



**paperwait**  
volume 6 2003-2004



# paperwait

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## PaperWait Volume 6

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**Notes from the Editor**  
by Risa Horowitz

**aceartinc.**

**make it. look at it. sweat for it. fund it. adore it. love it. hate it. bitch about it. make and break rules for it. luxuriate in it. pull hair over it. live impoverished by it. sell your soul for it. prostitute yourself for it. romanticize it. go a little crazy because of it. work 3 jobs for it. give up sex for it. put off the rest of your life for it. hustle it. sell it. make it or break it. dream of a better world with it. wish the world got it. die for it. lose sleep for it. endure the endless embittered impassioned turn on of it. lie for it. beg, borrow and steal for it. long for it. strain yourself for it. know it. speak by it. think about it. use it. sound smart because of it. dig the poetry of it. scheme about it. dream about it. get drunk stoned and fucked by it. count the days by and for it. bathe yourself in it. suckle on it. make friends and lovers and enemies by it. become anti-social for the sake of it. do it. have it. give it. take it. see the world through rose coloured glasses by way of it. take it or leave it. scrub toilets for it. sleep on rooftops for it. pay the rent late to service it. misinform hrdc for it. fight for it. vote for it. share it. don't be selfish about it. hang it. place it. label it. price it. wrap it. don't lose it. insure it. take lots of slides of it. don't let on about it. be super cool and non-chalant about it. feed people for them to see it. write about it. roam the city streets to see it. woo people with it. wax poetic about it. believe in it. change lives with it. keep the place open for it. lobby for it. practice subterfuge with it. get dolled up for it. just. let it. be. art...**

The background is a solid orange color. A thick, dark blue, wavy, vertical shape runs down the center-left side of the page. Several thin, white, irregular lines are scattered across the orange background, some crossing the blue shape. In the upper right quadrant, there is a white, rounded rectangular area containing text.

## 2003-2004 critical distance

Critical Distance is a writing program of **aceartinc.** that encourages critical writing and dialogue about contemporary art. The program is an avenue for exploration by emerging and established writers and artists. Written for each exhibition mounted at **aceartinc.**, these texts form the basis of our annual journal, Paperwait. Past Critical Distance texts are available for reading on our website archive at [www.aceart.org](http://www.aceart.org).



## Cowboys and Indians (and Métis?)

David Garneau

September 4 - October 4, 2003

## David Garneau's Métis Self and I – A Work in Progress

A response by  
Cathy Mattes

**T**he recent work of David Garneau prods reflection about the phases Métis people may go through when coming to terms with cultural identity. These stages usually accompany intense memory overload, as people consider negative or positive personal experiences, and Métis history. This may seem superfluous to some, but it is actually a mode of cultural survival. I believe that for many Métis the experiences of being recognized and recognizing, being and becoming is internalized, and effects how we view ourselves. I would argue that it is embedded in the struggles of our relations, ourselves, government legislation, and being of mixed ancestry. It also comes from the general lack of acknowledgement about Métis people, our experiences, and our contributions. We are whole—a whole nation, whole families, whole individuals, yet sometimes, it seems that we are treated, or recognized as only being half. It is these things that David Garneau's work brings to the surface for me.

It is through examining stereotypes of Aboriginal people, and the myth of Louis Riel that Garneau exposes some of the phases that one might go through when being and becoming Métis. This process involves decoding, locating, searching for certainty, establishing, acknowledging, maybe even proving a connection to the culture. This incertitude stems from colonization. Like First Nations, Métis have also been subjected to racist government legislation, residential or Métis mission schools, and the large role played by the Church. Some of the older generation was fortunately brought up proud and comfortable with their Métis selves despite colonization. Others were taught to hide their Métis-ness for fear of racist reaction, and took such measures as hiding the bannock, staying out of the sun, or insisting one is French—even when physical and cultural attributes suggest otherwise.

All of this hiding, or exuding pride affects the present cultural politics that are intense and complicated as a result. There is much dialogue about what the Métis experience is—what constitutes a Métis—what is Métis culture—and who has the right to define themselves as a Métis. Sometimes



the cultural experiences within one family differ between Father and Son, Mother and Daughter. It leaves some at a loss, and like Garneau, there are some Métis who were unaware of their Aboriginality as youths, because their parents' generation was taught to hide their Métis-ness, or they were physically removed from their communities. In a sense, there are many Métis who have lived an exilic existence, and as adults, must come to terms with this.

Examining the myth of Louis Riel becomes central in locating oneself. Riel is one of the few Métis whose contributions are fully recognized—Riel is always considered whole. With Riel's contributions now known, he has become a vehicle to obtain recognition for our own, and our relations' existence as Métis people. Ultimately this is problematic because many of our ancestors and relations are then treated as stepping-stones up to the myth of Riel—their/our contributions only being considered half.

Garneau effectively explores what he calls "the Riel cult" by painting images that remind viewers of both the myth and the human reality of Riel. In one painting Garneau draws comparisons between Riel and Van Gogh—both were committed to a mental institution, both were exiled, believed they were on a holy mission, and met untimely deaths.<sup>1</sup> Each now receive much respect, after decades of being described by many as insane, egotistical, traitors, etc. Garneau also paints haunting images of Riel, hooded with a white sheet and with a noose tied around his neck. It is a strong reminder of Riel's humanity, and the Métis nation as a whole having been penalized for the actions taken against the colonial government in the late 19th century.

Garneau's work also delves into the issues surrounding existing stereotypes of Aboriginal people, and how we internalize them when coming to terms with our ancestry. In **How the West Was...** Garneau has created a history painting about the settlement of the Canadian Plains using images taken from non-Aboriginal art historical and pop-culture sources. The work is reminiscent of other Aboriginal artists' investigation into the impact of stereotypes, perpetuated by the use of Cowboy and Indian imagery, dime novels, etc. However Garneau expands the issue, by introducing his own family history with stereotypical imagery, thus his personal stake, while acknowledging that Métis culture has also had to endure stereotypical ideals—an aspect that hasn't really been researched by these other artists.

My favourite piece in Garneau's exhibition is the tongue-in-cheek painting **May Tea?** It features a Métis man, with his hand loosely placed around his neck—a disturbing reminder of Riel's execution, and what came after for many Métis. In a cartoon bubble over the man's head are the words "May Tea?"—reflecting the uncertainty that Métis might have. The painting reminds me once again of the phases Métis people go through when pondering culture, but the play on words also reminds me of the role humour can play.

David Garneau's investigation into his heritage through examining the myth of Riel and stereotypical cultural representation also reminds me of





those crucial times in my youth when I felt culturally “outed”—kicked off my fence, exposed, silenced, shamed, or made to feel proud. When I first saw **Cowboys and Indians (And Métis?)** my memory went into overdrive, as I tried to locate myself in reference to the work. There were two personal stories that automatically came to mind when viewing Garneau’s exhibition.

First, when I was a little girl, I used to always wish for blond hair and blue eyes. The blond hair, blue-eyed girls at school always seemed to have it made. I figured if I looked like them, I would be treated as they were, or how I thought they were. At that time, I don’t think I always knew (though there were times when I was blatantly or harshly reminded) what made me different from the rest of the kids at school. I just knew there was something that some of the parents, teachers, and students noticed about me. In hindsight, I now realize that having blond hair or blue eyes would not have made much difference. I was a girl with a Native mom, a Métis mom, and whether or not I had blond hair and blue eyes that fact still remained.

I believe this memory came to me more because of Garneau’s artist statement and the interview I had with him in which he suggested that he has basically lived the life of a privileged White man. I was impressed with Garneau’s wanting it acknowledged that he has enjoyed privileges that many Métis men and women have not. However at the same time it complicates his work for me, and reminds me of the cultural politics happening at this time in Métis communities—politics that I am constantly trying to navigate within and around.

When Métis people search for recognition, we sometimes do so by imaging our nation as being a sovereign entity, with everyone having similar goals and experiences. Therefore our definition of Métis culture, and who it includes is narrow. Eva Hoffman suggests “a culture does not exist independently of us but within us. It is inscribed in the psyche, and it gives form and focus to our mental and emotional lives. In a way, we are nothing more—or less—than an encoded memory of heritage.”<sup>2</sup> Garneau’s work reminds me of this, and that the Métis experience is not absolute—therefore our definitions of who is Métis, and who has held a Métis existence must be expanded. It is also important to recognize that some have suffered the impact of colonization far more than others, and that difference amongst us exists.

After much reflection upon this issue I would now argue that Garneau’s work and existence is not that of a privileged White man, but that of a privileged Métis man, because culture is inherent within us, and can be arranged, shaped, articulated and experienced in a variety of ways.<sup>3</sup> There is great diversity within our nation, and it can include those of us who held childhood dreams of erasing our ancestry with blond hair or blue eyes, those who experienced Métis mission school and had their language erased from memory, or those whose Métis experience became recognized later in life. This might seem obvious to some, but when you’re constantly

negotiating your culture internally and externally, around and through it all, it appears far more complicated. When I saw Garneau's exhibition it was impossible to view his work as solely being about Riel and stereotypes. It exposed far more about identity challenges for Métis, and I once again had to navigate within and around present Métis cultural politics to be able to view, and later discuss his work.

The second memory that came to mind was that as a young university student I worked at a Greek restaurant (and yes, they hired me because they thought I could pass for Greek) in Winnipeg. I remember a First Nations man who had dined at the restaurant asked when he was leaving (in my mind, very loudly so the whole restaurant heard), "You're Métis aren't you?" I recall having this intense feeling of discomfort creep over, and my face get very hot. I don't know what it was that I felt uncomfortable about, whether I was uncomfortable being recognized as Aboriginal, having my regulars find out that I wasn't Greek, which would effect my tips, or that I simply didn't know what to say. At home we rarely spoke about our Aboriginality, and definitely never used the term "Métis" to identify ourselves. We didn't spend our days pondering our culture, we just existed as we were, a mixed family, a military family, living in a time when "difference" was not celebrated.

The man from the Greek restaurant shook my hand and said something that day that I've carried with me since. He told me that I had nothing to be embarrassed about, and everything to be proud of. That incident changed me. I no longer wanted to be blond and blue-eyed. I wanted to be proud. I wanted to hold my head high. I wanted to know what he was talking about when he called me Métis!

Remembering this story, even admitting it, makes me uncomfortable. It reminds me that like in the title of Garneau's exhibition, I once held a question mark at the end of the term Métis. It makes me uncomfortable, because being uncertain of what you are, especially if it is primarily the result of colonization, is unsettling. After years of being confident of who I am, and what my culture means to me, Garneau's work (and artist statement) reminds me of those anxious times when I did not.

However, it also reminds me of how resilient Métis people are, and that one's cultural identity is always in transition—how we view ourselves never remains stagnant—and for many Métis, the transition is one that results with great pride and cultural empowerment. My prediction for Garneau is that in his next series of paintings, the work will more visibly reflect his personal experiences and his family story—outside of the Riel myth. (Turning to your own personal experience is often the next step after investigating the Riel myth and stereotypes). In his next series, I bet there will be no question mark behind the term Métis, and no unsettling feeling for Garneau's Métis audience or himself. His work will evoke certitude—of being and becoming Métis, of being whole.



## Notes

- 1 Taken from David Garneau's artist statement for *Cowboys and Indians (and Métis?)*
- 2 Eva Hoffman, *The New Nomads in Letters of Transit - Reflections on Exile, Identity, Language, and Loss*. 1999. pg. 50.
- 3 Taken from a paper I presented for the exhibition *Wintercourt* held at the University of Manitoba, Gallery 1.1.1, curated by Amy Karlinsky and Colleen Cutschall. It was titled *From Brtchen to Bannock - My Métis Transition from Germany to Winnipeg*, 2002.

This essay by Cathy Mattes also appears in a publication published by the Art Gallery of Southwestern Manitoba.



## twitch

Curated by  
Risa Horowitz

October 17 - November 22, 2003

Garnet Hertz  
David Rokeby  
Nicholas Stedman  
Kevin Yates

## murmurs and grumblings

A response by  
Risa Horowitz

When it comes to curating I don't perceive myself as much of an expert. Instead, I am a girl with curiosity who felt drawn to a particular group of artworks made by artists who are bound by a desire to know, to grasp, and by a sort of anguish. My sense of camaraderie with these artists is based in my own artistic practice—where exploration, trial and error, hope, and failure of the sweetest kind, form a sort of protective padding in the world. The working methods of Garnet Hertz, Nicholas Stedman, Kevin Yates, Erika Lincoln, and David Rokeby, demonstrate a frustrated empirical process that flips in on itself into a hermeneutic world of questions that lead only to more questions. But it's a frustration filled with yearning and love, tenderness, and the most basic kind of human desire to belong in a world that continues to perplex, excite and confound.

I have questions about art; questions about these things called *newmedia*, *interactivity*, *interface*, *electronic art*, and *convergence*. I have questions about how both objects and experiences are built, and enjoy the continual process of learning to understand my daily and extended experiences through the world of visual art.

in *Cosmos* Carl Sagan described humanity as having created a knowledge-base so vast as to have outgrown our natural means to contain it. To compensate, over the years we have built and destroyed libraries, artworks, architectures, and, now, these silicon and electronics-based machines we call computers to store all this information. We even use the universe itself to broadcast our knowledge and history to any who might chance upon it, though the more wired the world becomes, the more literally grounded our signals become and the less information escapes our tiny globe.

Making art is a way of accessing some of this knowledge firsthand. Artworks are propositions, not so far in my mind from the hypotheses of scientists. Artists and scientist often work outside of the paradigm of what we know, asking questions, formulating and re-formulating, proving or disproving, in order to gain different kinds of knowledge. At work in the studio,

the artist experiments with ideas, materials, and methods based around a sometimes vague premise that only begins to form itself so strongly as to be called a proposition. And so the proof begins, perhaps, at the point when all that murmuring takes shape in something called art in an exhibition forum, for an audience to engage with and investigate. Here is where art differs from most discreet scientific experiments. I would like to imagine that art lovers would feel contempt for work that provides the proposition, investigation and proof in one fell swoop, but the converse seems to be more true: so many visitors I speak with seem to grumble about art. They scoff at its appearance or the ideas surrounding it without recognizing that this—the reaction, any reaction, be that love or hate—in my world, is the whole point. And so my role as a curator is to tease out those seemingly contrary responses. To create a place for the exchange of propositions, reactions and responses. And to present a plethora of questions in the process.

All of the artists in **twitch** use *technology* to one extent or another in their artmaking, and most are explicitly interested in engaging the viewer more physically than is possible with other art media. For this reason it's important to clear up some semantic issues about interactivity, however simple or familiar they may seem to some. My premise in approaching the works in **twitch** begins with a disavowal of the popular utopian vision of interactivity.

Artists and curators often speak romantically about how interactive art enables and empowers users, gives the user complete control over the narrative or the proceedings of an artwork. Interactive art is no more or less empowering than a choose-your-own-ending novel: there are variables, but they are limited. Interactive artworks are limited by physical and programming parameters, by media, environment, artistic vision, and by the desires and abilities of viewers. The limits of interactive art, in fact, control the user in the same way that a smart graphic design leads an eye across a page. And these limits are no different from those inherent in any work of art in any media, even if the artists' invitation to the viewer to interact is explicit.

**Instead of wishing for something 'more interactive' from how we are asked to engage with art, I'd like to propose that viewers begin instead to dream about the given means or mode of interaction and to identify its context, successes and failures within the proposition...**

**...Is it the artist's desire to provide a contrary, full-body mode of human-computer interface, as David Rokeby has described?<sup>1</sup>**

David Rokeby's **Very Nervous System (VNS)** seems the most successful of interactive artworks, where this popular definition is concerned. Since the number of sounds and movements possible makes a calculation of the variables and limitations difficult, each viewer has a unique experience while



Kevin Yates



participating in the creation of the piece. The movements of the viewer's entire body trigger the playback of sounds in a 3-dimensionally mapped space. The call and response between the computer and the user is so quick, David describes, that a feedback loop forms where the mutual responses of the machine and the viewer become perceptually blurred.<sup>2</sup> Previous versions—at least those documented—present a very musical **VNS**, designed with the potential for melody and harmony.

In re-working **VNS** for **twitch**, Rokeby spoke about attempting to overcome his own clichés. He selected abstract sounds, collected both on-site during the installation and from other sources. He also worked hard to enact a major shift in the way the user physically relates to the piece—in this case, small and slow movements were given priority over large or fast ones.<sup>3</sup>

It is harder to compose with these sounds. There's an unnatural or unsympathetic emotional relationship between the sounds and the movements. What happens when I play with **VNS**—and I've observed this happen to others—is that I explore the soundscape and when I find a sound or combination of sounds that is particularly pleasing, I mark the spot and I groove it. I end up repeating a concentrated, self-conditioned set of movements, reminiscent of what I imagine to be self-gratification exercises by serotonin induced lab rats. I once found myself bent over double, as close to still as possible yet rhythmically shaking my head and swaying my arm. I don't know how long I'd been there, it could have been 15 seconds or five minutes, but I'm certain that Bruce Nauman would have approved.

### ...Is it to concentrate an entire network of activity into a single, physical point, as does the work of Garnet Hertz?...

I've heard Garnet Hertz speak of his childhood, of building stuff from more stuff, of having been influenced by his father, a mechanical engineer. And I've seen him at play—he's an artist who gets fired up like a child, full of fanciful notions, someone who can't help but pester and persist his imagination.

**Experiments in Galvanism** has its factual and imaginative predecessors, but also its differences from them. Where the piece's namesake, 18th century biologist Luigi Galvani, spent his time pulsing electrical current through a frog's body to make its legs twitch, Hertz uses current to trigger not the muscles of the frog, but a mechanical augmentation of the frog's legs. Where the golem, for example, is in the service of whoever enlivens it, a mindless servant; the frog, well, it is responsive but is not a useful servant. Jana Sterbak strapped a camera on a dog and made a dress out of butchered meat; painters use egg tempera and encaustic. Hertz took an already dead but recognizable animal, all of it, cut it up, stuck things in it, and left the decision about whether to act further upon the frog up to us, the viewers. What metaphoric tree could he be barking up?

There are two challenges posed by Hertz's **Experiments**: the first is his use

Garnet Hertz

of a real animal, the second is the banality of its interface—of our interface. The frog is tethered to an ethernet cord and suspended upside-down in a vat of mineral oil. It is prone. It is vulnerable. It is incredibly beautiful. The web-actuated frog<sup>4</sup> gives the viewer three options. Click to make its left leg move, click to make its right leg move, or to not click at all. The result is equally banal. The frog's left or right leg moves in a most mechanical, awkward and unnatural way. It reminds me of documentaries and films I've seen where a person learns to use an artificial limb. And it makes clear for me how our actions, however small, can raise major moral questions.

Having been led by Hertz's work into this technologically mediated, arguably exploitative relationship with the frog, we are forced to define our code of ethics. Where do we fit in the development of biotechnology and cybernetics? How are we implicated in the research and development in these fields? What are the consequences of the choices we make about which view point to take when interacting with *Experiments in Galvanism*? Would any of us reject the possibility that technological augmentation of the body—I mean, aside from headphones, email, light switches and cars—could improve our quality of life, if even in a limited or complicated way? If even as the inspiration of imagination?

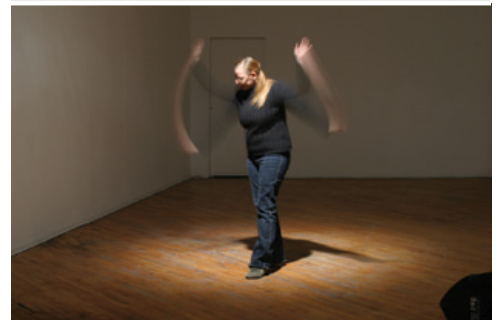
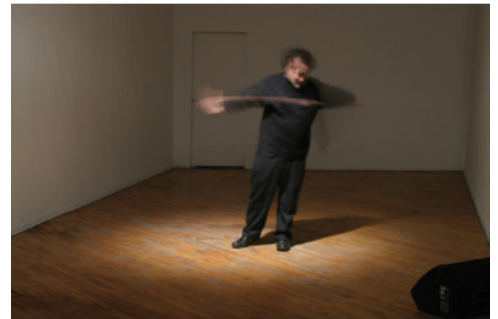
### ...Or is it to peer down and wonder what on earth could have befallen the outcasts of Kevin Yates?...

I was thrilled when, during his artist lecture, Yates showed us slides of his resin-cast crab shells, into which he placed live crabs that lived there for a period of time. He wanted to know which would win out, the impulses of the live animal, or the weight of the resin shells. Of all the artists in *twitch* the most unlikely has managed to actually come close to building a cyborg, a real one, and years ago.

Yates' *Untitled Series*, including *Dying Bull*, *Small Dead Woman*, and two other small human figures, seems out of place in a gallery full of electronic and computer-based artworks. He is a sculptor, fashioning the pieces with his hands, stitching their clothing personally. His work provides a different avenue for speculation and narration about art. It highlights an interactivity that takes place between the art and the fantasy-life of the viewer.

Yates toys with our relationships to things, be that in transforming the fleeting image of a victim or monster in a film into an endless still, or in forming a sort of childhood intimacy by reducing the scale of the figures. His particular gift is to create the necessary drama or illusion that, he says, "allows us to believe in the work."<sup>5</sup>

One viewer exclaimed that Yates' figures were heartbreaking. Another thought she actually saw the bull breathing. Yet another lay down on the gallery floor opposite the male figure, facing the wall, mimicking a live and life-sized version of the piece. What artworks can be more gratifying than



David Rokeby



those that let the imagination loose, where we find ourselves writing fictions inside our heads to account for these little Sculpey<sup>6</sup> figures that threaten to be trampled upon and never give away their secrets?

**...In Erika Lincoln's case, it might be to suggest that getting too close is just too much stimulation...**

In conversation with Erika Lincoln I learn about the way she perceives each and every aspect of our world as both discreet units, and as interconnected strings, atoms and molecules, in harmony and discord. She makes metaphors of her embodied experience using materials like suits filled with water, and with over-stretched arms that drag behind her picking up and recording the resulting trudge. With **scale**, Lincoln further explores her environment—and allows us to question our own—and speaks about “materially describing a sense of being, or a way of being, or a moment of being.”

**scale** looks like a surreal skeleton and nerve system, or an oddly misplaced sea-creature. The sounds it makes remind one of tree branches scratching a cottage-country-cabin rooftop on a dark and windy night. If you get too close to **scale** from a particular vantage point, you upset its equilibrium and it becomes agitated, scratches the floor more frenetically, as if to pick up enough momentum to scurry off into a corner.

In working with electronics, computing, and found materials, Lincoln projects her bodily experience onto the object as a kind of stim-test: prick the bottom of my foot, my reflexes jolt. Lincoln proposes an interconnectedness with **scale**, distinctively re-routing the notion of the interactive in art toward the notion of the switch, the trigger, and, as Steve Dietz might call it, the Dream of Flows.<sup>7</sup> For **scale** the switch and the flow oscillate between Lincoln's impulses while making the work, the kinetic object itself, and the viewer's response to and ability to effect the balance of the piece.

**...and for Nicholas Stedman, it might be in the hope for more.**

During his artist lecture, Stedman described a previously made art piece called **Transubstantiator**<sup>8</sup>. The lifetime of the piece was directly proportional to the strength of the electrical current passing through a chalice of wine, which weakened as it aged and evaporated. Stedman was asked if the electrical current running through the wine caused the depletion of the acidity of the wine as a conductor—if the electricity which gave the piece its life also contributed to its demise. His response: “theoretically, I'd like to believe that. Scientifically, I know I'd be wrong.”<sup>9</sup> Stedman's reply highlighted everything that is beautiful to me about **twitch**: how making art and being in the world are inextricably linked our ability to dream, and our ability to fall short of and sometimes fail in our efforts.

Nicholas Stedman



I've had the privilege to watch **The Blanket Project** progress from Stedman's original conception of a pair of blankets which are responsive to each other with the aid of the viewer, to the wish for an autonomous, locomoting object that seeks out intimate encounters within the gallery space, to the work as it appeared at **aceartinc**. There seems to be a rift between the hope for **The Blanket**; between the artist's desire "to create something that is what it asks you to imagine."<sup>10</sup> Stedman demonstrates that the very process of having an idea and trying to enact it can evolve to present results that don't perfectly match the original idea, but fulfill the goal nonetheless.

One approaches an oversized bed, on top of which rests a soft, white comforter. Then it suddenly and gently gives a shake, and begins to writhe and squirm around. Some are reminded of their childhood fears of monsters under the bed. Some are compelled to touch it, hold it, probe it, get under it. When the blanket covers your body, you can feel its weight, its many jointed limbs caress you, just heavy enough for it to feel like a body. Its motors and joints squeak and murmur, whispering sweet nothings in your ear. It's ten times better than a personal massager, if you're looking to fill a void that may one day be filled by a real, live nervous system to keep you warm and comfort you.


Stedman's work poses questions about the meaning of intimacy in a world where physical contact grows more and more limited through our increased dependence on and satisfaction found in electronic communications. Will **The Blanket** be a new form of security blanket, to sooth and placate? Will wearable computers one day be able to sense emotional and physical needs, and respond appropriately? Will they increase the distance between us through offering replacements for real human contact? Will we someday find ourselves curled up on the couch, "jacked-in to a custom cyberspace deck that projects our disembodied consciousness into the concensual hallucination that is the matrix"<sup>11</sup>, with a version of **The Blanket** attending to our warmth and comfort?

## twitch

**twitch** is about comfort; thought; pleasure; mystery; learning; joy; fear; pain; the search for meaning; mythology and enabling myths; our place in the universe; loneliness. As much as anything, **twitch** asks us to consider how the simulated fantasy provided by all sorts of interactive media—art installations, net art, video gaming, virtual reality, chat—is perceived as so very different from what I call the standalone fantasy—the sort that takes place on the bus, while walking, or in bed. During the panel discussion for **twitch** a debate ensued about the perception that sentience might be the equivalent of perfection, or, that a technological world might equate to a more perfect one. These perceptions are analogous, in my mind, to the fantasy of being taken by art to another emotional or intellectual plane, and the reality of the rewards of actually getting there.

## Notes

- 1 David Rokeby. *Very Nervous System*. <http://homepage.mac.com/davidrokeby/vns.html>.
- 2 David Rokeby. *Transforming Mirrors*. <http://homepage.mac.com/davidrokeby/experience.html>. p.11-12. 1998. Also, in *Digital Illusion: Entertaining the Future with High Technology*. Clark Dodsworth, Jr., Contributing Editor. ACM Press, Addison-Wesley Publishing Company.
- 3 Francois Delalande, "Sense and Intersensoriality." *Leonardo*. Vol. 36 No.4. MIT Press: Cambridge. 2003. pp313-316. Delalande describes that "certain type of movement (a kinetic pattern of behaviour), can evoke an emotional state," while referring to Robert Frances ideas about how fast movements evoke joy and slow motions, depression. p314.
- 4 see [www.aceart.org/twitch/hertz.html](http://www.aceart.org/twitch/hertz.html) or [www.conceptlab.com/frog](http://www.conceptlab.com/frog). Since *Experiments in Galvanism* is not a permanent exhibition, the reader will find documentation of the frog at these websites.
- 5 Kevin Yates. Artist Lecture at **aceartinc**. Friday October 17, 2003.
- 6 Sculpey is a moulding material similar to Fimo.
- 7 Erika Lincoln. Artist Lecture at **aceartinc**. Friday, October 17, 2003.
- 8 Steve Dietz. "Ten Dreams of Technology." *Leonardo*. Volume 35. no 5, 2002. pp 511-512.
- 9 <http://www.nickstedman.com/flesh.html>
- 10 Nicholas Stedman. Artist Lecture at **aceartinc**. Friday October 17, 2003.
- 11 Nicholas Stedman. Artist Lecture at **aceartinc**. Friday October 17, 2003.
- 12 Gibson, William. *Neuromancer*. Ace Books. New York: 1984. p.5.



## I'm Only Happy When It Rains, and 20 or 30 other clichéd things I hate about myself

Les Newman<sup>1</sup>

January 9 - February 7, 2004

## Who's Afraid of Robert Enright?

A response by  
Valery Camarta

### The Scene

The smoking room in a studio next door to **aceartinc.** gallery.

### act one

#### FUN AND GAMES

VC: *Les, let's play a game. It's called critical distance. I'll play critic by asking you leading questions and you play artist, answering with 9 other clichéd things you hate...*

LN: I hate the word 'play'.

VC: *I didn't ask a question yet.*

LN: What, this is your game? So we have to 'play' by your rules?

VC: *Yes, and it's my beer you're drinking, and it's my studio you're sitting in. Warmly, I might add.*

LN: (Looks about the room. Imitates Bette Davis.) "What a dump!"<sup>2</sup>

VC: *In your body of work referred to as "The Science Series", **Happy Miserable: Looks Good in Black***<sup>3</sup>

Anna Scott wrote...

LN: I hate the word 'body.'

VC: *May I continue? Anna Scott wrote, "The work serves to illustrate the banality and truth behind our daily traumas and angst—from the perspective of a detached observer." Is this not implying the anthropomorphizing of science through emotions?*

LN: How about implying the opening of another beer?

VC: *Most descriptors have been visceral: a heavy eye; heart-jacking; regurgitation; intimacy; ...*

LN: Thirsty ...

VC: *Aneroid.*<sup>4</sup>

LN: (Silence.) (Gets own beer.)

VC: *What then? A focal point of ambiguity?*<sup>5</sup>

LN: I hate the word 'ambiguity.'

VC: *That may well be, but at first glance there presides a state of construction/demise observed within your work. The overall effect, however, is one of calm and contemplation. I would use the term ambiguous ...*

LN: No.

VC: *...equivocal?*

LN: No.

VC: *...disrupting perceptual/conceptual complacency?*

LN: Maybe.

VC: *Your cloud series references poetic and fleeting contradictions, spaces where longing coexists with imagination. Are you intentionally blurring boundaries?*

LN: I hate the word 'blurred boundaries.'

VC: *That may well be, but, as curator Todd Davis reflects on your cloud series: "A text-seen (or "visual poetry") is an intermedium located between language arts and visual arts, its creators include artists who initially established themselves as "writers," "poets," and "painters" in their text-seen works out of a commitment to exploring possibilities in literary intermedia."*<sup>6</sup>

LN: I prefer reflections on uselessness. By this I'm reflecting on

your so-called critical analysis of my work. What you are really reflecting on is the subjective positioning of emotional response as an aesthetic function of perception.

VC: *By publicly exhibiting your work, are you not participating in the discourse of art?*

LN: (In a singsong voice.) Who's afraid of Robert Enright, Robert Enright, Robert Enright. Who's afraid of Robert Enright, early in the morning.

VC: *How cliché ...*

LN: You wear girlie shoes.

VC: *Oh yeah? Well, who's your daddy?*

LN: Yo momma ...

(A verbis ad verbera)<sup>7</sup>

## act two VALPURGISNACHT<sup>8</sup>

VC: *If my memory serves, you stated that your series **Segue** "takes the structure of a narrative and pares away the detail and content. What results is a narrative trajectory without referent; a shell of source material...*

*The process of photographing and re-photographing these images parallels the way we absorb and reiterate phrases and perspectives from popular culture."*<sup>9</sup>

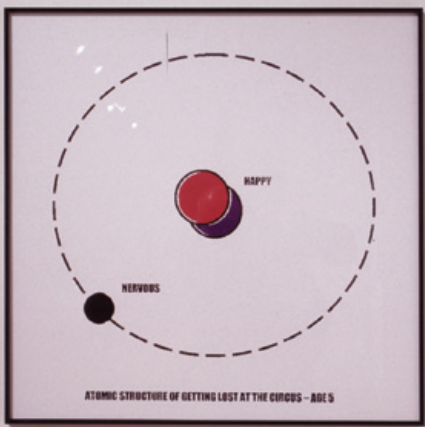
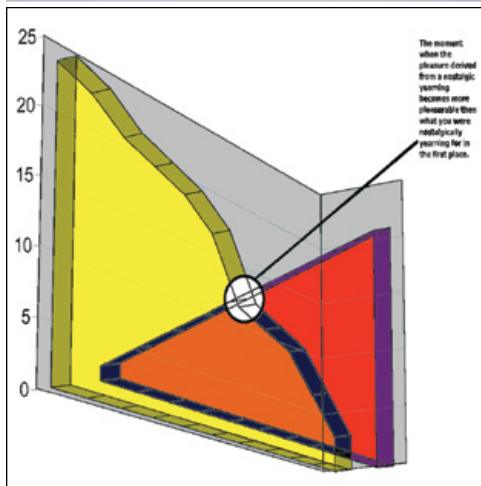
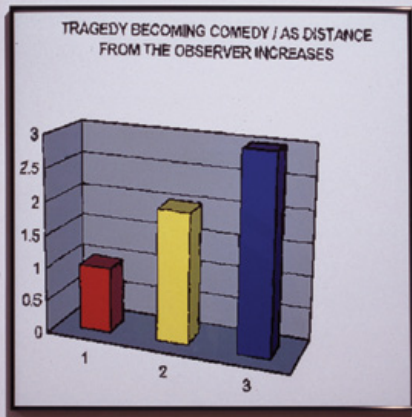
LN: I hate the word 'memory.'

VC: *That may well be, but In the beginning ...*<sup>10</sup>

LN: I really hate the word 'memory.'

VC: *So, in THE REMEMBERED PRESENT, are you concerned with the experience of different audiences?*





Does your work seek engagement other than pass-by short-term memory inherent in consumption of image and/or text from popular culture? Are you seeking community?

LN: I hate the word 'community.'

VC: Ah! The plot thickens ...<sup>11</sup>

LN: What community? Who's community?

VC: The range of titles grew ...<sup>12</sup>

LN: Just drop it, will you?

VC: I can't. I have to make it to 1000 words. I have many dependents.<sup>13</sup>

LN: Community is just a term for consensual failure of communication.

VC: Old Superheroes slugged it out with each other ...<sup>14</sup>

LN: If you're referring to the incident at the Kings Head ...<sup>15</sup>

VC: No, no, I promised not to bring that up. I was having trouble finding a segue to begin dialogue on another word on your current hate-list, diaspora.

LN: I hate the word 'diaspora.'

VC: And in the real world ...<sup>15</sup>

LN: Whatever, I'm not playing anymore.

### act three The Exorcism

VC: In your series *Thought Bubbles*, why do you use that one particular shade of green? Does it signify a graphic purity?

LN: I hate the word purity.

VC: Of course you do! All righty then, is it a representational strategy that makes reference to any specific cultural, social or political milieu?

LN: (Silence.)

VC: Does it refer to the present time and place within a logic of feelings?

LN: (Silence.)

VC: None-the-less your work is hermetic<sup>17</sup> which implies a purity.

LN: (Silence.)

VC: Perhaps this is the colour of your spirituality?

LN: I hate the word 'spirituality.'

VC: So, no metaphysics for you! Now we're talking radical hermeneutics<sup>18</sup> ...

LN: You didn't make it out of the H's did you?

VC: I liked it better when you were silent.

LN: Hermeneutics, that's a pretty big word for an extra from **Wizard of Oz**.

VC: Is that all you can do? Taunt me instead of answering a single god-damned question?

LN: Precisely my point. This has nothing to do with religion, or spirituality, or myth-making, or ...

VC: Not even myth-making? What then the words of Sheila Butler in review of the active problematics of your work in relation to "...the unique gesture, the artist/creator as erotically enhanced lonely male genius, the transcendent object..."<sup>19</sup>

LN: **Cultural Theorists, Start Your Epitaphs.**<sup>20</sup>

VC: How about self-parody? Does that shoe fit?

LN: At least it's an ethos.<sup>21</sup>

Like I said, girlie shoes.

VC: You're a little light in the loafers yourself.

LN: Butch.

VC: Bitch.

LN: Poseur.

VC: (In a singsong voice.) Who's afraid of Robert Enright, Robert Enright Robert Enright. Who's afraid of Robert Enright, early in the morning.

LN: Okay, okay, okay. Let's 'play' your silly little game. Let's 'demystify' my work.

VC: I hate the word 'demystify.'

LN: What?! No more attempts to quantify, chart or measure the aesthetic experience inherent in the poetics of banality?

VC: Your distance from critical dialogue renders this written response absurd.

LN: Yes. Really. Quite.

VC: It's late.

LN: How about a didactic panel?

VC: How about another drink?

LN: Yes. Really. Quite.

(A long silence between them.)

LN: (Singing softly) Who's afraid of Robert Enright, Robert Enright, Robert Enright. Who's afraid ...

VC: I... am ... Les.... I... am....

(Les nods, slowly.)

## Curtain

## Glossary of Terms and References and Disclaimers

- 1 Les Newman was born in Stephenville NF, and has lived in 15 different cities, four provinces, three states and two countries. He received his BFA from Nova Scotia College of Art and Design. His community at time of this written response is within the Exchange District of Winnipeg MB.
- 2 Reference to a line by Gabrielle Maple, played by Bette Davis in the film Petrified Forest (1936, written by Robert Sherwood, directed by Archie Mayo.)
- 3 Happy Miserable: Looks Good in Black exhibited at Neutral Ground, Regina SK, 15 March - 11 April 2003.
- 4 Aneroid: barometer without mercury (as per highly-abridged English Dictionary, E.F.G. Series, 1940)
- 5 A partial quote by David Craven from interview with Robert Enright, The Magic Marker (*Border Crossings*, issue no. 78, p.74), "I've allowed myself to freely roam for many, many years: at a focal point of ambiguity."
- 6 Todd Davis, Curator of exhibition text, beat, journal at Open Space, Victoria BC, 02 - 17 May 2003.
- 7 A verbis ad verbera [L.]: from words to blows (as per highly-abridged English Dictionary, E.F.G. Series, 1940).
- 8 A personal wordplay on Walpurgisnacht, the title of act two of the play Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? by Edward Albee. Walpurgisnacht is a festival in Germany with otherworldly implications celebrated on April 30th (which happens to be my birthday) marking the final victory of Spring over Winter. Also a Dutch black-metal band.
- 9 Quoted from Les' original exhibition proposal. The *Segue* series was exhibited in a group show, titled *Young Winnipeg Artists*, at Plug In ICA, 14 March - 31 May 2003.
- 10 Text from an untitled *Segue* series print.
- 11 Ibid.
- 12 Ibid.
- 13 Refers to a quote by Wayne Baerwaldt during an interview by Clint Roenisch for the now-defunct *Lola Magazine*, Toronto ON.
- 14 Text from an untitled *Segue* series print.
- 15 Never mind. (A reference to one of Gilda Radner's character skits on *Saturday Night Live*.)
- 16 Text from an untitled *Segue* series print.
- 17 Hermetic: perfectly airtight (as per highly-abridged English Dictionary, E.F.G. Series, 1940).
- 18 Hermeneutics: science of interpretation (as per highly-abridged English Dictionary, E.F.G. Series, 1940).
- 19 *Newly Old Techno*, 12 September - 04 October 2003 at Struts Gallery, Sackville NB. Sheila Butler is a visual artist and teacher whose work has been exhibited in solo and group exhibitions in Canada and abroad. Sheila teaches courses in studio and in contemporary theory and criticism at the University of Western Ontario.
- 20 Article by Dinitia Smith (*The New York Times*, 03 January 2004) about critic Terry Eagleton. "But now the postmodernist giants—like Jacques Derrida and Roland Barthes—are over... In this age of terrorism, he says, cultural theory has become increasingly irrelevant because theorists have failed to address the big questions of morality, metaphysics, love, religion, revolution, death and suffering."
- 21 Reference to a line by Walter Sobchak, played by John Goodman in the movie *The Big Lebowski* (1998, written by Joel and Ethan Coen, directed by Joel Cohen).



## 101 Talismans for a Happy Death

Joseph Conlon

February 20 - March 20, 2004

## What is a happy death?

A response by  
Sandee Moore

The commonly held ideal for a “happy death” would be one without pain—a swift death without suffering, or a quiet passing surrounded by loved ones. Catholics believe that a happy death means becoming one with God at the moment of death. Timothy Leary wrote a book on the subject while he was terminally ill; in *Designing Death*, he proposes that a happy death is simply a matter of choosing the situation you will die in. Similarly, in his novel *A Happy Death*, Camus espouses a “will to happiness” as the means to a happy life and death. To not be alone is artist Joe Conlon’s idea of a happy death. It is also the impetus for his photo and video installation **101 Talismans for a Happy Death**. To not be alone is not only to approach death with loved ones nearby, but also to recognize the universality of death—that everyone dies or is dying.

Conlon and his camera do not flinch away from death. Each vignette is a vividly detailed examination of death: the camera pans slowly across a frozen man’s face, filling the screen with frost-caked pores and hairs; a girl stumbles and falls, squishing a birthday cake in slow motion; a bright feather is shaken loose from a fleeing man’s jacket and gently drifts towards the ground, alluding to the fall of the corpse we had glimpsed resting on the forest floor. The event is slowed down or frozen for our viewing pleasure. The object of our gaze is the evidence of a life lived and now ended. The camera sumptuously examines The Body. Each patch of skin, wrinkle, wound or urine stain reveals something terrifying—that these people age; that they have bodily fluids to be spilled; that our lives are as fragile and fleeting as theirs.

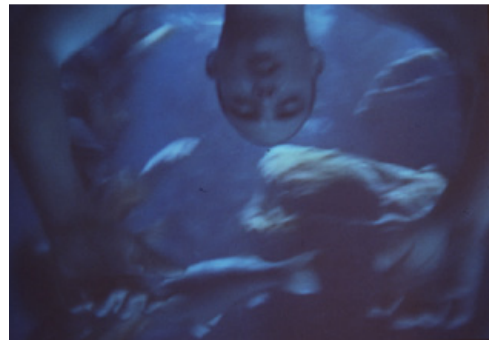
According to Nietzsche, man is always trying to repress the knowledge of two things: death and, therefore, the body.<sup>1</sup> Images of the body such as those in **101 Talismans for a Happy Death** are taboo images in contemporary Western culture. They remind us too viscerally of growing old, getting sick or meeting death suddenly. Unlike the spectacularly violent images of

death that glut our popular visual culture, Conlon's images are quietly insistent: everyone dies.

The video vignettes fade in and out on the monitors. The doubled images, multiple monitors and large-scale wall works split and bounce the viewer's attention from scene to scene. Each image is concentrated for maximum psychological impact, then tossed out and repeated as if the artist were compulsively playing out trauma.


Repetition and iconic representation refer to the literal process of creating religious talismans. For instance, in Taoist practice talismans exercise power over the dead through the twisting, repetition and doubling of potent textual symbols. Symbolic representation and repetition are common strategies for mastering death. They appear around the world in religious and secular rituals concerning death. While each image in **101 Talismans for a Happy Death** is undeniably individual and human, the accumulation of such images implies the universal human condition. The truncated narratives function as icons of death. They call up the presence of death so that we can exercise (symbolic) control over it.

While a talisman may provide a way to master an unpleasurable experience or frightening knowledge, **101 Talismans for a Happy Death** also presents opportunities to experience pleasure and peace. Many of the images are self-consciously campy, diffusing the atmosphere of tragedy. Instead of a naturalistic soundtrack, the video images are accompanied by an abstract soundscape by Sally Station. The soundtrack compels you to breathe deeply and rhythmically. The measured soundtrack and repeated visuals suggest something more than the distancing of trauma—they suggest an acceptance of and meditation on the cycle of life and death.



## Notes

- 1 *"Even in your folly and despising ye each serve your Self, ye despisers of the body. I tell you, your very Self wanteth to die, and turneth away from life."*  
F. Nietzsche. Thus Spake Zarathustra. New York: Dover Publications, 1999.



**Undone**  
Mariela Borello  
April 3 - May 1, 2004

A response by  
Susan Turner

What I experienced first was colour: gorgeous, bright, strong, optimistic, brash. Cadmium yellow deep, raspberry candy-floss, the palest of pale red, the ambiguity of white on white. And then shape: conch, whorl, target, and that large round ball of coils. And finally texture as I extended my hand outward to touch: silky, delicate, and then rubbery, malleable, and clammy.

Entering inside **Glorious**, the ceiling-suspended-sun-blazing and light-filled conch made of strand upon strand of wound and threaded colour, I felt cocooned and quiet, too, and remembered the story of Penelope, Odysseus' wife, who each night would unravel all she'd woven that day, completing nothing, and protecting herself, thereby, from the greedy mob of suitors ... "when it's finished, then I'll pick my new husband"... chaste and in control of the family fortune until her warrior might return ... such discipline and resolve, such economic shrewdness.

In conversation with Mariela, I learned, though, that she's no Penelope, because it's not a political statement of any kind she's making. But what is her intent with these pieces in the installation here at **aceartinc.**? What is it she's doing?

It's very clear she's interested in materiality and in the transformation into art of materials used primarily in industry or in children's craft. (In my recollection, this installation is one of only a few in **aceartinc.**'s recent history that has focused so intensely on materials and where "concept" or "idea" follows behind). At the front of the gallery is the huge, stunningly coloured hair-like sculpture **Glorious**, womb-like and made entirely of bright pumpkin coloured thread, skeins and skeins and skeins of it twisted and slung into shape – and again I think of a myth, but this time of Rapunzel and her long hair let down from the tower window. Towards the back of the gallery is **Undone**, the coiled ball of pink plasticine, spilling out its entrails absurdly onto the floor into something that looks like melded leaves flattened onto the ground, or like a placenta of *PeptoBismal* gushing out but spilling only so far, or like some nightmare of bubblegum discard-ed onto the underside of the table. Who knows what miscarriage of nature this might be?



Mariela is serious about her materials, ordering boxes and boxes of *Guetermann* thread direct from the manufacturer's Montreal agent (*Guetermann* is one of the world's largest manufacturers of notions for the tailoring trade—threads, zippers, ribbons, etc), and importing all that yummy plasticine right from the manufacturer in Italy. Neither of these two large pieces is light in weight despite appearances. So there's a transformation right there.

Mariela made the point that the installed sculptures are different from what they were in her studio: She can't ship them fully configured. Once at **aceartinc.**, she added additional coils to the pink ball of **Undone** in order to bring the ball back to its ideal roundness, for example, and then proceeded to fashion and manipulate the outspread pinkness. **Glorious** also was only partly formed when she arrived to install the show and she spent days hanging the remaining thread and coaxing it into just the right arrangement. She puts a Platonic spin on this necessary part of the installation process: for her, it's emblematic of the transformation and ordering of the chaos in the world by means of the creation of physical manifestations of her ideal sculptures.

And then there is the series of quiet, hardly visible gouache drawings of spiraling circles, done without any mechanical measuring device, all aiming for a perfection, each drawing completed at one sitting in an intense contemplative effort. They certainly don't have the immediate visual wallop of the two sculptures, and for me they're much less rich in interpretive possibilities, but they have a type of minimalist elegance. And they speak to Mariela's ideas about inside and outside, and about trying to control or keep at bay the madness of the outside world.

This work makes me think of a bravura performance by a concert pianist: learn the piece, have an idea of it in the mind, sit down, compose oneself, and start to play. Ignore any mistakes that are made, because, after all, in performance, one can't stop and say, "oops, sorry," and then start over. This allusion struck a chord of recognition with Mariela, seeming appropriate because she's also a musician, and she understood immediately how that attitude might apply to the pieces in this installation. Think of drawing all those circles and getting them as concentric as she did, and doing them at one sitting. That's bravura.

In addition to working to transform materials into the unexpected, Mariela says she wants her work to resonate almost the way "sound and light do in the senses and body cavities," and to "speak of opposites: inside and outside, order and chaos." The circle drawings could be hypnotizing, pulling the viewer into them and inside the spaces between the lines. With **Undone**, I think the effect is more one of intellectual curiosity, perhaps some dread, but certainly of amusement and wit. But with **Glorious**, light pours in from the top; and through the mesh of golden thread, a slight reverberation and an echoing of sound is felt by the viewer because of the cocooning. With this piece, inside and outside merge.





## Bound...

An exhibition of  
works by painters in  
Manitoba curated by the  
programming committee

June 12 - July 10, 2004

Teresa Burrows  
Cliff Eyland  
Kevin Friedrich  
Glennys Hardie  
Shaun Morin  
Bev Pike  
Paul Robles  
Tim Schouten

## A Response by Risa Horowitz

**Bound...to spring or leap; leaps and bounds; a limitation; restriction; territory; out of bounds; moving in a specified direction; bound for stardom; tied or secured with rope; obligated; constricted.**

Let's call this group of artists flatlanders; invoke the old cliché of the unbounded expanse of the prairie; the feeling of being locked in the middle of the continent. Let's also consider notions of shared and personal territory; public and private space; the inner psychology and the outer façade; the rules of social interaction and cultural engagement. And, further, the rules that artists define for themselves.

These are some of the considerations that place these artists and their works in conversation. Through the rural and urban landscapes, mind-sets, cultures and, yes, through paint, this group of artists is bound to one another in a sort of unspoken, incidental way: one doesn't pick one's neighbours, but we live alongside one another in peace and, sometimes, pleasure, nonetheless.

The Programming Committee set out to co-curate an exhibition of paintings by Manitoban artists. **bound...**, as a result, is a bit of a cross-section: the exhibition includes emerging and established artists, a range of media and subject matter, and varying scale and quantity. Artist-run culture has been historically concerned with the non-commercial, the experimental, and the new: painting has often been excluded. Perhaps painting can be thought of as the new avant-garde of contemporary art? While that is not for us to say, it is clear that not only is **aceartinc.** ready for a painting exhibition, but that the sheer level of local activity and number of painters in Winnipeg warrants it.

These works address themes as wildly inventive as Friedrich's highly referential prairie 'folkish' psycho-dramas, to Eyland's made-up figures and worlds, to the incredibly detail-oriented and massive-scale of Pike's topography, to Schouten's contemplative landscapes.... The word 'bound', like the word 'rift' or 'cleave' has multiple meanings, some of which are defined as opposites, and each definition presents a metaphor for these works that are so highly influenced by life in the Manitoban prairie. One can imagine the simultaneous

feelings of boundless movement entwined with a sense of constriction that ties these artists together in their deeply imaginative worlds.

Tim Schouten is an artist who is “concerned with the idea that memory or history can have a felt presence in a place—and that representation of place can convey a palpable sense of those histories.” His encaustic paintings are taken from video images he collects—in the case of those included in **bound...**, of the west gate of Lower Fort Garry where First Nations gathered in 1871 to negotiate Treaty 1 with the government of Canada.

At a basic level, Schouten is steeped in the Canadian Landscape Painting Tradition, with a cognizance of his position as a white man living in a colonized country, in a rural area of a province with a long Aboriginal presence and history, and with a long history of all types of abuse by colonizers. Yet, clearly, Schouten is not interested in claiming authorship in telling another’s story: that all of Manitoba is identified as Treaty territory, and, further, that all but the Aboriginal and their descendants are implicated as colonists, involves us each directly in a branch of the tale.

Schouten writes, “what the land is and how it holds meaning are things I try to brush up against in my paintings.” The paintings are beautiful, blurry, glowing things: details like a layering of dark, indistinctly formed colours can be a green-brown mass and look like a stand of trees all at once. While totally representational, the forms are also simplified abstractions. Conscious of the grounding of his practice in a Eurocentric perspective, Schouten’s paintings demonstrate a fabulous use of paint and wax to mediate vision, to evoke the idea of the white man’s burden, to point out cultural relativism.

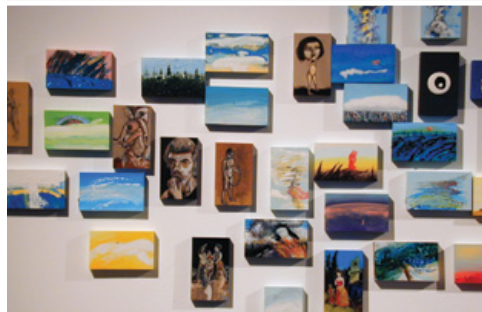
In contrast with Schouten’s layering of encaustic, Hardie’s work is the product of layers of activities. From perambulating the city, to collecting odd bits of debris from the streets, to preserving and logging the items in little baggies, to creating the final silhouette paintings in black and white acrylic on 4x6” wood panels, to mounting these in a grid on a wall.

A long-time immigrant, Hardie describes her awe of the Canadian landscape, calling it “minimalism on a grand scale, heroic in all its moods... on Winnipeg’s very long, flat streets...” she writes, “...all but empty of pedestrians, I am conspicuous, and particularly so when I pick something up.”

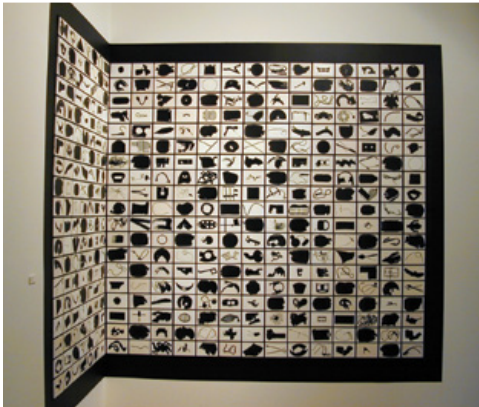
The multiple panels represent, in a way, the industrial infrastructure and development of the city. Hardie is a bit the self-conscious archivist and collector of industrial refuse, a bit the archaeologist who stores symbolic evidence of a culture in decline, for future reference. Her wall-installation is reminiscent of the walls of stone-carved Egyptian hieroglyphs, waiting to be deciphered.

### Art ≠ Material + Time; Art = Art

While Cliff Eyland can’t think of a fantasy that he has not fulfilled [either in real life or in his rich interior life, he confesses], he says “I am barely aware of my



from top:  
Tim Schouten  
Paul Robles  
Cliff Eyland



surroundings, so I focus: the sidewalk, the bus, the sky, the snow, a person, a well-turned ankle, an old AI disk, hair that turns pink at the roots, the dent in a car, blue ink on a five dollar bill, Andy-at-the-Fort-Garry's name tag, a stack of cold smoke, the cold sore on a pretty face—all of that. "While Hardie may have her eyes trained at the ground, Eyland's may be flitting about as if living out a wakeful REM dream state.

Eyland is a grinder. He's always got his pockets full of colourful pens and stacks of 3x5" file cards—his almost exclusive format [the exception being vector graphics, which seems to offer him a change of pace, since by their very definition have no limit or set scale]. It takes some getting used to his company at a bar or movie theatre. There, you can find him, eyes glued to the screen, hands raised close to his chest with stack of cards balanced in one hand and pen poised in the other.

Eyland is one of those easy-going obsessive-compulsive artists, in his subject matter as much as his behaviour. From dozens [hundreds? thousands?] of A-bomb paintings, imaginary landscapes, 3-d constructions [toys, pop-cans, cameras], to his strap-on series, he says that "lately I've been thinking of making 'typical' works of art... [with] an endless series of substitutes that accumulate toward a very eccentric vision of the world."

In this he is a master of channeling, of envisioning his imaginary universe and putting it out into the atmosphere. Eyland's paintings are a sort of safe sex with a prosthetic interior, up for grabs.

Emerging artist Kevin Friedrich insists that with his paintings he "move(s) prairie art from the mundane into a new realm of mythological and nonsensical images that create an imaginary space." He's the kind of guy who knows how to paint, and whose range of influences is communicated with impressive clarity in his work. He lists: pop, classical, pre-Raphaelite, impressionism, kitsch, magic realism, combine painting [referring, we think, to the harvest, or to collage], blue-collar iconography, folk art, calendar pin-ups. He started painting when he was 12.

Friedrich uses a combination of acrylics and oils, glazes and collage, on a scale that for him permits the gesture of the entire body. His work is highly symbolic and full of a sort of humourous psychological denial that is nonetheless optimistic. The paintings are funny and dark and perhaps some of the most intriguing the prairie has to offer.

Teresa Burrows is concerned with the voice, storytelling, mythology, religion, mystery, flesh, excess, and "the face behind our many masks." Her paintings are deeply influenced by the sex-offender and addictions work she does, and, in contrast with Friedrich's humour, Burrow's paintings present a more serious and dark form of psychological denial. They aren't, she says, the type of paintings that she'd put in her living room.

Working with oil, Burrows' layers of symbolism present a rawness and frailty of intimacy, which is also influenced by how she has formed living in a place with limited resources and little artistic community.

from top:  
Bev Pike  
Glennys Hardie  
Shaun Morin

Her content is sexually and sensually charged, laden with religious and mythological symbolism, from masks and skeletons, fleshy bodies and carcasses, pigs and pearls: hers is a veritable potpourri of the imagination.

*It is the clothes that wear us and not we them...they mold our hearts, our brains, our tongues to their liking.*  
— Virginia Woolf

Bev Pike's **Hymenial View of Lunacy** is "a topographical narrative created from artifacts of disembodiment. I am interested..." she writes, "...in bundles of clothing being redolent of overlapping social histories and personal experiences."

The massive scale of this guache on paper piece poses a moving twist on the historical patriarchal bigger-is-better attitude. The piece reminds one of the gigantic paintings by old renaissance and classical masters—those old boys—and of the age-old identification of the whole with things manly, and the detail with things womanly. Pike explains that she is "fascinated by the implications of fragment and detail becoming monumental, of the miniature becoming transgressive." Pike is a tiny woman, using this massive scale to render not the old scenes of conquest and majesty, but the intricately woven details of mounds upon mounds of cloth: woven typically by woman [albeit cut and tailored typically by men].

Paul Robles is also an artist who plays with the inversion of types, or the subversion of expectation. With his relatively small-scale velour and paper cut-outs on vellum, he expresses his interest "in the sort of new wave phenomenon of male narcissism and masculinity, primarily produced by Hollywood, the music industry, advertising and pop culture." He also gets a kick out of peoples' reactions when they learn, after seeing his art, that he is straight, male, and Asian.

The pieces are decidedly sexual and homoerotic, orgies and ass-licking abound nestled in the hold of sweet hearts and even sweeter doilies. While this work is not, in fact, made of paint, his style of layering and the reference to a Sunday-painter leisure aesthetic well suits **bound...** Robles' work bends perceptions and manipulates stereotypes in a way that reflects back into the world-not-on-the-gallery-wall.

Shaun Morin is lovely: he's part of a team of friends who he calls "superheroes in disguise as artists," and says that "as a painter I am constantly trying to find ways of becoming more sophisticated." An emerging artist with a strong and popular alter-ego, Morin's work is, of this group, perhaps, most exemplary of one whose work and practice is in transition. While so many of his smaller, *wall of shame* paintings are endearingly expressive, his process of developing larger works seems to hold one foot in the door, as if he is struggling to translate to scale. In one larger work is a grouping of what looks like the smaller *wall of shame* works, as if to piece together the stage for a more developed narrative style of painting. As if torn by allegiances, Morin's current work pushes to break the bounds of emerging-artist-dom, while fixing and swaying just enough to stay fresh and compelling.



from top:  
Kevin Friedrich  
Teresa Burrows

# art maps of

adventures in psychogeography

edited by Hope Peterson

*It is the detour, the complications of error and misunderstanding, the contingency of proximity and the dictates of myth that create routes and models which more closely resemble the reality and wealth of everyday.*

—Jakob Voorthuis,

“Walter Benjamin, Ambling Through the City of a Mind,” 1999

<http://www.wbenjamin.org/voorthuis.html>

Winnipeg, like every space or territory we experience, exists as a concept in the minds of residents and visitors. We look to an official map of the city and get a visual representation intended only as a tool of navigation and orientation. We read the signs and indicators, scan the streets, waterways and “points of interest” looking for direction and context. We parachute onto the grid and hope for a meaningful landmark to indicate to us—“You are Here.”

In his Introduction to a Critique of Urban Geography (1955) Situationist Guy-Ernest Debord defined psychogeography as the study of laws and effects of the geographical environment on the emotions and behavior of individuals. He prescribed a new spirit of discovery in the experiencing of everyday life, practicing conscious observation during long ramblings through the city. From Portage and Main radiating out to the perimeter highway, Winnipeg seems ripe for re-exploration. What version of this place lies in our imaginations? Take a detour with six Winnipeg artists as they actively redraw the city.

# winnipeg

**Susan Turner** collages a property value map of her neighbourhood with ghostly airplanes and shadows of domestic and medical imagery, evoking a sense of surveillance as well as a creeping gentrification and its effect on the lives of residents.

p. 30-31

**Cam Bush** breaks with convention and talks to people on the bus, getting them to open up about their lives and the passing city. Each bus route in his Winnipeg Transit Project provides a personal audio narrative from a fellow rider.

p. 32-33

**Ian August** throws a game at the reader, drawing up a treasure map of “Pre-Fab” locations, sites of nail bomb art perpetrated by Winnipeg’s notorious 26 crew. The aerial view map is designed to encourage “party-biking” from spot to spot seeking out signs and pictures tucked away in unexpected places.

p. 34-35

**Bev Pike** peers into the tunnels and alleys of the Exchange District for a satirical look at Winnipeg’s Artland. Social and historical factors are keenly observed to describe the rapidly changing ambience of this neighbourhood.

p. 36-37

**Don Ritson** displays a grudging fondness for the district of St. James with a bold working map featuring a key to all his important stops. Follow along with the artist on his daily trips to friends’, work and to get supplies.

p. 38-39

**Kevin Matthews**, a slam poet, throws down an emotional impression of the city in *60 northbound*, streaming out graphic image-events of life between the details.

Back Cover

Click any property on the map to get property information





Click any property on the map to get property information

🔍 Zoom In

🔍 Zoom Out

👉 Re-center



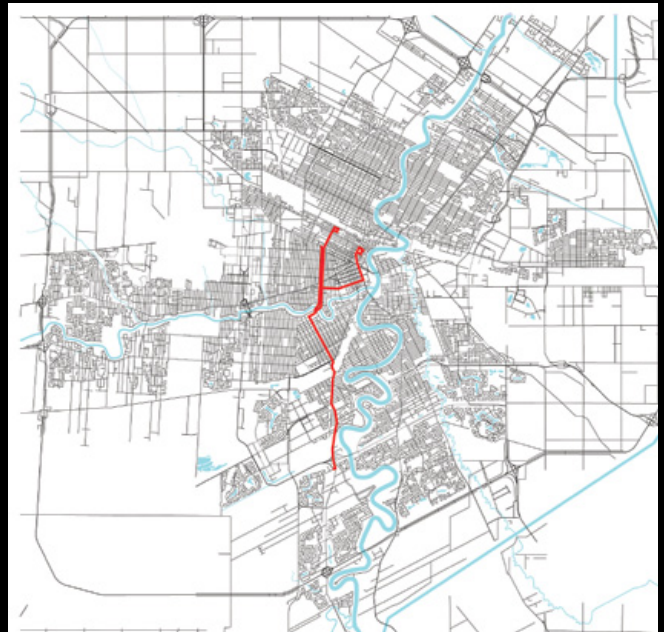


## 15 Sargent-Mountain

Well uh... first of all, I moved out here because of, uh... it only goes up to kindergarten, nursery, all the way to grade 9 on my reserve. That's the reason why I came - for high school, to finish up, to go to university. And um, the thing I like about Winnipeg is, uh, it's kinda' crowded. Not on, like, the reserve - there's, like, hardly any people out there. And I don't know, there's a lot of places to go out here, instead of on the reserve - it's like, one place every day. Like, the same thing every day... But here you can do anything you want, like, uh... for example, go to a hockey game; or um, like, theatre; watch people playing sports... So that's what I like about Winnipeg. And the thing I hate about Winnipeg is uh, you know - these gangs; I don't know who they're trying to prove. I dunno, um, the only thing I really hate about it is the gang stuff - like, they think they're something but they're not going to go anywhere but jail; not have a good life. So I dunno, um, it makes me hurt to feel, like, my own culture going around beating up people; like, most of Aboriginal people... The person that inspires me the most is Elijah Harper, yeah; 'cause I'm Aboriginal too, eh? And I like to keep up to my culture, too... So basically that's about it.

## 29 Sherbrook

I've lived here just, uh... I basically grew up just outside of Winnipeg, about an hour away, so... When I went to school at the U of M right out of high school then I, uh, basically just settled here, and have been here ever since... Uh, you think I would be able to say something but I can't really think of anything... One impression that I get is that a lot of people, um, my friends tend to try to leave Winnipeg if they can; they don't generally consider it a permanent destination whether that be career or whatever, or raising a family. Uh, and I don't really know exactly why that is, but I've seen it over and over again, and I'm sort of feeling the same way.



### 43 Munroe

Um, I don't like Winnipeg. I think it's very cold here, and that's why I don't like it here – that's basically the only reason. And as soon as I have enough money I'll leave here and go to somewhere much warmer. I also don't like our tax system, and I think we have, uh, poor public transportation system, poor streets, um... poor street signage, um... poor school system. I think there are some good things about Winnipeg; we have a lot of nice people that live here, um, you know, everybody I run into on the street is willing to give you a hand or do you a favour if you need to, most of the time. And, uh, I think there are a lot of people that are interested in improving our city, but I think there's a lot of, um, bureaucracy in our way, and um, there's a really long road to having a great city, but we could. And that's pretty much it.



### 46 Transcona Express

Well, I like Winnipeg 'cause it's a good size for me. I, I don't like... I wouldn't feel comfortable in a bigger city; I like this size or smaller. I think there's still a lot of sense of community, especially in certain neighbourhoods, uh, which kind of makes you feel more comfortable. I like to know the people I'm around and I don't want to be alienated. Uh, but that's the kind of person that's going to give you interviews... Uh, the other thing I like about – I do like, uh, four seasons, um, so the, the climate's pretty good for me. The things I don't like about it is it's kind of remote from, uh, other centers, so to get anywhere you really have to travel. Um, I think other than that... what can I say? I, uh... Winnipeg offers enough culture, sports, and a lot of different ethnicities here, to have that cultural input, too. There's the ballet, if you need - if you want that. Theatre is pretty big, music is big; I think, so culturally speaking I think we're ahead of a lot of cities, or we were in the past. Um, education - I thought we were pretty good forerunners in the past; I don't think we're keeping up to that status quo – I think education, we should be improving. Um, and I think the one thing that where Winnipeg is starting to show its age, and it's population is getting a little old, but then I'm not sure if that's not happening all over, so. Maybe it's getting a little bit, um, the demographics are a little old. But other than that I think Winnipeg's great, it's got a lot of different industries, for work wise, you know? A lot of variety compared to a lot of cities. I don't think people know how good it is here, really.





Surveillance photo



Spy Satellite image




Photos: William Eakin



Shoe-cam

Evidence





De-Briefing:

A few years ago, if you looked closely you might have noticed a few cartoon faces with bad teeth nailed to the odd telephone pole. Well now a days SloMo's got some help and clusters of these "Pre-Fabs" are popping up all around town. Where ever there is public wood exposed, it seems tax payers are exercising their god given right to nail up coloured blocks of wood. But how do you find them? The answer is simple... Satellite imaging technology. Using a computer we have pinpointed the existing Pre-Fabs and predicted the most probable locations of future hits.

Permanence is crucial in this game where Preephs can go missing mere days after installation. Most of the time they are fastened with 4.5" nails, staggered and dug deep in order to deter removal.

Ian August.

# Bohemian Snickelways of Winnipeg:

## A Self-Guided Walking Tour

by Bev Pike

*Snickelway: a narrow passageway or alley between walls, fences, or buildings.*  
(1983; attrib. to Mark Jones, York, UK; colloq. comb. of snicket, ginnel, & alleyway)



**A**nd so we begin, on the cobblestones which have witnessed many a humble comix fan at Fur Trade Settlement Books blossom into a tireless researcher of the somatosensory and pornography. Feel their excitement as you approach the Home of Spontaneous Copyrights, where you might catch a glimpse of a publicity-shy scholar warily photocopying. All is not what it seems, as she duplicates her autobiographical minutia for a multi-media interchange with the cyber-state. Take care not to frighten the skittish during these delicate intellectual moments.



**R**egard, with a cinema historian's eye, the moody vintage dumpsters of the Early Mercantile District. Notice the darkly sensitive cultural workers smoking in the background of wedding photo shoots of the chattering classes. Meander away, along the merry path amongst the bright lights of the shopping district. Here you could witness the odd urban flanneuse indulging in small furtive pleasures of retail. Imagine the thrill of buying a lipstick (or even a magazine) after six months of scraping by on what is called, in jovial artsy argot, Living Expenses.



**T**urn back now, to experience avant-guard ambience of Artsplice, where film students of popular Winnipeg Surrealism workshops vivisection their newly haunted past. Watch for skulking witnesses as you duck into the Anarchisto Bookstore and Coffee Shop. Here visitors can sleuth out the rare wire-rimmed philosopher, reading up on Eurocentrism and The Indigene while sipping on an organic fair-trade tea. This site is haunted by the spectre of an 1885 dry goods merchant who gaily gavottes nude on the chess table.



LOSE yourself at the Crank Up Café, where you might espy a stylishly tattooed playwright commiserating with other between-contract confrères. Rejuvenated, experience the delights of the picturesque Island Lakes bus, often filled with wizened storytellers who are imbued with the charming prairie convictions of John Barleycorn. Disembark at Osborne-On-Avon Village, to be enveloped by bustling boulevardières who are diligently herding their droll visiting curators to the wake-up cappu round midday.



ARTISTS roam among the faux antiquity shops in this bustling quartier where industry magnates once scurried. The very facades ooze the eons of creative genius. Trot onward toward the King's Pig Pub, and wet your whistle surrounded by renowned wits. You can stealthily eavesdrop on the lively banter of international artists-on-the-move, as they dazzle each other over the latest funding hide-and-seek, quantum physics, or pirate parties. In this convivial atmosphere, why not just jump right in and join the madcap fun!



NEED to the ancient pebbled asphalt beside Tiger Balm Kung-Fu Studio, in the time-honoured ritual of aspiration. It is auspicious to gaze north-west towards Wall Socket Art Gallery. Meditatively leave your workaday worries behind, and pretend you are a frustrated martial arts hobbyist, also spellbound with dreams of artistic acclaim. Later, those with a predilection for fun can try playing the role of the bewildered star of a youthful exhibition on conceptual anti-socialist art via hand-based proto-technology.



DODDLE around history in the making near the Bags To Haberdashery shop, close to scenes of ancient controversies and surreptitious extra-suburban rendezvous. You're sure to spot bargain shoppers on their way to pose for the cover of the latest Rolling Stone Crossings Quarterly. Move back in time to reflect on once famous artists who have now crossed over to the other side. End your journey here, looking forward to a relaxing evening read of the slyly sensuous articles by celebrity art and archaeology raconteurs.

# ST. JAMES

Saint James was named after the apostle, who was also known as “James the Great.” A great man, but not so great a neighbourhood. There is almost nothing to do, and it seems isolated from a city that is isolated in and of itself. You know everyone, in that way you don’t like, and the vacant buildings rival the occupied in number. It grows on you, though, I guess.



I think this icon speaks for itself. Good spot, if the police don’t show up....



This is about where m’lady Andrea lives.



McDiarmid Lumber  
Because sometimes I need lumber; usually to make a stretcher or something.



Taco Bell  
This fast food chain has the weirdest staff, but the best food. Worst hours, as well.



Goodwill Industries  
Good spot for cool records, and snazzy pants.



Crestview Elementary  
I hated elementary school, but I have no beef with the building. Red brick is always cool.



Dollarama  
‘Excuse me, how much is this?’ ‘\$!’ ‘And this?’ ‘\$!’ ‘How about this?’ ‘....1\$’



7-11  
Many trips across Sturgeon Creek pedestrian bridge are made to this Sturpee distributor.



Murray Industrial Park  
One time I took the wrong bus, and circled all through here for two hours. I’ll never ride the 83 again, let me tell you.



Tracks  
I like to walk along these. I think about how long they stretch for, and how many trains have passed over them over time. There’s something very engaging about trains.



Kiwanis Courts  
First job central. I loved being a janitor. Breaks every hour, outdoor work, absentee boss; it was rad.



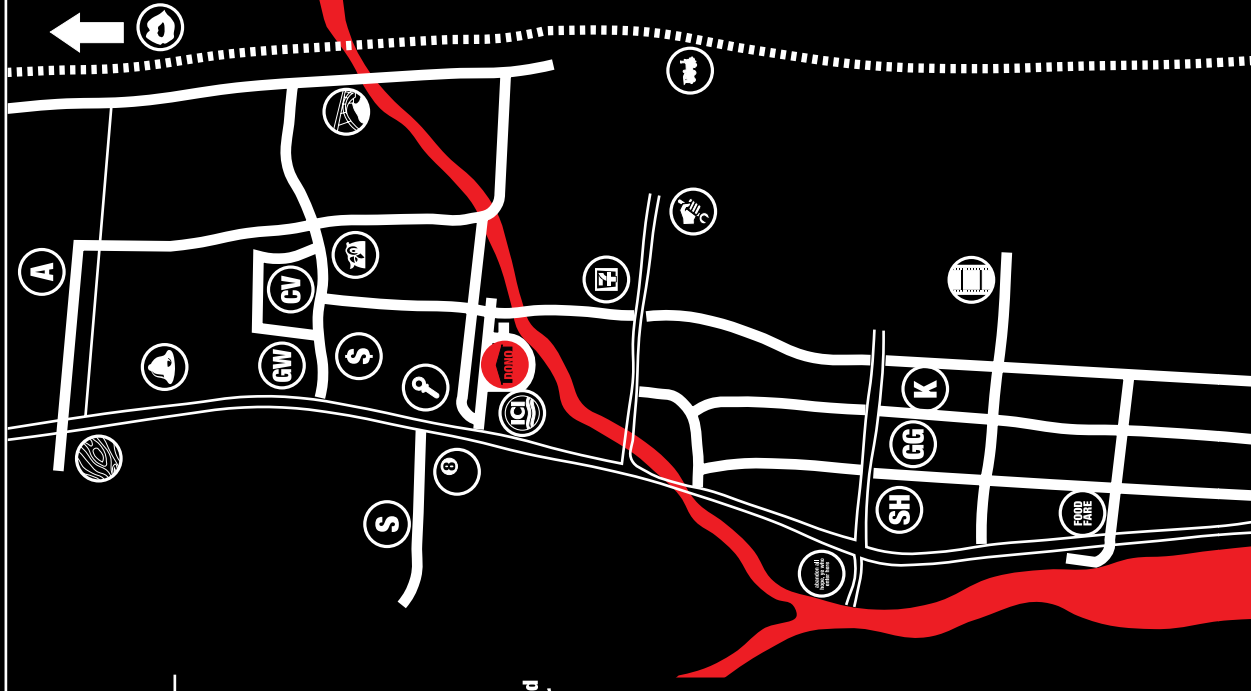
Moray Bridge  
Into Charleywood. Those guys are weird. St. Jamesians and Charleys can always spot each other somehow. It gets uneasy.



Silver Heights Collegiate  
I need a whole other map for this one.



Golden Gate Middle School  
Where I went to get away from my elementary school.







**Macs'**  
The ghetto 7-11. Knockoff slurpees, but close proximity to my friend Paul's house.



**Historic Graffiti**  
For as long as I can remember, 'The Tragically Hip' has been on this bridge. It was painted over once, but someone put it back. I love that.



**Snackers Restaurant**  
Nobody is ever in it, and I don't know anyone who's ever been in there, but it's been open for ever.



**Hilmar Venture**  
Where to go for a cheap sugar high.



**Village Inn**  
Andrea and I play pool here. Last time we went, we heard these teenagers call it 'The Vill.' I laughed out loud it sounded so lame.



**My house.**



**ICI Paints**  
This one is at the end of my street. It's handy to get my discount at such a close store. I do enjoy using paint.



**Base Theatre**  
For inexpensive, delayed blockbusters in a musty environment, choose the Base.



**Food Fare**  
I loved the people I worked with, but it was the WORST job I've ever had.



**Silver Avenue**  
Silver's good, because no one is ever on it, so you can go as fast as you want. Righteous!



**George 'Roger' Waters School**  
Some young punks changed the George to Roger at the beginning of one summer. It was up for three months. Pink Floyd is awesome.



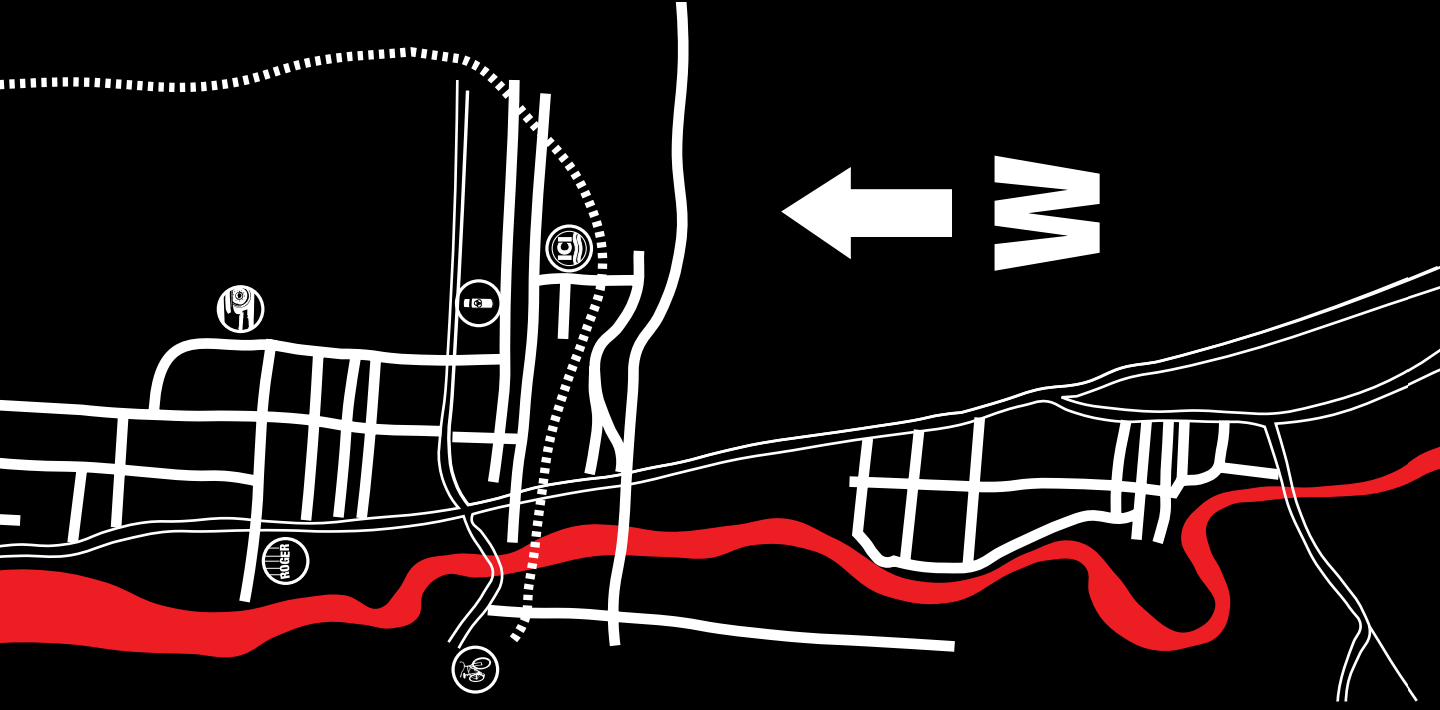
**Bike Path**  
This is a good time because it crosses the train tracks. Also, it gets you off of Portage and into greener settings. The gateway to Wolseley.



**Some Warehouse**  
This spot is significant because it is the first building I ever vandalized. I don't think I'll ever forget the rush I got that day. Er, I mean, graffiti is wrong....



**ICI Paints**  
The workplace. Cheap paint and I get to drive a forklift. Can't complain.



x3

## 6th Annual Art Draw and Fundraiser

December 6, 2003

In the first week of December each year we hold x3, our most popular and successful annual fundraiser and art draw. Close to 150 artists donate over 400 works of art for a week-long exhibition in our Main Gallery, culminating in an evening that fills the gallery with hundreds of art lovers vying for their pick of art off the walls. Each artist receives an art-draw ticket and charitable receipts, and tickets are also sold to the public. Numbers are randomly drawn, artworks come off the walls, and everyone has a fantastic time. Our hosts for the event this year were Kevin Matthews [BOARD DIRECTOR], Liz Garlicki [GALLERY ASSISTANT], and Risa Horowitz [PROGRAMMING COORDINATOR], with Jean Klimack [ADMINISTRATIVE COORDINATOR] masterminding the whole affair. Thanks to all the artists, volunteers, and those who purchased tickets for your continued love and support of **aceartinc.**! Participants in our 6th annual event were:

The Abzurbs, KC Adams, Jan Asnes, Ian August, Elaine Baril, Daniel Barrow, Temple Bates, Tamara Rae Beibrich, Allison Bile, Robert Bos, Roland Bouchard, Gail Bourgeois, Kelsey Braun, Shirley Brown, Katherine Bruce, Derek Bruekner, Szu Burgess, Teresa Burrows, Robert Burton, Paul Butler, Sandra Campbell, Mike Carroll, Fiona Carruthers, Irene Chaikin, Cecile Clayton-Gouthro, Jane Clark, Cathy Collins, Jim Corbett, Karen Cornelius, Terry Corrigan, Sarah Crawley, James Culleton, Brigitte Dion, Michael Dumontier, Richard Dyck, Hollie Dzama, Jeanette Dzama, Maurice Dzama, Sheila Dzama-Symonds, William Eakin, Heidi Eigenkind, Daniel Erban, Cliff Eyland, Neil Farber, Trevor Fehr, Mia Feuer, Bernard Ferguson, Mary Ferguson, Elvira Finnigan, Rachelle Fordyce, Kevin Friedrich, Shawn Frosst, Kendra Gaede, Liz Garlicki, Cindy Garrioch, Sandy Glass, Larry Glawson, Sue Gordon, Kim Gwozdz, Scott Hadaller, Hadley and Maxwell, Erin Haluschak, Karen Harrington, The Headquarters, Arwen Helene, Darryl Hogg, Lois Hogg, Richard Holden, Risa Horowitz, Teresa Hudson, Simon Hughes, Xanthe Isbister, Leah Janzen, Glen Johnson, Mariianne Jonnason, Paul Kim, Bruce Kirton, Dana Kletke, Jean Klimack, Cara Kolt, Wanda Koop, Elaine Kowalsky, Cathy Kuryk, JoAnna Lange, Tom Lewicki, Doug Lewis, Erika Lincoln, Annette Lowe, Robert Lowe, Justin Ludwar, Angela Luvera, Chris MacDonald, Bonnie Marin, Blair Martin, Jung Hee Lee-Marles, Kevin Matthews, Shawna McLeod, Divya Mehra, Doug Melnyk, Kristy Menzies, Holly Moore, Sandee Moore, Mike Moses, Patrick Newfield, Holly Newman, Les Newman, Jennie O', Chris Olsen, Adriana O'Neil, Gerald O'Neil, Karen Owens, Judith Mary Panson, Geoff Parkyn, Dylan Pethybridge, Megan Perry, Veronica Preweda, Ann Rallison, Shereen Rampershad, Heinrich Rempel, Dominique Rey, Kelli Rey, Candice Ring, Paul Robles, John Roshon, Maggie Ross, Elaine Rounds, Chris Roznowsky, Shelley Rusen, Kelly Rey, Dominique Rey, Dan Saidman, Mark Saunders, Shannon Sheilds, Tim Schouten, Lynne Schulz, Cyrus Smith, Sheila Spence, Ewa Tarsia, Fred Thomas, Diana Thorneycroft, Pat Treacy, Susan Turner, Jeff Tutt, Racheal Tycoles, Royal Art Lodge, Tracy Valcourt, Andrea Vanryckeghem-Reeks, Garrett Van Winkle, Kristen Vasilyev, Megan Vun Wong, Karen Wardle, Justin Waterman, David Wityk, Liz Wreford, Kevin Yates, Calvin Yarush, Iris Yudai, Ruby Yudai, Lida Zurawsky



**Performathon**  
**aceartinc.'s**  
annual evening  
of performance  
celebration  
July 3, 2004

**aceartinc.** once again opened its doors to the public with an evening of performances by the extended Winnipeg arts community. We invited anyone who wished to get up on stage and enjoy their 15 minutes. The event included performances by visual artists, dancers, musicians, poets, exhibitionists and more. Participants at **Performathon** were:

Adhere and Deny  
Daniel Barrow  
Mike Dydueck  
Rachelle Fordyce  
David Grywinski  
Risa Horowitz  
Glen Johnson  
Marianne Jonasson  
Marhi Kim  
Donna Lewis  
Doug Lewis  
Erika Lincoln  
Brian Longfield  
Kevin Matthews  
Nagasaki Fondue  
Freye Olafson  
Julie Parrell  
Serge Salvador  
Cyrus Smith  
Charles Romero Venzon





## Outlay

Michelle Allard

April 8 - 30th, 2004

From April 8th – 30th Michelle Allard used our Flux Gallery as a laboratory for new work and an in-situ installation. Through her on-going involvement and re-use of common insulating materials, she used the space to produce, assemble and install hand cut sections of tiling produced from mattress foam and foamcore, materials that are appealing for their lightweight and multifunctional qualities.





## Fancifully Conceived: Falsely Devised Annual University of Manitoba Student Exhibition

May 14 - 28, 2004

Each year **aceartinc.** provides a professional development opportunity for the School of Art students by offering our space as a site for a self-juried group exhibition. The students gain experience with the adjudication and installation process, while having the opportunity to see their works in exhibition and invite the public to share their success.

**Fancifully Conceived:Falsely Devised** was organised by Wendy Campbell and the Students of Fine Arts. Students whose works were included were:

Stacey Abramson  
Cam Bush  
Wendy Campbell  
Dawn Chaput  
James Craig  
Dominika Dratwa  
Ken Harasym  
Maegan Hill-Caroll  
Richard Hines  
Leah Janzen  
Garland Lam  
Veronica Lussier  
Julia Mark  
Mathias Reeve  
Joel Simkin  
Meera Singh  
Jenny Smirl  
Elaine Stocki  
Ainsley Sturko  
Robert Tate  
Suzanne Wasyliv-Adams  
Stephan Wiebe  
Collin Zipp

## Dada World Data Production

August 7 - 8, 2004

### The Real Thing: Coca, Democracy and Rebellion in Bolivia.

Andre Clement and Jim Sanders,  
filmmakers, Winnipeg.

**aceartinc.** continues its practice of partnering with cultural events that extend our audience and attendance at the gallery. **The Real Thing: Coca, Democracy and Rebellion in Bolivia** is a documentary in the making about one of the poorest countries in the western hemisphere—Bolivia. This landlocked, small and mostly indigenous nation has been at the heart of some of the most significant and dramatic events in the Americas in the last year. Like much of South America, the country is experiencing a severe, and deepening economic and social crisis.

Winnipeg Filmmakers André Clement and Jim Sanders screened their film, which exposes the Bolivian crisis.



dadaworlddata presents.

# The Real Thing

Coca, Democracy and Rebellion in Bolivia

an evening of guerrilla video

**2** Nights **August 7<sup>th</sup> & 8<sup>th</sup>**  
Thursday & Friday

Location: **aceart**  
2nd Floor, 290 McDermot Ave.

smash the medium

doors open @ 8PM  
video starts @ 9PM  
music provided by:  
**balanced**  
• free snacks •

price: **\$5**

liberate the message

"The Real Thing is a documentary in the making that focuses on one of the poorest countries in the western hemisphere, and one of the most significant social movements of the last 500 years. The Real Thing is about an indigenous people who have never given up their fight for their sacred leaf and their right for self-determination."

Tickets available at:  
Ace Art  
(290 McDermot)  
Urban Bakery  
(398 Fortage Ave.)  
Into the Music  
(167 Osborne)  
Mondragon  
(91 Albert St.)  
Prairie Sky Music  
(871 Westminister)

contact information:  
p 292-9467 e blackbox@shaw.ca



CKWW 103.1 FM

"... subversive film company extraordinaire Dada World Data" - Uinter





## Project Mobilivre/ Bookmobile

September 8 - 9, 2003

Making its debut tour in 2001 and enjoying great success, the Bookmobile is an annual touring exhibition of artist books, zines and independent publications. The project travels across the United States and Canada drawing audiences in public spaces of various urban and rural communities. Workshop taught by Ginger Brooks Takahashi, Amanda Davidson, Anna Leventhal.



## aceartinc.

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Canada Council  
for the Arts

Conseil des Arts  
du Canada

## Mandate

**aceartinc.** is an artist run centre dedicated to the development, exhibition and dissemination of contemporary art by cultural producers. **aceartinc.** maintains a commitment to emerging artists and recognizes its role in placing contemporary artists in a larger cultural context.

## Regular Programming

Regular Programming is created through an annual call for submissions which seek that use of **aceartinc.**'s facilities and services for public presentation. **aceartinc.** encourages proposals from individuals, groups and collectives in all visual arts media, and reviews submissions within the context of our mandate and goals. Regular Programming submissions are due September 1st.

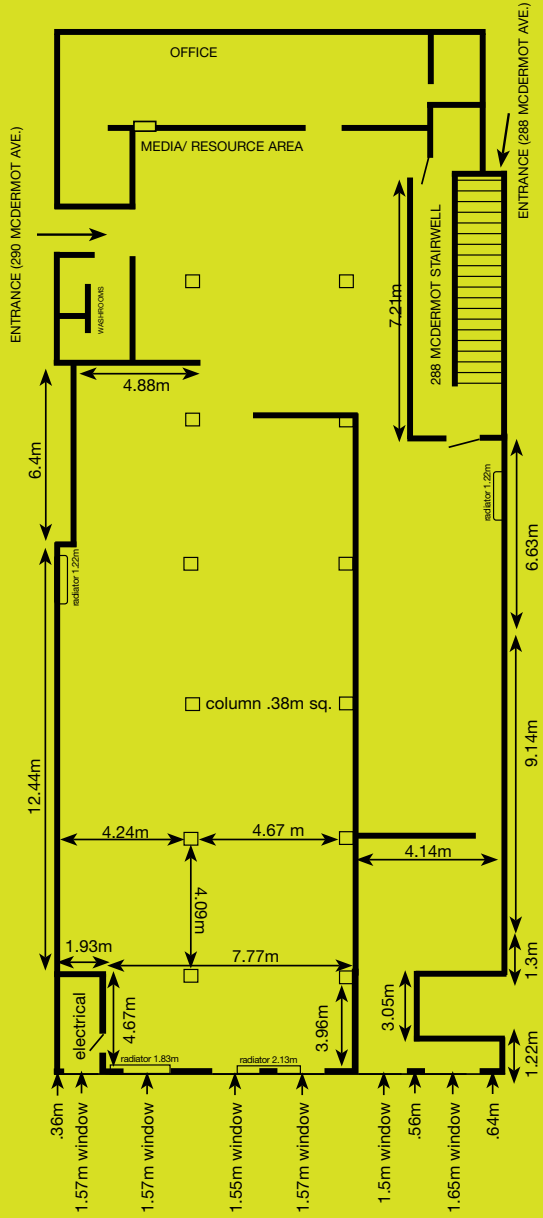
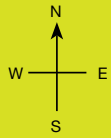
## Special Programming

Special Programming is initiated by **aceartinc.** Programming staff or by the Programming Committee shortly after the Regular Programming season is determined through adjudication. Programming Committee thematic calls or invitations are made at the discretion of the Committee within the context of the programming season, our mandate, and goals. Special Programming may also be initiated by Programming Staff, providing a curatorial opportunity for Staff on an annual basis.

**aceartinc.** pays CARFAC fees to artists exhibiting through Regular and Special Programming.

## Project Room

**aceartinc.**'s Project Room program is a service to the community offered to members and other arts organisations to utilize the existing physical space and resources of the Centre for artistic development. Written requests for Project Room explorations are considered by **aceartinc.**'s Programming Staff and Committee on an ongoing basis, and, space and time permitting, at short notice. No fee is paid or charged for this service.



streama stream stream  
the trailer shows me  
unisex refrigerators backward written  
epics Sunday river jobless and consumer  
under drumsticks charming and  
disarming like a chickenshit baguette  
pembina is sinking and it passeth  
under tracks billboard bison business  
follows japanese syntax  
transportation sturgeon  
thoughts of daily lunch buffet  
electric lady jumbotron and BBQ filet  
make me up another just like  
she has over there  
take me to a movie and  
transplant unwanted hair  
petrotheque  
paperwork providential claims  
muffler man minivan  
everything rhymes alone  
temple of the  
phone

operatic burger static  
body work and market  
research laundromat decay  
universal solvent and the  
salad of the day  
front end loader  
portraiture invisible balloons  
gift basket paratrooper straws  
that end in spoons wait for  
save a lot painters wait for  
lawn care waste of life insurance  
and a general lack of armchairs  
poster on the lamppost there

**60 northbound**  
by Kevin Matthews