

reasons for leaving. There is the weather. Halifog is the real name of Halifax and "I have not been warm or dry since my arrival." Of course that is not the basic reason. Rand needs more stimulation from those who are doing the same kind of work as himself. He feels that he is painting in a closet. There is a sense of futility that comes with having to deal with conservative clients who water down his ideas and his choice of colours. There is also in a place like Halifax a financial limitation when there is a limited budget spent on promotional experimentation. In Toronto, Rand's sense of the outrageous will stand him in good stead. This is a field where the image is one among many and demands a bold attack to gain attention for itself. Rand would also like to meet gay men who are artists, those gay artists who form a community of support. "After fifteen years of promiscuity, it becomes dissatisfying, and you tend to want, as you get older, to get on with the job at hand. It would be

great to have a relationship with someone who is like myself in their work. You then could appreciate each other as you grow parallel in the work-goal. This is an ideal, but party time is over."

As well as his graphic work, Rand also creates films, one of which, "Spectrum", has just been completed through the NFB and Domsday Studios. Some of the graphic work from the film is also in this show and explores again the imagery of dreams. Snow, lightning, fog and rain devastate the earth and time itself seems to disintegrate. But the film ends with the rainbow, the symbol of renewal. Rand has reached a peak both personally and professionally in Halifax. It's time to enter new images. Angels and demons, he suggests, are the beginning of a new exploration of theme and idea. Hopefully, Toronto will offer him new ways of seeing, and I look forward to his next creative output.

- Jim MacSwain

# M U S I C

Photo: R Metcalfe



## NIGHTWALKING AMAZON

Take a politicized lesbian singer, put her in a room usually reserved for disco, throw in a clump of young, off-duty female impersonators, and what have you got? A riot? A riotous good time, that's what! Cathy Cook played the Turret for three nights in September and had her audiences screaming for more. A singer in the social-protest folk tradition, with a strong, clear voice and up-front politics, Cook sings about the realities of our lives. Her songs included several by Holly Near, such as "Mountain Song", "Fight Back!" and "It Could Have Been Me", to which she added a verse about Harvey Milk, the assassinated San Francisco gay political figure. The greatest audience response, however, was to her own compositions. "I Can't Sing Farewell To Nova Scotia", for example, was a moving tribute from an American raised in Pittsburgh who discovered Nova Scotia in the spring and stayed for half a year in Shelburne County.

The most pleasant surprise of her engagement was the response to her song, "Nightwalking Amazon". A militant protest against the rape and harassment of women, the song brought an unexpectedly enthusiastic response from a crowd of young gay men who are into drag. These men were only too familiar with the dangers of street harassment. Cook, commenting that, like many lesbians, she had often felt uncomfortable with the idea of men imitating women, was nevertheless impressed by the men's identification with the strong female image of her "Nightwalking Amazon". The song was an anthem in the spirit of the Reclaim the Night movement that also expressed, for the gay men present, the spirit of our resistance to queer-bashing. The lyrics are reprinted on the next page.

Cathy Cook has gone back to Pennsylvania, but she left behind a tape recording of her last performance at the Turret, and a promise to return to Nova Scotia in the near future.

- Robin Metcalfe

*I was walking along a city street just after the  
sun came down  
When I passed some boys in punk attire and their  
comment turned me 'round.  
As I passed 'em by, with my head held high,  
One said to me, "Hi, Guy."  
I looked over my shoulder, laughing,  
"Amazon" was my simple reply.*

**Chorus:**  
*I ain't no guy, I'm all woman and I'm strong as the  
moon and the night,  
And I guess you can tell just by the way that I  
walk,  
Mess with me and you're in for a fight.  
Don't get me wrong - I'm no bully - and I'd rather  
be friend than foe  
But you can bet I'm no victim either; just cross me  
and it'll show.  
Tho' I'm not a man, you'd best understand,  
If hurtin' me's your plan,  
If I have to, to defend myself, I'll kill you with  
my bare hand.*

*(repeat chorus, second verse, chorus and end:)  
I'm just a Nightwalking Amazon Woman, strong as the  
moon and the night.*

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