

grunt

September 10 - 20, 1992

First Nations Performance Series



The FIRST NATIONS PERFORMANCE will be the third annual performance series organized by the grunt Gallery. The program features one evening of cabaret and ten evenings of solo performances and runs from Sept 10th - 20th. This year's series features First Nations artists and will be a significant presentation of the diversity and scope of contemporary Native expression in performance.

CABARET	September 10 Thursday
MARGO KANE	September 11 Friday
ZACHERY LONGBOY	September 12 Saturday
LEE MARACLE	September 13 Sunday
MARIE HUMBER	September 14 Monday
AHASIW K. MASKEGON-ISKWEW	September 15 Tuesday
MICHAEL LAWRENCHUK	September 16 Wednesday
TOM E. HAWKE	September 17 Thursday
DANA CLAXTON	September 18 Friday
MICHELLE THRUSH	September 19 Saturday
ANNIE FRAZIER	September 20 Sunday

Admission \$5.00, starting at 9pm.

During the daytime the grunt gallery will be working as a coffee venue.
For further information please call (604) 875 - 9516

All Performances at grunt gallery • 209 East 6th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C. V5T 1J8





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Funding for this series has been obtained from the Cultural Services Branch of the Government of B.C., Canada Council, Visual Art and Literary Sections and the City of Vancouver through the Cross Cultural Fund, as well as our advertisers and sponsors.

grunt



Contemporary Native Expression

Dennis Maracle

"My people will sleep for a hundred years, but when they awake, it will be the artist who brings their spirit back"

Louis Riel 1885

burden; or the wild, lustful, dark-skinned creature. This whole issue is only now beginning to be seriously addressed. Some things take longer to change than others, I guess (or so we're told).

Increasingly in more recent times, say two centuries, philosophers, sociologists, humanists - in general, the disaffected intelligentsia- have used the arts as a medium to put forward social critiques and analysis. By offering alternative ways of viewing the human condition, they have sometimes even suggested a way out, a new way of being. They have usually not been heeded.

That we are now at a cross roads in time is quite apparent. Also apparent is the fact that the existing social order is quite fucked. Man (read white Euromale) has managed to bring us to the brink of global environmental destruction. The level of inhumanity perpetrated in the

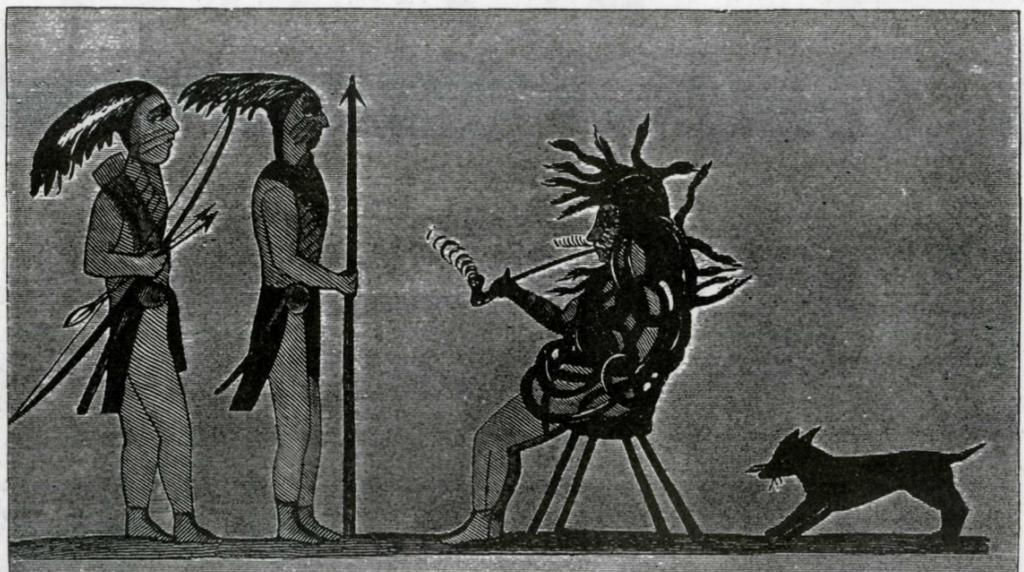
interest of corporate and personal power is frightening and sickening. Globally there is a mad scramble going on as political, economic and social orders are in turmoil. People desperately are searching for a humane way of co-existing.

Over the last few decades there has been vague recognition that perhaps the people indigenous to this land, the people who have survived and flourished here for thousands of years, may have something worth listening to

We have developed a non-exploitative intercontinental trading system (a few centuries before Chris ever thought of sailing over the edge). We have built architectural/engineering masterpieces that equalled and surpassed the Egyptians, Romans and Greeks. We have

Throughout our relatively recent collective global history, say the past two thousand odd years, more often than not, it has been from among the artists that new concepts to challenge and/or alter, question, shift the social order and societal thinking and attitudes, have been brought forward.

Zola, Chekov, Plato, Deghenawandhd, Da Vinci, Diego Rivera, Sequoia, Picasso to Dali. About the time Billy Shakespeare was just beginning to revolutionize the English language with his work, Aphra Ben was struggling to publish her feminist work. Pauline Johnson toured this country at the turn of the century in an effort to influence public perceptions. In an essay she published during these years, she spoke of the image of Native women in literature: the docile, doe-eyed Indian princess who falls in love with the brave, handsome European (white) explorer/colonizer, and helps him "save"/betray her people; the slow oxen-like beast of



developed the knowledge of herbology that forms the basis of "modern" pharmacology. We have developed a number of functioning social/political systems based on peace and respect (one of which was adulterated by K. Marx and bastardized by Ben, Tom and the boys) - indeed we firmly believe we have much of significance to add to the current debate on "where do we go from here?"

Some of us started, or took to the political and social activism of the 60's and 70's. The fear, paranoia and violence, generated in reaction to our angry, aggressive demands, silenced most of us - for some, forever. A number of those who survived this period gravitated into the arts; a few had originally chosen to be artists, left and returned, and some never left.



However, from the late seventies on, there was a growing call to know more about us - who we were, what we wanted. Unfortunately, in the main, the answers were supplied in a slew of books, with a couple of plays and films thrown in, by Europeans presuming to know all about us because they knew or had interviewed a few of us. Though we were writing, making films, plays and visuals, sales / attendance figures told us that not many wanted to hear from us - they preferred to hear about us, from a safer perspective.

During this time our next generation was beginning to discover the arts as a medium to express our concerns. As we've grown in the last few years - in numbers - in creating our own forums, in accessing stages, galleries and publishing - a truer, more complete image has emerged of who we are, what some of our visions and aspirations are. Our basic message has not changed over the years; time has but clarified and tempered our collective vision, united in its beautiful diversity.

We express ourselves in all mediums: visuals, performance, theatre, music, books and dance. In our role as caretakers of Turtle Island we seek to bridge the gap in understanding between all of us, to surmount the boundaries and barriers that artificially isolate us all.

Our vision has endured. Our voices shall not be stilled. We urge you to come - know us.



500 AÑOS de invasión, genocidio y evangelización



Performance

Cabaret

Thursday, September 10

**Sam Bob
Archer Pechawis
Dennis Maracle
Jimmy Sidlar**

& Assorted Guests

ALL PERFORMANCES START AT 9 PM ADMISSION \$5.





Performance

Margo Kane

Friday, September 11



PHOTOS: MONTE GREENSHIELDS



I walk. I remember

Fall 1992. I walk the land not only for myself but in honor of the First Peoples. I remember - their pathways/my pathway. The waterways teach me, the stones under my feet slow my pace, the canyons challenge my perseverance.

I continue a journey that lasted throughout the summer in the Art Studio Residency at Banff. While there I created a video installation and performance:

Memories Springing/Waters Singing

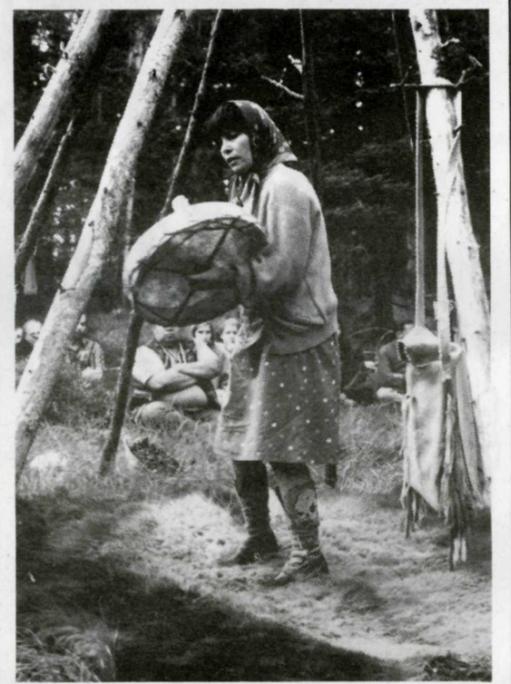
"I walk the land in memory of their presence here"

On arrival in Banff, I began to walk the land, becoming re-aquainted with mountains and pathways I had known as a child. I remember and honor the Stoneys and other aboriginal people who came to heal in mountain hot springs and renew their relationship with "all our relations".

This performance is dedicated to those who still keep the traditions of renewal so that we all might be blessed.

I invite the audience to not only witness the event but to participate. Please bring something to give-away. Ask your Native friends about "give-away". Invite your Native friends. (Excerpt)

Margo Kane is a Cree/Saulteaux multidisciplinary artist - actor, dancer, singer, writer, director and community worker.



Performance

Zachery Longboy

Saturday, September 12



Re-Creation of a Dream

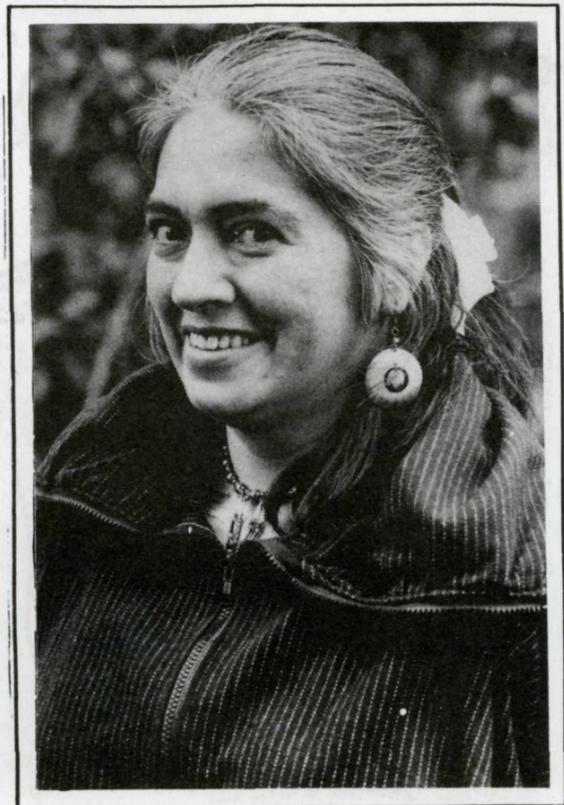


SUNDOGS:

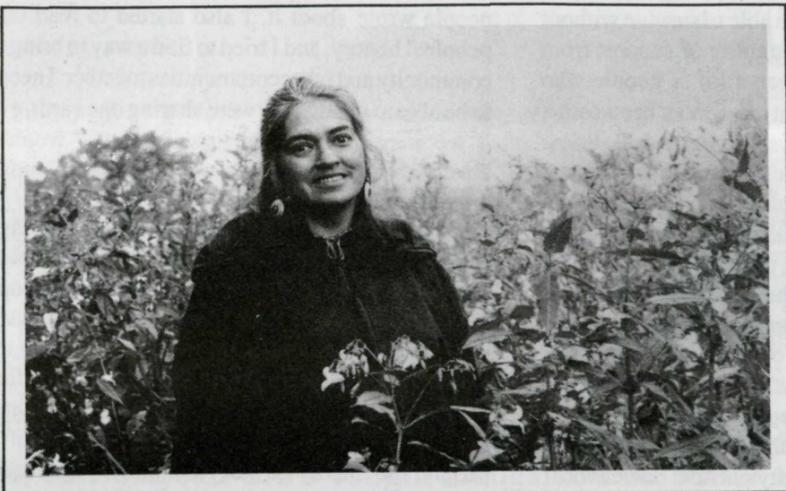
A Dramatic Reading

Lee will be reading excerpts from her latest book, *Sundogs*. Framed in the summer of Elijah Harpers quiet "No" reverberating the barricades of Kahnsetake across the country, a young Metis sociology student searches for her connection to it all.

With seven other titles to her credit, this is her first novel, scheduled to be released in October, 1992.



PHOTOS: BRENDA HEISING



"I found the self I need to believe in. I witness the terrible journey we have to make to come home, home, to the warm fires of our ways, home to a place where great love peoples our private selves, where devotion lives, devotions so deep will risk our perfect right to be. Deep black solitude is the birth place of my understanding and the sweat, the blackness of it takes on meaning. In deep black solitude my sweating body hothouses my renaissance."

Sundogs

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a dash of quantum physics, habitual behaviour, comedy, drama and the strategies of love and hate. An experiment on the effects of power on the human condition



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	25	Paul Plimley Group *
December	2	François Houle solo

* We are grateful for the assistance of the Canada Council Music in Alternate Spaces program.

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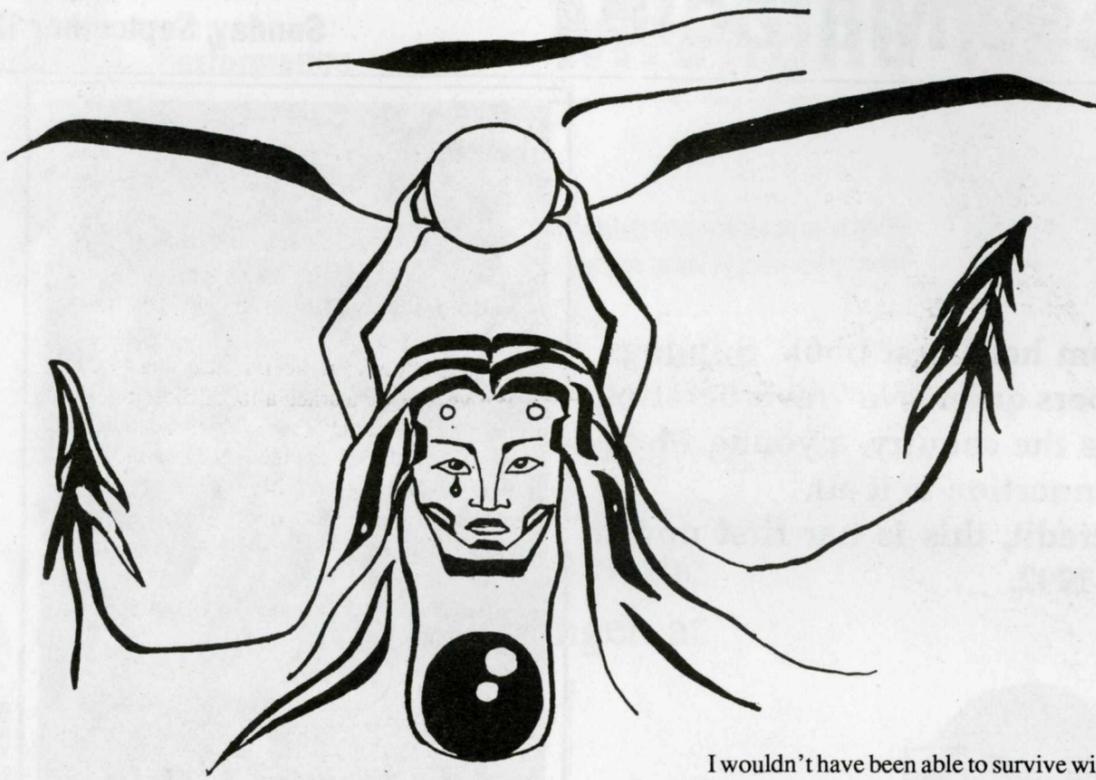
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Mount Pleasant Community Centre



Strategies For Survival

Maria Campbell

Sometimes it seems I've spent my whole life dealing with racism. As an aboriginal woman in Canada it's part of our daily life. We get up in the morning, we check the weather, and we dress for it. As aboriginal people, we've had to do that to survive.

I didn't start writing, making films or working in theatre because of the need to create. I did that because I needed to survive.

I wrote my first book in 1969. I was working at what I call a "straight job". I was a single mother with four children to support. I was very poor with no skills. I was fired from my job and wasn't able to find anything else. I didn't have any way to feed my children. So it was a really depressing time. In 1969 I wasn't a hippie. I didn't fit in any of the places people hung out together. I was a long way from home. I needed someone to talk to and there was nobody around. I decided to write. I made the paper my friend, and talked to it. The result of that is my first book, *Halfbreed*.

What that book did was give me life. It helped me to go through a healing process, to understand where I was coming from. It helped me to stop blaming the victim, and start blaming the criminal. It helped me to realize that it wasn't my fault, that racism was real, that you could reach out and touch it, and that a lot of what happened in my life was a result of racism.

Through writing *Halfbreed*, I was able to analyze my life and my community, and to analyze the community around me. It was a very difficult process, but it gave me life. It also opened doors for me. At that point, the grandmothers gave me gifts. And those gifts became the tools for my work - work that has not only served to heal myself and my family, but also to make change in my community and the communities I live in.

When I say I don't write to create anything, I really mean that. I wish sometimes that I had the luxury of just staying home and creating beautiful things.

Being a writer and a community worker hasn't been easy. Every day has been a struggle. I'm proud of the fact that I have raised four children by myself. I've never received a government grant - I've always been turned down by the Canada Council or whoever I applied to. I've never had a "real job" - my writing and the work from my writing has allowed me to raise four children and be able to do my work with some dignity.

I wouldn't have been able to survive without a strong community, a community of support from my peers. There haven't been a lot of people who give that kind of support, but there have been some. I always think of people walking up a hill. Some people are just about at the top of the hill. Some people are halfway up. There are some of us who get halfway and then slide all the way back down, to start again. Most of the time, people who are near the top don't bother to stop and help somebody else. But there are those people who walk up the hill with you. Sometimes they're ahead of you and sometimes they're behind you, but you know they're there when you need them. I've found that kind of support in my own community, with my own people. I've also found it in the community outside. So networking, for me, has been invaluable.

Through my writing and my work I've been able to meet other people of colour. This has widened my vision, and given me a sense of strength in solidarity.

I don't want to offend anyone - and I don't know why I say that because one of the things I've accumulated over the years is a reputation for being a "bad-assed woman". It's not easy being an aboriginal person in the arts. I feel it's easier if you are a person of colour, to be a part of what's happening, to have access to things. It's been very difficult for Native writers to write their own stories, to be heard and to have their community heard. For over fifteen years we've talked about it. (Now at last the issue of appropriation is being raised outside Native communities.)

When I first started writing, I was treated very gently by the institutions, simply because I was the first Native writer to become well-known. *Halfbreed* was a bestseller. At the time the book was published, people seemed to want to understand what the Native community was about, and I guess the book did that.

I was very vulnerable, and very open with people. Right across the country, a lot of white people wanted to take me under their wing and help me, because they felt bad about what they had read. That was all right for a little while. Those people taught me a lot. But I found that when I started to speak out, when I started to get strong, that was a whole different thing. Doors were closed to me. I wasn't able to get back into them again.

There were times also when my own people were very angry with me. By exposing myself and my own life, they felt I was perpetuating media stereotypes - that Native people were drug addicts, were on the street. It took me a long time - not to understand, but to be able to articulate for my own community - that when you are oppressed, and when you are trying to be born again, when you are trying to reclaim, you have to go through all the pain. That's the first thing that comes out, and we have to deal with that. That's our first song.

Having doors closed to me as a writer allowed me to look more closely at myself. I had to ask, "What other kinds of skills do I have? What else can I do?" I learned that you didn't need all kinds of education and skills in order to do something. I started to study my own history and what other people wrote about it. I also started to read other peoples' history, and I tried to find a way to bring my community and other communities together. I needed to be able to see that we were sharing one earth, even if we were different colours. Perhaps I wouldn't have been able to do that work, if I had all kinds of opportunities as a writer.

I spent a long time exploring and learning to read my own language, and finding how to work with the rhythms that came from my own people. For a long time I couldn't write anything, because I didn't know how to use English. I'm articulate in English. I know it well. But when I was writing I always found that English manipulated me. Once I understood my own rhythms, the language of my people, the history of storytelling, and the responsibility of storytelling, then I was able to manipulate the language. And once I started to be able to manipulate English, I felt that was a personal liberation.

I don't decide anything in my life. The grandmothers - these old ladies - always push me around, direct me, and tell me what I have to do. About five years ago they decided I should make films. I looked over my shoulder and said, "But I don't know how to make films." Yet through networking, talking to people, doing research in libraries, I began to feel "Yes, I want to do that, because that's another way to make change, another way to be able to open the door, to cut a key." Even if I don't make great films, my children will be able to make films if that's what they decide to do.

I wanted to produce films myself. My only experience in film before this was writing a script. It was a story about clear-cutting in the north and what it does to a community. A producer came along, and wanted me to change it. I made some changes, because I knew I had to compromise if I wanted to do this. Then the director came along, and he decided that the film was too gentle; it was too political.



"But Maria, we've got to have some fucking in here", the director said.

I asked him, "What does fucking have to do with clear-cutting?"

He wanted to take the relationship between the father and the daughter and change it into an incestuous relationship. He wanted a rape scene. I refused to write it.

This is where I really learned about what can happen when somebody takes the words that you write. The young woman who was cast was Native, but of all the women who auditioned, the slimmest, most beautiful girl was chosen. She couldn't act, but she was beautiful.

We went out and started shooting. I hung around, because they had put in the contract that I would be an adviser - whatever that meant, because nobody listened to me. One afternoon I was gone, and that afternoon a rape scene was made part of that film.

The other thing that happened was a dress. You can do all kinds of things with cameras. Even if you say you are not prejudiced, when you are a camera person or the person directing, it's what you are inside that shines through. The girl was made to wear a dress without a slip underneath, and that changed the whole story. It changed the whole feeling of the show. It not only degraded her, but it made her community, her whole people, seem like they didn't care about anything.

At that time I decided, "If I ever do this again, I will have control of the whole production."

And so I started to produce films. It's very difficult to get money. Again, networking was very important, as was believing that the grandmothers would direct me to wherever I'm supposed to go. This summer I'm finishing a shoot that I've been



working on for several years, a film on six traditional old women in the north. I've been doing a little bit every year. This year I've managed to raise enough money - from investors and from some old women in the community running bingo games for me - to be able to finish the shooting. The next challenge will be editing, and just today I met a woman, Ruby Truly, who has promised to help with that.

Strategies for survival...it's really important to try and maintain a sense of humour. I've had to learn to be funny, to see the humorous side of things.

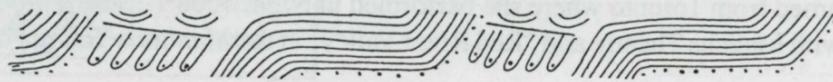
I've had to do a lot of praying. I think that prayers, regardless of where they come from, go to the same source - whether we call it Father or Mother. I choose to call it Mother.

I have faith in my community. I believe that whatever gift or power you have as an artist comes from the community, and what is most important is being able to give that back. If you don't give it back, there's not going to be anything left.

We have elders in the arts community, people who have been working for change for many many years, and it's important to make sure that those people are here.

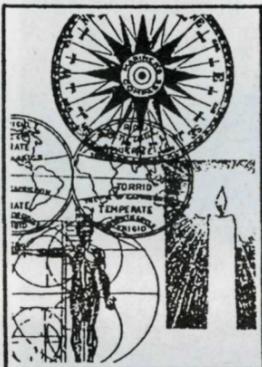
You don't have to keep re-learning everything. We've already learned a lot of those things. Don't leave those people behind. You need them. If you're going to change anything, you can't do it without them. If you try doing it without them, you'll just repeat the same things over and over and over again, and we'll never get beyond where we are now.

Transcribed from a talk given By Ms. Campbell at Women in View, Vancouver, 1991



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FORUM THEATRE ABOUT VIOLENCE IN THE FAMILY

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Set design by
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Lighting design by
Paul Williams

Featuring
Sam Bob
Columpa Bob
Jackie George
Darrell Guss
Sophie Merasty
Carmen Moore



"The performance and treatment of the difficult topic of family violence had the clarity, focus and brilliance that comes from direct experience"
Lorna Williams,
First Nations Education Specialist,
Vancouver School Board

"I can recall few times when I have been so moved in the theatre... electric moments...offers comfort and acceptance."
Colin Thomas, Georgia Straight

"Theatre at its most vital."
Mark Leiren-Young, Theairum

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8:00PM (MATINEE SAT. DEC. 5 AT 2:00PM)

For Tickets and Tour Information, call Headlines Theatre, 251-2006



Performance

Marie Humber

Monday, September 14

AGE OF IRON—A LOSS OF WAY

An adaptation from the Greeks and the streets by Marie Humber. Collaborating on this workshop performance is Sam Bob, Cheri Maracle, Darrell Guss. Original music by Wayne Lavalle.

Concrete stacked high
 Lego gone solid
 no melt down here
 man lies on sidewalk
 takes his space
 face down
 same place, different day
 pedestrians walk between his legs
 as if he was a giant spider
 careful not to touch his parts
 after they squash him with a swiftness
 It's going to rain
 man's eyes upturned
 smile reaches me
 from below me
 but above the concrete
 "Any change dear?"
 "No sir, three bags full sir,
 heavy with sad treasures captured
 by the crow in me.
 But no sir, three bags full of shit."
 It's another town
 It's going to rain.



Marie Humber is a Metis actor from Vancouver who has just returned from Toronto where she performed in Nightwood Theatre's production of "The Birds in Cuckooland". Other recent credits include a school tour with Magnus Theatre and "Red River Valley" at the Manitoba Young People's Theatre. Marie is a graduate of Spirit Song Native Theatre School.

Tuesday, September 15



Performance

Ahasiw K. Maskegon-Iskwew

Don't use the white sheet.
 The black bag.
 metal cooler tray

far away from the punishing ones
 The echo of babies

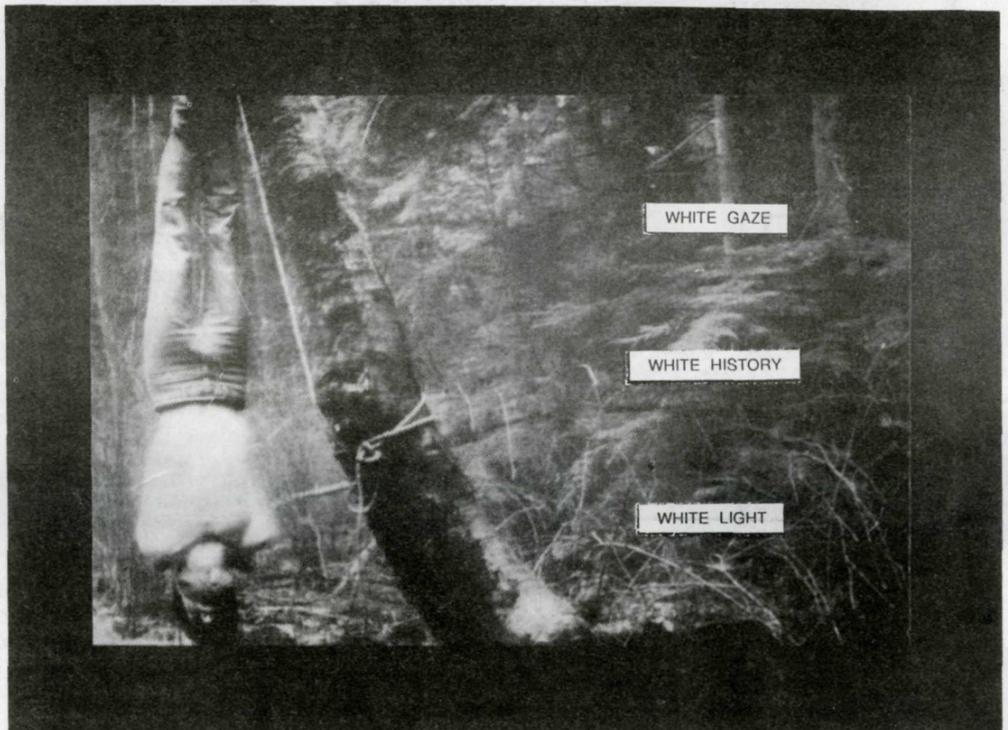
in their little ones' playing
 warm sounds
 breathe
 from their gentleness

and their need
 aching hearts in the tiny young

and some lie quiet

old old old
 far away from the punishing ones

White shame



Ahasiw K. Maskegon-Iskwew
 WHITE SHAME



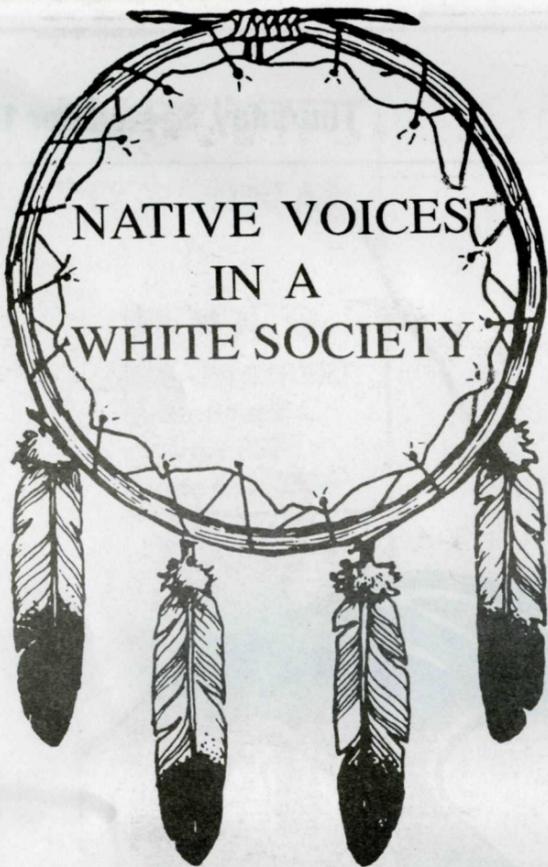
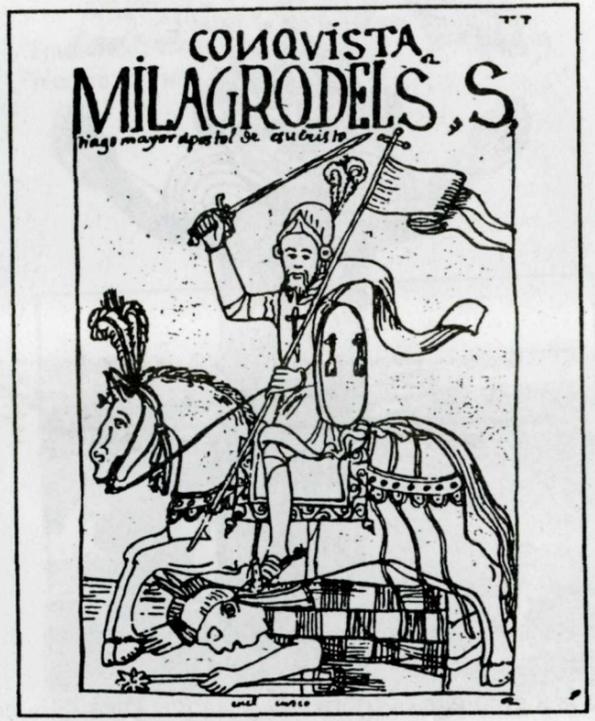
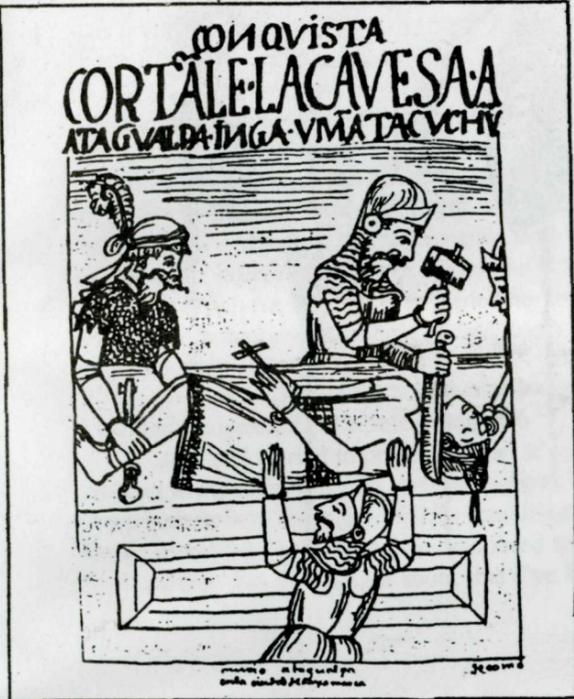
Untitled; a new work in progress

Michael describes this particular work as a follow-up to his one man show "The Trial of Kicking Bear". This new piece is a more contemporary look at how our society deals with people in general and Native people in particular.

Michael hopes to remount a Canadian tour offering both "The Trial of Kicking Bear" and this new

piece. What this will hopefully allow, he says, is a chance to see how much or how little change has occurred for the Native in our society.

Having said this, Michael adds that he speaks for no one but himself and that his work is based solely on his opinions and perceptions.



"If we hadn't done it, we might as well have invited insult to ourselves. I was not around 200 years ago, but I am today," said Wii Seeks afterwards. There is no question; we are saying it is time for Canadians and the other nations of the world to hear First Nations' opinions about all that has and is transpiring.

But who is speaking for First Nations peoples? Who is choosing to speak for native people and who is being chosen? Is it still the movies, romantic visions from Kevin Costner for mass consumption? Is it still the media, leering across razor wire barricades at masked Warriors? For many, these images are still the only images they have of First Nations people.

We've all heard generalizations about native people—even from other native people—but which ones count? Who defines "native" for the native people? I once heard someone say, "Tying a rag around your head and banging a drum doesn't make you an Indian." I have to agree, but what exactly does? Surely it is not the officious red and white status cards some of us have been given.

Is a mixed-blood raised on the reserve less "native" than a full-blood raised in Detroit and therefore a less important voice? Should we be hearing more from traditionalists like the Elders and less from the new self-defining of the younger generation?

One thing is terribly clear. The governments of this country are still defining and determining who we are: B.C. Supreme Court Justice Allan McEachern's decision on the Gitskan-Wet'suwet'en case: Delgam Uukw vs. Her Majesty the Queen, March 8, 1991.

"The Indians have remained dependent for too long. Even a national annual payment of billions of dollars on Indian problems, which undoubtedly ameliorates some hardships will not likely break this debilitating cycle of dependence..."

This statement was used to support his decision that First Nations peoples had their land rights extinguished

long ago, in part because we're not really "Native" anymore.

We rely on funding from non-native bodies that decide which of us is producing "good" art. To some degree then, some of the "good" native art that is currently being made has been enabled according to someone else's aesthetic.

Some First Nations artists have agreed to play by the rules: that if you're good enough, you'll get what you deserve. The truth is, however good an actor you may be, if you're not white, forget even auditioning for the thousands of lead roles that are written by a white, mainstream and for a supposedly white audience.

First Nations peoples are still working in a white-dominated industry. We still do not have equal access to media. The colour lines exist. Images of First Nations peoples seldom come from First Nations peoples themselves. This has been called "appropriation".

Jack Gray, President of the Writers Guild of Canada, defends the writers' right to write about whatever they choose: cultural appropriation is "fundamentally a question of freedom of expression."

The media-fest in Oka and Kahnawake in the summer of 1990 assaulted all of us with its images of threatened brutality. Canada, who has never seen its First Nations peoples as adults with important things to say, suddenly had to listen on native terms to native voices. Imagine, "Indians" shaking the very foundations of this country's government's status quo and, worst of all, its sense of decorum.

In December 1991, Wii Seeks led a few First Nations people in briefly occupying the Santa Maria, one of the Spanish flotilla replicas of Columbus' fleet, near San Juan, Puerto Rico. That theatrical gesture focussed the eyes of the world, albeit briefly, directly at us, the First Nations peoples.



We all, as writers, appropriate ideas. The cry against someone else telling stories about us is not about censorship; it is a warning to artists to be responsible - your freedom to write about us is the same freedom we have to cry out if you're writing "Al Jolson-esque" black-face portrayals. It is also the same cry from Oka and from that harbour in Puerto Rico: "We have something to say for ourselves!"



We, as First Nations artists, are beginning to talk about the true state of our societies, i.e. multi-generational trauma, abuse, suicide and alcoholism, colonialism and the throw-away culture. We are also in recovery, successfully seeking peace and justice through traditional means, being victorious in being seen and heard by the dominant culture, and setting an example for the world about respect for Mother Earth. These are all our stories and we are raising our voices to tell them.

I hope that we are really being heard. The worst oppression is silence - we talk, no one responds. Can we convert the overwhelming ignorance and denial of the native reality into a constructive appreciation and respect for these differences between us?

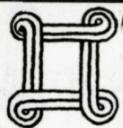
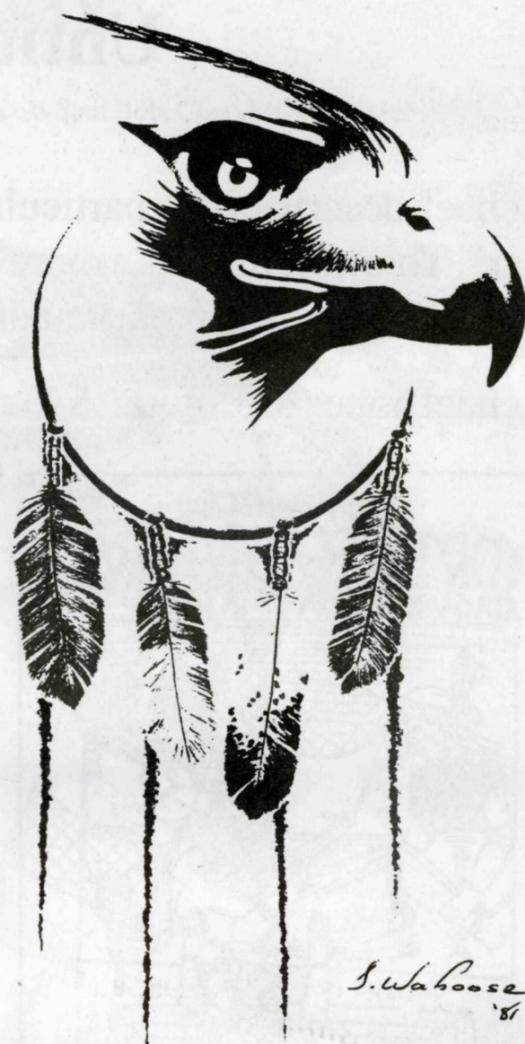
First Nations people are a people in exile. We have lost that which we knew, hence we have alienation, depression, rage, pain. We are acknowledging this for ourselves and letting other people hear about it too. Constructive appreciation and respect is not being told "Get over it, honey."

Let our stories speak for themselves. As artists and as First Nations peoples we put forth our identities, our sense of self, who we are and WHO WE ARE NOT through these stories. We thank you for sitting and experiencing these voices and their stories. They speak volumes about who we really are.

Ee mutl.

Evan Tesla Adams

Coast Salish Actor/Writer



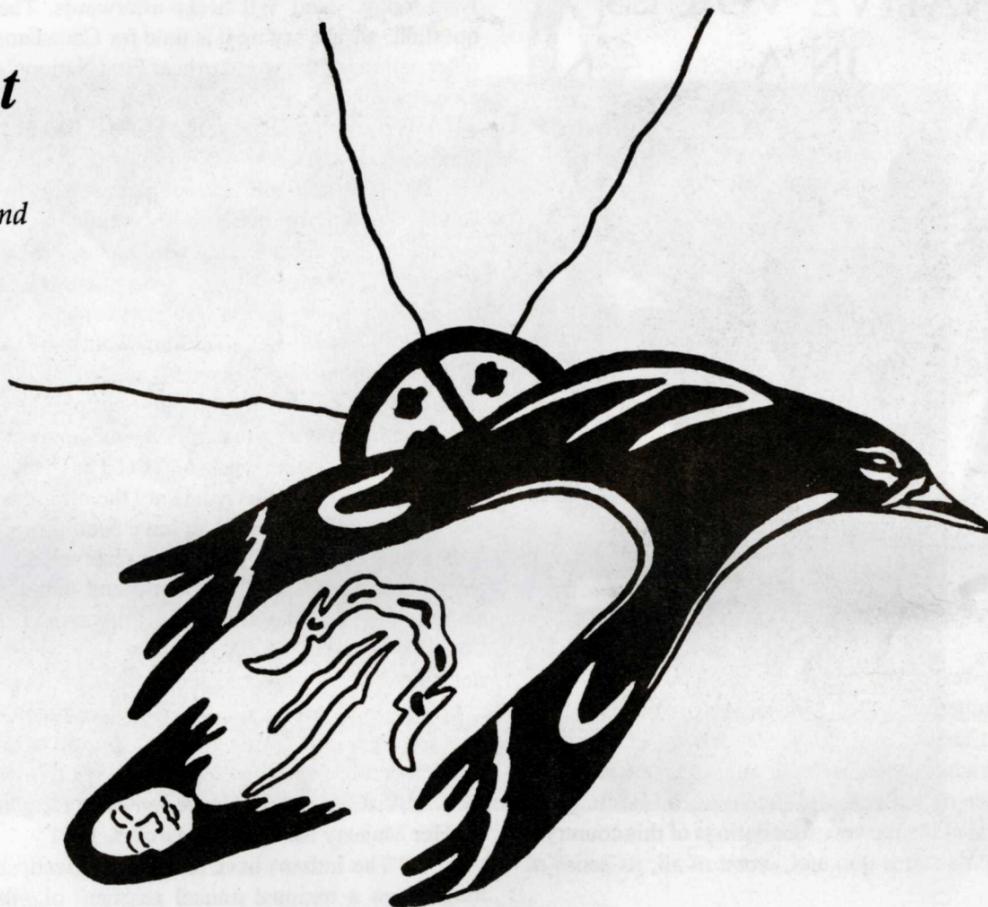
Performance

Thom E. Hawke

Thursday, September 17

Nanabush: The Trickster Bottoms Out

The Trickster lies asleep in the fetal position against the wall. After being rudely awoken he staggers to the stage and begins to tell his story...



Thom E. Hawke is an Ottawa based multi-disciplinary performance artist of Chippewa descent. His last Vancouver appearance at the 1990 Writer's Festival earned him a standing ovation for his post-Oka performance poetry. Thom E. Hawke has recently been touring with his musical group, the 7th Fire Band. *Nanabush: The Trickster Bottoms Out* is a performance based on addictions and the creative process.



Performance

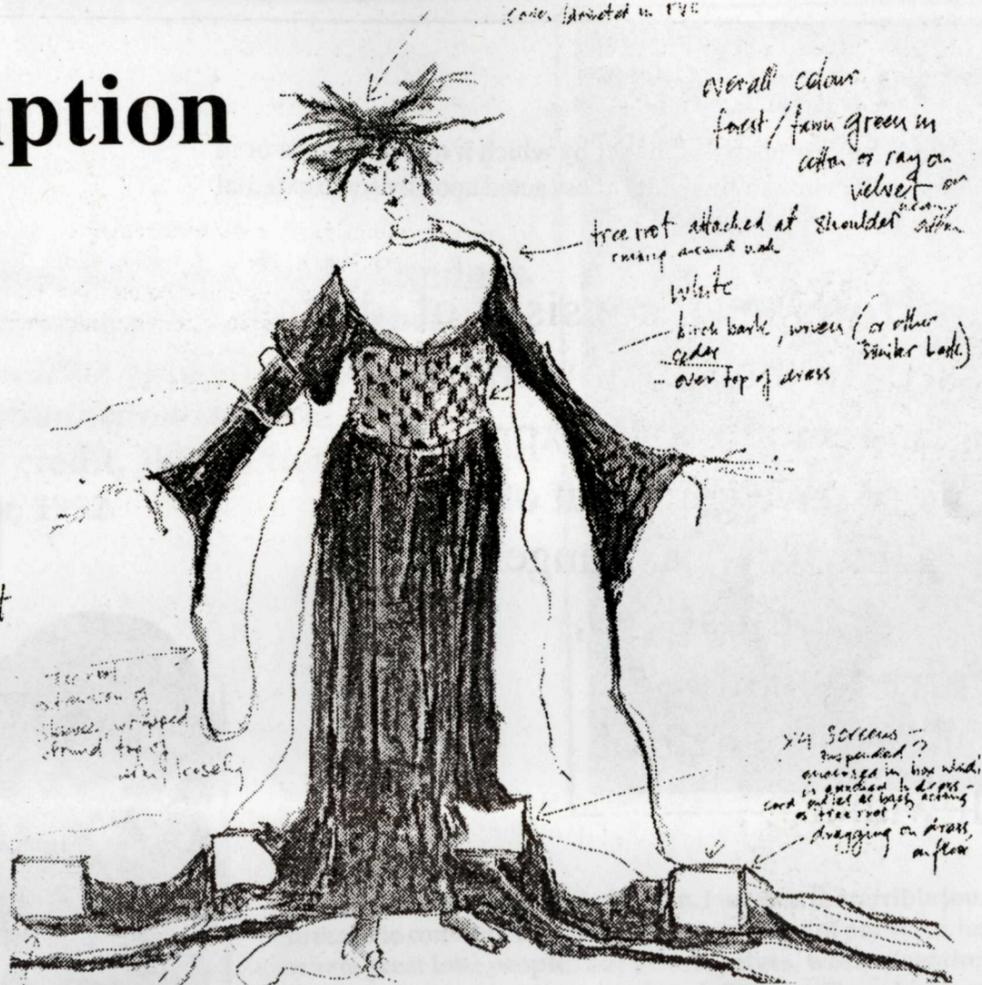
Dana Claxton

Friday, September 18

Tree of Consumption

A Performance in the Round

Costume Design - Kate Smith
Music - Russell Wallace



Dana Tree Dress in Velvet

Dana Claxton is of Hunkpapa (Lakota) descent. Her great-grandmother Oyewaste came up to Canada in the late 1800s with Sitting Bull and settled in Woodmountain, Saskatchewan. Woodmountain is the birthplace of her maternal grandmother Pearl Goodtrack and her mother Ellen Goodtrack. Claxton's great uncle Wounded Horse and great cousin Lean Crow fought alongside Louis Riel and Gabriel Dumont at Batoche. Dana, like many of her great ancestors is a hostile Indian who will not tolerate injustice.

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November 4 - 22

August 31 to September 27, 1992

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Inertia

in-'ər-shə, -shē'ə 1 a: a property of matter by which it remains at rest or in uniform motion in the same straight line unless acted upon by some external force.

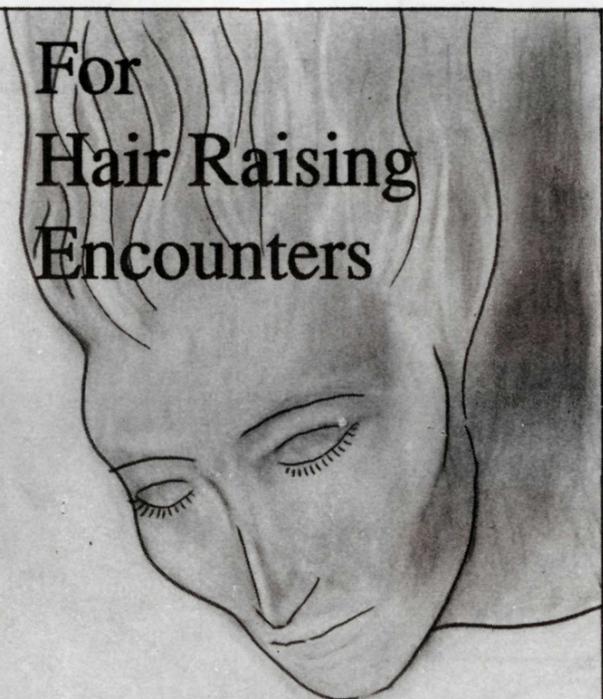
Her performance consists of drama expressed in body movement. The feelings and emotions she expresses in this piece have come out of the energy gained by past anger at racial injustices, transferred into a celebration of strength of the self within.

Directed/choreographed by
Karen Rose.

Music by Joseph Pepe Danza



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IN "CHIGGERS"
AT THE
HOT JAZZ CLUB

PHOTO BY
NOAM RAPPAPORT

PICK UP THE
PROGRAM GUIDE IN
THE SEPTEMBER 4TH ISSUE OF
THE GEORGIA STRAIGHT





Performance

Annie Frazier

Sunday, September 20

with Joseph Danza and
Michelle Thrush

WORDS OF WISDOM

A poetry performance salutation written to both respect and honour our elders. Annie will be using both her own and E. Pauline Johnson's poetry.



Tribute to Pauline

In 1892 Pauline Johnson gave her first recitals of her own work.

100 years

later,

the path

of this

extended tradition

of oral passage

lives on.



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The Party of the Lost Souls

October 31, 1992

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YOUR UNIFORM!



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ADMISSION \$5.

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DB Boyko with A. Kahre, M.A. Parlett, K. Newby
News From Hyperspace - Four Degrees of Fire
Kenneth Newby and guests
Saturday, October 3, 5:30 pm

Wende Bartley, Susan Frykberg, Hildegard Westerkamp,
Tina Pearson
Sunday, October 4, 5:30 pm

Iskra 1903
Barry Guy, Paul Rutherford, Phil Wachsmann
Monday, October 5, 5:30 pm

Pauline Oliveros, Stuart Dempster, Randy Raine-Reusch
Monday, October 5, 9 pm

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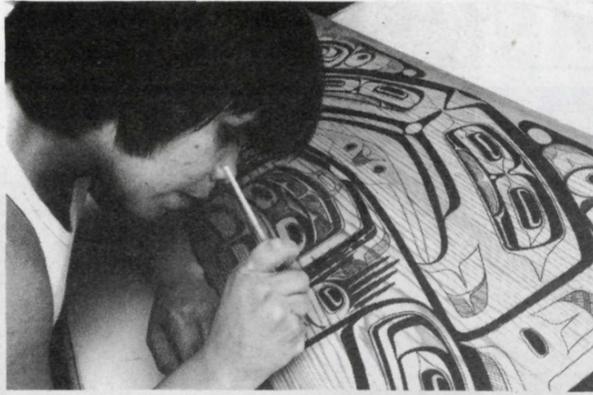
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The Body of the Astronaut
Susie Clelland

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Artist Talk September 11, 7:30 pm

**RHODA ROSENFELD
Dark Works 1988-1992**

October 31 to November 28
Opening October 30, 8 pm

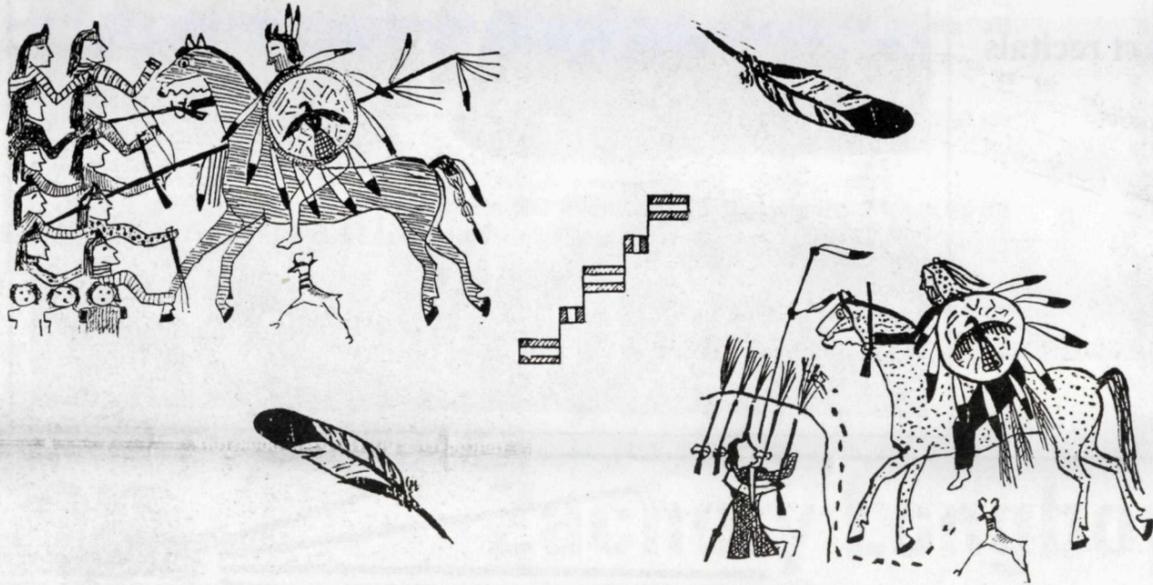
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August 7-September 20
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Tour and Talk with the artist
Sunday, September 6, 1pm

Jim Logan

A Question of Ideals
September 25-October 25
Artist's talk and discussion of First Nations art
a reception for the artist will follow
Wednesday, September 30, 7:30pm
Screening: First nations Video curated by Dana Claxton
Thursday, October 15, 7:30pm
Exhibition originated by the Kamloops Art Gallery

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Contemporary Canadian Wood Engravings
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Lecture and Screening with Stan Douglas, September 26 @ 9:00 pm

SCREENING: THE PRIAPIC BLACK STUD; A Dialogue on Black Male Sexuality
Curated by David Odhiambo, October 10 @ 9:00 pm

SCREENING: ABOUT SEX: 180 DEGREES OF LESBIAN AND GAY VIDEO
Curated by Thomas Allen Harris and Adriene Jenik, October 23 & 24 @ 9:00 pm

SCREENING: ABO: VIDEOS THAT UNMASK, TEST AND INVADE THE COLONIAL SYSTEM
Three nights of video by First Nations artists from the Americas
Curated by Dana Claxton, Raul Ferrera Balanquet and Melba Alfaro
November 5 @ 8:00 pm, November 7 & 14 @ 9:00 pm

All events \$3 members/\$4 non-members

THE ADVANCED WORKSHOP SERIES CONTINUES: For information contact Jennifer Abbott

FIRST NATIONS APPRENTICESHIP PROGRAM (FNAP): Training for First Peoples in the historical, practical and theoretical use of video. For more information contact Zachery Longboy

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SVES/Video In gratefully acknowledges the financial support of the Government of B.C., through the Ministry of Tourism and the Ministry responsible for Culture, the Canada Council, the City of Vancouver, the Department of Communications, and the Native Arts Foundation.

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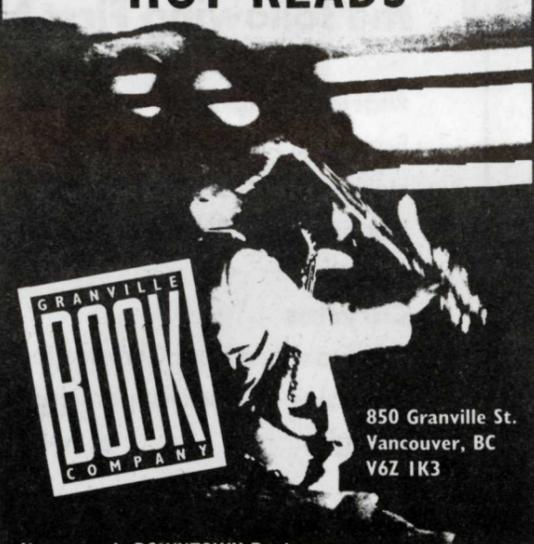


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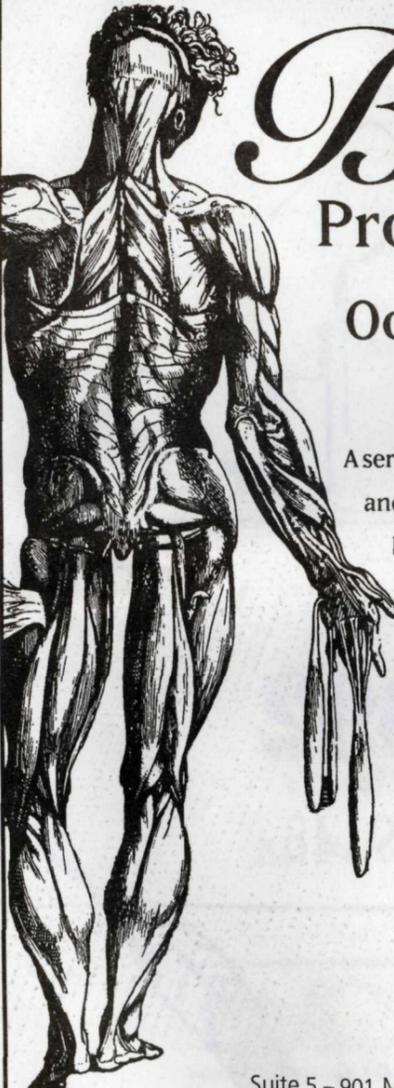


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VANCOUVER INTERNATIONAL
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FESTIVAL
FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

This year's Vancouver Writers Festival welcomes the following First Nations guests...

Maria Campbell

Born on a trapline in northern Saskatchewan where the community was later evicted, Ms. Campbell started her career as a community worker and organizer. Her first book, "Halfbreed", was a best seller.

Chrystos

San Francisco born Chrystos tours extensively throughout North America as a speaker and activist participating in indigenous land and treaty rights struggles.

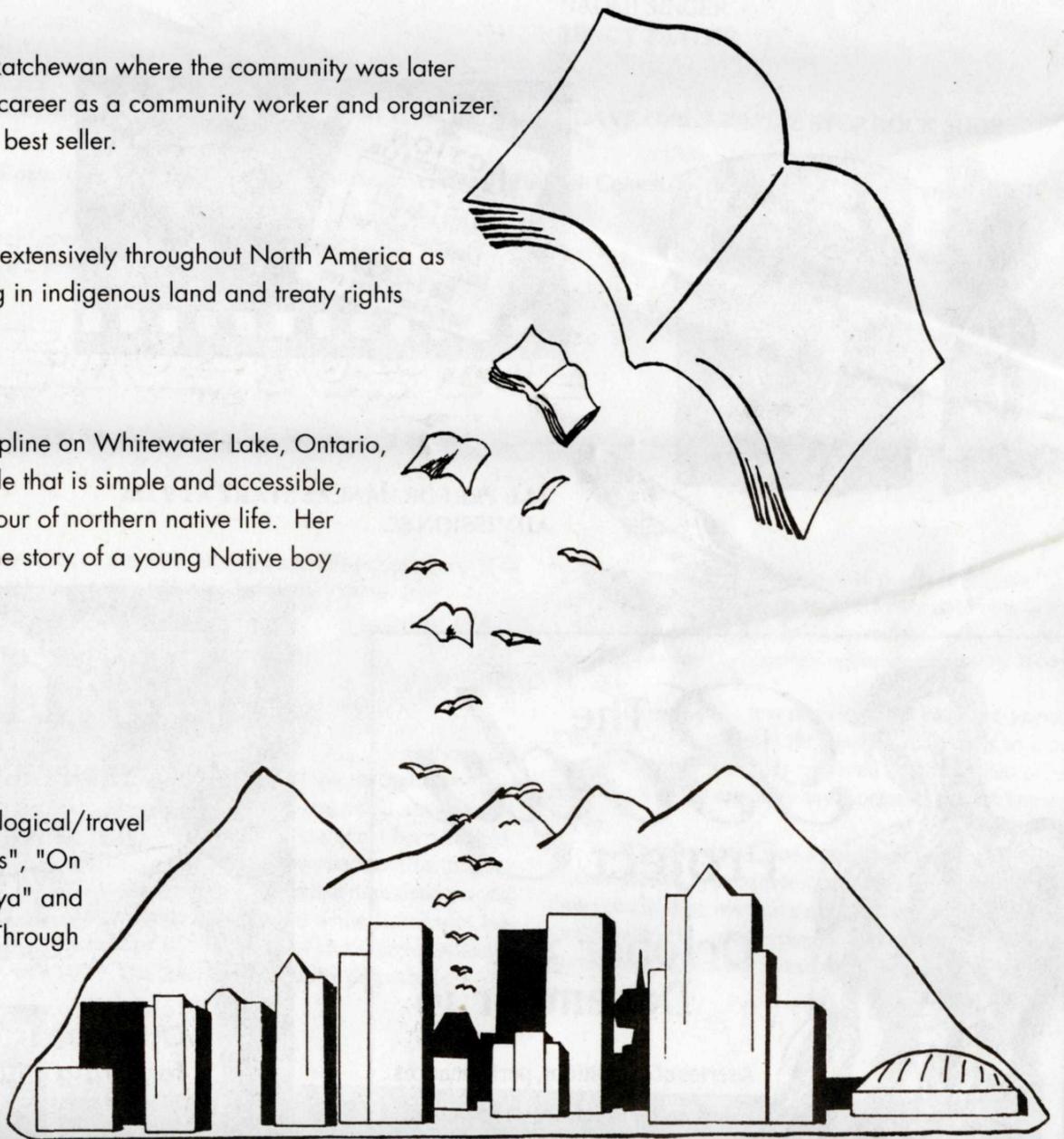
Ruby Slipperjack

Born and raised on her father's trapline on Whitewater Lake, Ontario, Ms. Slipperjack tells tales in a style that is simple and accessible, and yet richly evocative of the flavour of northern native life. Her latest novel, "Silent Words", tells the story of a young Native boy and his journey of self-discovery.

Also presenting....

Ronald Wright

Author of four acclaimed anthropological/travel books: "Cut Stones and Crossroads", "On Fiji Islands", "Time Among the Maya" and "Stolen Continents: The Americas Through Indian Eyes Since 1492".



October 21 - 25, 1992

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