

PaperWait
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PaperWait

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above: Detail.

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Notes from the Editor

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Celebrating the 2004-2005 programming year, *PaperWait* Vol. 7 includes artist's pages with works that relate to the theme, *Art+Text*. The work of four artists was selected from almost a hundred submissions. These works incorporate a variety of ideas such as the fetishising of mass culture, the commodity of art and the reclamation of the art object, counter-consumerism, obsession of the artist, racial stereotyping, humour and anxieties of art making.

Aceartinc. continues to acknowledge the importance of constructive analysis and reflections about art through critical text and this publication includes five *Critical Distance* essays from the programming year. *Critical Distance* is a fundamentally important program that encourages artists and art theorists to respond to the exhibitions at aceartinc.

This programming year also saw the introduction of the extremely successful Visiting Artist and Curator Lecture Series. Five of Canada's most relevant curators and artists came to Winnipeg to present lectures and provided studio visits for our members.

Finally, on behalf of the board of aceartinc. I would like to express much gratitude to Jean Klimack, Administrative Coordinator, (October 2001- August 2004) and Risa Horowitz, Programming Coordinator (June 2002- August 2004), who have moved on to new horizons. Jean is currently working towards the completion of her MFA at San Fransisco School of the Arts and Risa is the Programming Coordinator at YYZ in Toronto. A huge thanks also go to the commitment and diligence of past board members, Chris Clarke, Chris MacDonald, Holly Procktor, Anna Kirbyson and Dan Painchaud.

Theo Sims

In memoriam

Joseph Conlon

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Fiona Carruthers

Shelley Rusen

Caroline Dukes

Winston Leathers

Cecile Clayton-Gouthro



Helen Cho, *Too Sweet! Go Away!*, 2004. Installation view, aceartinc. Photo Liz Garlicki © Helen Cho.

Soap Appeal

Too Sweet! Go Away! Helen Cho AUGUST 28 - OCTOBER 2, 2004

Helen Cho's exhibition *Too Sweet, Go Away!* is an installation not to be so easily assumed. It reveals both a simple grace as well as several haptic complexities. In this body of work, Cho appears interested in connections; what they are and how they may be entwined are not left solely up to interpretation (as is everything), but are turned-over to our morays of social engagement. In the exhibition's entirety, this installation consists of soap-bars (more bars than one should count), as well as over 800 lbs. of white granulated sugar... (poured directly onto the floor), and to the other side of the gallery, two monitors playing single channel videos, (both quite independent of one another).

Both monitors are situated a distance apart, say 25 feet, each facing the other (in discourse?). The videos reveal a nakedness... with their respective actors, post-production, and overall messages—*the brides stripped bare, for all to see, and the Bachelors have long since retired their boring gaze*. The videos do not belabor the female voice; they resolve such discourse within themselves,

a response by
Doug Lewis

Helen Cho, *Too Sweet! Go Away!*, 2004. Installation view, aceartinc. Photo William Eakin, © Helen Cho.



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entitled *Decent* and *Snowmermaid*, each a Yin that looks to cultivate itself through a belief of its own proclamation. What these videos convey—without question, is a disservice to them to further narrate descriptions.

Both videos are on a loop. Both using with individual women; female figures in their respective landscapes; one in winter and the other in summer. They are not in direct contrast to one another, nor are they purposefully entwined. Though they are, without question, in some form of dialogue with one another.

Covering a vast majority of the gallery floor, 'sweet' islands of sparkling white sacral grains form glittering topographies—upon them, dispersed 'vehicles' of soap-bars (all made from Cho's recipes/colouring). Strewn, each bar rests as a separate *cast*, lying as an undifferentiated sweet-scape. Cho's

desire for an aesthetical dialectic presents a quiet sensuality, revealing hundreds of soap-bars blemishing the white sugar mounds. What is impressed upon even the skeptical imagination, is perhaps the notion that in order to keep our thoughts clean (or pure?), a journey into minutia should take place (God is in the details?). Contrasting such a bent of unsoiled worth, Cho, on close inspection, has manipulated each cast soap-bar. Through piercings and/or alterations, many of the soap-bars have been *individualized*, thus revealing negative spaces and drawing attentions to their core. This highlights each soap-bar as a vessel, even if it is likely a dysfunctional one, and bound to dissolve.

Many of the soap-bars contain perforations via staples and pins, acting as altered scarifications suggesting subtle disfiguration. Others contain mended spaces via stitches of thread, all seeming to struggle with the concept of individuality. Each *individualism* plays with the notion of a misplaced cleanliness. The suggestion implied is perhaps that cleanliness is not truly of biblical proportions. Cho quietly relies on soap/sugar as the objectified skin/ground... perhaps hers, but most importantly, yours. "Intimacy is the limit of clear consciousness; clear consciousness cannot clearly and distinctly know anything concerning intimacy, except for the modifications of things that are linked to it." (George Bataille, *Theory of Religion*, p.99)

Each cast soap-bar exposes modish manipulations, though there is nothing absolute about a bar of soap likely to be washed down a drain. Cho's installation travels free of conceptual burdens by simply relying on an intuitive collision between unlikely suspects. Formal contrasts of scent, mass, taste and narrative manifest the elegance of difference... both to that which is there, and that which is not. As a social tool, the "soap-experience" is most likely to be what you end up *not smelling* (the infamous *other*), that invariably, and not always so graceful dissent toward the olfactory. In the case of Cho's installation, the closer your proximity to it, the more you quickly that you realize you've been odorously assaulted by the soap itself. Once intoxicated by the cheerful off gassing, your eyes rest again on the sugar-covered floor. The two contrasting mediums lie together bound in a sweet and sour bed.

"Do you want your mouth washed out with soap?"—a parent admonishes their child. "You're SO sweet..." echoes a distant relative. Social communications of sourness and its opposite carry consequences, both for the user and its recipients. Cho's installation suggests a plan of abject connections taunting those with saccharine-like attraction, and simultaneously rebuking those that fall for it.

Doug Lewis makes art, likes movies and used to drive an old rusty truck in Winnipeg. In his spare time, he's an emerging curator and watches Fear Factor.



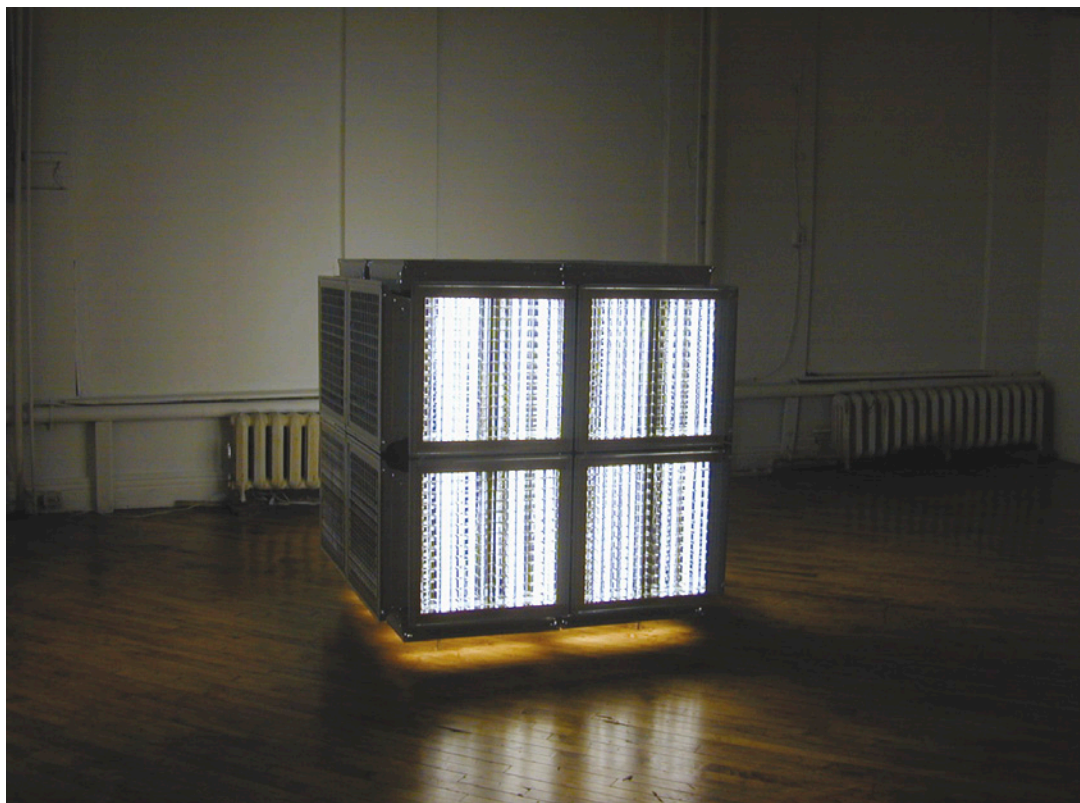
Daniel Young and Christian Giroux, *Fullerene*, 2004. Photo by Theo Sims, © the artists.

New Products of the Sheltered Workshop

Insofar it is possible to say anything in general about contemporary sculptural practice as such, one could identify a present tendency to exploit ever more varied, pre-fabricated, and perishable materials, and say that strategies of dispersion and willful assemblage hold the field. Radical heterogeneity is now the norm. Of course this applies mostly to those works made and presented indoors, which are generally described as sculpture-installation. The other dominant strategy for ambitious sculpture is to assume the form of a pavilion, and with it the full range of social, spatial, and tectonic issues that were once the exclusive concern of architects and building. The great novelty of these works is that they can be entered and experienced from inside. Of course, these works are mostly situated outdoors, in the city or in some park-like setting, and despite their large scale, they are often temporary. With these enlarged means, sculpture takes up once again the classic Modernist role of advancing alternative models of the public and social. It also assumes—presumably unintentionally—much of architecture’s relentlessly ameliorative

a response by
Kenneth Hayes

Daniel Young and Christian Giroux, *Excel*, 2004. Photo by Theo Sims, © the artists.



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character, to the point of becoming a form of sophisticated play, even an object of entertainment.

The three sculptures shown here, *Fullerine*, *Access*, and *Excel*, are distinguished by their opposition to the reductive dialectic of these two contemporary sculptural programmes. The works abjure picturesque incident, applied colour, and mixed media to pursue instead unitary spherical and cubic volumes. Even when the works suggest play, they don't have the look of fun. They exhibit an almost retrograde fascination with construction in its systematic, industrial sense. Like early minimal works, they seek the condition of utter transparency of conception and perception associated

with the term axiomatic structures. That said, *Fullerine* and *Access* both contain interior spaces at a habitable scale that provokes a viewer's desire to occupy them. The fact that they are not readily accessible diverts this urge into a purely imaginary occupation. Interpreted as strangled or thwarted models of architectural and public space—the artists have called them HVAC Satellites—these works challenge both the liberated messiness and the easy situational spaces of much contemporary sculpture.

The work's boldest polemic may be that viewers are denied entry, but it might actually be the case that something wants out. The title of *Access* seems to name the issue by a kind of structural inversion, for surely egress is the problem it poses. The sculpture is, after all, a kind of wind tunnel without direction or outlet, one that posits both the radical economy and the solipsistic absurdity of a closed loop. It recalls common anxieties about modern hermetic spaces such as office buildings and airliners in which the same air is filtered and endlessly recirculated. The title of *Excel* is even more direct. In it cheap fluorescent office lighting is reified into a cube that emits light of a frightening intensity. The image of a cell or cage appears consistently in these works; Young notes, for example, that scientists believe unknown ancient gases are trapped in the molecular structure of elemental *Fullerine*.

If these are cages, the things which would want out of them have a distinct air of menace. Rare gases, a stale and exhausted air, a bombardment of cold white light—the apparent objectivity of the axiomatic structure has a strong and surprising expressionist overtone. It is as if the sculptures offered close encounters with virulent conditions. Like vaccines, they seem designed to protect us against menaces and epidemics through a controlled, prophylactic exposure, but like a vaccine, they also risk exacerbating the very conditions they are designed to ward off. The sculptures are air locks on the threshold between our known, habitable world, and a new and difficult artificial environment. They alert us that this new world requires considerable security equipment if we are to survive, and maybe some special training to endure.

In reverting to the minimalist notion of the axiomatic structure the sculptures risk being merely regressive, and in declining the role of producing liberating experiences of the public and social, they risk being labeled overtly reactionary. Yet by walking this tightrope, the artists seek to define a distinct mode of practice in the difficult field of contemporary sculpture. Starting on the path of large scale, but refusing the architectural with its various unavoidable affirmations, they choose instead to negotiate the more restricted ambit of the architectonic as such. This reduction seems designed primarily to initiate a cryptic discourse about imprisonment, unfreedom, and alienation. The pessimism expressed in the foreclosure on inhabitation charges the sculptures with a sense of

Daniel Young and Christian Giroux, left: *Access*, 2004; right: *3 Objects*, 2004. Installation View, aceartinc. Photos by Theo Sims, © the artists.



14 the historical failure of modernism's radical formal experiments. Their vacuous quality of formal redundancy alludes to a vast catastrophe brought on by the logic of systems and the categorical imperative. What gradually emerges is a kind of melancholic symbolism of the capitalist city, an elegantly fabricated elegy for the industrial mode of production, and a practice critical of the spaces of modern destitution through their mimetic intensification.

The artists declared their claim on this carefully nuanced position by devoting their first collaborative work to the ambivalent legacy of Buckminster Fuller. Fuller's career cannot be assessed on the conventional axes of success and failure, or for that matter, on the political spectrum of left and right. He was a military researcher lionized by the sixties counter-culture, a hero to both the pentagon and the hippies. Fuller's much vaunted invention of the geodesic dome surely launched on the world one of the most radically useless of all forms. Antagonistic to all established culture, the geodesic dome is the reduction of all architecture to the single technical problem of efficiently enclosing space, and yet its radical lack of hierarchy is calculated to induce a kind of sublime awe. It is an object that has no parts, no steps or stages. Irreducible, it is like neither a machine nor a building, since both these forms are ineluctably composed of parts.

Fullerine's construction suggests that it is a model or maquette, but the obscurity of its field of reference induces the imagination to play with scale. One feels miniature standing next to this sphere, or else quite colossal, depending if it is imagined as a manifestation of nanotechnology or

as some kind of astral model. Indeed, the sculpture is like a massively enlarged microscopic object, a grain of pollen or a virus. Its modular light-weight aluminum construction is not far from the strangely hand-crafted aesthetic of early satellites and landing modules, or space stations that must generate their own gravity. It is readily imagined as a kind of gyroscopic world—one might almost expect to see the sphere suspended, in the manner of Rodchenko's early constructions. As it is, its relation to the ground is tangential. Ideally occupying only one point, it touches down as lightly as possible. The bicycle tire cladding make the sculpture into a kind of omni-directional vehicle, a rover capable of negotiating the most difficult and unforeseeable terrain. It is simultaneously a utopian play object and an instrument of omnipotent aggression, but like sound waves out of sync, these two quite opposed sources of euphoric sensation cancel out, producing only a strange, emotionally flattened state.

The collaborative works of Christian Giroux and Daniel Young are like the flawed products of a workshop sheltered from the harsh realities of capitalism. Their objects are too clumsy to be persuasive as prototypes of a new plastic order, too dysfunctional to offer positive social models, so perfunctory in their construction as to raise fear of a pure identification with the system, too labour-intensive to compete effectively on any market, and so ambiguous in their function as to simply cause confusion. The work accomplishes too much to be dismissed, but never manages to be truly useful. It expresses too much feeling for the pleasures of construction to be labeled abject. It exhibits too much satisfaction in belonging to a benign and indulgent liberal society to be called cynical. Like a slow worker, it tries hard, but just can't quite keep up the pace. The work's untimeliness can be measured by its distance from the rapid prototyping and automated digital production actually applied now in industry. Instead of the latest models and methods, Young and Giroux offer dated and slightly damaged goods that solicit reflection on de-industrialization and technology's effect on the production of objects and space in a capitalist world order. That would be of little more than passing interest if they did not also invite us to see its radical consequences for our subjectivity. They work to remind us once again that the fully enlightened world radiates disaster triumphant.

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Kenneth Hayes is an architectural historian and curator/critic of contemporary art. He lives in Toronto and Istanbul.

Note: HVAC is the acronym for Heating, Ventilation, and Air Conditioning, used to describe the mechanical systems of modern buildings.



Sandee Moore, *The Story of My Life as Performed by Sandee Moore*, 2005. Installation view, acentinc. Photo by Liz Garlicki © the artist.

Social Thought Aloud

a response by
Jeanne Randolph

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Erskine drank tea with me. We were in a luscious flow of spirits and vastly merry. “How we do chase a thought,” said Erskine, “when once it is started. Let run as it pleases over hill and dale and take numberless windings, still we are at it. It has a greyhound at its heels every turn.”

This has also been my joy, as it was Boswell’s, recorded in this December entry of his first London Journal 1762-1763. For me the most pleasing and intellectual tea-glut must spill in unexpected directions. Of course this tangentiality does take time. Linger with the most singular tea addict I know, “Time gallops along,” as Boswell described one of his many rendezvous. Boswell and his friends had got “into deeper speculative conversation about the immortality of the soul, human nature, of human pursuits and of happiness. We did not part till three in the morning.”

Boswell had marveled how “the human mind is really curious... in the space of a few hours I was a dull and a miserable, then a clever and a happy mortal, and all without the intervention of any external cause except a dish of green tea... I am so fond of tea... It

Linda Duvall, *Tea & Gossip*. Installation view, aceartinc. Photo William Eakin © the artist.



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comforts and enlivens without the risks attendant on spirituous liquors. Gentle herb! Thy soft influence is an inspirer of social joy.”

Tea is, however, a mirror. It can make a moping donkey glad, but it won't refigure a donkey as a zebra. To do this requires imagination—social imagination: the joy of listening, the joy of giving a damn and the privilege of living in a society where the practice of conversation is nurtured. It is imagination that re-figures a zebra as a donkey. We would expect imagination to be more abundant in experimental art than, say, in the social sciences.

Art, like tea, can be a mirror, and art history is replete with astounding mirror images of the societies in which artists have lived. Responding to society's bounty and deficiencies (plus anything ambivalently noted in between), it is possible for a performance or an installation to act out—restage—our society's nurturance (or not), for example, of conversation. We know conversation to be a fine medium in which to forefront personal acts of interpretation and the contingencies that shape them. And it is possible for a performance or an installation to interpret—change the rhetorical terms of—the social values implicit in time taken to converse. Performance and/or installation set the stage for time taken, set the stage

for the joy of listening, the joy of giving a damn, and the joy of living in a society where acts of interpretation are an inalienable freedom. And in conversation, interpretation can also be proclaimed as an inalienable responsibility, though artists are never obliged to explore this particular concern (artists never, in Canadian society at least, being obliged to explore anything but what they want to).

The intensity with which a society enhances conversation is a matter of interpretation, which—also no secret—mirrors can't do. That said, we cannot very well demand of artists that they interpret, rather than act out, the current predicament of conversation. We North Americans live in social milieus where mass media depictions of experience are literal, trivial and reduced to “the story line,” if not “the bottom line.” Interpretation of character and events is not so much a creative synthesis, but rather seems to mean little else than pattern-recognition—communicated “at the speed of business.” It has long been a truism to observe “The art of conversation is dead.” Nowadays it is the practice of conversation that is dead, at least tea-besotted conversations as perpetuated by Boswell, Samuel Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, Addison and Steele in the eighteenth century.

For the artist this is somehow a matter of what is staged and what is spontaneous. It is a matter of how the artist decides intimacy and empathy and patience can be evoked and ethically enacted. It's a conundrum, this staged relationship between artifice and authenticity. It's a conundrum, this position of the artist between artifice and authenticity. For that matter, in conversation artifice and authenticity themselves are admixed. Artifice and authenticity, objectivity and identification, effort and passivity, all these (and more) are at issue in intimate conversation, just as they are when intimate conversation is staged.

If Boswell was our contemporary here in the twenty-first century, he might surf the net till he accounted for his mood swings—as “Bipolar II” affective disorder. Or he could zap through our “500-channel universe” and in the space of an hour—or a second—oscillate between happy broadcasts meant to cheer miserable viewers and dull broadcasts that stupefy the excessively clever. Still, it might be Boswell's good fortune to live as an artist now as he did in the eighteenth century. Here Boswell would be, coping with present day society, a society in which the joy of listening and the joy of giving a damn are only feebly sustained with conversation. The social logic of pre-modern varlets and journeymen probably lumbered between one proverb and another, from one icon to another; the logic of post-modern consumers zips between slogans and logos—unless we take extra care. Which of course artists, friends of art and other lucky people try to do.

Jeanne Randolph is an autonomous intellectual whose most recent book WHY STOICS BOX: essays on art and society, was published by YYZ in 2003.



Karen Azoulay, *Confetti*, 2005. Detail. Photo Karen Azoulay © the artist.

confetti : warped

confetti : warped Karen Azoulay Robyn Foster MARCH 5 - APRIL 16, 2005

a response by
Cam Bush

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Abjectation in art is nothing new—or certainly it shouldn't be to anyone who has been paying even the most cursory attention. To both artists and viewers alike, the banal-as-beautiful has become a (wearyingly) familiar trope for the would-be iconoclast. What once was aesthetically revolutionary has itself oftentimes become banal: the easily caricatured clichés of the *artiste auteur*; the sort of stuff people “don't get.” The proliferation of this sort of coolly self-reflexive work is not surprising. Compelled toward the deconstruction of, well, *something*, but still beholden to a largely modernist aesthetic ethos, many artists are left suspended in a void between ‘pretty’ and ‘pretty clever’, with opportunities for investment and transformation relegated to the sidelines or simply forgotten. Alienation is sometimes said to be *the point* of such work, which seems both facile and, well, sort of beside the point. Where is the viewer left to go but ‘nowhere’ when all the alternatives seem to have been exhausted?

The immersive spaces created by Karen Azoulay's *Confetti*, and Robyn Foster's *Warped*—installations presented in tandem this

Robyn Foster, *Warped*, 2005. Installation views, aceartinc. Photo liz Garlicki © the artist.



22 spring at aceartinc—reconfigure the familiar detritus of consumer culture into idiosyncratic visions that are, respectively, whimsically fanciful, and eerily disorienting. Though the paradigms posited by the artists appear to differ, (indeed, almost diametrically at first glance), both works employ a self-conscious theatricality to transport the viewer/participant into a realm seemingly removed from any familiar temporal reality. And both reward the viewer willing to cast off the armour of intellectual detachment, and acquiesce into the visceral pleasures of enchantment and seduction.

Confetti is the progeny of Karen Azoulay's unlikely coupling of a carnivalesque flamboyance with a miniaturist's quiet attention to detail. The artist makes canny use of the Flux Gallery space. One is immediately drawn to a small area in the room's far right hand corner, nestled behind two ornamentally fringed curtains suspended at eye-level. The curtains are constructed from a gingerly aged, floral pattern, lace tablecloth, with long, elegant strands of braided rope hanging from the lower fray. The length of this fringe ebbs and flows in a rhythmic cascade from one curtain to the next, suggestive of a gently undulating landscape.

As one draws near, Azoulay's opulent forest emerges from behind this airy screen. The viewer's senses are momentarily flooded by the gorgeous delicacy of an intricate and organic world drenched in twinkling fairy lights, pastel-coloured ribbonry, and exquisite floral forms. As if conjured from some subconscious dreamstate, the constituent elements gradually become distinct, gently rousing the viewer from a pleasant somnolence.

Long, gothic branches wrapped in ribbons that shimmer kelly green, salmon, and lemon emerge from the walls at diagonals and perpendiculars; like downwardly hanging arms or the lowest boughs of a tree, these forms—resolutely solid, despite their delicate material—envelop and define the space. From the end of each branch tip hangs a small, chandelier bauble-shaped cluster of cut drinking straw segments, fashioned together like gorgeous, oblong honeycombs, dew drops, or exotic fruit. On the rear wall, translucent, waxy-green leaves are interspersed throughout the branches as if suspended in midfall, and are set against a warm, shamrock-coloured backdrop.

White, felt flowers with glistening stamens gracefully accent the space, clustered in small groupings along the branches, and suspended along cobwebbed strands of fishing line that anchor the latter. Just above eye level, a dense and intricately interwoven mass of ribbon and bead-encased wire hangs horizontally, like a lush nest of uncultivated wisteria vines; jeweled pendulums dangle below, similarly adorned in discrete blooms. Woven throughout the vinery are still more floral forms, (these reminiscent of chrysanthemums), each composed of interlocking, circular straw segments, and housing a fairy light at its centre. Though the space is saturated in dazzling bunches of these incandescent flowers, the cumulative effect is all light and air—every object placed with a deliberate finesse and attention to spatial relationships—and never becomes gaudy or indulgent, miraculously avoiding the haphazard kitsch of a bric-a-brac assemblage.

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Viewed from the outer periphery of the installation, the work appears not unlike a whimsically theatrical stage set, an impression reinforced by the five photographs offset a few feet from the greenly-glowing corner. Herein dwell the sprightly androgynies that populate Azoulay's enchanted world: nestled within the flora, bedecked in feathered party favour hats and veils of gold coins, some like Norse Sea Gods, with fanciful blue gusts of wind spiraling from their mouths.

If it is a stage, it's one whose boundaries Azoulay invites the viewer to transgress. One can become immersed completely within *Confetti's* sleepy and hypnotic play of long and soothing shadows, of curiously organic luminescence. Once inside, cynicism is quieted; the refreshing earnestness of the artist's dreamy vision transcends fatuous irony. Easy though the suspension of disbelief proves to be however, one cannot get completely lost in the illusion of an autonomous world without making an effort. The hand of the artist is apparent: there is always a small bow of fishing line, a daub of glue, or the frayed end of a ribbon strand quietly asserting itself into the viewer's reverie. And these are, unmistakably, plastic straws and discarded fabric notions at play.

But this is much more than another trendy, neo-folk reconsideration of the so-called 'domestic arts'. There is agency in the viewer's negotiation of *Confetti*; one may remain safely within the guarded realm of the divorced intellect, or can choose to embrace the active posture of the daydream. To opt for the latter is to get lost in a world of exquisite enchantment.

At first glance, Robyn Foster's *Warped* may best be described as a playground—not unlike those ubiquitous in fastfood restaurants everywhere—reconfigured for the both the scale and psychology of an adult. But as with all playgrounds, promise is shadowed by peril; lurking beneath the seductive, vinyl surface of the installation is something more ominous.

Once within the space, long-forgotten Hollywood archetypes of scientific laboratories (the kind imagined by technologically utopian, 1950's science fiction movies), are recalled, here replete with space suits, phaser guns, and human-sized enclosures of ambiguous purpose. When experienced with others, the work is rich with the potential for some good, clean juvenile regression into an exciting world of unknown peril and heroism. When experienced alone, it becomes almost overwhelmingly daunting, the large scale and hyperantiseptic environment unnerving and malevolent.

Everywhere are brash passages of clashing colour—fire engine red, eggplant purple, lime green—adorning vinyl and plastic surfaces. The effect should reasonably be almost acrid, but there is a strangely alluring quality to these objects: the familiar hues and textures of disposable consumer culture, each screaming louder than the last in the hope of capturing one's attention.

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Three heavily padded, vinyl suits—costumes which look as though inspired by an amorphous amalgam of an astronaut and a polymorphously perverse Teletubby—are suspended from dowels hung equidistantly throughout the room, and are available to be worn by the viewer/participant. The one nearest the entrance is a bulk of purple and green, with several distended, tubular forms hanging from the midsection, its windowed headpiece like a giant candycorn. Another suit's torso houses a water pistol and a vial of clear fluid within a velcro pouch, and alternately bears, (depending on the direction in which it is worn), a several foot long blue-and-white-striped tail or phallus. The third is smock-like in cut with constrictive leggings, a cloak, and a helmet with bulbous proboscises not unlike distended eyeballs, making the wearer resemble the high priestess of a giant, alien frog people.

To don one of these costumes is to willfully divorce oneself from any familiar corporeal reality. Movement is restricted, and becomes plodding and deliberate. Verbal communication is rendered all but impossible, the measured sound of one's own breathing reverberating like an iron lung within the headpiece. Contact with all surfaces is mediated through a thick, insulating layer of vinyl, and range of vision is restricted to the immediate foreground.

Once thus clad in the probable garb with which to investigate Foster's improbable world, the joyful elements of *Warped* quickly fall away, giving rise to an intangible sense of menace. Bizarre, synthetic structures are installed in a manner that articulates the space curiously: long, discordant passages separate objects, several areas sculpted only by an eerie scraping echoing from bulbous speakers overhead. Readymade toy guns, (which variously amplify sound, blow vapour rings, and shoot water), are

anchored to the walls alongside metallic pouches that bear ominous warnings, and ascribe to their contents disconcertingly ambiguous functions, (a diagram of a test tube is captioned, “locate this object and use interior liquid to perform protective shield”).

A low-ceilinged, tunnel-like enclosure occupies the front of the room, and—like virtually every other available surface—is liberally bedecked in small, circular lights that blink green and red, as if to indicate some unknown mechanical workings.

Elsewhere, three transparent, vertical structures resembling freestanding shower consoles hang from ceiling to floor. The Decontamination Unit is the first encountered, rising upward from the ground by pulley and allowing the suit-encumbered participant to shimmy awkwardly underneath. Neither the glittery, red ventilation panels, nor the gloves which extend outward from the interior give any clue as to how or why the unit’s titular function might be realised, but if ‘decontamination’ requires any exercises in intimate hygiene, these will have to be enacted in the vulnerable view of who/whatever else might be present.

A large, purple sack dominates the second enclosure, here inverting the gloves inward where they are blurrily magnified behind a windowed panel—an effect that is simultaneously fascinating, and queasily hallucinatory. A plastic canteen in the otherwise sparsely adorned third unit encloses a drawing of one of the suits, and is captioned, “mutant: you are the contaminator,”—one of either an unsettling accusation, or a dire warning, given the costuming.

Despite persistent allusions to a faintly perceived (if intangible) menace, the room is ultimately strangely inert, like an extraterrestrial colony whose occupants have only recently abandoned it, or met a more sinister fate. There is a sense of being suspended in a temporal vacuum, but one that threatens to mysteriously collapse inward upon itself. The absence of concrete certitudes, and the corresponding sense of possibilities both gratifying *and* malign, foster the same feelings of excitement and fear that accompany the investigation of any unknown quantity.

Foster’s familiar, yet frustratingly incomprehensible laboratory is as much a double-edged sword as any other technology, navigating a delicate balance between potential and potential consequences. There is a subtle and largely subconscious process of indoctrination at work; much in the same way the sexed-up space exploration programmes of NASA have laid the groundwork for the very real prospect of the weaponisation of space, so too does something sinister lie beneath the seductive and fun surface of *Warped’s* vinyl, playground exterior. To coin an old cliché, all that glitters is not gold, and Foster suggests we’d be well advised to know how to make the distinction.

At the time of your reading this, Cam Bush will, with any luck, be holding a freshly minted BFA from the University of Manitoba in his hands, and trying to figure out what the hell to do next.



top: Beauregard : maclean, Installation view, aceartinc. Photo William Eakin © Martin Beauregard, maclean.

left: Martin Beauregard, *Rainbow*, 2004. © Martin Beauregard.

right: maclean, *Art Implanté*, 2004. Photo William Eakin, © maclean.

Failed States

Most of us are at least somewhat acquainted with the experience of failure. You know, when you give something a go and it just doesn't work out. Sometimes you've given it your best shot, and sometimes it was just a half-hearted attempt to begin with. But the end result is the same: a flop. At its most excruciating, it is played out in a highly visible manner, in front of others, with a lot of attendant noise and flashing lights or (worse) media attention and documentation of the pitiful act that transpires. This is often referred to as "spectacular failure," borne of the philosophy "go big or go home."

The art world has seen its share of spectacular failures (the work of Christo is a case in point). Failure has also been embraced as a subject of art, from John Baldessari's ritualized burnings of his "failed" art works to Mike Kelly's ongoing exploration of abjectness in various media. These days, David Shrigley's drawings are taking the idea of incompetence to a whole new level in art—and reminding us that mistakes and failings are also funny, an integral part of just being alive. In his extensive research on the "pathetic"

a response by
Christabel Wiebe

in art, critic Ralph Rugoff has offered the following analysis of what such works can do: “Offering no quick fixes, they prompt us to rethink our categories of failure and success, of “winners” and “losers,” and to remember that such categories are not innocent. While elites see those who fail as pathetic, the weak know under what circumstances the pathetic is truly humane.”¹

The subject of failure in art is often unbearable for the viewer. We are taught early to strive for success and victory, strength and perfection; when confronted with anything less, we find it difficult to process and accept. And this is the crux of all the best art that deals with failure: it demands that we learn to do the same.

Paul McCarthy’s hour-long video performance, *Painter*, is a bizarre, hilarious, and horrifying treatise on violence, impotence, and the artistic condition. A grotesque, coarsely exaggerated buffoon (the painter) ravages his studio in a series of random, repulsive acts. He berates his female art dealer in a telephone call and demands money, ritually invokes the name of De Kooning in a repeated wail and alternately whimpers things like “I can’t do this” while pacing the studio and occasionally hurling paint (among other vile acts). As in all of McCarthy’s works, there is no resolution, leaving the viewer unfulfilled and disturbed. It gets a reaction, but more than that, it stirs up a hornet’s nest of issues that linger long after viewing, insisting to be puzzled out and considered.

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In titling his slide installation at aceart *Spectacular Failure*, artist Martin Beaugard (inadvertently or not) calls up the history of failed states in art. A series of photos of fireworks, devoid of context, flash onto a standing slide screen, flanked by two small speakers. Previous incarnations have included a performance element, whereby the artist has hidden behind the screen and produced a series of popping, whistling sound effects to animate the images; this time, the speakers played back what was presumably pre-recorded sound from an earlier performance. In either presentation, the desired effect on the spectator is the same: to underwhelm, in an ironic or humorous way. And the effect is largely achieved, but stops short of its title, which is of course just the point—with the unfortunate consequence of reducing the work to a one-liner. It’s funny in a momentary kind of way, but let’s face it—we want more than quick-study art.

With such rich and stigmatized subject matter to be mined, Beaugard is onto something, if he cares to be—because failure is one of the most studiously overlooked subjects in contemporary culture, the elephant in the room. The fashionable “loser” looms large in pop culture, while systematically avoiding any real engagement with the condition of failure. The recent revival of drawing has seen some of the most interesting experiments in pathos, including the aforementioned Shrigley (whose career began as a failed cartoonist). And in pointing to art historical precedents on the subject, the inference is that it has all been done before. But the distinction is that it needs to be done

again, in all sorts of ways and in all sorts of media, in an age of steroids and soldiers where winning is everything.

The truth is that for me, Beauregard's exhibition as a whole just didn't work; too many disparate elements with rivaling agendas competing for attention. It is extremely difficult to consider a tongue-in-cheek work like *Spectacular Failure* next to *Daddy's dead*, an inevitably emotionally charged video of the artist's dead father in his coffin, with some black and white photo enlargements of rainbows in exotic locales tacked alongside. The rainbow photos in particular seemed incongruent to the concerns of the other works in the show, and are hampered by their "fictive" context. While functioning as a formalist/conceptual conceit, they are lent a trace of narrative content (suggesting early explorer photos of the New World) that isn't fully articulated and leaves them with an apparent identity crisis.

The artist posits the development of "different forms of fiction" and explorations of artifice and illusion as the basis for his practice, but more compelling is the aspect of his work that is tinged with pathos. The work is heightened when this "real" quality emerges beyond its fictive/artificial posturing, which inevitably feels forced. *Spectacular Failure* suggests an idea of the pathetic with its sad little sound effects and paltry images, but is altogether too tidy in its concept and appearance to have a lasting impact. The video attempts to be an exercise in distancing for the audience (and for the artist's grief), but its sadness is what pulls the viewer in. (Granted, there is a lot of really bad, over-emotive and overly personal video out there, and the artist should be given points for his resistance to contributing to an often-lame genre; at least he has shown some objectivity towards his viewer.) Beauregard refers to reality television as an influence on his work; a curious thing, given that one of the main themes of reality programming is—you guessed it—failure, close-up and live on prime time. In some ways the video succeeded most, particularly in light of its admitted relationship to reality television and soap opera formats. It is disquieting to realize that such highly personal footage can be so forgettable, in a direct parallel with the outcome of most reality television viewing. But I don't think this was the point, although it seems there are many worthwhile places an investigation like this could go.

It would make things a lot easier if Beauregard's show was a total washout—we are drawn to a spectacle, after all, because a spectacle is never dull. The artist partially unveils a hot button issue in his work, and things could get pretty interesting if he started pushing that button, risking a *really* spectacular failure in the process.

Paul Butler 32 • 33

Paul Butler has a varied practice that includes exhibiting his own work, hosting the Collage Party (a touring experimental studio) and directing the operations of othergallery.com (a nomadic commercial gallery). He has overseen Collage Parties all over North America and Europe including Berlin, London, Berlin, Los Angeles, New York and Montreal. Butler, lives and works in Winnipeg.

32 Paul Butler, *go go go* (from post-consumer guilt series), mixed media collage, 2005.

33 Paul Butler, *and still lonely* (from post-consumer guilt series), mixed media collage, 2005.

www.theotherpaulbutler.com

KC Adams 34 • 35

A graduate of Concordia University's Bachelor of Fine Arts' program, KC Adams has had several solo exhibitions, most recently *Cyborg Hybrids* at the Confederation Art Gallery in Charlottetown and *Cyborg Living* at The Museum of Contemporary Canadian Art in Toronto. She has also been featured in numerous group exhibitions, including a performance intervention called CAP at the Platform Gallery in Winnipeg in July 2005 and *Cyborg Living Space II, The Language of Intercession* at the OBORO Gallery in Montreal in February of 2005. She has participated in residencies at the Banff Centre, the Confederation Art Centre in Charlottetown and the Annex Gallery in Winnipeg. She has received several grants and awards from Winnipeg Arts Council, Manitoba Arts Council and Canada Council for the Arts.

34 KC Adams, *Cyborg Hybrid Pat*, 2005, digital print.

35 KC Adams, *Cyborg Hybrid Half-breed Stephanie*, 2005, digital print.

www.kcadams.net

Text in Art

Toni Latour 36 • 37

Toni Latour is a multidisciplinary artist based in Vancouver. She works in video, sound, photography, drawing, installation and performance art. Latour's practice focuses on her identification as an artist. Using humour as a strategy, her work deals with the drives, desires and anxieties bound up in her own art production, while making reference to other artists and her position within the contemporary art landscape. She has exhibited her work nationally and internationally since 1994 and has been awarded numerous grants and awards in support of her practice. Latour teaches Interdisciplinary Media at the University College of the Fraser Valley, and Media Art at Capilano College, BC.

37 Toni Latour, *Andy*, 2001, (From the series *Andy, Andy, Ed, Marcel and Me*), graphite on paper.

36 Toni Latour, *Andy*, 2001, (From the series *Andy, Andy, Ed, Marcel and Me*), graphite on paper.

www.ucfv.ca/visualarts/faculty/latourt

Graham Dolphin 38 • 39

Born in 1972, Dolphin lives and works in Newcastle upon Tyne, UK.. Dolphin graduated from a painting degree in 1994 before moving to London. He has exhibited work in various group shows within the UK including Accelerator (The Arnolfini Gallery, Bristol) and Rapture: Arts Seduction with Fashion (The Barbican Art Gallery, London). Graham Dolphin moved to Newcastle in 2002 and in 2005 published *Everything in Vogue* with the support of MIMA (Middlesbrough Institute of Modern Art) and Art Editions North with an accompanying solo exhibition. Currently, Dolphin is preparing for forthcoming exhibitions at Vane Gallery (Newcastle), Seventeen Gallery (London) and a commission with Loewe fashion house (Madrid). Works are included in the MIMA collection, UK and various private collections.

38 Graham Dolphin, *25 Neil Young Songs*, 2006, Ink on paper, 15 x 15 cm. Courtesy of the artist.

39 Graham Dolphin, *21 Neil Young Songs*, 2006, Pencil on paper, 15 x 15cm. Courtesy of the artist.

www.grahamdolphin.co.uk

A white, crumpled plastic shopping bag with a handle at the top. In the center, there is a rectangular label with the text "Go.Go.Go." printed in a dark, serif font. The bag's surface is highly textured with numerous wrinkles and folds.

Go.Go.Go.



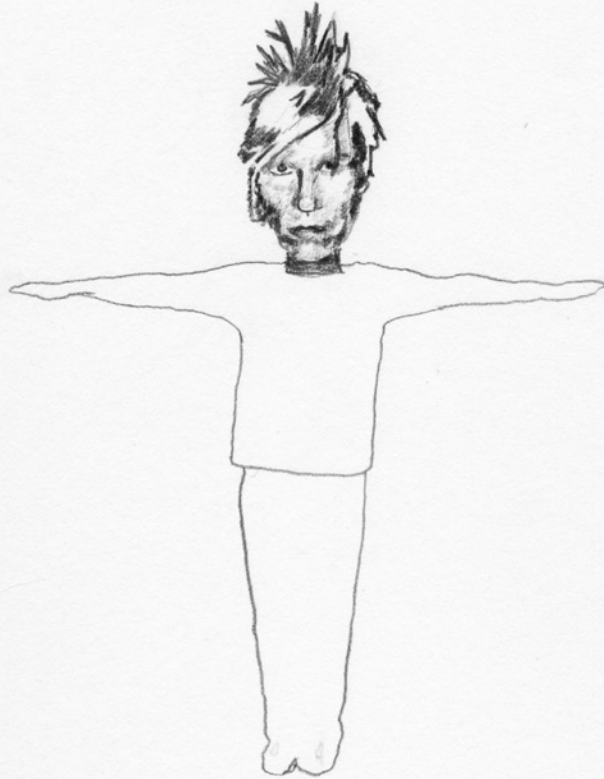
and still lonely







Andy Kaufman at the peak of his television
career.



I really believe in empty space, although, as an artist, I make a lot of junk. Empty space is never wasted space. Wasted space is any space that has shit in it. An artist is somebody who produces things that people don't need... So on the one hand I really believe in empty spaces, but on the other hand, because I'm still making art, I'm still making junk for people to put in their spaces that I believe should be empty: i.e., I'm helping people waste their space when what I really want to do is help them empty their space.



left: Mark Saunders, right: Divya Mehra, Johanna Schmidt, all photo's by Liz Garlicki.



P.S. - 6th Annual University of Manitoba student exhibition

APRIL 29 - MAY 14, 2005

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Each year a certaintc. provides a professional development opportunity for the School of Art students by offering our space as a site for a juried group exhibition. The students gain experience with the installation processes, while having the opportunity to see their works in exhibition and invite the public to share in their success. This year presented twenty-one artists from the University of Manitoba's School of Art who, in the eyes of a jury, have situated themselves successfully within the problematic schema of the student artist. The exhibiting students were Cam Bush, Collin Zipp, Divya Mehra, Alexis Dirks, Krisjanis Katkins-Gorsline, Jessica Koroscil, Jenny Moore Koslowsky, Johanna Schmidt, Wendy Campbell, Jon Armistead, Mark Saunders, Dionne Horsford, Sally McDonald, Elaine Stocki, Melody White, Agnes Neufeld, Natalie Ferguson, Bruce Montcombroux, Takashi Iwasaki, Rob Fordyce, and Dagmara Genda. A response to the show was written by Gwen Armstrong.

7th Annual x3 Fundraising Event and Art Draw

SATURDAY DECEMBER 4, 2004

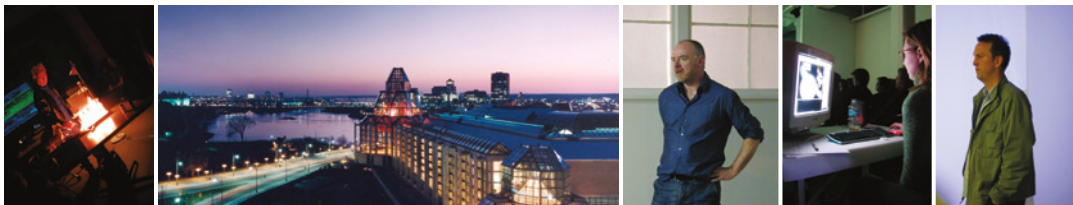
The contributing artists (in no particular order) were:

Meera Singh, Andrea Van Ryckeghem-Reeks, Judith Panson, Jessica Koroscil, Alexis Dirks, Maggie Ross, William Eakin, Kevin Friedrich, Tim Philippi, Tim Schouten, Bruce Montcombroux, Krisjanis Kaktins-Gorsline, Risa Horowitz, Theo Sims, Liz Garlicki, Robert Burton, Cara Kolt, Chris Roznowsky, Lori Fontaine, Brigitte Dion, Karen Wardle, Dominique Rey, Karen Owens, Geoff Parkyn, Andrea Von Wichert, Racheal Tycoles, Don Ritson, Hugh Conacher, Dena Decter, Dominika Dratwa, Rachele Fordyce, Sandy Glass, Karen Cornelius, Susan Turner, Michelle Allard, Maurice Dzama, Jeanette Dzama, Scott Hadaller, Doug Lewis, Marianne Jonasson, Roland Bouchard, Kevin Kelly, Garth Hardy, Daniel Barrow, Fiona Smyth, Leala Katz, Glen Johnson, KC Adams, Ian August, Lois Hogg, Twyla Kelbert, Divya Mehra, Bill Pura, Chris Reid, Michel Saint Hilaire, Mark Saunders, Melody White, Richard Dyck, Ray Fenwick, Megan Vun-Wong, Shaun Morin, Melanie Rocan, Peter Farmer, Amy Jeanne, Collin Zipp, Sarah Crawley, Tom Lewicki, Patrick Treacy, Heidi Eigenkind, Veronica Preweda, Neil Farber, Michael Dumontier, The Royal Art Lodge, Doug Melnyk, Annette Lowe, Robert Lowe, Nao Yokouchi, C. Graham Asmundson, Dan Painchand, Claudia Trauzzi, Jeff Hildebrand, Candice Renolds, Mary Joyce, Pat Lazo, Lisa Kakoske, Cyrus Smith, Lorne Roberts, Garland Lam, Alison Norlen, Allison Bile, Kristen Vasilyev, Dylan Pethybridge, David Zimmerman, Linda Fairfield, Jill Hiscox, Charles Romero Venzon, Michele Sarna, Darcy Bunio, Paul Robles, Catherine MacDonald, Dan Saidman, Robert Bos, Lida Zurawaky, Meaghan Hill-Carroll, Cindy Garrioch.

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Aceartinc. would like to thank the following local businesses and arts organisations who generously supported the event: Baked Expectations, Bar Italia, BlackFlash, Border Crossings, Colours Lewis Art & Framing, The Canadian Garment company, East India Company, Edward Carriere, Mondragon Cafe and Bookstore, Movie Village, Winnipeg Folk Festival, Natural Cycle, Organic Planet Worker Co-op, G7 Welcoming Committee Records, Mix Magazine, Cafe Kohler, Mooshiro, Platform, Bread & Circuses Bakery Cafe, Manitoba Theatre Centre, GroundSwell, Fuse Magazine, Bill Thiessen (ReMax Realty), Chris Krawchenko (Maximum Realty), Tart Magazine, Manitoba Printmakers Association (Martha Street Studio), Mentoring Artists for Women's Art (MAWA), Urban Shaman, Plug In ICA, The Kings Head, Fyxx Espresso Bar on Albert, Winnipeg Jewish Centre, the Carruther Family, the Annex, Public Capital and the Winnipeg Art Gallery.

left to right: Istvan Kantor, National Gallery of Canada, Scott Watson, Lisa Gabrielle Mark, Reid Shier



2004-2005 Artist & Curator Lecture/Studio Visit Series

The Visiting Artist and Curator Lecture Series was designed to increase the visibility of local artists to artists and curators outside of Winnipeg, and, conversely, to provide the opportunity for local artists and cultural producers to become more familiar with artists and curators from away. Aceartinc. was able to provide over 40 studio visits with the five lecture series participants: Istvan Kantor, Josée Drouin-Brisebois, Lisa Gabrielle Mark, Scott Watson and Reid Shier.

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Istvan Kantor

SATURDAY, 23 OCTOBER, 2004, 7:30PM

Istvan Kantor, also known as Monty Cantain, founder of Neoism?!, is a media artist/producer, active in many fields, including performance, robotics, installation, sound, music, video and new media. His main subjects are the decay of technology and the struggle of the individual in technological society. Well known for his Blood Action Chronology (1979-present), a series of performance/interventions that involve the artist marking a bloody X on gallery walls and the subsequent (often authoritarian) response by gallery administration and law officials, Kantor possibly holds a world record for being banned from the most galleries/museums around the globe. In 2004 he was a winner of the Governor General's Award.

Josée Drouin-Brisebois

THURSDAY, 11 NOVEMBER, 2004, 7:30PM

Josée's talk focussed on the role of the contemporary art curator in a multi-period museum and discussed the importance of collecting and exhibiting practices at the National Gallery of Canada. Josée

Drouin-Brisebois has been working at the National Gallery of Canada since 1994. In 2002 she was appointed Assistant Curator of Contemporary Canadian Art. She holds two bachelor degrees in Fine Arts and Art History and Theory from the University of Ottawa as well as a Masters in Art History from the Université de Montréal.

Scott Watson

MONDAY, 21 MARCH, 2005, 6PM

Scott Watson is Director/Curator of the Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery and full Professor in the Fine Arts Department. He is also Co-Chair of the Faculty of Arts Undergraduate Minor in Critical Studies in Sexuality (CSIS) and Critical Curatorial Studies. Watson's interests include the history of late twentieth century art, contemporary art and theory, Canadian Art, Cuban Art, Curatorial studies, and queer studies. He was co-curator of the Canadian pavilion for 51st Venice Biennial.

Lisa Gabrielle Mark

FRIDAY, 25 MARCH, 2005, 6PM

Lisa Gabrielle Mark is a Canadian writer, editor, and curator. She has written extensively on contemporary art for magazines such as Art Asia Pacific, C international contemporary art, Canadian Art, Poliester, and Artforum--where she was a regular correspondent from 1996 to 2000. Her most recent curatorial efforts include "Wildlife: A Field Guide to the Post-Natural," a touring exhibition for The Canadian Textile Museum, and a number of online projects: "Suffusia: A Beautiful Life" by Momus, "Errata Erratum" by DJ Spooky That Subliminal Kid, and "Bootstrap the Blank Slate" by Jason Salavon. In 2000, Mark relocated to Los Angeles where she is Director of Publications at The Museum of Contemporary Art.

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Reid Shier

TUESDAY, 3 MAY, 2005, 7PM

In April of 2004, Reid Shier was appointed Chief Curator of the Power Plant Contemporary Art Gallery, Toronto. From 2002 to 2004 he was Curator at the Contemporary Art Gallery, Vancouver, and from 1996 to 2002 Director/Curator of the artist run Or Gallery, Vancouver. He is a practicing artist and critical writer, and was co-editor of the quarterly periodical 'Boo' from 1994-98. In 2003 he co-edited an issue of the Toronto based journal 'Public' titled *Satan Oscillate my Metallic Sonatas* and in 2002 edited the monograph *Stan Douglas: Every Building on 100 West Hastings*, which won the 'City of Vancouver Book Award'.



Community Partnerships

An Evening of Hand-Processed Film Works! Presented by the Winnipeg Film Group

AUGUST 13, 2004

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In the Main Gallery, Sol Nagler and Matthew Etches of the Winnipeg Film Group, presented an evening screening of short experimental films shot by hand, by sixteen mostly emerging artists. The films were the products of Winnipeg Film Group's courses in super 8 and 16mm handmade experimental film-making.

The participating artists were Sol Nagler, Matthew Etches, Heidi Phillips, Matt Onischuk, Danishka Esterhazy, Jonathan Edwards, Sheena Crookes, Walter Foresberg, Tim Bremser, Michael Jason, Norman Andruchuck, James Paschke, Rob Houtkooper, Kurt Braun, Melinda Lee, Munish Kaushal, Coral Atkin and Victoria Prince.

Artist Talk

Grace Nickel Presented by MAWA

NOVEMBER 6, 2004

MAWA presented an artist talk by contemporary ceramics-based artist Grace Nickel. Grace talked about her recent trip to Taiwan and gave some valuable advice on how to get the most out of an international group residency. This was a valuable opportunity for the combined memberships of MAWA and acaertinc. to explore the work of a senior contemporary artist from the community who brings a fresh approach to ceramics, her medium of choice.



facing page, left to right:

woman and sailboat, 2004, Heidi Phillips. Stills of found and hand processed footage from a collection of short films entitled *Isolating Landscapes*.

Michael Matthews and Per Brask.

Grace Nickel with *Lantern* in Taiwan, made at the International Large Outdoor Ceramic Lantern Residency, 2003.

Osmosis with Howard Zinn, poster.

Artist Talk

Michael Matthews and Per Brask Presented by GroundSwell

APRIL 23, 2005

aceartinc. is committed to partnering with other contemporary art groups in winnipeg to increase awareness of the services offered by our organisation, and to bring greater awareness to diversity of disciplines in contemporary art. aceartinc. is excited to have invited Michael Matthews and Per Brask to present a talk about their contemporary opera called *Prince Kaspar*. Michael Mathews is a Professor in contemporary composition in the School of Music at the University of Manitoba and Per Brask is a writer, dramaturg, translator, and a Professor of Theatre and Drama at the University of Winnipeg.

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Osmosis with Howard Zinn A film by Michael Marisi Ornstein

Presented by MayWorks and the Winnipeg Branch of the Industrial Workers of the World.

MAY 21, 2005

Osmosis is a candid video interview with historian, professor and acclaimed author of *A People's History of the United States*, Howard Zinn by New York actor and filmmaker Michael Ornstein. Provocative and engaging, Zinn fields a number of questions from Ornstein, weaving a tapestry of resistance on the subjects of American foreign policy, state terrorism, the new age of empire and its inevitable demise.

The general membership branch of the Winnipeg Industrial Workers of the World presented *Osmosis* as part of MayWorks: A Festival of Labour and the Arts.

left to right: James Culloton, Charles Romero Venzon (Strive), David Zimmerman.



Project Rooms

46 Project rooms 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. Generally local artists have made use of the Flux Gallery to help develop projects and new bodies of work. Artists who made use of this program this year were James Culloton, Charles Romero Venzon and David Zimmerman.

left to right: Rob Fordyce and Joan Suzuki, Garth Hardy, Cheyenne Henry, Ferrin Towers, Colette Balcaen, all photo's by Liz Garlicki.



Isn't There Something On Tonight?

A night of spoken word performances

JUNE 9, 2005

aceartinc. in collaboration with Urban Shaman hosted a sit-down-club atmosphere of artists, performers and writers to participate in an evening of spoken word. Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal artists participated through an open call from our respective memberships. Spoken word became a recognized and popular genre in Montreal in the early nineties despite its history stemming back to the seventies. Its popularity stemmed from its ability to hybrid a wide array of artistic practices, such as: theatre, dance, poetry, storytelling, performance art, popular music, rap, and even stand-up comedy. This fusion of the different genres has developed into slam poetry, which is delivered energetically and rhythmically; dub poetry, a musical and distinctly Jamaican form; simple readings of printed texts within a literary tradition; text-based performance art; activist messages; monologues or stories; poetry springing from the urban hip-hop culture; experimental sound poetry; or work that draws its influences from all of these forms.

Participating artists were: Shayla Elizabeth, Colette Balcaen, Courtney Siebring, Emilie St. Hilaire, George Morrisette, Joan Suzuki, Rob Fordyce, Dave Streit, Christoff Eubrecht, Michael Goertzen, Lindsey Weibe, Ernest Flow, Kathryn McKenzie, Duncan Mecredi, Ferrin Towers, Daniel Barrow, Traute Klein, Cheyenne Henry, Leila Katz, Garth Hardy, Shannon Pidlubny, Barbara Chatelaine, Ira Chatelaine, Cyrus Smith, Lynnel Sinclair, Jan Braun, Heather McKenzie, Gary Bergman and Paul Friesen.

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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. aceartinc. is dedicated to cultural diversity in its programs and to this end encourages applications from contemporary artists and curators identifying as members of LGBT (lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender), Aboriginal (status, non-status, Inuit, Metis) and all other cultural communities.

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.

