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HARBOUR

Magazine of
Art &
Everyday Life

HARBOUR

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HARBOUR

is Edited by Stephen Horne and Lani Maestro
with Assistant Editor Karilee Fuglem and
Contributing Editors Lindsay Brown, Andrew Carlisle

HARBOUR is designed by Lani Maestro

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

Nicole Jolicoeur, Lani Maestro, Stephen Horne, Magdalena Campos,
Sharyn Yuen, Kerri Sakamoto

We would like to thank

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HARBOUR is an interdisciplinary magazine produced by artists and is concerned primarily with writing and artworks by practicing artists. A critical intervention into current formulations of art publishing, Harbour questions the established canon of artistic works, the professionalization of the artist and the critic, as well as their compartmentalization. We offer writing which identifies and addresses relevant contemporary art and social issues, writing which examines the institutional framework of art, and which discusses practical problems facing artists, particularly in issues of power and difference. We sense that art is political and are also committed to responding to, and preserving its dimensions of inexplicability and wonder. By seeking a critical non-hierarchical diversity, we hope to provide resistance to the homogenizing tendencies of commercial art publishing.

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HARBOUR
4001 rue Berri, Suite 101, Montréal, Québec H2L 4H2
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FAX 514 987 1862
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RACE & The Body Politic

Christine Almeida
Buseje Bailey
Ingrid Bachmann
Oladele Bamgboye
Shauna Beharry
Sutapa Biswas
Jack Butler
Chris Creighton-Kelly
Sarindar Dhaliwal
Richard Fung
Tom Hill

Stephen Horne
Donna James
Margo Kane
Lani Maestro
Maria Luisa Mendonça
Shani Mootoo
Li Ning
Wendy Oberlander
Kerri Sakamoto
Paul Wong
Sharyn Yuen

The Race and The Body Politic residency took place in the Art Studio at The Banff Centre for the Arts from June 1 to August 14, 1992. I would like to thank Ingrid Bachmann and Jack Butler (Programme Facilitators), Lani Maestro and Stephen Horne (who agreed to do this special issue of Harbour on the residency), the visual arts staff, Chris Creighton-Kelly (who was the Summer Programme Director for this residency), and all of the artists and writers for their tireless efforts. A special thanks goes to Marlene Norbese Philip who was in the first Art Studio residency on Border Culture (summer, 1990) - she suggested that a residency for artists of colour would be an affirmative step towards social change at the Banff Centre.

Lorne Falk
Programme Director, Art Studio

BANFF, BENIN, BERLIN

OLADELE AJIBOYE BAMGBOYE

Following my summer residency in Banff, I visited Nigeria, my first return as an adult since my emigration to Scotland with my parents at the age of 12. It was also my first reunion with two sisters and my extended family in sixteen years over 10 years since their return to Nigeria in Scotland to continue my grandmothers, as them, thought they again. (My grandfathers



I met my father which seemed appropriate since he was the first to leave Scotland. Our hugging, kissing and crying quickly reformed our bond after 11 years of communication by sporadic mail. He is now neatly shaven, but still my mother was our first since I was Glasgow was a tear-mother and three the Night Sky for Africa.



As the second born of seven children, with a large extended family, I have been independent since the age of 7 and have also spent the least time with my parents (10 years in total, 5 of those being in Scotland). Dada, a dreadlocked fading memories of my inspiration. If the length place is an indication of on arrival in Nigeria, I African but my language, Yoruba, was



My return to Nigeria was a turning point in my life. In Africa I had rediscovered a part of myself. I finally found where my face and mannerisms fitted. I had a strong sense of identity before, but in Nigeria I was able to become.



family in sixteen years over 10 years since their 1981, when I stayed in education. My two healthy as I remembered would never see me died when I was abroad.)

older, his hair greyer and lean, fit. My meeting with especially emotional as it 18. Our parting in ridden one when in 1982, siblings disappeared into

I was 28, and arrived as a man with strong but birthplace and place of of one's residency in a the make-up of identity, was more European than understanding of the still strong.

I was raised by my grandparents: by grandmother and great grandmother from my mother's side; and by grandfather from my father's side. My great grandmother was a devout Muslim, and whilst living with her, I was exposed to the faith. Whilst with my grandfather, I was exposed to Christianity.

One day on the farm, during the yam season, I asked my grandfather why I was my colour. As usual, he replied in a parable: "to understand who you are, look around you with your eyes open. Do you see and feel the rich reddish brown earth between your toes?" He taught me that the environment shaped a person's nature, and that therefore, one's nature is an evolving one. He also taught me to strive for patience and sympathy for another's viewpoint, regardless of the differences.

I was inseparable from him, and on my return to his village of Odo-Eku, the elders who remembered him were struck by our similarities.



Kunstlerhaus Bethanien, Berlin April 1993