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not allowed. Her resistance and assertiveness are important to have as an element in the work."

"In other another sense, the cartoons are didactic or rhetorical," she says. "They get across information I didn't want to put in the main body of the piece."

Corporate power over women's bodies was the theme of several pieces in the exhibit. One examined the selling of dangerous IUDs banned in the Western World to Third World women. Another piece looks at multinational Union Carbide to link its contradictory corporate practices.

In the works, the cartoon nurse informs the patriarchal doctor that Union Carbide also owns research facilities for nuclear weapons testing — in fact they tested "Little Boy", the bomb dropped on Hiroshima. Below are two photographs, one of the protestors outside of Union Carbide and one of a Union Carbide building. These flank an advertisement for Union Carbide. It shows a mother bathing a baby and extols the virtues of making home more comfortable. In italics the ad ensures that producing better materials for the use of industry

and benefit of mankind is the work of Union Carbide.

A subtle approach was used in a piece on industry-made environmental hazards. If it condom box labels had been altered, the boxes photographed, enlarged 3-5 times, and folded back into box form. The altered labels were of genetically-damaging environmental hazards such as PCB, U-235, VDT, the cancer-causing drug DES, and pesticide 2,4,5-T. At first glance, the label seems a part of the package. Underneath is a notebook which outlines actual cases of miscarriage, stillbirths, defects, and cancer which resulted from women's exposure to each of the environmental hazards listed on the boxes. These cases came from a public health survey conducted in one industrial area of Toronto.

Throughout the exhibition, the pieces are a reminder that women's bodies have been abused and controlled by both contraceptive manufacturers and the medical profession. The different issues brought forth in these works are complex and diverse but they share the commonality of questioning who is in control and the politics of power. □

Avatar 85

understand that this was a result of a lack of submissions for jurying. Single inclusions of works in wrought iron, wood and handmade paper complete the survey of craftwork being done in Nova Scotia, although the exclusion of leather-work was noticeable.

Of the 44 artists selected by the jurors, it is interesting that 30 were female. Perhaps this is an indication that craftwork is admirable in being an environment favourable to the recognition of the talents of women.

The introduction to the gallery catalogue for Avatar 85 offers the exhibi-

tion as a testament to the creative vitality of a remarkable community. The craft community of Nova Scotia is certainly united in its concern for motivation, and innovation in the exploration of the role of craftwork in society. Despite the flaws in the presentation of the exhibition, it remains a most significant exhibition of superior craftwork. If public education is the

key to a secure future for the crafts, then the Nova Scotia Designer Crafts Council is certainly well on its way to achieving the high profile that craftwork in Nova Scotia deserves.

ENDPIECE

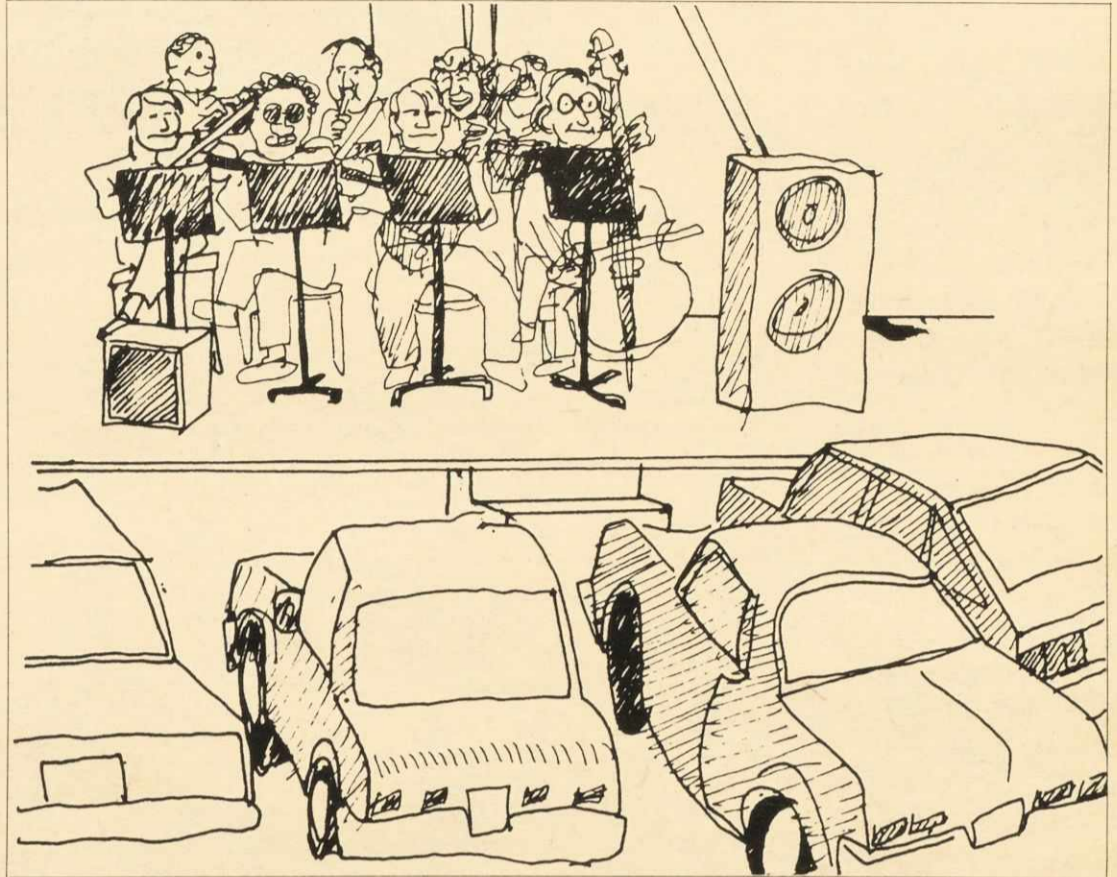


Illustration: Stephen Conrad/Dal Gazette

By MARY ELLEN JONES

Many musicians talk about performing before hard audiences, but this summer, I had an audience that was more than hard — it was metal.

While travelling in a government-sponsored stage band this summer, I was committed to perform in front of different kinds of audiences. Each had different characteristics, but some differences were more different than others.

Our 14 member band was an "experimental summer expenditure" for Buchanan's government, ultimately commissioned to represent Nova Scotia during the Saint John Canada Games. "TEAM '85", we were christened. Along with our patriotic duty at the Games, we were tied to a tour of the Maritimes where sometimes we felt our tour dates outnumbered the audience members.

Because the band was such an experimental summer project its promotion was chaotic, to say the least. Signs notifying the potential audiences of our concerts were about as visible as Pieter Botha's sense of humour. In one town TEAM '85 rolled into, our pre-concert hype consisted entirely of one hand-printed piece of foolscap taped to the window of a greasy dive. We were so impressed we walked on in, unappetizing as it looked, and ordered ourselves a meal. We complimented the management on their window display.

We serenaded rain puddles. We performed for fog. We threw ourselves into reels and jigs on stickily hot days for lone TV cameras. It doesn't do much for band morale to play a gig in the middle of a lake some bureaucrat picked as the ideal site; our audience made up of sleepy ducks resenting our intrusion. Performing for audiences without the intention or the ability to clap is a real downer.

Just as we were beginning to feel

our summer spent practising and writing charts would all be in vain, TEAM '85 Victory Tour turned towards Cape Breton.

Here the audiences not only materialized but were downright enthusiastic. They just had a funny way of showing it.

Unlike other performances, a great deal of promotion had been circulated before our arrival in North Sydney. There was an air of anticipation among the band members — we felt somebody might show up.

The day was a scorcher. We were all working on a sunburn and collectively smelling like a Solarcain factory, but what kept us going were the 50 benches staring at us in front of the bandshell, waiting in readiness for a full house. It took an hour to set up the band. We moved about like chickens in a supermarket rotisserie in anticipation of the throng's arrival. After all, we had heard of Cape Bretoners' legendary love of music, and after the ducks, we were ready for love.

The water behind the bandshell looked tempting, but we decided to stick it out to see who would actually turn out. We waited for what seemed an eternity. Just as we felt TEAM '85's goose was cooked, they began rolling in — literally.

They drove up in their old convertibles, tatty pickups, and decrepit volkwagons and pulled into parking spots right behind the inviting benches. From the sounds leaking from their metal capsules, these car-bound Cape Bretoners seemed rowdy and ready for a concert. But the benches remained incomprehensibly empty.

We waited for them to move to the benches and they waited for us. The sun kept its steady pressure on us in our bandshell and our fans-to-be in their hardtops. Did they think this was an A&W with live muzak? A simulcast on their car radios? We had no idea, but we began to play.

After we stopped our first number,

we then realised why they remained in their sticky leather seats. At the end of every song for the entire two hour show, the air was filled with a symphony of blasting, crescendoing and decrescendoing beeps, honks, and blasts from caper cars. The honking horns filtered throughout North Sydney in a subtle cacophony of tones and semitones coming from our newfound fans in metal box seats. We felt like the main feature of a Drive-In Theatre without the necking. At least we didn't notice any.

They were equally impressive in their knowledge of when to honk and when not to honk. They eyed the conductor for clues that the music was absolutely, finally over before they bleated out their approval. There were a few times, however, when an enthusiast's elbow slipped and windshield wipers or headlights were switched on to the annoyance of other car inhabitants nearby.

It was a faceless but receptive audience. Perhaps they stayed in their cars not because they were timid, but because this was the best way they could think of to show their appreciation. Just how loud is a pair of clapping hands, anyway? Maybe they felt intimidated by our greatness. Or it could be they were just looking for a quick escape route.

Most were attentive until the very end except for one lone car. In the middle of our show-stoppers, a white convertible with whitewall tires attempted to make its getaway. As the car neared the end of the parking lot and was just about to turn back onto the highway, our excited conductor noticed what was happening and turned away from the band which was in the middle of our rendition of "Danny's Song". "Where do you think you're going?" he yelled into the mike. Daunted, the car's guilty occupants turned it around and remained for the rest of the concert. If a car could blush, it did.

Dream of Life

Sometimes with you in my sight
I just don't feel like seeing
It is this time i dream of life
and what is for our being
Water in the driest desert
stands aside for nothing.
This world is not beyond your wildest dreams.
Upon conception, a paper, a pencil I am
a reporter for my mind.
Searching corners where gold may be,
down spiral staircases my thoughts descend
hoping but to find ideas.
Old, new, it does not matter,
what matters is I hold the rail.
Thoughts that fail to find the open door
will never cease their tireless, timeless efforts.
Up ahead the conscious path crumbles,
falling amid uncertainty,
minds eye begin to see.
I feel myself but feet away,
from meanings that I seek.
Like morning fog my doubts disperse,
when heated by the light.
I found you my friend,
behind the open door.
tell me your ideas
a dream of life.

Ken Faloon