbler on Fire*. George Brecht makes objects. Beginning in 1964, he has worked on *The Book of the Tumbler on Fire*, that retroactively included works as early as 1962 into "the book". In 1964, Brecht was constructing a series of boxes (flat display case), and realized that the flat boxes were like *pages*, implying a book. Since then he has

Vol. II, Chapter 2, Page 3, *Fox Fire*, 1969. "Clapper-board on green wooden box top with egg."



(left) Event scores from *Water Yam*. (Above) Vol. I, Chapt. 9, Page 9. "Table and Chairs." 1962-63. all photos courtesy Multipla Edizioni and George Brecht

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2. Pause. Urination. Pause.
3. Perspiration.

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G. Brecht

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### INSTRUCTION

- Turn on a radio.
- At the first sound, turn it off.

## Books

carried the analogy of the book to "considerable lengths". The book now has pages, titled chapters, and footnotes. The first two volumes have been concluded as well as parts one, two and three of Volume Three. The footnotes to a specific series of pages from Volume One consist of a group of chairs, each of which has been combined with a portion of the electromagnetic spectrum, an object chosen at random and a quotation from the Guinness Book of Records. Part three of Volume Three is a book co-authored by George Brecht and Patrick Hughes entitled *Vicious Circles and Infinity*. A *Panoply of Paradoxes* (available separately from Doubleday, New York). Brecht himself has referred to the project as "a research project in the relations between different things: objects with each other, objects and events, scores and objects, objects and styles and so on..."

If this sounds somewhat loose, we can listen in on a conversation between Michael Nyman and George Brecht:

MN: In what sense is it a book?

GB: What is a book?

MN: One knows what a book is conventionally...

GB: A book is a field too.

MN: But it is physically arranged in such a way as to make it difficult to appreciate as a field, because its linear continuity, unlike a box of separate cards...

GB: So it seems. It seems more like an object but if you think about it, you don't enter a book even on the first page without your past, your mind, coming into it, and your mind has memories, too. So even your reading of the first page is conditioned by your previous experience. And once you've finished the book your experience goes on; your idea of the book from a later point will be different, will change as your memory of it changes, or the experience of the book will change your later experience. So any book is also part of a field.

Apart from being mere history, this new book on Brecht is a primer. Between the interviews one can realize the infertile and empty ground that was cultivated by the spurious efforts of Kosuth (Conceptualism) or Swidin-

ski (Contextualism). The chemistry of George Brecht over some thirty years of study is there for those who know that life if not art must have some verifiable content.

At \$55 I wasn't going to recommend this book. Who's got \$55, right? Well if you're a student, this and about four other books will easily substitute for what's still being offered as contemporary art education. If you're long out of art-school but still practising, this book is worth a 60 minute blank video cassette. If you just came in to "see the art", only to find out that it wasn't really a nude descending a staircase, George Brecht can tell you why. And finally if your performance career is on the rocks, buy this book and find out what to do with an event once you've found one. Then you will at least be reassured that there can be no such thing as a retrospective.

(If you read French and German, the interviews published in *An Introduction to George Brecht's Book of the Tumbler on Fire* are also now available in a catalog from Kunsthalle, Bern, 1978, titled *Texte 24 einer Heterospektive von George Brecht*, \$17.00. Also available from Art Metropole, Toronto.)

## Stop Killin' Our Future

BLACK UNITED FRONT — DEFEND OR DIE

Published by The Black United Front, (New York) 1979. Editors: Jerry Byron and Jitu Weusi. Available from: House of the Lord Church, 415 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217. \$5.00 (U.S.)

reviewed by Karl Beveridge

In the summer of 1978, a series of police beatings and the police killing of a black community leader, Arthur Miller, mobilized the black community of Brooklyn, N.Y. into several mass demonstrations, which lead to the formation of the Black United Front.

Bringing together various organizations, the Black United Front has succeeded in forming a strong political force to protest not only police killings, but racist terrorism, hospital cutbacks, deteriorating housing conditions, cutbacks in child care and senior citizen's facilities, and miseducation, among other things.

The Black United Front has also produced this book outlining the

conditions around which the Front was formed, the actions it has taken and the demands it puts forward. The book presents a very straight-forward and effective case, using newspaper coverage, and documentation of the events and demonstrations themselves.

But it is not so much a book, as it is a tough piece of agit-documentation. There are no frills here. No human interest angles, no ghetto-life street colour, no Nikon F-2 poverty shots. It's about the political mobilization of the people. It's about fighting back.

Nor is it high sounding, low meaning polemic. But don't kid yourself, the message is there. "Stop Killin' Our Future", "Too long has our Blood been Shed I turned around and Bro-

Arthur Miller was dead... How many more will it be", is the message from demonstration placards. Its strength comes from almost understating the case. This is what happened. This is what they're doing about it. That's it. If you don't get the message, you never will.

A footnote: On August 27th of this year, while mourning the recent death of Luis Baez, a Hispanic who was shot no less than 21 times by five New York cops, the Black United Front, 2,000 strong, was attacked, beaten and scattered by the same New York police.

Karl Beveridge is an artist living in Toronto. He is an associate editor of CENTERFOLD.



## The Metaphor Machine

“My point is that illness is not a metaphor, and that the most truthful way of regarding illness — and the healthiest way of being ill — is one most resistant to metaphoric thinking.” Susan Sontag, *Illness As Metaphor*.

Metaphors are first and foremost a literary device, a form through which artists express whatever nuances or specificities they choose. A metaphor can be revelatory or it can be just another limitation depending on how it's used, and so an understanding of metaphoric thinking has to be both critical and flexible. My critique is also scattered and intuitive, rather than definitive in any way.

The problem with metaphors is that they tend to take on a life of their own, the description becomes the thing itself, the parable becomes the real story. It's the mountain-out-of-a-mole-hill syndrome which turns a relatively meaningless analogy into an overly significant generalization. A metaphor which starts out as an arbitrary description develops a mythology of its own, and that mythology becomes a substitute, an interpretation of the reality itself.

Consider for example the function of the news media. Whether it's the exile of the boat people or the danger of exploding pop bottles, the newspapers, and television news in particular operates as a metaphor machine — generating fiction indistinguishable from facts. It manufactures hysteria, leaves only the vague impressions of real events, and doesn't actually reveal very much at all. It stimulates and informs just enough to make one listen and buy — both products and ideologies. It feeds a passive audience in the truest sense of the expression. And generally it only activates the public over right-wing issues, and does this regularly with great effect. When homosexuality is projected as the picture of moral decline, the result is a wave of queer-bashing. When Rastafarians are projected as dangerous criminal religious, the story is followed by a dramatic increase in racist violence.

Artists often misuse metaphors in an indirectly similar manner, although without such large consequences. In the same fashion as the media, the idea is to use the analogy of a sensational,

ambiguous, social phenomenon as your centerpiece, then build a mythology around it. This presumably gives an interesting angle on a complex social issue and creates a potent metaphor. But if the metaphor doesn't reveal anything (and especially something different from what mainstream culture has already presented us with) then the artwork, no matter how intelligently constructed, is a failure or an outright fraud. Judith Doyle's book *Anorexial* fails because it uses the disease as a convenient metaphor on which to hang a linguistic experiment, and distorts all the facts in the process. As another example, James Collins' photographs (“Watching Women”) take the viewer no further than the most banal, ‘romantic’, billboard message. His work is a fraud because, despite a highly developed sense of aesthetics, it amounts to a glorification of what already exists in countless misogynist advertisements.

But the converse is also true. It's possible to use the media's popular analogies to different ends. There is a current of media artists whose work revolves around inversions of pop culture, complete with grandiose allusions and ironic critiques. In his book, *Delirious New York: A Retroactive Manifesto of Manhattan*, Rem Koolhaas speaks of the “reality shortage” which plagues modern society and proposes the construction of lucid, fantasy metaphors — a weapon against the boredom of a half-baked culture.

It's difficult to exactly prescribe a genuine, workable metaphor, but I think the key to the problem lies in revealing information not otherwise understood or articulated. The thoughts you know best, the strongest feelings, are never spoken except through a cheap metaphor which only tells half the story. An artist's job is to shape alternate mythologies, ones which belong to our own experience and which open up the field of vision instead of always cutting it up into manageable bites. And the best metaphors are the ones which uncover new territory, instead of limiting one's potentials to what is in the mainstream in front of us. ■

Tim Guest, Toronto, is a frequent contributor to “The Body Politic” and an associate editor of *CENTERFOLD*.

## Books

### At Ease With Disease

ANOREXIAL  
by Judith Doyle. Rumour Publications, Toronto, 1979. \$1.00 (soft-cover)

reviewed by Martha Fleming

The way in which Judith Doyle has used anorexia nervosa as a metaphor in her book shows a superficial understanding of the disease. Though with greater repercussions, doctors have often missed the same boat in their ‘diagnoses’ and ‘treatments’.

For many years behaviour modification has been an accepted ‘cure’ for anorexia. This treatment borders on the grotesquely Pavlovian in its use of shock treatment and other forms of torture. It attempts to rectify the attitude towards food, and utterly ignores the underlying socio-psychological circumstances responsible for the increasing incidence of this disease. All that behaviour modification succeeds in achieving is the creation of polarized attitudes to food — it trains anorexics to act in one way, though they feel the opposite.

Doyle's sketchy knowledge of the disease and her linear preoccupation with the most evident symptom — alimentary obsession — show her to be as unqualified as the behavioural therapists are to examine the complex nature of the disease. There are few things as misguided as an ill-informed metaphor.

Doyle talks about food as a mode of communication — “By communicating with food, I felt as if I willingly wore . . . gloves. I was forced to convert what I had to say into something edible.” But the important focus is not *how*, but *what* anorexics are attempting to communicate through their aberration — that their psyches are in a state of extremus in the face of their adolescence, their puberty and the disengagement from their families. This Doyle does not touch on.

Her book appears, in an obscure way, to be about linguistics. And though anorexia has a great deal to do with expression, it is not in any way the kind of laterally communicative tool which Doyle has romanticized in her book — “I want to use food with the spirit brought to flags, for flags and food share directness and economy.” (cont'd. p. 58)

## Books

### Anorexia Nervosa: A Patient Speaks

*This serious disease is a feminist issue, and not a 'fad'.*

Beth Lesser

Anorexia Nervosa is all too commonly written off by the medical profession as a “fad disease”, a product of a peculiar convergence of cultural ideals and social pressures.

In the neverending search for elegantly thin proportions, the victims of this disorder — mainly young women and particularly those well off materially and intellectually — reject all indulgence and lead an aesthetic life of starvation and regimented behaviour, often punctuated by wild, impulsive bingeing and vomiting.

To many outsiders, involved or not in the field of medicine, anorexia must seem a trivial disease. Male psychiatric assistants have expressed a real resentment at having to spend their nights on the anorexic wards. They find the units populated by “spoiled brats”, rich kids who have never known the realities of poverty and starvation.

But anorexia is a disease severe enough to cause the body great permanent injury. It can even prove fatal if ignored or unsuccessfully treated. Doctors are aware of the risk involved in attempting to help the anorexic gain weight. Not only will the course of treatment be a long and trying struggle — many anorexics maintain their symptoms over years and even decades — but if he loses the battle, he may lose the patient. Not many doctors, novice interns or busy seasoned residents, will give so freely of their time or take on such an unpromising challenge.

Physicians and psychiatrists frequently fail to diagnose the disease. Obsessional eating habits, weight loss and hyperactivity can be dismissed as “a simple diet”. Even more commonly, the patient may appear healthy and be a normal weight due to compulsive overeating and purging. Because anorexia is so intractable a disease, doctors may find it more convenient to deny that the symptoms are present.

A vast ignorance about the disease itself must contribute to these problems of diagnosis and treatment. So much more attention is given to more traditional disorders such as schizophrenia. During the months I spent in one particular out-patient treatment setting, I felt the effects of this discrimination in a very personal way. The schizophrenic patients for instance, were segregated in special therapy groups geared to educating them about the disease and sharing in the experience of its symptoms. The eating disorder patients tended to be tossed anonymously into a general category “personality conflicts” group where one found it easy to avoid ever raising the subject of eating. Compounding the problem was the therapists' lack of knowledge. On too many occasions, I was the one to point out the recurrence of symptomatic behaviour and prompt them on how to proceed with my treatment.

*This letter is reprinted from “Montages”, the newsletter of the Clarke Institute of Psychiatry, Toronto. Beth Lesser was a patient at the Clarke Institute, where she underwent treatment for anorexia nervosa.*

In the course of my own treatment for anorexia I have seen therapists of almost every possible persuasion, as an inpatient and an outpatient, in both Canada and the U.S. And, in each situation I feel I have suffered from a serious avoidance of innovative research and a deep prejudice against the disease and its victims. I have come to believe that anorexia is a feminist issue, not merely a “fad disease” or “eating disorder”.

The anorexic parodies the traditional woman's role by cooking, cleaning and serving others, always remaining passive, always being “good”. Yet the while she is in silent revolt, eliminating every feminine characteristic of her physical appearance. As the pounds melt away, so do hips and breasts. At some point menstruation stops and often sexual feelings and fantasies as well. On the surface she works hard, achieving high marks in school or great perfection at work, always answering the demands of others. Inside, she tries to become invisible, in order not to burden, not to upset, not to exist.

Traditional treatment methods such as behaviour modification are often immediately successful in a hospital setting. The patient gains weight necessary for discharge. But too often, she has given in to authority only to please others. Upon release she returns to old behaviours and in some cases might attempt suicide, over the tragic loss of control she feels she has suffered because someone made her gain weight.

Hilde Bruch, the greatest pioneer of this illness, has often warned of the dangers inherent in such commonly used treatments as behaviour modification and psychoanalysis. From my own experience, I must agree. Anorexia cannot be cured by a doctor; it must be conquered by the victim. The anorexic will remain caught in the syndrome until she can find some realization of her own worth as an individual, possessing valid feelings and a valid identity. Perhaps the only real cure is anger, a great release of the suppressed anger society does not want a woman to express. As long as treatment methods ignore this and attempt to manipulate the patient into set roles of behaviour, the symptoms will not be removed. The anorexic must actively rebel against the moulds she is pressed into by others.

With the aid of an affirming and warm female therapist who will not fear the rage or censor the emerging person, she must construct for herself an identity that is real and vital. No male therapist can ever fully identify with this process of rebirth.

The increasing incidence of anorexia is a problem for both the individual sufferer and a society that encourages the suppression of a full, female identity. My hope is that women in the field of medicine will take the lead and demand the time and money necessary for research in this disease.



## Books

No anorexic could become detached enough from her obsession (we are talking about self-starvation) to consider food affectionately as "an incryption — a code which used a rudimentary part of language", or to "inadvertently (leave) a piece of food out beside the refrigerator."

In fact, according to Dr. Hilde Bruch, a U.S. psychologist whose innovative work with anorexics has been highly successful, their extreme hunger is the consuming element in their emotional disturbance. It is the key to their delusions of superiority. Their apparently superhuman ability to live through starvation gives them a feeling of control such as they have never had or dreamt of before. It ensures the attention they emotionally require. But Doyle has nonchalantly begun one of the eight short vignettes that comprise the book with "Before I lost my appetite . . ." — as if that were ever the case.

Eating disorders rarely have anything to do with the function of eating and digesting, but rather with the patient's extremely distorted attitude towards self, and the consequent mind/body dissociations. Anorexics desire as much to control bodily exhaustion as to control their hunger — they exercise constantly.

And control is the prime motivating factor of anorexia nervosa. In the advent of the disease, anorexics, whose worlds have been expanding logarithmically with age, responsibility and puberty, shrink to a manageable size. Demands made on them by peers and parents cease, and they become socially ostracized automatons. Fear of adolescence and a feeling of increased helplessness triggers this rigorous and regressive self-discipline. Anorexic starvation is not the innovative communication structure Doyle would have us think. It is not even a good analogy for one. It is a psychic aberration which grows out of emotional paralysis rather than a logical examination of alternatives to language.

To diverge briefly from Doyle's book, some current diagnostic information may help in understanding the disease and the consequent failings of the book. The parents of anorexic girls all appear to have given their daughters so much, materially and emotionally, that these girls feel that they do not have the right to self-determination, or the ability to lead their own lives. They feel they can never repay what their parents have

given them. The main reason why their confusion manifests itself in this way rather than any other is that they have rarely set any social interaction patterns according to their own individual needs. Consequently they have trouble differentiating between their needs and others' needs, as well as between what is an emotional need, what is a bodily need, what is a sexual need and so on.

The advent of sexuality in a child's life is the final and most definite break from the family. It represents her irrefutable individuality. The anorexic panics in the face of the choices and possibilities sexuality presents, and is disconcerted by her bodily changes to the point of severe perceptual distortions. Suddenly the body becomes a battle ground for control of her burgeoning life. Anorexics come to feel sure that their bodies can't and shouldn't assimilate food, and normal female functions repel them. In all cases of anorexia, menstruation ceases utterly and natural bodily curves all but disappear — in extreme cases they do.

Doyle says matter-of-factly, "Rarely are their lives dramatically altered by the weight loss." Yet according to Hilde Bruch in her book *The Golden Cage*, drastic changes in the electrolyte balance and other metabolic and hormonal changes make "the resolution of the precipitating psychological issues difficult if not impossible. The whole behaviour may be so severely disturbed that it borders on psychotic disorganization." Until recently, 10 per cent of all victims of anorexia have died of the disease.

The sensational aspects of such a disease — its victims' obsession with the primary element of human survival — makes it a subject of fascination and revulsion to those who do not suffer from it. Its attractions as a hot topic are obvious. It will remain attractive in the same way as schizophrenia is until such time as the reality of both mental illnesses is brought home to the romantics who abuse them.

Though what Doyle is trying to say about communication systems and their control might be of interest, her misunderstanding of the disease she uses as a metaphor cancels the weight of her message. People will read this book because of an interest in anorexia nervosa, not because of an interest in linguistics.

If you are interested in anorexia nervosa, I suggest you read *Eating Disorders* and *The Golden Cage*, both by Dr. Hilde Bruch. If you are interested in systemic linguistics, read Roland Barthes. Judith Doyle should stop using *Time*, *Newsweek* and *Maclean's* as reference material for her metaphors, long enough to think clearly about what it is she wants to say on the subject. ■

Martha Fleming, Toronto free-lance writer, is also the video curator at Art Metropole and an associate editor of CENTERFOLD.

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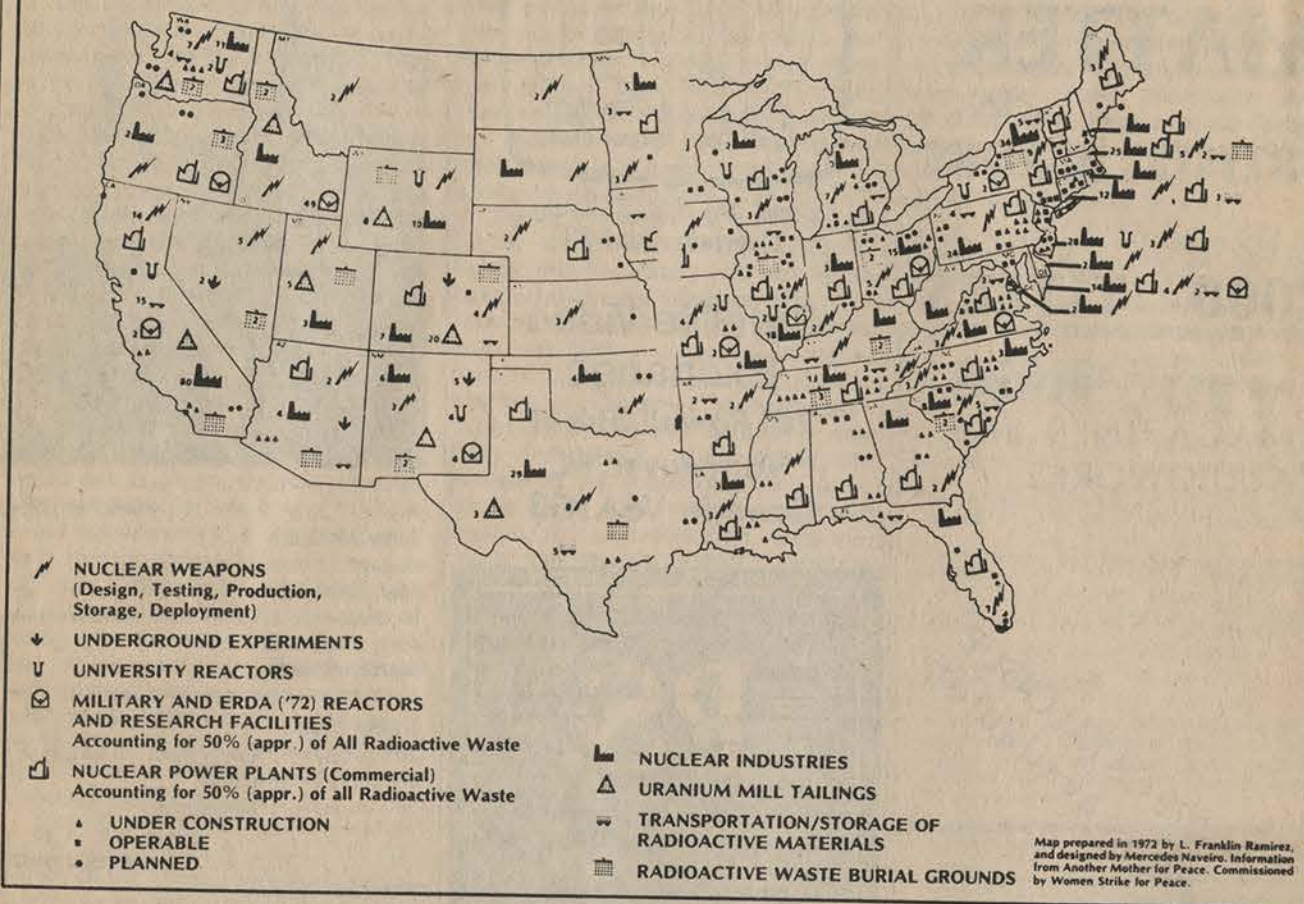
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### Nuclear Threats to Human Survival



### Radioactive

**NUCLEAR MADNESS: WHAT YOU CAN DO**

by Dr. Helen Caldicott. Massachusetts, Autumn Press, 1978, 120 p.

reviewed by Rina Fraticelli

"In 1946 Albert Einstein, apprehensive about humanity's misuse of the power of the atom, expressed great concern for the future of mankind. Today's nuclear arsenal must exceed his own worst nightmares."

This book is a nightmare: a sort of waking nightmare that's hard to shake even after you put the book down. Although I was completely absorbed by *Nuclear Madness*, I simply couldn't manage more than a few pages at one sitting. Don't misunderstand me; this book is clearly and accessibly written. In fact, accessibility is one of Dr. Caldicott's primary concerns. But *Nuclear Madness* is simply so dense, so disconcertingly laden with evidence of the clearly diminishing possibilities for

a future continuation of the human race, that the survival instinct draws a blank, calling the brain to a halt.

*Nuclear Madness* was composed as a sort of reveille to a sleepwalker at the edge of a cliff. It is an intimate book, addressed to one individual from another. It is this intimacy of tone which more than anything else had led to Dr. Caldicott occasionally being labelled as an "evangelist". In this case, the term functions as a diversionary tactic to discount Caldicott's credentials and credibility. Evangelist is loosely translatable here as: "some crazy fanatic we needn't take any notice of." But while it is the intimacy of tone, the absence of technological jargon, and the accessible man-

ner of presentation of this information which allows the scientifically uninitiated to approach the content, it is finally the content itself which chills the brain.

Somewhere in the book a surreal quality begins to take over, but in fairness to the author, that quality derives from the sheer reality of the facts and the grotesque proportions of the madness. Schools built with radioactive waste products, 3 foot mutant sponges leeching on nuclear waste drums off San Francisco Bay, and scores of other similar tales do less for my sense of black humour now than they might have at the climax of a Japanese sci-fi thriller on late night tv ten years ago.

It is important to point out that all these references relate strictly to side-effects, by-products and uncalculated wastes of the nuclear cycle. I leave you to your recollections of Harrisburg or, preferably, your reading of *Nuclear Madness* to fill in the details of the central risks involved at

the heart of the reactor system.

Dr. Caldicott points out reactors aren't even the ultimate insanity of the nuclear programme. In a hypothesis worthy only of Alfred Jarry's mad warrior Ubu Roi, and called, fittingly, Mutually Assured Destruction (M.A.D.), global defence is designed as an all-out game of chicken, where ultimate security for the nations of the earth is "guaranteed" by each country's ability to annihilate the rest. If provoked. At least we can be assured that the entire war would likely take less than an hour.

"When compared to the threat of nuclear war, the nuclear power controversy shrinks to paltry dimensions. A reactor melt-down might kill as many as 50,000 people; a war fought with nuclear power would put an end to civilization as we know it," says Caldicott.

The fuel for these bombs, which are proliferating at an absurd rate, is plutonium — a substance so deadly that a single pound of it, evenly distributed, could give the entire popula-

tion of the world lung cancer. Until recently this substance was found in nature only in minute amounts, but now thanks to the process of nuclear reaction, each reactor can produce 400-500 pounds of plutonium annually. That's enough for 40-50 bombs. Annually. With enough left over to get lost. Or stolen. And it remains radioactive for half a million years.

Of all living creatures, humans are the most vulnerable to radioactive poison. A single diagnostic x-ray to a pregnant woman increases her child's risk of leukemia by 40 per cent. I will spare you the statistics taken after Hiroshima. Yet the routine practices maintained at certain nuclear facilities would seem to indicate that the stuff is actually a tonic to the human system. For example, there is a maximum amount of radiation exposure legally permitted for employees in nuclear facilities. It is common practice to hire transients or unskilled labour (called "fresh bodies") to work in areas of intense radiation. This preserves the "body banks" of

the plant's already-trained full-time staff. After the transients have received their maximum doses, often in a day or less, they may move on to work at another facility, in this same capacity, without ever being questioned as to their previous exposure.

And there is more, a great deal more. But Dr. Caldicott's final purpose is a simple and straightforward one. Calling for what Einstein referred to as a "chain reaction of awareness", she argues that the survival of the species, at least in recognizable form, depends upon the individual. Only a massive, grass roots movement, will wrench the power from those who are playing nuclear tag with our future. For as Caldicott maintains, not only are lay individuals capable of understanding the issues and the facts, they are better suited to perceive the disastrous implications behind this nuclear madness.

Rina Fraticelli is a member of the editorial collective of "Fireweed", a journal of feminist writing. She is also a dramaturge at the Factory Theatre Lab in Toronto.

### Discs

### A Band Of Ideas

**FEAR OF MUSIC**

by the Talking Heads

reviewed by Tim Guest

Popular music means more to more people than almost any other artform. It's a mass media which people consider they need — to make them feel better, to get by — versus considering it entertaining or informative. But despite their therapeutic value, most records don't do much in the way of providing inspiration, they're like a safety valve; let off a little steam at the love-signifiers but don't think too much about it. The latest exceptional case is the new Talking Heads album *Fear of Music*.

It's their most refined work to date, representing developments on all fronts. The music is driving, determined, precise, and all that good rock can be. Brian Eno complements the production with a series of unearthly exotic noises. And characteristically it revolves around a complicated pattern of rinky-dink notes and rhythms, which end up sounding

like a lot of clocks in a Tokyo laudromat.

The lyrics are more like ideas than just words to sing along, and they're quite inspired. All the songs are about abstractions, things which exist as concepts or projections, more than defined objects or clichéd experiences. The songs are about air, cities, animals, drugs, memory, heaven, paper, etc. . . . But the abstractions, however odd, are also very real. The best way to describe the songs is that they're about dislocation, disorientation, and altered ways of thinking:

"There's a party in my mind . . .  
and I hope it never stops . . .  
I'm stuck here in this seat . . .  
I might not stand up . . .  
Other people can go home . . .  
everybody else will split . . .  
I'll be here all the time . . .  
I can never quit."

There's an ironic edge, for example a dance tune about life during wartime:

"This ain't no party, this ain't no disco, this ain't no fooling around . . . No time for dancing, or lovey-dovey. I ain't got time for that now."

But David Byrne's vocals are so passionate and obsessive, the song comes across as no joke.

On the whole it's a very dark album. Unlike the eccentric optimism of previous work the songs here are downcast, gloomy with a touch of resignation. They are believably poignant. Every time I hear "Heaven" I think it's my favourite song ever.

"When this kiss is over it will start again. It will not be any different, it will be exactly the same . . . It's hard to imagine that nothing at all could be so exciting, could be so much fun . . . Heaven is a place where nothing ever happens . . ."

It's very romantic . . . and so different from what passes through the mainstream of pop music. There's no heartbreak, rejection, no mindless effervescence. Instead, the music is rarefied, conscientious, and moving in a way which has nothing to do with customary notions of pleasure and beauty. And finally, the best thing about Talking Heads is that they have the integrity to always place demands on their audience, and they always reveal another way of thinking.



## Discs

### Music From The Death Factory

D.O.A. THE THIRD AND FINAL REPORT OF THROBBING GRISTLE  
*Throbbing Gristle: Chris Carter, Peter Christopherson, Genesis P-Orridge, Cosey Fanni Tutti. Industrial Records IR0004/A*

reviewed by Tom Sherman

First off I want you to know that I don't go out looking for this kind of culture. People give it to me. I can't resist it. I want to share it with you. I want to return the favour. But before I sit down and listen seriously to this *Throbbing Gristle* album, I'm going to warm up on my Angel recording of *Music by Varèse*. The A side is "Deserts" and it's one long powerful nervous stretch of sound. Everything on it is sharp in its attack. It's a glut of surprises. I found this disc in my Father's collection and I borrowed it and I listen to it quite often. It's not great — it's the Paris Instrument Ensemble for Contemporary Music attempting to play along with a tape prepared by the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center. Canned electronic music with live accompaniment taped and doctored and pressed into vinyl. The recording was done in France and it's clean and bright. The liner notes are fancy enough but I can't give you the date of the performance because they don't list it. It doesn't matter because it's only the warm up music. Apparently Edgar Varèse was writing for tape prematurely. He was an artist working on a faith in science. He was composing for tape on the promise of the advent of magnetic recording technology. He was a French immigrant turned New York City American in 1924. He was composing science fiction psycholandscape pictures with the sound of the City in the 30's. Soundtracks for moving pictures never made. It wasn't dream stuff. He was jangled, he must have been crazy. He could hear World War I in the New York City street noise. There was some alienation there. He was paranoid but he was a realist. Listening to "Deserts" I get an idea of how noisy the City must have seemed to a sensitive young European composer with his big ears on. I always think of Varèse as the man who heard too much.

Having endured Varèse's shell-shocking volley with 20th Century urban noise pollution, I now feel I'm in the mood to tackle this wonderful *Throbbing Gristle* disc. Varèse's (shit, I'm sorry, one more thing) sense of

how to use tape was limited, for although he was 'thinking tape' in his fifties, he didn't get his hands on a tape recorder until 1954, when he was 71. On the other hand, I figure this *Throbbing Gristle* bunch must have grown up with stereo 8-track. They're primitive enough in their own way. They run electric guitars and amplified violins and synthesizers into tape machines. They play along with pre-recorded tape and they do tape everything. They are probably electronically conscious of all sound by now. They sing like machines. I know *Throbbing Gristle* sounds in this description like any other band playing in 1979. But I'm not just writing about



The reviewer's turntable, amp and speaker.

photo: Sherman/Molyneux

the regular implementation of incredible technology which is now available as a rule in all professional recording studios around the world. I'm not simply describing what every band must do while making a record today: customary mixing with high technology. I would rather speculate on what the band does at home.

I believe the members of *Throbbing Gristle* cut and mutilate their lives to death with tape. Obsessed not only with power, they distort their music with mechanical precision. Naturally, they process their sound with several generations of electronic machines. Not necessarily sophisticated

machines, but a collection of consumer machines any group of contemporary artists with credit would have in their basement apartment. *Throbbing Gristle* has machines and they can play them. I've heard this record three times on three different systems. Everyone who heard *D.O.A.* thought it was good music. You could get something out of it. I don't know how long it will hold up for me. I want to get as much out of it as I can. Here it is, *MUSIC FROM THE DEATH FACTORY*. I've put my headphones on to listen to the A side.

*I.B.M.* (2'34") Sounds like the phone. There's tones and music and voices on another track riding in. There's horns and beeps. There's noise. There are pairs of high tones that travel over the jam. Inspired by a found cassette. It's music. Sharp cut to *HIT BY A ROCK* (2'29") A rock and roll band lead vocal singing hit by a rock in a tunnel

of a room. Recorded live at Highbury Roundhouse London England September 1977. Playing with a digital delay live and muddy. Monotonous vocal hangs on a repetitious bass line throbbing soft staccato pulse frequently understated and even held back in a quiver at times. Emotional. Tape running backwards. *UNITED* (0'16") Rewinding whining abstract machine melody moves forward in exaggerated AGC attraction to end up out on a street with young voices talking. *VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH* (4'03") It's snow like the white noise draw of an AGC in characteristic total spatial attack but shaped.

## Discs

Just an oscillator forced through a dirty window. Recorded and arranged by Peter Christopherson. Men's voices British laughing. We listen in from outside their place. We're hovering fixed above off to the side. Now there's a couple of conversations. It's the same people at different times. Laughing just out of sync two different times. Here comes some more noise squeezing through changing pitch breaking into clear ringing room sound. I can't make out what they are saying. Up tempo rhythm machine. *DEAD ON ARRIVAL* (6'03") Recorded live at A.T.C. Goldsmith's College London May 1978. Sharp cords ring clanging metal dissonance. The chords are erections in space ending somewhere over the top big and strong like a dentist's drill. The sound of the drill with a little bit of pain. Sharp buzzing digging penetrating. Sawing wide open rather than drilling into a small hole. The hard hitting drilling-sawing spills over cute in cuckoo clock echoplex. Thankfully the dissonant element thickens the space is marked with specks of light as single notes flare harmonically and snake between the ground (edit) hiding the ground cover of the rhythm machine. In the clouds. Don't lean your ladder on a cloud. I read that in a piece of WWII propaganda the American psychologists warned the civilians on the coast of Japan. They dropped colourful leaflets. Don't lean your ladder on a cloud. The spirit of your fight is not up to our technology. Back inside shearing power drill shrieking emphatically eventually stylized. Aircraft plant pride in their work. The tape is snipped. *WEEPING* (5'27") I didn't like this last cut. I took a break. Side 1 total time 21'09".

It's not fair to Genesis P-Orridge. I have to re-cue and listen to *WEEPING* all the way through. *WEEPING* used four types of acoustic violins run through a space-echo played and arranged by P-Orridge. Lyrics co-written by P-Orridge and Ewa Zajac. You didn't see me weeping on the floor. It's depressed without strength I spent a year or two. The piece is very slow. I don't like it myself. Okay I've turned over to the B side. Slow heartbeat pulsing flesh transformer.

*HAMBURGER LADY* (4'07") Inspired by a letter from Dr. Al Ackerman of Portland Oregon U.S.A. She's burned from the waist up. The

sounds of hell. The tube that's what keeps her alive. The smells and images of the burn ward expand with body rhythms syncing internally closer and closer. Flashing on the hospital floor. Warm puke on the cool floor. It's not bad pain. She's drugged up so keep the machine on. She's breathing. This dim breathing sensation creeps in and flares out into the room as the pillow presses into the back of her head. *HOMETIME* (3'37") Played recorded arranged by Cosey Fanni Tutti. Little girl and a baby with guitar work feathered into whole expansive rooms cut in and withdrawn. Don't touch me she says before a musical passage of time. Little girls' conversation. I'm going to spend my money. Let's go faster and faster and faster. One of them has a nice laugh. There's a couple of little girls. The phone (edit) my phone rang. I had to come back and re-cue for another pass. *HOMETIME* is in a little kid's memory. It's just things that happen to these little girls. Rooms full of their voices dart in and out. The room sound never sneaks in when the little girls are laughing. *AB/7A* (4'25") Played produced and recorded by Chris Carter. Rhythm machine dancing TV series' theme muzac. Electronic logo moving right along here comes the 80's here comes the 90's here comes the 21st Century. I can see old people listening to this shit. More air travel. Jet exhausts rip through the silent order of the towering sky. There's angels in the clouds. A chorus of unearthly conversation. It's happy with the synthesizer spewing out rhythm perfectly like a dry steam drum. The whole rhythm section seems to have hot air behind it. A bone dry pressure breaking loose whistling through a tiny opening in a sparkling nozzle just in time to meet those silly little birds. The birds in baskets on the main floor of Ogilvy's in Montreal. Running high with nothing to run into. Have no fear of the long fade equalized so actively that the muzac disappearing is wobbling deep into silence. *E-COLI* (4'10") Somber lecture material with crosstalking scientists speaking on *E-COLI* bacteria in humans. One man's voice on both voice tracks. Interfere (edit) one to one (edit) basic information. Background tone from machines on the horizon ends up drawn across my brow. I've lost what it was they're saying. The benefit (edit) we calculate (edit) stereo backwards. Both are monologues by the

same scientist but one lags behind the other. Generally incapable of growing outside the laboratory. In general one would think *E-COLI* undergoes forced genetic mutation. *DEATH THREATS* (0'43") Taken unaltered off their telephone answering machine. You don't have much more time in this industrial world. As far as I'm concerned (edit) I hate your guts. I'm really going to cause you so bloody much trouble. *WALLS OF SOUND* (2'49") Recorded live at five locations during the last year (1979). Heavy production line. The sound of a metal stamping press for the rhythm filled with electric activity. Powerful heavy duty electric machinery physical enough for anybody. There are higher sounds. Individual sounds pierce the solid action of the din. The sounds higher in pitch penetrate the layers of the factory air. The strength of the wall is inconceivably enormous. One track slips away and the press sound drifts out. The electricity behind it all surges into a sixty cycle hum. *BLOOD ON THE FLOOR* (1'07") This last transition sends me spinning. Recorded live at Highbury Roundhouse London England September 1977. Rock and roll lead singer flat and awful fades out singing the same words over and over as he disappears. Side 2 total time 21'27".

Here you have it. Both sides of *D.O.A.* by *Throbbing Gristle*. You could say an album like this is food for thought. I hate to admit it now that I've taken my headphones off. But I'm going to level with you: Everytime I listen to *D.O.A.* (it has happened four times in a row!) I get a picture from the Francine Hughes story. This is my problem, it's my connection. *Throbbing Gristle* probably never even heard of Francine Hughes. If you'll recall, in the September issue of *Centerfold*, Diane Spodarek reviewed a couple of 45's, one of them by a Detroit band called Flirt. Spodarek described Flirt as a band with a 'reactionary sound'. She wrote that Flirt's next single would be titled "You Burn Me Up", and it would be based on the true story of Francine Hughes, a woman from Flint, Michigan who burned her husband to death in "self-defense". I was in Detroit for a few weeks this summer, so I took the time to get the story straight. There's something about this *Throbbing Gristle* album that triggers my memory of that quiet, brown-haired Michigan woman and the day



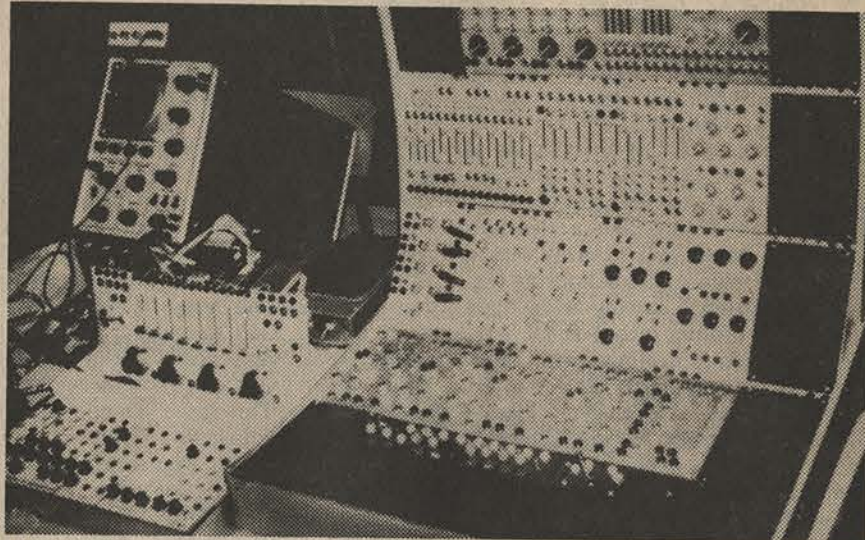
## Discs

she snapped.

Francine and her husband James Hughes were living in Ingham County, just outside Lansing, smack dab in the middle of the State of Michigan, U.S.A. In the 13 years of their marriage James was sick and mean and he beat Francine. He choked her and hit her and he even chased her with a knife once or twice. He used to brag to the neighbors about beating her. He wouldn't let her have friends of her own. He didn't trust her. They had married in 1963 because they had engaged in sex. Francine was only 16. On October 25th, 1977, the Tuesday she killed her husband James, Francine was a 30-year-old Mother of four on the end of her line. She couldn't take any more. Late in the afternoon Francine came home tired from her business school classes. She had just started school part-time. She came home tired. She told James she was too tired to fix a full meal. He was home drinking heavy in the afternoon. He was waiting for her. He tore up her textbooks and started knocking her around. The neighbors heard and called the sheriff. The deputies came and filed another report. They couldn't do anything unless he was hitting her in front of them. They asked Francine if she would like to

leave. She said she had nowhere to go. She wasn't lying. So the deputies left and Francine cooked her husband's supper. When she served James his meal he threw it on the floor and made her clean it up. She served him a second time and he dumped it on the floor again. He threw her down on the kitchen floor and rubbed her body in the mess and smeared it in her hair. He picked her up and pushed her into the bedroom where he forced her to

have sex with him and then he fell asleep. Francine put her kids in the car. She told them to wait. She testified later in her defense, "I didn't feel anything. I was watching myself. It was like I was aware of my movements, but that's all." Francine found a can of gas in the basement. She doused the bed her man was sleeping in with gasoline. In her head there was an urgent voice — said "do it, do it, do it, do it". Francine did it. ■



An exceptional modern day audio synthesizer.

photo: Sherman/Molyneux

## Exhibitions

### Making The Crystal Clear

#### HOUSE VIRUSES AND BUTTER MODELS

Recent work by Robert Fones at Carman Lamanna Gallery, Toronto  
September 1979

reviewed by Martha Fleming

The intent of these two pieces is to examine information and the presentation of information. Fones has managed to avoid the chronic structuralist problem of becoming more involved with the concept than its execution. Not only are these pieces about information, they also contain information.

"Butter Models" is a display of approximately 150 (there are more to come) butter-sized blocks of pine, each one gloved in an actual wrapper from a number of creameries throughout southern Ontario. The models are displayed in two glass cases and are accompanied by two blueprints accen-

tuating different facts about the creameries, wrappers and their relation to one another.

"House Viruses" consists of three large spheres made up of triangles (these spheres are called icosahedrons) which are placed on a platform also made up of triangles. The triangles are composed of debris resulting from a house renovation; a blueprint of the house hangs on the opposite wall, and contains an analysis of the skeleton of the piece itself.

Both pieces are actually and metaphorically quite architectural in nature.

Looking at the pieces, I felt that for the first time in some time an artist

has presented work which explains thoroughly his intent; where the theory and the explanation are integral. Both pieces are complete, accessible and make clear statements about the formal presentation of information. There was not a slip showing anywhere.

It's okay to be clean — obvious catharsis isn't a necessary component of good art. And Fones' craftsmanship is certainly clean. But don't let the precision fool you — 'clean' doesn't mean it's sterile. To me it indicates that he has mastered that grey zone that exists between craft and art, where they complement one another perfectly.

"Viruses," Fones says, "are masquerading as themselves." It is not known whether viruses are alive or not — or at least, to what extent they are alive. They are made up of complex crystals, and inside them are

## Exhibitions



In "Butter Models" (above), Fones shows how information arrives to the senses, already packaged. photo: George Whiteside

long, thin strands of nucleic acid. Where the 'life' begins and ends is at the moment, a moot scientific point.

Fones read a virology textbook. It caught his fancy and he began thinking of viruses as an extended metaphor for human habitation. How do houses and cars and our lives within them correspond to the nucleic acid/crystal nest equation?

Moving into a new house that required a great deal of renovation, Fones realized the potential of the 'information' he was steaming off the walls and prying from the floorboards. Bringing the analogy of the house-as-crystal into the house itself, he began to amass the wealth of material from the different rooms. Wallpaper and lino were carefully archived and the framework of "House Viruses" emerged.

Each triangle has information about the house which Fones has also catalogued in the blueprint that complements the three-dimensional segment of the piece. Each triangle in the three virus spheres corresponds with a triangle on the floor plan — if the icosahedrons were dismantled and held template-style over the platform, each triangle in the sphere would be touching its twin on the floor plan. "It has

its own internal logic," says Fones.

But if the piece has an internal logic, it also has an external logic — or at least a viral 'housing' in the form of the structure of the piece itself. It is this perception of connections between any group of facts which Fones is explaining by example. Specifically, he's laid a structural grid over the data. And the data, coming from a house, refers directly to the theory, both within the virus/habitation equation and the architectural nature of the grid.

Hidden things interest Fones, and if viruses are life hidden in a crystal, then all the more interesting is information hidden in a framework that a slight shift in emphasis will reveal.

"Butter Models" is an exercise in these shifts.

The subject is concrete rather than abstract, and consequently the piece has none of the variables which cloud the issues structuralists often tackle.

It is perhaps for this reason that it first appears to be a very amusing piece and no more.

As in "House Viruses", the secondary material (this time in the form of a chart and a map with insets) creates a tent above the three-

dimensional component. It is in this space that the hypothesis breathes — it is the counterpoint between the sculpture and the blueprints.

It is no accident that "Butter Models" looks somewhat like a Grade Nine geography project about dairy farming in the Golden Horseshoe. Teaching children about the food/economy ratio, specific examples are used as 'metaphors' — the information must be displayed clearly, concisely and in such a way as to back up the teacher's hypothesis. Playing with statistics.

The information in "Butter Models" is presented as if Fones looked at one part of it through one end of the binoculars and the other part of it through the other end of the binoculars.

The models themselves are regimented and organized in a specific way — both within the display and in the secondary material. There is a large map blueprint of the Ontario peninsula, but the only information on it is the rivers (un-named) and the dots where the creameries are located. Two insets add to the feeling that information is being telescoped or magnified.



## Exhibitions

With delight, Fones says, "There were islands I wanted to put into the map, but you just can't draw an island thinner than the thinnest pen you have, and otherwise, it wouldn't be in perspective. I like the fact that I had to leave things out."

But when the pieces of information are all put together, there is a 'stereoscopic' effect. All the material conspires to give a complete view of the butter subject, and it becomes clear that the way in which we see the whole is as much a result of the relations between the information as the information itself.

This is intriguing and unsettling. What it means is that our perceptions are not the first to structure information we receive. It comes to us pre-packaged. This throws the information, the informant and our perceptions into a suspect light.

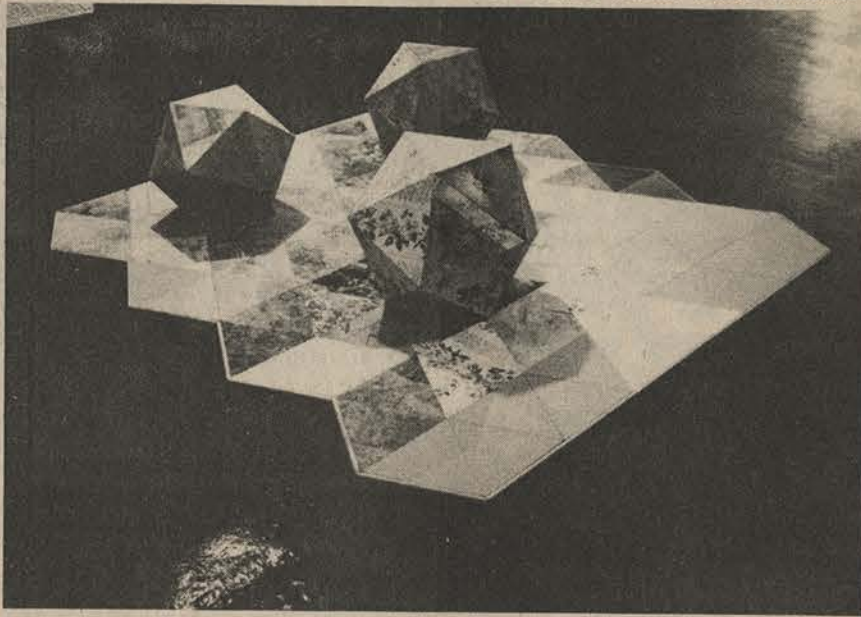
Bob Fones' recent work comes closer than any I've seen recently to actually realizing a piece of art which enunciates clearly the artist's idea. It is because he follows through with an aim, and he is a craftsman. He thinks logically and with simplicity and he is not seduced by aesthetically

or emotionally pleasing red herrings. This is not to say that the pieces are not both aesthetically and emotionally pleasing — they are, and they are both whimsical as well.

In light of his earlier work, much of which has been eclectic — writing,

cartooning, multiples, sculpture — Fones has made quite a leap. He feels that he is getting closer to a synthesis of these divergent pursuits in the kind of work which "Butter Models" and "House Viruses" represent. For that reason, this is an outstanding show. ■

Installation view of the icosahedrons in "House Viruses" photo: George Whiteside



## At The Drop Of A Hat

A DIRECTED VIEW (THE FIRST TWO ROOMS)

Installation by John Massey, Mercer Union, Toronto, Sept. 15 — Oct. 13

a descriptive analysis by Paul Collins and G. Robinson

John Massey has erected a wall length-wise down the middle of the gallery at Mercer Union, dividing the space into two rooms that make up *A Directed View* (the first two rooms).

The room that one first encounters upon entering the gallery contains a large, over-sized, felt fedora. Though not Oldenburgian in dimension, at about size 16, the hat is large and well made enough to be impressive. It is suspended in mid air, by wires, in front of a rear projected photograph. The blue tinted photograph depicts a square enclosure, one corner of which is in the foreground. The intersecting sides of the corner are defined by a large, ornate, wrought iron railing. The other two sides are fluted stone walls with squared doric columns and indistinct friezes. One assumes that the railing overlooks a staircase leading to a lower level. This same photograph appears in an earlier work by

Massey, a large poster print that leaves out the hat and in its stead contains the statement "The Ornate Railing of Partial Appeasement". Obviously this image, of this particular railing holds some special meaning for the artist, and its various augmentative elements are seemingly interchangeable. From viewing/reading the poster print one assumes a literary meaning, the nature of which can only be guessed.

In a further usage of the image, one would hope for a further development and/or clarification of the idea or meaning. In this case, the seemingly surrealistic juxtaposition of the hat with the interior shot, tends to obscure any meaning further. (Unless, of course, Massey is using the image of a tipped hat to symbolize appeasement, in which case the piece relates beautifully to his previous work, and we are left only to decipher his original ambiguity. Someone suggested that the

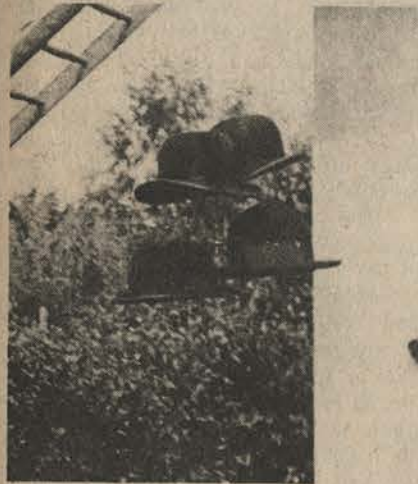
hat might belong to the lord of this manor that features the stairwell. From this perhaps we can discern some Marxist meaning. Or perhaps this is the hat worn by Joseph Beuys, from which we can presume some more formal meaning).

In attempting to discern meaning from the installation one makes allusions to works such as the paintings of Magritte and Hans Richter's film *Ghosts Before Breakfast* (see photo). Unlike these historical precedents, Massey's placement of the hat is not in its traditional position, i.e. horizontal, ready for the head or suggesting an invisible wearer. But rather it is vertical, suspended, caught in the act of falling.

The hat, suspended a few feet in front of the rear projection screen, is illuminated by two spot lights placed opposite to each other, at ceiling level. These lights illuminate the crown and the inside of the hat, casting two oval shadows onto the floor at opposite sides of the room. This lighting of the hat exaggerates the separation between photograph and hat, however, from seeing Massey's poster announcing the show (see

photo), the illusion created is of the hat suspended *beyond* the railing, *over* the stairwell, hovering or ready to fall.

In the gallery because one is walking around the hat, investigating its construction, walking up to the photograph to inspect it for missed bits of information, or standing in the doorway leading from this room to the second room, doing a comparative study of the two rooms, one is unlikely to make the connection that the two images can be fused into one. If the poster is any clue as to how the piece should be viewed, it is through one eye (to break down the three dimensional space) and from a specific distance (to achieve the desired placement of the hat). If this is the proper way of viewing this piece, then its effectiveness as a room is diminished as it becomes more akin to a traditional wall piece.



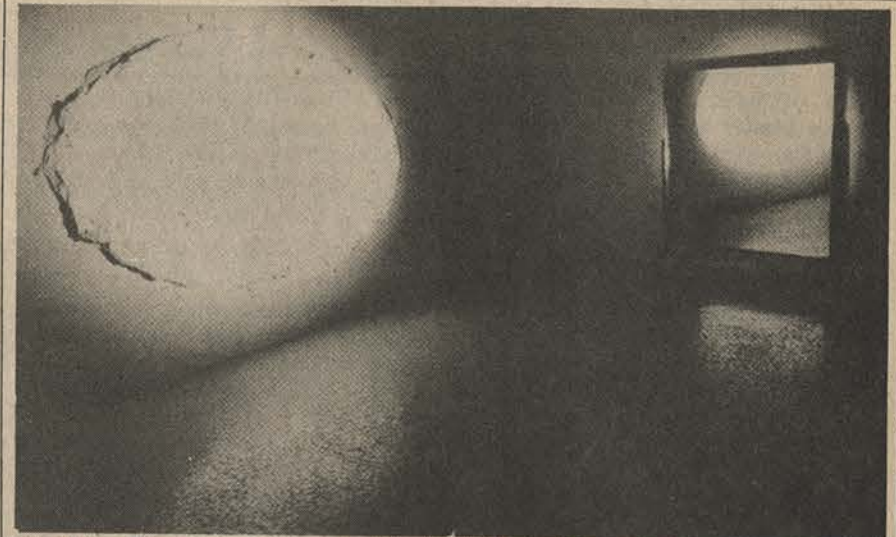
Richter's "Ghosts Before Breakfast".

The fact that one can walk all the way around the hat, thereby intercepting the light beams casting shadows onto the floor, keeps this construction within the realm of sculpture; or at least within the realm of 'room'.

Massey's use of light provides the viewer with a connection between the first and second room. In the first room there is a contrast between the cold, square materiality of the architecture depicted in the photograph and the soft form of the hat with the even softer forms of the oval shadows. In the second room there is an opposite 'movement' from the ephemeral to the material.

However, this 'movement' in the second room is of a more linear nature. You enter at one end of the room: in the corner a spot light pro-

## Exhibitions



The First Two Rooms (above and below) of John Massey's "A Directed View"

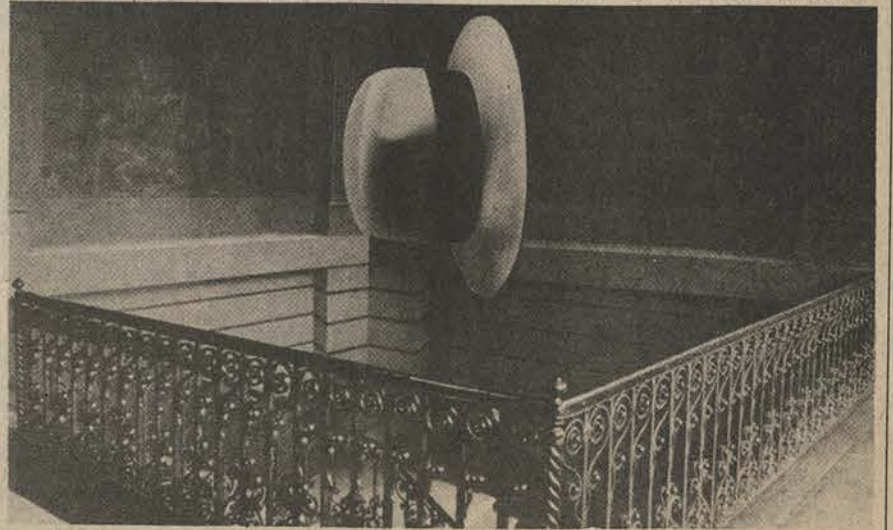
jects a single beam of light across the room: in the corner a spot light projects a single beam of light across the room where it is intercepted by a large, square mirror angled in such a way as to cast the reflected light in an oval shape onto the wall, defining the perimeters of an oval plaster and lath wall construction which hangs above the floor, flush against the wall. The projected light and the plaster mass so accurately define each others' perimeters that one wonders which came first, the light or the egg-shaped mass? The spectral effect created at the outer extremities of this light on the wall provide the only real colour in the room.

The square mirror is actually made up of two vertically rectangular mirrors butted up against each other. The plaster is illuminated evenly over

the surface except where the light is reflected off the seam of the abutment casting a lighter line onto the plaster oval, bisecting it in half. The surface of the plaster construction is alive with the sweeping strokes of the trowel, the illumination off the mirror accentuates the surface, making it a field of light and shadow. The reflected image in the mirror is severely flattened, all but obscuring the marks left by the trowel, and enabling us to see that Massey has actually used two tones of plaster in the oval shape, with the lighter plaster at the top. The effect is of a floating snow-capped mountain.

The linear movement is completed; having gone from pure light to the rough hewn materiality of the oval construction to the transient nature of its mirror reflection.

Is there Marxist meaning, or is it a tip of the hat to Beuys? photos: George Whiteside





## Exhibitions

The specific nature of this room enables one to interact with the piece. By crossing in front of the beam of light, one casts a shadow on the plaster and its reflection, and therefore, is 'drawing' on the shape. The placement of the spot light directly at the entrance of the room, makes this eclipsing of the ovoid inevitable. That is, Massey directs us to manipulate this piece, giving a double meaning to the title *A Directed View*. . . He directs the light (our eye) from the source to the mirror, to the plaster construction, back into the mirror. And he directs our presence into a more active relationship with the light and therefore the whole linear progression of our vision. The more static nature of the first room is exaggerated by the dynamism inherent in the second room.

Once the interception of the beam has been completed, by standing next to the plaster form and staring straight into the mirror a circle of the actual surface of the glass is illuminated by the spot light. Sweeping marks made by the cleaning of the glass are made apparent and, whether it was the intention of the artist or not, these marks are remarkably similar to the markings made by the trowel in spreading the plaster over the lathe in the ovoid shape.

In my opinion, the second room offers more entrances into the whole piece than did the first. Massey utilizes the second space in a way enabling one to more fully interact with the space and the objects contained by it. He uses a less personal symbolism which enables the viewer to more readily and confidently attempt to understand the work. If, as it appears, that Massey has constructed a cosmographic model dealing with certain celestial and dimensional relationships, then it is by its very nature more universal and less immediately esoteric than the first room.

Assuming that the first room was conceived and executed before the second, one hopes that a progression has been established, and that Massey's future rooms (as hinted at in the title 'the first two rooms') will continue in this movement towards clarity. If the converse is true, the viewer of Massey's work can expect a series of technically competent but conceptually inaccessible constructions. ■

Paul Collins, Toronto artist, is a proprietor of Permanent Press. Gillian Robinson is a Toronto free-lance writer.

## Tunnel Visions

"STATION TO STATION"

A catalogue of 31 photographs published as Vol. 6, No. 6/7, Only Paper Today, \$2.00.

a response to the catalogue by George LeGrady

**S**tation to Station is an exhibition of photographs mounted on billboards in stations of the Toronto subway system. There is one billboard in each station.

The catalogue is arranged in newspaper format with images on every page. The photographs opposite one another usually have some topical connection, but for the most part they are visually, rather than conceptually, oriented. Overall the most notable works are those of General Idea, Janet Zweig, George Whiteside and Gary Greenwood.

General Idea presents a close up image of a young man with blond hair and a Hitleresque milk moustache. He wears a pristine white shirt with quasi-military shoulder straps. He holds a glass of milk to the viewer. The image appropriates the iconic quality of propaganda, and produces a statement precise in its subversive reference to the "drink milk" advertising campaign. It also demonstrates a well thought out expression of self identity within the given context.

Janet Zweig displays a minimalist image of three torn pieces of a map (hand tinted) against a light background. This makes reference to the two dimensional analogous mapping of three dimensional "real" space.

Irene Granger's photograph on subway billboard.

photo: George Whiteside

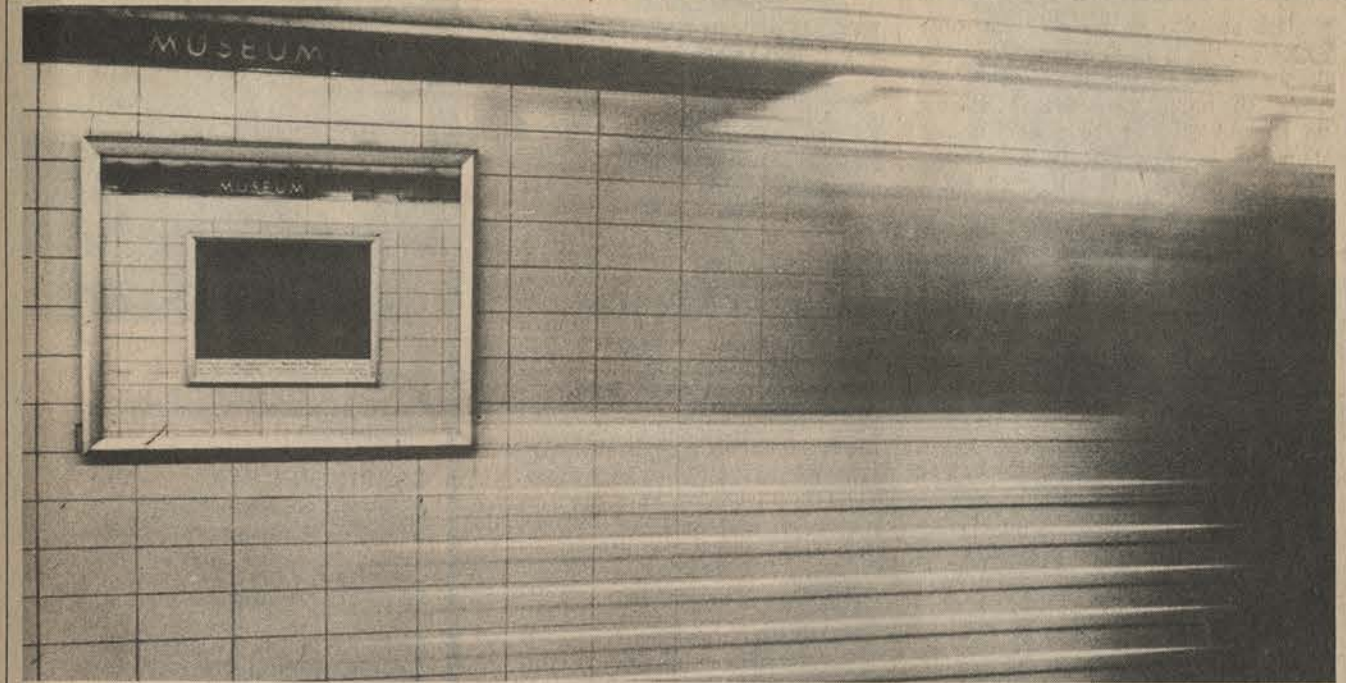


George Whiteside's photograph refers successfully to the problems of image making within the historical, photographic tradition. His use of camera angle, placement of visual elements, relationship of subject matter within the frame, and reference to the surface of the photograph as object shows an understanding of the use of the medium.

Gary Greenwood makes the most direct visual statement in an elementary perceptual manner. The subject matter consists of a three generation description; 1) the blank billboard, 2) a photograph of this with the surrounding space, 3) then a final visual document of the whole, with all three layers working as a mirror repetition. It is an illusionistic theme that has already been resolved but in this case functions appropriately.

"The photographic message as a visual communicative medium is formed by a source of emission, a channel of transmission, and a point of reception." (Roland Barthes). The concept of this particular exhibition is important in that the channel of transmission is radically changed. The photograph as art object is removed from the insular gallery art connoisseur system and is placed into the public domain to be viewed by any number of

## Exhibitions



subway patrons as opposed to a select converted audience.

This environmental change inevitably effects the contextual reading of the images presented in that a new meaning is imposed on the photographs. The implied meaning being the language of publicity and advertising. Publicity is not merely an assembly of competing messages. It is a language in itself. The billboard is one aspect of this publicity system; its function being to transmit an ideology and a certain set of cultural values. The transaction is designed to manipulate the viewer's mind. The photographs shown in this context (on billboards), then, become loaded with this second order signified, requiring a concern to tailor the imagery to fit the medium. The content of the imagery invariably calls for a referential treatment of this context. This entails the presentation of imagery that questions or plays with, the connotated situation. Based on the expectation that there is a product up on the board, the viewer would be able to make the leap from fantasy to reason. Without the realization of this contextual reference, the images become inconsequential.

Images are socially oriented. In this exhibition, the exchange of information is limited to a specialized audience. The dialogue presented by the individual artists and the overall editorial orientation consist of a cer-

Greenwood's photo installed in subway  
photo: George Whiteside

tain academic communication, with the determined target being the Toronto (Canadian) art world. This in itself is justifiable, as long as the predetermined proposition is dealt with so that the discourse can function for both audiences: that of the public billboard domain or system, and the specialized art world system.

The exhibition fails in this respect, with the exception of the works by General Idea and Gary Greenwood. Most of the images, besides being plain boring and uninnovative in form or content (except for Zweig and Whiteside), not only ignore the possibilities that this exhibition situation has to offer, but also are irrelevant in what they communicate. The only sense of editorial direction is a kind of vacuous 'hipness' in terms of recent photographic tradition. Hipness being a state of removal from the common condition, a closed system, which disallows the process of identification by a mass audience. The image content does not speak the language of the common, does not question, mirror, or propose aspects of concern to the viewer nor the complex situation at hand.

An element of confusion is thrown in with the addition of four historical photographs. The Sam Tata and John Linton photographs of oriental street scenes and the Notman composite of a

curling event are valuable in themselves, as documents describing social activities and environments removed from present cultural circumstance. But the historical essence of the images makes no reference to the exhibition, nor do they relate to the subject matter of the other work. Furthermore they have no relationship to the environmental context of the exhibition, except insofar as they are about public events.

What becomes obvious from the exhibition is that the Toronto photographic community has not yet learned that content selection consists of something other than making sure one's friends are included in the show. The majority of the participants are from the Toronto community and the validation is reinforced through association with two Toronto art institutions, A Space gallery and *Only Paper Today*. The list of financial assistance includes every possibility available, i.e. National Museums, Ontario Arts Council, Canada Council, Municipality of Toronto and private donors. The exhibition fails in its promise of a dialectical discourse as a result of an undiscerning curatorial direction and the presentation of a body of work that is largely deficient in its contextual and conceptual awareness, and instead manifests elements of visual irrelevance and self-indulgent frivolity. ■

George LeGrady, photographer, teaches at the University of Western Ontario, London.





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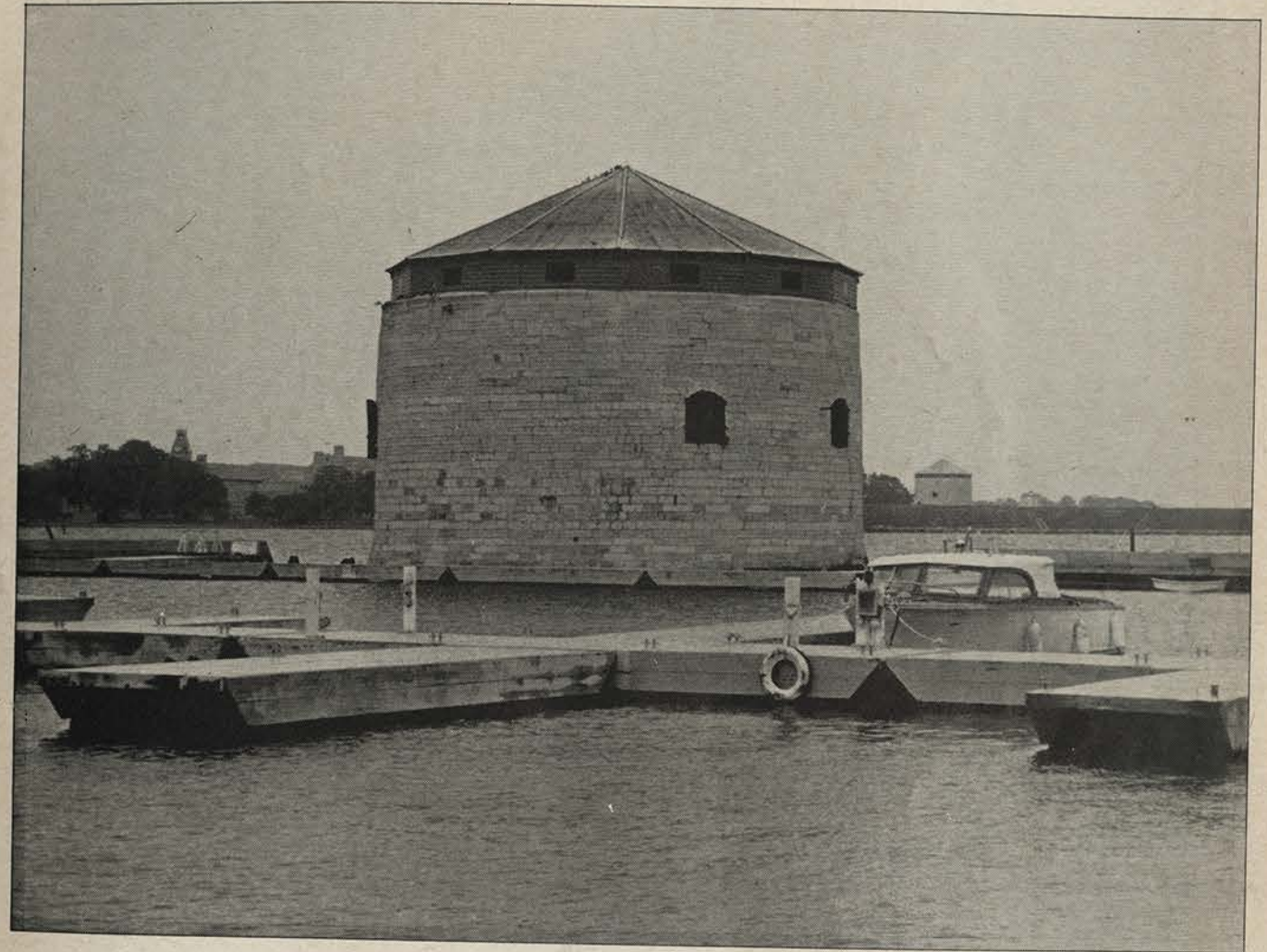
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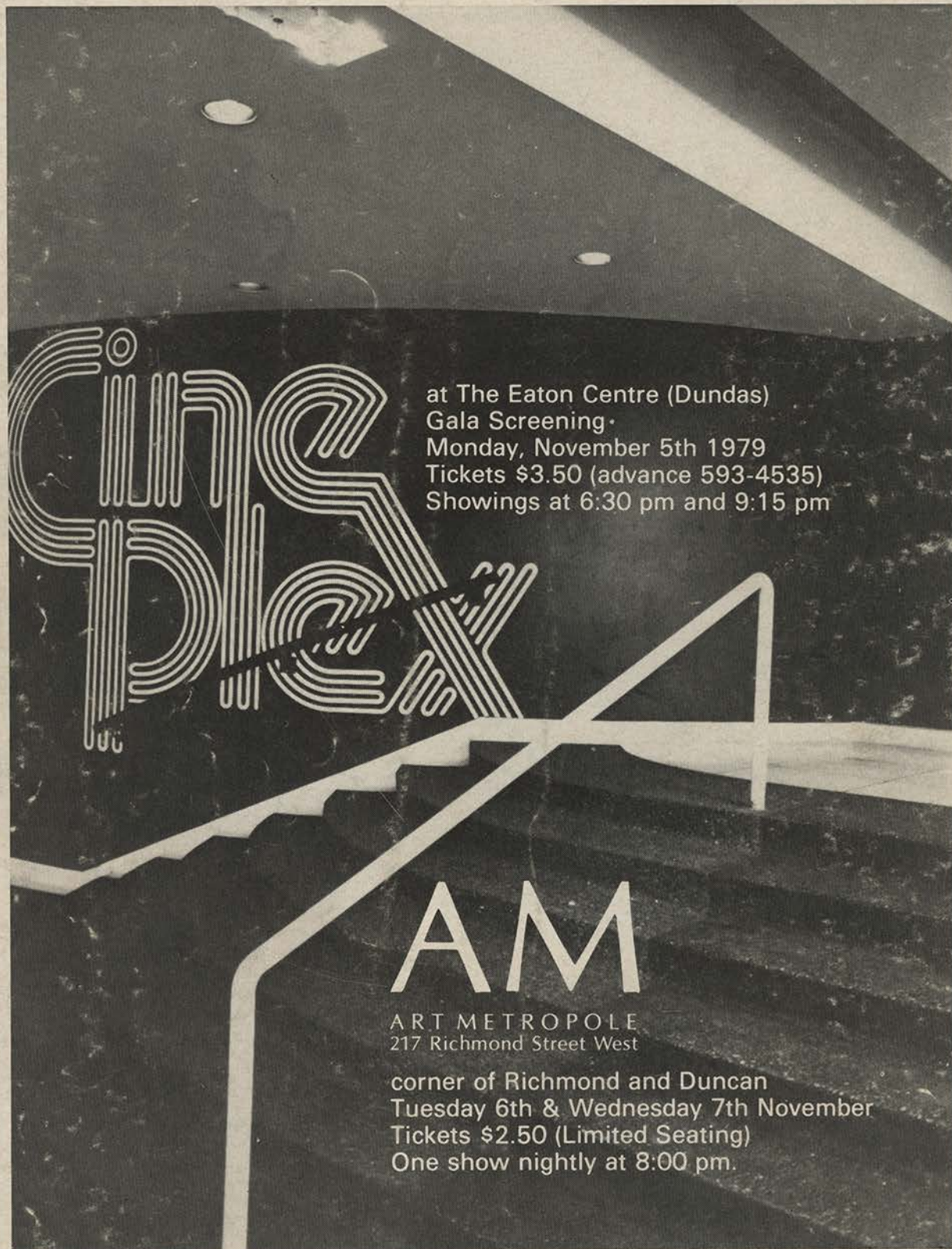
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