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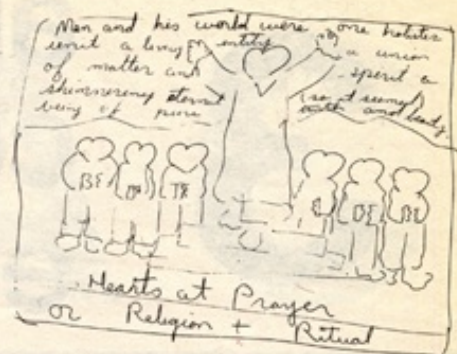
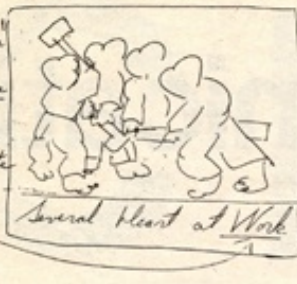
art
communication
edition



photo: Michael Stubitsch

Before Performance

At one time there was one performance art. Now was not separate from his activities like



KAFKA AND NIAGARA STREET

Robert McNealy

It is hard to look back at an incident that seemed to allow so little control for those involved, which for those not involved may read like a confession of importance. Guilt? Could we alone have done more? If we had, could Heather MacDonald's tragedy have been avoided? The strongest feeling is one of helplessness with that: loss, anger, frustration, relief. Is there a moral issue? Certainly there is. But of what use is that question against a landlord who is intent on clearing out a building for what appears to be economic reasons, to lease again this space for a higher rent.

The commercial lease and city zoning ordinances which prohibit living in commercially zoned areas have made this possible. There is no moral issue? There is a law. The word. The act is justified, the law assumes that. Unless one can afford to come to an interpretation of the law to say otherwise. A moral of economics.

We had three months to 'deliver up vacant' our working spaces, 48 hours to vacate our living spaces. First came the rumors: we heard that the building was being repossessed by the mortgage company, an investor named Pucci. I remember that name. On a couple of occasions before I had moved into Niagara Street, which was then owned by III Group. His name had been mentioned to me as a person who owned warehouse spaces, and he was sympathetic to artists' needs. Even once I was told he was a collector.

More recently, when III Group were selling the building, we learned that Pucci was buying it. But, after the sale was completed, a man by the name of Tony Tresigni was introduced to me as the new owner. A year later Pucci, repossesses the building. 301091 Ontario, Ltd. was the company formed at the time of the first purchase.

Rumours sounded good. The word came that those of us who were living in the building were going to have to move out. I did not take it too seriously. This happened twice before. I related it again to the earlier stories of Pucci, thinking that it might be just a formality to show outside addresses to satisfy insurance precepts. Then another tenant came by telling me that she heard I was being evicted. Only shortly after other tenants arrived asking me whether it was true that 'I had to be out by the following day'. I was scared. The next morning the first of two other notices arrived: 'We hereby give you notice to deliver up vacant possession and occupation of the premises described as.... pursuant to the provision of REMODELLING AND SALE CLAUSE.... by 31st of January, 1977'.

Following this notice, a group of us met in one of the studios to decide what course of action we should take. There is a feeling of relief among us. We need to get out of the building anyway, away from this poisonous air. Our nearest neighbor is a lead refinery. There are enough toxic fumes from other small businesses in the building to be a threat to the health of all of us, beyond their discomfort.

We decide we will take the case to a lawyer, and with other tenants to find some recourse to our situation. Most importantly we have to look for an alternative to our dependence on commer-

cial spaces and landlords.

We discussed the issue with other tenants: 'There ain't nothing we can do. Have you got the same money Pucci has? Do you want to spend all your time in the middle of a legal hassle, and all your money on lawyers?'

We phoned to City Hall: 'That's terrible! This just shouldn't happen, not in our city. We are glad you phoned, and please keep us informed'.

We talked with city planners: 'The problem with zoning for artists is that we don't want to create an area that will be commercially exploited as we see happening in Soho in New York City, or Yorkville here in Toronto. Artists have too much appeal. Probably the easiest and safest thing is to let it coast along, let artists take care of their situation and for us to overlook it. Isn't it important though, that artists have it difficult, aren't they supposed to suffer?'

We talked to landlord-tenant specialists: 'The commercial lease is written for the landlord. There is hardly a thing in commercial landlord-tenant law for the benefit of the lessor. It is probably legal anyway.'

The mail brought notices to pick up registered letters, which were the same as those slipped under our doors. Few, if any tenants, picked them up.

A second letter is slipped under the door: 'unless you cease to use said premises for residential purposes within 48 hours, we intend to bring immediate proceeding to have you vacate this premises'.

Other rumours again: the police are going to come through the building at night to see that no one is sleeping here. Reminiscent of a previous owner's goon who would come through the building in the early hours of the morning, breaking down doors to find sleeping tenants.

Heather MacDonald returned home from Europe the same afternoon. We go out to dinner and she learns what has happened. 'What a way to treat people', she says. There is a strong feeling of helplessness. I am told that one of the tenants is married to a lawyer. I did get in touch with her. Her husband sent Pucci a letter immediately after receiving the first notice saying they suspected the sale to be a sham.

Pucci replied that they were suing her for slander, 'for spreading rumours', whatever that meant.

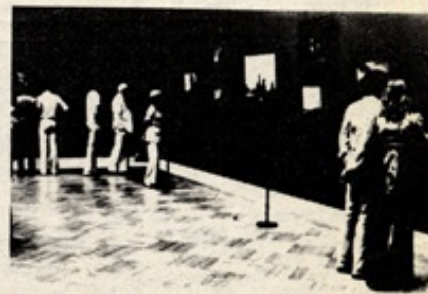
Several of us went to her studio to discuss the matter. Most of our attention is towards finding an alternative to our dependence on 'sympathetic landlords'.

Not finding ways to stay in the building, we went about looking for new living and working spaces, with intentions of still exploring alternatives. We had a community at Niagara Street, one that is breaking up. We hope we can still keep our community together with this new distance which circumstances forced on us.

'For some it can't work, for others it will find a new form. Most of us have now left Niagara Street behind, though with a certain amount of anxiety, a feeling of loss, a taste for vindictive.

"The sun sets irrevocably."

Demystifying American Art



A gallery of paintings—paintings created hundreds of years ago. What value can these paintings have for us now?

AN ANTI-CATALOG: A RADICAL ANALYSIS OF A HISTORICAL EXHIBITION

A collective of artists and art historians are assembling an Anti-Catalog consisting of written and pictorial essays that address questions about the historical and ideological function of 'American' art and the practice of museums and established art history in general.

The collective includes R. Baranick, E. Bendoric, S. Bromberg, S. Charlesworth, S. Cohn, C. Duncan, S. Gargagliano, E. Golden, J. Koenig, J. Kosuth, A. McCall, P. Pechter, A. Roseman, L. Rosing, AM. Rousseau, A. Wallach, W. Weissman.

The questions brought into focus by an exhibition of American Art at the Whitney Museum, entitled 'American Art: an exhibition from the Collection of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller the 3rd'. The exhibition portrays a distorted image of America's past.

'Nowhere in the exhibition was there any sense of the struggles and conflicts that make America's history. Instead the exhibition and the accompanying catalogue by E.P. Richardson promoted a ruling class view of American art and history: a view that serves the cultural and ultimately economic interests of the Rockefeller's'.

Contributions should be sent to the Catalog Committee, 106 East 19th St., #4, New York, N.Y. 10003, U.S.A.

Smithsonian



Cover of Smithsonian, April 1976.



Things were not a mess like today!



Next issue a Glimpse of Truth

little Hearts by J. SCOTT

ACE INTERVIEWS YOUNG DAVID

- David, you're 15, right.

- Yes, that's correct.

- Good, I'm glad that's no media hype. Now, the reason I wanted to do this interview was because I've heard a lot of comments from you concerning the harassment you're getting from the alternative school. First I'd like to have you discuss the differences between the straight school system and the alternative one.

Last year at this time I was attending Jane Junior High School in Downsville and the kids there were very inhibited and insecure and I received a lot of harassment because I was different according to their standards. I wasn't conforming to the norm because I was different according to their standards. I wasn't conforming to the norm because I was simply never interested in the same things, and so I knew I wasn't going to be able to handle another year of that. Then I heard about a school called A.I.S.P. (Alternative and Independent Study Programme) so I applied and got accepted. My first impressions were very positive. It looked like I would be able to go to school and not face the same shit as before, and investigate the areas I was interested in. It's not as structured and much more personal.

- Do they know you're openly gay?

- It's not something I hide. The majority do, but at the same time, it's not been an issue. I don't like putting labels on things because they're so oppressive.

- That sounds very ideal.

- Yes, I was never oppressed on that level, but I did something else that offended people. I signed up for a media class and one of the requirements was to investigate super-8 filmmaking. So we were formed into groups of four, but no one else came up with any ideas for a film, they all just sat around saying um, um, well, um what are we going to do. So, I went ahead and wrote a script which examined the social family structure and some of the age-old myths such as sexism by men toward women, and are parents really able to meet the needs of their children, and to break a few taboos. The family is such a holy structure, but it's not all that its cracked up to be. The reaction I got at this point was very positive, there wasn't ANY negative feedback at all. Then, we shot half the film and at that point I was very happy with the way things were going. The film was to be finished the next week, but the others wanted to put it off, because they found the class Christmas party more important. I just wanted to wrap it up before vacation. One day after that I happened to walk into one of the english areas and found the others talking to the media teacher and I almost felt that there was some sort of conspiracy, so I asked what was going on and one kid turned beet red. 'Oh, we're just discussing our ideas about the film.' Well, maybe I should join you.' And instantly I started getting negative feedback, I was called perverted, they said, David, we know you're

liberal, but some times you go too far. God, why insult me with this liberal bullshit.

- I'm getting interested now that you've been called a pervert, tell me the details of the film.

- In the film I played the mother, the breadwinner of the family, and I'm coming home from a hard day on the construction site, I walk down the suburban street and into the house and find my daughter masturbating with the vacuum cleaner. The daughter is played by another boy. Of course I'm shocked at seeing auto-eroticism. The daughter hides it by sitting on the hose and smiles. The mother ignores this for now and hands her the present she bought, a True Confessions magazine. While the daughter is busying herself with her favorite mag, the mother throws her paper and stuff down in a heap and goes in to greet her husband, played by a girl, who is busy cooking dinner. She strikes a few sleezy poses to get his attention and then walks over to him but he pushes her away because he's too busy. The marriage is devoid of emotion, it's just a machine. And so the wife goes back into the living room and reads the evening paper. That's as far as we got and from the looks of things it will remain unfinished.

- The piece seems quite insightful to me, so why all the flack? What was the other guy's response to being in drag.

- I assumed him to be straight and uptight. He loved every minute of it. You couldn't get that dress off him. But then I guess he had second thoughts about what other people were going to say.

- So what's going to happen to the film now?

- The other two people wanted it burned before it was even developed. The media teacher looked at the script and said that the so-called board would want it destroyed as well. No one told me there was any censor board: It's being judged before it's even been seen, and that's a totally irresponsible attitude to take about anything.

- Have you sought an alternative screening?

- I discussed the problem with the people at C.E.A.C. and they were outraged about the situation and are quite interested.

- But what will happen at the school?

- I'm going to fight against the destruction of the film. They're using reasons like we didn't know what we were getting into, does their sorry but just irresponsible.

- Are you planning to continue working with film.

- Definitely, I think a lot can be said with it. I'm most interested in gay filmmaking.

- What's your attitude to the alternative school system now?

- It's just a farce that's masquerading as something it's not. It's just as oppressive as the other, and it's

their oppressive attitude under a convenient facade.

ROMANTICISM

Even though the approach of most artists working within the modernist avant-garde format could be described as materialist, I cannot help but believe that the original impetus to work within this format arose from a suppressed romanticism. Perhaps all creative action does, but it seems especially true in those drawn to the heroic stance of the avant-garde.

The flip side to the dynamic energy inherent in Romantic heroism is the malaise of pessimism and despair. When you couple this with the oppressive social, cultural and economic conditions and the diffuse and mystifying state of the arts today, the artist is left on dangerous and shaky ground.

Be warned: The need for solidarity amongst artists has never been stronger.

?

Okay, what then is the realization that's eating up my guts and apparently the guts of fellow (used to be?) artists? That we're witnessing a collapse around us, a silent implosion, a hushed gentle affair-destruction by persuasion. Enter the era of the merry consumer. Choices in life reduced to car colour and stereo components, with museums and galleries playing the ushers, role-guiding us toward the fading light at the end of our cave.

Artist/dinosaurs stumbling around in the half glow, speaking vainly in anachronistic language, verbs that have never been used, choices that were never made. The suffocating realization of the increasing limitations within our cave as the rock grows inward, of the uselessness of small chisels, of a battle against enormous forces.

Of what? Mediocrity, materialism, limited existence, touted as truth, bedrock, the end goal, the good and desirable, the raison d'etre-the unchanging, fossilized life from birth.

Why? Fears. Of change, of life and death, of loss of profit and property and prestige and individuality.

Then how and what and where dear self/artist? I don't know. I've just begun to look and ask and search and.... E.S.M.

ELAINE JADE GREENE

E.J.G.'s trip to Timbuctou and other places in the Sahara is another manifestation of her 'reaching and describing dreams'. She is at present working on a recollection of dreams as a book-notebook project.

Heather MacDonald
1952 - 1976



The exhibition of the rain room by Heather MacDonal makes further evidence the self-contradiction by an institution such as AGO, which serves well the dominant cultural conditioning.

The same exhibition would have been rejected during the artist's lifetime by the same institutional authorities (of cultural necrophilia). The institution, insecure of its role and of its cultural choices, by rarifying its uses controls the access to cultural formation, while it presents a false socialization: the image of children mimicking in black sacks the expressionist formalism of Henry Moore.

To us, alive and active in the second half of the 20th. century (so called post modern), the serving of the Art-market/dominant ideology by a cultural institution prevents a continuous critical perception of reality. Repression lurks in such reality, exercised by exclusive cultural conditioning.

Attacking then is a fair traditional activity, seldom used in our cultural milieu. We can state that Mayakovsky is probably a figure very close to us in a declaration of intention as we look at the final act of Heather MacDonal.

C.E.A.C. Toronto
1977. Amerigo Marras.

"RITUAL PERFORMANCE", A MANIFESTO BY

MICHAELE BERMAN
WENDY KNOX-LEET

1. The basic premise of "RITUAL PERFORMANCE" is that the human being is fundamentally a spiritual creature ... a single unit within the entire creative pulse. Our vision of reality must be extended to encompass the unknown, and to reacquire ourselves with lost instincts that were once integrated in to the matrix of ancient existences.
2. "RITUAL PERFORMANCE" is an act of prayer uniting eternal and contemporary symbols. It is a spiritual purification an expression of the sub-conscious, a catharsis.
3. In "RITUAL PERFORMANCE", art is created out of the need to return to origins and primal instincts. Its basic components do not exist solely as decorative forms or as a means of entertainment. It is validated by the traditions of ancient primitive cults and their rites.
4. "RITUAL PERFORMANCE" is a living visual entity ... capable of sustaining pure energy for a given moment of time.
5. The length of this moment can be different on different time-planes. The existence of such simultaneous time-spaces is a fundamental reality in "RITUAL PERFORMANCE".
6. Each performance becomes a link between now and eternity ... capable of breaking through the time barrier.

ELEMENTS OF "RITUAL PERFORMANCE"

VISUAL

1. In "RITUAL PERFORMANCE", the visual elements (i.e.: slides, sculptural elements, body adornments, lighting effects, animal and vegetable materials, etc.) are highly structured, and are individually integral to the whole.
2. They exist as catalysts within the performance to initiate contact with eternal space.
3. Only their relationship with the performer as their maker ... and within the performance will render them sacred.
4. The visual elements remain infused with shamanistic life-blood. As icons, they are not merely documentation ... but conductors of spiritual power.
5. The construction of 3 dimensional visual objects is a ritualistic preparation and initiation into the time-space continuum of the performance. It differs from the construction of conventional art forms in that its existence is not justified solely by its material relationship to museums and galler-



Copyright: Michael Perman and Wendy Knox-Leet, 1977

ies ... but by its dynamic role as a source of pure energy within the piece. In other words, the final product is a secondary function.

SOUND

Sound is the wind rustling through corn stalks
Sound is a baby seal wailing on ice
Sound is a voice chanting...weeping... sobbing
Sound is the storm ... of clashes ...stomps in the night
Sound is the tintinabulations ... of metal ... against metal
Sound is primal rhythmic sensations physically involving
Sound transports ... on the rhythms of time ..

1. Sound is rendered with natural materials and with electronic instruments ...with synthesizer, strings and percussion, echo machines, loop devices, tape recorders ...to recreate the haunting spirit of nature.
2. Sound is essential to "RITUAL PERFORMANCE". Auditory stimulation on the sensual level is as intrinsic to the piece as the visual elements.
3. Sound is the signature and the voice which reveals the relationships between object and beings ... between nature and man.



photo: Paulo Campbell

It creates a spiritual ambience which evokes images that intensify the performer's role, as well as the power of the visual objects.

4. Music conjures, seduces, and grabs the primal instincts behind the collective unconscious. In its complexity, it carries the entire range of animal emotions, emotion that one time motivated the creation of the caves of Lascaux, Megalithic Passage Graves, The Great Pyramids of Giza, Voo Doo (unknown), African, Indian and Eskimo ceremony, the magical essence of our "RITUAL PERFORMANCE".

5. With powers residing in the subliminal zone, the music pierces the core of the audience, uniting them into a single living and breathing entity.

Having awakened the forces behind the collective experience, the performer begins to move

MOVEMENT

1. The basic movement of the performer and her involvement with the external forces such as the visual elements and the music are highly structured into 4 or 5 simple gestures.

2. These gestures are pivotal manifestations of the ritual's content. Her movement in 3 dimensional space is like the drawing of sacred diagrams. As the pencil is to the

page, the performer is to the performance a vehicle ... a tool.

3. Maintaining a grasp of self, her outward physical appearance is altered. This is a critical point of the performance where she becomes opened to identify displacement ... vulnerable to the trance state. Possession occurs when all the elements have achieved their own life force. All energies focus and merge. They transcend the individual ego reference point to be replaced by the collective unconscious.

4. Her movement transmits primary feelings with a sense of directness and urgency.

5. She is the Shaman, speaking with high deities, which pass through her body as an invisible source of power.

6. Having entered the sacred tableau that she has created, she draws from the combined energies that are present. The metamorphosis has begun. Civilized mannerisms are shed. The animal emerges.

7. Her persona integrates with the spirit of other species and the instincts of creation. She ventures out into space, to other galaxies, to other forms; the possibilities become endless.

8. The movement of the performer draws upon the images of ancient rituals, reminding the audience of a return to the primeval state, the rites of initiation, fertility, and the worship of higher powers.

9. The performer always represents her essence. She is not "acting" a part, but simply manifesting qualities inherent in every living creature ... the fabric of the spiritual self.

10. The emotions and their power exist as constants, and within the performance, set up a resonance of high frequency. Like the performer the audience as witness can be vulnerable, the involvement is a personal commitment.

The world that we enter in "RITUAL PERFORMANCE" reveals the same world that we experience daily. The material and spiritual worlds exist side by side, but the spiritual world must be perceived from a particular vantage point ... a highly charged one, intrinsic to "RITUAL PERFORMANCE".

The world is one. While man's understanding of reality tends to limited to his own meagre perception ... the universe continues to be one. Only when we can accept the invisible and elemental realities that dominate all existence, can we begin to sense these incredible wonders.

"RITUAL PERFORMANCE" as a REVOLUTIONARY FORM takes this limited and predefined structure, and EXPLODES IT. As it shatters into fragments we see the key to survival.

The Canadian Premiere of
Music for Einstein on the
Beach by the Philip Glass
Ensemble, March 26, 1977.



8:00 p.m. CEAC, 15 Duncan
Street, Toronto (368-4933).

\$5 admission.

Represented by the PERFORMING ART SERVICE, NEW YORK

video

TEXT AND CONTEXT: AN EVENING OF EXPERIMENTAL ART FILMS

Organized by Ian Birnie at the A.G.O. on January 12, 1977.

Films by P. Dudar, John Knight, A. Lugg, and D. Askevoild, sharing the common grounds of structural context in reductive frameworks, and in some cases the knitting of the images with the narration of a text. The differences among the films screened are, however, great enough to make distinctions.

From the descriptive programme by I. Birnie: TRACE (1971-72), a film by A. Lugg, performance and piece by Tom Sherman. 'Sherman's sustained act of hyperventilation, originally performed and then filmed in Ann Arbor, Michigan. The increasing/diminishing space appears as visual correlative for the simultaneous loss of breath and expansion of exhalation'.

CATAPULT (1969-70) by D. Askevoild. RUNNING IN D & R (1975), film by Peter Dudar. The 'film of a live continuous performance....breaks the continuity into 5 distinct shots: 1. long shot, static camera; 2. medium shot, lateral pans; 3. closeup, lateral pans; 4. long shot, static camera; 5. close up, lateral pans. The pans direct our attention which slips from one runner to the other'.

KUBELKA

UNSERE AFRIKAREISE, Peter Kubelka's film released in 1966, was considered by the Contextualists as a fundamental work in structural cinema related to the understanding of film form and 'context'. The CEAC was then working a way to show the whole Kubelka's film work to be related to the emergence of Contextual Art consciousness. A possible collaboration with Ian Birnie's programme of experimental films at the AGO seemed to be viable, with the presentation of the older films there and a following discussion on those films and the presentation of the new work, released this year in North America. MONUMENT FOR THE OLD WORLD, considered by Kubelka as the most complete statement on the essence of cinema so far. The inflexible scheduling of the AGO did not make the collaboration possible. However the AGO went right ahead and scheduled all the old films by Kubelka without any connection nor to the previous arrangement neither to the significance of the work itself which was designed simply as a didactic programme to clarify contextual structure by the CEAC. Then the chance to have Kubelka himself to discuss the whole history of 'flicker' film has been missed altogether. Of course we are told that the AGO needs several months to organize its own programmes, we understand that, but we do not understand why the AGO has taken the opportunity to show the whole series of such films betraying the original commitment of collaborative work.



Noel Harding's "SIMPLIFIED CONFUSION" with Nora Hutchinson and Keith MacHattie

NOEL HARDING

'Simplified Confusions' at Artspace, Peterborough, Ontario, February 5-13 (Sponsored by AGO artists with their work), a video/environmental installation with a 3 day workshop and a lecture on conceptual video. The piece is to be shown at Art Metropole in March. Simplified Confusions, first shown at the University of Guelph, October 21-25, 1976, is 'simplified against a surface in an image, a device of a film of a door, moving a door, down the wall and projected, past the notion of the past on the present, as it works as you watch and not as you see. Confusion presumes, making full sense of the fusion and change. Dialogue making circles and the circles making distance as you say the same things.'

W.A.V.E. Colloquium

A forthcoming W.A.V.E. Colloquium is planned for next November, 1977, at the De Saisset Art Gallery, University of Santa Clara, California.

The precise date will be announced in future issues of the ART COMMUNICATION from the CEAC, Toronto.

VI INTERNATIONAL OPEN ENCOUNTER ON VIDEO

The VI encounter, organized by J Jorge Glusberg, has been postponed to a February date and it will still take place at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Caracas, Venezuela. The tapes sent for this encounter (previously scheduled for last September/October, 1976) will be returned then with some delay.

VIDEATION

Artists working in video are invited to contribute to "Videation" with graphic information on their work to form a notebook. Materials should arrive no later than March 1, 1977 to: 110 North Mulberry St. Richmond, Virginia 23220 U.S.A.

Each participant will receive two copies of the notebook.

VIDEO WORKSHOP February, 1977

A course in how not to destroy :
- portapak
- black & white cameras
- 1/2" video tape recorders
- special effects generators

\$5. registration fee.
If you wish to make use of our recently acquired video facilities, you must complete one of the upcoming video workshops and successfully answer a skill testing question.

For further information contact:
Saul Goldman
Video Coordinator
CEAC
Phone: 368-4933

Video studio hours:
Tues., Wed., Fri. & Sun.
From 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.



THE ONGOING PROGRAMME AT THE CEAC of European tapes includes tapes from Poland.

A series of pieces from the Lodz Filmform group is monitored on Tuesday, February 1st, between noon and 4 p.m.

The workshop of the Filmform presents the collaborative/interactive experiments in both film and video by J. Robakowski, P. Kwiek, R. Wasko, W. Bruszewski, L. Mrozek, A. Kutera, and J. Swidzinski.

A special arrangement on request can be made to view these works at a later date at the CEAC video/W.A.V.E. (World Association Video Editions) in Toronto.

performance

MARTHA WILSON'S PERFORMANCE "MUDDIE"

M.W. sits below a naked light bulb hanging in the middle of the performance area, where flour has been scattered on the floor. Her reading is from her recent 'chapter five of the Annotated Alice'. She reads calmly but continuously without emotional inflections, similar to the reading of timetables or game-scores. The second part of the piece is the reading again, but louder, again without interruption or emotional empathy, but the reader hidden from the audience's view, while a naked woman (Elaine Greene) sweeps the flour on the floor into a mound, then kneading the flour into a dough with vigor and consistency, while M.W. reads the final part of the piece.

The performance, clear and presenting aspects characteristic to some New York type of collaging, is in essence a literary work. Her use of language is sharp, and the metaphorical conversation of the re-written Alice is a poignant statement on repressed sexuality in an all-female world. The philosophical solution of lesbianism is attained through the lifting of the depression.

"Alice couldn't grasp what the passion-flower was saying. 'Does that make babies?' she asked, feeling thoroughly confused. 'No', said the lily, 'muddies; muddies', said the violet. 'They get a rise out of polluting our environment', said the dandelion. 'Maybe they think they're putting the enrichment back', said the passion-flower. 'Like Wonderbread,' murmured Alice. 'Always taking it out and putting it in again.' 'My god,' exclaimed the rose, 'her consciousness is raised!'"

CAUSA MILCOCH

When I first met him a few years ago, I had the impression that it was just another encounter with a typical product of the Prague milieu, a young fellow reasonably well-versed in psychology, philosophy and above all, in the literature of the French and the Czech decadence, taking the delight of an esthete in conversations about perversities of the body and the soul. And I felt that in this case just as with most decadents or characters created by authors of the decadence and their admirers/all this was just a mask he assumed to hide a fear of life, of its shadow and, above all, its painful sides. And it wasn't until later that I discovered that: he had associated with homosexuals; to preserve his identity, which army service inevitably destroys, he ate almost nothing for a year so that when he was called up, he would be underweight and wouldn't have to serve (in doing so, he badly damaged his stomach). In order to learn about alcohol, smoking and making love, of which he had no previous experience, he subjected himself to doses that even a person with years of experience could scarcely have survived.

Petr Stembera, Praha, 1976



photo: M.Stubitsch

SPINNING a new work by Richard Shoichet and Wyndham Wise with Chris Radigan and Michael Holton.

Central to the piece is the single activity of spinning. *Spinning* is structured so as to produce a dense imagistic/sound collage by juxtaposition of a non-linear activity against both reflections of its self (spinning as reproduced on film and video loops) and against an accumulative (linear) level of acoustic space.

The constant repetition/refraction of the action creates a resonance which re-adapts the temporal environment to its own rhythms. Overlaying of language and purely musical sounds (pre-recorded and replayed through a series of speakers) produces a depth and a texture which realigns the perceptual matrix of looped and live images. The show runs approximately an hour.

LILY IN ACTION

Lily Eng and I are co-directors of Missing Associates. We choreograph, and usually perform in our works as well. Others work with us as performers, cameramen, technicians-etc. I've seen virtually every professional performance she has done.

Bruce Lee in action - she has his intensity, without editing, without closeups, without sound amplification. She is a superb athlete; and moves with elegance, flair and incredible speed. Her performance photographs are inevitably blurred.

Furthering the comparison: the narratives juxtaposed to action sequences in your standard martial arts film are generally contrived and inept. Besides filler, they provide justification for violence (beating the shit out of an opponent). Lily generates a combative feel, but the opponent seems to be subsumed within herself. She runs a gamut of emotions in the course of a piece, matching each with appropriate actions, without an encumbering narrative. You sense that her self-generated emotional outlay is the recall of intense real experiences which shape her personality in movement.

"It is common experience that no technique of action can become effective until repeated practice has drummed it into the unconscious areas of the mind".

Tukio Mishima, *Sun and Steel*

In a photograph taken of her performing at the Palazzo del Diamanti in Ferrara last October, Lily is doing the splits vertically, tightly crammed into the corner. Her comment, "Did I do that? I wonder how I got out of it?"

Spontaneity combined with virtuosity energize her work. She composes as she performs. She repeatedly throws herself into physical predicaments, and extricates herself with finesse. Her technique is innate and irreproducible. (I know other performers resent her for this).



Lilly Chiro in KATCHIBATTA Performance
photo: Alain Masson



I recently saw Lily deliberately come crashing to the floor on both knees (with padding and control). A dancer with screwed up knees is put out to pasture. Four long time professional dancers seated to one side of me, in unison, jerked, with a quick intake of breath.

By no means do all her actions imply self destruction or aggression (though an acquaintance recently asked that she stop wearing her red Ramones t-shirt while performing, it was getting too "scary"). Though often nasty, she's sometimes coy, and extremely delicate.

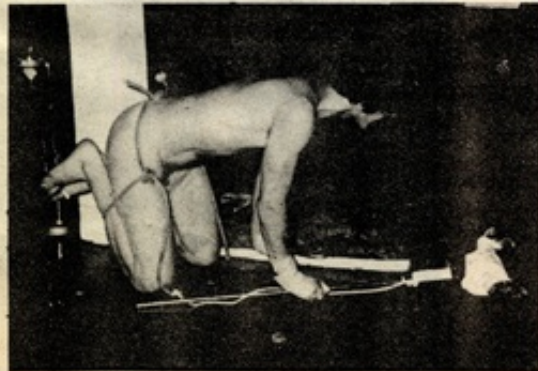
Occasionally she does little things, while thrashing her limbs, which defy perceptibility. Sometimes you think you can detect a counting pattern on her hands: 1 finger, 2 fingers, 4 etc.. You are sort of convinced. Rhythmic patterns emerge and dissipate in her footsteps, in the banging of her elbows (like the knees, padded), and in the tapping or scraping of her fingertips on wall and floor surfaces. She's taken to T-ing (a shout from the abdomen, usually accompanying a punch) during performances lately.

Now performers are inevitably concerned with an audience's perception of their work. (Some are strictly concerned with getting the largest audience possible, by whatever means necessary.) It seems that Lily has evolved a means of expressing original concepts through a virtuosity comprehensible to almost any individual, regardless of his lack of historical perspective (typical Canadian). Though the degree to which the work is comprehended is open to question. It definitely connects. It can survive outside an art milieu where non-accomplishment oriented performance (whose coherence is contextual) falters.

What is most important about Lily is that in doing the above, her work has maintained its integrity. She's never up to anyone. P D



Ron Gillespie in KATCHIBATTA Performance
photo: Alain Masson



Linda Eng, photo H.McDonald

SOCIOLOGICAL MUSIC

Luc Ferrant from the Ecole Sociologique Interrogative, Paris, France.

My situation as a composer appeared more and more as paradoxical. It is however the particular interest that I have for sounds that brought me to observe reality, then noises, and the sonority of things and finally the spontaneous language people use. It is my experience as an artisan which allowed me to make use of this reality. But is it necessary to depend from musical specialization, among other things, or is it necessary at all to depend from any artistic specialization/discipline?

In what measure does the form of expression we choose creates its own method of diffusion? Or is the method of diffusion imposing a specific mode of art? Isn't official culture tending towards a mode which adopts a more complex mystification?

Formalism through elitism obscures the liberating power existing in the observation of social reality. We should attempt to analyse how a simple language can grasp the complexity of reality. How we, as urban specialists deformed by cultural evolution which has created temples of specialization, cannot but produce mystification.

To go back to the idea of the village which is the one we occupy, a peasant told me about my work in the following manner: 'one needs longer than a month to understand the life of a village, one needs to live it, indeed one needs to be born in it...'

It is not a matter of considering things globally, but we have to choose one point of view, and if we choose the position of external observers we can only remain on the surface. It is possible that this report brings a 'symphonical' information, either on the aesthetic level or on the hopes/despairs of those still staying 'in the village', as well as on the regional sociology of the human dynamism. How about diffusion? It won't be a traditional one. As I have stated before, this realization is in itself another form of diffusion. Which does not mean that we can find it...

PETER DUDAR by Lily Eng

I like Peter Dudar's work because of the overall simplicity, purity and humour that is evident in his work. His approach is very different than mine, in fact, he tends to be rather methodical and concise in his approach. And this I like. No other choreographer works in the same way he does. His organization of movement is most unique.

Being an ex-painter and sculptor, he is very concerned with the overall visual effect. But movement is his medium, so that the juxtaposition and processes of movement he undertakes tend to emphasize certain intellectual concerns in his discipline.

Peter would rather work with a few clear ideas rather than work with too much too soon. His concern with simplicity is reflected in both his art and his environment. Peter would always take the most appropriate time for demonstrating a piece. Nothing is too long for each appropriate action demands an appropriate timing. Nothing is ever added to his performances to suck in and/or suck up an audience. He is one of those few people who will do a work if it means offending almost everyone in the room. That is, however, not his primary concern. His concern is to be responsible as an artist: he must do his best in any artistic situation. Because of this, he maintains a definite dignity and remains faithful to the content and form of his work.

I really liked his latest performance work, Getting the Jumps. This piece requires two primary performers running in step simultaneously. This constant running element is being broken sporadically by low hurdles. A beat board and a chinning bar exist at either end of the space to further interrupt the performers. Depending on their inclination, the performers knock over the hurdles or they choose not to until the next course. If one of them does knock over a hurdle, the two performers stop and repeat the segment of kicking the hurdle. A chinning bar is inserted into a doorway at one end of the space. At the other end exists a structure with a chinning bar overhead and a beat board on the floor. The performers can choose at will to spring with crossed arms onto the bar. This action forces the performer to twist around and then he/she dismounts with a piking action to continue running another lap. And then one of them deliberately knocks over a hurdle again... The result is very humorous. The constant crisp movements force the spectators to switch their attention back and forth from performer to performer. This work has been transferred to 16 mm film and is entitled Crash Point Editing.

At present, Peter is one of the two or three Independent Choreographers existing in Canada. That term was coined by him.

E.J.Greene's Performance in Amsterdam



The Lumpen and the Lumpen-Eaters

The lumpen-eaters control the lumpen artist with a series of perverse art crimes with so seeming dissatisfaction on the part of the devoured. Artists are bound into an acceptance of the unwieldy institutionalizing patronage of the reactionary minds that make up the government funding agencies; and have placed themselves into the pie in the sky ivory tower framework of producing endless streams of useless objects by pandering to the tastes of the bourgeoisie. This process does nothing more than alienate the majority of society from their culture. These institutionalized artists remain as they always have, as decorators and entertainers for the financially elite.

The art colleges begin the criminal actions of institutionalization by romanticizing the role of the autonomous artist and never dealing with the real life situation the student will face after graduation. This is all extended by the institutions, critics, the support system, and an already co-opted older generation of artists. Through their own institutionalization, the artist blesses himself with innumerable grants, purchases, critical attention, and therefore, respect within the circles of the bourgeoisie.

The non-institutionalized artist is the lumpen of his cultural milieu, that contemptible individual who fights against the manipulative, co-opting force produced by the high art system, and propagated by the same criminals of institutionalization. Only through a solidified collective force can the lumpen artist counter the actions against him and his society, and begin to work toward a demystification of the art making process and create the possibility for social change. But this has not happened on any scale, for it is difficult to strike out in the reactionary lets-not-cause-a-scene land of heavens.

The most recent example being the eviction of forty artists from the Niagara St. warehouse, by a fickle, suddenly invisible landlord with no action taken by them or others to fight their oppression and establish the possibility of creating a community of artists on a much larger scale through the re-writing of the municipal housing by-laws. One need only witness the efforts of the New York City art community in the early 1970s that led to the establishment of the Soho community to understand the power of solidarity.

The lumpen artist faces the brick wall of near impossibility for receiving financial or moral support from powerful individuals or the funding agencies, which are so resolved to supporting safe, reactionary institutionalized art. The external image of the Canadian culture as exemplified by the representatives to the Venice Biennale have generally worked within an old fashioned milieu. The most recent example being Greg Curnoe in 1976 with his 1964 pop art style. It is small wonder that the international art community could not name five Canadian artists they had any clear knowledge of, much less any respect for, previous to the recent European performance art tour from the Centre for Experimental Art and Communication (C.E.A.C.). Their consistent ignoring of the radical, questioning lumpen artists or institutions, which have somewhat ironically been labelled parallel; but interestingly enough most of these 'parallel' centres are quickly fitting under the umbrella of institutionalized redundancy fostered by and for the bourgeoisie, with only the C.E.A.C. maintaining a direct interest in political and artistic activism. After the support systems continued support of the Art Gallery of Ontario with its \$2,000,000.00 annual deficit, it seems strange that the majority of parallel centres have an annual budget which amounts to less than the yearly wage of the funding officer in charge. This only points up the general attitude that if we ignore them, they may go away. In Toronto, at present, it is virtually impossible to receive any critical response for anything more challenging than old-fashioned post-minimalism or New York conceptualism. The institutions prosper while extending the stereotype of the bohemian artist gaining a public presence only after death. One need only cite the examples of David Watson and Heather MacDonald. It seems immoral to me, that the only individuals or institutions interested in the work of the Canadian lumpen artists are out of the country, as shown in Heather's case by Richard deMarco (Scotland) and Salvatore Ala (Italy), whereas in this country Alvin Balkind, Carmen Lamanna, and an Art Bank jury comprised of Gordon Rayner and Gerson Lakovitz were without interest. How can a jury who cannot see beyond the bourgeois redundancy of colour field painting honestly pass judgment on a piece so obviously far removed from their own conceptual interests. It seems perverse to me to mismatch an artist and a jury in such a way that the artist would never come out on top. A statement by the originator of Art Bank about her intentions to 'create an environment where we can foster searching, creative, questioning minds' strikes a contradictory note as to the real life attitudes it has toward those individuals.

Only through a withdrawal of support given by artists to their manipulators, can the possibility of demystification and social change take place, for the lumpen artist holds this talent. Let the institutionalized artist rot

Heather MacDonald

personal view and hopeful signs:

I speak to people who knew Heather or have some knowledge of her work.

In much of Heather's constructed environments I see an act of confronting/subverting a mechanized perception. Such a confrontation gives me feelings of urgency and some terror - for our built environment, the counterform of our culture, our values does not seem to approach the ideal. A struggle develops to avoid becoming what we behold - a very lonely proposition.

Heathers Rain Room I feel to be a culmination of her environmental sculptures. As a conceptual piece it interiorizes the outer world within a man made construction; at once the indifference of natural phenomenon is brutally confined and mechanized to man's will. It is with uneasiness that I approach such a room; 8' x 8' and with no exit. Its austerity is formidable.

And my unease is well founded, for what is a room? - a room is something that in our minds construction provides us with the most basic assurances of comfort; it is that inner sanctum of house; it is man made and it is familiar. A room after all is to shelter us from rain and from what is strange. To capture rain in a room is a drastic reversal of roles.

What can such subversion come to mean? - different meanings to us all I'm sure, but Rain Room like Heather's Christmas Trees, is more than just subversive to our sensibilities. The conjunction of Rain/Room is constructed - dare I say it? - with grace; for it sets a delicate tension in my thoughts that provokes those associations of that ever unending drama between Man & Cosmos, Light & Darkness, and so on. The confrontation is fruitful because it offers a chance for that synaptic leap of recognition from inner to outer and back again; a recognition that we may bridge those two worlds. I would claim that such work as Heather's hopes to precipitate those forces in our conscience that shall declare - yes, the world is at best an extension of ourselves, and that yes, it can be transformed by us into what we vitally need. The hope is that the work of such a young artist - that it is there, that it exists - can make us aware of the choices we have made or can make in our attitudes to the world.

But more important than this Heather MacDonald's work was done with effort and no assurance of finding its purpose. As such she made herself vulnerable and also revealing for those who cared to look.

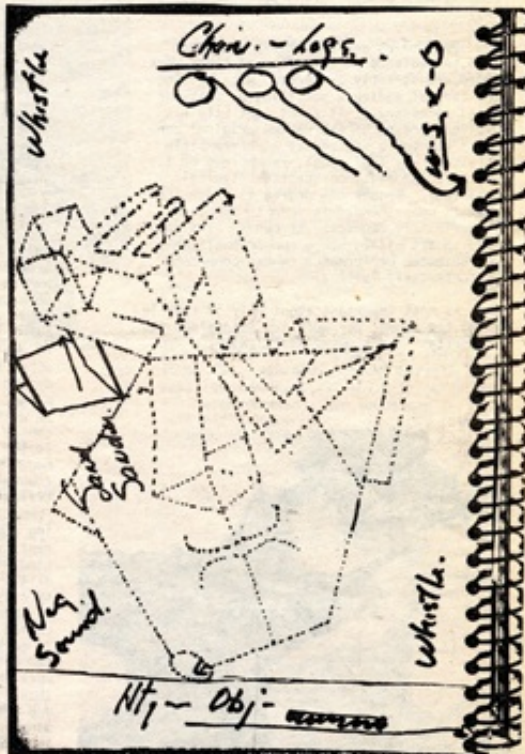
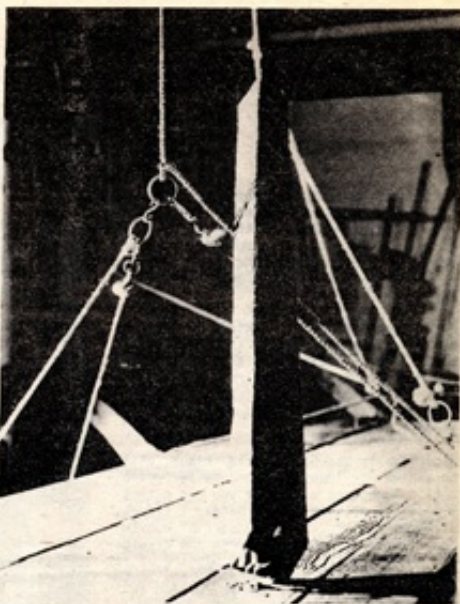
Erik Grafstrom

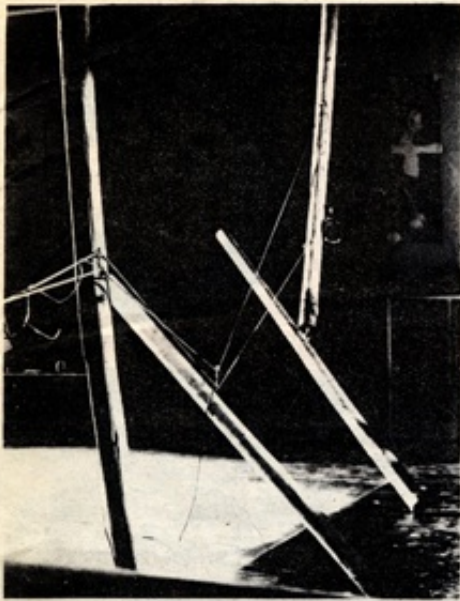
Heather is probably the most special person I have ever known. Whatever the lady did, she did with dignity, with class, and above all with great style. This is not the bullshit hyperbole of which eulogies are made, but merely a statement of fact. The love she had within her was infinite - and she gave of it freely, with no demands, no bargains, no manipulations. But her love was more than any one person could match, and this was hard for her to understand. She was too good to survive in a society like ours; she possessed none of the defences, knew none of the games with which we all shelter ourselves from the hurts and blows that come our way. It is painful to compare oneself with her, without looking like a hypocrite, a cop-out. She detested hypocrisy in others, since it was so foreign in her own life. A life of such utter fragility, and yet, at the same time, paradoxically, so resilient and strong that she could always be there to give, to listen, to support. Heather was a given in my life. As sure as the sun comes up each morning, I knew she would be there whenever I needed her. That is the kind of friend she was to me.

I am not the only one who feels this way. She brought so many people together, from so many walks of life. I know now how many people there are who love her; I wish she had known it then. But I guess it wasn't enough. So now I am left, lonely for her physical presence, clinging to those who are left with me, and realizing how dear they are to me. And I am afraid. Of a stunning awareness of my own mortality. Of the futility of trying to see things through Heather's eyes. Of the danger of doing that. But most of all, of the gap that I feel in my life. She was my friend and I miss her.

G.E.G. 5/1/77

in the ivory tower of bourgeois public acceptance without questioning the situation built by and for the bourgeoisie and presented like the proverbial carrot before the ass, for the only important work being done is by and for the lumpen.





Heather is not a martyr. She is a person who just got tired. Her life was a constant struggle — and she finally gave up. She made a choice and I respect that choice. Even though I don't understand it — the only thing I know is that I will never know — WHY? —

An eternal question that surpasses understanding, makes it so much more difficult to accept, to lay to rest, to fit within the scheme of things.

It is for me that I question, to make peace with myself, and with Heather. Heather is a dead person. Dead people have rights too. I do not want her to be exploited in any way, or embarrassed. We must be sensitive and delicate, we must not invade her privacy any more than she would want us to. Heather is not a cause, nor the rallying point for a cultural/political/artistic movement. That is only a process we indulge in to expiate our guilt, exonerate our anger. I think Heather the artist, Heather the woman, would laugh, hysterically, as she did when she perceived the absurdities in very common, very human situations.

That is not to denigrate the role of her Art in her Life — the two are synonymous. She was overwhelmed by the fear that she would never gain the economic or artistic recognition that she sought as an artist. But what the fuck do accolades mean now?

Besides that is only part of the multiplicity that is Heather. The rest of the story must remain locked within the hearts of those close to her, and beyond that, within the many-layered phantasmagoria that is Heather's soul and spirit.

Heather is probably the most special person I have ever known.

Heather was a loving woman. She was generous with me past all limits. Heather would accept a call at three in the morning from her worst enemy, because she knew that that poor soul was calling for help. Touching...touching was Heather's way of contacting you. She had less faith in words than the rest of us and, so, as well as saying hello, she'd grab your hand or give you a hug and a kiss. Heather had this thing about spelling, too. She must have spelled my name differently every time she wrote it down. But she had the sharpest mind. She'd read a novel in a day. Her intellect was sharp, ingenious; her emotions volatile and intense; and her spirit was strong. The same perception that confused her spelling gave her a vision that was all her own. She translated this vision into her work...her art. And her art was her life. So when you look at her sculpture, you're looking at an expression of the life Heather lived. An expression of the life of a very special person.

I never understood all her work, but I never understood everything about anything — and the other was/is an everything — her whole life was a work of art. Her life was also love, and I loved her.

They say life is too short. Fools!

The days are often too short, but the nights can last a lifetime.

Perhaps one is only wise, mature and brave when they know it's time to quit!

Debi Eatherley

The wall may be small but the fence is high
The water may be harder but the fountain is spraying.

The life maybe right but the diver is dying
The man may have hands but his fingers are broken

The light may be bright but the fire is dead.

MAC

Held a cappuccine bandaged my hands covered shoulders Tattoos and blue smoke a big grey eye Leaning onminiatures

Hands on a long suitcase up the stairs ters from the little green scarf Shit the rains in your eye.

Dec. 5, 1976.

MY HEAD

You are my entertainment
You amuse me, and pain me
You drive me to laugh at myself
You drive me to hurt myself
Yet you are better company than anyone
And are ever with me.

The stupid Lamanas .Nas gards.Smiths
And all the Jones of the world are going to be with us for centuries so that young artists will always have to face this redundant model of naive mentality called Art-Model or the least for the best. So when talking to your favorite redundant queen of Art -Uselessness rest assured of the foolish concoctions for the preservation of rtradition and or the safety of the Summerhill Club. Heather MacDonald was off the streets of real time and knew the stupid reasons why she was not admitted to any human treatment by the Club. Her reality was the mistake they layed on her head and as a token gesture allowed her a few minutes of their tin minds and pleasantly touched her hand.Heather was so far beyond there concrete minds she amused herself by phoning them for interviews for the sake of boredom.The safe slurpy Lamanas and Assgards of Ho Ho can never enter the world of Heather MacDonald.We who know the real street time laugh at those silly pin-heads in the Club and as a feeling of generous deed,I give you the SWEAT of my ASS to your closet collection.You are going to need my stupid

You are the most useless people in society and we vote you all the doddering sluck award of the Decade. The streets of real time seek the assassination of your putty brains and judging from your recent glob that should taje place some time when you leasst expect it so remember when you on the Streets of REALtime cause the Shitbandit is going to cover your heads in vomit.

BEAUTIFULL OUTRAGEOUS HEATHER

Veronica Loranger

You love me

You love me

You love me

You Love Me

You Love Me

You Love Me

You Love Me

What more can I ask.



CEAC

tuesday February 1st 8 p.m.

SUPER 8 FILM

OPEN SCREENING

thursday/friday/saturday

February 3-5, 8 p.m.

sunday February 6, 2 p.m.

SPINNING PERFORMANCE by

wyndham wise & richard shoichet