# FUSE

FALL 1987 NO. 47
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# THE "MULTICULTURAL" WHITEWASH

## RACISM in Ontario's Arts Funding System

*by Marlene Nourbese Philip*

NEW REVIEW SECTION

SEA TO SHINING SEA • SHEILA GOSTICK • SIGNS & SEX • NEW VIDEO

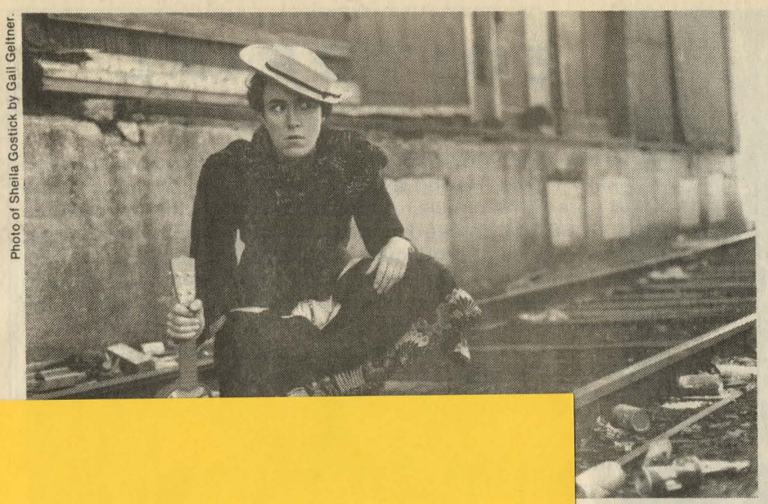

Photo of Sheila Gostick by Gail Geltner.

FUSE
FALL 1987
VOL. XI No. 3

COVER ARTWORK:
The cover shows a detail from Beatrice Bailey's mural *Tender Mercies* created for A Space's *Women on Site* project. It is currently on view at the Parkdale Public Library 1303 Queen St. West, Toronto.

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# CONTENTS

Photo of Sheila Gostick by Gail Geltner.

**Comedy Can Kill** (see page 39)

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# CONTENTS

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FALL 1987 • VOL. XI NO. 3

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CONTRIBUTORS
Ric Amis, Bruce Barber, Colin Campbell, Margaret Christakos, Sara Diamond, Isobel Harry, Pat Jeffries, Thelma McCormack, Kathy McLeod, Abigail Norman, Andrew J. Paterson, Marlene Nourbese Philip, Clive Robertson, Nancy Shaw, Joan Sullivan, Kim Tomczak, Zainub Verjee, Georgia Waterson, B.H. Yael.

PHOTOGRAPHS & ILLUSTRATIONS
Lawrence Acland, Beatrice Bailey, Bruce Barber, Gail Geltner, Isobel Harry, Gwen MacGregor, John Moffat, Chris Reed, Lisa Sakulensky.

STAFF COLLECTIVE
Margaret Christakos (Production Assistant), Bryan Gee (Design/Layout), Jocelyn Grills (Distribution/Circulation), Sandra Janz (Production Coordinator), Pat Jeffries (Promotion) Chris Reed (Design/Layout), Itah Sadu (Promotion), Lisa Steele (Fundraising/Administrative/Advertising)

TYPESETTING
Lynne Fernie/Type A

PRINTING
Delta Web Graphics, Scarborough

PUBLISHER
Artons Publishing

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# EDITORIAL

**OVER THE YEARS, FUSE** has shown a peculiar passion for unsexy topics. Having avoided identification with any of the myriad paradigms of cultural criticism that ebb and flow with the times, FUSE has instead chosen to investigate the political economy of cultural production in Canada; the historical circumstances of artistic production and artists' labour; and, from time to time, has allowed itself the simple pleasures of railing against the lawlessness of the ruling class.

This, it would seem, has earned the magazine a perceived relationship to a certain critical tradition dating way back to a certain 19th-century writer. (This name will not be reproduced here for fear that the CSIS — which places a greater burden on the Canadian taxpayer in a single day than FUSE could in a lifetime — will feel obliged to rent the office next door.)

Nonetheless, FUSE has no predetermined critical allegiances, except those which further the cultural project of creating a space for the self-determined activities of artists and other communities of mutual interest. In order to carry out this project and this investigation, it has been necessary to reject recent hypotheses which proclaim the abolition of political economy, or which replace the analysis of production with the analysis of the circulation of signs. And it has been necessary, as well, to reject the terms of an avant-garde culture whose claims to "otherness" are based on aesthetic values and "taste" rather than social and political categories.

Back to production, then; a particularly unsexy topic, but one which FUSE is increasingly interested in covering. There are new forms of production coming from increasingly diversified communities — production and productions which, against all odds, are growing like weeds through cement. We need to know about the conditions of production as much as we need critical evaluations of that production. In this issue, an article by Marlene Nourbese Philip describes the structure which has largely excluded Black artists and artists of colour from the organizations which dispense funding, resulting (not surprisingly) in an almost total lack of funds for those artists; we are currently planning an article which will examine Native culture in Ontario, what their specific problems as producers are, and why we never see their work.

To augment this investigation of the conditions and specificity of cultural production, we are revamping our format to include more reviews. Many productions — which seem to vanish immediately after being exhibited (**if** they get exhibited) — need to be taken account of; they need to be registered in print. This clearly is one way to turn back the enforced invisibility of progressive cultural work. We are also seeking to more clearly represent the **diversity** of production, from a wide variety of communities. This diversity is continually underrepresented even in those sources where one might most reasonably expect to see it: artist-run magazines. Let's face it folks, there are types of work which seem to attract attention almost mechanically, as if by habit; as the promises of post-modern paradigms begin to fade (or congeal), new forms are needed to dismantle the numbing homogeneity of the "art world" and Canadian culture in general. But it's not such a big deal: the forces of production required for that dismantling process already exist. They just need support and money. With a little of both, artists can **produce** their way to visibility.

**Gary Kibbins**

# LETTERS

## Valuable Exposures

I ENJOYED READING the "Hot Line" column last night and thought I'd write to tell you so. The two OAC pieces were valuable exposures of the semantic clothing of arts agency bias. And I thought you did a good job in the A Space piece of describing the pressures and tensions that have created such a chasm between arts organizations' democratic aspirations and their actual practice. It would be interesting to see a piece that explored these dynamics in depth.

We've been working with these issues for the last ten years — "we" being Adams & Goldbard, the consulting firm in which Arlene Goldbard and I are partners. Our focus has been work with democratically-run and alternative cultural groups throughout the U.S. and in England, those that wish to put democratic cultural theory into practice. I thought you might be interested in our work and might know of groups that could use help along these lines.

Thanks for your efforts at *FUSE*. We've been following the magazine for a long time. Whenever we get together with a group of fellow cultural politics fanatics, someone always asks, "why can't we publish a *FUSE* for the U.S.?"

—DON ADAMS
FOR THE NEIGHBORHOOD ARTS PROGRAM
NATIONAL ORGANIZING COM.
UKIAH, CA

*NOTE: Arlene Goldbard and Don Adams co-edited "Cultural Democracy" and have worked as consultants for a wide range of cultural groups including the National Black Programming Consortium, Columbus; People's Theatre Coalition, San Francisco; Red Rose, London, UK; Illinois Arts Council, etc. For more info write: 618 Walnut Avenue, Ukiah, CA 95482 USA.*

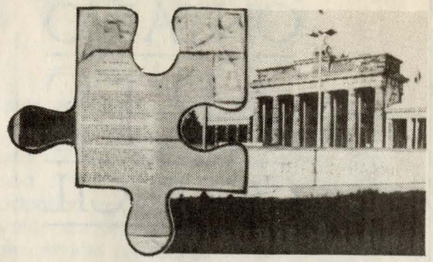

Photo: Robert Bean

## Nicol's Choice

THE Ontario Coalition for Abortion Clinics would like to explain its public response to the video *The Struggle For Choice* by Nancy Nicol (see report "Choice Epic," *FUSE*, Vol. 11, No. 1/2).

OCAC strongly supports, and has great respect for the independent artist. The artist has a responsibility to bring a critical eye to the social movements, and clearly must be free to do this, protected from censorship. OCAC welcomes constructive criticism and dialogue on our strategy and tactics, and appreciates the right to a differing point of view.

At the same time, the political artist has a responsibility to the movement she participates in. Accurate portrayal and documentation is part of that responsibility.

Nancy Nicol would not meet with OCAC after the premiere to discuss the video, a video which includes misleading editing; for example, the segment in which Carolyn Egan was interviewed as a health worker dealing with the problems of limited and privileged access to abortion. Egan spoke extensively of the past struggles to broaden access which failed; the origins of the clinic strategy; and the objective of building a mass-based campaign speaking to the needs of working class women, rural women, immigrant women and women of colour. None of this is in the video. Instead we only hear her speak of the legal dimension, as if the trials were the core of our strategy, not a part of a broader struggle for reproductive rights.

The video also includes false statements. Nicol states that the escort service at the Morgentaler clinic was stopped by OCAC because it harmed our "legal strategy." This is totally incorrect. The service was suspended temporarily because the anti-choice harassment had significantly decreased, most patients were not requesting escorts, and the coordination was a huge task.

OCAC fully cooperated in the production of the video, knowing that Nancy Nicol had significant disagreements with us. We did this expecting a critical viewpoint, and supporting the artist's right to it. We are not afraid of an honest and critical exchange of views, but we do feel that she should have allowed us to put our own position forward. This is the crux of our concern with the Nicol video, not a difference in political perspective.

—THE ONTARIO COALITION FOR
ABORTION CLINICS,
TORONTO

## ERRATA

*In "Black Ink: An Historical Critique of Ontario's Black Press" by Leila Heath (FUSE, Summer 1987, Vol. 11, No. 1/2): We apologize for incorrectly spelling CBC reporter Andra Stevens' name on p. 26.*

*Also in Vol. 11, No. 1/2: A proofreading slip substantively altered the meaning in one paragraph of Gary Kibbins' "Doing the Documentary"; on p. 52, col. 2, "They become particularly useful..." was meant to read, "They become particularly useless...." We apologize to the writer and to our readers for the confusion.*

*The following are errata to Bruce Barber's review of the Eye Level Gallery exhibition* Time for a Gift *(FUSE, Vol. 11, No. 3) sent to us in a letter from one of the artists.*

FIRST, the show has been shown three times. Before Eye Level, the work was at the Photographers Gallery in Saskatoon.

Second, David (Craig) did not go to Egypt. His trip took him to Israel. This is still compatible with your analysis.

On p. 57, col. 2: The first line should have read: "It's not about being *there*. It's about being *here*." Anyone reading the statement previous would have noticed the error as the two sentences became contradictory.

Finally, the puzzle piece (on p. 57) is actually attached to an image of the Brandenburg Gate in West Berlin. The image includes the Berlin Wall running in front of the gate. It is important in that the piece becomes about two Gateways — both having a significant political role. The Brandenburg Gate is a principle site for the Cold War of post-war Berlin in that it marks the central passage between East and West Berliners, a passage-way that is blocked by the Wall. For Berlin, it is the site of the wound.

In general, these do not alter any of the observations. Both I and David Craig were very appreciative that (Barber) took the time to write about this installation.

—ROBERT BEAN
HALIFAX

courtesy of Vitape.

Still from *Jungle Boy* (part of *The Kipling Trilogy*) by John Greyson

SEMINAR

# Crossing the GREAT DIVIDE

## A Report on the Flaherty Seminar

BY ABIGAIL NORMAN

**THIS YEAR'S** Flaherty Seminar, held August 8-15 at Wells College in Central New York State, enticed us with a poster promising "the expression of third world cultures often excluded from the mainstream Western media" and critiques of "the dominant media's 'coverage' of social issues." As it happened, we caught an eyeful of media criticism, but only a glimpse of third world expression. Instead, the most important theme was how first world outsiders can responsibly film third world people.

We saw images stolen from television, Hollywood and newsreels, rearranged to expose their ideology. We saw fascist travelogues step-printed to emphasize their brutality, and home movies whose contradictory home audio belied the record of a happy family. We heard the New York film literati deride work that "degenerates into post-modern confusion" and praise work that uses prime time to get its point across. But underneath, and breaking angrily to the surface, we faced serious questions about first world filmmakers depicting the third world.

Each year the seminar pays special honour to one filmmaker. This year's honour went to Johan van der Keuken from Holland, whose work ran throughout the week like a self-questioning thread. Van der Keuken admits he is drawn to "the other, the outsider," in places where he "has no business being." In *The Way South*, for example, he travels from Holland to Egypt, looking everywhere at relations between colonizer and colonized, especially where development uproots people. He addresses the complications of his position in his work, telling us, "The process of perception led me into political themes." Political themes in turn led him to question his process of perception. The camera, he knows, can always be "a violent tool," and the relationship between filmmaker and subject one of unequal power. Yet he keeps re-testing the possibilities. In *The Way South*, he photographs some North African migrant workers sleeping. The men voice their rage and the camera retreats in shame. By including the scene, van der Keuken reveals himself, the first world filmmaker, presumptuously stealing images. He apologizes, then steals again. Rejecting "the anonymous voice behind an anonymous eye," he embraces instead "what cinema verite leaves out: subjectivity, dream, will, the desire of the person making the film." The unanswered query remains: Especially when power is unequal, how can one speak in one's own voice and yet also give voice to the people one films?

Who gets to make films – and show them? The seminar had started on Saturday, and by Monday evening complaints rumbled among us: Where was the third world work? That night, we saw Part 9 of *The Africans*, the million-dollar series made by Black producers for the BBC and American public television. Part 9 celebrates African nations coming of age and hails South Africa's inevitable independence from white rule. South Africa, the Kenyan narrator says, will boast the most developed infrastructure of any Black-ruled nation, complete with private banking and nuclear power. Afterward, Charles Hobson, the series' American producer, was asked how he could justify promoting capitalism for South Africa. But the seminar mirrored real life with our relief at finally seeing *one* Black-produced work – no matter its ubiquitous string orchestras, its great man explaining history, *or* its politics.

Seven days of programming contained, by my rough estimate, less than six hours of work by third world producers, all of them Black, all men, and almost all working for British or American TV. Only fifteen minutes, at most, came from a third world independent: two very short video pieces by Philip Mallory Jones. In Jones' three-minute installation, *Ghosts and Demons*, fragmented media images of suffering – in war, famine and poverty – move across four screens in high-contrast patterns; a collage of found audio builds a musical score. In a second short tape, *Contemplation*, graceful animation moves to spoken memories of a lost love. Jones speaks from and of the heart. But his tapes, opening the seminar Saturday night and Sunday morning, came before anything else and thus escaped the context that framed every other work.

Discussions of other work often resembled rounds between a bewildered defendant and a frustrated challenger: the well-meaning white producer and the third world observer who charged that the films she saw excluded, misrepresented, mistranslated, demeaned, simplified, neutralized or stereotyped her experience. Ilan Ziv's *Consuming Hunger*, a three-part series (again for Britain's Channel 4), starkly outlined some of the issues. This exposé excoriates the treatment of the Ethiopian famine by American TV producers, who first ignored it, then milked it; their media tactics perpetuated first world perceptions of third world dependency, while the relief they garnered perpetuated actual dependent relations. Ziv's harsh condemnation set up issues about the portrayal of "victims," challenging even white independent filmmakers whose intentions were kinder (and whose power is weaker) than those of Ziv's targets.

Meanwhile, frustrated third world independent producers reflected bitterly in private on how little third world work was shown even here. The poster's come-on had remained, and so had people's frustrated expectations. This year's programmer was Richard Herskowitz, who programmes films for Cornell Cinema and video for Ithaca's Johnson Museum. In a mealtime conversation, Herskowitz told me he'd *started* by looking at third world films, but drifted to a broader focus on "marginalized groups and marginal forms."

If Tuesday had brought us most of the Black productions, Thursday gave us the gay ghetto. John Greyson's videotapes, *The ADS Epidemic*, *The Kipling Trilogy* and *Moscow Does Not Believe in Queers*, created the week's heaviest friction. Ninety people usually packed the upstairs room for discussions, but Greyson's tapes scared half the audience away, including the man meant to moderate the discussion. The room crackled with tension, and one woman later announced, "The images those people make of their own culture are very offensive, and as far as I'm concerned they have no place in our discussion."

The seminar was not anti-gay. People were so moved by *Coming of Age: Chuck Solomon*, Marc Heustis' portrait of a gay man dying of AIDS, that a proposal from the floor asked the seminar trustees to write to American public television urging it to air the show; the proposal met with applause. Su Friedrich's *Damned If You Don't*, about lesbian nuns breaking through sexual repression, met with approval for a scene in which two women undress and make love. But sex in the vernacular Greyson presented proved foreign and upsetting, particularly in these days of AIDS panic: sex between casual partners, promiscuous sex, sex without familiar emotional context. Greyson's tapes criticize and celebrate popular genres in the same breath – Hollywood's repressed metaphors and gay porn's hard-edged voyeurism, the basic vocabulary of homoerotic images available to gay men. They focus on a point at which our cultural experiences are simply not the same, and some of the audience didn't like it.

With friends, I joked about which was more threatening at the seminar, crossing racial or sexual divisions. I might have collapsed the two by asking about the consequences of silencing whole groups while constantly attempting to describe them. At week's end, Johan van der Keuken sobered us by saying he felt he'd taught less than he'd learned: "I thought we'd get more into method. Instead, we were forced to address this urgent question of minorities – that is, the majority of the world – on film. I can take this back and work on it for the next couple of years." As a result of the seminar, he told us, he planned to delete from one of the films he had shown us a montage that matched a black musician with a snarling tiger. Early in the week, van der Keuken had spoken for developing "a more correct relationship" between filmmaker and subject. By week's end this relationship had emerged as profoundly flawed.

The sum of the seminar suggests a still-urgent agenda. Beni Matias, a Puerto Rican producer (and friend) present at the seminar, told me that the continued marginalization of third world producers made her ever more aware of the need for new kinds of mutual support: "We third world producers need to organize ourselves better to make our demands on the white establishment more succinct and effective." There are still far too few ways for people "excluded from the mainstream western media" to both wield cameras and get their work shown. ●

THEATRE

# On the Edge of the Rock

BY JOAN SULLIVAN

**ST. JOHN'S** – "In Newfoundland, there are many issues of provincial importance and relevance, and they're reported to death. The language reeks of the corridors of academe. It doesn't get out to the people affected." Charles Tomlinson, animateur of Resource Centre for the Arts, is adamant about that theatre's mandate to profile local concerns. He defines RCA as a community-run space, giving access to artists from all disciplines.

The two hundred seat theatre also contains a gallery and a downstairs cabaret space. Now twelve years old, RCA features seasons with a majority of collectively-written shows. Some are humorous explorations of life in St. John's: *Makin' Time With the Yanks* examined the relationships between Catholic girls and white-toothed Americans stationed there during World War Two. Others are chilling glimpses into current social problems: *We're No Match For No One*, an adaptation of Elliott Leyton's *The Myth of Juvenile Delinquency*, probed the steady erosion of young people's hopes and lives.

Housed in a renovated union hall, the theatre has always struggled to keep body and soul together. At times, teams of volunteers cleaned the bathrooms, or even founded a 'Catch the Thief' committee when burglars attempted to steal box-office receipts. The theatre continued, as did the commitment to the surrounding community. And with their community stage productions, they don't just bring a community's story to the stage. They bring the community. "It's an opportunity for an element of the community to state itself, to vocalize their own feelings and thoughts. It's not being done for them," said Tomlinson.

In the past, the community stage productions have focused on the closure of a fishplant in Burin, and the impact of low-level flying on the Labrador Innu. This year it will move into a deep-sea fishing community, and develop a show based on the rippling effects of that dangerous work. Tomlinson will direct, and local people will be hired to write and perform in the show with more experienced actors. "Our commitment to the community is best shown through these plays," Tomlinson said.

The idea for *The Trawler Show* came from a report on health and safety standards on the deep-sea fishing boats. Compiled by Barbara Neis, it found inordinately high incidence of both death and injury, levels not inherent in that type of work. "The report will be a starting point," he said. "In every deep-sea fishing community there's a resident population of injured men, and a resident population of widows and orphans. In every one. It doesn't have to be that dangerous."

Besides addressing the question of who's responsible for the problem – the companies or the government – the show will play a role in public education.

RCA will also fund a show on youth unemployment in St. John's, tentatively titled *Son of Sold Out*. Most people are already aware of the high levels of youth unemployment but *Son of Sold Out* "will give the young people a chance to raise their own concerns and anxieties," Tomlinson said. "There's a huge amount of youth unemployment in the city, and it doesn't look like it's going to get any better. It's the same old story, you have to go to Toronto, just to live.... It won't just be a superficial examination of the problem. [The youth] are more aware of it than anybody." The show will probably include a lot of music, he said.

Other plays in the 1987-88 season, which began in September, include *Hank Williams, The Show He Never Gave*; *Chickens*, by local actor/writer Janis Spence; George Walker's *Beyond Mozambique*; and the latest of the Jack Tales series by Sheila's Brush, *The Magnafoot Mountain*. ●

ART

# Out of SITE

BY GEORGIA WATERSON

**TORONTO** — *Women on Site* is an exhibition of six mural works created for specific environments. All are about women in men's space. Sarah Denison's work explores the pain of women treated in a male-dominated psychiatric context, subject to a male definition of female normalcy, and is situated in the archway of a Queen Street outpatient clinic. Beatrice Bailey dedicates her work, *Tender Mercies*, to the struggles of Black women against oppression. Grace Channer's piece addresses Black women working in a male-dominated technological world. Margaret Chen's *Centripetal* responds to male-defined architectural space. Megan Vun Wong's work shows the lack of respect male-dominated obstetrical practices have for women. Banakonda Kennedy-Kish celebrates the act of giving birth. The A Space show was curated by Sarah Denison, and the works were located on sites throughout the city. The works by Kennedy-Kish and Chen, however, were rejected, one on sight, the other a few days after it was installed.

Kennedy-Kish's painting, *Ceremonies*, is of a woman reclining. Her naked body, somewhat stylized, thrusts forward, thighs strong, parted to reveal vagina dilated, baby emerging. Around her thighs grow diminutive trees, and among them are famous men, born of women. The painting bridges Native symbolic and non-Native representational languages. It is a Métis painting by a Métis artist. Banakonda Kennedy-Kish has long been a builder of bridges between Native and white. She has found a way to connect on canvas the dominant and aboriginal cultures of this land, while making her statement about the creative power of women.

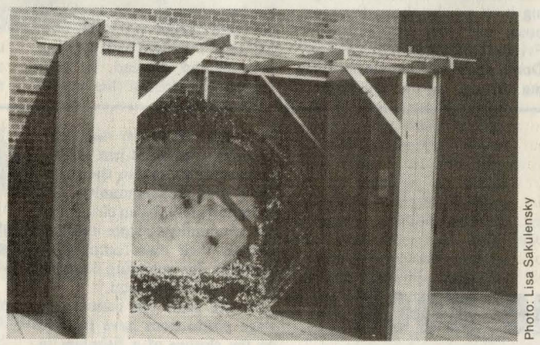

Photo: Lisa Sakulensky

***Centripetal* by Margaret Chen, re-installed at Harbourfront.**

When *Ceremonies* was brought to be installed, it was refused by the Native Canadian Centre. Sarah Denison of A Space reports that Barbara Nawegabo of the Centre refused the painting because she considered it "offensive" since the woman's body is naked and the subject matter, giving birth, is a private one, not to be displayed for all to see. Ms. Nawegabo was not available for further comment.

The painting was re-located in the Native Women's Resource Centre, 245 Gerrard St. East. Dawn Smoke of the Resource Centre says, "We took it because we think it is great. Strong. It is about the giving of life, a natural spiritual thing that reflects a meaningful bond with mother earth, a special bond with the giver of life. An ordinary Native woman wouldn't take a chance to do something like this. Society sort of conditions us that certain things are private and shouldn't be exposed. We have learned these things are shameful from white culture, not from Native culture. I am shocked that the Native Centre would consider the painting obscene. Woman is the foundation of Native culture. It is she who holds the water. She is responsible for looking after it because water is the life-giving force. That's what the picture reflects to me. The picture reflects the force of water, the giving of life."

A second piece in the exhibition was rejected. Margaret Chen's piece was installed for a few days at Commerce Court, and then re-situated inside a makeshift shelter outside the Power Plant gallery, Harbourfront. Chen's piece, seen from a distance, creates the illusion of a round hole in the wall, spiralling into itself, bits of wood, things from the sea gathering to form the spiral invitation that draws one to its centre. Closer, it is a space of blue depths and rough surfaces that fold over and around. Margaret Chen says she means to juxtapose an organic, female, yin energy against an antiseptic, cold, technological yang energy. She was told to remove her work from Commerce Court because, in the opinion of Mr. Reiner of Commerce Court, the glue, canvas, and wood of the piece made it a fire hazard. Chen said she would be willing to spray her work with a fire retardant but Commerce Court still found it unacceptable. Chen asks, "Where are we when we have become afraid to put a natural product in our environment because it's a hazard? In future, will we not want any parks because they are fire hazards? This incident reflects badly on the way we are perceiving things."

CONFERENCE

# Film & Video On the Level

BY B.H. YAEL

**WINNIPEG** — The Plains Canada Film and Video Conference and Exhibition, held September 10 - 12 and sponsored by Shared Stage, Video Pool, and the Winnipeg Film Group, was an event that affirmed the pluralistic basis of Canadian art practice and production. Each panel reflected diverse perspectives that served to map out a sense of the concerns prevalent for film and video producers in Canada.

The focus of the conference was on curatorial practices, and several major questions served as touchstones for discussion: What is the role of the curator? What are the responsibilities of both public and parallel galleries to the artists they represent, to the mediums they do or don't programme (film & video), and to the public they serve? How has regional practice been represented or misrepresented? And how best can film and video be programmed, curated, and contextualized?

The panels ("Curatorial Canons," "Roles and Responsibilities," "Deconstructing Local Barriers," and "New Media Centres") gathered a momentum as the conference progressed and maintained a spirit of collusion and ongoing dialogue, both formal and informal. Along with the panelists, this is to the credit of Grant Guy, who organized the event and through his own questions facilitated the discussions.

There was often a reluctance to call the activities of programming, organizing, and/or selecting of work "curation," as that term can engender both reverence and contempt. Curatorial practice was defined from a variety of perspectives: from that of communities, and in turn producers, who have sought to represent themselves and to record their own history; of a desire to see the hidden "unhidden"; of long-established associations and the common ground shared by curators and producers; of a formulated "thesis" ; of economic concerns; and that of a process of democratization or elitism that the institution or independent curators assume.

Though curatorial practice may have been difficult to define, it was the topic of "institutional practice" that provided much more cause for shifting winds of optimism and pessimism. Museums and galleries have been viewed as monoliths of power, and the point of the discussion was to emphasize the need and possibilities for transformation of such public institutions. At the same time, it was a chance to affirm the inclusiveness and accessibility of the parallel galleries. And the question arose: are the parallel galleries, too, becoming entrenched in bureaucracy? It was acknowledged that the public institutions do provide a chance for work to be seen by an audience that might not venture into the parallel spaces. Within this context, the role of the curator and institution is to provide adequate viewing conditions, to disturb the "pristine" nature of the gallery, and to facilitate programmes of seminars, workshops, libraries, panel discussons, and artists' presentations, cable-cast services, and even artist-in-residence programmes; in effect, to contextualize the work.

The issue of regionalism was discussed from the point of view of layers of marginalization (regionalism within a region) which can be three- or four-fold. What is "other" can be the medium used, as much as language, gender or social context.

Within this regional sub-text, the curator's job can be to "open a window in a meaningful way to the work," and to provide informed contexts for dialogues with a variety of communities.

HOUSING

# A Loft of One's Own

BY RIC AMIS

**TORONTO** — A newcomer to Toronto looking for an inexpensive live-in studio will quickly be confronted by the almost critical shortage of artists' housing. To find such a space in Toronto, you have to be well-connected to a network of artists, friends, relatives, and social services. At the very least, you will spend days roaming the streets seeking out dirty, undecorated windows as signs that a building has been left undeveloped; and with a little fast-talking, you might convince the landlords that they could use the money, that you will be as unobtrusive as a church mouse, and that you'll fix the place up by exchanging your free labour for the 'privilege' of having a roof over your head. Like most artists living on meagre incomes, a necessary strategy will be to spend as little as possible on housing so that you can afford to produce your art.

However in the city of Toronto, some solutions to this artists' housing/studio shortage are either complete or are in various stages of development. The first collective action undertaken to offset the housing crisis for artists was "Arcadia," a cooperative housing complex of 110 units for artists and other cultural workers. The building is located at the foot of Bathurst Street close to the waterfront and is part of the Toronto Harbourfront redevelopment project. The building houses a broad community of professionals working in the arts, including musicians, dancers, writers, visual artists and arts administrators. Arcadia has been set up and running for a year. The 110 units have been designed with a variety of sixteen different floor plans to accommodate a broad range of artists' needs and interests. Two units have also been made handicapped-accessible.

Although Arcadia begins to serve the housing needs of one group of artists while developing a 'built-in' sense of community, it does not address the issue of neighbourhood. Many artists who have lived long-term on or near Queen Street feel a strong local attachment which they would prioritize over cheaper housing in a less familiar area. It is with this mandate that the artists on the board of the "29 McCaul Housing Cooperative," with the assistance of a resource group called Lantana Non-Profit Homes, have devoted the past two years to putting together the financing for a 24-unit studio/apartment building meant to accommodate working visual artists. The 29 McCaul Cooperative recently started foundation work on site, a street perpendicular to the heart of Queen Street. The seven board members, all of whom have spent innumerable hours working on the project, are each guaranteed a unit. Nine other units fall under the control of the Ontario Housing Ministry for low-income families. The remaining eight units will be made available to artists in the community. The units range in size from 575 sq. ft to 875 sq. ft. and from $550 to $900 per month, which does not include heat, hydro, water, or parking, but does include laundry facilities, a shared studio/gallery/meeting room, bicycle storage, balconies, and a community roof deck. The co-op has one unit designed to fulfill the needs of the disabled.

The City of Toronto and the Toronto Arts Council have been lending support to another initiative, "Toronto Artscape," that will in the future develop studio space for artists. Artscape has acquired a lease agreement through the City for ten years on the top two floors of a building located at 53 Strachan Avenue. They have received a $275,000 loan to renovate the building as a pilot project. Although this initial building is intended to accommodate visual artists, Artscape plans to develop other such buildings for use by artists working in a range of disciplines.

Out of necessity, artists are lobbying for support at Toronto City Hall. Alderman for Ward Six, Dale Martin, has been a driving force in developing artists' housing/studio initiatives at the municipal government level, as well as being very vocal at City Council on issues of municipal funding to arts organizations and individual artists.

Both Arcadia and 29 McCaul Cooperative are non-profit co-ops in which member tenants lease individual units. The co-op sets a housing charge to cover mortgages and maintenance costs. In the years to come, housing charges will slowly fall below market value, making the co-ops reasonably affordable and secure places for at least some artists and their families.

Photo: Gwen MacGregor

**Site of the 29 McCaul Cooperative.**

# VIDEO NEWS

**Kim Tomczak**

**AFTER YEARS** during which producers have lobbied the *Art Bank* to begin purchasing artists' videotapes, it's finally happened. The former Head of the Media Arts Section of the Canada Council, Tom Sherman, is the first artist to sell (2) videotapes to the Canada Council *Art Bank*. The only problem is that the *Art Bank* doesn't quite know what to do with the tapes they purchase. They do know that whatever is done with them, it must not interfere with the institutional distribution system in place. If you have any suggestions or ideas, why not write to: *Bill Kirby, The Art Bank, 22799 Gladwin Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1B 4K9*. The next submission deadline for the videotape and film purchase programme is: *February 1, 1988*.

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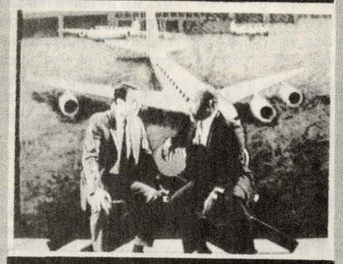
**SINCE VIDEO RENTAL RATES** have been controlled for the last ten years, an increase is long overdue. The *Film and Video Caucus* of the Association of National Non-Profit Artists' Centres (ANNPAC) has adopted new minimum rate guidelines, still subject to board approval. Both the Film and Video Alliance and CARFAC will be asked to approve and endorse the following proposed rental and sale rate guidelines: 1) *Rentals for single screenings, per title* — 00:00 to 15 min., $50; 15:01 to 30 min., $75; 30:01 to 60 min., $100. 2) *Rentals for library screenings* (tape is shown once publicly and is then available for 'request only' screenings for up to two weeks — 00:00 to 15 min., $100; 15:01 to 30 min., $150; 30:01 to 60 min. $200.

Multiple-screening rates are negotiable and often include dubbing charges, due to the fact that the video players are set to repeat automatically and can wear out a dub over the three- to four-week showing time. The minimum sale of videotapes to institutions is recommended at $400, and is negotiated beyond that on a per title basis.

Still from Stuart Marshall's *Bright Eyes*.



Still from Rodney Werden's *Aboo*.

Stills courtesy of Vtape.

**THE NEW** *Canada Council Media Arts Officer* in charge of workshops and dissemination (newspeak for distribution) has been announced. *Allan Conter* will replace Susan Nasgaard, who resigned from the position in the summer. Nasgaard prepared a report on film and video distribution which was not regarded with much credence by the client groups of the Media Arts Section. In fact, the *Film and Video Alliance* (the national representative organization of film and video centres in Canada), rejected the report outright. This leaves film and video distribution back where we started two years ago. Let's hope *Conter*, who was formerly a producer for the CBC radio show "Brave New Waves," can accomplish something a little more useful.

**GLEN LEWIS**, Head of the Media Arts Section, has formed a *Media Arts Advisory Panel* to assist in reviewing existing policy and advising on new policies and programmes. Although the advisors have no real decision-making powers, they do have the potential to influence *Lewis*. Here is the list of advisors as it stands now (not all are confirmed and another member may be added): *Doug Back, Toronto; Marcella Bienvenue, Alberta; Robert Daudelin, Quebec; David Hlynsky, Ontario;* and *Gordon Parsons, Nova Scotia*.

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**YYZ GALLERY** is accepting proposals for video exhibitions and installations. Proposals and inquiries should be directed to: *Doug Sigurdson at YYZ, 1087 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ontario M6J 1H3, (416) 367-0601*. *YYZ* has not actively programmed video in the past, so this comes as a very welcome surprise. Hopefully other artist-run centres will follow *YYZ*'s example and begin exhibiting video art on a regular basis.

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**VIDEO ARTISTS** should be aware that the *Canadian Copyright Act* is currently under revision. If you want to know how these changes are going to affect you, get in touch with: *Vis-Art, 70 Bond Street, Suite 500, Toronto, Ontario M5B 1X3*, or, *1538 Sherbrooke St. West, Suite 915, Montreal, Quebec H3G 1L5*.

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**ONE OF THE BEST** sources for information on video festivals, recent productions, new technologies and the politics of independent film and video is *The Independent Film and Video Monthly*. *The Independent* is published in New York but has a lot of relevant information for Canadian film and video artists. To subscribe, write: *The Independent, AIVF, 625 Broadway, 9th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10012*, or call *(212) 473-3400*.



COASTAL LINES

# Oh GIVE ME A HOME

*by Sara Diamond*

NEWS & VIEWS FROM THE WEST

The summer's over, grey clouds are rolling in, and it's time to sober up for the winter season. Not that we've been at full slumber — the Social Credit government has an impeccable ability to choose the sunny season for its assaults. The labour movement used to virtually shut down in July and August; since 1983 it's been a time to be wary as well as warm. Bill 19 passed, with a faint whimper from the trying-to-appear-legitimate New Democrats and with a one-day general strike (June 1). Now the B.C. Federation of Labour has imposed a boycott of the Industrial Relations Council — we're back to a war of attrition.

Meanwhile, the fun news for fall is the Coquihalla Highway. This is a script concept that nobody would fund. Well maybe somebody — former Premier Bill Bennett, who desperately wanted his new road through prime Socred territory to be ready for EXPO. The contractors who were hired included the notorious and incompetent Kerkhoff, who in partnership with Hyundai has busted the building trades by underbidding jobs. Somehow, he consistently runs over budget. It was the union workers on the project — B.C. Government Employees' Union members participating along with the building trades on some legs of the road — who finally spilled the gravel and broke the Coquihalla scandal to the press.

Because it was impossible to build the highway in time for EXPO using proper paving techniques, the Department of Highways instructed crews to work in twenty-below weather; frozen ground was melted and asphalt poured. Workers would dig holes for lamp posts only to discover that by the next day they were filled with snow and ice. The union crews at first complained that the road would be a disaster, that the pavement would not hold and that there was a tremendous waste of materials. As Highway Department inspectors, instructed by their superiors, turned a blind eye, the workers became more and more distraught and then cynical.

Sure enough, the summer came and the highway buckled like some ancient causeway — opening up huge potholes and rippling like a lake in a breeze. Not only that, but the project was about $500 million over budget. As the second stage of the mega-highway opened, a provincial inquiry heard story after story of gross negligence and poor budgeting. In consistent form, only late-model American cars in mint condition can now handle the steep upward grades of the new highway — it's a guaranteed moneymaker for the car dealerships that form the base of the current cabinet's economy.

The slogan of the season has become "let them eat asphalt" as the government threatened to cut all welfare rates by $6.00 because the Supreme Court ruled that it was unconstitutional for those under twenty-five to receive less social assistance dollars than those over twenty-five. Ironically, the new section of the Coquihalla opened with a government-sponsored bicycle race — two days later, the Minister of Transport banned bicycle traffic on the new road.

Meanwhile, off the road, B.C. teachers were on an instruction-only campaign until September 16, refusing to provide any extracurricular services. The action occurred because several school boards will not remove letters of reprimand from their files for the June 1 walkout. This is an important issue because at the newly created College of Teachers two letters of reprimand can result in dismissal, where once there were full grievance procedures. And the Vancouver School District has to xerox textbooks for its students this year, because there isn't enough money to buy new books. (Of course you can see the government's point — why bother with books when the children of B.C.'s unemployed are so hungry — they'd probably be happier in front of a television than in front of a teacher.)

This summer the government introduced the notorious Bill 34, which will change the existing quarantine legislation to give total powers to medical officers and police to in-

definitely quarantine and force treatment upon anyone deemed by provincial Cabinet to be or suspected to be in a socially unhealthy or physically unhealthy group. By inference and by statement the legislation will be used against AIDS and ARC sufferers.

Now let's discuss culture. Could you, as an artist, separate this litany of offences from your life or your work? For one thing, an artist's existence in British Columbia inevitably involves a relationship with the neighbourhood welfare office. That means living on about $350.00/month. Vander Zalm recently stated his intention to cut welfare to anyone who was using it to subsidize making art instead of holding "a real job." There is no provincial funding for artists. There is no municipal funding for artists. Artist-run spaces receive a minimum subsidy from the government, if that. This means that exhibition spaces are limited, artist-run centres do not spring up easily and when they do, survival is tough.

That's why there's a growing trickle out of B.C., one that could become a stream. The most basic and realistic reasons to leave are material – money to work as an artist, not as a waitress or waiter, commercial painter or extra in films, but as an artist. The reality is that the Canada Council funding system works best when there are other levels of funding to fill in those long between-grant gaps. There's the lack of a contemporary art market (not that I am proposing this as a solution) – the existence of which in Toronto, New York, and Europe is attractive to young painters. Many of the Young Romantics are, perhaps appropriate to their title, now installed in Europe: Angela Grossman in Paris, Richard Attila Lukas in Germany, Phillipe Raphanel in France. Jan Wade has moved to eastern Canada.

Others have found the struggle for subsistence and political change overwhelming – artists such as Jeannie Kamins and Henri Robideau, veritable west coast institutions, have left for Montreal, where survival for artists with children and mid-life careers appears more possible. Also gone is Cheryl Sourkes, a major west coast photographer. Here the limits on mobility, shows, and commissions are very real, when there is a dearth of cultural institutions to support artists.

Teaching, the fallback of the art community, is also limited in the province, with art facilities drastically cut in both universities, colleges and high schools. Post-graduate work often means out-of-province studies, as there are no B.C. student loans and registration for a semester of Masters Degree studies costs a cool $650.00. B.C. has also lost valuable critics and curators, such as Helga Pakasar and Daina Augaitus, both currently at the Banff Centre, as well as Alvin Balkin. While many of the leave-takings are logical career steps for the individuals (Europe, Toronto, New York, Banff) I can't help but wonder whether the brain-drain would continue if the cultural resources were here.

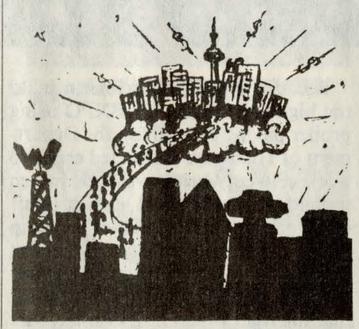


Illustration by Chris Reed.

I'm not advocating abandoning ship. Despite the losses, the art community pushes on. The Artropolis Show, a multimedia warehouse show in the tradition of The October Show and The Warehouse Show, will soon open with a strong showing from the Vancouver community and will inevitably be encouraging. Initiatives such as the fight to win downtown studios for artists living- and working-spaces have been successful. The Vancouver Art Gallery is awakening from a traumatic nightmare; it has a new director, Willard Holmes, new curators, and greater initiative toward contemporary art. The B.C. Federation of Labour is becoming increasingly interested in sponsoring cultural events, such as a recent evening of slides, music, and performances from the Depression era.

The traditions of a strong west coast art milieu, the legacy of a time of better funding when some groups institutionalized, and pure stamina have provided a jumping-off point for some tough-minded and dynamic groups such as Worksite. This is a feminist art collective devoted to production, criticism and curating, which features jil p. weaving, Lorna Brown, Margot Butler, Kati Campbell and Carol Williams among others.

Artist-run centres have altered to accommodate the conditions. Video In for example lowered its rates, introduced a volunteer credit system for equipment access and intensified its educational programming to deal with the lack of newer producers and the economic crisis in the video community. At the same time, it has never bowed to censorship of videotapes, either by Customs or the B.C. Classification Branch.

At the same time, artists face some political dilemmas. Do we reach a teetery realpolitik rapprochement with right-wing Vancouver alderpeople such as Carole Taylor, whose interest in the arts is genuine, but who is also a proponent of development and privatization? (Taylor ran as an independent in the last civic election and works closely with the NPA majority on the Vancouver City Council. The NPA includes a variety of non-socialist political stripes, ranging from Liberal to SoCred sympathies.) It is problematic when the power of funding so clearly lies in the hands of the political right-wing and when social movements are demobilized and unable to provide an alternative material or support base for culture. The NDP and civic left-wing have not courted the cultural community; right-wing politicians have.

The exodus to the East has begun. It's with a twinge that we hear about the housing crisis in Ontario and the soaring cost of living, wondering if the opportunity for escape will remain. It's frightening to think of growing older without decent health care or income. It's hard not to look over your shoulder here and yearn for a political environment where every fight is not for survival but sometimes for improvement. Still, when the going gets tough, the resistance can be too. Few in B.C. yearn for an academic art, for work that is not somehow engaged – the possibilities for a culture with content, resources and impact hover somewhere between memory and hope. It's a project that keeps many of us here, for now.

**Sara Diamond**



COVER

# THE "MULTICULTURAL" WHITEWASH

## RACISM
### in Ontario's Arts Funding System

**by Marlene Nourbese Philip**

*Black artists have very little access to information regarding funding from various arts councils, foundations or corporations.*

BLACK DIRECTOR/PLAYWRIGHT

*There is a need for some sensitivity and understanding for an organization (Black theatre company) such as ours.*

BLACK DIRECTOR

*Arts councils will never allow themselves to be in a position of being accused of not funding Black artists or groups, but it is a question of how much. We are always asked to show how much we expect to raise from box office receipts when we apply for grants, yet this is not expected from groups doing summer theatre in the parks.*

BLACK DIRECTOR

*I went to see them (OAC) last year about an album — production money — they told me they only funded the Symphony. This year I went to them about a multicultural women's festival in Toronto featuring music, dance and theatre. They told me they were expecting a special grant from multiculturalism.*

BLACK BLUES MUSICIAN

*I haven't had any problems with OAC but I find the attitude displayed by Metro Cultural Affairs condescending and patronizing. I believe we should have permanent funding from the Secretary of State.*

BLACK DIRECTOR

*The range of possibilities in my life, I don't think that is what people want to see about Black people...we have to have more people who understand what we are all about...you can't afford to have a sloppy application as a Black artist — you have to show a lot more...you don't go in with a half-assed project because you can't risk someone saying 'we like the germ but—'.*

BLACK FILMMAKER

Illustrations by BEATRICE BAILEY.

**THE ABOVE** is a small sampling of comments by Black artists here in Toronto which reflects their perceptions about funding in Ontario. Are these perceptions accurate? Are funding sources in fact giving short shrift to Black artists or artists from ethnic groups other than the mainstream WASP community? ▶

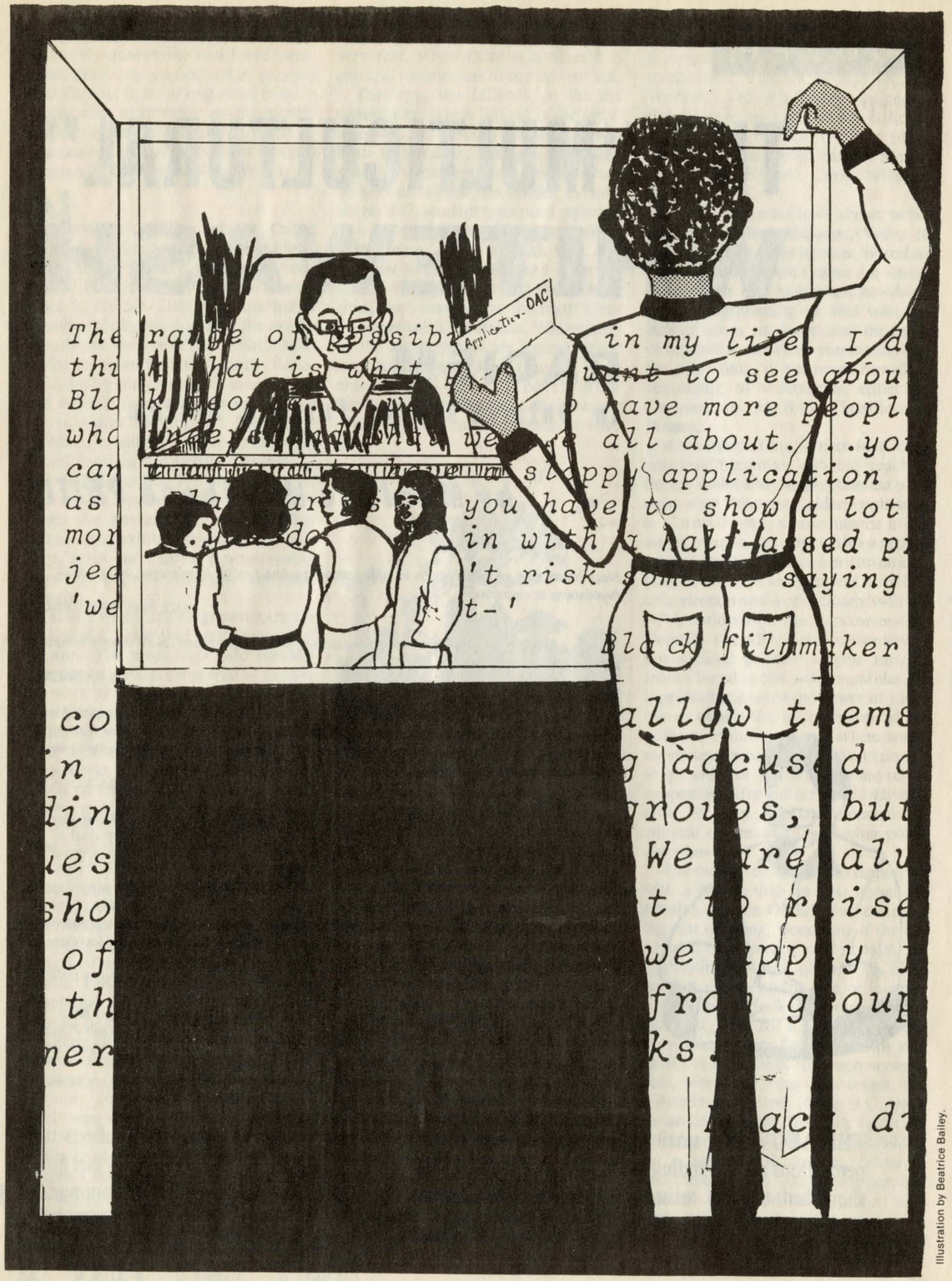



Illustration by Beatrice Bailey.



**OBJECTIVITY** is often an illusive goal, and only possible, I believe, if one's biases are identified at the beginning of any examination or analysis. My biases in this investigative piece had to do with being a writer as well as being Black, and not necessarily in that order. While I was interested in the arts in general — all the arts — both those requiring groups of artists, equipment, and physical space as well as those that called primarily for solitude, being a writer meant that I was particularly sensitive to the requirements of other artists like myself, who for the most part work alone and need large chunks of time within which to develop their work.

Being Black meant that I was particularly interested in how Black artists were or were not being served by the various funding sources in Ontario. This could well be representative of how other artists of colour were being served.

The issue of gender was important to me as well, but concerning Black artists, the major issue that presented itself with respect to funding was race. White women appeared well, if not heavily, represented on advisory panels.

The Black artist working within her own tradition is often working across the mainstream, traditional — read white — manifestation of her chosen art form. In writing, issues having to do with dialect or straight English will arise, and if she is at all honest, so will the politics of being Black; in dance — the African traditions of movement; in painting or sculpture, or the plastic arts in general — the African aesthetic will surface. The degree and intensity of the tradition, be it African or Caribbean, will naturally vary with each individual artist, but it is this element in the work of Black artists that often gets labeled 'folk' or 'multicultural,' and contributes to some of the funding problems Black artists face. The work done by the type of Black artist I am describing here is often a challenge to and a criticism of the system, and must be differentiated from the 'heritage' type of activity that helps to foster the myth of our happy multicultural family in Ontario.

Equipment, performance, and physical space requirements are all heavily financed in Ontario, but the individual artist who might need time to write a musical score, play or novel; the sculptor, painter or choreographer — these are severely neglected in the way the funding dollar is divided up.

> [Time] is the central need, as far as creative arts are concerned, and cannot be stressed too much. Artists need time in which to conceive work, think it out, shape it, refine it, and bring it to its best fruition. They need time to think, to learn, to do research, to dream, to fill their minds with images, and then they need time to devote themselves to that curious meshing together of preconception, accident, and discipline out of which the finished work comes. They need to have no drain in their concentration, no distractions except those they seek. This is the core of it. Interpretive artists need venues, granted but they will have nothing new or native to interpret if creative artists are robbed of the time good work requires.[1]

Because this need for time is not recognized, most artists find funding at best sporadic and modest; for the Black artist even this minimal support often appears to be non-existent.

In Ontario there exists a range of various funding organizations at various government levels, with the OAC at the top of the heap dispensing a budget of some $27 million in its present fiscal year. With the exception of those cases where artists require and receive assistance for production materials, the level and quality of funding given to individual artists is such that were all funding to them to cease it would in no way affect their work or their commitment to it. These artists could just as well be in the *laissez faire* situation of earlier times, scrambling for individual patrons. In Ontario the scramble, which applies to the many dance, theatre and music groups as well, is for the slim pickings available from the various funding organizations. The funding is often sporadic, insufficient, and demands as much energy to apply for as to create the work itself.

However, despite this bleak picture of funding, particularly for the individual artist, most levels of government in Ontario have now come around to accepting that, like public education or public health, there is some value in appearing to foster the arts. How or why they are valuable or should be valued by a society has, however, until recently, never been articulated. The most clearly articulated value that policy-makers in the arts bureaucracies are not attributing to art and artists is their moneymaking potential.

> Already the cultural sector generates annual revenues of $3.5 billion in Ontario with an estimated provincial economic impact of $5.7 billion. The arts labour force is expanding at double the provincial average.

So writes David Silcox, Deputy Minister of Citizenship and Culture in the 1985-86 Annual Report. Along with this belated misunderstanding of the value of art by policy-makers in the 'industry,' comes an interpretation of art restricted to "big C" culture — ballet, opera, Shakespearean theatre, or symphonic music.

One result of this bottom-line approach to the arts is the general flavour permeating all funding agencies that the artist has to justify what she is doing and why she should get paid for it — this despite all the talk about the economic potential of the arts, and despite the fact that, as the national task force on the status of the artist shows, most artists still live below the poverty line. There is, in fact, a basic mistrust of the artist which has always been present, to a lesser or greater degree, in Western societies. For the Black artist who, as a Black person, encounters a general level of mistrust in this society, particularly in matters having to do with money or finance, this tradition becomes a doubly pernicious one.

The more upscale image of the arts is seen in the nurturing and fostering of "big C" culture. Culture of this sort which many interpret to mean 'art,' is seen as a means of attracting international attention — having its own opera house or symphony allows Toronto to claim international cultural status. As Christopher Wootten, Executive Director of the OAC, has said:

The most encouraging sign — apart from the proliferating quantity and quality of artistic work — is the interest that the business community takes in the arts. Many corporate leaders have decided that the arts are a priority...this means not only more corporate money, but corporate leaders advocating on behalf of the arts to government.

Probably the greatest opportunities for partnership between business and the arts are in corporate sponsorships of the high-profile, "glamorous" arts institutions. That's the growth area. **Where you can't expect this so much is in the avant-garde and alternate arts, because they don't have the type of prestige that corporations can use in the conduct of their business.**[2] (my emphasis)

In this drive to showcase Culture, the individual artist is forgotten and the meaning and struggle of what art is all about is lost. It *is* about struggle and not only financial struggle; it is about life and its twin death; it is about politics; it is about ordinary working people and their struggles. I could go on at length about what I consider art to be; it is probably easier to say what it is not: it is not what passes as Culture today in Ontario; it is not necessarily the activities of the "Big Five" (Canadian Opera Company, National Ballet, Stratford Festival, Shaw Festival, Toronto Symphony). Art can be and has often been seminal in changing the way people think and feel; and "...artists have been decisive over the centuries in bringing change in the way people view the world, in nudging them to want to change it...the arts can be dangerous because they help people to think independently."[3]

THERE IS one further wrinkle to arts funding in Ontario which relates directly to Black artists and non-Anglo-Saxon artists — the multicultural bogeyman. Ethnic groups other than Anglo- or Franco-Ontarians now comprise more than 50% of the population in Toronto. Ontario, like other provinces, has warmly clasped to its official body the concepts and policies of 'multiculturalism.' As a concept multiculturalism may have some validity beyond the entertainment value of Caravan, but my belief has always been that its original intent was to diffuse potential racial and ethnic problems.

In terms of arts funding, multiculturalism is the catch-all trough at which all but Ontario's anglophone, francophone, and Native population must feed. In my interviews with various arts organizations, as soon as I mentioned Black artists and questioned what the agency's position was regarding the funding of art by such artists, the issue of multiculturalism would rear its head, suggesting to me that these artists, at least from the perspective of the bureaucrats, were perceived as a group apart.

I make a distinction here between funding of what is called folk or heritage art and art forms such as we have come to associate with Caravan, and art which undoubtedly — as all art does — draws upon the cultural idiom of the artist, but is primarily a repetition or preservation of a traditional form. The former has to do with maintaining a tradition in an alien environment, the latter with every artist's attempt to build on what their individual cultures have passed on to them, in the possibility of creating something new. If multiculturalism continues to be official policy, and I see no evidence to indicate otherwise, heritage activities ought to continue to be funded by the various multicultural funding agencies. But those artists who are Black, or who happen not to belong to the Anglo- or Franco-Ontarian, or Native groups and who are not merely concerned with heritage or preservation for its own sake ought — in funding matters — to be assessed along with all other artists in as objective a process as possible.

The major source of funding here in Ontario is the provincial government via the Ontario Arts Council (OAC), supplemented somewhat by some municipal funding from the Toronto Arts Council and Metro Cultural Affairs. Before considering these three organizations it is useful to survey some other minor funding sources in Ontario.

Universities in Ontario and Canada are not as major a source of funding for the artist as they are in the United States, and in the latter case it is usually the writer who benefits. In the U.S., universities are supported by federal, state and local governments so the artist is, in many cases, being indirectly funded by public funds. Many universities in Ontario have writer-in-residence programmes but otherwise universities do not subsidize artists to any extensive degree. And on the issue of race representation, to my knowledge Austin Clarke is the only Black writer who has ever held a position as writer-in-residence at an Ontario university.

Libraries have also begun to become involved in writer-in-residence programmes. There are seven public library systems in Metropolitan Toronto; of these, four have writer-in-residence programmes. The competition for these positions is keen, and to my knowledge there have been no Black writers who have held this position. Admittedly I do not know how many, if any, Black writers or writers of colour have applied, but given the selection process which is in essence no different from what I will outline later on, I am not sure the outcome would be any different if any or many such writers had applied.

Private foundations play a minor role in funding in Ontario, and the OAC administers many endowment funds and awards including the prestigious Chalmers Fund. My personal experience with some of these private foundations — other than those administered by the OAC — may be summed up by the many pieces of unanswered correspondence I have directed their way.

With the urgency of social issues both at home and abroad — South Africa, Nicaragua, the plight of refugees — the churches have begun to play a role, albeit a small one, in funding the arts. The Canadian Catholic Organization for Development and Peace, the Anglican Church of Canada, and the United Church have all funded a small theatre group run by Black director Amah Harris. Harris is interested in how theatre can be used to educate young people, and has mounted shows dealing with racism, the situation in Southern Africa and other issues relevant to Blacks and meaningful for all people in Toronto. She expressed skepticism about the funding practices of arts councils in relation to Black theatre groups, and instead has found churches and NGO's (non-governmental organizations) very receptive to her projects and willing to provide funding.






Illustration by Beatrice Bailey.

CIDA, OXFAM, and CUSO are among the NGO's which have responded positively to requests for arts funding, provided the project meets their criteria of social development.

The City of Toronto, through the Toronto Arts Council and various other funding procedures, as well as the Cultural Division of the Municipality of Metropolitan Toronto, otherwise known as Metro Cultural Affairs, provide further funding for Toronto artists. All told, the City of Toronto involves itself in arts funding to the tune of approximately $6 million through the forgiving of rents and taxes to arts facilities, through direct grants from the Toronto Arts Council, and through a number of programmes such as the City of Toronto Book Awards, administered by various departments at City Hall.

Leaving aside the Toronto Arts Council for the moment, most of this funding by the City of Toronto supports arts facilities such as Massey Hall, the O'Keefe Centre and Roy Thomson Hall — in other words *high culture*, or "big C" cultural facilities. The Toronto Arts Council funds a wider spectrum of arts organizations as well as individual artists, but the trend toward mainstream funding is disturbingly similar.

Of the three organizations mentioned, the OAC has by far the largest budget with $27.8 million earmarked for the 1987-88 fiscal year. In addition to this sum there is another $2.25 million representing a one-time grant from the province. Ron Evans, Director of Special Projects, states that this latter sum will be used to fund individual artists either directly, or indirectly through organizations; application guidelines for this programme were slated to appear sometime in late September of 1987. Though I am pleased to see that the needs of the individual artist are being recognized — as I have argued for in the earlier paragraphs of this article — many of my other concerns, which I will deal with shortly, remain. Contrary to some reports this fund has nothing to do with multiculturalism or the funding of 'folk' artists.

The Toronto Arts Council has a budget of approximately $2.3 million and Metro Cultural Affairs will dispense some $5 million for the 1987 fiscal year. Both the OAC and the Toronto Arts Council are arms-length organizations while Metro Cultural Affairs is very much accountable to Metro Council. What this means is that all funding decisions must be approved by Metro Council and politics does play a part, as it did last year over Centre Stage's production *Spring Awakening*. Many people considered the play obscene and lobbied their municipal representatives who in turn brought pressure to bear on Metro Cultural Affairs.

Despite the vast discrepancies in budgets, these three organizations have much in common, and are models for how arts grants are dispensed in this province. They all heavily fund the mainstream cultural groups: the OAC funds the "Big Five" to the tune of $5.8 million and although this figure represents approximately a fifth of the OAC budget, it is assured funding that will not be touched. Christopher Wootten has stated that if the Council is "going to help young artists, we have to do it while maintaining our existing organizations. We can't establish a base for the new clients by jeopardizing the base of the first group. It's tricky."[4] You bet it's tricky.

Centre Stage, Theatre Plus and Young People's Theatre receive fully half of the Toronto Arts Council budget. Three of the "Big Five," the COC, The National Ballet and the Toronto Symphony, along with the AGO receive close to

fifty percent of Metro Cultural Affairs' budget — $2,885,000 out of $5,484,050. And many might say it should be so.

There is another more pernicious way, however, in which these three funding organizations are similar, and that is in their absolute failure to represent the ethnic composition of Toronto and Ontario on their boards, councils, panels, and juries. These organizations cannot be accused of not ever funding Black artists or artists of colour — they have, but the question is to what degree, and how often. As Amah Harris rightly states: "Arts councils will not place themselves in a position where they can be accused of not funding black artists," but the quality of funding has been inadequate both in frequency and scope. Clifton Joseph, a Black dub poet in Toronto, put his experience this way: "I find it very hard to get the big money...." His experience is not unique to Black artists, artists of colour, or to the more marginalized white artists for the reasons I have been arguing throughout this article. I am also suggesting there is a causal relationship between the composition of these funding agencies and the underfunding of Black artists and groups.

THE ISSUE with respect to the Black artist and the artist of colour forces us to look at the situation not only from the perspective of high culture versus low culture, but from the perspectives of (a) the composition of all the decision- or policy-making bodies involved in arts funding, and (b) access to the information about funding.

My investigation of the three major funding sources in Toronto and Ontario mentioned above revealed them to be unrelentingly monochromatic in their make-up: white and middle class. There are some 85 ethnocultural groups in Ontario at present, and within Toronto at least 50% of the City's residents are neither Franco- nor Anglo-Ontarian nor Native Canadian. How then do we explain the predominantly WASP nature of the OAC board, its officers and its juries. The one exception in its current list of officers is Walter Sunahara who is Japanese. Mr. Sunahara is Senior Associate Officer of the Community Arts Development branch which deals with Native arts, and I must admit that I wonder at the politics of his placement in this department.

Given the decision-making procedure of the Council the WASP factor expands exponentially. The Council makes its funding decisions in one of four ways: assessment by advisors, assessment by jury, assessment by recommendor[5] and the Formula System. The first two procedures, assessment by advisor or jury, are of most concern here, because in both these situations arts officers from each discipline select the artists or specialists who will serve as advisors or jury members.

I asked Ron Evans how I would go about being selected as an advisor or a jury member: "Would I have to know Valerie Frith?" (the literature officer). He agreed with me that that would be the way. Many of the working artists who belong to ethnic communities other than the white community do not socialize in circles where they would meet the Valerie Frith's or Judy Gouin's or Nancy Hushion's — all arts officers — of the arts world.

Did OAC advertise its programme or, heaven forbid, seek candidates for its juries or advisors though any of the 'ethnic' newspapers. It did not. This failure to disseminate information about the nature of programmes within ethnic communities is directly related to the issue of access, or lack thereof mentioned earlier. There has been no attempt made by this organization, which dispenses some 29 million of the taxpayers' dollars, to represent the ethnic composition of the province or the arts community which it is set up to serve.

However, the OAC *is* in the process of setting up a multicultural department. A Committee has already been struck comprised of staff members, Council members, and some community representatives. Who these community representatives are; which communities they represent; why Black artists in Toronto know nothing about this; and why this development was not advertised in the "ethnic" presses; are questions that still remain unanswered. More substantive concerns revolve around issues such as the need for a separate multicultural department at all. Evans suggested that there was precedent for such a department in the model of the current Franco-Ontarian department. Would the new department be expected to served the many artists from the 87 ethno-cultural groups? And would its mandate be to fund heritage/preservation projects *as well as* art anchored in a cultural heritage but seriously exploring and creating something new? These are hard questions and they ought to be addressed thoroughly through briefs and public discussion. Evans told me he believed discussions would include the public *after* the Council committee had finished its discussions.

I would far rather see the Council increase its budget in all the arts disciplines; make the decision-making process more equitable for all artists; and raise its profile among artists in non-Anglo Saxon communities so that those artists *get* the information, than have another multicultural trough set up from which all those 'other' artists will have to feed.

Whether or not public hearings are held about the portended multicultural department, the OAC must be challenged on its lack of representation of the artists it serves, and the Ministry of Citizenship and Culture held accountable for these practices. Here is what Richard Mortimer of the same Ministry had to say on the question of the Ministry's policies relating to the issues of culture and multiculturalism. "While looking at cultural issues we are also looking at issues concerning multiculturalism. It is easy to overlook this because of the hybrid nature of the issue." So much for policy. I asked him about a competition, "Writer's Reward," administered by the OAC to choose a book promoting an understanding of Ontario and its citizens through their work; *which* Ontario and *which* citizens? Ontario was "quintessentially a multicultural community," he replied, but he pointed out that some of our best writers like Alice Munro and Robertson Davies had won acclaim for their recreation of small-town Ontario life. I understand Mr. Mortimer to be saying that although Ontario was a 'multicultural' province, this multicultural experience was to be found in urban areas as well. However, neither the OAC, the Toronto Arts Council nor Metro Cultural Affairs — all of which are city-based — reflect Mr. Mortimer's description of Ontario as a "quintessentially multicultural community." They represent, in fact, the cultural and racial homogeneity of small-town Ontario.





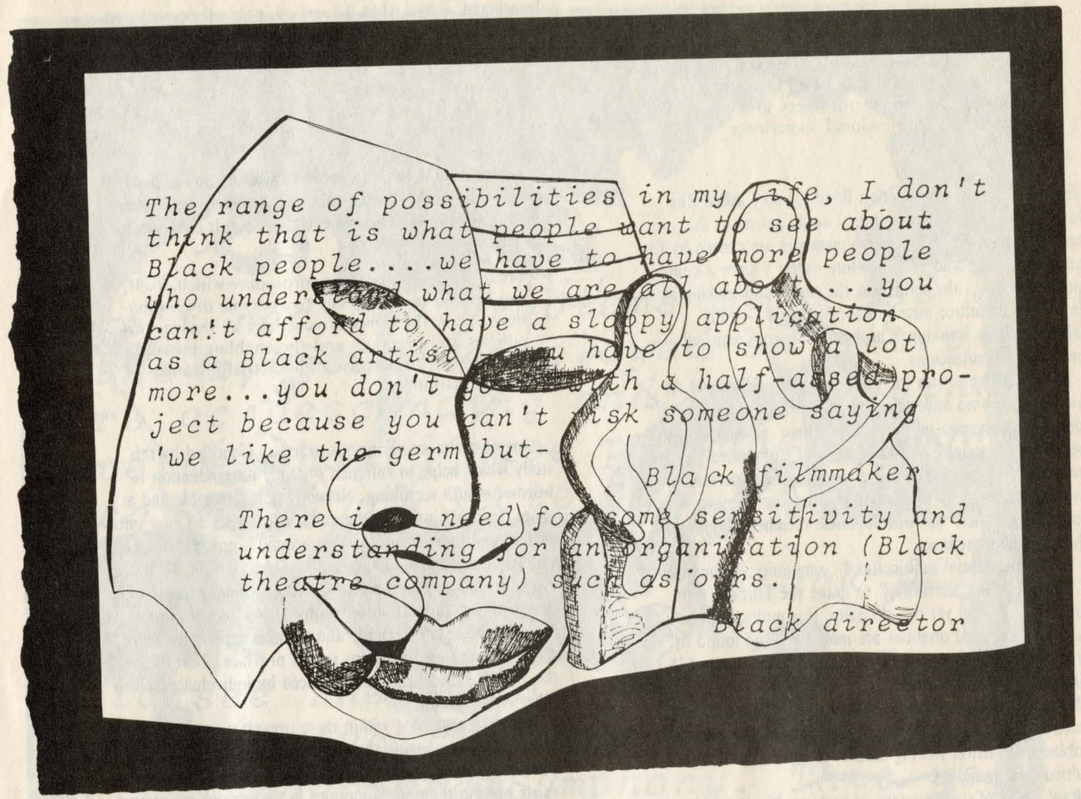



Illustration by Beatrice Bailey.

METRO CULTURAL AFFAIRS, which only funds incorporated groups, works on a panel system once an application has been accepted. Funding covers all disciplines except literature. I had made an appointment to interview Irene Turrin, Director of Metro Cultural Affairs, but was not surprised when I got to City Hall and was told that she was unavailable due to meetings. I met instead with Deborah Lary and Kathleen Sharpe, two staff members whose job it is to help applicants prepare their applications for the appropriate panels. When I raised the issue of the sensitivity of their department to the needs of Black artists and artists of colour, they immediately told me that they did have a multicultural and race relations branch. This department which has a budget of some $300,000, in fact funds *no* arts activities except for the odd heritage-type activity.

In response to my question concerning the selection of panel members, I was told that "Irene does research and gets names from granting agencies for people (not necessarily artists) who would be suitable." Again the exponential WASP factor. All panel members are paid as is the case with OAC jury members and advisors. I asked for the list of the 1987 panel members: all were white and represented the mainstream arts culture.

Prior to my interview with Metro Cultural Affairs, I myself had been approached by Irene Turrin to write a review of a Black Theatre Canada (BTC) production, *Under Exposure*. BTC is funded by Metro Cultural Affairs, and my suspicions were aroused that there was more to the request. This was later borne out by my discovery that Metro Cultural Affairs and BTC have had a running feud over funding ever since the appointment of Irene Turrin as Director. My honorarium for this review — a positive one — was $50.00. I only mention this incident to show that when Black artists are sought out to make critical assessments or judgments it is often because those seeking their skills want to validate a negative decision regarding a Black group or artist.

Regarding the issue of gender, though, Lary and Sharpe assured me that they did try to get a balance: the 1987 panel list reveals there were 7 men and 6 women. I dare say we ought to be grateful for small mercies.

The 1987 Toronto Arts Council Grants Report and Recommendations states that the arts "express and enhance our *unique ethnic diversity*..." (my emphasis) — an ethnic diversity that is appallingly absent from the membership of the Toronto Arts Council and its committees. Under

'Method of Evaluation' the same report states that,

> Each committee is chaired by a member of the Toronto Arts Council Board; together they have representation from a **wide range of the arts community**. All committee members are volunteers with extensive professional experience in their fields. (my emphasis)

I felt that the latter description fitted me so I asked Rita Davies, Executive Director, how I could get on to the literary committee. "Committee members are chosen by the committee," she told me, therefore unless I knew a committee member... the script was the same, and looking at the list of committee members for literature — June Callwood, Kass Banning, Carol Bolt, Susan Crean, etc. — confirmed my suspicions.

As was the case with the OAC and Metro Cultural Affairs there was no advertisement of their programme or of committee vacancies in any of the 'ethnic' newspapers. But there was a Special Events and Festival Committee — read *multiculture* — and, yes, there was one Black person — Ayanna Black — on this committee; on the Toronto Arts Council itself there was one Japanese member, Raymond Moriyama, an architect.

The quintessential multicultural community; a community of "unique ethnic diversity," to quote the Toronto Arts Council itself, and yet this diversity, this multiculturalism, these quintessential qualities are nowhere to be found in three organizations that between them dispense some $36 million of taxpayers' money.

Secretary of State funding of multicultural projects is instructive in so far as it demonstrates some of the potential problems for artists seeking assistance from a fund with a multicultural mandate.

Raul Rojas of the Secretary of State multicultural department told me that his department supported the "development of ethnocultural artistic expression." They were not only interested in the technical or formal expression of the art in question, but also in the message. This message should be a prescriptive one that would move the community closer to an integration into Canadian society; multiculturalism is therefore seen as a stepping stone to greater integration.

The department funds both groups and individuals and Rojas was unequivocal in his description of their preference for projects with a social change aspect. 'Excellence' — a word bandied about by various arts councils — technical or otherwise, is not their main focus. Their budget, however, is not a large one — $23-24 million nationally, compared with $27 million dispensed by the OAC for Ontario alone.

The Black artist is very often caught between a rock and a hard place. It may appear, on the surface at least, that the Secretary of State, or any multicultural fund for that matter, may be more receptive to her work. However, there are very clear guidelines as to what 'multiculturalism' ought to mean in this society. If that aspect or interpretation is missing from the work in question, the artist will not be funded even under a multicultural mandate.

I myself do not for one moment believe that it will prove to be any easier for Black artists, or artists of colour, or 'ethnic' artists to get grants from the OAC's multicultural department, if and when it is set up, unless their work conforms to whatever the official multicultural ideal is.

> Systems or practices which may appear to be neutral and which may be implemented impartially, but which operate to exclude women and other racial groups.

So reads the definition of systemic discrimination as described in the Study of the Recruitment and Advancement Policies and Practices in the Ontario Civil Service.[6] It continues,

> There is no single policy or procedure which, itself, can be said to be the key to systemic discrimination....it is the cumulative effect of the various policies and practices and the enabling measures which result in perceived and actual instances of discrimination.

One of the more pernicious practices identified by this study which helps to entrench systemic discrimination is word-of-mouth recruiting. Networking is inevitable and at times desirable in any community: it provides an easy informal way of moving information around a group. However, publicly funded groups such as the OAC and the Toronto Arts Council and even Metro Cultural Affairs because of its non arms-length relationship with Metro Council must strive to make their staffs, boards and advisors representative of the artists and artists groups in this province. That means the WASP factor has to be balanced by individuals from other ethnic groups.

It is very clear that within these organizations there is no value placed on having their entire organization, including panels and juries, reflect the racial and ethnic diversity that exists both in the population and in the various art groups and individual artists in Ontario.

One often-reiterated complaint among Black artists is the lack of access to information on the various funding programmes. Many of these artists are forced to rely on artist-run centres such as A Space to obtain the information they want. All these artist-run centres are white, but without them many Black artists, particularly in the visual arts or theatre, would have even less access to information on funding. Many of these artists are also sponsored by these centres and so get public funding second-hand. I haven't heard any criticism of these artist-run centres concerning Black artists, but as one artist has pointed out to me, any Black activity sponsored by these centres is but one of many programmes — it is not the focus of the centre. There are no Black artist-run centres. Black director, Ahdri Zhina attributes this to the chronic financial difficulty Black artists face. In order to qualify for funding, artist-run centres have to have been in existence for a minimum period of time which in turn requires some independent source of financing which most Black artists do not have.

There are, however, some very simple, straightforward ways arts organizations can begin to deal with systemic discrimination and their failure to deliver services:

1. Advertise funding programmes in the 'ethnic' presses and newsletters.
2. Advertise vacancies on panels and juries in these presses.





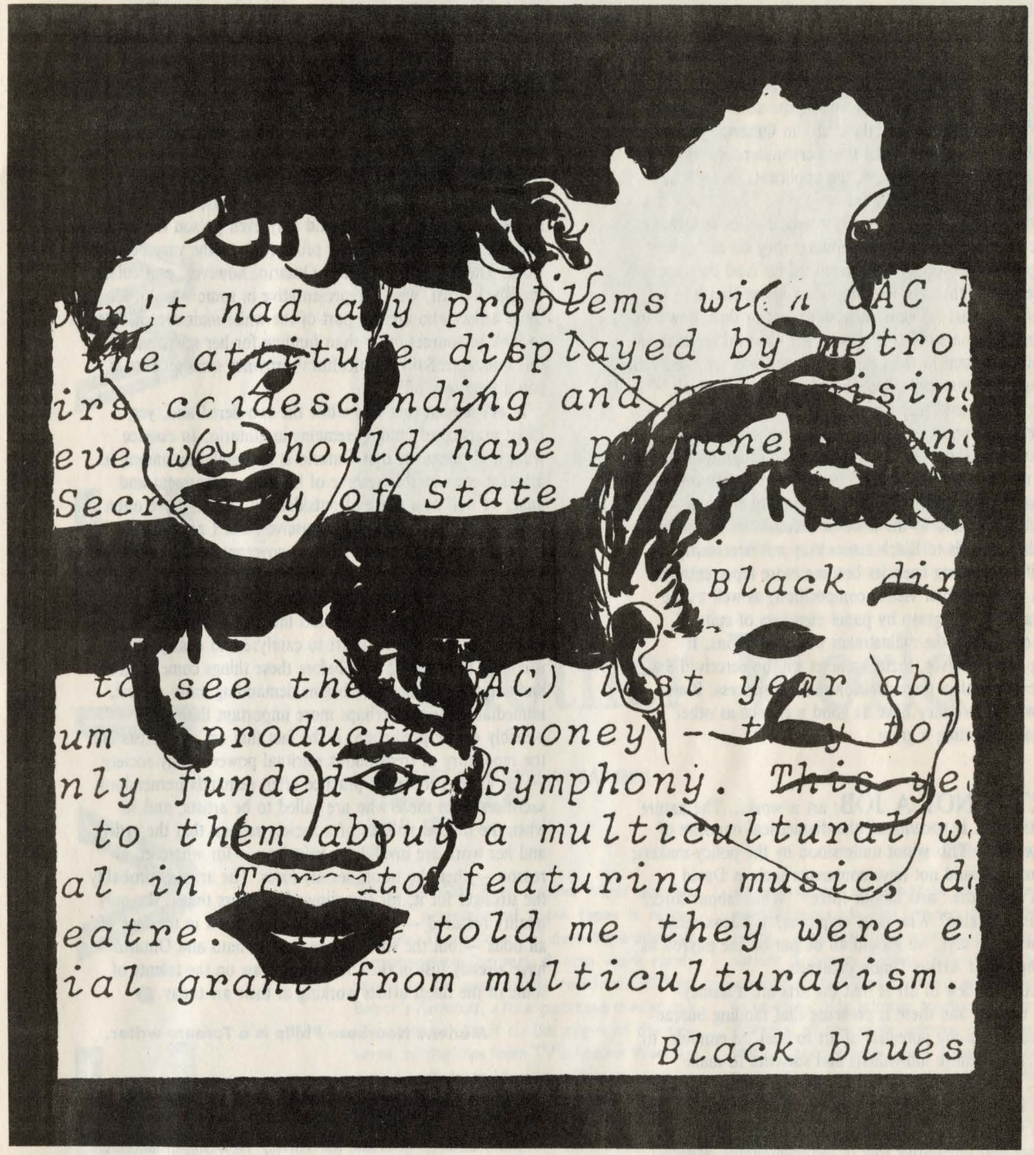



Illustration by Beatrice Bailey.

3. Contact publishers, magazines, art galleries or other arts organizations who have contacts with artists in various ethnic groups and have them supply names of candidates for vacant positions on advisory panels.
4. Reduce the extensive word-of-mouth recruitment for advisory art panels.

BUREAUCRACIES, arts organizations notwithstanding, have never been known for simple solutions and I am certainly not holding my breath, but as one dub poet put it: "The bottom line is we've got to get some of that cash — it is taxpayers' money and we're entitled to some of it."

This article has attempted two things: to wrestle with some of the more fundamental problems regarding funding for the individual artist, pink, yellow, blue, black or white; and to reveal some of the systemic racism permeating the arts funding system. I have argued that systemic racism has shown itself in two ways: 1) in the failure to communicate news of funding programmes to the various communities

which the arts councils are intended to serve, and 2) in a closely-knit virulent type of networking that ensures the selection of one particular kind of artist, specialist or person to serve on arts councils or funding agencies. There are two aspects to the latter issue — one is the visible composition of the boards and councils, as well as the advisory panels which fail to represent the ethnic mix in Ontario. The other aspect is to ensure that panel members understand the cultural idioms which some of the applicants — such as Black artists — are working in.

At present many artists — Black artists — believe that it is futile for them to apply for funding; they do not believe their applications will be considered fairly. And they are right because if they are working in an idiom that is unknown to panel advisors such as dialect or dub, how can that work be assessed fairly? One artist has told me that an application he sent to the Canada Council was returned with the supporting material unopened. Another — a Black director — has said that her work is described as 'folk' because of its context, and 'lacking professionalism' because of its rough quality. She doesn't deny the rough quality, but asserts that it is directly related to financial constraints — rehearsal time for artists, space and equipment rental — all of which are related to the issue of accessibility of funding.

Funding awards to Black artists may not necessarily increase if the funding agencies become more representative, both in terms of their visible composition, as well as the understanding and grasp by panel members of cultural idioms other than the mainstream white traditions. If nothing else, however, these agencies will be perceived as being less partial in their decision-making process. Black artists will believe they have as good a chance as other applicants at getting a grant.

ART IS NOT A JOB; art is work....The nature of artistic work is *vocational*, the diametrical opposite of *employment*." This is not understood by the policy-makers; if it were we would not have comments such as David Silcox's about the "arts labour force." What labour force? Where is it located? Who is its employer? If Silcox really means what he says, we should all be put on the payroll as the Independent Artists Union demands.

The current view of art is that the arts are a money-making venture and there is no sense that funding bureaucrats understand the potential of art to heal, to ennoble, to change, to galvanize individuals and societies to make changes. Even though most of the Black artists working in Ontario have their immediate roots in the New World, their heritage is an African one which considers the artist to have a spiritual and integrative role in the community. Mistrust of and contempt for the artist is alien to African tradition. Ontario's treatment of its Black artists as well as many of its non-Black artists only serves to set the artist at further odds with the larger community. The artist's loss, however, is also the community's loss.

Most of the artists I know write, paint, sculpt or film despite the lack of funding; funding plays a minimal, if any role in their lives. They all "catch as catch can" (make do with what you have and take opportunities as they arise) with various odd jobs and continue to work in their chosen field. They are not a 'labour force,' but they do labour exceedingly hard at what they do. They don't keep regular hours yet manage to get their rent and Ma Bell paid. I doubt we will make any advances beyond the pecuniary if we are co-opted into the brave new world of corporate financing, or are forced to show how our art can pay its way. Sometimes its most profound claim is that it does not pay its way, yet maintains an astonishing validity in today's world.

Yet material deprivation, lack of money and security become scourges for many if not most artists; poverty only serves to embitter the artist and may even poison the work. Security often guarantees the production of the very best work. The individual artist in Ontario, however, particularly the Black artist, who is representative in some ways of all those artists who are not part of the white mainstream, has to look to sources other than funding for her security. In this quintessentially multicultural province such security is still a long way off.

It will remain that way while the two-tiered and, yes, racist practice of funding remains in Ontario. In essence what it all means is that Ontario is accumulating among its artists a considerable reserve of hostility, resentment and anger as well as a sense of outsidership. Artists have often fostered this feeling among themselves, but I am not sure it is a policy to recommend itself to governments. Eventually it means rebellion, resistance and conflict particularly in a society so steeped in racism, and one that sees a widening gap between those that have and those that do not. Accepting as I do the power of art to catalyse and change things, it is only a matter of time before these things come together and someone, somewhere begins demanding more radical, immediate change. Perhaps more important than this possibly empty prediction, is the fact that art and artists are the repository of tremendous spiritual power in any society — for all its people; its practice often demands tremendous sacrifices from those who are called to be artists, and so when the official policies of a society suggest that the artist and her work are invalid, or valueless — for whatever reason — then the whole society loses. The artist is probably the stronger for it, for sometimes it appears that is the only quality required — sheer brute determination in the face of all odds — but the society loses, as Toronto and Ontario have already lost in their failure to draw on the talents of some of the finest artists working at their art today. ●

**Marlene Nourbese Philip is a Toronto writer.**

NOTES

1. Les Murray, "Patronage in Australia."
2. n.b. number 1. Ontario Arts Council, p. 4.
3. John Calder, "Arts and the Tories," *New Statesman*, 17.
4. See Note 2.
5. The OAC funds its writers through the recommendor system. The system is in theory a fairly enlightened one since all that is required is for the publisher to recommend the writer for a grant, without the need for an extensive description of the project. However, young or beginning Black writers and writers of colour seldom know white or mainstream publishers. Of the three presses who have an express mandate to publish work by Black writers, only one qualifies for OAC grants. Publishers also tend to spread these grants fairly thinly, giving many writers small amounts of money; some have even been known to demand kickbacks for recommending writers.
6. Avebury Research and Consulting Ltd.



# REVIEWS

Still courtesy of Vtape.

**Video still from *Pleasure* by Rowley Mossop.**

# Another World

**FIVE VIDEO PREMIERES BY GAY MEN**
**A Space, Toronto, Ont.**
**July 9, 1987**

*by Colin Campbell*

**THE CHOICE** of *Another World* as a title for the premiere of these tapes is rather obscure. The difficulty of choosing a title that is appropriate for very diverse work rarely seems to be successfully resolved. Michael Balser's *Astroturf*, a four-part tape that at one point whisks us off to the edges of the universe, or the clips from TV's *Another World* included in Rowley Mossop's *Pleasure*, may be the sources for the title, but the show's subtitle seems more to the point: Five gay men have decided to premiere their work together. In reality, all five tapes seem to be very much a part of *this* world, in the sense that gay issues and lifestyles have been the focus of media scrutiny for years now in the era of AIDS.

Balser's *Astroturf* is the one tape that spends little time portraying gay issues. Instead, it... "uses science fiction as metaphor for the discussion of contemporary issues such as censorship, relationships, electronic evangelism, television broadcasting and environmental problems," to quote Balser. It is an enormous task to undertake, and Balser only partially succeeds. The first sequence, "Homework," is a delightful dramatization of conversations between Galileo (played with starry-eyed charm by David Maclean), and Copernicus (a low-key drag number by Rhonda Abrams). Abrams, all the while painting her fingernails black, appropriately plays Cassandra to the naive optimism of Maclean's Galileo, with dark asides to the audience. Not all is doom and gloom. At one point Copernicus asks Galileo if he has a nail file. "No," replies Galileo, "but I could invent one." The sequence ends with Copernicus recounting the grim end of Galileo at the hands of the Inquisition. Aristotle had claimed earth was the centre of the universe, with God turning all the heavenly bodies around us. Galileo's discovery of something much more accurate and different (we spin around the sun), meant bad reviews for God and the Inquisition.

Thus the stage is set for the next three sequences, where science is the new god,

creating havoc in people's lives, as gods tend to do. These sequences, "The Thing," "Binary Systems" and "Singularity," while containing extremely funny moments, fail to be as genuinely touching as the first sequence. Balser's approach to television, exploration of space, the environment and TV evangelism is cynical where it could be revealing (the relationship between the astronaut and his female lover, who has somehow impregnated him), and somewhat sentimental where it should be hard-hitting (space exploration has always been a military agenda, not a quest for truth, knowledge and understanding).

David McIntosh's *Fourth Person Plural (a sketch)* is a video segment from a script McIntosh is developing for a film. As such it must be viewed as a work-in-progress, and therefore is as difficult to assess at this point in time as it is to deal with the subject matter at any time: father-son incest. The film, when completed, will be extremely controversial, a fact of which McIntosh is courageously aware. Not only is McIntosh investigating one of society's greatest taboos, but his stance on it is that the father-son incest in this case is consensual and erotically charged.

The tape is episodic in approach, intermingling the Freudian case history of the 'Wolfman,' and the *Little Red Riding Hood* fairy tale, with references to the film (an excerpt is included) based on Angela Carter's book, *The Hour of The Wolves*.

The tape makes for compelling viewing, and is very dense at times, with a text on the screen giving one narrative, while a voice-over is telling a second narrative, with images that don't necessarily reflect either.

This review cannot possibly deal adequately with the complexities of the subject matter. For viewers not familiar with the 'Wolfman' case, McIntosh provides the basic facts of the study. On the other hand, unless one is familiar with Carter's work, one might not understand some of the references. What is clear is that we are viewing a representation of sexuality that has remained suppressed as a subject matter until only very recently (battered women and child abuse has always occurred, but until the feminist movement, was not 'discovered' by the media and politicians). What McIntosh is investigating here is the role that desire plays, both in the adult's sexuality, and in the child's (illegal until age 14). In the tape, the child is played by an adult male, which would not escape the punishingly long reach of Bill C-54 should it pass in the legislature. However problematic the whole question of incest is, the question of children's sexuality must be discussed. Mulroney's Cabinet seems intent on passing laws that prohibit discourse, and deny, rather than protect, basic human

**Video still from *Fourth Person Plural* by David McIntosh.**

**Video still from *It's Only A Dime* by George Growshaw.**

**Video still from *It's Your Time* by David Maclean.**

Stills courtesy of Vtape.





rights. McIntosh is breaking ground in this direction.

David Maclean's *It's Your Time* is a narrative about a hustler (Maclean) and his client (Michael Balser). Their meetings are arranged through ads and charge cards, and their time spent together is predictably impersonal. The client is a guilt-ridden married man with fantasies of having sex with a jock; the hustler bums cigarettes, drinks, and is completely bored with his profession (it's hard to imagine him getting any repeat customers). The client explains to his shrink that every time he goes to buy a male porn magazine, he hears his mother's voice scolding him (Mom takes the rap one more time). The hustler tells his shrink that it gives him satisfaction to have married men with kids spending their hard earned cash on him. It gives him a feeling of power. They arrive at the hotel room to have sex. Sex occurs, sort of (what appears to be one body under the sheets bouncing up and down — this is how jocks have sex?). The client has visions of drowning and deep-sea diving, while the hustler has visions of climbing endless sets of stairs, and praying in front of a church window. People like this probably exist, and if they do, the money they're paying their shrinks is well spent (psychiatry having recently emerged from the Dark Ages on the question of homosexuality). The major problem with the tape is that one isn't convinced by the way either character is written. Both men seem to hate being gay. The sequences never propel the narrative ahead. The characters remain static, unmoved and unchanged by their encounter. Although both appear quite young, they talk about being too old. Both characters seem to be completely uninformed about gay liberation, and defeated by their lives. The tape appears to be an attempt at presenting a slice of very empty lives. Someone should tell them that life begins at forty. Maybe someone has, and they're just waiting.

George Growshaw's *It's Only A Dime* is a short piece that is basically a one-liner. We see a man applying make-up in a bathroom. Then we see him holding a red rose (still in the bathroom), and singing sections of "My Man," and "Ten Cents a Dance," from which the title is derived. This is familiar 'camp' territory. Unfortunately, we don't find out anything else about this man. He seems mostly sad, singing to himself in the bathroom, but since we are not given a shred of information as to why he is doing this, or why he is feeling this way, it is difficult to work up empathy with the character.

Rowley Mossop's *Pleasure* contains a main narrative about a fictional clinic where the patients are chronic television viewers who have escaped from the real world into the make-believe world of TV soap operas. The

courtesy of Vtape.

**Still from *Astroturf* by Michael Balser.**

method of treatment at the clinic is to dismantle television sets, which the patients then 'implant' into themselves through their mouths and anuses.

We see one patient, played by Barry Nichols, 'progress' from catatonically watching *Another World*, to the point where he mouths the words in unison to the programme, and can eventually recite whole passages of dialogue with the television turned off. The sequences are separated by three shots of office towers with a woman narrating homoerotic texts about groups of men in locker rooms, showers and swimming pools. The sequences are titled, "Here is power," "Here is beauty," and "Here is pleasure"; the latter being about men in showers covering their genitals upon the entry of a man with a large uncircumcised cock, who is followed into the showers by a young man sporting a partial erection. The narrator's voice is as clinical and precise as the clinic's doctor, who explains the goals and methods of the 'implantation' technique. These impersonal narrations, on the one hand, underscore the bizarre implausibility of the clinic, and at the same time can't suppress the erotic implications of the scenes with the men. We never see the implantation technique demonstrated (something best left to Cronenberg), nor images of the men discussed by the female narrator. Consequently, the tape always feels removed, cold and distant, which was no doubt Mossop's intention. Despite the chilliness of the approach to the material, the writing for the sequences about the men is often quite lyrical and poetic. Mossop's writing frequently achieves a delicate balance between raw emotion and clinical severity. In this tape, Mossop has pulled back to the extent that he tells us, rather than shows us what he is concerned about. In part, this is due to the difficulty of the subject matter (the implantation technique), but the sequences about the men could have been more directly realized, without robbing the writing of any of its power. ●

**Colin Campbell is a senior video artist who teaches video production and theory.**

# Standin' the Gaff

**CANADIAN POPULAR THEATRE ALLIANCE FESTIVAL**
**Various Locations, Sydney, N.S.**
**May 20 - 30, 1987**

*by Bruce Barber*

**THIS SUMMER HAS PROVEN** to be the best Nova Scotia has had in over a decade both for weather *and* popular culture. The sun shone in late spring for the fourth biennial festival of the Canadian Popular Theatre Alliance (CPTA), continued through to the fantastically successful International Buskers' Festival, and concluded at summer's end with the long-awaited arrival of the Moscow Circus.

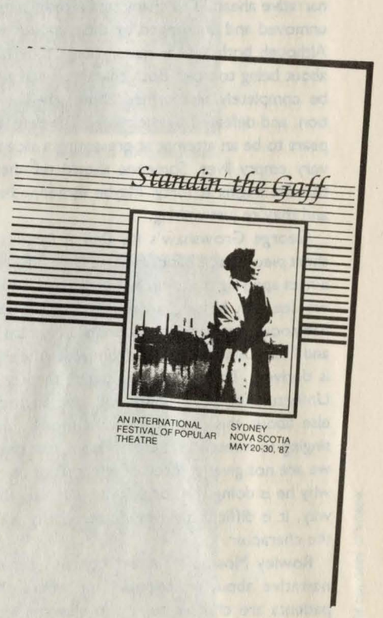
While the Buskers' Festival and the Moscow Circus had little difficulty in securing widespread attention from the media and the public, the CPTA festival drew less, despite the presence of some nationally and internationally respected figures in popular theatre: David Fennario, George Luscombe, Jumal Rachel Ewu, Oga Obah, John McGrath and Augusto Boal; as well as some of the world's most successful groups: Nicaragua's Teocoyani, Scotland's 7:84 Company, Jamaica's Sistren and East India's Jagran. In total, some 27 theatre companies were present, 22 of them Canadian. The several hundred registrants and several thousand performance ticket-holders had the opportunity to participate in over 50 workshops and could attend nearly 50 performances at several venues on the University College of Cape Breton campus, in Sydney, and Glace Bay.

The festival took its name *Standin' the Gaff* from the 1925 steelworkers' and miners' strikes against BESCO, the British Empire Steel Corporation. In one of the strike episodes, destined to become entrenched in Cape Breton labour history and folklaw, BESCO vice-president J.E. McClurg, asked by the press whether he would compare the union management stand-off to a poker game, responded with: "Game of poker, nothing. We hold all the cards. Eventually the men will have to come crawling to us. They cannot stand the gaff." The phrase was appropriated by the strikers and quickly became a rallying cry for solidarity.

Union solidarity was reflected in more than the title for the CPTA festival. Major financial assistance for the staging of the event was provided by the United Steelworkers of America and the C.A.W. The bulk of the funding was provided by the Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA), reflecting one aspect of their interest in popular education and the use of theatre techniques as tools for communication and development in third world contexts. Various other government departments including the Secretary of State Women's programme, the Department of Communications, Nova Scotia's Department of Culture, Recreation and Fitness, OXFAM, and CUSO also contributed funds to what remained, from exterior appearances at least, an underfunded festival. National and even local advertising was scant. The general population of Sydney was not entirely aware that some extraordinary groups were in their midst, and judging purely by the scale of the event, they should have been. Audience turnout for some of the events was poor. This writer attended two performances which had audiences of less than fifteen in venues designed to seat 300 to 400. And while by high-culture standards the admissions were extremely low ($5.00 per ticket, $3.00 for students, seniors and unemployed), the conditions here were still not ideal for theatre groups whose written and unwritten mandates reflected a desire to "bring theatre to the people," or, according to Augusto Boal, author of *Theatre of the Oppressed*, "to provide a forum in which we try to teach people to do theatre themselves." The questions of context and audience were underscored by Jagran leader Aloke Roy who introduced his group's first public performance, flanked by the Canadian and Indian flags, with a statement about the difficulty of presenting work in a well-equipped college theatre in the West, when Jagran's "usual contexts for performing are the crowded streets of New Delhi *360 days a year*!"

By the Festival's end, although Sydney, Cape Breton had briefly become the home of popular theatre in Canada, it did not seem to have been appreciated by the public at large. And this was not because, as one commentator at the *Cape Breton Press* implied, the people of Sydney are not interested in culture. For in contrast, the Busking Festival, which showcased a form of popularly-based community theatre rarely seen in most Nova Scotian contexts, quickly gained the attention and approval of the public. Perhaps this is an unfair comparison; but the criticisms leveled over the years at so-called popular theatre producers — that the forms had become thoroughly institutionalized and thus divorced from their true support base, the people in the street — were never more amply illustrated than by the contrast in audience response to the two festivals.

With the important exceptions of the amazing peformances presented by 'third world' groups and by some of the Canadian union-based groups, the whole CPTA exercise ran the risk of becoming academic. Many important issues for pop theatre producers — like the nature of the audience; competition from radio and television in both so-called first and third world contexts; the differences between 'repertory' and 'popular,' union-based, or community theatre, agit-prop and performance were never really placed firmly on the workshop agenda or discussed in the forums. The dominant discussions centred on




Reproduced from CPTA Festival programme.

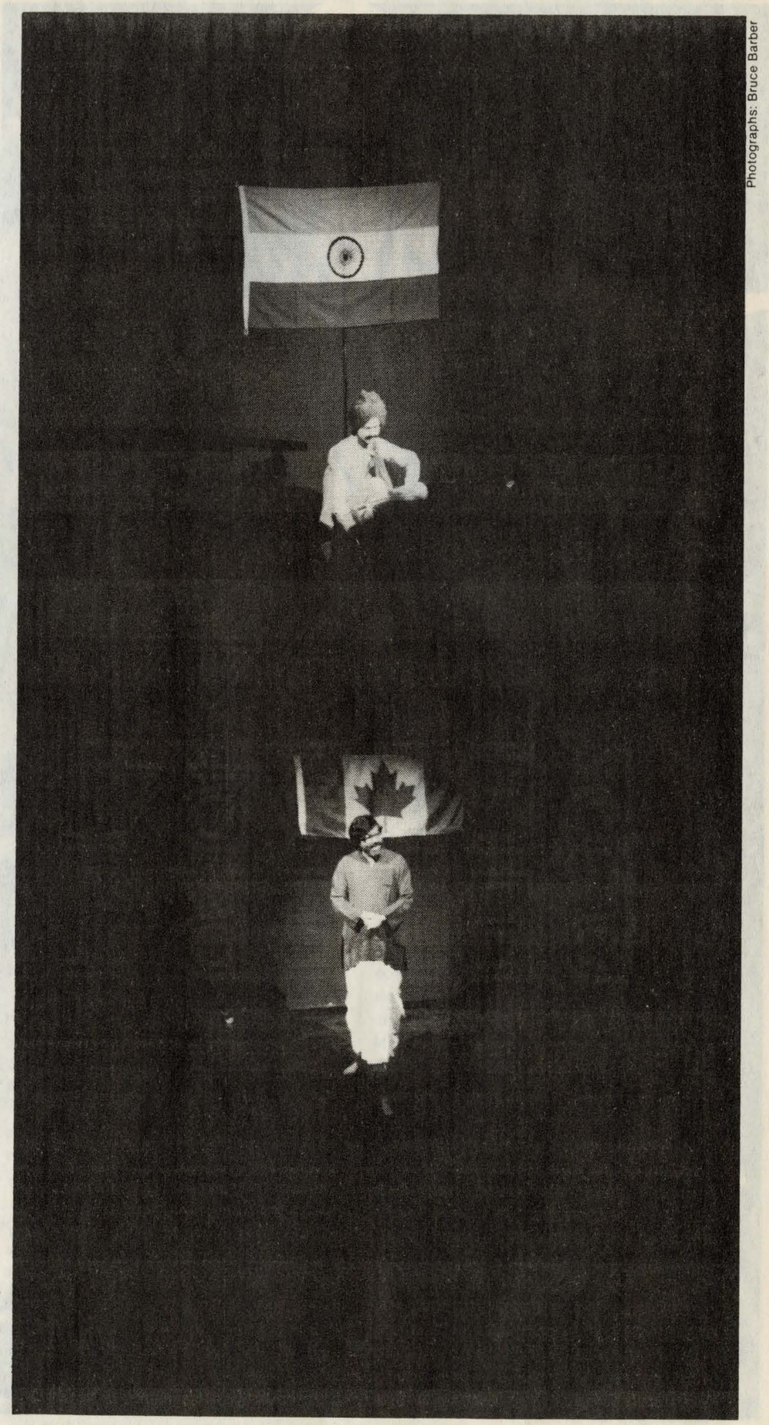




the task of theatre as a literacy and development tool in (mainly) third world contexts; and popular theatre's techniques as well as its successes and failures. Many of the workshops (Augusto Boal's and John McGrath's) demanded continuous participation, and with the relatively small number of registrants choosing from so many available workshops, this led to scheduling frustrations for many who wished to attend overlapping workshop sessions.

Another irritant, particularly for out-of-town registrants with children, was the lack of a daycare facility. Apparently, one had been planned but the total registration package price with daycare included was so high that most potential takers opted out, and finally, the organizers decided not to include one. For a festival with so many feminist groups and with gender issues high on the agenda, not to mention a number of daycare-age children in attendance, the lack of some form of care for the children present was a major oversight. Could the festival committee have found a way of subsidizing qualified daycare workers? Did standard daycare rates have to apply when short term child-minding services could have been provided by unemployed teenagers? The ironies of a daycare-less popular theatre festival amidst a region of chronic unemployment was a source of acute embarrassment to some who attended the festival. The situation was compounded by the fact that one of the most popular venues for music, improvisatory performances and short sketches, The Capri Club, did not allow children because it was licensed to serve alcohol. Perhaps organizers of the next festival should ensure that there be a continuous workshop in 'Popular Theatre for Children' so that both children and parents can benefit. Parents could then participate fully in the adult-centred workshops without feeling inadequate both as parents and participants. And children, on the other hand, would not be bored by long theoretical speeches about popular theatre in education but would be directly involved in the practice.

Fortunately, these are the few criticisms that can be leveled at the overall organization of what became one of the largest PTA festivals yet to be held in Canada. The planning problems, especially given the economic restraints and division-of-labour problems, were formidable by anyone's standards. The perception of those asked was that the coordinating committee lead by Ruth Schneider had done an extraordinary job in managing the ten-day festival. ▶



Photographs: Bruce Barber

**Two scenes from a performance by the East Indian group Jagran.**

Reproduced from the *Cape Breton Post*. Photo: Earl Murphy

**A scene from Teocoyani's *Juan y su Mondo*.**

## THEATRE AND CRITICAL CONSCIOUSNESS

The Nicaraguan group Teocoyani, Jamaica's Sistren and the East Indian group Jagran represented some of the best principles associated with the popular theatre tradition. Teocoyani was created by the Nicaraguan Ministry of Culture in order to forge a theatre group which was totally responsive to the country's post-revolutionary needs, particularly literacy development in rural areas. The group convinced Canadian audiences of the importance of retaining traditional ritualistic or mytho-poetic content in order to more readily enable the audience members of rural communities to identify with their plays. Even performed in Spanish to a predominantly anglophone audience, their play *Juan y su Mondo* (Juan and his World) was a compelling spectacle, containing elements of traditional ethnic ritual, conventional drama, melodrama, and pantomime. The actors worked within the structure of the play to define Juan and his wife's rite of passage, allegorically unveiling the history of an oppressed Nicaraguan people from the time of the Spanish conquest to the Sandanista revolution. In this simple but politically effective performance, Teocoyani have realized the goals within their original mandate: "supporting the rural population in its development of a critical participation in the political process and of natural and technical solutions to their problems." The group's members spend most of their time working in the rural areas educating and supporting those in the front line of resistance who are most vulnerable to attack from the U.S.-backed contras. In so doing they have created a rural cultural movement which in the best post-revolutionary conditions will continue to educate and support those involved in the process of renewal initiated by the overthrow of the Somoza regime.

The highly successful Jamaican group Sistren (see *FUSE*, Vol. V, Nos. 8 and 9) has conducted successful workshops for many years. Pauline Crawford, the workshops' director and a Sistren member, has described the group's work with a number of women from various social classes including "sugar workers, factory workers, domestics, school girls, prisoners, unemployed and middle class women," developing a range of themes into material for full-scale productions. These subsequently allow the renegotiation of subjects such as incest, teenage pregnancy, sexual violence, domestic work, and reproductive rights in the workshop sessions. Sistrens' production *Muffet in all a wi* (Muffet in all of us) was an extraordinary folk-pop opera done in the 'Jamaica dancehall style,' with reggae rhythms tying together a series of related sketches dealing generally with oppression, struggle and the strategies for emancipation of Jamaican women living in a rural ghetto. Reversing the outcome of the "Little Miss Muffet" nursery-rhyme, the muffets turn the table on the spider-masked master of ceremonies by proving that they indeed are able to rise up against their oppressors and secure their collective and individual identities as women revolutionaries.

Under the direction of Honor Ford-Smith, Sistren's enterprising forays into various other cultural ventures including publishing, dance, music, film and print workshops, have provided a useful model to other theatre groups whose futures have often been restricted by a repertory company model, which inhibits the group from integrating or operating successfully within a community. While Sistren has yet to achieve what some argue is an unattainable goal of independence and self-sufficiency, they provide a useful model to groups in both third and first world contexts whose chief prescription for success is the continuation of last year's support grants from the cultural funding agencies.

Of all the groups from outside Canada, Jagran came closest to the ideal of a popular theatre group, working the streets of Delhi and other urban centres with persistence, tackling subjects ranging from petty crime, black marketeering, and exploitation, to more difficult and risky subjects such as marital rights, the dowry tradition and the caste system. Jagran's innovative agit-prop style derives from an eccentric blend of classical narration and pantomime techniques, ethnic improvisational comedy routines or 'tricks,' acrobatics, clowning and slapstick. This was sixteenth-century commedia dell'arte Indian style, at times as politically offensive to their audiences in India and at least as 'morally reprehensible' as the traveling players of Italy were in their own times.

Under the intelligent direction and narration of Aloke Roy, Jagran's unusual performance techniques gave them a political persuasiveness of unusual power. Even out of context, it was apparent that the group was attempting to achieve a total critical practice (praxis), one which would allow the performers to direct and humorously represent social inequities, political problems, moral questions and allow discussion to follow.





Reproduced from Co. of Sirens brochure.

***Working People's Picture Show* by Ground Zero / Company of Sirens included skits on women's and union issues.**

Throughout the performance, the (Brechtian) narrator/commentator enjoined his audience to reflect upon the nature of the unfolding events. Afterwards, Roy asked the audience to meet the players and opened discussion on certain aspects of the performance. As the audience and Jagran's members began a dialogue, there was a sense of what this exchange must be like on the streets in Delhi where this process becomes the final urge to critical consciousness, if not a resolution to change.

Of the many fine Canadian groups at the festival, at least 60% of them from the Maritime provinces, a few such as Ground Zero and the Company of Sirens stood out as groups achieving some of the political goals of the popular theatre/educational models. Their collaborative *Working People's Picture Show* had some fast-paced and extremely humorous skits on issues of importance to unionists, particularly women. Using song, comedy, farce and stand-up comedic turns and routines, Ground Zero / Sirens produced some insightful positions on basic union issues including equal pay for work of equal value, sexual harassment, health and safety issues, daycare and new technologies. In one of the most entertaining of the festival's workshops, Sirens members outlined their work with unions and how they develop content and material which assists in the promotion of certain features of pro-union positions prior to strike votes or sustained contract-negotiations. Ground Zero / Sirens are one of the few groups in the country who have chosen to do solidarity work for and with unions. Their principal venues are union rallies, conventions and occasionally picket lines.

Many of the other groups' performances included potent political material: the Innu Theatre Group production documented the concerns of the Labrador natives whose traditional way of life is being threatened by the encroachments of urban and technological life. Theatre Parminou's production *Peacing it Together* and Bob Bossin's *Bob Bossin's Home Remedy for Nuclear War* comically represented issues relating to disarmament and peace. Perhaps the most professional of the theatre groups, Toronto's Grapevine Theatre, presented their one woman show *McPhail*, the story of the first woman elected to parliament in Canada, a *tour de force* of acting by Diane Gordon. Dub Poet Ras Mo and the Halifax-based a capella group Four the Moment performed to large audiences.

Too long for some, not long enough for others; the general response was positive and enthusiastic for this fourth biennial festival of the CPTA. ●

**Bruce Barber**

# Translating the Lip Side

## FIREWORDS

**"LES TERRIBLES VIVANTES: LOUKY BERSIANIK, JOVETTE MARCHESSAULT, NICOLE BROSSARD"**
**NFB, 87 min., 1986**

**Directed by Dorothy Todd-Henaut**
**Subtitles by Susanne de Lotbiniere-Harwood**

*by Margaret Christakos*

IN THE RECENT NFB film *Firewords*, three well-known ecrivaines Quebecoises conspire the subversive act: "Every word has at least two possible meanings. You have to go to a word's root — you can re-create a whole world except that you don't see it in the traditional way" (Nicole Brossard). When we re-write meaning, we are "creating new cultural space" (Louky Bersianik). And in much of the new Quebecoise feminist writing, both creative and critical, that space begins in the sensual body. "I see my mother transform herself. She transforms herself smoothly, from the inside" (from *Night Cows*, Jovette Marchessault).

As Anglophones, we receive these voices in smooth translation, through Susanne de Lotbiniere-Harwood's subtitles in *Firewords*, and, used in the film along with other translated works, Yvonne Klein's English texts for Marchessault's *Triptique lesbien* (*Lesbian Triptych*, Women's Press, 1985). Harwood's work is, like any translator's, central to how we receive the original texts used in *Firewords*, and even more so, how we meet the personalities of Brossard, Marchessault, and Bersianik; this double-identification of the translator with her subjects is well-founded since Harwood's involvement with the Quebec writing community has been long-term and intimate. But like many translators, she is conspicuously absent from the film's opening credits; and has herself been led to firebomb*(!) critics in the feminist press who, by ignoring the key role of especially *this* intertextual translation, added insult to injury. It is exactly this penchant, this blind spot, that we as anglophones have for disappearing first the original language of "foreign" work, and next, its conduit — the process of translation itself — via a hurtful erasure of the translator, which harms ourselves at least as much. Harwood states, "All translation results from encountering otherness. The reviews consistently treat the English version as if it were the original. As if. Appropriation. Colonialism." A feminist approach to this encounter leaves the trees standing ("In a feminist world, we can learn that...we can transform energy but not dominate and exploit it," says Brossard.) And one of Harwood's many such exchanges in *Firewords* passes as smoothly as silk through Bersianik's invention of a new "word to describe a woman's sex... 'clitorivage.' It combines clitoris, vagina, and 'rivage,' the shore where at some point you alight — Yes, you alight on the shores of sex." This kind of moment at the level of metaphor makes *Firewords* in translation quite often breathtaking.

Disrespect for translation as a process, though, in which cultural centrism takes over, seemed to me again at issue following the anglo-gala Toronto premiere of *Firewords*. Director Dorothy Todd-Henaut's afterwords mis-addressed the visibly feminist 96%-female audience, with a mixture of schoolgirl shyness about the film's obvious and celebratory lesbian content, rudimentary C.-raising allowances to the film's prospective male viewership ("give us (giggle) a chance"), and a kid-leather gloved gratitude aimed at an (absent) Rosedale Ladies Auxilliary. All of which stripped my confidence that Henaut and the NFB had somehow managed to enter into what Brossard has called a "political pact with other women," where we begin to shift "from a patriarchal model ...to a feminist awareness" (Bersianik). But not irretrievably. For *Firewords* is ambitious; and often our art is what moves ahead of us, translating what we will be before we speak it, before "the happy metamorphosis of a day cow to a cow of the night begins" (Marchessault).

In the body of the film's subtitled, and therefore more textual, version, two instances of cultural imposition seem detrimental to a full-blown reading of the three French writers. Several passages from their novels are dramatized, and instead of subtitles, these segments carry English voiceovers. But once we have heard and seen Louky's vital, gesticulating wonder, or Nicole's absolutely lucid directness, it is their hands that we hear; and the narrators' high, flat over-enunciations offend what we know to be manifest in the French texts. But more than this, they reinforce the stereotypical pitting (in which my own descriptions are complicit) of WASP reserve ("in control") and ethnic emotionalism ("womanly," "being colonized"). A similar staging manages to trivialize the very fruitful dialogue currently in process between French and English feminist writers in Montreal. Two scenes set Brossard and Bersianik in a cafe conversation with English writer Gail Scott, whose relationship with the Quebecoise feminist community is as historic and literate as Harwood's (see Scott's novel *Heroine*, Coach House Press, 1987), and makes her perfect for this film as a cultural link. Disappointingly, the scenes are stilted, unexplored, and worse, competitive. Scott appears handicapped in terms of both French-language level, and of theoretical understanding, which ends up suggesting a lot of inactivity on the part of anglophone feminists. This bias was corroborated at the premiere by the misfortune that Henaut, in response to an audience member's inquiry, could not name a single English writer exploring the Canadian terrain of lesbian/feminist re-vision.

The film, however, stands; or rather, it spirals out as far as its primary nautilus motif for feminist consciousness — in both languages — can propel it. With deserved and many accolades (Latin ex-plodere, *to drive out by clapping*). ●

**Pol Pelletier performing monologue from *Night Cows* by Jovette Marchessault.**

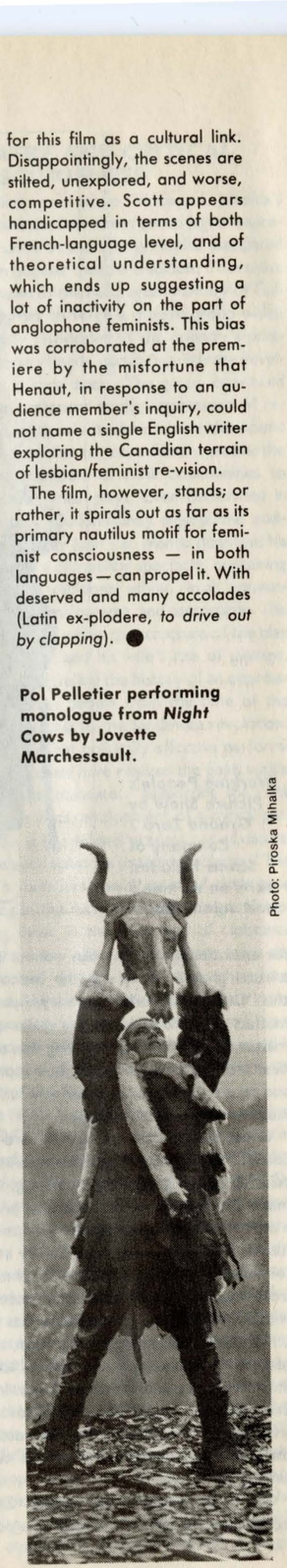


Photo: Piroska Mihalka

*Subtitles by Susanne de Lotbiniere-Harwood





# Four Redheads

## NEW TAPES

**RHONDA ABRAMS, DENNIS DAY, TESS PAYNE, AND SU RYNARD**
**60 Bathurst St., Toronto, Ont.**
**July 23, 1987**

*by Andrew J. Paterson*

**OVER THE LAST THREE YEARS**, perhaps as a continued response to the initial 1984 New Work Show, Toronto-based video artists have shown a healthy ability to organize screenings for their latest tapes, whether these screenings take place at gallery venues or at more makeshift and informal spaces. New tapes are being announced and trumpeted with a welcome fanfare, and the format of three-to-five-tape evenings (with refreshments and intermissions) has proven to be invaluable to the de-ghettoization of video art. Tapes are now getting out of the archives and finding a public.

The 1984 New Work Show (and its 1986 successor, which actively canvassed tapes made by artists since the 1984 show and thereby included practically every working video artist in Toronto) took no curatorial stance except to stipulate that the tapes included be the artists' most recent work which therefore both required and deserved an audience. Recently there have been single screenings organized by the artists-in-person at relatively small, in-house spaces (Trinity Square Video comes to mind). There have also been double or triple-bill screenings initiated by artists who feel their work has the potential to be appreciated by the broader audiences that a multi-tape programme is likely to draw. Then there have been programmes organized along specific curatorial criteria which attempt to reach beyond the video art crowd to a larger support community, and indeed to all those potentially interested in the concerns of that community. And, most recently, Dennis Day's former studio at 60 Bathurst St. in Toronto was the site of a programme facetiously lumped together and presented to a large public as *Four Video Premieres by Four Redheads*.

Such a throwaway title makes a grudging response to the world of art criticism's need for a thematic basis, for work to be consciously 'thought out,' but this response sticks its tongue out at those curatorial standards. These four tapes were completed at roughly the same time and therefore they had to be premiered together and *that is that*! But of course, nothing in the art world is ever that simple. Participating artists Su Rynard and Dennis Day are two thirds of a collective titled 698515 ETC. (Chris Martin being the third member). We can rest assured that the ETC. in the collective's neo-corporate, computer-arrived-at moniker represents all of the remaining digits and fractions of digits in the video universe, because verbal language is conspicuously and deliberately absent from both Rynard's and Day's tapes. 698515 ETC. were the evening's organizers, which means that the other two participating artists, Rhonda Abrams and Tess Payne, were screening their technically much more modest tapes in a space defined by the host and hostess' most recent works.

All four tapes are concerned with the dichotomies of what is natural and what is artificial, with what exists outside of the excesses and fabrications of a consumer-oriented society and, ultimately, with differences between process and product. Tess Payne's *Life On Our Planet* juxtaposes rural and urban slices-of-life; Rhonda Abrams sets up a musical encounter between 'expensive firewood' and a 'cheap fiddle' on a campsite from which human lives are in the process of being eradicated; Su Rynard attempts to find a personal poetic in the aftermath of a typical evening's excessive consumption; and Dennis Day seems to take the hyper-kinetic activity of a hi-tech, over-produced world for granted. All four tapes are concerned with ownership and property.

Tess Payne's previous tapes (*The Flow of Appearances*, *Old Dresses*) have served up images involving animals and food, as well as focusing on materials which are natural components of the process of living. Specific materials are used to create personal observations or memories, and a narrative evolves without seeming particularly forced or affected. Her work has also consisted of rituals involving friends or performers utilizing extended time and not making any attempt to disguise roots in performance art and personal narrative. However, in *Life On Our Planet* Payne shifts toward the use of contrasting vignettes that imply texts through image connotations rather than following an extended narrative thrust. The tape opens with a hopelessly urban TV reporter invading a farmer's territory and disrupting the operation of the farm, except it turns out that the farmer speaks in a cross between the jargon of a scientist and a systems analyst. So, the 'natural' is systematized and itemized and whateverized too. When the calves come out for their morning milking they appear to have been choreographed, an obvious result of their conditioned behaviour. Then the tape moves away from the choreography of farm life to the urban viewers absently picking up this programme on their TV, and we see segments pertaining to eating habits (these juxtapose disposable snacks such as potato chips with products clearly obtained from the farm animals, particularly milk with all of its implications). We are then shown vignettes of women engaging in media-desig-

Still courtesy of Vtape.

**Chris Martin in Dennis Day's tape *Oh Nothing*.**

*See Harwood's response to an earlier review of *Firewords* in *(f.)Lip*, Volume 1, No. 2, July 1987 (write 2533 West 5th Avenue, Vancouver, BC, V6K 1S9).

nated 'healthy' activities, such as aerobics and general workout sessions, motivated by the none-too-healthy reasons of vanity and 'being discovered' by TV producers who think of people, and particularly women, in the same terms as they do cattle.

But these vignettes are not really integrated; their narrative possibilities are interrupted by dance/performance segments which throw the tape into real-time and counteract the process of image association which has been encouraged by the tape's established edit patterns. Payne juggles the parallels of human life and animal life, making a humorously telling point in a scene where a wife is discussing a popular magazine article about lions — an animal generally considered to be wild and untameable and impossible for most humans to own, thereby becoming an 'exotic' animal — while her husband is reading the magazine in question, and allowing the couple's pet pussycat to rest on his lap. (It has been remarked that God invented the pussycat so that man could caress a lion.) Then the tape cuts to a Black male dancer, demonstrating his prowess to an admiring audience. Whether or not this is intended as a metaphor for 'an exotic animal held captive' remains unclear. It seems that throughout the tape Payne wishes to encourage such associations, while in certain segments she seems indifferent to possible narrative repercussions.

The title *Life On Our Planet* (one of the most general titles this writer has yet encountered), either *has* to refer to a randomly connected grab bag of events and images, or else (as in, for example, Geoffrey Shea's *The Truth About The U.S.S.R.*) implies one of those grandiose $64,000 questions that can be reduced to only one specific life situation. The title implies a reluctance to edit disparate elements into a cohesive whole — an insistence that real-life processes cannot be edited into a cold, hard product. This aesthetic is consistent with the artist's obvious wariness of streamlining and of media-regulated behaviour. However, the tape implies connections without doing enough to unify them.

Rhonda Abrams' *Lament of the Sugar Bushman*, by contrast, exists completely in the time span of a performance art piece. At the public screening, I thought it was essentially a documentation of her original performance. Videotape production originated by melding elements of sculpture (visual constructions) and time-based disciplines (performance, music, text). In Abrams' tape, and indeed in other tapes in her repertoire — especially *The Myth of the Fishes* — Abrams has radically stuck to this basic narrative strategy, despite the fashionability of more fragmented narratives, shifting points-of-view, and film-like approximations (not to mention the options of post-production time-base juggling and potentially narrative-obscuring effects). Her basic ecological message is not all that different from Payne's, but she is able to articulate her vision within essentially one frame, with a few decisive but unforced edits. In Abrams' tape, the natural and the artificial exist absurdly but harmoniously within the same frame. Two men meet; a fiddler commences his accompaniment, and a woodsman begins to perform his lament. The use of a professional operatic tenor to sing a tune none too different from the melody of *El Paso* is an example of this ridiculous marriage of the elegant and the earthy, an extension of the device of using theatrical styles of performance against 'natural' backdrops. Opera is the ultimate anti-naturalistic musical theatre, patronized by both the rich and the 'cultured'; and patrons of the opera are *not* reputed to talk about fiddles and firewood. Even before the performers enter the frame, Abrams introduces this opposition by letting us hear the roar of a bulldozer against the sound of birds. (During the recitation, the birds' territory is invaded by the performers, and the bulldozers occasionally roar in a different key.) The singer's lyrics, too, are that of a reel; they are quasi-pre-literate, coming from an oral, rather than a written, tradition.

Moving from the pre-literate to the post-literate we come to Dennis Day's *Oh Nothing*, the cartoonish tale of the romance between Rebecca, Graphic Artist and Kevin, Systems Analyst (although they might well be called Agents 99 and 86). In Payne's and Abrams' tapes there is earth and grass; in Day's tape there is astroturf. *Oh Nothing*'s edit rhythm is predominantly the standard 3-second rate used in advertising (or faster). If the music were con-

Still courtesy of Vtape.

**Stills from *Life On Our Planet* by Tess Payne, and BELOW: *Lament of the Sugar Bushman* by Rhonda Abrams.**





Still courtesy of Vtape.

**Still from *Within Dialogue (Silence)* by Su Rynard.**

tinuous rather than fragmented we would have well above average MTV, which usually suffers in relation to actual commercials simply because the average commercial can accomplish its goal in far less airtime. Moments of calm in the frantic lives of the two disconnected lovers are routinely disrupted by domestic anarchy. Where Su Rynard is desperately searching for some kind of poetic element in hi-rise yuppieland, Day seems to take it for granted that such a search that is absurd and obsolete: the lovers speak to each other, but they don't converse. In our everyday, searching form of narrative, disjointedness becomes a puzzle, demanding some sort of resolve or unification. In a technocracy, in which process only exists as a state of post-production, this disjointedness is seemingly a given.

Day's previous work, *A Place To Call My Own*, used a fairly traditional 'estranged couple' narrative but was quite successful at compressing the time element of that familiar-enough story. By allowing images parallel-in-time to exist parallel-in-frame, Day circumvented the inherent sentimentality of such a narrative structure. *Oh Nothing*, which of course is a title even more defiant of curatorial content requirements than *Four Redheads*, replaces the postcard effect of wipe-edited still images with a cartoon-like aesthetic of household appliances, and indeed the entire universe gone haywire at the expense of whatever humanity remains. *Oh Nothing* doesn't quite function as a critique of hi-rise, hi-tech romance, because in the tape's world there is no sense that romance ever really existed — there is no history, except for cartoons, MTV, and commercials. At least Day knows that content isn't his strongest suit, and does a slick job of dislocating an already dislocated universe. Actually, this tape could probably be very successful as a short before your basic $3.00 Tuesday action movie, except that its state-of-the-art technology will probably endear it to those videophiles endeared to such technology for its own sake.

Dennis Day does intend his tape to read as a visual equivalent of a hyper-kinetic, fast-edit world, but Su Rynard in her *Within Dialogue (Silence)* would like to find a permanence, an equilibrium which can be held onto. Rynard's protagonist sees yuppiedom as shallow and 'empty' so she must find something else. She becomes a hitchiker who doesn't have a clue what her destination is. The tape finishes with a disjointed conversation not unlike Day's snatches of dialogue, although in Rynard's tape there is a sense that the woman would like to be able to talk to the man. But there is no chance of that.

There is also very little motion in her tape, except for the woman walking across pavement and taking off her shoes at the side of a highway. The significance of these miniscule actions is exaggerated by the absence of background music and a sparsity of dialogue. The amplified clinking sounds of knives, forks, glasses, leather jacket zippers, etc., attempt to create a mood or a sense of 'meaning,' but there is not really any such meaning beyond the expected associations of the objects in the particular environment: every object becomes fetishized, as in a Robbe-Grillet novel, or as in a lifestyle commercial. The imagery, except in brief sequences where small, trivial actions are blown up to epic proportions, is derived from advertising photographs. The interior scenes were shot at the 'Celebrity Apartments' (which for all I know might well be a put-on), but the sets could just as easily have been lifted from lifestyle ads. And when Rynard closes in on the woman's shoes abandoned by the highway, is this to signify that the days of stylish shoes are a thing of the past for this woman? Or are we in fact witnessing yet another footwear commercial? There is nothing in the tape to direct a reading of this 'significant' little action. And though every image in frame trumpets meaning by virtue of almost unprecedented deliberation, the primary process documented here is that of the tape's post-production.

For both Day and Rynard, post-production is not just the completion of something already conceived and visually realized; it is the main event. Payne's tape is almost diametrically opposite in this regard, since her choices of sequencing seem arbitrary by comparison. Whatever attempts at narrative might exist in Day's and Rynard's works, it is almost as if having some kind of 'story' is itself a concession to a world that searches for coherence and structure. The possibilities now available in the editing room are by definition going to determine the tape's content to such a degree that the post-production *becomes* the content. Dennis Day is hardly a formalist, and neither is Su Rynard. However, a fascination with technical possibilities for their own sake does indeed echo early fascinations with duration of scan lines, manipulations of snow, layering of feedback, and other purely formalist activities which occurred naturally as the video medium's technical possibilities were being discovered. When the major concern of an artist's tape is obviously the process of editing rather than the process of conceiving, the form tends to overshadow whatever content may be attempted. Su Rynard's frequently-employed still-image-followed-by-a-wipe-edit has the effect of denying motion, and the possibilities opened up by the combination of motion and image was a significant part of the initial attraction of the video medium: time-based activity can indeed co-exist with relatively static, sculptural images. The danger, though, inherent in an over-dependence upon post-production effects is that they tend to kill narrative, and indeed, kill poetry.

All four tapes do concern the schism between humanity and the environments which humanity now controls. Is it merely coincidental that the tape which is blatantly the least critical of this condition (Day's) is the fastest and slickest of the package; and that the tape with the cleverest ecological message (Abrams') is the one tape which was the most thought-out in pre-production and whose message is the most realized in its actual shooting and performance? In this case, I don't think so. ●

**Andrew J. Paterson is a Toronto-based fiction writer, video producer, and performance artist.**

# On Signs & Sex

**VISUAL EVIDENCE**
**"A SERIES OF VIDEO SCREENINGS, WORKSHOPS, AND MULTIMEDIA EVENTS ABOUT SEXUALITY AND SEXUAL IMAGES"**
**Various Locations, Vancouver, BC**
**April 25 - June 28, 1987**

*by Kathy McLeod & Nancy Shaw*

*Any person who works for, is employed directly by, or who is in any way acting as an agent or informer for the B.C. Film Classification Branch or the B.C. Attorney General, Canada Customs, police force, or government agency is not permitted on these premises at this time by order of the organizers of this event, and any such person must leave now. If any such person remains, he or she shall be considered a trespasser.*

**THESE FOREBODING WORDS** spoken by Sara Diamond introduced *Visual Evidence*, a ten-part series of video screenings and workshops held in Vancouver, April 25 to June 28. *Visual Evidence* challenged the rise of government censorship, both the impending Federal legislation, Bill C-54, and the recently enacted B.C. censorship legislation, the Motion Pictures Act. Curated by Diamond and Karen Knights, the series intended to promote the screening, criticism, and production of works around themes of sexuality. Issues ranged from sex education, to gay and lesbian imagery, to race and sexuality. Sponsored by the Coalition for the Right to View and the Vancouver Artist League, it included visiting artists Marusia Bociurkiw, Colin Campbell, Candida Royale, John Greyson, Marc Paradis, Richard Fung, and Blush Productions, a San Francisco video production group.

*Visual Evidence* was part of an intense ongoing debate which, according to curator Knights originated out of the feminist critique of pornography, the growth of gay culture, and the resulting right-wing censorship campaign. "Like all good crises it has divided once-indivisible camps," she said. In particular, the feminist community has been split between those who condemn pornography because of its exploitative and misogynist elements, and those who see censorship as a greater threat to the expression of sexuality.

If the new Federal legislation passes in the fall sitting of Parliament, the depiction of vaginal, anal, and oral intercourse, masturbation, and ejaculation will be forbidden. Eroticism, broadly defined as the depiction of nudity, will be restricted to those over eighteen. The depiction of sexually violent or degrading acts, as well as images of bodily harm, will be banned. The provisions for search and seizure are broad, and the legislation places the onus on charged person(s) to prove their exemption on artistic, educational, scientific, or medical grounds. The bill disregards the context of the depiction of explicit sex and does not contain provisions that will directly help actual victims of violence and sexism.

In British Columbia, the recently imposed Motion Pictures Act is similarly lacking. All videos and films are now to be submitted to a government-appointed censor for classification. The censor has the power to appoint inspectors whose job it is to enter distribution centres during business hours and view material. Offending and unclassified material can be seized, and destroyed unless an appeal is filed within ten days. For artists and individuals, the cost of such appeals could deter them from contesting seizures. According to Diamond, although the present B.C. censor MaryLou Moe Auslane has stated that she will pay attention to the context in which materials are produced, this is one individual's commitment and is not legislated.

*Visual Evidence* curators screened videos that, if submitted for classification, would most likely be censored even though most of the material served to stimulate discussion around the development of sexual images, and to explore alternatives to existing pornography and advertising images. Moreover, the imagery directly challenged the censorship position held by both anti-porn feminists and right-wing fundamentalists. *Visual Evidence* organizers argued that these positions confuse sexual violence and exploitation with sexual explicitness, and that suppression of these images only serves to further mystify sexuality in an already repressed, taboo-bound society. They advocate the production of images that transgress our assumptions about sex and that examine the boundaries of sexual morality. Knights succinctly stated that "while subversive art theories have failed to adequately identify misogynist components, feminist theories have likewise failed to recognize pornography's subversive imperative — to break social taboos."

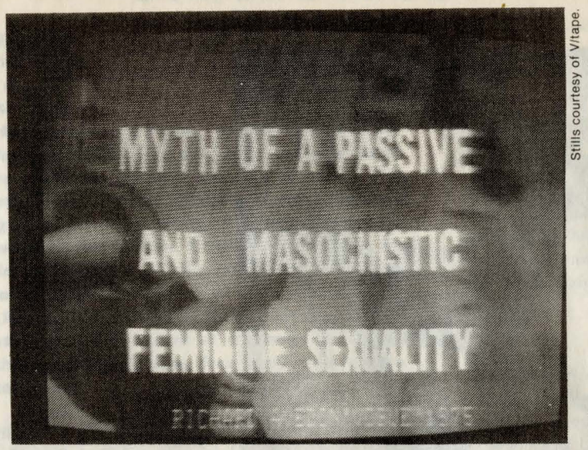
Most of the work screened during *Visual Evidence* challenged these kinds of taboos. Video, as a medium, has great potential for the presentation of sexually explicit material; it is also accessible and affordable. The curators programmed work in thematic groups: an historical retrospective of sex in video, gay and lesbian images, race and sexuality, an evening featuring the work of Toronto video producer Colin Campbell, sex education, and new works on sexuality. Approaches ranged from slick narrative productions such as Colin Campbell's *No Voice Over* (1986) to early, simple documentary works such as Michael Goldberg's *Orgasm* (1975). In this tape the producer attempts to record a casual interview with women friends on the differences between male and female orgasm. The technical quality of the videos was uneven; one was more impressed by the amount of work in the series as a whole. In fact, with so much to choose from, the curators had difficulty in narrowing their choices, and each evening programme ran an exhausting four hours or more.

More significant, however, was that these works were publicly screened in a province where the recent legislation deemed most of them illegal. The efforts of the artists and curators to challenge and reconstruct socialized attitudes towards the depiction of sexuality, while not always aesthetically successful, had a personal and social impact on the audience.

**VISUAL EVIDENCE** began with a screening of five videos by Colin Campbell. *Conundrum Clinique*, the first to be shown, explored the differing perspectives of a scientist and her male lover, a co-worker, on nuclear and sexual power. The sexual and social issues become inseparably intertwined in the somewhat disrupted narrative. Moving between monologues by the male and female characters, our standard definition and expectations of power are challenged. The tape begins with the male character applying








Stills courtesy of Vtape.

**Still from *Art For Whom* by Carla Murray.**

make-up, discussing his love for it, and the freedom it gives him in the lab. The tape ends with a homoerotic encounter between an alien disguised as a plumber, resulting in the male protagonist's accidental murder. The narrative is less important than the subtle shifts in power that influence the characters' and audience's reactions.

The longest and most intriguing of Campbell's work shown was *No Voice Over*, a narrative about three women friends who remain psychically connected despite their different geographic locations. Campbell's intent, which he discussed after the screening, was to explore women's communication and male manipulation of it through economic and personal power. His somewhat stereotypical portrayal of the women's 'emotional' and 'psychic' connections was balanced by the quality of acting and the tape's high production values. All of Campbell's work explores sexuality in an indirect, and therefore highly significant, way. He portrays varieties of sexuality and lifestyles without didacticism. The depiction of sexual encounters is merely one component in his narratives, one which leads the viewer to question, not the inclusion of homosexual or otherwise explicit scenes, but our society's ability to condemn and judge such representations.

The second evening of showings, "The Historic Body; Early Video Works About Sexuality," presented a curatorial and visual overview of works by video artists and documentary producers spanning early black-and-white images to colour video. Many of the tapes shown were produced in the early 1970s, a period when artists were strongly influenced by the emergence of conceptual art. Two such works by Rodney Werden, *Call Roger* (1973) and *AM Radio Was His Only Friend* (1977), explore the relationship between the subjects of the video and the audience, attempting to blur accepted definitions of public and private sexuality. *AM Radio* consisted of an audio confession by the artist introduced over a macro close-up of two people having sex. The first five minutes of the tape are silent, increasing the viewer's self-conscious discomfort. After initially being overwhelmed, however, the viewer's response is dulled as the visuals become boring and repetitive. Werden forces the viewer to recognize the distortion that cultural repression can produce — what is censored remains desirable; what is overwhelmingly revealed loses its threat and allure.

In Lynda Benglis's *Female Sensibility* (1973), two women explore the possibility of a feminine erotic to the sounds of AM radio. Benglis appears in the video as an artist and as a woman. A tension arises between the validation of individual experience, the desire to appear erotic, and the artist's struggle to avoid reproducing the exploitative nature of production relations.

Two early documentary videos were presented, *Orgasm* (1975) by Michael Goldberg, and *Transsexual Lifestyle* (1973) by Roberta Killagerous. Documentary video at this time was produced largely in response to TV and as a counterpoint to traditional documentary. The situations recorded in these tapes were relatively uncontrolled, emphasizing the vulnerability of the artist. *Transsexual Lifestyle* is a discussion between a transsexual woman and a group of youths who have been harassing her. Most interesting was how their hostile attitudes toward the transsexual's identity, through personal contact with the woman, gradually change to acceptance. This tape emphasizes our culture's frightening insistence that sex roles be maintained, and the violence that erupts when boundaries are crossed because of a lack of information and education.

**WHILE IN THE** early 1970s, debates around sexual representation centred on a critique of the content of imagery, by the late 1970s and early '80s, feminist criticism of imagery focused on the structure of pleasure. Video artists were influenced by writers such as Laura Mulvey, who analyzed the voyeuristic position of the camera and the objectification of women in the cinema. Artists employed strategies which ranged from disrupting traditional narrative structures, to the appropriation of dominant language and imagery, to an attempt to define the difference between eroticism and pornography.

*Accessory Transit Company* (1980) by Jorge Lozano uses Susan Griffin's text *Pornography and Silence* to counterpoint pornographic images. Within the text a man and woman struggle without resoluton over the issues of power, gender, and sexuality. Both *Accessory Transit Company* and Carla Murray's *Art For Whom* pose the difficulty of, at the same time, appropriating and critiquing the pornographic text. Questions arise as to what happens to the pleasure of the porn text — is it subverted, or reinforced? — or is the traditional Judeo-Christian complex of pleasure-embedded-in-guilt-and-denial reinstated? In *Art For Whom* Carla Murray uses a didactic approach. She imposes advertising text onto familiar images and the pleasure in the imagery is subverted by the constant, almost annoying, repetition of text.

In Elizabeth Chitty's *Desire Control*, the artist defies the feminist anti-porn tradition. She presupposes that porn is an expression of sexuality and as such can serve the needs of female sexuality, not inevitably victimize it. Her work reverses the usual male position of authorship and places the woman in a series about desire questioning whether the appropriation of traditionally masculine language subverts female desire, or whether female desire eventually subverts the language.

The early 1980s also brought about a rise in concern for censorship in Canada, and Stokely Seip's *Snuff Flick*, a short, powerful tape, directly confronts the proponents of censorship. The

Stills courtesy of Vitape.

**Still from Marusia Bociurkiw's *Playing With Fire*.**

visuals are simply: a close-up of a nose inhaling snuff, over which key words linking censorship, repression, and authoritarianism are flashed. The audio consists of a human voice emitting noises of either intense sexual pleasure or pain. The juxtaposition of elements is disturbing and fascinating, whether or not one accepts the content of Seip's imagery.

"Constructing Identities: Gay and Lesbian Imagery," was held May 15th at the Pitt International Galleries. Central to the discussion of gay and lesbian pornography is the argument that gay male production, compared to lesbian work in terms of both quality and quantity reveals some extension of patriarchal privilege. A recent issue of *Jump Cut* recognizes that while gay porn is a "progressive, educative or ideological" force, it is also a "potentially regressive force valourizing sexism, looks-ism, sizeism, facism, ageism, and as well, violent behaviours that reinforce the closet by providing anonymous personal outlets." Although the videos presented in this screening were chosen to explore a wide range of perspectives on this issue, they provided a thorough exploration of the above arguments. Two tapes by Blush Productions were attempts to create lesbian erotica, exploring fantasy and S&M. Their work brought about controversy at the screening. Using traditional pornographic techniques and stereotypical situations the tapes seemed unsuccessful in providing any re-examination of pornography. However, their stated intention was not to define a lesbian pornography, but rather, to explore it completely, in all its aspects.

"Information, Young Artists and Sexuality" was an evening of performance and video curated by Meaghan Baxter and held May 22 at the Western Front. Most of the work in this programme will be subject to censorship under the new legislation because it is meant for those under eighteen, yet contains sexually explicit scenes. The videos included Branda Miller's *That's It, Forget It*, a 1985 production in rock video format depicting teenage girls preparing for a dance; and *Pat Pong* (1986), by Reece Metcalfe and Marlin Oliveros, a visual documentary about the daily life of some people in Bangkok's red-light district. In *Is this Heaven*, by Karen Hardie and Sarah Goldstein, a young girl falls in love with a rock and roll star. John Greyson's *The Perils of Pedagogy* (1984) is a humorous examination of stereotyping within the gay community as it affects youth.

In conjunction with this event a workshop was held at Heritage Hall. In the morning, a panel discussion included representatives from the B.C. Teacher's Federation, Planned Parenthood, AIDS Vancouver, B.C. School Trustees, and a sexual-abuse educator who looked at approaches to sex education in the community and schools for adults and youth. This was followed by screenings of material appropriate for sex education but which would be subject to new censorship laws. A strong video in this programme was *Hormone Warzone* by Toronto's Hummer Sisters, a 1983 production about a woman who doesn't want to get pregnant, but wants to be sexually active, but doesn't want to suffer the side effects of popular birth control. *In the Dark*, by Toronto video artists Lisa Steele and Kim Tomczak, was a stunning work about sexuality; in it the two artists document their own sexuality with a voiceover text describing their quests as youths and adults for sexual identity.

"Monitoring Sex: Recent Video Works About Sexuality" was a final three-day extravaganza of screenings and discussion about new video on sexuality. The first evening of screenings included *The Story of Red* (1984) by Rodney Werden, about a prostitute and a john who go for a ride in her mobile home. *That Other Animal* (1984) by Amanda Hale presents the artist in a performance exploring issues such as race, gender, and class. Other works were by Lydia Schouten, Rhonda Abrams, Jean Gagnon, Catherine Elwes, John Greyson, Lyn Blumenthal, Hank Bull, Darrel Varga, Marc Paradis, and Eric Metcalfe.

After attending all the *Visual Evidence* screenings and viewing a deluge of material that falls between the gaping crevices of the impending Federal legislation, we questioned all the more strongly what this legislation is supposed to do. The material screened at *Visual Evidence* serves an important purpose — it is educative and sometimes, we admit, pleasurable. This work explores sexuality in its multi-faceted variations which appear to threaten the right wing's desperate attempt to uphold traditional family values. Rather than dealing with the problem — actual sexual exploitation and violence — this legislation clears the way for more censorship.

**Both Kathy McLeod and Nancy Shaw are writers in Vancouver, and organizers at the Kootenay School of Writing. Kathy McLeod is co-editor of the journal** *Raddlemoon*.

**LEFT to RIGHT: Translator, Marc Paradis, Paul Wong, Sara Diamond, Candida Royale, Marusia Bociurkiw.**





**"GOING ALL THE WAY: A PANEL ON RECENT WORK AND APPROACHES"**
**Women In Focus, Vancouver, BC**
**June 28, 1987**

*by Zainub Verjee*

**THE LAST EVENT of the Visual Evidence Series, "Going All The Way," was held at Women In Focus and presented four producers and their works to discuss strategies for representing sex and sexuality in video. The panelists include Marc Paradis, producer of *Le Cage* and *Le Voyage de l'Ogre* and other art works about homosexuality, Paul Wong, director of *Confused*, a work banned from the Vancouver Art Gallery, Candida Royale, porn industry worker with Femme Productions and director of the new work *Three Daughters*, and Marusia Bociurkiw, independent video producer and director of *Playing With Fire*. Paul Wong was unavailable for an interview.**

**My talks with three panelists disclosed some of the ways producers represent various approaches to sexual images, from narrative feature work to "pro-woman" pornography.**

The work of Marc Paradis uses a poetical and lyrical analysis of identity and desire. During the presentation, Paradis expressed his interest particularly in homosexuality as opposed to sexuality. He talked about the North American and European cultural influences on gay men, and his work towards developing a gay aesthetic. On censorship, Paradis stated, "the responsibility lies on the artist to make sure they have the right to represent."

**Zainub Verjee:** Marc, can you tell me how long you have been working with video?
**Marc Paradis:** Since 1981. I began my first work in 1979 at university. I was very interested in the medium because it's more portable, it makes shooting easier and I can go where I want to.
**ZV:** During the workshop you mentioned that you were interested in homosexuality, not sexuality. Can you explain this in the context of your video work?
**MP:** I have known I was a gay person since I was very young, since I have had the right to think. I was very curious about homosexuality, how it's done, why it exists, who are the artists working with homosexuality. In all my adolescence I searched and read books about homosexuality. All my desires and fantasies were in my head. When I started video it was possible for me to explain my fantasies and what I wanted to see about homosexuality.
**ZV:** How, over the years, has your work with homosexuality changed your experiences and your understanding of yourself and what you want to produce?
**MP:** When I produced *Le Voyage de l'Ogre*, I was very afraid of showing myself and talking about homosexuality because I was coming out in my own family, and in my community, but never publicly. I know from the tape that it is possible to talk about homosexuality and I had a very good reception from the public. This made me very happy and secure to continue in that kind of work. *Le Cage* was very hard for me to make because all my close friends and people living with me were repressed. They found the scenes too hard or too explicit and I had to fight and impose myself. It went very well because this tape made a powerful impression on the community, curators, and critics.

Candida Royale discussed *Three Daughters* and other work in the context of an extended personal history, saying that her work was different from mainstream porn. Royale, claiming a place in the artistic and feminist community, described her work as depicting women in control over their own bodies and sexuality. *Three Daughters* presented a slightly more sensitive scenario than the regular "blue movie," with less genital-oriented camera work used in recording the sex scenes. However, the basic porn movie formula was followed in lighting, music and storyline, with the virgin-whore dichotomy still firmly in place.

**Zainub Verjee:** How autobiographical is your work?
**Candida Royale:** The issues that I struggle with in video at the same time are dealing with issues in my own life. Dealing with guilt laid on me as a young woman, and trying to put sex back into a positive perspective for myself. To say that in imagery, sex is okay, is trying to say that to myself. Particularly in *Three Daughters* where all three women, and even the mother, were parts of myself. The youngest daughter is discovering her sexuality in a real positive way, having her first orgasm by reading feminist literature and spying on her older sister. The middle sister, whom the family sees as shy, is actually very high-blooded and takes matters into her own hands. The older sister is very spicy, engaged in bondage with her lover at the same time as discussing marriage, and is not willing to give up her job in London. The mother and father rediscover their passion for each other. I wanted to show that older people who have been married for a while make love too. Does the deeper love for each other turn into a deeper sexuality? So it's all very reflective about what I am discovering about myself. As it evolves it's a representation of my own sexual evolution and trying to reclaim my sexuality for the joyful and positive thing it is and should be for everyone.
**ZV:** In North America everyone is preoccupied with sex and sexuality. Sexual representation is important and becomes an important issue when we are fighting censorship. Can you comment on North America's concern with sex and sexuality?
**CR:** I think it's a real obsession and that it comes from puritanism. Once you start saying it's no good, it becomes forbidden fruit and what happens is that you become more intrigued with it. As long as we continue to repress sexuality, it's going to remain that way, we have to take it out of the closet. The puritans have made us feel ashamed of sex and have put down other cultures and societies for their openness.
**ZV:** Can you tell me about your next work?
**CR:** My next big challenge is to explore the darker side of our fantasies. I have been very careful until now, but I really want to touch on stuff that is not so politically correct.

Marusia Bociurkiw's narrative feature *Playing With Fire*, is a beautiful work concentrating on lesbian sexual representation. Bociurkiw's use of humour and language enhances the entertaining and thought-provoking imagery of the piece; a combination not possible in documentary. In her discussion on representation, she addresses censorship with a view to integrating a wider realm of issues.

**Zainub Verjee:** Could you tell me a little bit about *Playing With Fire* and what it's about?
**Marusia Bociurkiw:** *Playing With Fire* is a narrative video that I wrote in response to struggles that I have witnessed or been involved with around censorship in Ontario. It uses a woman who has lost her sexual memory as a metaphor for the forgetting and losing of history that happens when we don't have access to our images, our histories and stories, through various forms of censorship. It deals with heterosexual and lesbian sexual representation, and concentrates on lesbians to depict the different ways women become lesbian — different ways that we express our sexuality. It tries to present such representation positively and within a political context.
**ZV:** Can you tell me a little about how artists in Ontario have dealt with the censorship issue?
**MB:** Our response has been on different levels — to be vocal, we organized a large demonstration a couple of years ago when we first started. There have been court cases involving the Ontario Film and Video Association, fighting the raid at A Space and over Pages Bookstore. All three of those court cases have been won. We don't submit our tapes to the Ontario Censor Board — that's an act of civil disobedience which makes us vulnerable to raids and more court cases. We also organized Six Days of Resistance about one and a half years ago, which was a series of screenings of tapes and films that had never been submitted to the Ontario Censor Board. Many of us active in the coalition against Bill C-54 are going to be organizing a similar six-day event and various other events which will try to foreground imagery, text and so on that could be illegal or banned under the new legislation. So it's going to be an educational kind of event.
**ZV:** You have been attending the *Visual Evidence* event at Women In Focus this weekend with three other artists. How did you perceive the event?

**MB:** Personally I found it very useful — it's just so rare for events like this to happen, where you get to see works dealing with sexual representation from all over and from every imaginable political spectrum. It was also very good to be able to show *Playing With Fire* in this context, which is the context in a sense which gave birth to the work. It's a very positive experience to be able to show it and talk about it in the context of censorship, organizing and resistance. In terms of the panel I thought there was a wide variety of views expressed. It's often the case that people take a particular view and in my case I am dealing with lesbian sexual representation, but I am also trying to include material concerning political organizing, and trying to integrate discussion around racism and how to include an anti-racist perpective into this. I don't think there is enough of that in the whole discussion, although, in *Visual Evidence* there was "Double Jeopardies" — that was really positive to include.

**ZV:** How have you, and the collective you work with, Emma Productions, tried to integrate anti-racism in your work?

**MB:** It's partly in the way you look at an issue. You acknowledge, if you are white, that it is a limited perspective and you bring other sides to the story. It's important to think about how particular discourse is created and who forms the terms of reference. For instance, in the panel discussion I tried to talk about how the discourse around women's sexual representation has been created largely by white educated women. This means it is not a discourse that's accessible or relevant to women of colour. Emma Productions is working on a video on lesbians of colour and a video on South East Asian immigrant women.

**ZV:** In your other works, how have you dealt with oppression?

**MB:** I have been working in a collective, and in documentary dealing with oppression around us and with oppression that has not been dealt with. So I have been addressing absences within feminist documentary. For example, labour issues, poverty issues, sexuality. I am working on a video right now on the issue of housing. In work like this I am attempting to bring isolated issues into a more integrated perspective.

**ZV:** In the struggle against censorship, what do you see as the next stage for artists to continue the fight?

**MB:** I think it's important for us to keep creating the images and text that we have been doing. It's also important to keep organizing events like this, and to keep bringing these issues and these images, and words like sex, lesbian, homosexual, to the attention of the arts councils — because the more they see work like that produced, the easier it will be to get funding. It's an ongoing process of visibility. Grass-roots political organizing and coalition politics are important — it is not just an artists' issue. Also of consideration should be the entire right-wing, conservative agenda, so that when we look at censorship we also look at repressive labour laws, refugee legislation, and other issues, because they are all connected and all part of the increasing state control over our lives.

**"DOUBLE JEOPARDIES: GENDER AND RACE IN IMAGERY"**
**The Western Front, Vancouver, BC**
**June 6, 1987**

CAROL ALLEN, ANTI-RACIST EDUCATOR, AND RICHARD FUNG, VIDEO ARTIST, co-facilitated this event in an effort to address the issues of race and gender representation. Images in the mainstream media and alternate works such as Midi Onodera's *Ten Cents A Dance* and Richard Fung's *Chinese Characters* were screened.

Allen opened the workshop with a strong working definition of racism: "Racism is Power and Prejudice;" Power, meaning social, economic and political dominance of one race over another. Minorities within the same culture may be prejudiced but not racist, as they lack the same power as those in the dominant culture. Allen continued the workshop with an examination of stereotyping in mainstream media, using clips from TV shows which depict people of colour in unreal ways. With the participation of a mixed audience, she proceeded to draw out commonly used stereotypes of the "worst they had heard" or those they themselves held to be true. This was done with a grid of various ethnic groups cross-indexed with gender (gender broken down in terms of heterosexual male or female, gay or lesbian).

As this exercise progressed, what became apparent was that, for the most part, the people of colour in the room had once again been silenced. The glib and quick responses from the mainly white audience aroused anger and then paralysis in myself and other people of colour. When Richard Fung suggested carrying out the same exercise using *white* people cross-indexed with gender, the alternate white arts community once again responded with reference to white middle class society. Even at this point it was hard to respond but some stereotypes of white people were forthcoming from Black audience members and those of colour.

This exercise along with the screenings brought about some interesting dialogue and discussion. Some questions came to mind, such as "What was this workshop about?," "Who was this workshop for?" and "What can be done?" The workshop's original intention — to discuss race and gender representation — was somewhat lost as the issue of racism and stereotyping became predominant in the discussion. Racial awareness among the participants was limited, but I'm sure some people came away from the discussion feeling positive about what they had learned, and questioning their own racial biases.

Richard Fung's videotape *Chinese Characters* examines how gay Asians experience white gay culture and, in particular, gay white porn. This sophisticated and original work examines the complex contradictions that his subjects confront. Representational work by artists of colour is still in its early stages and progressive work such as this accumulates importance in the development of a new aesthetic and critical arena. The question of *who* has the right to represent also becomes significant, although this was touched on in this discussion as the audience was not ready to address these issues.

The "Double Jeopardies" event provided a much-needed opportunity to discuss race and representation in mainstream media, institutions, and in alternative works. However, a great amount of further exploration and education is needed to develop racial awareness and anti-racist education. Also, a forum to focus on a Black aesthetic should be developed in Vancouver.

The *Visual Evidence* series was timely and well-structured, in that it represented *specific* groups such as gay and lesbian, youth, and different racial groups, as well as those more commonly addressed. Gay and lesbian work is hit hardest by legislation at present, but censorship used against one group can be used against another in the future. It is necessary to combine our efforts against state censorship to ensure we have the right to represent as we see fit. ●

**Zainub Verjee is currently on the Board of Directors for The Women's Labour History Project, and works at Women In Focus, a distributor of video and films by women.**





# Comedy Can Kill

**SHEILA GOSTICK**
**IN PERFORMANCE**
**The Cabana Room, Toronto, Ont.**
**August 27, 1987**

*by Pat Jeffries*

SHEILA GOSTICK packed the Cabana Room this summer by posting ads for an apartment for rent at 460 King St. W. (The Spadina Hotel's Cabana Room). "Apartment for rent? Oh *sure*. Where do you think your are, Montreal?"

But she let the homeless plug in their hotplates and stay for the evening. What followed was 3 hours of brilliant comedy with a critical edge you could stand on. She joked about pollution, the housing crisis, urban redevelopment, cancer, domestic violence, heroin overdose, rape, murder, the art world and a lot of other things that aren't normally very funny. Some of her best-received material was about local politics. First she trashed Harbourfront: "...and what they've done with Horrorfront. Very nice. They're creating open spaces. The living rooms in the condos are huge." Her theory is that the condos were built just to hide the scum on the lake. "Can you believe these people? They're always women, right, swimming around the lake for multiple sclerosis. Ugggg. Isn't there another way to get it?"

The art world was out for the gig but that didn't stop Sheila. She heaped abuse on its racism, commercialism and pretentiousness: "...and after the natives are all dead the art dealer comes in. But actually, these savages were really quite brilliant artists. Their sense of colour! What do you mean they aren't all dead? Get rid of them! We don't want them wrecking the market with keychains and kleenex dispensers!"

Next on the hit list was the mindless careerism of certain segments of the art community: "I got a little upset because all the artists were competing to decorate the new cop fort that they're building. Missile deflectors. Maybe something a little phallic with flowers."

A lot of Gostick's material is about sex and sexual politics but she presents herself, like Pee Wee Herman, as a non-sexual entity: "I think sex is a very private and personal thing. You should never involve another person in it. Then it gets messy."

Gostick is never openly lesbian but there's a gay subtext throughout her material. Gay women are still so invisible that even blatent references to lesbianism go right over the heads of the heterosexual majority or are dismissed as being "just a joke." Many lesbians in mainstream media, like pop music, sing heterosexual love songs in their rock videos and keep their private lives quiet. Gostick is less worried: "Wayne Gretsky's my kind of guy. Wealthy and never home. Oh, I know you think it's wrong to take money from men. I should take money from women? Oh, *sure*. Find me a woman who gets paid millions of dollars a year to play ice hockey and I'll get right over there."

Gostick is critical of the whole business of comedy and her position within it as a rising comedienne. Few truly transgressive women make it to the "top" and what counts is still the way you climb. She parodies male comics and lampoons all that is banal and bankrupt in mainstream humour: "All the boy comics like Larry and Howard. You've seen them on T.V. Material like... Honey, buy me a dress! And then you gotta buy them the purse and you gotta buy them the shoes. Isn't that right? Yeah! Isn't that right? Thank you. I love you! Good night! God bless."

Misogynist jokes are a mainstream cliche both male and female comics exploit, but ridiculing men is still risky in the funny business. It's okay to joke about oppression 2000 miles away but when it's staring at you across the barroom table, it's different. Gostick read a newspaper clipping about the recent rape and murder of a woman in the Queen St. area: "It was in the men cutting up women into little pieces section. They have a whole section just for that, you know. Let's see, she was over 30, oh well then, who cares, you gotta get rid of them! She was a mental patient ...oh, that explains it." Gostick feigned disinterest and let the clipping drift to the floor. A man in the audience objected to the material so Gostick read him some "real jokes" from a book called *Comedy Showstoppers*: "That blonde is just like a deck of cards. A little mixed up but stacked."

But the audience at the Cabana Room loved her. It's an indication of Gostick's great talent that she can get away with as much as she does. The funnier you are, the more radical you can be. It's a black and bitter humour that takes as its subject matter the miserable realities of women's oppression. Gostick takes a lot of risks and challenges her audience when she realizes she's gone over the fine line that separates what is funny from what can never be: "You came here looking for a laugh eh? Looking for a good time? Well, forget it! All you get is misery. Misery loves company. That's why I invited you."

There are limits, though, to what even Gostick can get away with. Some people don't have a sense of humour about lesbians, rape, murder, poverty and the radical will to fight back. One wonders about Gostick's prospects for intervention in the male-dominated comedy circuit. The funniest and the fastest, the baddest and the most original comic around can't get a gig at Yuk Yuks, never mind the David Letterman Show. This is comedy that turns all the partisan tables and it is loaded. Sheila says, "Comedy can kill. It's one of those little knowns. They don't have ads for it on the bus but you can die. It's all right for you. You die laughing, but what about me?" ●

Photo of Sheila Gostick by Gail Geltner.

# How Canada Says No

## THE REGULATION OF DESIRE:

**SEXUALITY IN CANADA**
**By Gary Kinsman**
**Pub/Dist: Black Rose Books, Montreal**
**PB $14.95, 1987**

*by Thelma McCormack*

**IN RENAISSANCE ITALY** — liberal Venice, to be precise — no sexual crime was more brutally dealt with than sodomy. Even nuns, the "brides of Christ," who cuckolded the Lord by entertaining men regularly in the convents, were dealt with more leniently than two consenting males. Rape was scarcely a sexual crime at all. But both sodomy and sexual intercourse between Gentiles and Jews were defined as extreme transgressions intolerable to a Christian community. Then, as now, youth were seen as especially vulnerable. And just as contemporary religious Fundamentalists regard AIDS as God's punishment, so, too, did the frightened Venetians take the Plague to be a sign of God's wrath for the "sin against nature." Penalties included death by burning, and having ones eyes gouged out followed by death (all of this carried out publicly).

What makes the homophobia of the 14th and 15th centuries so remarkable is that it occurred at a time when Europe was emerging from the Dark Ages to rediscover the classics, the life of Homer — a period that idealized the Greek model of civilization and the Hellenic spirit. It was also a period of rapid change which put new strains on a family system caught between ecclesiastic and secular control. Was the suddenly visible homoeroticism of this period a symptom of these strains, or a measure of its modernization? Or was it a myth altogether, merely a way of establishing new laws regulating sexuality? There are at least three parallels between the Renaissance period and our own: the preoccupation with maintaining the family, the liberalism toward homosexual practices, and the scapegoating.

However, Gary Kinsman's context is Canada, starting with the 17th century, and his framework is a functional Marxist one that has been influenced and modified by the feminist scholarship of Dorothy Smith. Tracing the formation of a gay culture in Canada, he relates homophobia to the necessity for a capitalist/industrial order to control desire. The family, according to Gary Kinsman, is the hidden agenda in modern homophobia. The prejudice against same-sex relationships rises and falls in relation to the need of a societal structure for procreational sex. So, although homophobia is a very old and intense attitude, its explanation is to be found, not in our own repression as Freudians might suggest, but in terms of social structure.

Several themes run through the study. The first is to contest the social construction of sex, defined in the modern capitalist context as individual and biologically determined: each person in our society has not only a name but a fixed adult sexual identity. Nature, however, cannot be trusted; some degree of regulation is necessary if we are to have a communal life at all.

According to Kinsman, this construction is a flawed one; the reverse is true: there is nothing inevitable about the laws and informal measures that govern our sexual lives. His hypothesis is that the received explanations of desire are the *consequence* of the regulation, not the cause. Our beliefs about sexuality, then, including the notion of a sexual identity, are nothing more than rationalizations of a system of social control.

But these rationalizations that scarcely disguise a heterosexual bias are regarded as having scientific truth, an independent validity; they take on a life of their own so that the most irrational fears become transformed into a rational theory.

The second theme that runs through the discussion is that the images we have of homosexual men, for example, cannot be understood without the corresponding images of heterosexual men, the latter being a type of masculinity that is shaped by a patriarchal social order. To these men who still cling to "macho" stereotypes, no sexual identity or androgyny can be as threatening as the feminine characteristics in men. Thus, in the process of the social construction of sex, there is a mutual and reciprocal distortion. All sex is normal, but all sexual identities, homosexual or heterosexual, are abnormal.

The third theme is that the pattern of regulation has changed. We have moved from our earlier condemnation of homosexuality as a form of moral degeneracy, to a scientific "value-free" view of it as a mental illness, a form of deviance to be understood sympathetically, "cured" with medicine and/or therapy. If all else failed, we could, at least, deal with it humanely as an indicator of our sense of human dignity. Following the American Kinsey report, the view which many experts took is that youthful homosexual relationships are a stage in development and a common occasional occurrence among heterosexual adults. Instead of a polar opposition, then, sexuality was a continuum.

As for public policy, Canadians were influenced by the Wolfenden Report in Britain in the late 1950s which held that the state has no concern with what consenting adults do in private. In 1969 the Criminal Code was amended to reflect that attitude.

What lies behind the new attitude among experts, judicial theorists and public opinion is the transformation of the social structure which separated family from work, and work from leisure. Both the family and procreational sex were no longer functionally imperative, while the new impersonal urban environments gave space to an emergent gay culture: first, among the upper and middle classes; later among the working classes. Ideologues of the new capitalism were talking about "zero population growth," and what better way to achieve it than to legitimate abortion, same-sex relationships, and expressive sex?

But, according to Kinsman this interpretation is only half true. His fourth theme is the harm done by the private/public dichotomy. It may have kept the state out of the bedrooms of the nation but it has deterred efforts to create a public culture. The harassment of gay bars, baths and clubs by the police soon became a regular habit of law enforcement agencies who had a need to justify themselves and could easily exploit, for example, the anxieties the public had about the sexual molesting of children. Apart from the social insensitivity and crude violations of civil liberties involved in these raids, the long-term effect was to undermine a more publicly organized response.

In addition, the reforms were discriminatory. The law made the age of sexual consent for heterosexual relationships anywhere from fourteen to eighteen; for same-sex relationships it was twenty-one. Nor did it deal with the right of gay and lesbian couples to raise children. Recent cases where lesbian mothers have been denied custody or been declared "unfit" are a reminder of the long way to go before we overcome these primal fears about homosexual adults and children.

What appeared, then, to be a liberal direction ended up, first, by turning over the regulation of desire from the moralists to the medical-scientific establishment, and second, with the policing of sexual practice which restricted it more and more to the private domain. The former took a great step forward when, despite intense opposition, American psychologists took homosexuality off the list of psychological disorders in 1973. At the same time liberal opinion was being further mobilized with films, books, and public discussions of the gay and lesbian communities. The cost of this was a crude media-made voyeurism enjoyed by the heterosexual community trying to get its priorities in order. Kinsman discusses an infamous CBS documentary, *Gay Power, Gay Politics*, as particularly obnoxious, but the same voyeurism is involved in the way AIDS has been handled in the media. The backlash was an escalation of police efforts to "wipe out" any public form of gay culture. And from Kinsman's perspective this is a more serious obstacle, for he sees the politicization of gays and lesbians as essential to the future of same-sex relationships, and more generally, of the social and cultural humanism of post-industrial socialism.

*The Regulation of Desire*, then, is not another social history of homosexuality, although it enhances our knowledge of the Canadian case: nor is it another tract pleading for sexual pluralism, although it may become that despite its intentions. It is far more visionary, and radical. The goal is liberation, and while Kinsman sees this only possible in a socialist context, one has to remain skeptical about the "withering away of the state" in Kinsman's vision.

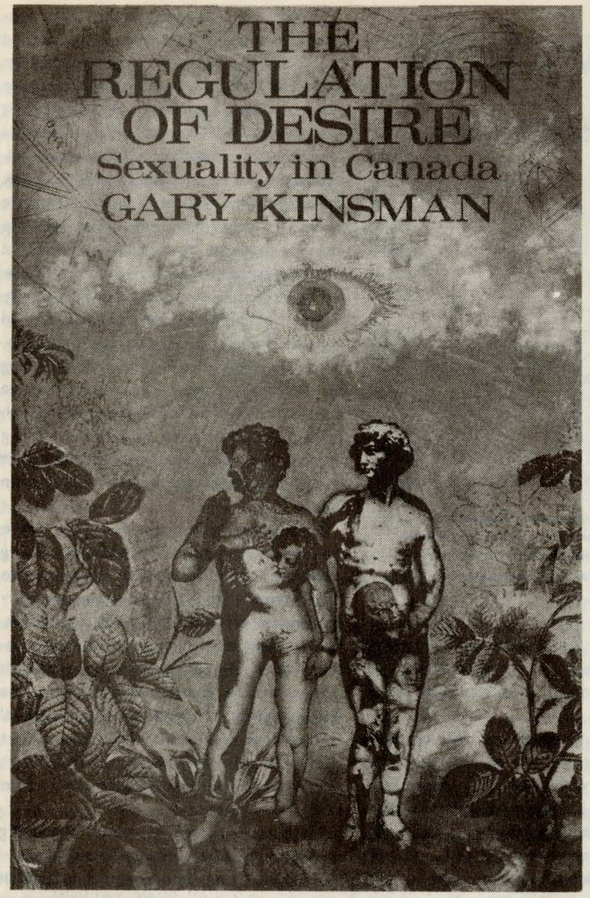
Has AIDS changed this agenda? Many of the popular discussions of the AIDS pandemic suggest that the public culture, the bars and baths, may disappear as gay men seek to establish more monogamous relationships. Kinsman, however, sees the AIDS scare forcing gays to cooperate with a medical establishment and government authorities who have traditionally been their enemies. But I very much doubt if AIDS has changed the agenda as much as supply-side economics, the revival of a family mystique, and the new law-and-order ambience of London, Washington and Ottawa.

The new wave of homophobia does raise some questions about the adequacy of Kinsman's "functional" framework. Can we have a theory about homophobia without a theory of sexuality? Kinsman avoids this, focusing instead on the gay culture, and although this is an important shift, we are still left to wonder if the depth of the anti-homosexual hysteria is not in some way related to more general patterns of sexual repression. Reading the book I was once again shocked by the extent of the harassment of gays in recent years, and the sadism of the style. In addition, his analysis underestimates the extent of countervailing forces that have operated throughout history in the development of public opinion and policies. Nevertheless, Gary Kinsman has made a substantial contribution to our understanding of the politics of same-gender sexual relations, and of the pathological resistance toward it that remains. ●

**Thelma McCormack is a professor of sociology at York University.**








Book cover design by J.W. Stewart.

**Recent historical explorations of the institutions of sexual rule, the emergence of homosexual and lesbian identities and cultures, and our resistance to oppression could help explain this dialectical emergence and confrontation of gay resistance and heterosexual hegemony. This work, which could be called the 'emergence' thesis, suggests that while same-gender erotic pleasures have always existed, they have been socially organized very differently, and that homosexuality and lesbianism in the contemporary sense of distinct identities and cultures are recent creations. Heterosexuality in the contemporary sense is also a recent creation. This emergence perspective is defined by a critique of sexual naturalism—the notion that there is an intrinsic, natural gay, lesbian, heterosexual, or other form of sexuality.**

**GARY KINSMAN**
**Excerpt from the Introduction**

# A Culture of Eviction

## BEER, BOATS, BOHEMIANS & BUREAUCRACIES

**FROM SEA TO SHINING SEA**
**ARTIST-INITIATED ACTIVITY IN CANADA**
**Curated by AA Bronson**
**The Power Plant, Toronto, Ont.**
**June 26 - August 9, 1987**

**THE CAMERON CULTURE**
**Galerie 101 Gallery, Ottawa**
**September 3 - 26, 1987**

*by Clive Robertson*

**"Nothing succeeds...like a budgie with no teeth."**
*—British TV comedian, Benny Hill.*

**"Unlike the glorified, isolated art object, impressions are intensely democratic — everyone has them — and thus everyone is entitled to form his or her particular canon, with the entirety of a freely imagined history to pillage for exemplars."**
*—Katherine Dieckmann, "The Renaissance of Walter Pater," Village Voice, September, 1987*

**ARTISTS** have to be somewhat romantic, irrational, and anarchistic to do what it is they do, but these are unforgiving times in which to have these traits. Similarly, given the heavy-handedness of our continental free-trade proposition, it's questionable to what extent artists should hitch their wagons to the private art sector. Watch for efforts to re-define art production into cultural services and away from cultural industries.

Though not conceived as such, both of these exhibitions tell us a lot about the changing management of Canadian art dissemination. They also point to naive distinctions between democratic and bureaucratic processes.

The catalogue essays for both exhibitions chronicle the histories of artist self-determination — in particular the phenomenal growth of artist-developed organizations and/or projects for production, exhibition and distribution. We can also witness, particularly in the curation of the *Sea To Shining Sea* exhibit, just how resilient the dominant class-biased art is, and how easily the social intent of artist-initiated activities can collapse when confronted by the demands and expectations of institutions many of us thought we had outgrown.

Furthermore, it is more than uncomfortable to contemplate the linkage between Canadians giving away more of their assets and sovereignty (in exchange for what essentially will be access to a handful of American duty-free goods) and the prevalent pattern of artists exiting or 'graduating' from their own organizations and curatorial projects. All this is being done with the knowledge that the objectives and methodologies employed in more traditional art contexts compromises any critical work placed in them.

The Cameron House exhibit, while less problematic, was spoiled by its accompanying essays. Donna Lypchuk (also the author of the satirical but self-denigrating play about artists, *Tragedy of Manners*) suggests that artists' attempts to self-organize have collapsed into bureaucratic stalemates; that our best bet is to re-appropriate bohemian roles where we can enjoy the 'freedoms' of being powerless outsiders; that as artists we are ill-equipped to deal with the daily grind of political responsibility within our own complex grouping of artist-run institutions. So why not hang out in a bar that provides us with social warmth, some patronage, and the kindly parental supervision of an Uncle Herb?

Both AA Bronson and Donna Lypchuk present us with two very familiar strategies. One is to play the market, the other is to play the fool. Neither can conceive of the constant fracturing and reforming of artist-controlled organizations as being as instructive an engagement as the production of art itself. Which is to say that if you subscribe to a notion of the democratization of cultural production, this 'bureaucratization' (in this case, a democratic process), though often at odds with our own personal needs, is essential. The idea that artists can now quietly produce work outside of the responsibilities of their own local milieu is, particularly in a Canadian context, ahistorical.

Though most Canadian artists have considered themselves to be in an underdeveloped relationship to a domestic or international art market, it is also true that Canadian artists have gained a unique opportunity to develop their own regionally-defined operations. This has provided many benefits in production, collaboration and international exchange. What the artist-spaces can't provide is a reasonable income for artists. It is premature to jump ship even for this most essential reason, given that collective strategies for gaining such an income are far from exhausted, given that the majority of artists still have secondary occupations, and given the fact that no other sector of art production and exhibition is any nearer to solving the problems of artists' income. While the artist-run spaces successfully competed with public galleries for some of the programming monies, there has always been a crossing over into private galleries, particularly in larger urban centres.

Similarly, again in urban locations, there have been groupings of curators, ex-funding personnel, and other cultural managers who have attempted to initiate new contemporary museums of art and/or civic arts complexes. Quite wisely, existing artist-service organizations across the country have opposed such moves because these institutions would be less answerable to artists or other marginal communities of interest. The Power Plant with the largesse and excuse of Harbourfront did not need artist-organization approval to come into existence.

Meanwhile, curatorial moves are being made into the private sector. There is a growing contradiction between peer-evaluation systems of funding with its acceptance (developed by the artist-organizations) of a 'fair' sharing of available economic resources, and the more aggressive inside-trading of artists' work which provides economic benefits for a very small number of artists. (Of course in its present state, the peer system is hardly democratic, but it is, it would seem, reformable.)

Unlike the previous generation of private dealers, we now have a situation where former museum or public gallery curators, some of whom have worked in administrative positions within the funding agencies, are now maximizing all of these advantages. My objection is that this has everything to do with fabricating a closed marketplace and nothing to do with developing an enlarged artist-support system, unless we endorse yet another trickle-down theory. Having learned from the Europeans and Americans, the Canadian art system is now 'maturing' by means of what elsewhere is called insider-trading.

What artist-spaces originally heralded was an attempt to free artists from institutions whose notion of art was that it could be traded and used for the satisfaction of intellectual, political and economic elites. The alternative model meant that artists could decide if, when, and how their work was to be mediated with a public somewhat of their own choosing. In other words, artists gained the possibility of controlling a particular context which is both private and public, a right very much guarded by the state and private business.

It is both in this moving away from a comparatively self-determined territory, and in becoming guests instead of occupants, that so neatly mirrors (at least in Toronto) artists' residential position within a speculative market. Artists are voluntarily and, in many respects, without choice, becoming embedded in a culture of eviction.

**WHILE THE** *Sea To Shining Sea* exhibit is not difficult to critique, its effort to represent the last twenty years of "artist-initiated activity"* has received widespread verbal and written criticism both from within the producing community and without.

Not that a project of this scope was an easy task. Public galleries, by and large, have avoided any systematic and thorough evaluation of the breakthroughs in what some still consider secondary forms of Canadian art (video, performance, audio and spoken art, computer and photographic-based work), and most important of all, the transformations that have come from women artists, and where they have gained access, artists of colour.

The *Sea To Shining Sea* exhibit has been followed by a book/catalogue containing a 48-year chronology of "artist-initiated activities" in Canada that is incomplete, unavoidably biased and, in places, simply petty. For all of this, it temporarily fills a large void in the history of contemporary Canadian art and, for that reason at least, is well worth acquiring.

On the 'other side of the tracks' (from the Power Plant) is the Cameron House show, mostly painting, and definitely from, about, and for a definable community. This exhibit opened the re-located Ottawa artist-run gallery, 101, and was received with both enthusiasm and excitement.

Tom Dean (one of a number of artists whose work is featured in both shows) wrote a parallel essay on his Cameron installation, "This Is Paradise" — a sort of eulogy to Molson's or Labatts: "To be drunk is to be ungoverned, or it produces an entropic state where government has no significance. Bars provide an escape from the imminence of government, apparently, 'til closing time." An academic by day (Dean is employed at the government-funded Ontario College of Art), Dean, as artist, has maintained an impeccable reputation as a rebel without a cause.

The handful of Canadian cultural managers who have never given up the cross of borrowed American or European forms of high-art, who were miffed and mocked for almost twenty years by the uppity self-determined artists in all parts of this country, must now be laughing their Alfred Sung socks off. For if there have been any 'new trends' in Canadian art of the eighties, it has been to watch former 'malcontents' drag their new non-offensive/ambiguous works back to the commercial galleries and on and up into the vacuous backwater of international art fairs.

But to modify our own efforts to satisfy external notions of validity or importance is to ignore what, at the end of the seventies, was an exhaustive discourse concerning what art could aspire to as a practice, and what institutions were and still are doing to exploit and nullify that practice. It may not be alarming that the history of artist self-determination is being fudged, but how quickly we forget the political movements that precipitated such a resolve.

AA Bronson is a co-founder of Art Metropole, *FILE* megazine and the internationally successful artists trio, General Idea. Bronson chose to curate the *Sea* show to demonstrate his roots within the artist-organized network. He curated an exhibit that very loosely depicts 'artist-initiated activity' from across the country in a manner very consistent with his own notions of the maintenance of an avant garde. Initially, both *FILE* and Art Metropole played important roles in what Bronson describes as the construction of an "art scene" in Canada; *FILE* at one point had an artist directory and supported Canadian Artists Representatives, while Art Metropole became one of the original locations for the distribution of artists books, magazines and videotapes in North America.

Because Bronson chose to overestimate Art Metropole's contribution in his chronology, and, more seriously, publicly dismissed artist-initiatives that have chosen models of inclusion rather than exclusion, an alternative analysis is in order.

At the beginning of the seventies, General Idea and their operation were part of a significant shift into what became New Wave (along with their peers David Byrne and Laurie Anderson). Affecting a mock-corporate identity, AA Bronson (formerly Michael Tims) helped to aestheticize the conservative political changes that were around the corner. *FILE* megazine became both a fashion-proposition for examples of a new marketable art and an exchange device for General Idea's offshore projects.

Art Metropole subsequently failed as a video distributor by not adapting to a comprehensive and inclusive model of distribution,

**Exhibition catalogue cover mapped out by General Idea.**

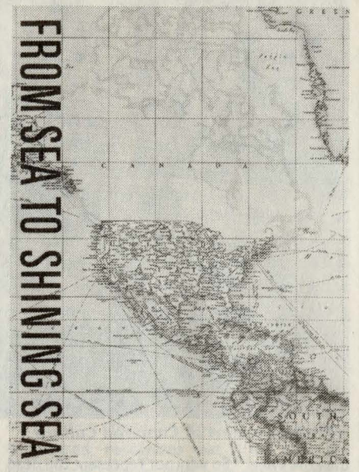
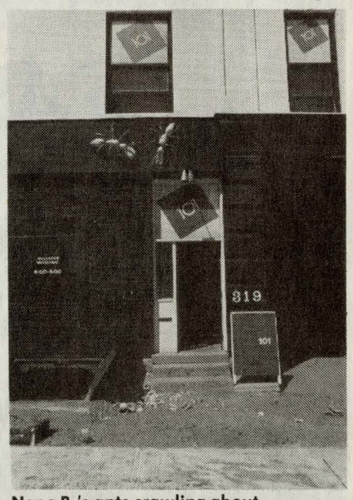



Photo: John Moffat




**Napo B.'s ants crawling about Gallery 101, Ottawa.**

*"Artist-initiated activities" includes collaborative projects by artists: performance festivals, programming for radio and TV. It also includes the formation of various artist-controlled production, exhibition and distribution facilities for film, video, photography, music, computer and holographic work, and performance. It includes publishing projects: magazines, books, video and vinyl discs. It also includes a whole history of artist representative organizations, symposia, teaching and technical training programmes and a lot more. It is in this sense that we have not so much created an "art-scene" as constructed an ongoing and substantial array of cultural services.

continuing instead with their increasingly badly-informed, in-house assessments of what, in their own terms, would become "hot tapes." While AM has healthily survived, both as an art-book publisher, retail and mail-order outlet, its 'visions' have not enabled many tangible services.

The site for the *Sea To Shining Sea* exhibit is the Power Plant, Toronto's new contemporary art gallery which markets itself as the leading-edge, artist-aware alternative for the Art Gallery of Ontario. Power Plant reflects the new money and the voters who elected Liberal David Peterson, just as the Art Gallery of Ontario once reflected the 'centre-tories,' the pipe smoke of Bill Davis, and the post-war weight of Henry Moore.

Into this 'industrial' space, Bronson awkardly placed the work of seventeen artists, most of which had already been shown in more conducive and better contextualized environments. Because Bronson didn't want to attempt to represent the history and documentation of 'artist-initiated activities' in the exhibit, he refers to the exhibit as a 'metaphor,' as the 'subjective' component, with the book, its essays, and chronology as the 'objective' counterpart.

Busloads of Michigan tourists and Toronto residents collectively wrote their condemning remarks in the guest-book. Bronson offered little in the way of written explanation of what this art was, had been, or might in the future be about. In a three-hundred word preface to chatty but inadequate descriptions of the work, Bronson wrote:

**"...Painting is not included in this exhibition. Developments in Canadian painting to my mind, have followed the course of the international market, and are not specific to our introverted artist-run situation.**

**"This exhibition is an attempt to locate the roots of the various artist-run spaces by trying to understand the motivations in various regions which led to artist-generated projects.**

**"This exhibition is a sort of a portrait of a country, a portrait in the form of a walk, a walk through a dream-palace, a dream-palace in which every artist has constructed their dream-room and in the network of these rooms is the dream-palace which is Canada itself and its artist-run spaces."**

Of course the tourists from Michigan didn't understand. But then neither did the rest of us, whose history or inheritance it is. The bit about dream-palaces... where have we heard that before? The closest reference might be an ad for a condo.

Bronson is not capable of taking a museum seriously. He says: "In the fight for validation, we have been attracted by the monumentality of bureaucracy, and we forget that monuments are built to represent the dead rather than the living." So why not represent the dead (or the past residue) in glass cases? At least it might signal that something important had gone on. Al Neil's *Untitled Mask* from a performance work is indeed in a glass case, but Bronson doesn't follow this through.

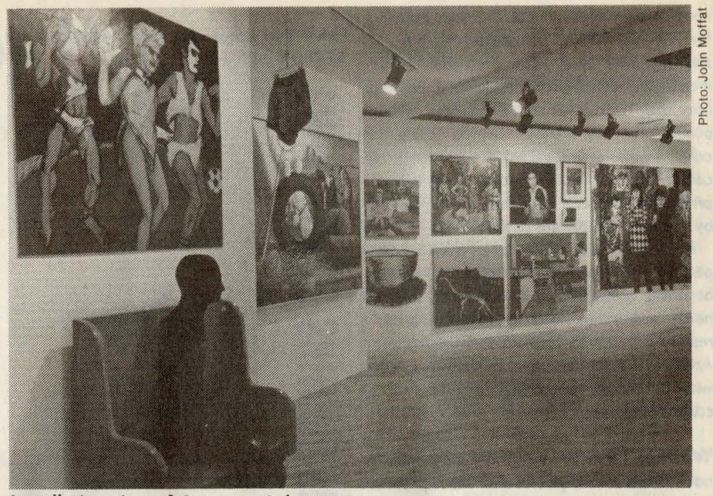


Photo: John Moffat

**Installation view of *Cameron Culture*.**

For all his impressive appropriation of popular culture, Bronson is not enough of a carny man to have turned the whole exhibit into a populist fair with separate booths for artists' performance, radio and TV, kiosks for artists magazines and books, bandstands for music, terminals for computer hook-ups, information stands for materials on copyright and censorship. Nothing too political, just a well-organized industrial fair made for Harbourfront.

Instead of a quiet screening room that we could expect from any science or anthropological museum, there was, unfortunately, an industrially-designed video exhibit. VHS decks, and walkman headphones resulted in a presentation that was painful enough to be considered abuse.

The biggest coup of this exhibit, given its subtitle, *Artist-Initiated Activity in Canada*, was the *exclusion* of artist-initiated collaborative activities, together with its replacement of individual works of art.

Eric Metcalfe's wall of leopard skin spots,

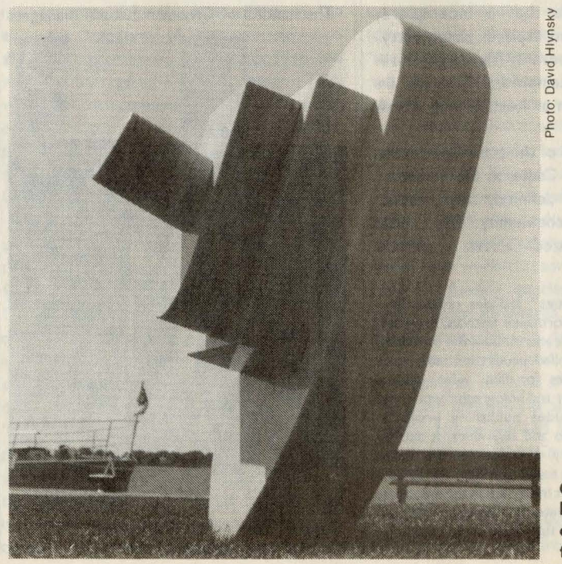


Photo: David Hlynsky

***Classical Toy Boat* by Glenn Lewis, on the grounds of the Power Plant.**





when originally commissioned for the facade of the Vancouver Art Gallery in 1973, made a plausible statement. Here, together with Iain Baxter's *Bagged Place* (with furnishings provided by IKEA), it only aggravated our renovation-saturated environment. Napo B's *Ants* and Glenn Lewis' marble boat hardly registered, given the architectural scale of the complex and the very expensive private yachts moored nearby. Aside from David Buchan's advertisements, the only tangible critique of the site was in Gordon LeBredt's work, which is about the quietest, most subtle critique of galleries and their architecture that could possibly be imagined.

All of which suggests how Tom Dean's chair pieces somehow incensed the *Toronto Star*'s art critic, Christopher Hume. When there's no political content, not even protest, a little artistic messiness goes a long way. (Bronson revoked an invitation for a room by John Scott when Scott made it known that he would amend the requested work by referring to current land-development practices.)

Though this type of sanitation is upsetting, Bronson's text reveals even larger mistakes. Christopher Hume in his review of *Sea to Shining Sea* says: "the real effect of the show is to make one question the validity of artist-run galleries...it seems on balance that most of the thousands of public dollars they get has been spent on the cause of sheer, unadulterated mediocrity...now that the Canadian art scene has grown as large and responsive as it is, maybe it's time to re-examine the whole concept of artist-run spaces." Laugh at the word 'responsive,' but savour the phrase 'unadulterated mediocrity.'

In his catalogue essay titled: "The Humiliation of the Bureaucrat: Artist-run Spaces as Museums by Artists," Bronson describes the association of artist-run organizations, ANNPAC (Association of National Non-Profit Artists' Centres), as being "a bureaucratic means of reducing all to the lowest common denominator." Bronson injures himself further by adding, in parentheses, "(Although in fairness, I must point out that ANNPAC is conscious of and humiliated by this tendency, and further in true Canadian fashion, conscious of the humiliation.)"

Bronson's concerns are further evidenced in the chronology, whereby in describing the 1982 democratic 'take-over' of A Space, an organization with which he was then actively involved, he writes: "it was agreed that programming priorities for A Space should respond to expression from women's groups, gay and lesbians, labour, people of colour and immigrants. A system of committees would decentralize decision-making and welcome new audiences and participants... Despite the ideological shift towards minority communities and a more "open door policy," the vastly increased bureaucracy seemed only to predict the future move towards bureaucratization in many of the artist-run centres."

So, both Hume and Bronson agree that we should not encourage too much access for artists; Hume, because it produces mediocrity, and Bronson, because he cannot let go of the traditional, modernist restrictions on art and support the problematics of an enlarged cultural community engagement.

Geoffrey James, former Visual Arts Officer for the Canada Council and currently both an exhibiting photographer and contributing art reviewer for *Macleans*, also reviewed *Sea To Shining Sea*. James rejects Bronson's idea that artist-centres alone have created an art scene by saying: "it could be argued that the face of current Canadian art has equally been formed by artists who have been supported by a few vanguard commercial galleries." James, knowing on which side of the bread his artistic career is buttered, recognizes that it has been the commercial galleries who have defined who is and who is not an 'important' artist, with the artist-run spaces being a farm system for younger artists and presumably a ghetto for activists, riff-raff, and also-rans. It is in this conveniently 'non-bureaucratic' form of curation where entrepreneurs and pseudo-intellectuals can set up shop.

The chronology for the accompanying book was compiled in Vancouver by Glenn Lewis and Annette Hurtig, in Montreal by Réné Blouin, Norman Theriault and Linda Bellemare and in Toronto by AA Bronson, Peggy Gale, Suzanne Gilles and Kathleen Hodgson. (My own participation in this history is not only well-represented but over-exaggerated.)

The Quebec history (from a Montreal bias) and Vancouver's history are, from my own recollections, fair representations. The Toronto/Ontario chronology and the Toronto view of the rest of the country are, as expected, suspect. Outside of Vancouver, feminist art activities are not well represented. For some reason, Powerhouse does not appear in the Quebec chronology, and in Toronto there's only a brief mention of the Women's Cultural Building, no mention of Gallery 940, the 'Five-Minute Feminist Cabarets', and W.A.R.C. The Cultural Workers Alliance (which existed in Quebec, Ontario, and Nova Scotia), Partisan, Mayworks, and even D.E.C. is missing. Considering that researchers were phoning around trying to find out, among other things, the names of the Clichettes, this is not surprising. From the outside, such omissions would normally be seen as yet another side effect of Toronto's polarization. In this case however, the editors responsible are clearly not that conversant with what has been going on.

**RETURNING** to the *Cameron Culture* show and the efforts of its essayists: Herb Tookey, the curator, is a publican (co-owner of the Cameron House), generous patron of new painting, and landlord to a number of writers, musicians, actors, etc. Of all the new entrepreneurs that moved into Queen St. W. at the beginning of the eighties, Tookey and his partners are the only ones bound into an economic relationship with their artist-clientele.

Yet for all its marvellous accomplishments, the Cameron House provides a very traditional form of patronage by offering a bohemian shelter that, while 'public,' does not, as Lypchuk suggests, replace many of the advantages that have been afforded artist-spaces through state subsidy. Though Lypchuk's enthusiastic account of this bar, club, gallery is thorough in naming the participants, it falls down in its empty poses: "Cameron Culture: subversive yet not subservient (to the state). This is the economy of Good Faith. All economy is false... In "Art" We Trust." Dean and Lypchuk fault the interventions of the state, but give us no hint of how our culture has been warped by corporate sponsors.

But, in political terms, what exactly does the renewed celebration of bohemia mean? Is it that Reagan-inspired politics suggests an era when James Dean was alive and sulking? Is this our lot, to return to being mumbling alienated outsiders?

Lypchuk semi-accurately suggests that artist-run organizations are full and inaccessible to younger artists. Her solution is to avoid boring meetings and run to the warmth of the Cameron. Considering that all of these places are non-profit, answerable both to the Corporations Act and, through public funding, to peer review, "younger artists" (or any other grouping of artists that cannot get any satisfactory response) might take them over or get existing artist organizations to support the funding of new spaces.

As an aggregate community, practicing visual artists are far from powerless. By insisting that what we do is as much a cultural service as it is a commodity called art, we have procured ongoing public monies as well as the enormous responsibilities of commitment and labour that such relatively small subsidies demand. (The private sector subsidies are substantially larger and the conditions and their monitoring of its use are fractional in comparison.)

The majority of artists who live outside of larger urban centers are less likely to get personal grants, and are less likely to sign with private galleries. It is these artists and others, unwilling to trade or give away our hard fought gains, who will improve on the tradition of 'artist-initiated activities,' and who will not be evicted from their own culture. **C.R.** ●

IN MEMORIAM

# PETER TOSH 1944-1987

*by Isobel Harry*

## A REPORT FROM JAMAICA

Saturday, September 12, 1987. This is Westmoreland, Jamaica, where Peter Tosh was born. It is the morning after his death. It is just after first light. I am stumbling around outside in the early dawn, just about to "hol' a fresh."* Brother B drops up to the house to say Peter was shot in Kingston by gunmen at 8:30 pm last night, the time I had decided to go to bed.

Westmoreland: The whole of this parish has a bass feel to it, low bluish mountain ranges, the sea on its longest border, tiny villages offering a spot for a cool drink, roads cutting through the green on either side, deep green everywhere swirling in valleys, rice fields, cane fields, along the riverbanks, up and down the hills and gulleys, around the low houses, rum shacks and villas, alongside the abandoned sugar mills from slavery days. The green assuages the eyes, velvetizes them.

This morning, every small building along the road loudly plays a radio tuned to JBC, RJR, or FAME stations. The countryside reverberates with the bass voice of Peter Tosh and the heavy bass sound of his music: each house, each turn in the road brings a new song; some big bass speakers are jumping to the beat of his music. Amharic words; the special effects he loved: thunder, roosters crowing, gun shots, deep voices deepened and echoing menacingly, waves crashing, choir-like backup singers, seagulls; his clear, arrogant voice; his daring cover of Johnny B. Goode; we're getting all of it today.

Westmoreland has a proud history of resistance among the Coromantee slaves of that parish who fought even their fellows, the Maroons, in their struggle to be free. "Almost every slave revolt was inspired or led by Coromantees and the planters were divided between admiration of their superior strength and activity, and apprehension of their fierceness. They were not the kind of people to accept slavery tamely and, along with the bolder spirits among the other groups, were continually looking for opportunities to escape."*

I have no idea whether Peter Tosh is descended from these particular Africans, a small group of whom were brought by rowboat in the 1750's as slaves to Sav-la-Mar where Tosh grew up, but the description fits him.

His now-legendary speech at the 1978 Peace Concert, his harangue on poverty and greed to the Prime Minister, the Leader of the Opposition, and the Minister of Security, who were all present, his vision of the growing American presence in his country, his plea to save the farmers' herb crops, mesmerized 30,000 people, including those accused.

Tosh stood at the centre of the darkened stage, bathed in a dark green spotlight that almost obliterated its target with darkness, and he pointed his finger. The idea behind the Peace Concert was an effort to bring together the ghetto youths who had been recruited and paid by politicians to control politically-identified neighbourhoods through murder, threats, and extortion. The concert was to culminate in the handshake between the two top leaders, Seaga and Manley, symbolizing an end to factionalism and the political death machine. Tosh didn't think the symbolism would stick, and in fact it didn't. He sang: "Everyone is crying out for peace, yes / None is crying out for justice / I don't want no peace / I need equal rights and justice."

The following is taken from *The Sunday Gleaner*, September 13, 1987:

*"What coulda really triggered the shooting? Whatever the reason a man enter the man house for, whether it's drugs-money him want, or food-money, or whatever, when you got the people on the floor, why do you really want to shoot them after that? A man no seh, "still, is Peter Tosh yu a dealin wid," you know?*

*He probably wasn't the most likeable bredrin, because of his controversial lifestyle. The fact is that the man stands for a cause that is even bigger than himself. That is to say if the killers were even drug-ists, they woulda had some kind of respect for the integrity of the man's work. It seems to be becoming a traditional attitude for Jamaicans to destroy the people who preach about peace and love, more than anyone else."*

*The title of this summer's top dj song. Everyone would say "hold a fresh" instead of the usual "take a shower."

**The Fighting Maroons of Jamaica*, by Carey Robinson. Publ. by Collins-Sangster (Jamaica), 1974.





*"His militant music... he spared no effort to use his lyrics to condemn the evils of the apartheid system. [His music] inspired the young people of South Africa, where the music of the Wailers was adopted by the Soweto generation as their own.*

*"As we grieve the passing of Tosh, we call on all talented Jamaican singers not to be intimidated by the forces of evil, but to take over the baton and continue to spread the conscious lyrics of Peter Tosh."*

STATEMENT BY THE JAMAICA ANTI-APARTHEID MOVEMENT (JAM)

Today, though everyone is unanimous in deploring the death, no one can agree on the motives. Some say that thieves just wanted to rob Tosh and shot everyone when no valuables were found. These people think that the hoodlum factor has escalated and that increasingly difficult economic times in Jamaica are making these criminals ruthless and deadly. Several reggae stars have recently been robbed in their homes, including Yellowman.

Others talked of Tosh's run-ins with the police, particularly those of the Half Way Tree station, near his home in Kingston, who had severely beaten him several years ago; there was a mutual hatred that had been well-publicized in Tosh's songs. The cops had just bided their time, then extinguished the man they hated most. They are now conducting an investigation into his death.

More radical thinkers feel that the Tosh murder is a right-wing backlash, emanating from the U.S. in the form of an all-out war on Jamaican marijuana. This has been waged in the farmers' fields where fire-bombs dropped from Jamaica Defence Force helicopters wipe out crops and incomes, on the roads where surprise roadblock searches occur daily, at the airports where searches of outgoing passengers are routine, and in the media where "ganja bust" stories rule the headlines.

Is it not logical, they ask, that Reagan would conspire with Seaga to wipe out Jamaica's most powerful international cultural figure, an old-style reggae music radical and top exponent of the herb culture; a national folk-hero whose uncompromising image threatened the U.S. mandate for a sycophantic puppet island with a cleaned-up image to help keep the Caribbean under U.S. manners?

Others think there was another motive, unknown, an act of revenge perhaps. People find it hard to believe that the murderer(s) could make seven people lie on the floor and shoot them in the back of the head just because there was no money in the house. Everywhere people commented that they could not understand how anyone could kill Peter Tosh, cultural hero, fellow sufferer, who had sermonized endlessly about gun use in the ghetto. There was much speculation about a "new breed" of young cold-blooded killer whose level of desperation led him to murder on the promise of some money. ●

*"We must condemn all the circumstances of our history and the evil which has become a fester in the society which has led some of our people to regard the gun as more important than the plow.... We cannot continue like this."*

MICHAEL MANLEY, PRES.
PEOPLE'S NATIONAL PARTY

Photo of Peter Tosh by Isobel Harry

IN MEMORY OF PETER TOSH; FREE-I, REGGAE DJ, COMMENTATOR, JBC; AND WINSTON "DOCTOR" BROWN.

LIVICATED TO MARLENE BROWN, MANAGER, AND WITH TOSH PRODUCTION COORDINATOR, AND ALBUM-JACKET DESIGNER OF *NO NUCLEAR WAR*, BY PETER TOSH, EMI RECORDS; TO SANTA DAVIS, DRUMMER ON THE NEW ALBUM, YVONNE DIXON, AND MICHAEL ROBINSON, WHO WERE ALSO SHOT THAT DAY.

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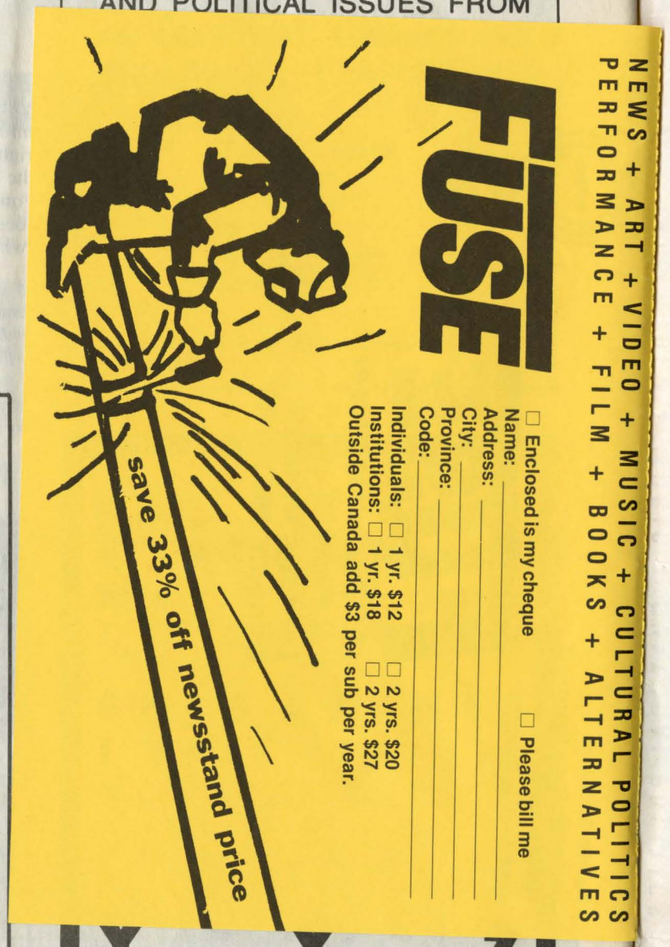


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December 5 (10am - 5pm) — Workshop: Women and Art in Chile
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For Further Information Please Contact:

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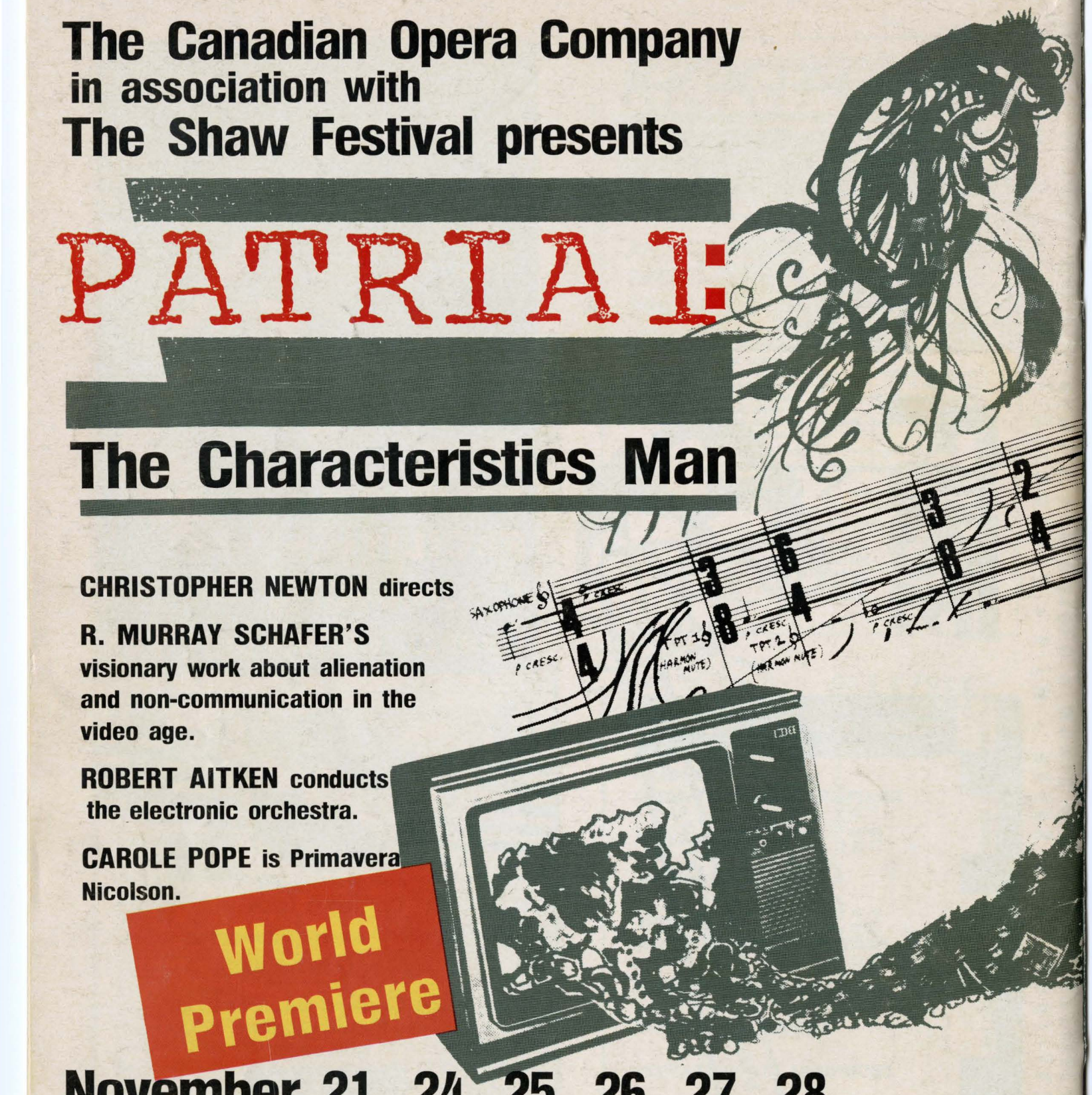


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