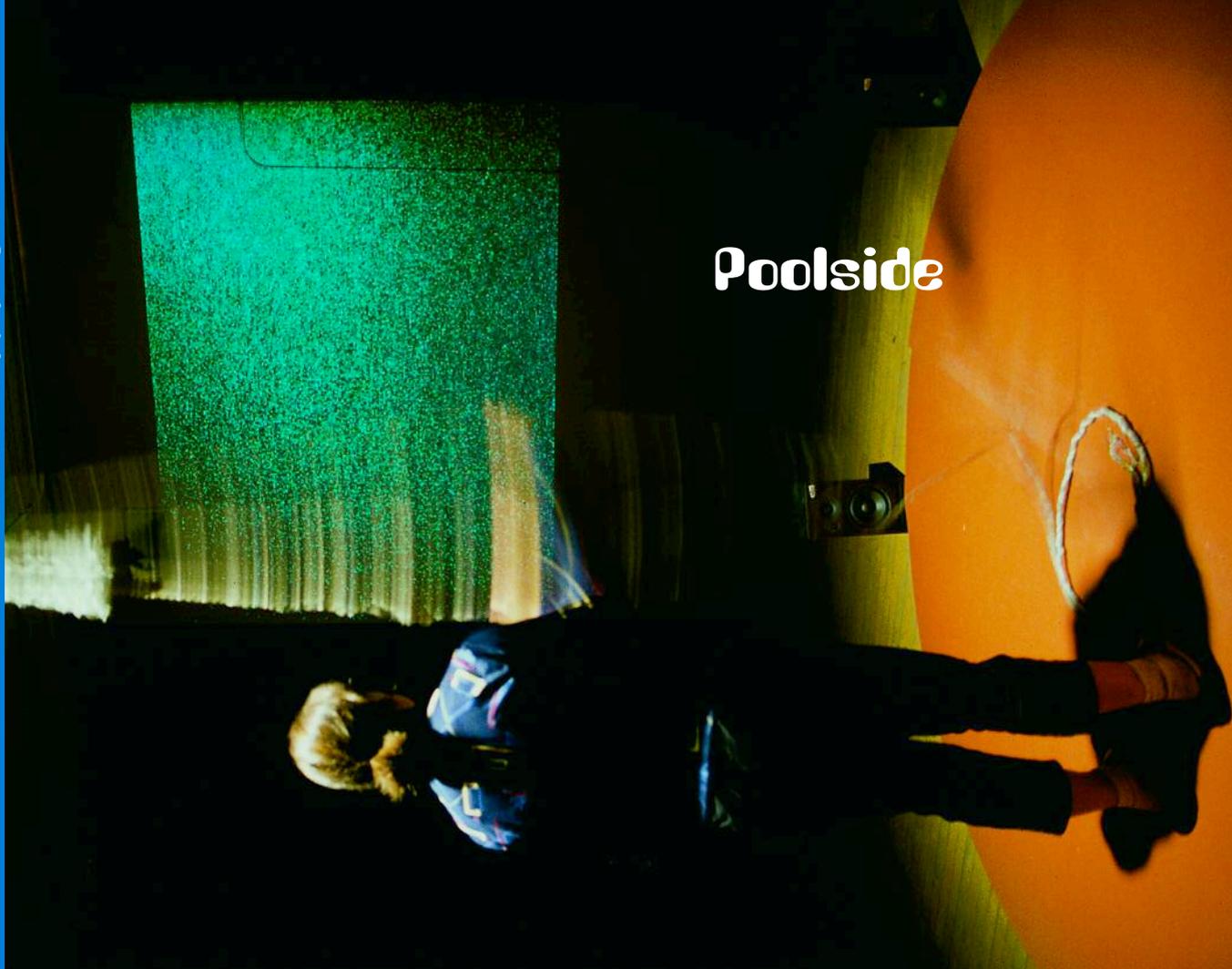


VIDEO POOL | WINNIPEG | CANADA

Poolside | Integration

2004



Poolside

Poolside

Poolside

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VIDEO POOL
multi-art centre

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Preface

I Hope Peterson, *editor*

Video is a liquid, shimmering, ubiquitous medium that absorbs everything it touches. This liquidity makes video synonymous with intermedia, the art of filling the gaps between media.

—Tom Sherman, "Video 2005", *Canadian Art*, Spring 2005, volume 22, number 1

Me & Billy Bob, by Jillian McDonald

AT JUST OVER AGE 40 video seems to be absorbing all other media. Sound art, performance, installation, as well as all more traditional visual arts are all converging in the tube, digitally encoded for easy transmission and reception via the web and cable. As Sherman points out, the growth of video has been unbelievable, taking in and going well beyond its parent disciplines of cinema, television and conceptual art, and showing no signs of slowing down. If anything, video seems to indicate only more potential for communication and display.





A Sign, by Collin Zipp

And what has video art, specifically, brought to mass culture? Well, it seems reality TV may be our fault! So it's not all glory. But it is exciting that rather than being the bland documentarian, the service display system, the deep discount ersatz film, video has integrated and, becoming more complex, has simplified visual communication. It has now a sophisticated language of its own, and its own family of influences. The equalizing aspect of video art is no longer just an economy, it has become a wholesale strategy of direct rapport. Low- and high-end are not value statements but aesthetic choices. We can talk on the phone and it is art. In a weird way, the invisibility of all this media saturation is its strength. To some of us, used to seeing any video image – surveillance, pop video, commercials – as stock in an artistic database, there is something subversive about the smooth technique with which video has poured itself into every aspect of our lives. In its pervasiveness, its use-factor, video is replete with even more possibilities than ever.

Video Pool had a boom of its own this past year: membership doubled, and over 150 tapes were added to active distribution. Video makers are working in every possible form of artistic communication, using this ever-expanding technology in ways barely possible to describe. From Jillian McDonald's gorgeous installation *Me and Billy Bob* playing the split-screen like a love-struck stalker to Erika Lincoln's highly focused *Splice* roping us into object relations technology, and all the work in between and beyond, the scope of this discipline is so unlimited that it really defies the term video.

Video Pool continues to grow and address the needs of the medium and its membership. The new Poolroom, for screening, performance and exhibition, will likely expand into a lab for artists' research and development. Media art programming of work from here and around

the world is available in this great new space. And Video Pool-curated programs, as well as individual titles, go around the globe to festivals, galleries, broadcast and totally non-traditional exhibition spaces. We even do screenings on demand via the web for researchers and curators. Soon it will be pay-per-view for those who wish it! Like the medium to which it has been devoted for over 20 years, Video Pool has its eye on the cultural and technological possibilities of intermedia.

HOPE PETERSON is a Winnipeg-based interdisciplinary artist.





Transcendental Video

| Bev Pike

IN WALKING MEDITATION the goal is to become calm and balanced. A brilliant end to a walk is the experience of clairvoyance, clairaudience and clairsentience: seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting and touching inner realms. Sensory stages of meditation are illustrated in each of the fourteen tapes in a touring program curated by Grant Guy of Winnipeg, entitled *Walking and Being*.

There is a Dragonfly and There is an Ant,
by Janet Hawkwood

Observe the breath

Inside/out, by Lori Rogers, engages the viewer first with breathing sounds, then by rhythmic whispered declarations of individuation. A naked woman slices her way out of a chrysalis made of immense clothing layers, and emerges into a forest. In *Sleep*, by Brenna George, gentle snoring weaves throughout the metamorphosis of a cartoon bat and naked woman. In between, the viewer stands beside the bed of a real





Beneath the Earth, by Marian Butler

sleeping woman. Her self-deprecatory thoughts appear in text balloons beside her on the bed. The only animation of her body comes from her breath.

Notice the subtler body sensations

Winter, by Nicole Shimonek, compels the viewer to experience the feel of fingers moving dried seed pods across glass. Footsteps on wood and scraping sounds draw the attention inward, towards observation of sensory detail. *This is My View*, by Janet Hawkwood, has the viewer witness a woman in nineteenth-century dress climbing hoodoos. Slow motion prompts contemplation of the cheek's response to wind, the toe's response to boot leather on uneven ground, the fingerprint's response to rough stone, the eyelid's response to sun. *Sleep*, by Brenna George, embodies deep leaden withdrawal, allowing sensual experiences to thicken and become dull. *Inside/out*, by Lori Rogers, enables understanding of claustrophobia by showing hands manipulating the knife slicing through layers of lacy women's dresses, and by imagining the air caressing one's body upon surfacing.

Remain non-reactive to all that arises

Dock-Watch-Bay, by Alex Poruchnyk, puts the viewer through the internal chaos of a disordered male mind. Urban stimulation is overwhelming, demanding the senses attribute every sound and visual detail equal significance, and providing no respite. Even a quiet family outing involves conversation about decay. This is the only moment of calm, quickly disrupted. *Working Text*, by Grant Poier, sets eye level at a man's pelvis, and sees him running back and forth across a field, then walking back and forth in a video studio, while he interrogates his own purpose. Futility, depression, disconnection and discrimination are all

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conveyed in the diaristic text scrolls. *Porch*, by Jack Lauder, situates the viewer looking out a country porch window, witnessing animal and human sounds, tree movements, sunbeams emerging and disappearing, the rain and wind. During this time-lapse experience of a single day the viewpoint never changes, only the land and beings around it, thus creating an observatory distance.

Respect life by not engaging in meaningless activities

The repetitive ritualistic activities in *Working Text*, by Grant Poier, are designed to replicate sheer purposelessness, and the vanitas of living at all. The artist makes and moves an x on the floor of his studio, over and over, quite calmly and deliberately, yet its use is never revealed. *Dock-Watch-Bay*, by Alex Poruchnyk, bombards the viewer with de-contextualised flashes of city life at the same time as a man obsessively plays, alone, the game of scissors-paper-stone. He loses one, and slaps himself. *The Moon in June*, by Val Klassen, uses mesmerising chants and humming to intensify the sensations of viewing a full moon through trees. Interspersed are moonlit waves of a brook, encouraging appreciation of the richness of simple, and ordinary, visual delicacies. *This is My View*, by Janet Hawkwood, explores an ancient sacred site in Alberta which is covered with prehistoric petroglyphs overwritten by graffiti. Her intent is clear when she ascends a promontory, and begins to dance and chant.

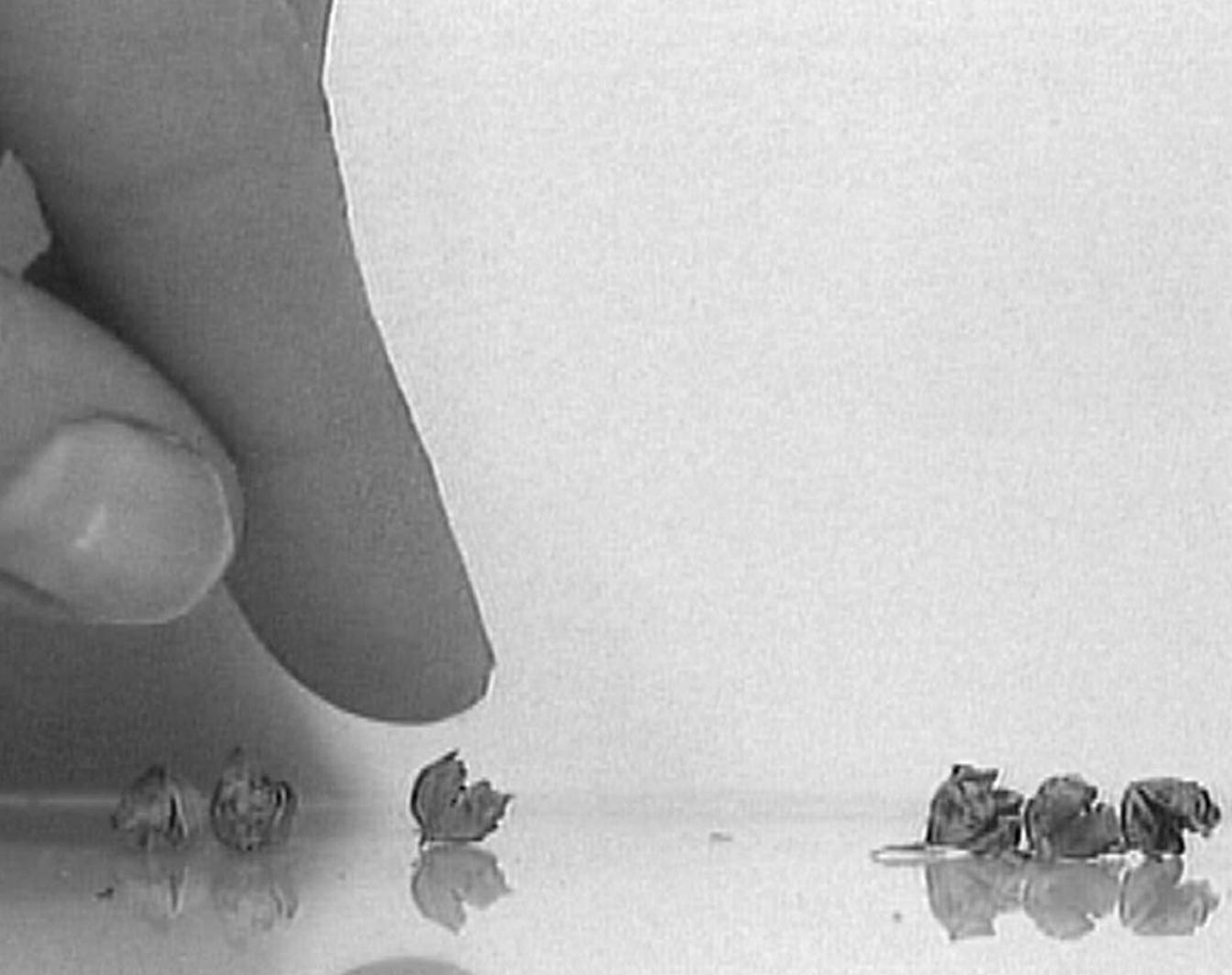
Meditate on death and impermanence to overcome procrastination

Beneath the Earth, by Marian Butler, is dedicated to Helen Collinson, an Alberta curator who died prematurely. Like Alice in Wonderland, the viewer experiences wildly varying scenarios, from women's cultivation



This is My View, by Janet Hawkwood

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of gardens and children, to time travel dreams, to a computer-animated earthquake which swallows a weird cradle, to a virtual flying turtle monster which spews mother/daughter photographs. Much of the audio is threatening, and the special effects serve to menace. Or to motivate. *Sleep*, by Brenna George, evokes the loss of living time, and the confusion arising from the need to find meaning in being awake. *Phantom Pains*, by Erika MacPherson, shows archival photographs of men who founded the monastery which is now the St. Norbert Arts Centre. Their Victorian memento mori photographs fade in and out of contemporary footage of their buildings and the stones that remain to embody their legacy. *This is My View*, by Janet Hawkwood, touches visual records of First Nations people dead for thousands of years.

Meditate on the danger of lower rebirth, by practising virtue

Memory/loss, by Terry Billings, instructs the viewer to protect the land from the devastation of acquisitive societies. Close-ups of lichen on rocks are accompanied by cricket, frog and bird sounds, as insets chronicle the bulldozing of land to construct suburbs. Ten signs of custodial neglect are proposed, from the Surveyor's Stake to Failure to Remember Where This Once Was. *Phantom Pains*, by Erika MacPherson, contemplates the ghosts of a group of men dedicated to the hope of spiritual ascendance through their religious practices of celibacy, silence and sustainable living.

Meditate on the sufferings of humans and gods

Isolated, by Nida Home Doherty, dramatically places the viewer in a prairie field, shooting glances between distant women and men who are standing motionless well apart from each other, facing away. A disembodied voice repeats words describing aloneness, and in the



LEFT *Winter*, by Nicole Shimonek

ABOVE *Isolated*, by Nida Home Doherty



memory/loss, by Terry Billings

RIGHT Sleep, by Brenna George

background is an unrelenting wind. *Memory/loss*, by Terry Billings defines the suffering of plants and animals at the pleasure of humans, and it shows respect to their sentience and entitlement to place. Even the disturbance of rocks is shown to be harmful to their balance and ours.

Meditate on compassion towards all living beings

Winter, by Nicole Shimonek, evokes some small sadness in the counting of the pods, evoking the inevitability of emergence, dormancy and regeneration. *Submerged Jazz Club*, by Ley Ward and John Morgan, has the viewer bent over shallow water filled with clusters of muddy crabs, all jostling for the ability to move. Thoughts are torn between this and sudsy ocean waves breaking at shoreline and a valley which once may have been a fertile riverbed.

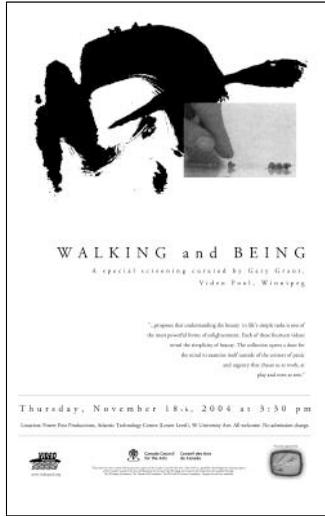
Meditate on eradicating own ignorance

Working Text, by Grant Poier, prompts the viewer to frame questions concerning the responsibility that comes from thoughtful awareness. *There is a Dragonfly and There is an Ant*, by Janet Hawkwood, sits the viewer like an ant looking up into a windswept sunflower field that is eventually visited by a dragonfly. In between, intercultural comparisons are drawn by the Chinese calligraphy and English typescripts, to the sounds of plucked and bowed stringed instruments. The conclusion shows a Caucasian and an Asian woman chuckling about their different methods of reading.

Gain deeper levels of experience and realisation

Beneath the Earth, by Marian Butler, describes a hallucinogenic terror of being a mother. *Dock-Watch-Bay*, by Alex Poruchnyk, shows a consequence





of existing without equanimity. *Inside/out*, by Lori Rogers, documents rebirth and emancipation from typical representations of women. *Isolated*, by Nida Home Doherty, conveys disengagement between humans as well as between them and the surrounding landscape. *Memory/loss*, by Terry Billings, asks the viewer to be ecologically responsible, and to watch for signs of slippage. *Phantom Pains*, by Erika MacPherson, proposes the sentience of abandoned structural artefacts. *Porch*, by Jack Lauder, imbues a social space with the ability to witness all and prejudice nothing. *Sleep*, by Brenna George, reveals agency to be present when the body appears unconscious. *Submerged Jazz Club*, by Ley Ward and John Morgan, illustrates the absolute tenacity of living organisms. *The Moon In June*, by Val Klassen, bequeaths simple notions of beauty. *There is a Dragonfly and There is an Ant*, by Janet Hawkwood, compares inter-cultural communication perspectives. *This is My View*, by Janet Hawkwood, shows intersections between pre-historic and contemporary visitors to the same transformative location. *Winter*, by Nicole Shimonek, triggers awareness of the micro-cosmos and the artificiality of quantifying it. *Working Text*, by Grant Poier, questions the entire notion of working to a purpose.

Transform own mind to become more meaningful

Good art, like meditation, brings forward insights from deep within the psyche. Just like a great walk.

Walking and Seeing

memory/loss, by Terry Billings (2001)

Beneath the Earth, by Marian Butler (1998)

Isolated, by Nida Home Doherty (1984)

Sleep, by Brenna George (1995)

There is a Dragonfly and There is an Ant, by Janet Hawkwood (1995)

This is My View, by Janet Hawkwood (1992)

The Moon in June, by Val Klassen (1997)

Porch, by Jack Lauder (2002)

Phantom Pains, by Erika MacPherson (1992)

Working Text, by Grant Poier (1998)

Dock-Watch-Bay, by Alex Poruchnyk (2002)

inside/out, by Lori Rogers (1993)

Winter, by Nicole Shimonek (2000)

Submerged Jazz Club, by Ley Ward and John Morgan (2000)

BEV PIKE is an artist currently working in painting and video. In addition, she writes satirical feminist diatribes, artist-books, and terribly sober pieces for serious intellectuals.



Mind the Gap

An Artist's Response to Completing a Film/Video Cycle

| Clive Holden

BEGUN IN FEBRUARY, 2001, *Trains of Winnipeg* has been a four-year multidisciplinary art project resulting in an artist's website, a spoken word audio CD, a traditional book of poetry and, finally, a feature-length cycle of films and videos (a hybrid work exhibited primarily as 35mm film in theatres or as digital video in galleries).

Central to this multi-year effort has been an exploration of the spaces between some of art's many media, genres, central orthodoxies and even social subcultures – with the aims of testing some of the assumptions of each, and of the whole work benefiting from the resulting tension. I've also attempted to blend formal aims with political and personal objectives.

Video art, avant-garde/experimental film, media arts, contemporary art, sound art, spoken/concrete/modernist/lyrical poetry, independent/protest/emo/soundscape/lyrical rock music, D.I.Y. underground or

Trains of Winnipeg, from *Trains of Winnipeg – 14 Film Poems*

punk esthetic, alternative political networking, web culture, postmodern eclecticism, neo-modern elitism – the list goes on. What do we see when travelling between these closely related but distinct worlds? I've recorded some of my observations throughout the journey that has been this project. These have been incorporated into the art works themselves.

As with any worthwhile trip, I am a different person now than I was when I first left the station in early 2001. When I embarked, the post-modern era had seemingly shattered the boundaries between art's dominant paradigms – upon entering this fresh, new century I felt less able to specialize on a single artistic focus – various lenses would be required to see clearly in this new multilateral world. *And which clothes should I wear? What music am I supposed to like now? Is low art the new high art? Is hate the new love?*

Now, four years on, I've arrived at the simple paradox that all art is one, and that each artist and art form is also very much alone. The boundaries were, and always will be, illusions. But on the other hand, they can be helpful, these necessary illusions, to know where to turn the corner, and where to point to for *more, please*.

Trains of Winnipeg – 14 Film Poems (35 mm/Betacam/DVD, 89 minutes, 2004) is the feature-length film cycle that is the culmination of the project. Everything I learned from writing the book, making the CD and running the website, has been poured into the film cycle.

Straddling the borders between the worlds of cinema, visual art, music and literature, the 14 linked works employ a wide variety of non-linear digital and filmic formal experiments to depict suburban and urban dystopias, to investigate the politics of form and the form of personal politics, and, in the title film, to create an audiovisual tone poem that celebrates the raw joy of moving pictures, sound, colour and light.

The individual works tacitly embrace ironic distance and emotional engagement at once, rejecting outmoded dichotomies to celebrate the coupling of the high to the low, to admire the modernist cult of the clever while embracing the warm, personal and kitschy, and to explore both the experiment and the expressive. They were formed from an eclectic collage of film gauges and video formats – from 1950s 8mm, Super 8, 16mm and 35mm, to VHS found footage and the latest in digital technology including HD and a film made with a camera the size of a deck of playing cards.

The films are pulled together with the overarching metaphor of a train journey, culminating in the title piece, a Super 8 film and digital hybrid work, an unabashed love ballad for the rusty grace and brute power of the 'trains of Winnipeg'. This piece, in closing the cycle, acts as a portal from the analog century to the digital beyond, where everything looks the same (but we know it's not).

* * * * *

Trains of Winnipeg (2004, 16:56)

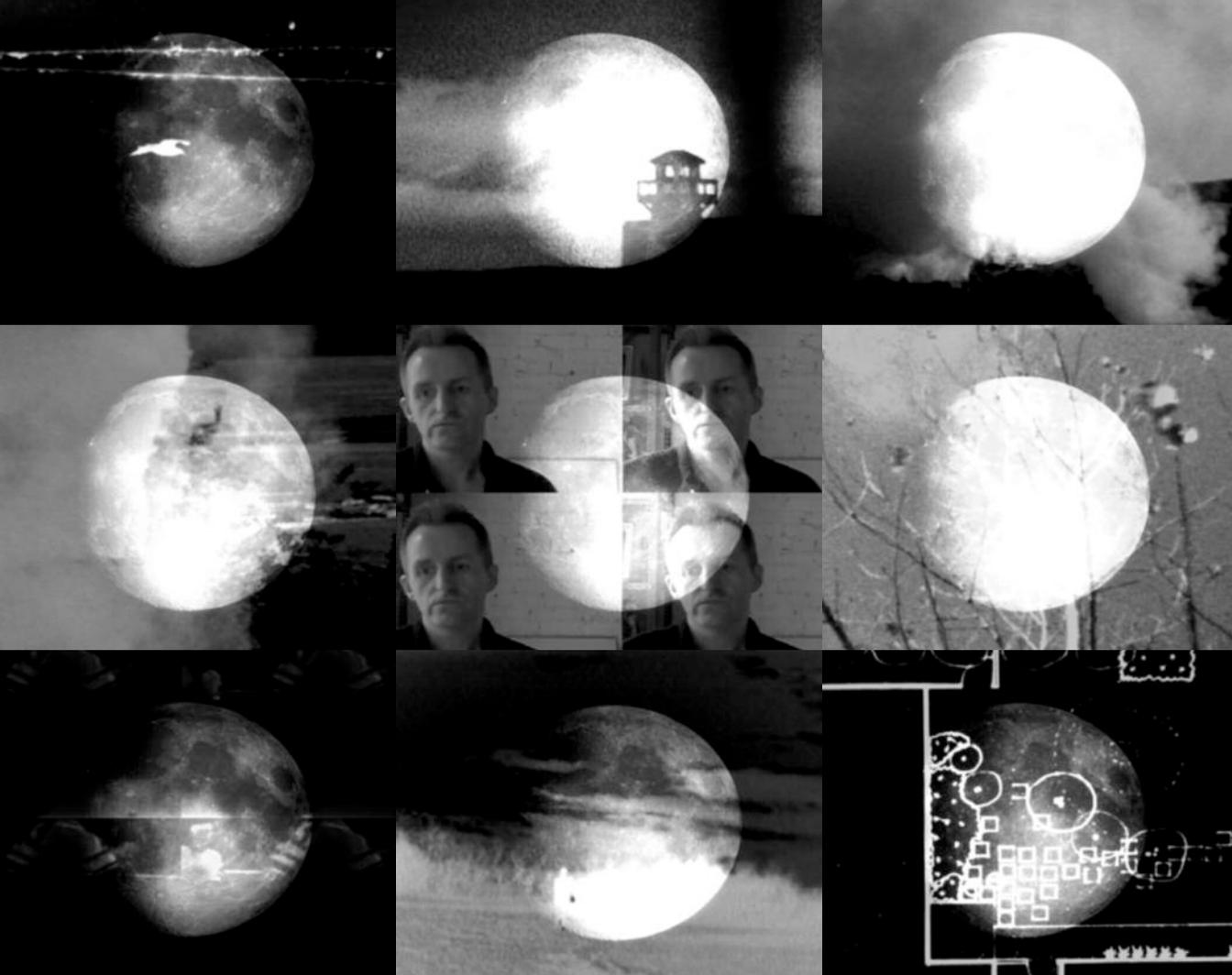
An epic audiovisual poem. Trains as kinetic sculpture and kitsch, found sound art, a filmmaker's fetish or a Romantic's wet dream: *O take me to far away places, the rhythm in our plastic hearts, as we are also machines*. Tortured cello, the scraping wheel, old cameras, film and rail as parallel tracks through the remnants of the industrial age.

Trains of Winnipeg uses multiple film gauges and digital formats in a collage of colliding and looping vantage points on this brief, ever-moving moment in history.

Music by Emily Goodden.



Trains of Winnipeg, from *Trains of Winnipeg – 14 Film Poems*



F-Movie (2004, 1:15)

An homage to *Sesame Street*, it was made with a brief loop of Super 8 footage shot across the Strait of Juan de Fuca – just 14 miles from Victoria to the Washington State coast and Bangor (the world’s largest nuclear submarine base and a primary Cold War target).

This hilltop view was many things to us while growing up: a place to peer out at the dark with a date, tongue-tied; a place to see the first flash of a long expected nuclear strike; a place to almost hear the bombs dropping on far-off Pacific villages; and up in the sky, F’s dancing.

NOTE In theatres the rhythmic looping employed in this work produces a strobing effect, somewhat like an atomic detonation on the horizon. Although I never set out to antagonize my audience, it is nevertheless moving to see, from above in the projectionist’s booth, some audience members reach to protect their eyes, their raised arms silhouetted in the pulsating room.

Music by Christine Fellows.

18,000 Dead in Gordon Head a found film (2002, 12:54)

In the summer of 1982, during a visit to my hometown, I witnessed the murder of a teenage girl – she was killed by a sniper on a quiet, suburban street in the middle of the afternoon. I returned a year later to lie with my camera on the spot where she died, and to roam the neighbourhood searching for footage.

The title of this film comes from the oft-quoted statistic that the average sixteen-year-old has witnessed 18,000 murders on TV and at the movies. Gordon Head is the Canadian suburb where the film takes place.

The original footage for *18,000 Dead in Gordon Head* was shot on Super 8 film. However, before it could be edited the footage was lost,



LEFT *The Jew and the Irishman*, from *Trains of Winnipeg* – 14 Film Poems

F-Movie, from *Trains of Winnipeg* – 14 Film Poems



18,000 Dead in Gordon Head, from *Trains of Winnipeg* – 14 Film Poems

and it wasn't until twenty years later that I found a crude VHS video dub. This wrecked, out-of-sync and damaged footage, with its pulsing, watercolour hues, was evocative of my marred and murky memories of the original event. It inspired the writing of a narrative poem, and finally formed the basis of this completed 35mm film.

In 1982, as remarkable as the girl's sudden death was, I'd also found it devastatingly normal. I'd 'already seen it, thousands of times.' The shock that it engendered was simply more of the same, it was a state of mind that seemed very familiar to me – as did the ensuing series of violent events that I went on to witness, until a small positive action broke their spell.

18,000 Dead in Gordon Head is partly a treatise on the omnipresence of violence in contemporary culture, set against the banal context of a Canadian suburb. Composed as a poem, the final work is a hybrid of several film stocks and video formats, processed to create a kinetic, lyrical collage of textures, loops, rhythms and visual rhymes.

Music by Jason Tait.

Hitler! (Revisited) (2004, 12:47)

In 1996, the film *Hitler!* screened at the London International Film Festival, not far from where its subject, my brother, was born. In this way, Niall Holden, who has been institutionalized for over 25 years, has travelled around the world.

This is the final film in a trilogy about my relationship with my severely schizophrenic brother. *Hitler! (Revisited)* is a partly hands-on, partly digital 're-mix' of the earlier film. With the assistance of filmmaker Sol Nagler, I literally deconstructed a print of the earlier film, separating it back into individual shots, which we then put through a variety of physical stresses and tortures. While we did so, Sol asked

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me questions about my family, and we discussed filmmaking, his own family history in the Warsaw Ghetto, Hitler and the war. I wrote the work's text, and digitally re-edited the new images with a soundtrack from sound artist Steve Bates, in response to this initial process.

Love in the White City (2004, 7:08)

Made with a camera the size of a deck of cards carried in my pants pocket for one year, the 'White City' beckons, repulses and quakes with portent.

The original poem was commissioned by CBC Radio in 2002 on the theme, 'Love in Winnipeg' – it began at 3 am in mid-February at 30 below, on a drive home through an empty, wind-swept, snowbound city.

An audience member in my home town asked me why this film in particular was so dark, so sad. I said I didn't find it to be so. I wish I'd said something to her about the beauty to be found in desolation.

Music by Christine Fellows.

Burning Down the Suburbs (2004, 2:16)

On the side of a country highway, a nuclear family watches its four-wheel drive burn to the ground. 'What were we thinking?' they seem to ask themselves. This film is an attempted update of a Dylan Thomas masterpiece, but read at a Jack in the Box picketed by P.E.T.A.

While making this one I wanted to create a 'mini film set', so I asked filmmaker Caelum Vatnsdal to act as camera operator. As it turned out, he'd burned and filmed many toys as a child, and so he became a large part in the making of this work.

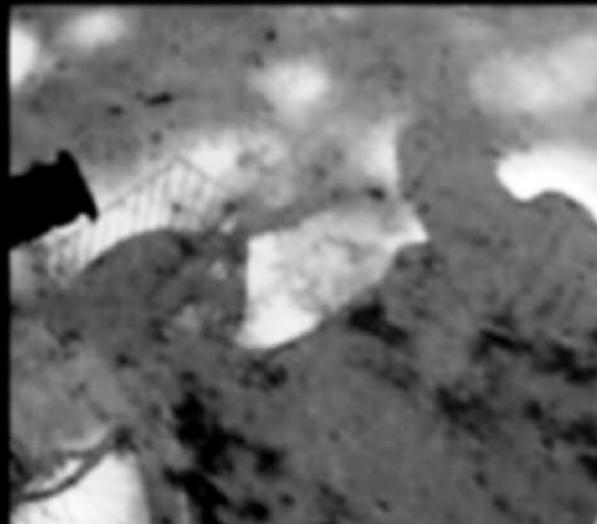
Figures (modeling compound, gouache) by artist Shary Boyle, music by Christine Fellows.



Niall can sing fragments of Beatles lyrics.

Hitler! (Revisited), from *Trains of Winnipeg* – 14 Film Poems

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Active Pass (2004, 6:09)

The footage and audio for *Active Pass* were filmed and recorded while I worked on the B.C. Ferries over several years. *Active Pass* is a narrow space between two islands, the halfway point of a good ride, a tourist's blurred iconic dreamscape – and the simple question, What is on the other side?

The narration for this piece was written around my fortieth birthday, when I was giving some thought to halfway points, and fulcrums.

Music by Jason Tait.

Nanaimo Station (2002, 3:20)

A collage of family archive narrow gauge footage embracing/refuting the ideas of nostalgia and lost innocence, the contemporary commingling in our minds of the romantic past and easy irony. We can't go back. The home we search for is gone. The kinder, gentler magazine we wish we could live in never existed at all. We are lost. Hurrah.

The footage, including my first steps, was filmed by my namesake, Clive Brown, a friend of the family and a west coast fisherman. Nanaimo, British Columbia, is where my family first attempted to set up a home in Canada after arriving from Dublin. They moved, for work reasons, to Victoria two years later. As a result, Nanaimo took on a useful mythical status for my family, becoming *the place before complexity and sadness*.

Music by Christine Fellows.

The Jew & the Irishman (2004, 3:28)

Can't you take a joke? They asked us that for years. The young artist's role as witness, cataloguing the abject misery of his betters – then later, communing with mother moon and father darkness. Suburban



LEFT *Love in the White City*, from *Trains of Winnipeg – 14 Film Poems*

Burning Down the Suburbs, from *Trains of Winnipeg – 14 Film Poems*



Nanaimo Station, from *Trains of Winnipeg* –
14 Film Poems

car wrecks and the long walk home.

Film critic Scott MacDonald recently suggested that the key biographical moment captured in this piece (witnessing my father's temporary sense of freedom after transgressing the social contract of white, middle class, 1970s British Columbia) may have been when I decided to become an artist.

Music by Christine Fellows.

Saigon Apartments (2004, 1:51)

The artist watching the weak doing the poor. The filmmaker's eye as voyeur's lens. The camera as gun. *If violence is the new sex, then TV news is the new pornography.* Romance language yoked to the class struggle. Bull's eye.

This one's about one-way interfaces in reference to class and power dynamics. It's common in our culture for artists to live in low-rent neighbourhoods, and therefore to witness the daily misery of the poor. But this witnessing is generally done from an outsider's perspective. A majority of artists, at least in Western countries, are either from the middle classes, or have effectively become middle class through education (partly by absorbing marketable social skills, by improving language proficiency, and in general by gaining a range of life choices), but despite this, they often have very low incomes. At times this complex of watching, hearing and recording can be seen as a mild kind of violence.

Music by Christine Fellows.

Bus North to Thompson With Les at the Wheel (2004, 2:41)

Les Brandt drives for Grey Goose Coach Lines due north from Winnipeg to Thompson, Manitoba, as well as on long distance charters all over

North America. He was recently awarded the Million Safe Miles Award, as well as Driver of the Year.

I drove highway bus myself for many years – it was an exceptionally good seasonal artist's job that I still miss. When speaking with Les, I'm reminded in particular of the summer of '87, when I drove a route from northern British Columbia to the Yukon Territories. Over the years I've come to admire people like Les, who do their jobs well and seem to fit what they're doing like it's a well-tailored suit of clothes.

Les is also a painter, his specialty an ongoing series of kinetic cow paintings (available through the Winnipeg Art Gallery).

Music by Jason Tait.

Condo (2004, 3:31)

Buildings modeled on mausoleums, filled with retirees. What can we make of this? The word 'condo' has become charged with meaning in our culture.

The question of where to live has recently reached a fever pitch for many people in the richer Western industrialized nations. People are moving with greater and greater frequency, as if desperate to find the perfect 'resting place'. At the end of the road is a gilded question mark. *Is this what we worked so hard for?*

Music by Jason Tait.

Neighbours Walk Softly (2002, 3:29)

Neighbours Walk Softly is an anti-war protest poem, a test of the idea of neighbourhood, and a highlighting of the dividing lines we're only too willing to fight to defend in the inevitable times of crisis.

This Super 8 and video footage was collected in an upscale Vancouver neighbourhood over the period of one year. The act of



Bus North to Thompson with Les at the Wheel,
from *Trains of Winnipeg* – 14 Film Poems



Condo, from *Trains of Winnipeg* – 14 Film Poems

RIGHT *Unbreakable Bones*, from *Trains of Winnipeg* – 14 Film Poems

looking through a lens caused me to realize what wasn't there to be seen – even though there weren't any physical walls to keep out the poor and the less beautiful, somehow they were missing from the footage I collected.

The familiar middle class images are seen through a moving screen of near black & white textures, in the hope that the conscious effort required to see will increase perception.

Music by Jason Tait.

Unbreakable Bones (2004, 2:37)

A celebration of my love for my parents and of their bravery in the face of death.

Footage shot from the windows of planes high above the Rocky Mountains, on trips between Winnipeg and the West Coast to visit my parents: broad metal wings equaling the heights of material invention, the dream-like hush of air travel, human endeavour sailing through blue ether.

Music by Jason Tait.

POST-CYCLE *Film Poems, Cumulative Narrative, and the Artist as Fiction*

I chose to use the phrase 'film poem' in the cycle's subtitle for several reasons. First of all, the word 'poetry' has reached a strange place in history. The form still has its brilliant practitioners and ardent supporters, but conceptually it seems to have come to an impasse, and for some it's become an almost humorous, corny word. I now feel it's reached a point where it's achieved an 'it's-so-out-it's-in' status, which draws me to it, partly out of simple curiosity. I've purposely





Saigon Apartments, from *Trains of Winnipeg* –
14 Film Poems

experimented with some older forms of written poetics in this project, striving to ‘make it new’ and to play with the interesting intermingling of concept and kitsch that can result – and by combining this with moving image, sound, and a mélange of analogue and digital technologies, in a non-linear, organic process, I hoped to achieve an honourable goal: to partly reclaim an old, proud word. Secondly, it’s a central mandate of the larger project to experiment with many different modes of presenting poetry. Lastly, the phrase ‘film poem’ has emerged here and there throughout cinema’s history, and today, with technological change putting new cinematic tools into the hands of non-industrial artists much more frequently, I think it’s useful to re-emphasize the distinction between ‘dramatic narrative’ and less linear works. Broadly speaking, we know what the difference is between a poem and a novel, but in the history of moving image art this has been a much more confused issue. My real hope is that an entirely new label will emerge that will encompass ‘poetic’ celluloid, digital and whatever comes next.

Also: a surprising thing I’ve realized since completing the film cycle, gleaned from audience comments, is that in the overall work I’ve created a quasi-fictional ‘character’ in people’s minds, a character named ‘Clive Holden’.

This was partly the effect of placing these 14 works together in the sequence I chose, which, it turns out, tells a kind of ‘cumulative narrative’. I’d thought of the 14 films’ connections as being mostly metaphorical, intuitive, emotional, formal and tonal, when I couldn’t see the connection that others would plainly see, that the lyrical ‘I’ (or ‘eye’ in the case of first-person filmmaking) of each piece is the same. The accumulation of memories, impressions and concepts are one artist’s, and for others tell a story about that artist. Regardless of the accuracy of the

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biographical facts as presented, it was inevitable that an audience would have this experience.

For myself (seeing the work from within its process), I certainly and consciously used autobiographical elements in these works, but I saw these as raw materials, to be worked on and with, almost as if they were ‘formal’ materials. I didn’t hesitate to change so-called factual details, for example, in the service of making better work.

This is a parallel with what we traditionally refer to as ‘poetry’ – that art video and experimental/avant-garde film also exist to one side of the fiction/non-fiction divide.

As the cycle, and project, are quite consciously and strongly expressive, when the audience awakens from the dream-like state of watching the film and then meets me in person (as has been the case at most screenings so far, at festivals), it’s been quite touching to hear of their concern for me, due to some of the films’ contents. It’s been clear that we have communed somehow through the experience – communed in its root sense, of having a conversation.

CLIVE HOLDEN is an artist and writer who lives in Winnipeg. His short films and videos have been exhibited at the London International Film Festival, the Ann Arbor Film Festival, and the European Media Art Festival. His first feature-length film/video, *Trains of Winnipeg – 14 Film Poems*, premiered at the 2004 Images Festival, closed the 50th Annual Robert Flaherty Film Seminar, and was an official selection of the 2005 Rotterdam Film Festival and transmediale.05 in Berlin. He has published two books of poetry and fiction, and a CD.

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We Loved Getting Tested!

| Shawna Dempsey

ASTRIA SUPARAK BEGAN by asking us all to put our right hands up. To answer in the negative to any of her provocative questions would require movement and effort, a lowering of those arms, an interruption in the sea of hands. Affirmation was established as the default position.

Together we filled the negative space above our heads, participating in the performance staged by Suparak-as-researcher. We were queried about life, death and art – the really big questions. And our efforts were rewarded! In the guise of the pollster, Suparak thanked us by presenting a curated package of new videotapes that ask and answer, “Who are we now?”

Let’s Get Tested draws on work from across the United States and Canada. Recent tapes by Alex Villar, Gabriel Fowler, Jeff Chapman, Jennifer Schmidt, Jim Munroe, JoEllen Martinson and William Scott Rees, Jon Sasaki, Kon Petrochuk, Mike Olenick, Miranda July, Jon

*Hit on the Head with 1000 Anvils, by
Gabriel Fowler*



Circle Game, by John Sasaki

Rubin, Paper Rad, Patrick Martinez and Sandy Plotnikoff are a rare commodity in Winnipeg, and the capacity crowd was clearly hungry. Indeed, a voracious appetite for media arts seems to be gobbling up the Artspace building. Video Pool has expanded yet again, so that it now spills onto three different floors of 100 Arthur Street. Let's Get Tested inaugurated the latest addition to the empire, the Poolroom, Video Pool's new, street level exhibition, research and workshop space.

Astria Suparak's performance, in lieu of the standard curatorial introduction, brilliantly set up the themes of the program. Let's Get Tested explores the schism between the methodology of science and foible-filled humanness. For the most part, the tapes affirm the value of the ineffable and the elusive: immeasurable phenomena such as playfulness and pleasure. As Suparak writes, "This set of eclectic work reckons that life should be savored, wonder is a calculated state of mind, and love will survive."

However, neither does this collection lack irony grounded in social critique. For example, in Jim Munroe's *My Trip to Liberty City*, a player subverts the intentions of the videogame *Grand Theft Auto* by going for a walk, practising his mime, and administering care to another character. Paper Rad's *Welcome to My Homey Page* takes the form of a personal web page — a modern-day marvel invented with military intents and technology — and joyfully crams it with the visual detritus of our culture, ranging from purple Barbapapa to Pink Floyd's prism. Jon Rubin's *Among the Living* depicts a beautiful flower, shot to resemble educational botany films, rocking out to the sounds of Anthrax.

Most of these tapes are extremely short, delighting the audience with a quick-and-beautiful silliness that is nonetheless thoughtful, even profound. Alex Villar's refusal to go around fences, climbing ever

higher obstacles only to climb down them again, becomes an act of poetic rebellion in *Temporary Occupations*; Jeff Chapman's *Not Microwavable* brattily points to the ubiquitousness of technology by microwaving the camera used to shoot this tape; Jon Sasaki presents the minutiae of rules and intricate strategy involved in a pointless adolescent pastime in *Circle Game*; and Gabriel Fowler edits cartoons of our youth into a loop, omitting everything but the explosions, creating eye-candy of never-ending destruction in *Hit on the Head with 1000 Anvils*. Similarly, the hypnotic beauty of Jennifer Schmidt's *Scan-Tron*, which animates hundreds of computer punch cards representing the answers to who-knows-what questions, and Sandy Plotnikoff's *Hoodies*, a study in surface identity which positions the artist in various jackets in various locations, are as formally compelling as they are playful and conceptually resonant.

However, the end of the program becomes darker. *Digits*, by JoEllen Martinson and William Scott Rees, skillfully and ironically recreates the persona of the "sexy terrorist" of the 1970s. This trope is so far removed from the images and reality of our time, it creates an alarming dissonance. Similarly, the distance between what we first see in Patrick Martinez's *Untitled (after the visible human project)* and what is revealed over time is unsettling. Seductive abstract forms reveal themselves to be repeated cross-sections of two human bodies, our meaty flesh. This shift in Let's Get Tested, from deliciousness to political and corporeal reality, is difficult. But the strength of Martinson, Rees and Martinez's work sustains it.

Sadly, this is not true of the final two tapes in the package, Kon Petrochuk's *Anabolite See* and Mike Olenick's *Son of Samsonite*. The former is simply, tediously long. The audio component seems to posit faux scientific theories while beautiful film footage elucidates nothing.



Hoodies, by Sandy Plotnikoff

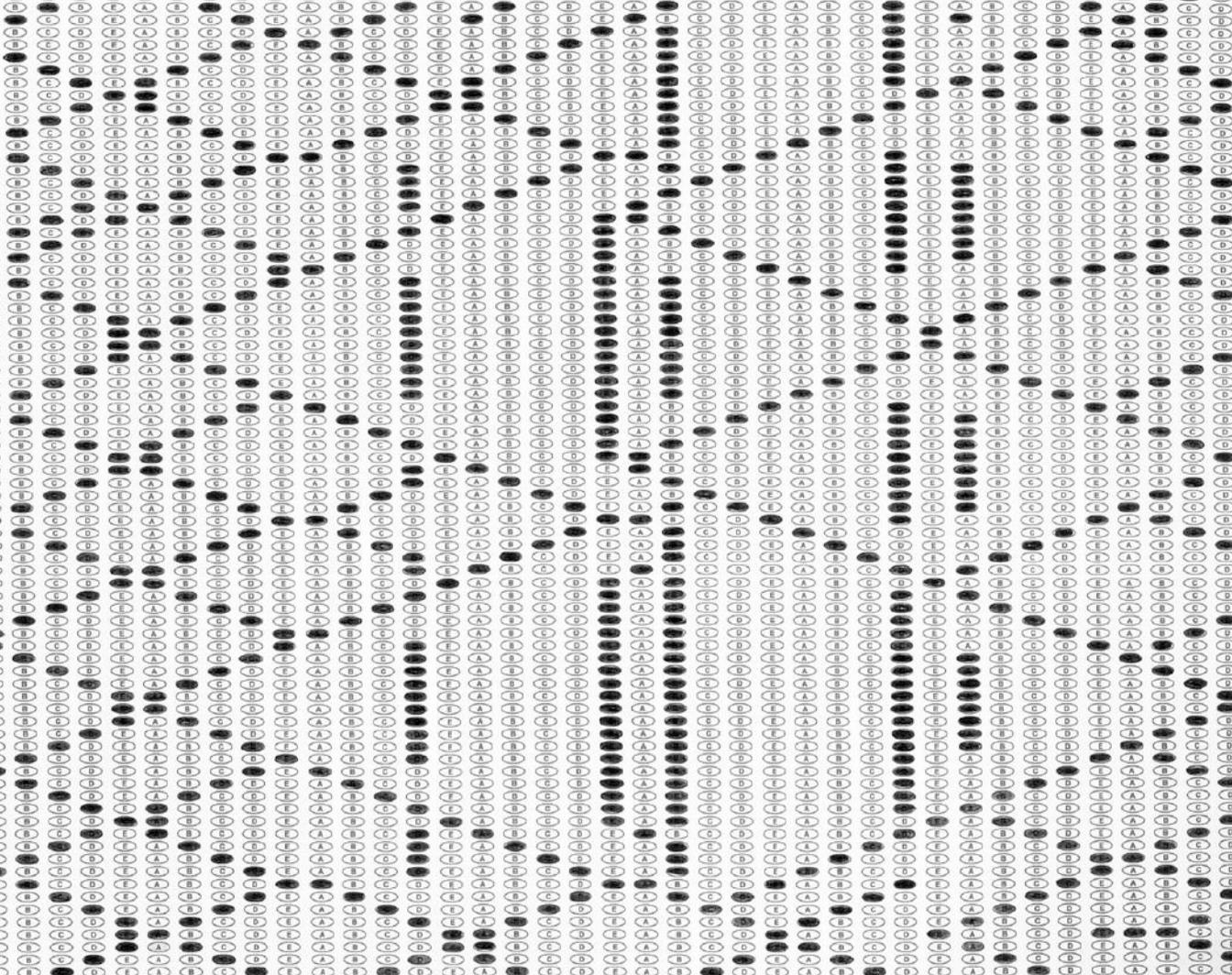
This tape proves, once again, how economical video art can be: suddenly 14 minutes feels like hours! *Son of Samsonite*, on the other hand, alienates with content. This beautifully crafted piece juxtaposes the common but nonetheless boring duo of sex and death. Fragments of lyrics from love songs and other pop culture sources are layered with references to the Lockerbie airline disaster and a stalker's sexual obsession. A man in a bathtub embraces a life-size photograph of a woman buried in ice. The implied necrophilia is unmistakable, although the reason for its inclusion in this hopelessly muddled tape is not, leaving me to wonder whether the appropriate response to *Son of Samsonite* is ennui or outrage.

Also somewhat baffling is an audio piece by Miranda July, created for elevators as part of the 2002 Whitney Biennial. Removed from the context for which it was created, this fictitious scene (is it from a TV show? a movie? life?) inspires nothing more than mild curiosity. What would be unexpected or even compelling within the transitional space of the elevator becomes one-dimensional when subjected to the focused attention of a darkened screening room. July has an ardent following among Winnipeg performance and video artists. This piece, *God's Love*, left us wanting more.

Thus the work represented in *Let's Get Tested* ranged tremendously. Most pieces were short, strong and sweet; some long, oblique and torturous. However (and this is one of the many compelling oddities of Winnipeg), we were all excited to have the opportunity to see it, and grateful to Astria Suparak for embarking upon her mission to take video art wherever there is an audience: schools, sports bars, artist collectives, living rooms, skating rinks, churches, even artist-run centres!

Welcome to My Homey Page, by Paper Rad





Rarely can Winnipeggers see current, cutting-edge digital or electronic art from other regions without hopping on a plane ourselves. The overwhelming success of *Let's Get Tested* at Video Pool and the flurry of discussion and critique it has provoked are a testament to an appetite for more. Let's hope that Suparak continues with her zealotry, criss-crossing the globe as a present-day video prophet, and brings us another package of tapes soon. Be they good, bad, or ugly, we will lift our hands into the air and say, yes, we love the medium.

Let's Get Tested was presented by curator Astria Suparak in Video Pool's Poolroom, Friday, Nov. 26, 2004.

Scan-Tron, by Jennifer Schmidt

SHAWNA DEMPSEY is an opinionated ass. She can't help it! She loves art! Dempsey makes and curates in Winnipeg with her collaborator Lorri Millan.



Erika Lincoln

Signal and Signifier

| Steve Loft

Everything began with objects, yet there is no longer a system of objects. The critique of objects was based on signs saturated with meaning, along with phantasies and unconscious logic as well as their prestigious differential logic. Behind this dual logic lies the anthropological dream: the dream of the object as existing beyond and above exchange and use, above and beyond equivalence; the dream of a sacrificial logic, of gift, expenditure, potlatch, "devil's share" consumption, symbolic exchange.

– JEAN BAUDRILLARD

In teaching us a new visual code, photographs alter and enlarge our notions of what is worth looking at and what we have a right to observe. They are a grammar and, even more importantly, an ethics of seeing.

– SUSAN SONTAG

shuffle, by Erika Lincoln

Look, it's doing something.

– UNIDENTIFIED VIEWER (opening of *Splice* at Video Pool)

IF THE MEDIATED SELF resides in an obsession with the physical (the current crop of extreme makeover reality shows being only the latest in a disturbing trend), then Erika Lincoln forces us to go beyond, to the remediated self. Lincoln creates multimedia installations manifested through the physical, but defined through electronic mediums. As Anne Balsamo has pointed out, “new visualization techniques transform the material body into a visual medium. In the process the body is fractured and fragmented so that isolated parts can be examined visually.... At the same time, the material body comes to embody the characteristic of technological images.”¹

For Lincoln, it is the creation of allusionistic space that informs her installations. Within her work she seeks to go beyond notions of body and self, to examinations dichotomizing body and space, and recasting them in electronic mirrors. Lincoln does not create “virtual reality” (immersing a viewer in computer-generated environments), but instead makes reality virtual. Far from being just a clever turn of phrase (although it is rather clever, okay maybe not), what I mean by this is that Lincoln engages in a remediative practice by “confusing or breaking down the boundaries between the body and the world and the body and technology.”²

She introduces a sense of transparent immediacy (a style of visual representation whose goal is to make the viewer forget the presence of the medium) that serves to disorient us, disconnecting our affect/effect paradigm. She does not, however, presuppose to eliminate the medium completely, but instead to remediate it by the use of various contemporary technologies of representation. Bolter and

Grusin use the term remediation to mean the formal logic by which new media refashion prior media forms. For them, “new digital media are not external agents that come to disrupt an unsuspecting culture. They emerge from within cultural contexts, and they refashion other media, which are embedded in the same or similar concerns.”³

In the same sense, Lincoln refashions mediated signifiers of physicality.

In *Sleeves* (1999), a harness holding fifteen-foot woven sleeves with small audio speakers embedded in them hangs suspended in the centre of the space as a video plays behind it. The video, a moving view of winter streets from a low perspective (as if dragged along) forms a connection between the physical and the conceptual space.

A prosthetic, disembodied experience, *Sleeves* begins Lincoln’s exploration of physical extension (body) as signal.

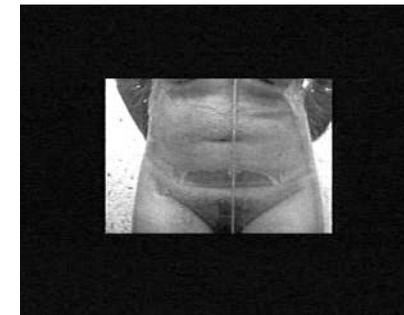
Balls (1999)

In this installation, Lincoln scatters a large group of clear, plastic spheres on the floor. Motion detectors and small motors cause them to move at the approach of a viewer. Simultaneously, a video projection fills one wall with the image of a pair of legs immersed in water amid a swirling eddy of bubbles.

Analyzing the metaphor (balls? bubbles? sperm? egg? menstrual cycle? birth?) the viewer is left to ponder the social, psychological, technological and emotional space created in the installation.

Cannery (2001)

A clear plastic “suit” hangs suspended in a darkened space. Closer inspection reveals an image projected onto this suit; a naked female torso enclosed in an identical plastic suit with water filling the suit and



Cannery, by Erika Lincoln

overflowing at the neck based on the expanding and contracting of the breathing chest.

It is a fascinating and provocative image. It plays on our fears as well as our desires. It is gender loaded and poetic. Fetishistic, voyeuristic, it is an enunciation of the state of being completely encumbered by the physical body.

In *Cannery*, the body is trapped within both the plastic coating and the water that flows through it. For Lincoln, it constitutes “the body expanding outside its boundaries,” “packed,” overwhelmed by, yet part of, the water flowing over and through it.

Scale (2002)

A severed tree limb lies on the floor, wires trailing from its branches. As the viewer moves toward it, around it and away from it, the branches move. Sound is generated by the branches scratching contact microphones and transmitted to amplifiers and then to speakers mounted on the wall.

At first it would seem a departure for Lincoln, but as one experiences the movement and sound giving the limb “life,” the tree limb as mediated body part becomes more striking. By infusing technology into her metaphoric subject, Lincoln has created a post-biological manifestation of the remediated self.

shuffle (2003)

shuffle consists of a video projection of a foot in a grey wool work sock (can anything be more identifiably Canadian?), rubbing against and caressing the back of a similarly anonymous subject. On the gallery floor lie two wool socks with speakers inside them. The accompanying soundtrack is of the audio signal created by the static

electricity generated by shuffling on a carpet with socks on (ouch).

The video output is determined and controlled by the audio signal through computer software. In this way Lincoln alters the materiality of the work by making it subject to manipulation not just through technology, but also by it.

Voyeuristic and strangely (except, I suppose, in Winnipeg) erotic in a playful and esoteric way, it speaks to the sometimes uneasy sexual tension between the physical and the technological.

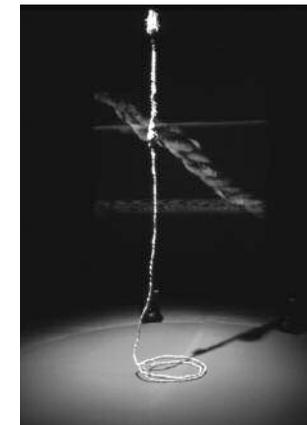
Splice (2004)

A suspended rope intertwined and spliced with wire, spine like, its interconnected tendrils perhaps a metaphor for the millions of nerve endings and synapses in a human nervous system, reaching to the ceiling, “connected” to a video camera.

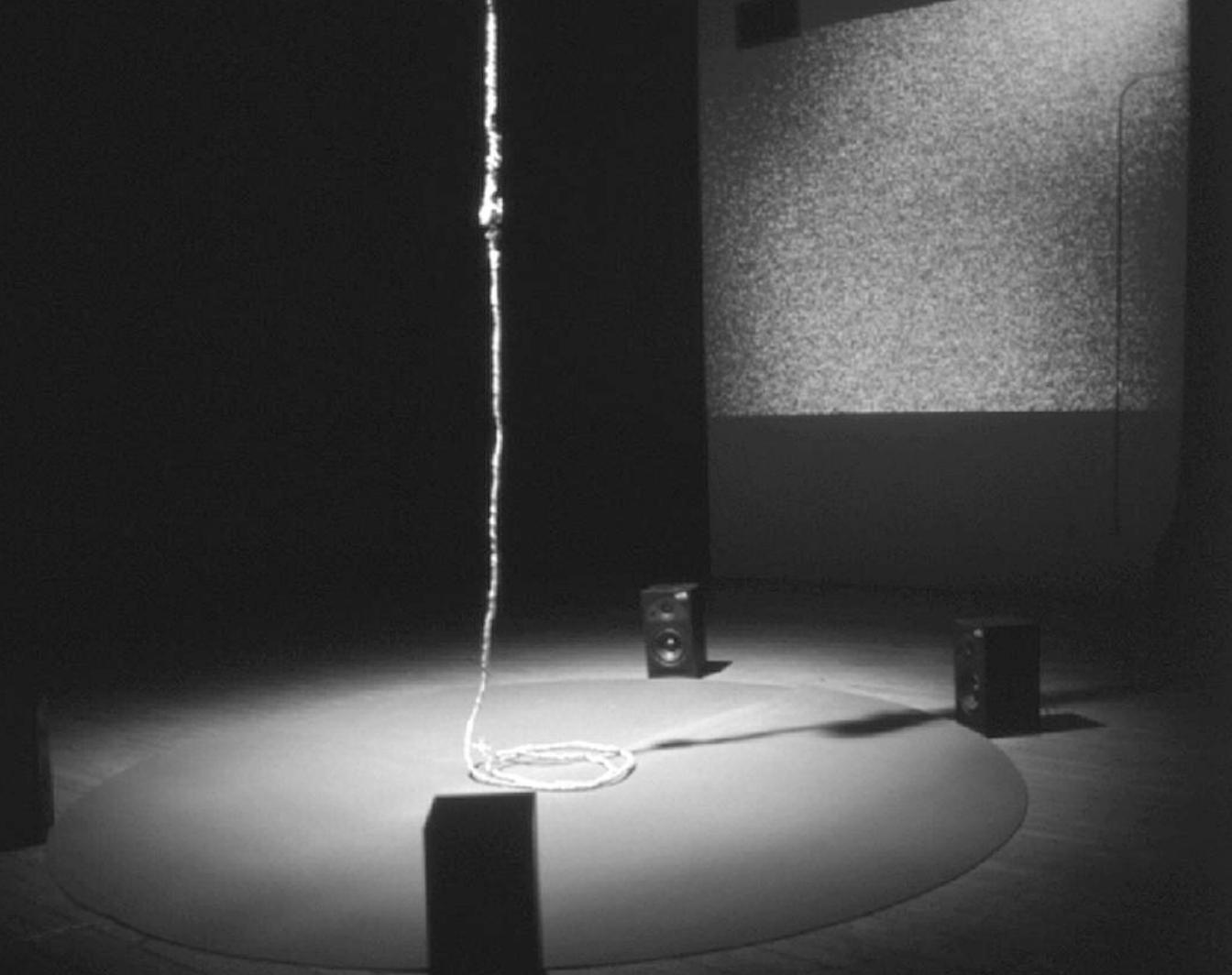
Movement near the “rope splice” causes an obvious but not immediately congruent reaction. Small speakers within the “rope” create a disquieting aural environment and the video’s constantly changing landscape corresponds to the movement and touch of the rope, but in almost random fashion, perhaps displaying a certain neurosis, their interactivity seemingly random, but not...

The projection emits a constant but changing stream of audio and video noise. A computer program analyzes two discrete audio streams as well as signals from the camera to generate a field of noise, colour and image; changing, mutable. It is a feast for the senses; signal, body, interaction, materiality and immateriality manifested in a new, objective form.

Lincoln uses the notion of “interference” to contextualize her constructs. Interference in this sense is anything that is introduced to, or as, signal. The subsequent transmutation (as the information reorganizes itself into new coherent patterns) is based on, and therefore



Splice, by Erika Lincoln



affected by, its original form, but newly identified by its remediated self (the effect). Obvious allusions to “body as device” or the anthropomorphization of technology give way to more complex examinations of the changing nature of self-perception in a technological maelstrom.

In this sense, Lincoln’s representations are allegorical constructs created of and not by the interaction of signal and signifier. But Lincoln posits much more than a simple recognition of the disembodied self in a technological age. Her visual language comprises a range of meaning, emotion and analysis.

On one level they are apolitical, but I can’t help but place them in a context of gender and societal relationships. As Barbara Becker notes, “the body is not an empty space of social attributions but it is participating in the process of creating atmospheres and open spaces of meaning beyond explicit communication and cultural formations. Considering this, materiality and in particular bodies have to be regarded as actors in the process of constituting sociality instead of treating them as passive instances.”⁴

This refracted identity challenges, and sometimes disturbs, our materiality, opening questions of authenticity of experience in allusionistic space. Or, can we become emotionally engaged with post-biological materiality?

In *We Have Never Been Modern* (1993), Bruno Latour takes us further in understanding the role of postmodern theory in our media-saturated, technological culture.... For him, “whether they are called ‘semiotics,’ ‘semiology,’ or linguistic turns,’ the object of all these philosophies is to make a discourse not a transparent intermediary that would put the human subject in contact with the natural world, but a mediator independent of nature and society alike.”⁵

The work of Erika Lincoln does just that.

NOTES

1. Jay David Bolter and Richard Grusin, *Remediation: Understanding New Media*, (Cambridge, Mass., MIT Press, 2000), p. 56
2. *Ibid.*, p. 237
3. *Ibid.*, p. 19
4. Barbara Becker, “The Disappearance of Materiality,” in *The Multiple and Mutable Subject*, edited by Reva Stone (St. Norbert, MB, St. Norbert Art Centre, 1999), p. 66
5. Bolter and Grusin, p. 62

LEFT *Splice*, by Erika Lincoln

STEVEN LOFT is a curator, writer and media artist. He is currently the Director of the Urban Shaman Gallery, an Aboriginal artist run centre in Winnipeg. He has curated *The Very Soul of Me: Modern Artists Exploring the Spiritual*, *Unity of Nations: Contemporary First Nations Art and Language of Intercession*, a touring exhibition of Aboriginal media and new media artists. He has also co-curated *alt.shift.control: musings on digital identity and Machydem: What is Wassailing...?*.

Loft’s video productions include *Survival of the Fittest*, *Out of the Darkness, Tax This* and *2510037901*. His videos have been screened at festivals and galleries across Canada .



Plurimedia and the snr of s + r: v7

| jake moore

SEND + RECEIVE: *a festival of sound: V7* October 15-23, 2004 was 23 separate events spanning nine days featuring the work of over 75 artists and curators from around the world. The core tenet uniting this vast array of cultural producers is sound, but the output of each of them is distinct and varied, from software creation to live mixed projections and sound to radio transmissions. Just as the human body uses so much more than the ear to hear, contemporary artists employ more than one methodology or technology to create their sonic works. This integrated approach allows the users access to the various media they are engaging, in a non-linear and seemingly simultaneous fashion.¹ This holistic approach to sensorial delivery – engaging the ears, eyes, skin, the whole body at once – has been the goal of modern art and culture for over a century and has been paralleled, and in part, driven by developments in communication technologies. Just as the

Groove: *Hand Cut*, by Peter Courtemanche

jake moore

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Futurist Luigi Russolo

invention of the photograph altered painting forever, and the cinema changed perception, the wax cylinder and the phonograph demonstrated our ability not just to make a sound, but like a photograph, to capture its tracings in indexical markings. It was sound wrought as image, and that image could be replayed and reproduced. Thus the technologies intertwined and science provided a backbone to support the unions defining both sound and light as wave forms and examining cognition as a sort of call and response, something to be described in the terms of send and receive. These indexical markings are the least abstracted renderings of sound and image – a one-to-one trace – what remains challenging to audiences is the methods with which they are mediated. As time and exposure allow us to adjust, each new medium becomes readable, because media reception has to be learned. Just as impressionist paintings were once viewed as demanding and abstract, we have since learned to bring the pixels of paint together, and conversely, that a photograph is a subjective truth. This sort of relativist read is apropos of our development into the atomic age, when we learned that a particulated perception might be a more realistic representation of our world than the totalizing effect of contour and outline.² While our collective desire and fear are for something lifelike, we view *lifelike* as whole and multivalent, not the fragments we are presented with one sense at a time or one brush or key stroke at a time, nor in the *slowness* that these new technologies cause us to engage.

Yes, *slowness*, for while these new technologies allow us to register nature for engagement, none has yet determined a sensory array as complex as that held contained as the human body by the receptive membrane of the skin, or, that could process the sheer amount of data input as rapidly as our own cohesive body-brain-selves are able

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to with our mass of internal sensors, switches and selectors.³ Like the impressionist painting, these integrated media – be they digital or analogue, live or recorded – allow us to assemble and disassemble that which is perceived as whole only by the ultimate user, the audience.⁴ A slowness also, as each work of art requests a pause, a moment, a hesitation – even if only one large enough to provide the synaptic space where we measure the distance between send and receive.

Plurimedia and the SNR of s+r: v7⁵

This year's festival began with episode one of the five-part Static Emissions radio program. In it Deanna Radford, longtime s+r collaborator, writer and radio host, interviewed Nicole Gingras, independent Québécoise curator and author whose book, *S:ON: Sound in Contemporary Canadian Art*⁶ is a benchmark collection of the burgeoning analysis of the sonic phenomenon in contemporary art and cultural production. A full one third of the authors and artists she presents in the work have also been presented by send + receive in its seven-year run.

This presentation of voice, text and audio works both digital and analogue over the radio waves of CKUW 95.9 FM⁷ extends the festival spatially and invites participation in its programming from the comfort of one's own home, car, or wherever you keep your radio or computer. Programming specific to radio and Internet connectivity also allows s+r to program works from well beyond Winnipeg and North American borders. This year's offerings were: *A Walk through the Bazaar*, with Erdem Helvacioğlu, a multi-instrumentalist who pairs traditional Turkish music and instruments with electronic counterparts; *Flying Ears, Sounding Minds*, 50 years of electro-acoustic music from Latin America curated by Ricardo Dal Farra; Zurich-based Jason Kahn's *One Hour as Snow*, and a rebroadcast of the CBC Radio



Futurist Vladimir Mayakovsky

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jake moore

Outfront series on Montréal-based audio artists, Ultrasonique.

The fixed site portion of the festival began with the launch of a Ken Gregory monograph at Plug In ICA and the opening of Peter Courtemanche's installation, *Spark Writing*, at Platform Gallery. The introductory radio broadcast, the celebration of the long-in-coming recognition of a local vanguard artist, Gregory, and the richly nuanced project of Courtemanche (himself a curator of new media at the Western Front), served to orient festival participants to the context within which contemporary integrated media works have arisen and the multiplicity of forms it can inhabit.

Historically, "spark writing is a form of long distance communication imagined by Velimir Khlebnikov in 1915."⁸ In the installation, four wood and canvas trumpets were suspended in air by fishing line and tethered by copper wire to (and serving as speakers for sounds sent from) a small wooden box on the floor. Through the cones came two female voices telling fantastic stories of a world that would be filled with industrial sound scores generated by the technologies which man was developing circa 1890-1919, interwoven with the potential sounds of such imagined devices. The texts the women are speaking were written by Courtemanche but were inspired by Russian Futurist⁹ works in both content and style. He acknowledges the parallels between technological developments and intents then and now and his selection of reference to the Russian Futurists like Vladimir Mayakovsky over the fascist-connected Italian Futurists aligns the project with revolution and communal aims. With our stage so set, the first night of performance began.

The performance series was dubbed *Waves of Sound and Light*, a simple statement of clarity for the image and sound hybrids these artists would bring. First up, Montreal-based new cinema perform-



jake moore

Spark Writing, by Peter Courtemanche

LEFT Brötzmann-Pliakas-Wertmüller Trio





jake moore

ance artists, *Nomlg*, with *pdx_01* on miniDV. In it, a glowing point on a darkened screen falls away and fleshes out as we seemingly emerge from a tunnel. The piece evokes travel and the translation of images to sound, as though the aurora borealis had been digitized for playback. Next stop, Blunderspublik. Solo artist Curtis Walker created the “spublik sound” as a comfortable marriage of synthetic and organic sound sources translated to binary code, sculpted, and organized into complex structures and narratives.”¹⁰ Then he strapped the guitar onto his lithe frame and he shifted the “boy and his laptop” genre, insinuating wryly that the medium is indeed the message. Following these ‘spublik pleasantries came the sinister sonics of Pure. The work of Peter Votava, *Pure* can be “seen as a take on the darker edge of 20th century classical / avant-garde as seen through a 4th generation raised on industrial / electronic mediums.”¹¹ He retains certain signifying tools of the genre leading the listener through a seemingly unfolding ‘scape to an eventual reveal but subverts this practice by exposing subversion itself as the thematic. The evening concluded with the plurimedia performance of *Fluux:/Terminal* by skoltz_kolgen. Dominique Skoltz and Herman Kolgen perform side by side with two hybrid laptops, feeding two projectors linked to two screens and a surrounding speaker set-up. These are master digital jockeys that marry audio, visual and spatial mediums without privileging one sense over the other.

Already full, day two began. Sound the Bells! We’re free! A step away from the digital realm but towards a vanguard of equal measure, the Brötzmann-Pliakas-Wertmüller Trio electrified the stage. These gentlemen of free jazz commanded attention and put on notice that analogue instruments in the hands and mouths of masters cannot be replaced. Peter Brötzmann, now 63 years of age, remains a disciple of

Fluux:/Terminal, by skoltz_kolgen

RIGHT *Audiomobile*, by the Artist Run Limousine Collective



jake moore





jake moore

Artists' merchandise table at s+r

Albert Ayler with influences as varied as jazz greats Mingus and Coleman, to Stockhausen and the Fluxus sounds of John Cage, and Nam Jun Paik. Joined with younger statesmen of deep gifts like Steamboat Switzerland's Marino Pliakas on bass guitar and drummer-composer Michael Wertmüller, the frosty edge of the Garrick Theatre was melted for a moment. This music is revolutionary thought embodied and active.

The second Saturday show, *Beauty Swathed in Static*, brought us Winnipeg presence, Chris Bryan, as 3x3is9. His work is culled from digital sonic errors that he visually selects and wrestles into usable sound, a technique described by Anechoic records founder, Kim Cascone, as the sound of failure: that space where code runs out, instructions and guidance disappear, but sound remains. This process flowed evenly into the project of Sogar. German-born and now Paris-based, Jürgen Heckel began his work using a guitar in noise bands before meeting the computer. He now translates static and other non-musical sources into balanced washes of sonic colour infused with said guitar. He was followed on stage by friend, and for the first time, collaborator, Taylor Deupree. The solo set provided by Deupree was in keeping with his stated minimalist aesthetics, microsound concerns, and formalist desires. Then in the late, late of night and on the coldest of stages, Jürgen and Taylor sat down together and played... beauty swathed in static to be sure.

Sunday and Monday are days built for watching and the Sound of Light video and film program began with the film poem *Silent Room* by skoltz_kolgen on Sunday night. As complex and complete as Fluxus/Terminal but with more apparent narratives, *Silent Room* visits 16 characters and their architectural housings, which are decidedly not silent. Though not one word is spoken, much is communicated by these careful constructions. Monday night belonged to transmediale.04¹², a

survey of tapes from one of the most important international contemporary media art festivals. Wednesday evening brought the Pharmakon Collective screening of *CODEC/X: Contemporary British Video and Sound Art*.¹³ With over 30 artists represented, these works cannot be properly addressed individually here. I urge you instead to seek another screening.

Locative media was presented as well in the form of the Artist Run Limousine Collective's *Audiomobile*, a white 1980 stretch limousine, outfitted with a global positioning system (GPS) and a fully directional sound system. The streets and landmarks of Winnipeg triggered sounds created by local artists and by participants of a workshop conducted by Matt Smith of ARL and Ken Gregory.

Tuesday presented the legendary Pierre-André Arcand, co-founder of Avatar in Quebec City, in performance with his Digital Macchina Ricordi. The machine has been developed from its analogue precursor and provides a looping and resonance interactivity. Arcand is concerned with intermedia, continuous change and the self-regulation of systems, and his ties to poetry and language call forth the practices of *musique concrète*. This sort of historical circularity was present again in the Thursday programming.

"Take me to far away places, the rhythm in our plastic hearts, as we are also machines," starts a line from the title track of Clive Holden's *Trains of Winnipeg – 14 Film Poems*. This evocation of futurist desire is stitched together with found sound, old film, train tracks and bridges – the sort of soundtrack proposed in those original imaginings of the sound of machines as soundtrack to our progress, staked here to a romantic humanism, both sculptural and kitsch. Holden acknowledges these tools and articulates the layering of images and sounds as cloudy constructions of memories of things that one has felt deeply



jake moore

Groove: *Hand Cut*, by Peter Courtemanche



jake moore

through the unsettling of signification that is poetry. There is a Dylan Thomas quality to the works in their amplification of the everyday, the conflation of multiple times and space, and Holden's own voice, masculine and performed – tones held high and then delivered unscathed to the resting places where most of us live. It is this reflexive affect that carries the three-year exploration in multiple medias that is *Trains of Winnipeg*, and cements its experimentation in lived experience.

We left the warm dark of Cinematheque for the austere setting of *Groove: Hand Cut* performed by Peter Courtemanche in the tunnel that passes under the Gault building between Arthur and King Streets. Two bare light bulbs hung over a trio of turntables assembled on a tabletop, two of standard disc jockey issue, one handmade, a wooden rectangle with battery power that runs slowly – very slowly. Courtemanche was poised at the turntables wearing preparator's white gloves as he gingerly selected one of 60 CDs at a time for placement on one of the tables and live mixed a collage of pure percussion. The brick arch of the ceiling sent the sound round and the splashing of traffic in the street and the voices of passersby amplified the feeling of sanctity in this meeting centered on these simple tools and the hand-wrought graffiti in plastic that could be read as rhythm.

Returning to the warmth of Platform Gallery's lower level, little comfort was to be found in the documentary performance of Roughage. His *Travel the Globe* was constructed of video projection, "laptop massage" and live narration. The piece is fraught, as documentary can be, in the visitation of cultures by those not participants in them. This complex and provocative performance brought to question the actualities of globalization and the role communication technologies play within them.

Sounds Pulled From Air was the final evening of performance, live

Automatic Prayer Machine, by Anna Friz and Annabelle Chvostek



in Winnipeg but streamed via the Internet to Studio xx in Montréal.¹⁴ [sic] began the evening with an introspective soundscape layered from subtle absences and joined by a projection that also stuttered at the precipice of danger. A man shaving can be a sensual thing; here the proximity of face to blade felt nothing like grooming. Raylene Campbell assumed the stage with her massive accordion and the diminutive computer that compressed and contorted its extrusions of air into chaotic sonic debris that contrasted starkly the breathing bel-lows she expanded and contracted with such flourish.

The air: conduit and human requirement. Anna Friz and Annabelle Chvostek charged the medium with a low-watt radio broadcast to small radios scattered throughout the room in their performance of the *Automatic Prayer Machine*. Seated at a table filled with an array of sonic devices, each woman held an instrument: Anna, her accordion (yes, another accordion), and Annabelle, a violin. Prayers collected from the Internet and recorded from voice mail began the spinning of desires for peace into a sonic and visual prayer wheel intercut with the darker transmissions of news sampled from here and abroad. A dirge-like construction wound the sounds into motion with the traditional instruments seeming to provide geography, evoking Eastern Europe and the Middle East, while the radios added their own voices of good wishes and transmitted a collective desire for change. Chvostek and Friz spun into the ether a message for peace.

The evening concluded with an examination of that ether and acoustic ecology. Throughout the festival week, Peter Cusack, a British composer, improviser, sound recordist and lecturer, facilitated a field-recording workshop that would lead to the creation of *Your Favourite Winnipeg Sounds*. Here into the later hours of the night he regaled us with field recordings and anecdotes collected from a

lifetime of listening to and masterfully storing the indexical traces of places we have never seen or never truly *heard* before. This sonic travelogue gave fitting closure to a festival marked by an international assembly of those who listen closely and construct with utmost care the messages they choose to send for our reception.

1 In digital processing, simultaneity is not possible as a computation occurs in a serial fashion, though the delay may be imperceptible to humans.

2 We have moved from defining the building blocks of the universe from particles to waves to strings and branes but there is not enough room here for this specific a discussion. The intent of acknowledging scientific understanding of the material world as modular, whatever that or those units may ultimately be, is that human art making parallels other knowledges in all arenas: science, communications and belief systems, etc.

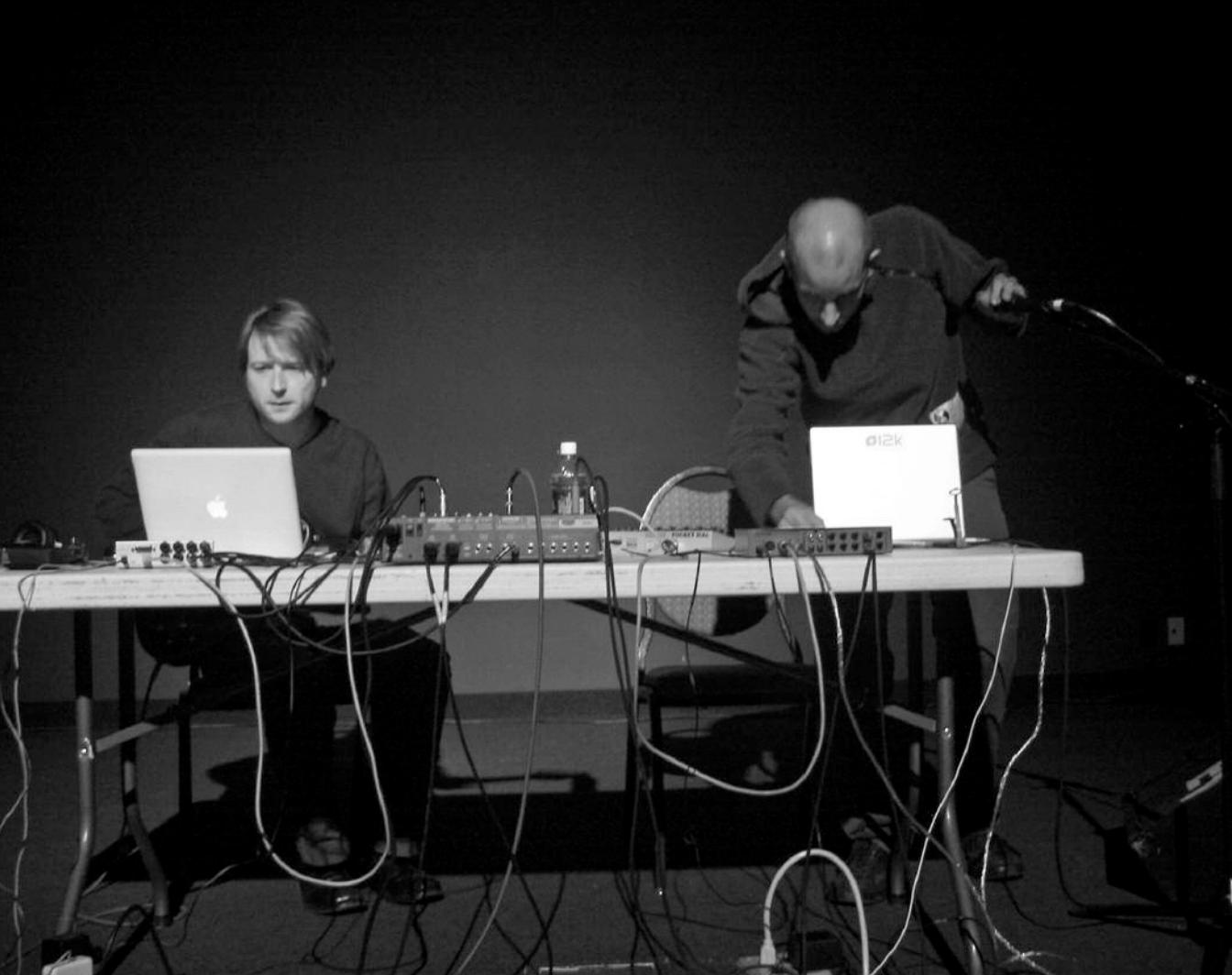
3 I am discussing here data transfer from multiple sensing sites to be understood as individual subject; certainly current data transfer speed is currently well beyond human perception.

4 It was the Jesuit scholar Pierre Teilhard de Chardin who famously proposed electronic circuitry and communications technology as extensions of the human nervous system, predicting the Internet and influencing the production of one H. Marshall McLuhan. De Chardin predicted that the potential understanding provided by our eventual connection to the universe would be a confirmation of a higher power.

5 Signal to noise ratio is an audio engineering term for distinguishing between actual meaningful sound and pure noise. Within the context of s+r, noise is a medium unto itself so such comments are not disparaging in any way, rather more an investigation into intent of the individual artists. For example, the work of many *musique concrète* artists was intended to avoid referential sounds and therefore also referential meaning.

JAKE MOORE is a prairie-born cultural producer currently completing her MFA at Concordia University. Alongside her own immersive installation practice, she works as a research assistant in the Wearable Computing and Electronic Textiles Axe of Hexagram. Of particular interest to her is the amplification of voices uncommon or unheard within dominant discourse.





6 Available through Artexite, www.artexite.ca/a_nouvo.htm

7 www.ckuw.ca/

8 www.absolutevalueofnoise.ca Peter Courtemanche's own website description of the piece.

9 *Ocean Harp* and *Volcano Trumpet* were inspired by "Open Letter to the Workers" (1918) by Vladimir Mayakovsky.

The Factory Floor was inspired by *Red Star: A Utopia* (1908) by Alexander Bogdanov (Malinovski).

The VLF Sculpture was inspired by a piece by Vancouver artist Gwen Boyle who built such a contraption north of the arctic circle.

10 www.newmusiccanada.com/genres/artist.cfm?mode=longBio&Band_Id=9390

11 www.mego.at/mego030.html

12 www.transmediale.de/04/pdf/transmediale04_videoselect2_en

13 www.pharmakon.co.uk/

14 www.studioxx.org

Sogar (Jürgen Heckel) with Taylor Deupree



Electronic Audience:

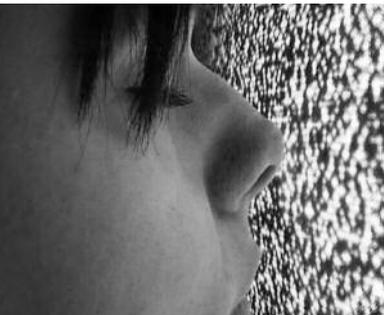
Recent Performances for Video

| Sandee Moore

PERFORMANCE FOR VIDEO is a distinct genre within video art. It is different from formal experimental video making, where editing, composition and juxtaposition of images form the meaning of the video. Performance for video is more than video documentation of a performance. The performer is conscious of the camera and the particular implications of the camera as audience. The camera is not just any audience; it is a viewer, collaborator and tool for the artist. In performance for video, the performer is acting to, and interacting with, the camera, rather than other actors. The invisible fourth wall is replaced by the performer's awareness of being watched and, importantly, the ability to control that gaze. Whether the performer is frank in facing and addressing the camera, elusive or seemingly incidental to the camera's point of view, the video maker is active in focusing the viewer's gaze and attention.

Rear Window, by Scott Rogers





Out of the System, by Stacey Abramson

It seems logical to assume that performance for video lacks immediacy and is unable to affect the audience the way a live performance does. Live performance often makes use of real-time interaction with the audience. Even in performances that do not require audience participants, performers often rely upon the energy and feedback of the audience to fuel their performance. The embodied experience, scale and mood that make such performances affecting rarely translate to video. However, interiority, detail and ordinary gestures can get lost or seem un-noteworthy in a live performance.

Why perform for a video camera? As an audience, the camera offers no feedback to the performer, only its impassive and inexhaustible gaze. The camera's gaze can be directed and exploited by the artist. By concentrating the viewer's gaze on a minute or quotidian act, the artist can explore and magnify the potential of the action. By showing us where to look or denying us access to what we would like to see, the artist can heighten the viewer's emotional response. For example, an artist makes a confession directly into the lens; her face is tightly cropped and every detail of her expression uncompromisingly recorded. The viewer, led by her framing of the event, examines her face for signs of sincerity. Another artist making a similar confession may choose to direct the camera and ultimately the viewer's gaze towards some telling detail of his body language or deflect the gaze onto another subject entirely. By revealing or veiling his self, the artist, like a magician, carefully sets up an illusion that would disintegrate if viewed from the wrong angle.

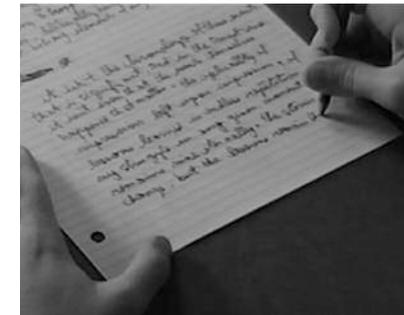
Video artists will set up the audience's expectations by drawing upon conventions of film, TV and drama. Framing, voice-over, score and editing invoke a model that will be borne out or turned on its head by the artist's performance.

Video artists of the '70s exploited the camera's endless attention span with long and boring or painful performances. The strategies of early video/performance artists – monologue, video diary, gesture as non-spectacular performance and the loop – are still *de rigueur* with contemporary artists.

Monologue

The monologue is and has been a favoured method of video art making, possibly because of the rich possibilities of meaning that are offered by simultaneous video and audio. Often the artist will meet the camera's gaze in an effort to convince us that she is genuine. Other times the artist will direct our gaze to a motif that underscores points of importance or the subtext of the monologue.

cam bush's *autobiography* is a confessional and self-reflexive monologue. Although it is titled an "autobiography," the subject of the video is the nature of language and expression, rather than the actual events of the artist's life. The artist's methods of expression are the focus of the video. We see bush's hand moving across a sheet of lined paper, unscrolling lines of neat cursive script. He doesn't make mistakes, but he speaks aloud as he writes, questioning each event or turn of phrase as he records it. I wondered if he practised his penmanship in advance of making this video and if his shy mumbling is just a pose. "I've always loved words," he says, "but have always tried to be mindful of their enormous limitations – the things that they are so woefully inadequate at communicating." Then his hand reverses its progress across the pages, unwriting the whole inadequate reel of prose. It mirrors the original act of writing – the same confident action run in reverse. The video speaks to the futility of the written word, and yet the video, made and shelved, remains as a record of the stumbling



autobiography, by cam bush



and imperfect desire to communicate something essential about one's self.

Stacey Abramson's *Out of the System* is a similarly confessional and analytical monologue about her relationship to her medium – video. The system she refers to could be the art school system – Abramson runs through her influences like names on a syllabus – or the complex, idiosyncratic system she's developed for creating videos. She wrestles aloud with inspiration, "...sometimes it's a text that I have no visual for, that I feel will fall into place somehow, somewhere." While she muses about her process in voice-over, she performs the acts of video making: mugging for the camera, donning a campy wig like Miranda July or Tanya Mars, shouldering a handcam, feverishly turning the pages of her sketchbook. Abramson's relationship to the camera and audience is playful and conscious. When she is on-screen she engages the camera and looks knowingly out from the screen. The video on the whole, however, sounds a desperate and despairing note, "But then I watch over the footage..." she sighs, referring to a video that has failed to be as brilliant as she had hoped. But there is brilliance in this video: her face pressed close to a static-filled TV screen, Abramson reenacts her childhood love affair with the digital medium. At this point Abramson turns away from the camera and gives the viewer possession of the gaze. After so many relentlessly framed shots and conscious performances, the distancing devices of video no longer deflect our gaze. For an instant, I too fell in love with video – this video – as I watched her inhale the scent of static electricity and make the RGB pixels dance and swell by staring deeply into the screen, as if staring into the eyes of a lover.

Video Diary

The camera is an incidental viewer of Evan Tapper and Gilles Gabriel Grassioulet's *Mata Ashita*. The video casually records the daily rhythms of Tapper and Grassioulet's residency at the CCA Kita Kyushu in Southern Japan. The sense of fellowship between the two artists and the eventual viewer is framed by the piece's title, which is a casual parting that means something like "see you again tomorrow," or literally "again tomorrow." We see the artists sharing a meal in the cafeteria each day, then performing an activity that often draws on conventions of social behaviour in Japan: singing karaoke, watching pornographic videos, or doubling on a bicycle. The artists use their outsider point of view to skew the normal acts of socialization in Japan in ways that are absurdly playful, such as dousing each other with soy sauce-filled water pistols, or intimately vulnerable, like sleeping side by side on a hospital bed wheeled around by a placid nurse. The artists are performing the actions of friendship and inviting the viewer to delight in these moments with them. The camera often films the artists from a distance, a sort of tag-along companion. At other moments the camera plays candidly upon their features. The effect is fondly indulgent as the camera zooms in on their faces, particularly the final scene that serves to frame the concept of their daily performances. Tapper and Grassioulet pose a question: "What is art?" then laugh together at length. The answer to their question lies in their laughter and their collection of offbeat performances.

Gesture as a non-spectacular performance

When an artist focuses on something that is less than spectacular and singularly un-noteworthy, it awakens in the viewer a new way of seeing the potential to create and appreciate the beauty that surrounds them daily.



Mata Ashita, by Evan Tapper and Gilles Gabriel Grassioulet



Hooray, Hooray, Hooray, by Tim Raffey

Tim Raffey's *Hooray, Hooray, Hooray* awoke such feelings in me. It features a girl skateboarding to the end of a tree-lined suburban street. When she reaches the end of the street she turns out of frame; in each subsequent shot the girl's actions are the same, only the street is different. The girl doesn't perform any tricks and the shots are long and contemplative; a marked contrast to commercial skateboarding videos, which feature frenetically edited footage of skaters pulling off ever more spectacular tricks. Acid drops off of rooftops into 5/0 grinds down a 20-stair railing these days rarely awes a skate video aficionado. Conversely, Raffey's video charms with the accessibility of the skater's performance. The magic of this performance is that it is not meant to impress; the repeated and repeatability of the act signifies that it is not special, just everyday. It seems intimate and unrehearsed. The camera work was unobtrusive and natural, so that I felt like the girl's companion on her journey. This journey, importantly, doesn't take her to an end point. *Hooray, Hooray, Hooray* resists narrative structure and insists on the moment, on performing acts that bring personal pleasure and satisfaction in and of themselves.

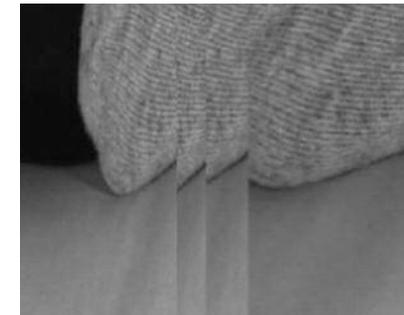
The Loop

Erika Lincoln's *shuffle* is a subtle performance, a video loop of her sock-clad feet shuffling against the freckled skin of her partner's back. Lincoln used Jitter for Max to author a program that would use the sound values of the original footage as integers to determine the size, placement and resolution of the finished video. Editing decisions are left to the mathematical interpretation of a data set determined by the artist, rather than traditional aesthetic concerns. The result is a jerky and, appropriately, jittery video. The image makes an uneasy and disrupted progress across the screen. Sound peaks, caused by

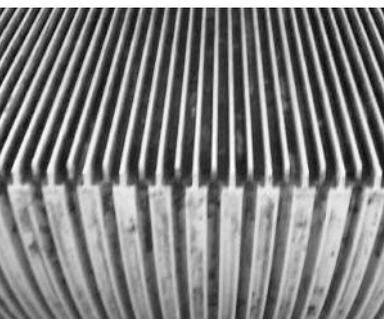
static electricity generated by the wool socks, cause the video to jump alarmingly. The video becomes a disjointed set of images that no longer seamlessly flow together. Lincoln's small gesture, one foot in front of the other, becomes a system that rewires the conventions of video. The video's denial of persistence of vision and naturalistic representation makes us aware that we take these things for granted. The camera and the program are like collaborators in *shuffle*. Lincoln's performance is actually a performance for a computer program, which in turn performs calculations for the viewer.

The loop is a technology particular to video art that shatters the confines of narrative and the screen, suggesting that the video can continue infinitely. Scott Rogers' *Stasis* is a minute-long climb up an escalator. The video's structure, without a clear beginning or end, suggests that this climb could continue or is a continuation. Escalator stairs rise and fall away to the sound of hollow footsteps. Rogers' video recalls the abstract expressionists – their use of pattern rather than discrete compositions implied that their canvases were without limits. Further, Rogers' stylized and graphic composition with rolling bands of vertical stripes references op art and early video feedback experiments. The image is unstable and dizzying; we take our bearings from the clanking footfalls on the metal steps. We never see the performer in this video; instead we occupy his point of view. The viewer experiences *Stasis* as an uncanny embodied experience of a continuous climb that brings him no closer to the top.

Another work of Rogers', *Rear Window*, exploits these same formal techniques of the loop and abstract composition in addition to the conventions of the suspense film. Rogers sets up the viewer's expectations by borrowing the title of the scopophilic and paranoid Hitchcock thriller, *Rear Window*. The video opens with an extended black screen



Shuffle, by Erika Lincoln



Stasis, by Scott Rogers

that appears to have video interference banding it with lighter grey stripes. It is a static shot that goes on and on. The image is puzzling until Rogers' off-screen sleight of hand. This negligibly tiny act, the flick of a wrist, becomes a magician's flourish. The abstract field is revealed to be vertical blinds that slide open to show an ordinary-looking house on a typical suburban street. This ordinary action of opening the blinds framed within the dramatic structure of the video becomes a significant performance. The window becomes a little stage for the production of whatever drama we would like to imagine, and the viewer takes on the role of the delusional hero in Hitchcock's drama.

Video is a medium that enables artists to build an experience that unfolds over time. There is amazing flexibility and range in video: it may be painterly and abstract or painstakingly detailed. For the performer, the coerciveness of video can be a useful tool to steer the viewer's attention and invest each shot with meaning through framing and duration. As well, the video camera can become a sort of collaborator with the artist, shaping the final work through the way it collects and processes information, as in Lincoln's *shuffle*, or through its impassive spectatorship.

What does video offer the viewer? While video may lack real-time interaction and exchange with the audience, it is not static or contained. Video creates a role for the viewer to perform. Though this is true of all video, this role is particularly critical in performance for video. This role is created by the artist to give their performance meaning and context. The camera/viewer in Rogers' *Rear Window* is tense and suspicious. Through their casual camera work Grassiulet and Tapper carve out an indulgently amused role for the viewer to inhabit. *cam bush* keeps both the camera and the viewer at arm's

length, mirroring the work's reserved tone. Performance for video includes not only the on-screen performance but an ongoing relationship finally determined by the audience.

SANDEE MOORE is an artist working in a variety of media, from bookworks to interactive electronic sculpture. In addition to her work in the visual arts, Sandee was editor of a prairie arts and culture zine, *Pocket Gopher*. She earned her MFA in Intermedia from the University of Regina in 2002.



Marvin Francis

| 1955–2005

A member of the Heart Lake First Nation, Marvin Francis was a talented poet, playwright and interdisciplinary artist who made his home in Winnipeg. He was an active and founding member of the Aboriginal Writers' Collective of Winnipeg, long-time board member of Urban Shaman Gallery and board member of the Manitoba Writers' Guild. Among many other projects, at the time of his death Marvin was working on a curatorial and distribution project to connect and empower Northern Manitoba video artists. He was also planning a video based on his acclaimed book, *City Treaty* (Turnstone Press). We will miss his unique vision and energy.



Video Pool Awards

Wendy Geller Fund

In memory of Wendy Geller and in dedication to her commitment to the artistic community, the Geller family has generously established the Wendy Geller Fund. Administered through Video Pool twice annually, this fund is designed to assist Video Pool members who require extra funding in the completion of independent works. Two \$500 awards are granted each year. Applications are juried by three individuals: a Video Pool board member, a Video Pool member, and a member of the arts community at large. Should you have any questions about the requirements or require assistance in making an application, please contact the Technical Coordinator at Video Pool, (204) 949-9134, ext 3. vptech@videopool.org

NEXT DEADLINE November 15, 2005

Media Production Fund

The Media Production Fund was established in 1995 to aid Video Pool's membership in the production of video, audio, or computer productions. It is available to any Video Pool member at any stage of their development. This fund may be used for new productions or as a finishing fund. Recipients receive a \$1,500 grant of equipment at student, user, or producer rates, depending upon membership, and \$500 of video/audio tapes and/or disks. Applicants can be board members of Video Pool but may not include themselves in board matters pertaining to the fund. Commercial projects will not be considered. Students may apply but not for class projects. Four awards are granted each year (two per deadline). Should you have any questions about the requirements or require assistance in making an application, please contact the Technical Coordinator at Video Pool, (204) 949-9134, ext 3. vptech@videopool.org

NEXT DEADLINE November 15, 2005

First Video Fund

The First Video Fund is set up to aid the Video Pool membership in the production of new video. It is designed to help novice video producers and artists who have not worked in the video medium. Applicants are expected to submit a completed application form, résumé, budget, support material, and full documentation of the project they hope to undertake. Works in progress will not be accepted, and an applicant's second video will be eligible only at the discretion of the jury. The program will be juried by a Video Pool board member, a member of the arts community, and a Video Pool member. Successful recipients get free tape stock, equipment, and space use, personal artistic development, technical training, and a mentor for the duration of the project. Pieces should be completed within one year of receiving the fund. Video Pool is required to be mentioned in the credits of the piece, and the recipient must provide two copies of the tape: one for the Video Pool library and one for Video Pool distribution. Video Pool will retain the rights to distribute the piece for 24 months. Should you have any questions about the requirements or require assistance in making an application, please contact the Education Coordinator at Video Pool, (204) 949-9134, ext 4. vped@videopool.org

FOR DEADLINE please see www.videopool.org

Artist in Residence

Video Pool's Artist in Residence program provides experimental opportunities to member artists of various disciplines, including performance, interdisciplinary, audio, video, and/or computer-based work. The residency functions as a laboratory seeking to facilitate the artist's process of investigation and creation, that may or may not result in the completion of a work. Artists are selected on the basis of the quality of their work and the proposed project's suitability to Video Pool's available resources (equipment and facilities). Priority is given to artists seeking to explore new directions in their work. The Artist in Residence is awarded \$3,000 in equipment credit at Producer rates, a \$4,000 artist fee and \$2,000 in any combination of workshops, materials, technicians and video/audio tapes and/or discs. Should you have any questions about the requirements or require assistance in making an application, please contact the Technical Coordinator at Video Pool, (204) 949-9134, ext 3. vptech@videopool.org

NEXT DEADLINE November 15, 2005

Emerging Audio Artist Fund

Video Pool's Emerging Audio Artist Fund was developed to aid its membership in the production of new audio works. The Emerging Audio Artist Fund is designed to provide a year of exploration for emerging audio artists. Applicants must submit a budget, complete application form, support material, résumé, and a full project description. The jury for this program is comprised of a Video Pool member, a member of the arts community, and a Video Pool board member. Successful recipients of this fund receive free Video Pool equipment and space use, tape stock, some workshops and technical training, and the guidance of a mentor for one year. The audio pieces are expected to be completed within one year of receiving the fund, with Video Pool mentioned in the credits, whatever form that might take. Two copies are delivered to Video Pool upon completion, as the organization will retain the rights to distribute the work for 24 months. Should you have any questions about the requirements or require assistance in making an application, please contact the Education Coordinator at Video Pool, (204) 949-9134, ext 4. vped@videopool.org

FOR DEADLINE please see www.videopool.org

APPLICATIONS

Application forms can be picked up at Video Pool or downloaded from the website at www.videopool.org.

CURATORIAL PROJECTS

Video Pool welcomes enquiries and proposals for new projects on an ongoing basis. For more information, please contact the Distribution Coordinator at Video Pool, (204) 949-9134, ext. 2.



Video Pool Distribution

New Acquisitions

For a listing of our complete catalogue, visit www.videopool.org

Video Pool is committed to the distribution of independent video, audio, and related media art forms produced in Canada, and specifically, the prairie region. For more information regarding any of the titles listed below, or distribution at Video Pool, please contact vpdist@videopool.org

80

A

Stacey Abramson, **Daylight Savings Time**, 2003, 1:42, Video

Stacey Abramson, **Happiness is a Warm Gun**, 2003, 2:01, Video

Stacey Abramson, **Out of the System**, 2004, 3:55, Video

Farrah Alladin, **Neighbours**, 2004, 8:09, Video

Shelly Anthis, **disCARTed**, 2004, 6:00, Video

Shelly Anthis, **Heritage Destroyed**, 2004, 3:00, Video



DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME, Stacey Abramson

B

Daniel Barrow, **Catalogue of the Original**, 2004, 8:00, Video

Jaimz Barton, **Liquid Lunch**, 2004, 3:45, Video

Steve Bates, **tunnel**, 2004, 2:49, Video

Carol Beecher, **Ask Me**, 2003, 2:30, Video

cam bush, **autobiography**, 2003, 5:40, Video

cam bush, **deep january**, 2004, 8:50, Video

cam bush, **diagnosis**, 2003, 5:35, Video

cam bush, **toothache**, 2003, 1:29, Video



NOTHINGNESS, Ian Cowan & Marcell LeBlanc

C

David Cheoros, **Chunk**, 2003, 22:30, Video

Ian Cowan & Marcell LeBlanc, **Nothingness**, 2003, 6:00, Video

D

Jennifer DeGroot, **Banging the Door Down: Women and the Economy**, 2003, 26:00, Video

Jennifer Deslos Reyes, **Daughter Mother Daughter: Joy Luck Experience**, 2003, 9:19, Video

Shawna Dempsey & Lorri Millan, **Archaeology and You**, 2004, 6:52, Video

Jeremy Drummond, **The Director's Cut**, 2003, 5:30, Video



LIQUID LUNCH, Jaimz Barton

Jeremy Drummond, **Junkmail (2003)**, 2003, 4:15, Video

Jeremy Drummond, **Mustache Park**, 2003, 3:45, Video

Jeremy Drummond, **Post-Mortal Ejaculation**, 2003, 5:00, Video

Jeremy Drummond, **A Safer America**, 2003, 5:00, Video

Derek Dunlop, **Perimeter**, 2004, 8:00:00, Video

E

Matthew Etches, **A Quiet Moment with Richard**, 2003, 6:30, Video

Erica Eyres, **A Birthday Cake**, 2003, 5:37, Video

Erica Eyres, **I'm a War Veteran**, 2003, 6:00, Video

Erica Eyres, **Me and Pug-a-Poo**, 2004, 5:20, Video

Erica Eyres, **Playing Dead**, 2004, 5:10, Video

Erica Eyres, **Without Arms**, 2004, 21:13, Video



A BIRTHDAY CAKE, Erica Eyres

F

Kevin Ferris, **Adventures of Uncle Dory: Escape from B.C.**, 2004, 4:30, Video

Elvira Finnigan, **Fall**, 2004, 3:11, Video

Elvira Finnigan, **Mater**, 2004, 1:22, Video

Elvira Finnigan, **Video Chapbook**, 2004, 11:32, Video

Rick Fisher & Don Rice, **The Architect**, 2004, 3:40, Video

Gabriel Frost, **Yesterday**, 2004, 38:00, Video



GENDER EUPHORIA, Jessica Grillanda

G

Brenna George, **Deep Junior Act a Little Crazy**, 2003, 2:43, Video

Jessica Grillanda, **Gender Euphoria**, 2003, 25:00, Video

Grant Guy, **Canticle**, 2004, 3:40, Video

Grant Guy, **Reinhardt**, 2004, 1:36, Video



FEITS, Robert Hamilton

H

Robert Hamilton, **Feits**, 2004, 5:00, Video

Robert Hamilton, **The Race**, 2004, 1:56, Video

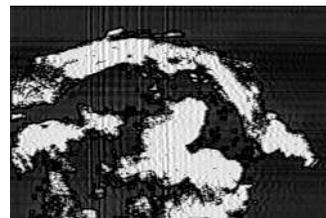
Robert Hamilton, **Shopping Street**, 2004, 1:58, Video

Robert Hamilton, **Wall of Nails**, 2004, 1:59, Video

Dean Harder, **Open Prairie**, 2004, 3:37, Video

Deborah Heslop, **Discontent**, 2004, 8:30, Video

Rémi Huberdeau, **Du cercueil**, 2004, 5:00, Video



DU CERCUEIL, Rémi Huberdeau

K

Christine Kirouac, **Other Business**, 2004, 12:00, Video

Val Klassen, **Prelude**, 2004, 1:20, Video

L

Garland Lam, **Documentary of My Father**, 2004, 2:00, Video

Garland Lam, **Identity Crisis**, 2003, 1:30, Video

Garland Lam, **Morphing From Father**, 2004, 1:00, Video

Jolanta Lapiak, **Crack the Audism**, 2003, 12:00, Video

Zarah Laszlo, **Wait**, 2004, 15:00, Video

Zarah Laszlo, **Suitcases for the Invisible**, 2004, 11:45, Video

Zarah Laszlo, **Intro to Faintness**, 2004, 6:00, Video



INDIAN CITY, Donna Marion

Denis Lessard, **Les mots du silence**, 2004, 15:00, Video

Erika Lincoln, **shuffle**, 2004, 5:25, Video



KEITAI TOKYO, Sandee Moore

M

Collin Ward MacDonald, **The Year of Living Foolishly**, 2004, 1:10, Video

Collin Ward MacDonald, **Lo-Rent Spy**, 2004, 2:29, Video

Collin Ward MacDonald, **Sephra Deny Me**, 2004, 2:56, Video

Collin Ward MacDonald, **Toasterpuke**, 2004, 2:50, Video

Lesley McKenzie, **Liminal**, 2003, 7:41, Video

Donna Marion, **Indian City: Stories from the Street**, 2003, 46:58, Video

Kari McQueen, **The Calling**, 2004, 1:00, Video

Sandee Moore, **Keitai Tokyo**, 2004, 3:26, Video

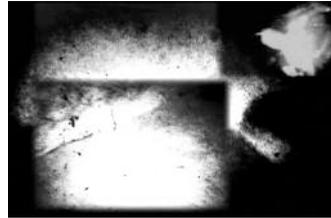
Jennifer Moyes, **Gently Now**, 2004, 12:00, Video

Anindita Mukherjee, **Keepers of Eurasia**, 2004, 8:20, Video

O

Tyrone Otte, **Indigenous Sovereignty, Environmental Thresholds, A Grassy Narrows Blockade Documentary**, 2004, 2:20:00, Video

Tyrone Otte, **Ecotopia Action: A Youth Environmental Activism Documentary**, 2004, 18:30, Video



WHY ARE YOU SO SAD?, Heidi Phillips

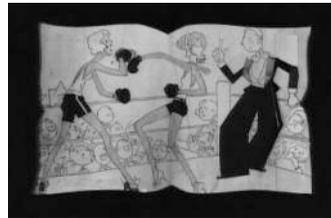
P

Heidi Phillips, **Why Are You So Sad?**, 2004, 7:20, Video

Heidi Phillips, **Running Into You**, 2004, 8:00, Video

Bev Pike, **Suffragette Sight Gags**, 2004, 6:30, Video

William Pura, **Der Holzveg**, 2004, 8:00, Video



SUFFRAGETTE SIGHT GAGS, Bev Pike



NO VACANCY, Dave Quanbury

Q

Dave Quanbury, **No Vacancy**, 2004, 4:00, Video

Quidam, **A Life in Pictures**, 2004, 6:41, Video

Quidam, **A Life in Pictures (Fast Version)**, 2004, 4:00, Video

Quidam, **Vancouver Negativity**, 2004, 18:41, Video

Quidam, **Flying**, 2004, 22:45, Video

Quidam, **Hiking**, 2004, 16:44, Video

Quidam, **Hiking, Part 2**, 2004, 18:44, Video

Quidam, **Fireworks**, 2004, 15:15, Video

Quidam, **A Day in Stanley Park**, 2004, 15:00, Video



HOORAY, HOORAY, HOORAY, Tim Raffey

Quidam, **Englishman River Falls**, 2004, 4:30, Video

R

Tim Raffey, **Bench IV**, 2004, 1:50, Video

Tim Raffey, **Hooray, Hooray, Hooray**, 7:20, 2004, Video

Natasha Reske-Naurocki, **The Vegetarian Experiment**, 2004, 39:00, Video

Dominique Rey, **City of St. Boniface**, 2004, 10:50, Video

Dominique Rey, **Pump Up the Jam**, 2004, 6:59, Video

Dominique Rey, **Sandra, Beaudry Park**, 2003, 4:41, Video



CITY OF ST. BONIFACE, Dominique Rey

Scott Rogers, **Stasis**, 2004, 0:49, Video

Scott Rogers, **Hell's Half Acre**, 2004, 2:36, Video

Scott Rogers, **Rear Window**, 2004, 1:10, Video

Scott Rogers, **Little House...**, 2004, 4:53, Video

Amanda Ross-Ho, **One Foul Swoop**, 2004, 6:37, Video



HELL'S HALF ACRE, Scott Rogers

S

Sheridan Shindruk, **Occurrence**, 2004, 6:00, Video

Sister Dorothy, **Banana**, 2004, 3:38, Video

Sister Dorothy, **Frank**, 2004, 3:38, Video

Michael Stecky, **Harmaline**, 2004, 4:50, Video

T

Robert Taite & Collin Zipp, **A Niche in Evolution**, 2004, 10:06, Video

Robert Taite, **As Luck Would Have It**, 2004, 9:04, Video



HARMALINE, Michael Stecky

Robert Taite, **Puke Painting**, 2004, 1:00, Video

Robert Taite, **The Black Room**, 2004, 5:18, Video

Robert Taite, **The Body**, 2003, 2:41, Video

Robert Taite, **Banality: A Series of Five**, 2004, 2:00, Video

Sean Talarico & Julia Thiessen, **Wack Shack: Never Push the Red Button**, 2004, 10:00, Video

Evan Tapper & Gilles Gabriel Grassioulet, **Mata Ashita**, 2004, 5:25, Video

Niki Trosky, **One Girl Reveals**, 2004, 4:56, Video

Niki Trosky, **One Girl's Story**, 2004, 53:16, Video

Theodore Turner, **24 Hours**, 2004, 2:00, Video



THE BODY, Robert Taite



MATA ASHITA, Evan Tapper & Gilles Gabriel Grassioulet

W

Lori Weidenhammer & Donna Lewis, **Constars**, 2003, 7:00, Video

Z

Collin Zipp, **10K**, 2004, 14:32, Video

Collin Zipp, **13 in12**, 2004, 14:52, Video

Collin Zipp, **16 Birds**, 2004, 0:55, Video

Collin Zipp, **A.M.**, 2004, 1:28, Video

Collin Zipp, **Artificial Deity**, 2003, 0:59, Video

Collin Zipp, **Decay**, 2004, 11:47, Video

Collin Zipp, **Gwen**, 2004, 2:19, Video



TILL DEATH DO US PART, Collin Zipp

Collin Zipp, **Heather**, 2004, 2:24, Video

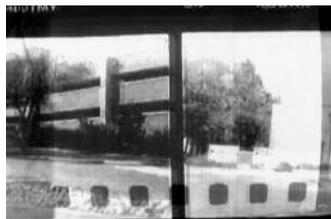
Collin Zipp, **Landscapes**, 2004, 30:10, Video

Collin Zipp, **Monique**, 2004, 4:02, Video

Collin Zipp, **Mnemonic Garbage (w/ narrative)**, 2004, 2:18, Video

Collin Zipp, **Myiases**, 2004, 2:20, Video

Collin Zipp, **A Portrait of a Father and Son**, 2004, 0:44, Video



UNTITLED (#1), Collin Zipp

Collin Zipp, **A Sign**, 2003, 1:35, Video

Collin Zipp, **Till Death Do Us Part**, 2004, 1:20, Video

Collin Zipp, **Two Days After**, 2004, 17:57, Video

Collin Zipp, **Untitled (#1)**, 2004, 2:04, Video

Collin Zipp, **Untitled (#3)**, 2004, 3:56, Video

Collin Zipp, **Untitled (Babies)**, 2004, 0:40, Video

Collin Zipp, **Untitled (Colour Bars)**, 2004, 0:55, Video

Collin Zipp, **Unusable**, 2004, 3:34, Video

NOTES

Video Pool

Mandate

Video Pool is a non-profit, charitable, artist-run centre dedicated to independent video, audio, and computer integrated multi-media production. Founded in 1983, Video Pool has a membership of over 300 individuals and non-profit organizations.

Video Pool exists to provide independent video producers, non-profit organizations, and community groups with public presentation opportunities and access to professional video and media equipment and training opportunities at reasonable rates.

Mission

To encourage the use of video, multimedia, and electronic technologies as an artistic and educational practice for the advancement and enrichment of the community.

Video Pool has several categories of memberships that serve the various needs of the community.

Membership

■ General Membership \$20

Receives regular mailings on upcoming workshops and programming, and our publication, POOLSIDE magazine.

■ User Membership \$50

Receives the same benefits as the general member plus the ability to rent production equipment and use the editing and multi-media facilities.

■ Student Membership \$20

Receives the same benefits as the user member plus a discount on rental fees.

■ Group or Producer Membership \$60

Receives the same benefits as the user member plus reduced rates on rental fees.

Discounted rates are only for projects where the artist holds the copyright. Producer Members are the only members who have the right to vote at the Annual General Meeting where the Board of Directors and the direction of the organization are decided. To become a Producer Member, an artist must be a member for one year and then apply for producer membership. The Producer Members meet quarterly to discuss issues relevant to the activities of Video Pool.

■ Winnipeg Film Group/ Video Pool joint memberships \$70

As a result of an agreement between Video Pool and the Winnipeg Film Group, Video Pool Producer Members in good standing may now purchase Winnipeg Film Group Full User memberships for \$45 (half price). In return, Full User Winnipeg Film Group members in good standing may purchase Video Pool memberships for \$25.

Board of Directors 2004 | 2005

PRESIDENT
Lorri Millan

VICE PRESIDENT
Erika Lincoln

TREASURER
Cindy Pelletier

SECRETARY
Don Rice

MEMBERS AT LARGE (2004)
Wendy Buelow, Louis Ogemah, Doug Kretchmer, Jack Lauder, Elvira Finnigan, Erika MacPherson, Sandee Moore; (2005)
Shelley Anthis, Steve Loft, Theo Sims

Staff 2004 | 2005

DIRECTOR
C. Graham Asmundson

MANAGING DIRECTOR
Sandee Moore

ACCOUNTANT
Don Robinson

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT/MEMBERSHIP
COORDINATOR
Nadin Gilroy

INTERN PROGRAMMING
Cam Hutchison

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Gabriel Schroedter

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Hope Peterson

WEB MASTER
Clive Holden

TECHNICAL COORDINATOR
Rick Fisher

ASSOCIATE TECHNICAL COORDINATORS
Nicole Shimonek, Mike Germain, Heidi Phillips

EDUCATION COORDINATOR
Jeff Erbach

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