As a gay artist, I've grown used to hearing the terms "fag"—too loud, too angry, too graphic, given too far. I've had countless arguments with straight artists who claim my work is only valid as a kind of cultural Affirmative Action program. My personal position on an art gayfag not only tolerates my work, they argue, it also supports the subculture and running of the work—content, style, and total being the exclusive property of "gayfag" straight artists. No matter what sort of work I do, no matter what subject matters entice me, I am, according to my straight colleagues, a "gayfag" artist first and an artist second. Ignoring my daily reality of dealing with bigoted publishers, censored art dealers, and timid grand juries, straight artists love to tell me how lucky I am—as if all I've got a ticket on the minority gravy train. I've got a schtick. If it's so simple (and pref- fectable), why don't they just pretend to be big and dykes? Occasionally having my work read first as gay product makes me defensive, and probably a bit paranoid. It also, unfortunately, causes me to indulge in some naïve illusions about the commonality and, commodity, of queer artists. After some years of being told that I'm "too," I've just discovered that in some queer art circles, I'm not "enough."

Out and about OUT: whose self-representation is it, any- way?

Several years ago I submitted some work to a Toronto magazine in response to their upcoming All Queer issue. After a cursory glace at my slides, the art editor informed me that my work simply wasn't "gay enough" to be published. He kindly suggested I spray paint the word FAG over each of my paintings. "Huh," I replied, in earnest, "That would be cool."

Thus, in the same spirit of redolent out thinking (about), this tepid artist would like to offer to other underrepresented artists (strengths included) a simple.

12 STEP PROGRAM FOR FAGGOT ARTISTS WHO ARE NOT GAY ENOUGH FOR TORONTO ART MAGAZINES

1. Get naked.
2. Get some groups—artists and groups, domestic workers, hand puppets, a part of bees, another group of fags. A cheap way is the back alley up the dusty alleys.
3. Take a picture of yourself looking:
   a) appetitive
   b) eye and knowing, like you've been around
   c) angry and honed, without light and black shirt and white shirt only
   d) bored with it all
4. Apply the following words to the image of your mind (rev, revisualize your work (for private libera galleries) or your finished work (for public galleries). Gay, Faggot, Queer, Queer, Rev, Gay, Boy, Gag, Boy, Steer, Maste, Penetrate (public galleries). Victim, private galleries.
5. Pose with one or more naked men in a provocative, neo-conservative manner. This cleverly hides the most graphic and or sexual reality at a warm and all of you. Reduce these pensive and juda- cious to epistles and abjurn and neglect clinical (zephyr, black and white auto- meter)
6. Project onto your body recent slap- pings from rightwing newspapers and or the names of dead faggots from the sixties-twentieth century (private galleries), or faggots killed by AIDS (public, private gay, libera)
7. Share your head.
8. Modify the reasons from number two with racist charges to your ethnic- ity—everyone will know that you don't mean it because you're a homo and you understand oppression.
9. Type up some stories about getting the shit beat out of you in high school, put these in a glass vial, and position them next to the images of your newly libera- ted, naked Queer self.
10. Find a gentlemanly Gay art dealer and brighten him into exhibiting your work—he will invite other Gay gentle- men to his gallery and brightens them into buying your work.
11. Invest—remember what happened to all those graffiti artists with names like Zac 3000 and Rico X19 or Mark Hawdon?
12. Finish your MFA. You can always fall back on teaching.