



VIDEOPOETRY

VIDÉOPOÉSIE

Daniel H. Dugas Valerie LeBlanc

|swp

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VALERIE LEBLANC

Everglades, Sudbury, Éditions Prise de parole, 2018.
MPB-X, critical discourse surrounding ideas of portability in art and art dissemination,
Moncton, edited by Diana Sherlock with Valerie LeBlanc, Basic Bruegel Editions, 2014.
The Raft: Conversations with the 5th Character, Moncton, Basic Bruegel Editions, 2012.
Living In Dangerously Smooth Times, Moncton, Basic Bruegel Editions, 2012.
Tippy's Recipe, JUICYHEADS, 2012. (online)
Roots in the Past, Runners into the Future, Expanded Standard Time Line, Calgary, emPRESS, 2009.
MPB Curates 2007, Calgary, Basic Bruegel Editions, 2008.
Facts and Artifacts in the Collective Matrix, 2004. (online)
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The Incredible Weight Of Being Wireless, 2002. (online)
Purplefireworks, A Working Wordsite, 2001. (online)
With Daniel H. Dugas, *In transit*, Shemogue, BHP Chapbooks, 1999.
This is the Time, This is the Place- New Brunswick Media Ticks, Sackville, Struts Gallery, 1998.

DANIEL H. DUGAS

Everglades, Sudbury, Éditions Prise de parole, 2018.
Images cliquables, Voix plurielles 15.1, 2018. (en ligne)
Lesprit du temps / The Spirit of the Time, Sudbury, Éditions Prise de parole, 2015.
Des ravins au bord des lèvres, Sudbury, Éditions Prise de parole, 2014.
The Moss Theory, Moncton, Basic Bruegel Editions, 2012.
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Rocco, Moncton, Basic Bruegel Editions, 2011.
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La limite élastique, Moncton, Éditions Perce-Neige, 1998.
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DANIEL H. DUGAS VALERIE LEBLANC

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For Evelyn

Introduction

Catherine Parayre

Dispersions

Créer une œuvre à deux, tout autant qu'associer textes, images (photographies, vidéos) et sons, et mélanger bilinguisme et langages non verbaux sont autant d'atouts dans une substantielle pratique de dispersions.

Dans les vidéopoèmes de Daniel H. Dugas et Valerie LeBlanc, il ne s'agit pas d'observer une parfaite concision ou de rassembler l'attention sur l'une ou l'autre forme d'expression, mais bien plutôt, à l'instar des nombreuses images en dégradé que comporte l'ouvrage, d'éclater notre concentration, de la laisser glisser, se décliner, en découdre avec la floraison de gestes et de techniques de création.

Les vidéopoèmes nous désarment ; ils sont faits pour nous ahurir et nous décentrer. Nous pouvons y pénétrer à loisir, y préférant le texte ou l'image ou le son, ou, mieux encore, nous laissant captiver par ses pluralités. Un peu sommairement, le vidéopoème manifeste une liberté ou, du moins, une ignorance volontaire des genres.

Certes, le texte et l'image, une fois accolés, ne manquent pas de se repousser et demeurent dissemblables malgré leurs plus belles alliances. Leur réelle solidarisation n'enlève rien à la fragilité de leurs contextures. Pourtant, les mots des vidéopoèmes ne peuvent pas être jaugés à une aune uniquement littéraire, et les images ne sauraient être saisies comme étant intégralement visuelles. Le texte et l'image se fondent autant que possible. Sans les textes, on pourrait imaginer les images esseulées et, sans les images, les textes seraient sans doute appauvris.

Peut-être se cache en ce point la magie des vidéopoèmes. Pour les apprécier, la dissociation des moyens d'expression ne saurait avoir complètement lieu. L'attention se doit d'être globale, voire unie. Paradoxalement, c'est précisément cet unisson qui crée la surface sur laquelle se coule le regard et s'enroule l'ouïe, et ce faisant, se disperse(nt) le(s) sens.

Ceci dit, le présent ouvrage procède, en partie, au démantèlement du vidéopoème puisque, sur chaque page, les morceaux présentés prennent au premier abord, avant de suivre les liens qui activeront les vidéopoèmes, la forme d'un recueil de poésie illustrée. Pour la plupart, les textes apparaissent séparés de l'image et, pour accéder aux vidéos, il faudra suivre leurs traces. Le livre, numérique ou imprimé, se conçoit dès lors comme une étape, un entretemps, presque une ébauche ou un état transitoire. La pratique de vidéopoèmes met au défi la lecture et le regard. Le plus souvent, nous percevons les livres comme des produits accomplis, non seulement finis mais aussi figés, c'est-à-dire préparés au point qu'il ne reste plus aucune erreur, que celle-ci soit coquille ou problème de mise en page.

Dans le cas de vidéopoésie, le livre est un seuil, une attente, ou encore un prélude. Il est annonciateur tout en étant mis à faux, incomplet et néanmoins original. Tout en défaisant un brin

la logique et l'élan des vidéopoèmes, il leur donne une forme étonnante et, en même temps, la plus traditionnelle qui soit, celle d'un ouvrage publié.

Ici, la dispersion, c'est aussi le bilinguisme et ses sensibilités différentes, et le travail d'équipe dans lequel se déploient deux individualités proches et distinctes à la fois. Finalement, elle est la marque de toute rétrospective, puisqu'un tel projet consiste à accepter, au fil des années, toutes les pistes de création et de pensée, plutôt que de se rassembler autour d'un thème ou d'une série.

Si les vidéopoèmes procèdent par éparpillement et fragmentation du sens, ils n'en témoignent pas moins des affinités de moyens et de talents cristallisés.

Catherine Parayre est co-directrice des éditions The Small Walker Press. / Catherine Parayre is co-editor of The Small Walker Press.

Introduction

Lucy English

Since the mid-1980s Valerie LeBlanc and Daniel H. Dugas have developed their skills in videopoetry creation. They have brought their individual visions to the practice, and their work reflects these different interests and focus. LeBlanc draws our attention to the uniqueness of detail and the way that ordinary objects take on altered status and meaning when viewed with an artist's eye, such as the blue and white flags which flap dazzlingly in *Communicate with Me* or the way the wind moves the carpet of debris, both organic and man-made, on the edge of a bay in *Cultural Flotsam*. Her videos are diffused with colour and light and reveal a deep sensitivity to the object or landscape she has recorded.

Dugas asks us to consider essential truths and he does this with language; 'If money is the symbol of trust, poverty is the state of distrust'. He reminds us of the natural innocence of childhood. There is a playfulness in his work; a stone age man scratches the shape of a wheel onto a stone and in another video, the Eiffel Tower emits a rather

comical squeak. Big truths can also contain humour.

When they combine talent and vision, the outcomes are outstanding. Throughout their collaborative work, their individual skills complement one another; we are presented with series of videopoems which delight us and tease our expectations. In the 2010 *What We Take With Us*, fragments of imagined memory are placed next to found images and a forgotten photograph is a preserved moment in time: 'It is Summer forever at the bottom of that box'. This placement of chance events creates a 'poetry of narration'.

Their later collaborations explore issues of experience, memory, place and change. In the 2016 *Leaving São Paulo* they remind us that whatever the purpose of a journey, the experience is coloured by our state of mind. The 'place' may be in a country different to our own but we navigate it through the familiar: cars, roads, and memories of shopping malls. Jet lag creates a

dreamlike state where senses blur and what has happened and what we imagine can no longer be separated.

In *Everglades* (2014-15), created in residence at the Everglades National Park, the process notes on the website of this project show their desire to fully understand the historical, cultural and ecological issues of this extraordinary natural region. In 'Exotic versus Exotic' two men wrestle with an anaconda snake above the scene of a tranquil inlet. In other works, images are superimposed or digitalized, reminding us that in the natural world, what we see may be at odds with what is actually happening. They ask us, how do humans interact with landscape? Humans appear as unwelcome intrusions; 'Man in blue shirt emerges, soaked with sweat'. 'The colours are really something'

Although the Deering Estate is located within the city of Miami, it is protected from suburban

development. In *Oasis* (2016-17), LeBlanc and Dugas explore environmental changes at the Deering Estate, as well as human histories. They invite us to experience the landscape as fragments, or as half-remembered dream memories.

LeBlanc and Dugas show an unswerving commitment to the historical, geographical and artistic legacy in each of their projects. They don't merely respond to the natural world, they become immersed in it. Their projects reveal an informed understanding of the locations they choose to inhabit.

Lucy English is a spoken word poet and novelist. Her most recent project, *The Book of Hours*, contains 48 poetry films created in collaboration with filmmakers from the UK, US, Europe and Australia. Many of the films have been screened at international short film festivals and the project was short-listed for the New Media Writing prize in 2018.

Preface

Daniel H. Dugas and Valerie LeBlanc

Creative experimentation includes trials and the exploration of errors. Upon completion, screening and public exhibitions set up circumstances for judgment, scenarios for the artist to find her / his audience. Our idea of laying out the texts and images of individual and collective video projects spanning a time period from the late 1980's to 2018 began with our need to take a look at works that we have carried from idea-to-finish and through to public presentation. In rounding up the collection, there were works that needed to be digitized for online publication, and others that we decided not to include. Those excluded were sometimes too closely tied to performances or installations that would not fit within this anthology.

A few points remain common to each of us in the discussion of video works. In the evolution of media apparatus that occurred over this period of time, we consider video and film as interchangeable terms. While recognizing that some practitioners and scholars cling to the word

'film,' even when describing work recorded and edited through digital equipment, we consider the escape from the necessity of producing through film apparatus as liberating. Video has transformed the way moving images are recorded by eliminating the necessity of large crews and apparatuses. It is well known that when film began, it was predominantly the medium of men who could support the financing and labour required to set a work into motion. The advent of video recording equipment, particularly the advances since 2000, has opened the field to everyone with the will to produce and disseminate video works through social media and alternative art venues.

While not all of the works are videopoetry, many began as poetry. Whether working collaboratively or individually, we have mainly taken responsibility for creating all aspects of the work. When we have had opportunities to include the texts of others or to invite participation in the creation process, the dynamic has benefitted from opening up to these wider collaborations. For us,

this book represents the chance to evaluate our
videopoetry creations, as well as a way of sharing
them.



VIDEOPOETRY in brief

Daniel H. Dugas

For me, the poetic experience has always been a visual experience. Although videopoetry is often a collaborative process between a poet and an image-maker, it is for me, most of the time, one continuous action. When I started to write poetry, I also started to experiment with super 8 and creating live soundtracks for the reels. The blend of text, image and music seemed a natural transaction between mediums. But it is not only a back-and-forth movement between words, images and sounds; the action quickly becomes a passage to discover something new and unearth a unique presence. We know now that these

mediums are porous and we are thankful for this evolution. We can travel from one medium to another to make sense of the world. Videopoetry is at the juncture of oral tradition, typography and vibrations. It sometimes tells a story through words (narrative-poetry) and, at other times, through moving images (non-linear abstraction). In spite of the fact that, when written in Microsoft Word, videopoetry is always seen with a red wavy underline, it is not an error. It is a form of comprehension. It is a good road to travel.

Daniel H. Dugas was born in Montréal, QC. Poet, videographer, essayist and musician, Dugas has exhibited and participated in exhibitions, festivals and literary events in Canada and internationally. His ninth book of poetry: *L'esprit du temps/The Spirit of the Time* won the 2016 Antonine-Maillet-Acadie Vie award and the 2018 Élozes: Artiste de l'année en littérature.

daniel.basicbruegel.com | Videos distributed through: vtape.org

VIDEOPOETRY in brief

Valerie LeBlanc

In the late 1980's when I first began making videos and sending them to festival calls, I was faced with the question of categorizing the work. Coming from a visual arts background, I felt that what I was doing was connecting the dots of fragmented meaning; thought process that I had previously layered into paintings, sculptures, and installations as a whole. I arrived at the decision of calling them mood videos.

As time passed and mood videos gathered more attention, videopoetry emerged as one of the best categorizing phrases and the name stuck. There

are many descriptions of what videopoetry is; some artists / authors are adamant that it must contain spoken word. Others prefer to add text as visual elements; i.e. words are layered in, using subtitles. My view hails from the school of a text / image meld, with moving pictures and/or stills, music and/or ambient sound, or even silence, effecting varying degrees of insight intended by the creator.

Pluridisciplinary artist and writer, Valerie LeBlanc was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia. She has worked and presented throughout Canada and internationally. LeBlanc's first video: *Homecoming* was collected and screened by the National Gallery of Canada. She is the creator of the *MediaPackBoard (MPB)*, a portable screening / performance device.

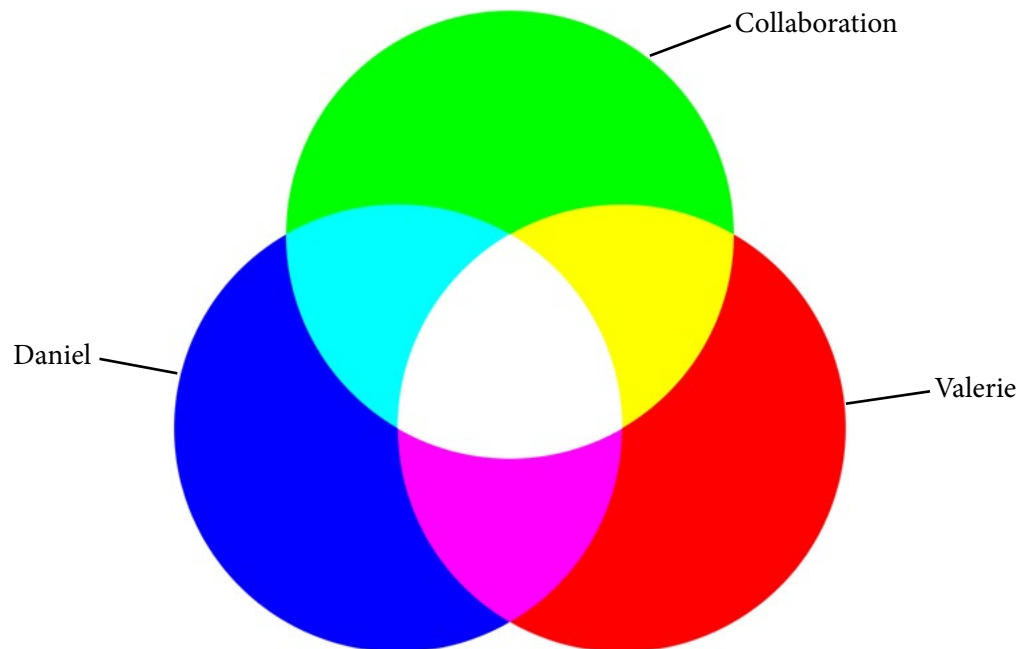
valerie.basicbruegel.com | Videos distributed through: vtape.org



The play button links to the videos.
Cliquez sur le bouton lecture pour accéder aux vidéos.

To distinguish authorship between projects by Dugas, LeBlanc or collaborations, we borrow from the industry standard model for image display in electronic systems.

Pour distinguer l'origine des œuvres entre les projets de Dugas, LeBlanc et ceux à caractère collaboratif, nous avons utilisé le modèle RVB, standard de l'industrie pour l'affichage des couleurs sur écran.





Fence, Halifax Public Gardens, Halifax, NS
Duration: 7:07 minutes, Format: 3/4 inch

Homecoming

| 1986

The tape *Homecoming* is autobiographical. It describes certain aspects of my life experience and my condition as an artist returning to Halifax to work after an absence of thirteen years. I have purposely kept this tape simple in its construction.

The tape uses three basic images, with a fourth and final scene, the intersection being the only deviation. The three scenes of individual words, working hands, and fence are faded in and out of black, drawing the viewer into the reflective mood. Freeze-frames of the words and, later, the images of the fence, hands, and intersections draw the audience closer to intended inferences.

The audio was laid on the master using a voice track, a track carrying 'wood-on-fence' and ambient street sounds. On the dub, the sound was placed on a single track so the voice, which carries the narrative, is at times intentionally obscured by the street sounds.

Following the statement: 'and now I find I am at a new starting point', the tape closes with a pause in both the visual and audio elements as the walker reaches the end of the fence and approaches the intersection.

home

work

Voice-over

A job that pays provides that home in the sense of four walls and a roof. I found that the further West I moved, the more money I made, the better surroundings I could afford.

east to west

Voice-over

The kind of comfort that that home can provide in terms of physical and mental ease becomes doubly important when you work there.

north

south

Voice-over

When I first came back I had a really hard time finding a suitable place to live... and... with that double need of having a place where I could work as well. It took me about a year to find the right space.

west to east

home

work

catharsis

Voice-over

Eventually, I reached a point... where... the work I did outside of my home studio was taking more time than what I could do in the time I had left... I was making a lot of money, but... I... found that... the time for my artwork was getting less and less. So, I left my job at the sawmill. I had worked there for over three years. I gave up the big

bucks and went back to school and I found... that... it was a catalyst for my artwork... and I think that I had reached a point where that catalyst... had to materialize. Before I left work... I got to a point where I couldn't speak to anybody there anymore and I knew I was going to be in a big trouble unless I changed what I was doing... and now I find that I'm at a new starting point.

ROLL OVER TITLES

waitress \$1.15 hr.; dry cleaner (sewing on buttons) \$3.00 hr.; picture framing \$1.80 hr.; volunteer health clinic.; day care center (teaching crafts) \$2.00 hr.; fish plant (scraping blood from the backbone of fish) \$3.71 hr. + overtime at union rate; tree planting 3¢ per tree; sawmill \$5.80 hr.; interior house painting (contract) \$700.00; framing crew labourer (tarring roofs and cleanup)... bakery sales clerk (frying donuts, cake decorating, filling donuts) \$4.00 hr.; postal clerk \$5.63 hr.; sawmill (log yard labourer) \$10.50 hr. + equipment maintenance and overtime; auditorium attendant \$4.00 hr.; glass studio assistant (grinding & polishing) \$4.00 hr.; sign company (sign builder) \$7.63 hr.; exterior painting \$5.00 hr.; greenhouse (labourer) \$5.00 hr.; sandblasting technician \$7.00 hr.



Reaching a crisis of artistic development, I needed to change my focus of activity. I gave up glass and moved toward video, film, and sound production. In the video performance *Alchemy: End of a Phase*, I toss my precious glass-blowing tools to emphasize the radicality of the shift in my internal state. • Duration: 7:44 minutes, Format: 3/4 inch

Alchemy, End of a Phase

| 1987

Alchemy, a medieval chemical science and speculative philosophy aiming to achieve the transmutation of the base metals into gold. The discovery of a universal cure for disease and the discovery of the means of indefinitely prolonging life. A power or process of transforming something common into something special; an inexplicable or mysterious transmuting.

All the colours in the rainbow and all the candies in the store.
I would have gladly traded that island for \$26 worth of glass beads.

It was an interest in glass that first brought me back to art school and doing my work full time.

I never thought that I would stop blowing glass.



Storefront, Montréal, QC
Duration: 8:47 minutes, Format: 3/4 inch

Montreal, A Dream

Montréal, un rêve

| 1990

Displacing oneself in a big city relates to personal experience but also questions the motivation of people, in general, to survive.

Travelling shots from inside a car, stills of architecture, and texts are used with a soundtrack of city ambience. The text was written in English, then translated into French. It conveys the awkwardness of adopting a new spiritual and physical environment.

To enter a new city
Arriver dans une nouvelle ville

As a stranger
Comme un étranger

To learn a place
Connaître un endroit

From a stranger's perspective
Du point de vue d'un étranger

From walking
En marchant

In the streets
Dans les rues

And in the alleys
Et dans les ruelles

To know
that there are
possibilities
*Savoir qu'il y a
des possibilités*

For friendships
Pour des amitiés

For love
Pour l'amour

For a future more bright
Pour un avenir plus brillant

Than the past
Que le passé

For a chance to find
*Pour la chance
de trouver*

Something worth doing
*Quelque chose
qui vaut la peine
d'être fait*

There
Là-bas

If not
for the dismal routine
so common
*Si ce n'était pas
la routine funeste
si ordinaire*

How else do people
continue,
*Comment
peut-on continuer,*

but for the chance
to hold dreams
*sinon pour la chance
d'entretenir ses rêves*



elderly acadians,
caraquet, 1905.

des "vieux" acadiens,
caraquet, 1905.

ELDERLY ACADIANS, CARAQUET, 1905.
DES "VIEUX" ACADIENS, CARAQUET, 1905.

The found image / L'image trouvée
Duration: 2:53 minutes • Format: Hi8

Des vieux acadiens

Elderly Acadians

| 1990

Le texte s'inspire d'une image contenue dans un livre trouvé dans la bibliothèque du 'Banff Centre for the Arts' et intitulée *Des vieux Acadiens*. Au départ, la narration décrit une action qui s'est déroulée dans le passé, mais lorsque la voix de l'auteur met en chair le texte, elle bascule dans le temps présent. Il est question, dans cette vidéo, de la déportation des Acadiens, mais il y a aussi, dans le foisonnement de symboles, une volonté de saisir le moment.

This video was inspired by an image found in a library book at the Banff Centre for the Arts. At first, the coded narrative reads as spoken in the past; when repeated through the voice of the author, it takes on a contemporary identity. While the video makes reference to the 1755 Acadian Expulsion, there is also a will to seize the moment.

Des vieux acadiens

J'ai marché vers ma ville,
tout était détruit
J'ai marché jusqu'à ce que
le jour se lève
Et il ne reste plus rien
sauf des fondations branlantes

J'ai vu ma mère
J'ai vu mon père
J'ai vu mon frère
Et j'ai vu ma sœur

J'ai vu les miens
Je les ai vus marcher sur la digue
Je les ai vus marcher dans un champ
Je les ai vus marcher sur la grève
Le matin, la nuit, en silence

Et la beauté de la mer n'y pouvait rien
Nos rêves comme nous
s'échappaient de nous
Alors nous avons appris
à aimer la nuit et le blues

J'ai marché vers ma ville,
tout était détruit
J'ai marché jusqu'à ce
que la nuit tombe
Et il ne reste plus rien
sauf des fondations branlantes

J'ai vu ma mère
J'ai vu mon père
J'ai vu mon frère
Et j'ai vu ma sœur

J'ai vu les miens
Je les ai vus marcher sur la digue
Je les ai vus marcher dans un champ
Je les ai vus marcher sur la grève
Le matin, la nuit, en silence

Et la beauté de la mer n'y pouvait rien
Nos rêves comme nous
s'échappaient de nous
Alors nous avons appris
à aimer la nuit et le blues

Elderly Acadians

I walked toward my town,
all was destroyed.
I walked until sunrise.
And there was nothing left,
but shaky foundations.

I saw my Mother,
I saw my Father,
I saw my brother,
And I saw my sister.

I saw my people.
I saw them walk on the dyke.
I saw them walk in a field.
I saw them walk on the beach,
in the morning, at night, in silence.

And the beauty of the sea
could do nothing.
Our dreams escaped us as we fled.
That is when we learned to love
the night and the blues.

I walked toward my town,
all was destroyed.
I walked until night fell.
And there was nothing left,
but shaky foundations.

I saw my Mother,
I saw my Father,
I saw my brother,
And I saw my sister.

I saw my people.
I saw them walk on the dyke.
I saw them walk in a field.
I saw them walk on the beach,
in the morning, at night, in silence.

And the beauty of the sea
could do nothing.
Our dreams were escaping us
as we fled.
That is when we learned to love
the night and the blues.



Slices of Life

| 1991

Basic philosophies of life evolve and are defined through commonplace events. The mind wanders when a person gets up in the morning to go to work. If the work is of a solitary nature, a person has a lot of time to think. If there are co-workers involved, the kinds of conversations in which people engage in the workplace reveal a lot about personal value systems. People who don't work must find ways to occupy their minds; even in what appears to be bored, mundane activity, philosophies develop. Performing everyday chores and errands becomes the basis of the thought process.

Series of five tapes
Duration: 21:00 minutes
Format: 3/4 inch



Work and Love (Episode 1)
C-Train. 7 Avenue, Calgary, AB
Duration: 4:01 minutes

Work and Love (Episode 1)

I salute all of those people
who leave for work each weekday
before 9 a.m.,
at 6, or 7, or 8,
before the sun is really there in the sky.

They leave their warm beds,
leave their homes,
their cats and dogs,
their families and friends,
to land themselves out on the street,
all clean and scrubbed,
bright eyed and bushy tailed.
Brave, brave souls.

I came home with a feeling of urgency
to go out somewhere with you
to walk and to talk.

You were in the tub
after just washing the iron filings
from your skin and hair,
your nose, still dripping severely
from iron dust allergies.
You said, 'Sure, let's go'.
You were still wet when we left.

You put on those boots
that are so great on you,
the ones like the Acadians wore
when they cultivated the marshes.
You thought that I had an urgent need to talk,
So you said, 'Yeah, let's go'.

And you put on those boots that I love on you
and that sweater of an orange that Van Gogh would use.
You placed yourself against the wall
by the Japanese prints in blue and blue-grey,
that you had painted for me the day before,
on my birthday.
With that orange sweater tucked into your jeans,
with those shiny buttons on that burnt orange sweater,
the sunflowers of Vincent.

A walk after work.
A talk over beer.
A walk along the railroad tracks,
back into the city core.

You bought us some dinner at a Chinese restaurant
that we had found in the spring snow,
late at night, or early in the morning,
when you first came back here,
before we were lovers.

Your hair was wet when we started out,
your nose still dripping,
burned from an allergy,
from your labour work in the industrial wasteland.

You assured me that our love is intact
and that we won't lose track,
of why we are doing,
what we are doing.

There are a lot of reasons why I love you
and none of them are little.



Roundabout (Episode 2)
Mike Milo and Grant Poier, Elbow River, Calgary, AB
Duration: 5:42 minutes

Roundabout (Episode 2)

I, 6

Under the G, 54

G, 54

*Le roi du royaume
a brûlé la reine pour rien.*

G 47

Under the N, 43

N 43

Jobless

I've got jobless.

Under the I, Number 18

More B's please

B, 13

Under the B, Number 13

Yeah, I've got homeless.

Ah, now we're cooking, B, 10

Under the B, Number 10

I, 22

There's eczema.

I, 22

And under the I, 19

I, 19

Cold, cold and lonely.

And the big money winner B, 4

Under the B, Number 4

Full card now.

This is the time to call.

*Forty-eight numbers have been
announced.*

And \$15,000 is in the Kingo Bingo

Jackpot.

And under the G, 47

Goner, for 10 bucks,

I've got goner. Ha, ha.

G, 47

Under the N, 43

N, 43

I, I've got gangrene.

Here's I, 18

Under the I, 18

More B's please

B, 13

Under the B, number 13

Ah, now we're cooking, B, 10

Hey Jack, for chrissake,
these words are all bad.

Do you think it's what's in the box
or is it us?

Don't know but let's try
something different.

I, 22

Do you remember something nice,
like from when you were a kid?

Yeah, merry-go-round, roundabout, or,
I've got it Carousel.

Carousel?

Yeah, let's try it. It starts with a 'C'

And the big money winner tonight is B, 4

Under the B, number 4

Okay, we just need a 'U'

*And this is the time to call. \$15,000
is in the Kingo Bingo jackpot tonight,
waiting for you.*

We don't have any, there's no 'U's.'

*Thanks for watching.
Now this is the last call
and the cards are all ready for next week's
Kingo Bingo 5 o'clock show.*

*And under the I, 19.
I, 19
And the big money winner tonight is B, 4.*

Legend:

Bingo Caller: Voice of Don Wood

Two homeless men: Mike Milo (red), Grant Poier (green)

Alphabet Fairy: Valerie LeBlanc



Headlines (Episode 3)
Woman walking: Beth Harmer • Driver: Tim VS Westbury, Calgary, AB
Duration: 2:46 minutes

Headlines (Episode 3)

I am beginning to read my life in newspapers headlines, in my head as I move through the streets; a twilight zone reality of predictions. People say that accidents are stupid. As soon as it happened I realized that there was something else wrong. Sometimes the sickness inside manifests itself in the physical. As soon as it happened, people said things like ‘accidents are always stupid’, but I knew, that it did not have anything to do with what actually happened. That was three years ago. When I visited the East just days ago, my ear ached as I swam into the ocean, the scar showed itself. When I came back, I fell down, I was going to the store for my Mother—the first time that I ever fell into the street, into the path of an oncoming truck. The truck driver waited for me to regain composure and to get up. I always thought that it was impossible to fall into the street and to get run over. And now I know that it isn’t. It took me thirty-nine years to experience the helplessness of lying in the street at eye level to the pavement while going to the store for my Mother. I waved to the driver to thank him for waiting for me to get up. I felt the scenario of the newspaper headlines as I zenned out staring down at the sleeve of my jacket as I lay in the road.



Wish to Dream (Episode 4)
Marc Patch, Banff, AB
Duration: 3:38 minutes

Wish to Dream (Episode 4)

(text from interview with Marc Patch)

You have to divide yourself
and say 'this is the income part of my life,'
and you know, everyday I get deeper and deeper into
the process of composing,
that's when everything becomes
fruitful, all of the thoughts I have
but, you know, I think that the mind always works,
being it passive or active,
unconscious or conscious, the subconscious mind,
always works.

I find that it has been relegated to laboratory... space
in our society.
It has become an asylum of routine,
of the work and of the mind, of the culture of life,
of eating, of having pleasure
I find, because all that drives us is pleasure,
and happiness.
So I guess
each individual has to...

My biggest dream is to compose, always to write
the music I hear inside
and to be able to always work
in order to discover
my musical language.

Different things go on in my mind
when I am cleaning a room,
depending on the season, on my mood.

I may sometimes ask myself, 'Why I am doing this?'
while I could be actually be spending time
writing music that I have to write.

I say that I believe
that the roots of culture
are magic,
but it is just all the same,
to do all of that work,
making beds,
cleaning,
emptying the garbage,
vacuuming and
cleaning the bathroom,

cleaning the toilet,
all of those tedious jobs of the housekeeping
are, I guess equal in their... in their task.

Also, I'll say, if it is more important to have music
than it is to have a shiny mirror,
then you spend more time listening to music,
than looking at yourself in the mirror.



Limits (Episode 5)
Near Toronto Airport, ON
Duration: 4:53 minutes

Limits (Episode 5)

Should I push my dreams farther,
until I am teetering on the brink of disaster,
or am I already.

Should I throw in the towel,
and convince someone,
myself,
that I can still wash those dishes
I never laid my hands upon?

How small will the bread be before nobody sees it?

How many hot dog sellers can there be on a busy corner?

How many nights can you sleep outside in the cold?

How many days can you go without food?

How many hours can you sustain your own little crumbling empire?

How many news stories
do you have to read before
you see yourself in them?

When getting back on one's feet is a daily routine,
resetting the clock is a deadly measure of resetting the mind.

There ought to be a limit
to the number of times
that you can answer the alarm clock.

A limit to the number of job interviews
that you have to show up for.

How many times can you maintain composure during interviews
for jobs that you won't get,
and that you don't really want.

There ought to be a limit to the number of times
that you can prove a point,
prove yourself.

There ought to be a limit
to the number of times
that you can take
long bus rides to new towns.

A limit to the number of times
that you can pack up your belongings,
whittle down your possessions,
go for broke,
say goodbye.

There are things
that can happen
that can put a limit
on all of your worries.



Still from television
Duration: 8:04 minutes, Format: 3/4 inc

Salman's Head

| 1991

Salman's Head is a tape using visuals of written texts along with three stills of eyes, ears, and mouth. The audio is coupled with the texts to provide parallels between religion, art and war.

I have never seen God
I have never seen war
I have seen the Mapplethorpe photos.

I have seen the sign of the cross
I have seen tanks on parade
I have never seen perfect perspective.

Patron of the Arts
Patron Saint
Guardian Angel
Angel of Death
Archangel
Archetype
Arch-enemy

VOCATION
PROFESSION
CALLING
MISSION
MARTYR

I have gone into churches... into museums...
the Dark Age is never too far away.
Western Art
Eastern Art
Video Telephone for Inuit people.

art star
four-star general
star of David
Guiding Light

See no Evil
Hear no Evil
Speak no Evil

official story
author
authority
mouths of dogs
offering
mouths of babes
word of God

of what we are allowed
to see and to touch,
what invisible comes into shape?

relinquish
choices made
somewhere else
path chosen
route not taken
fork in the road

school of thought
religious order
battle command
order of the universe
massacre
password

cast... 1st class... class distinction...
gifted... untouchable... odious ...
classy... œuvre... odium (theologi-
cum)... PIÈCE de RÉSISTANCE...
taboo...
fault
offence
evoke
rage
punish
just cause

religiose
bellicose
politics of war
road to war
art of war
holy war

politics of art
law of God
path of righteousness

he who lives by the sword / dies by
the sword

soldiers of Christ

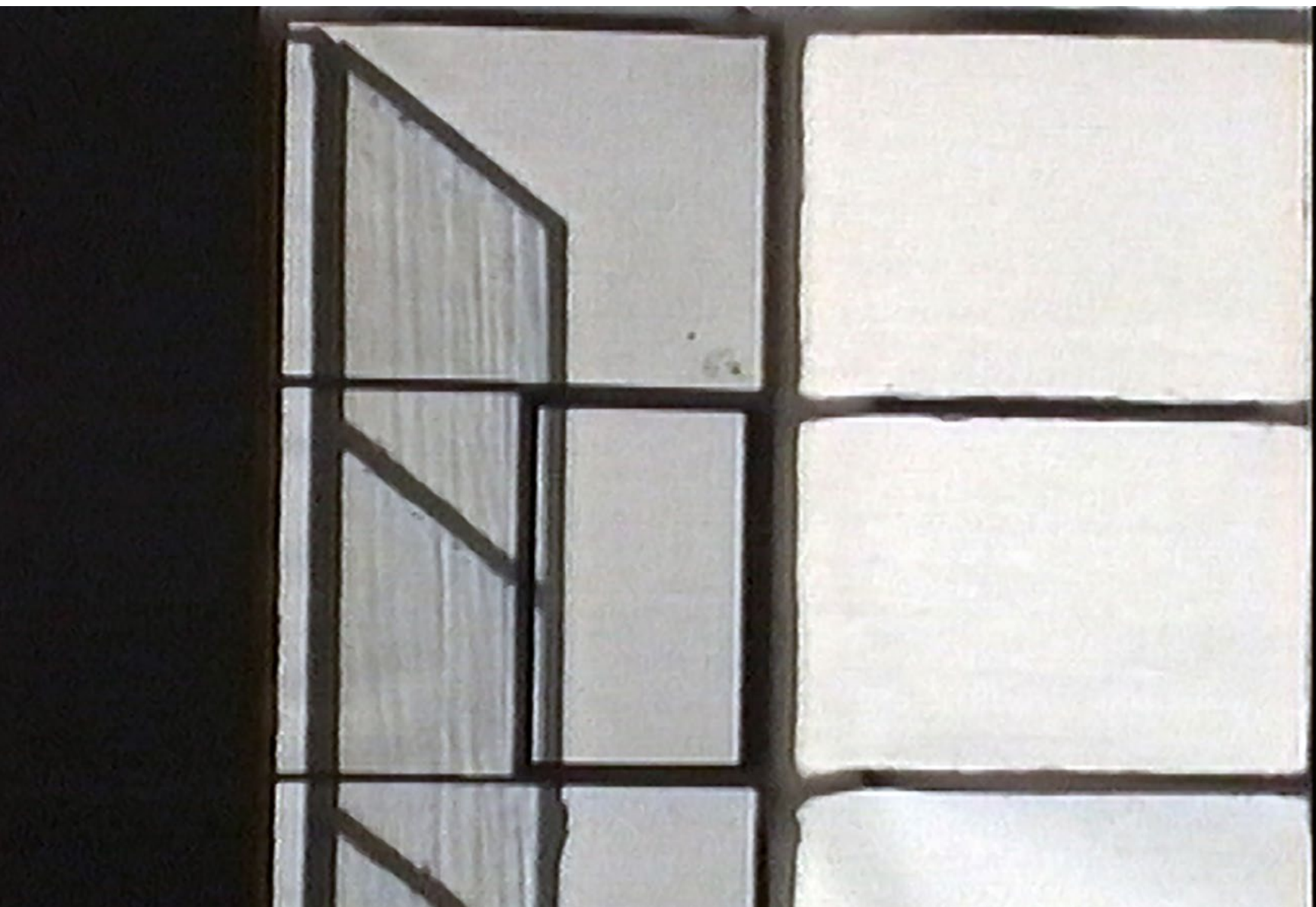
God is on the side of the winning
army

God is on our side
salon des Arts
war council
confessional

military music...
church music...
chamber music

society
congregation
organization
union

freedom of expression...

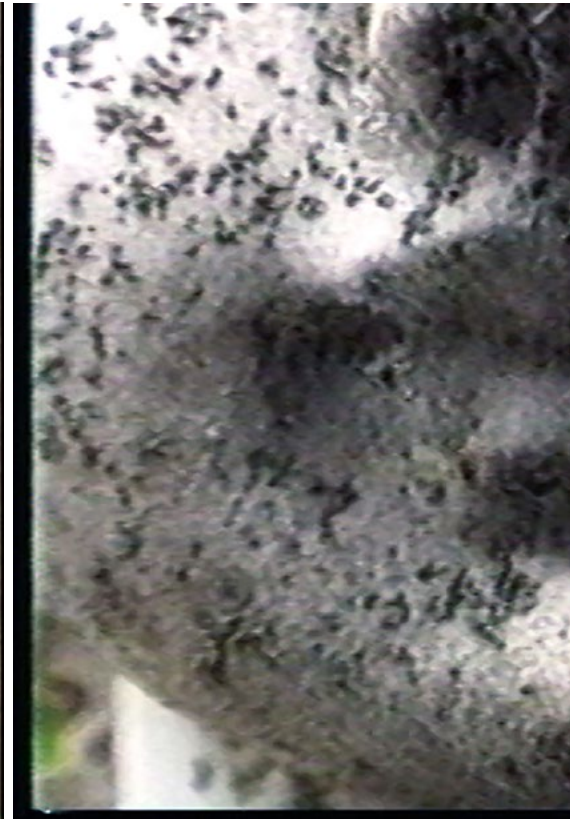


Window, Chicago, IL
Duration: 2:01 minutes, Format: 3/4 inch

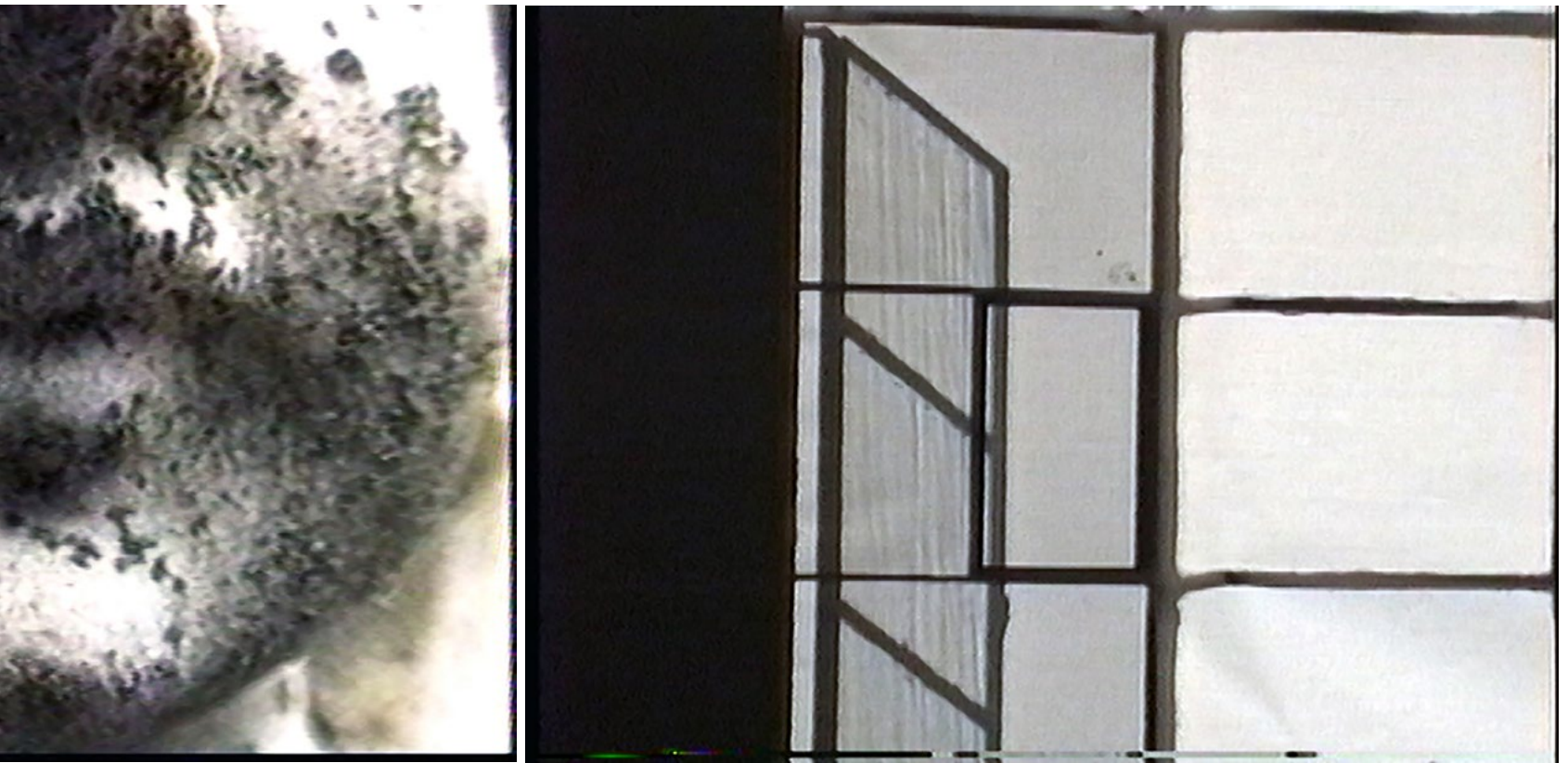
The Dahmer Tapes

| 1992

The same audio track is used with three separate tapes. Minimal visuals provide contemplative cues for the text. Pent-up emotions surrounding the exposé of a series of murders are released in one short breath. This series of tapes is intended to be screened simultaneously.



Les moments précieux dans la vie
cannot be counted on one hand
in the eyes of
the dead fish
in the rich green waters
fog horn sounding
seagull lies in a heap



lapping around in
an algae-covered lagoon
for our eyes only
in Milwaukee
forever stained
as the land of Dahmer.



Swing carousel, Calgary Stampede midway, Calgary, AB
Duration: 3:47 minutes, Format: High8

Precious Moments in Life

| 1992

Three separate sets of images are used to illustrate the same soundtrack. An interplay of audio and visual elements creates an ironic poetry. The tapes are a commentary on life in an urban setting and are intended to be screened simultaneously.



Today in the City somebody
will reach the peak of a career
and tomorrow the fall will begin.

That's it,
a precious moment in life.

Dans les ruches d'abeilles,
be careful, we are in the beehive.
Bees, all around.
Water rushing past
on both sides.

Christ, it's hot.
Hard to think, to concentrate, to move,
hoping to think clearly again.
The concept of happiness,
based upon the rate of variables,
which could exist in your reality.

Dog eat dog.

Les coquerelles,
no longer show themselves in the apartment.
Presumably, they take their snacks in the dark.



Pathos,
brought on by watching people
sleep on the trains,
taking them to work.

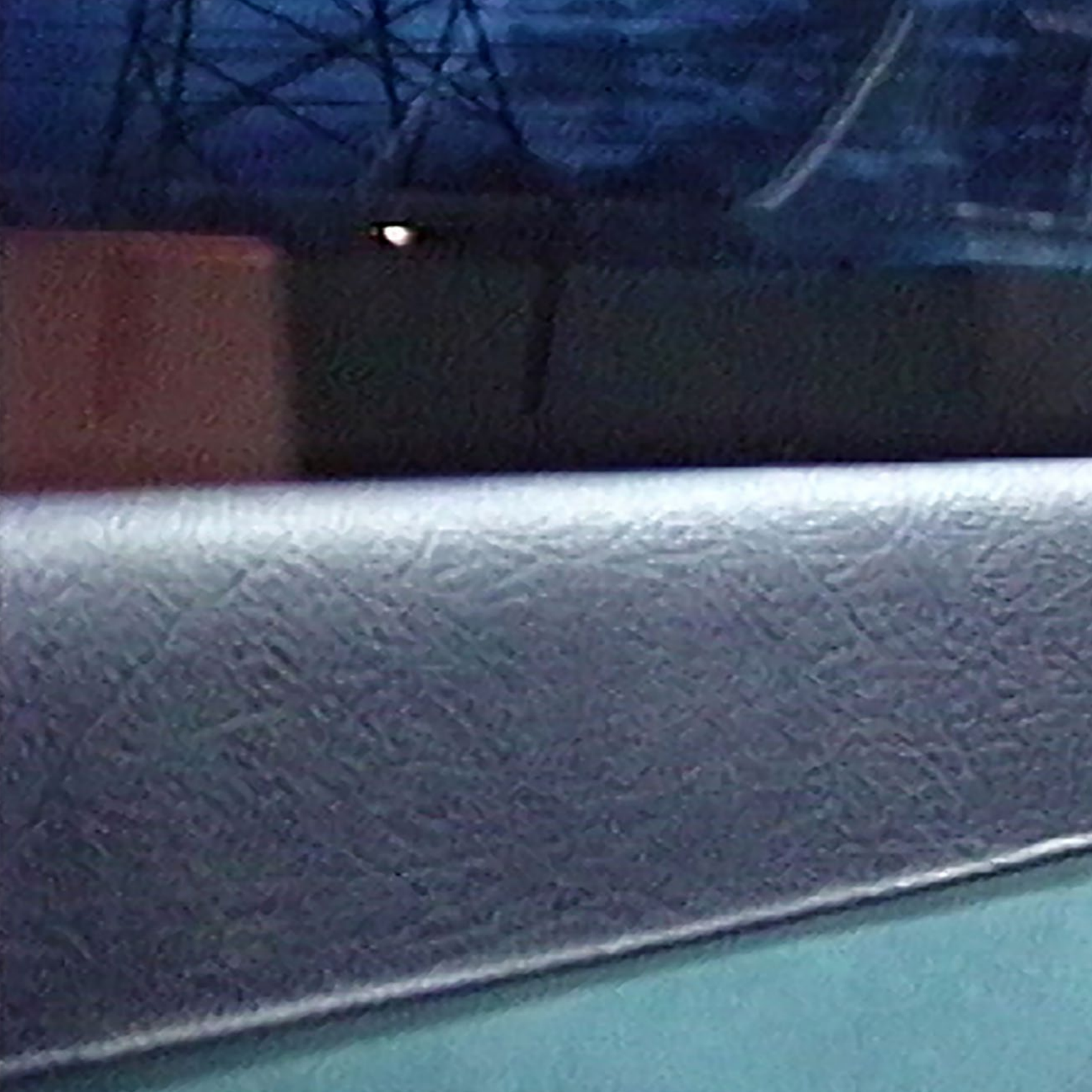
It's raining and people
would like to be home, sleeping.

The cockroaches, never in the kitchen,
but like spies, always rummaging
through the papers.

Too precious to be stated here—
just for you,

a few seconds of total happiness
that will be written in gold,
standing out
from all the other moments
where you have been told what to do.

Just for you,
a key to forget
those fleeting moments.



In Transit

| 1993

This collection of daily life passages draws from a wide range of locations. Visuals from cities, nature settings, carnival, various modes of public and private transport are sometimes set ironically to the texts. Observations and reactions gathered from notebook entries have been assembled using cut and paste. This work reflects a desire to weigh situations and to make decisions based on individual needs and directions in life.

Remixed in 2017, the soundtrack now plays the role of an ambient carrier of the visuals. Some of the images presented in the book are not seen in the remixed versions. The texts for this ten-part episodic work have been edited for presentation as crawling sub-titles. This reduction in sound / message saturation offers a pared-down work.

Series of 10 videos

Duration: 25:00 minutes

Various video formats: including 3/4 inch U-Matic, Hi8, and Digital8.



Best Case Scenario
Buses, Calgary, AB
Duration: 2:53 minutes

Best Case Scenario

So many kinds of stories:
the way that it is said,
where it is said,
and who says it.

To get the story right to start with.

Happy children on the train,
singing all of the old favourites
suddenly tears
as one of the moms pops out
to wait on the platform for another train.

The mom left with the pitiful sobbing babies
brings them to the doors to provide a change of scene
and it all so noble, the protestant work ethic.

I know how those kids feel and I don't like it either.

We are evolving with bravado;
we are clipping the newspaper in disbelief
from the rage to the misprint of the following day.

This is not a discourse nor a charade,
but more or less a mere identification.
In the archives of the daily life,
the unknown takes shape.

Every morning at 5 a.m.,
the boy downstairs starts to cry,
that's when they get him up to go to daycare
and the parents go to work.
They punch in at 7 a.m. to provide for the future
and to get by today.
And that's the best-case scenario of modern child rearing in a big city.

Every night he cries before sleeping
because he is not ready to sleep.
Conditioning is not yet working in the case of his natural cycle.

We are now seeing in the LaserDiscs
the faces of our grandparents,
the geography of our limits.

The routine is an abstract map,
a coffin in softwood,
a boat in cardboard,
a kite in lead,
a stuffed animal.

Will we need emulsion to develop our surprise?

Are we amazed of the rhythm, the cadence of being alive?

A sense of time always interrupted.

Short moments grabbed.

Time, length of time, space of time enjoyed.

The longevity of days, the exquisite shortness of days enjoyed.

The days of vacation, the days off.

Not only the days of reprieve,
but some days set aside to enjoy life.



More Data Less Light
Walking on N Ravenswood Ave, Chicago, IL
Duration: 2:40 minutes

More Data Less Light

The repression, which exists in the capitalist world,
is insidious in that people buy their own demise.

The noise and the inefficiency
and the smell of pollutants,
the inconvenience—
sleepwalking as a way of life.

What was your most tired day of the week?

Societies of one.

The pleasure for the few
does not justify the misery of the most,
the dream is not working for everybody.

How institutionalized are you?
It is a question that you have to keep asking yourself
before you go to the old folks' home.

Education, banking, transit, health plan,
all aspects of institutionalization.

We have our neighbourhood
and we know where to go for the things that we need,
but all of that noise, the mess, and the misery seems unnecessary
considering the pleasures of the few who find that the dream is working for them.

Suddenly the budget steps in and imposes its own restriction,
the financial, you know the 'Money Game'.

Somehow we manage to keep scraping by.
We have seen some sad events lately.

Today, I did not answer the alarm clock.

1st day on the road.
Trucks find me inconsistent.
60-65 m.p.h. Okay. Pass then.
Smokestacks.
Veer left.
Lane closing.
Tollway ahead.
Large fireworks billboards, bait shops, bungalows, overgrown with green,
where people used to live.

Swim at your own risk.
S.O.S.
It's no longer save the whales but save our souls.

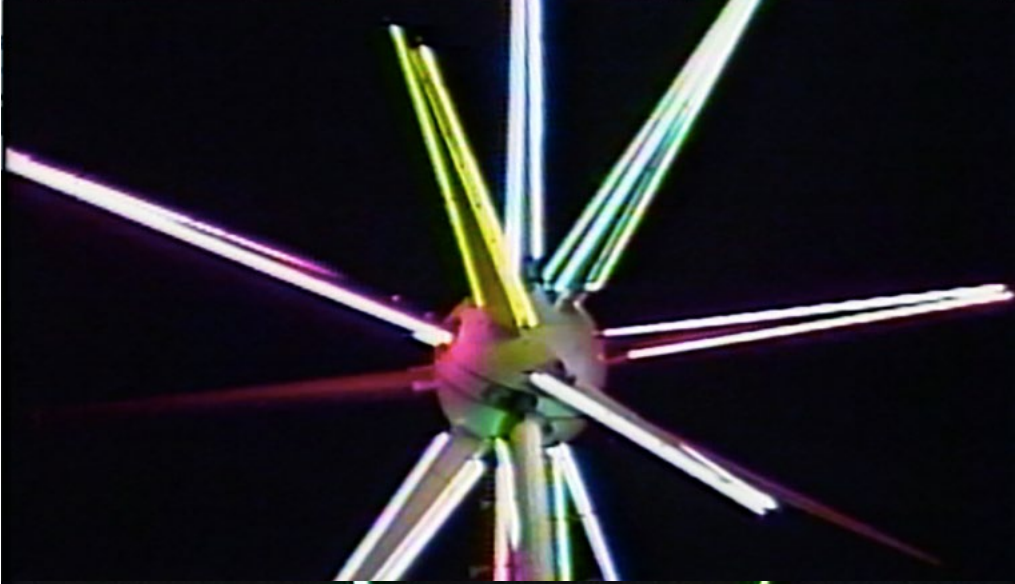
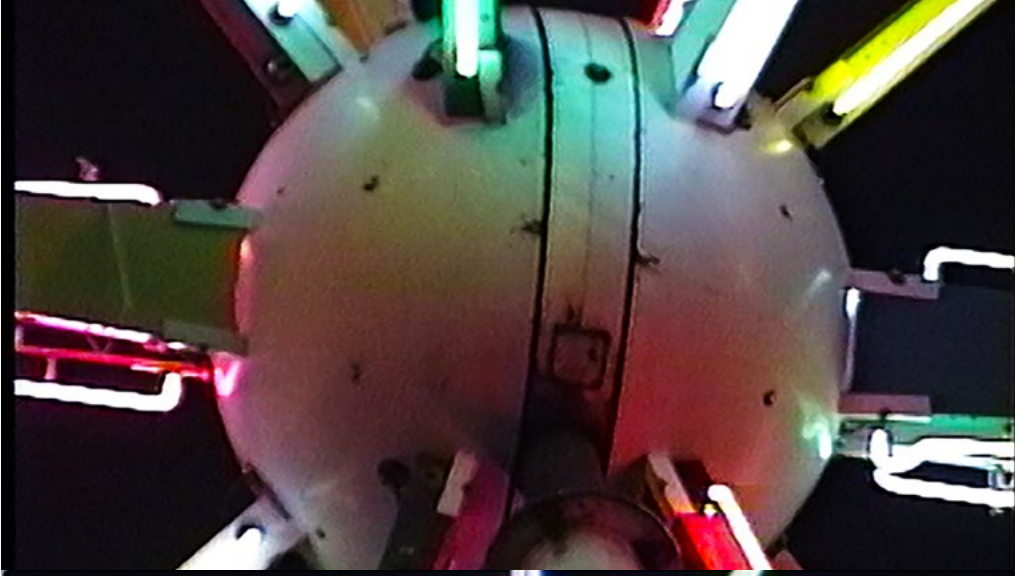
In such mass quantities, none of it makes any sense.
Simulation, preservation, insinuation of life, limitation of life,
from the pond where they pick the dead birds in the morning,
in the over organization of the planet,
in a little less than 200 years
a lot has been destroyed, garbage is everywhere.

As science and knowledge of the physical world increase
so increases the mess.

The more it becomes clear, the less clear it becomes.

More data, less light.

I wish I was there, with my feet in the sand.



Typhoon or Knife Wound
Rotosphere, Chicago, IL
Duration: 2:50 minutes

Typhoon or Knife Wound

The speed at which things have been hitting us,
the speed with which we have had to dodge
baseballs,
firecrackers,
bill collectors,
fast cars,
empty fridge,
no more cigarettes.

We need a pause,
to clear our heads,
a respite from the world.

It is said that walking in the figure 8,
or in circles in the forest
is an effective way to confuse the search dogs.

To need a pause,
a respite from the world.

Pretend that I am not aware of the noise.
Walk straight home like a pioneer of trouble.

In long car lineups,
people trying to get to work,
get groceries,
do laundry,
take kids to schools, to daycare centers,
spending hard earned dollars
to travel on antiquated systems
and to keep it all running,
badly, for as long as it holds.

I am standing in a Dunkin' Donut
where I am buying coffee rolls.
The Beatles are playing on the P.A. system and through the windows
I can see drivers in their cars talking into their cellular phones.

Poetry is a viable reality,
when we function on small batteries,
on the thickness of words,
on the plastic memories,
in the planes,
in the cars,
on the trains.

Why bother to keep up with all the info being offered?
Typhoon or knife wound?

Access to children so bloody innocent.

Coupe-gorge, place of ambush.

Give the knife another twist in the lips of the wound.

The ear is a drum.

The frontier is soft when the pause coincides with the newsbreak at CNN.

In the electronic access the face is a toy,
the logic is invalid,
and the mystery intentional.

There is a program for everything.
One program for every person.

A fool in the head some mornings,
there's not much space,
and if you think about anything,
it had better be the job
that you will be paid to do,
a good job of.



I Am a Blind Memo
Sleeping Bear Dunes National Lakeshore, Michigan
Duration: 3:16 minutes

I Am a Blind Memo

Analogue time.
Corporate nervous breakdown.

There are two ways to react to authoritarian conditioning:
to go with it or to refuse it and to work in other ways.

In the corporate world,
there is a big difference between a good manager
and a successful manager.

A successful manager will always increase sales and productivity
and pick up the commissions.
A good manager will work with the team of employees
to prepare them for what's up next.
A good manager is always successful.

Deadline panic should go out of fashion.

I am a blind memo.
I am a dead memo.
I have been asked to go out for the lunch.
Corporate double talk.
Words that I won't use, put on, my plate.
Ball in your court, ball in my court.
Mom and Pop V.I.P.'s, donor, donor.

I am a blind memo.
I am a dead memo.
They have asked me to go out for the lunch today.

Is there a day that passes by that I don't realize,
that the days, weeks, and years go by.
And I will die, as all we mortals will die.
Gold watches have gone out of style.
They bring you out for lunch, to eat lies at noon.
You're free.
Want it, want not.

May Day, May Day, *Baissez-moi*,
May Day, May Day, *Aidez-moi*,
May Day, May Day, *Aimez-moi*.

I have to learn to deinstitutionalize myself
because I am so good at being institutionalized.

I have to learn to remember to forget
what I have learned so well,
deadline after deadline after deadline.

I need to learn to deinstitutionalize myself
because I am so good at being institutionalized.

I have to learn what I need to know to pass by.

Is the world passing me by?

You'll never die in my eyes.

Deadlines after deadlines after deadlines.

I found a dead memo,
I found a blind memo on your desk today.

You are walking down the hall now,
we hear you walking in all of the dim light of this building.

I am a dead memo,
I am a blind memo.

They have asked me to go out for the lunch,
before their eyes, I am history.

I'm free, want it, want not.
I am a dead memo.



There But For Fortune
Calgary Stampede midway, Calgary, AB
Duration: 2:15 minutes

There But For Fortune

John is a bitter man now.

Once doors were opened for him.
When he had forgotten the entry code,
he could show his shining face,
his winning smile.

The code of attitude
showed that he had a place in the world.
Because of the set of circumstances
in which he was involved,
he could reveal a shining face without blinking an eye.
There but for fortune.

Why can't the down-and-outs lift themselves up?

Why can't the child born in the ghetto make it out?

Is anything black and white, is anything so simple?

When you are really happy,
it is impossible to imagine how it felt to be down.
When you are really down,
it is impossible to imagine how it feels to be up.

That fork in the road always decides
what will happen further down the road,
there but for fortune.

What happens if you are too independent?
If you look at the lake for too long one day and decide to drop out,
if you are too independent, do you end up on the street?

I have a fool in my head today.

I see a man in the street very early in the morning.
He looks like a dog.
His eyes are red and yellow.
His skin is marked like the hide of a big animal.

His teeth have been reduced
to a few long stained ones in the front.

This and the thinness of his fallen face are what gives him his dog look.

The shape of his skull is no longer human-like
but elongated out from his frame.

I have seen a lot of people who are in a wrecked physical state,
but leaning on his wooden crutch,
staring blankly into space,
this man does not look as though he will make it through the summer,
the easiest season of the year.

And what about the homeless,
what about all of those outlaws of the norm.

If you are too independent in this world,
are you bound to find yourself there among their ranks?

Societies of one.

If you are too independent for too long,
if you are alone for too long,
if you are poor for too long,
if you are without a routine for too long,
if you like to have fun for too long,
if you are addicted to the high times,
are you doomed to live the opposite?



That Frozen Instant
Wax Santa Claus on stove, Sculpture Space, Utica, NY
Duration: 2:13 minutes

That Frozen Instant

If you leave an open space
it becomes a no man's land.

God is on our side.

We have the winning army.

The nomad ran out of space when the lease was signed.

Starvation as political murder.

Torture, shooting, stabbing, rape, bombing.

Genus.

Genotype.

Genocide.

The killing continues,
to point, to pinpoint the fact,
that if no one stops it from happening,
it conveniently disposes of the competition.

The colour of the skin,
the religion practised,
seems to block out species identification.

Mercy seems to be as outdated a concept
as seeing, in the eyes, another human being.

The problems inherent to overcrowding and cultural differences
are being efficiently handled at the turn of the millennium.

When I work in the corporate world,
I can easily forget about all of these subtleties of human existence.
Answering the deadline holds my full attention.

I fall in the woods
around each tree: paths where
children gather, around the bark
circle the bark, circle the road
circle the bark.

In a world of noise
I throw a song
in case it goes wrong for you.

Photographs capture an instant.
Photographs capture that proverbial moment.
That frozen instant for the memory,
the symbol of how we felt
at the time and the record of how it appeared.

But the frozen instant has no three-dimensional quality
and a still is closer to death
than to the life that it attempts to imitate.

Life is time-based.

That's the problem and that's the beauty.

Given the chance, nothing is forever.



The Time of The Day Matters
Squirrel, Chicago, IL
Duration: 1:51 minutes

The Time of The Day Matters

How do you advocate for a better environment
when you live in a slummy city that prides itself on being world class?

Slums of hope and of despair,
degree of destruction,
size of commune,
economic situation,
regional location.

Don't assume that all temporary housing will be temporary.

The time of the day matters.

Squat the country.

Squat your own home.

Like those *gamines* of Bogotá in Colombia
that were sent
by the authorities
to the warmer coastal area of Barranquilla,
on a bus trip for the only time in their lives,
because the Pope was making a visit to Bogotá.

The Pope did not have to see them
or how they would breathe
into a rag full of gasoline to kill the cold.



What do you know
of the fishermen of the Magdalen Islands
in the Gulf of the Saint Lawrence
if the only things you know
are the big black eyes of the baby seals?

What do you know
if the deepest you allow yourself to understand
is the shocking color pictures in the newspapers,
the blue of the sky,
the white of the snow of March,
the black of the eyes,
the red on the snow
and on the fur?

Economics has its beauty
but the Virgin Mary for one
does not always appear
in organically grown gardens.

In the realm of *Reader's Digest* quotes:
Optimism is not eternal, but a fragile thing.



A Dead Zone in The Journey
Parking lot on N Ravenswood Ave, Chicago, IL
Duration: 2:13 minutes

A Dead Zone in The Journey

The salvation of Brigitte Bardot: plastic versus paper.

Here they are now holding in their hands all the mercantile value.

The value of the movement,
the movement of themselves in the streets.

The accumulation of their dreams
disabled like the photos on ID cards.

The automatic teller machines are useless churches,
the paradise has here its limit, like a dead zone in the journey.

A road map,
a wharf with quiet water
and little mountains of trash.

An archival state
where there are only found objects.

The eyes are the archive
when crossing the bridges above the toxic rivers.

Greenpeace has aligned itself with the cause of Natives this year.

The way it is going,
nature saved will make a little paradise
for the people with the money left to buy it.

Virtual reality for whom?

Plunging: the latest interest in the homeless
is for college students to masquerade to feel what it is like
to be on the other end of the shitty stick, but they don't use real shit.

Each word is a tattoo fad when we forget how to speak.

Nothing is forever.

Scolding people for accepting their groceries in plastic bag
and reusing them in one thousand and one ways.

Why are people not building their houses with screws?
I can't see the forest and I can't see the trees.

The industry of poverty—blaming individuals
for the depletion of the ozone layer
makes very little sense
in view of the amount of jet fuel
that is being constantly burned.

Commercial flights, private flights, and shows of force.

Jet streams from air shows
striking across the city skies
leaving those long holding telltale white plumes of waste.

Don't bother to tell me not to accept those bags,
I carry my goods home by foot.

The noise of the turnstile, the reality was never dubbed.

The volume of truth, a copy of happiness.

Loitering in the streets to address our doubts.

What will happen when we get pushed onto the edge of the lake?

Will we like it there?

45P 21 TEXAS EAGLE	LOS ANGELES	BIRMINGHAM	ON TIME
45P 521 TEXAS EAGLE	HOUSTON	BIRMINGHAM	ON TIME
45P 354 TWILIGHT LIMITED	DETROIT	BIRMINGHAM	ON TIME
45P 347 ILLINOIS ZEPHYR	BEST QUINCY	ON TIME	
45P 443 LAKE SHORE LTD	BOSTON	ON TIME	
45P 43 LAKE SHORE LTD	NEW YORK	ON TIME	
45P 50 CITY OF BIRMINGHAM	NEW ORLEANS	ON TIME	
45P 341 NIAGARA SERVICE	INDIANAPOLIS	ON TIME	
45P 40 BROADWAY LIMITED	NEW YORK	ON TIME	
45P 343 NIAGARA SERVICE	INDIANAPOLIS	ON TIME	

WE DIVIDED APPROXIMATELY 20 MINUTES PRIOR TO
 E. PLEASE WAIT IN THE LOBBY NEAR YOUR GATE.
 DEPARTURES FOR NOV 17, 1991 5:40P

LINE	DEPARTS TO TRACK	
1LW-W	ELGIN	3
1LW-N	FOX LAKE	7
1LW-W	ELGIN	11
1LW-N	FOX LAKE	7
11/18/91 DEPARTURES *****		
1LW-N	FOX LAKE	7
1LW-W	ELGIN	13
1LW-W	BIG TIMBER	13
1LW-W	ELGIN	7
1LW-N	LAKE FORES	13
1LW-N	GRAYSLAKE	11
1LW-W	ELGIN	7

TIME	TRAIN	TRAIN NAME	DIRECTION	LINE TO TRACK
7:12P	340	NIAGARA SERVICE	INDIANAPOLIS	ON TIME
7:12P	342	NIAGARA SERVICE	INDIANAPOLIS	ON TIME
7:20P	302	THE ILLINOIS	CHICAGO	ON TIME
7:25P	304	ANN RUTLEDGE	KANSAS CITY	ON TIME
7:50P	355	TWILIGHT LIMITED	DETROIT	ON TIME
7:58P	367	THE INTERNATIONAL	TORONTO	ON TIME

The Weight of The World
 Chicago Union Station, Chicago, IL
 Duration: 2:24 minutes

The Weight of The World

To be in love
is to have a chance
to block the weight of the world.

I see a man who has already worked
for thirty, thirty-five years.

His face shows his character,
which is tired of the routine,
and his unfashionably short pants
show his bare legs above his socks.
He is fed up but not invisible.

The twilight zone of daily transit
adding up to fifty-six hours a month
spent on the train at a pretty penny.

I always felt that they were the same people,
taking the same trains at the same time
and then one day I began to realize
that it is always a different crowd
and more and more,
it is the faces that begin to look the same.

In the ever-changing crowds of strangers,
in all of that noise and shaking aboard those antiquated trains,
there is a great bond of being crowded into situations
where the spatial norms disappear.

The only solace that you can have
is the space inside your own head.

They all rely on professional help to get better,
for a better world, a personal life that is more whole.

It is important to remember those
who have held our hands
before the terrible changes of the future.

People are falling from the rooftops,
and before the freight trains.

Who sleeps and who dies in the public transport?

The morning is an incomplete shape,
an open line,
an answer in the night,
a video store in flames.

When we escape in the certainty,
the movement of being sure,
when our hands become matches,
when we are packed in a train,
the end of the world is an impossible decision to make.



The Lovers' Gesture
Lockport, IL
Duration: 2:21 minutes

The Lovers' Gesture

Sixty feet high,
Eighty years old,
Six more miles to the graveyard.

Where are the grandparents
born early in the century?

To cut a tree,
to catch a hare in the woods in winter,
to take the train to go to work,
different feelings for different people.

Paper bags are not making too much sense
after an hour of walking in the rain.

So the world left it to aggressive entrepreneurs
to tell us how to live,
how to wear the labels of approval,
to save the trees,
save the planet,
save the mink,
save the cows,
save the mosquitoes,
save the plastic bags,
appears to override any desire to save the people.

Is it more practical,
more pragmatic,
to let the people *tomber, tombe,*
to fall,
to decrease the competition,
to save the *stuff* for the chosen few?

Is it more important that a tree is cut
than if someone is institutionalized
right into a golden age establishment or into a morgue?

Is anything that simple?
Is anything so simple
that it can be pared down that much?

Is there anyone who can read into the old varnish
to tell us that dreams are not only of the past and of the future,
that our mouths can be just like neon signs
even in the middle of the night?

That all of the words
are insufficient in the mutilated histories.

Who here understands
the simple pleasure of a cigarette in Mali or in El Salvador?
Who smokes in this world
and which are the houses to be renovated?

I look at a drawing of a fork in the road
when I read the wood grain in the Formica.

Will the choices imitate all of the panelling?

It's not the inscription,
it's the lovers' gesture in this tree
that makes me tremble.



In *The Principal Dancer*, documentary footage from a 1995 performance was used to create a new work. Visuals and audio imply thought while a woman performs the tasks of putting in a solitary night shift. The radio shuttles between stations under a full moon of potential. The focus on the waitress as she works and reflects on life, moves this character forward to become *The Principal Dancer*. Duration: 6:48 minutes, Format: Digital8

The Principal Dancer

| 2000

SCENE 5 - The WAITRESS

During this section, the waitress should pause occasionally to look at the slides.

On my last day of work
before leaving town,
Mary called from her day off to wish me well.

Jane asked me to think about Jesus and praying. (She feels that the end is near.) Dianne missed work in the morning to go to the funeral of a nineteen-month-old baby. He died after recovering some months ago from surgery and chemotherapy for a brain tumor the size of a tennis ball.

Peter told me about the forty thousand people detained in the former Yugoslavia; about the separation of the families: the men and boys separated from the women, girls, babies, older people and the 'infirm'. Standard military practice during tactical genocides.

It came back to me for days when I travelled east on the highway. The town where I have moved to has a population of forty thousand.

The slides end. The waitress turns off the podium light and leaves the stage.

(Excerpted from the 1995 performance.)



Pilgrim's Progress looks at placing value on individual creation and thought processes in a society based on market economy.
Duration: 5:40 minutes, Format: Digital8

Pilgrim's Progress

| 2002

The shadows cast by these towers obscure the landscape,
blocking the sun at dawn and at dusk.

Only the rise of the midday sun can overpower their sweep.

The question arises:
will I cast a shadow?

Music: Everybody...

These men create.

Each day they raise this structure
by one story,
or a story-and-a-half.

Music: everybody, everybody, yay yay...

I am not really sure,
but they work there
from sunrise to sunset.

And each time that I look,
I see that they are making real progress.

Music: Stop that!

Building within the concrete standards of brick and mortar investments.

The transition becomes calculated and predictable.

These white cells rush in each morning,
as if to aid in the fighting of some great infection.

And in the evening, red cells rush out, charged by a market economy.

They carry fresh oxygen back to all remote points of this ecosystem.

And how can I measure my own creation?

Like an alchemical cocktail, it is a festering boil,
a simmering process, a bubbling up.

It is hooked into daily life, but can only take shape through escape,
into the laboratory space.

In an eternal displacement,
feelings of loss must be filled with the energy of jumping in.

The decision of what to leave behind was made long before this time.
And now a push must be made against this void,
before the paralysis of viewing prevents action.
Messages must be outgoing to prevent the deluge of the incoming.

A leap must be made to effect that all important silence,
which clears the fuzz between events.

Anticipation of the leap, makes the plunge unbearable.

As clearing as isinglass, life on the forty-fourth floor holds as enveloping
a blue ambience as the projection in a movie theatre.

The bird's eye view is in the eye of the beholder,
as beauty lies there for the taking.

Epilogue:

At the end of one day
when 4:30 arrived,
I saw four men, or boys
running out of the work yard.

Two raced for a block.
I couldn't see their faces,
but was sure that they were the younger workers,
those with energy
and joy at the end of the shift.

A run for the beauty of the home streets.



Everybody is suspected of being an enemy of the state or an undercover agent.
It is no longer, 'J'accuse'. It is 'I denounce'. • Duration: 3:14 minutes, Format: Digital8

The Walls Have Ears

| 2002

THE PRESIDENT: Good morning. A few days from now I will go before Congress to report on the State of the Union and lay out my priorities for the coming year and beyond. These priorities reflect a single, overarching commitment: to enhance the security of America and its people.

Government's responsibilities begin with the defense of our nation. Our fight against terrorism began in Afghanistan, but it will not end there. America must not rest until every terrorist group of global reach has been found, stopped and defeated. In this work, our military must have every resource, every weapon needed to achieve full and final victory.

My budget calls for the largest increase in defense spending in the last 20 years, investing in more precision weapons, missile defenses, unmanned vehicles, and high-tech equipment for our soldiers on the ground.

I will also seek another pay increase for the men and women who wear our country's uniform. We will spend what it takes to win the war against terrorism.

A related priority is homeland security. We will pursue a sustained strategy to protect our people from the threat of terrorism...

Thank you for listening.
George W. Bush

BIG 3 SALE
Drive away without paying!!!
On all Montana's Chinook Edition
Montana's in stock now from 0.0% finance
or 0.9% lease!!!

MS BIKE TOUR JUNE 8, AND 9

9:04 • 21:04 • 25C

SUN 16 JUNE

BIG 3 • BIG 3 • BIG3

WE'VE GOT CALGARY COVERED

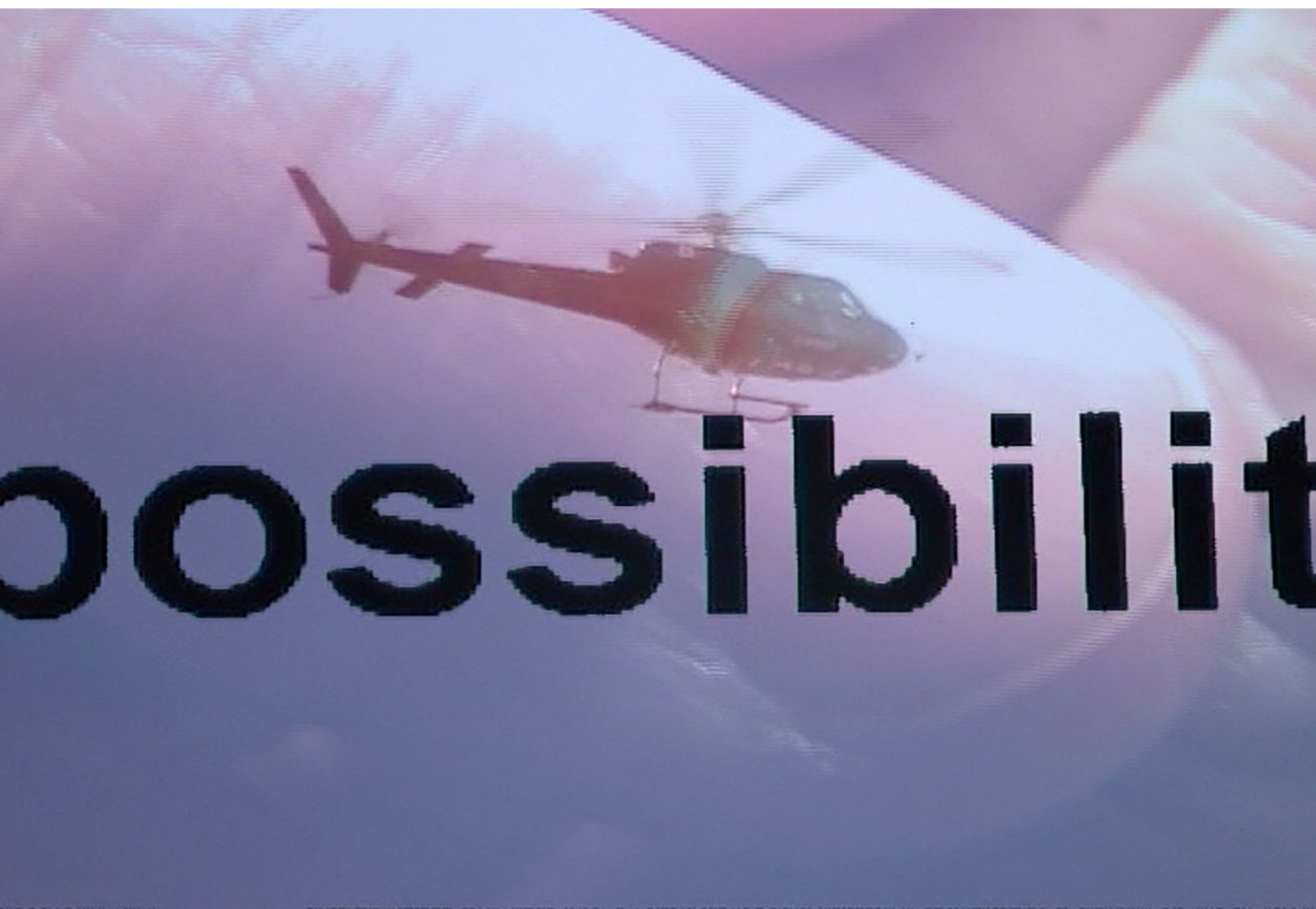
PONTIAC MONTANA 0.0% OR DRIVE
AWAY AND DON'T PAY LEASE

PLUS! PLUS! PLUS!

PICK TO WIN UP TO \$1,000.00 CASH ...
YES, UP TO \$1,000.00 CASH!

0.0% ON AZTEK...
0.0% ON SUNFIRE...
0.0% ON GRAND AM...
0.0% ON GRAND PRIX...
0.0% ON CENTURY...
0.0% ON REGAL & LeSABRE...

Scrolling LED Signs
Calgary, AB



This change of season has forced the repositioning of everything. Summer lush has the skin of barbed wire.
Duration: 3:51 minutes, Format: Digital8

Summerquote

| 2002

The transition from spring to summer carries the lush, the potential for relaxation... and yet its very nature is of violent change and growth. Hence, with metamorphosis there is the possibility of rebellion as the struggle from time immemorial, between the death of the old and the birth of the new plays out its passions in green and pink...

–Blair Riddell, *Rainforests of the Southern Hemisphere*, p. 24, *National Geographica*, June 1933.

A photograph of a person standing on a roof. The person is wearing a light-colored jacket and dark pants. The roof is covered in dark grey shingles. A brick chimney is visible in the foreground, with a small evergreen tree growing out of it. The word "Oblivious" is written in large, bold, black letters across the middle of the image.

Oblivious

DOWNTOWN

| 2003

The series is based on studies of contemporary culture as depicted through billboard promotions of living spaces. They are videopoems based on cultural observation and immersion... standing back, diving in, rejection, acceptance, surrender to the inevitability of economy-based culture.

Series of 5 videos
Duration: 6:47 minutes
Format: Digital8

A man and a woman are embracing in front of a building. The woman has blonde hair and is wearing a red jacket with a white star on the sleeve. The man has dark hair and is wearing a dark jacket. The building behind them has a sign that says "Sears" in large, white, stylized letters. The scene is set at night, and the overall tone is romantic and nostalgic.

perfect moment

In Your Wildest Dreams
Duration: 1:06 minutes

In Your Wildest Dreams

Sometimes I feel
that I don't know
my own mind.

Is this agony,
or is this ecstasy?

the perfect shoe
perfect relationship
perfect burger
perfect living space
perfect moment
perfect life

the perfect.

In your wildest dreams,
they hold us captive.



Pastimes
Duration: 1:22 minutes

Pastimes

I feel
that I

am repeating
my actions.

Day after day,
I find
myself
in the same
scenario.

I go through
the motions,
but life
seems so empty.

Oblivious
to the outcome,
I fulfill.



Splitting Image
Duration: 1:31 minutes

Splitting Image

Sometimes as I stand here,
the whole thing seems to shift
until I question
my own sense
of reality.



happiness,

Watching
Duration: 1:41 minutes

Watching

All around me I see the evidence
of peace and prosperity
health,
wealth,
happiness,
tranquility...
health,
wealth,
happiness,
tranquility...

and yet I can't escape the feeling
that I am being watched.

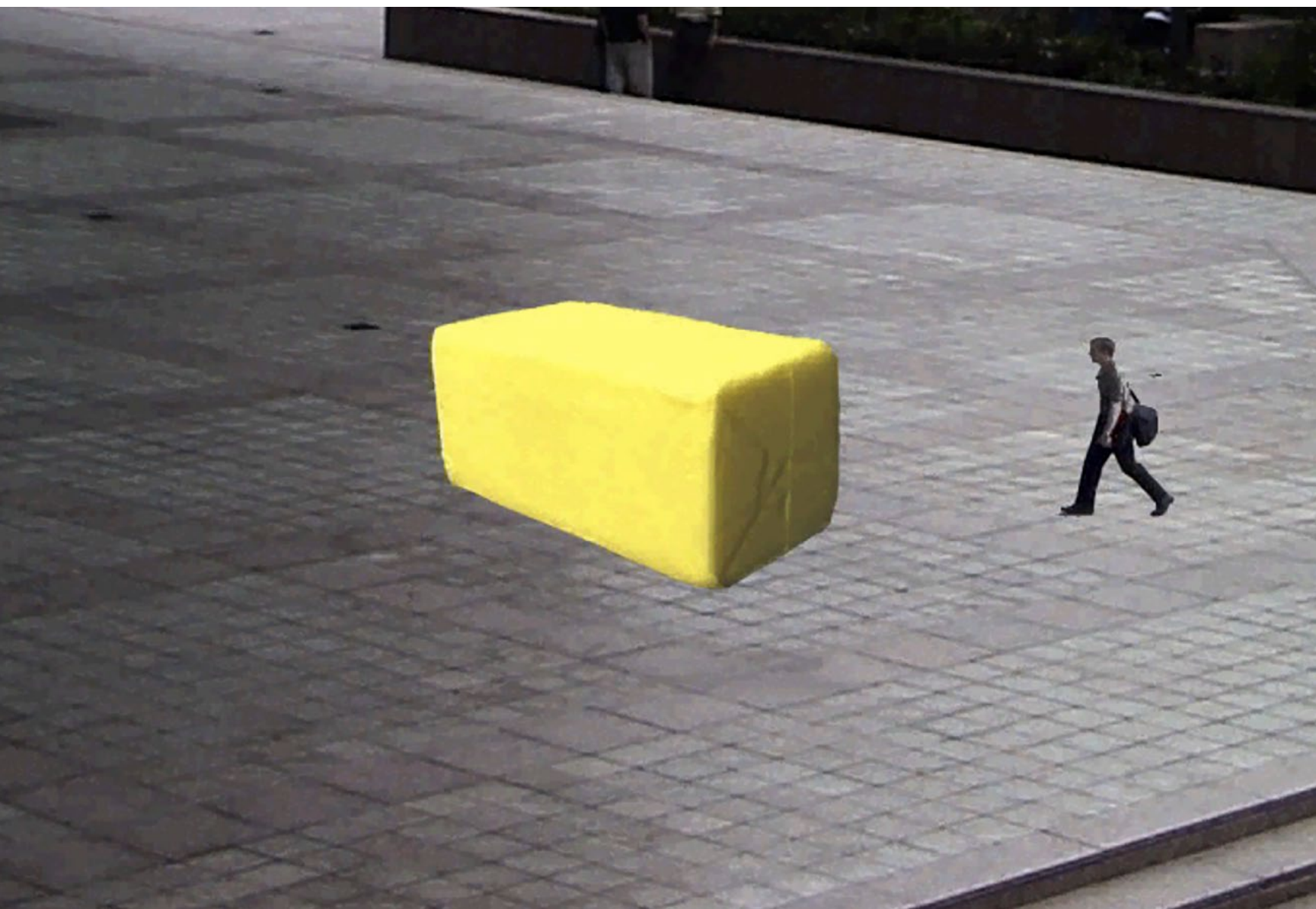


Nature
Duration: 1:07 minutes

Nature

At first I found that it seemed antiseptic
and then I learned to find nature there
and that's how polarization works.

I learn to accept what I see before my eyes.



For some it is facile and for others it is difficult. *Easy not easy* is a tape about institutions of power, economic systems and how the two direct and permeate society and culture. • Duration: 2:31 minutes, Format: Digital8

Easy Not Easy

| 2003

Fireman
give us some water,
we need some water...
command, we need some
water...
we're ready to put water on
the fire, but we need water
supply...

Red dog... be advised...
report, 6 is supplying water

Supply 49 update... end 44,

Truck 45: (garbled
message)

Fireman
give us some water truck

Command, be advised...
water... stand by

Fireman
... negative, I am right at
the fire, I need some water
in my truck...

Command
(garbled)... water supply 49

Fireman
interior command...

Command interior: go

Fireman
well, where's my water?

Command... garbled...
engines 4 and 6 are getting
water supply to truck 4, 5

Fireman
this is a serious command

Command: go

Fireman
we have no water...
(garbled) this floor is too
hot right now... (garbled)

Woman's voice (garbled)...
to command: Rescue 46

needs the elevator on the
5th floor immediately

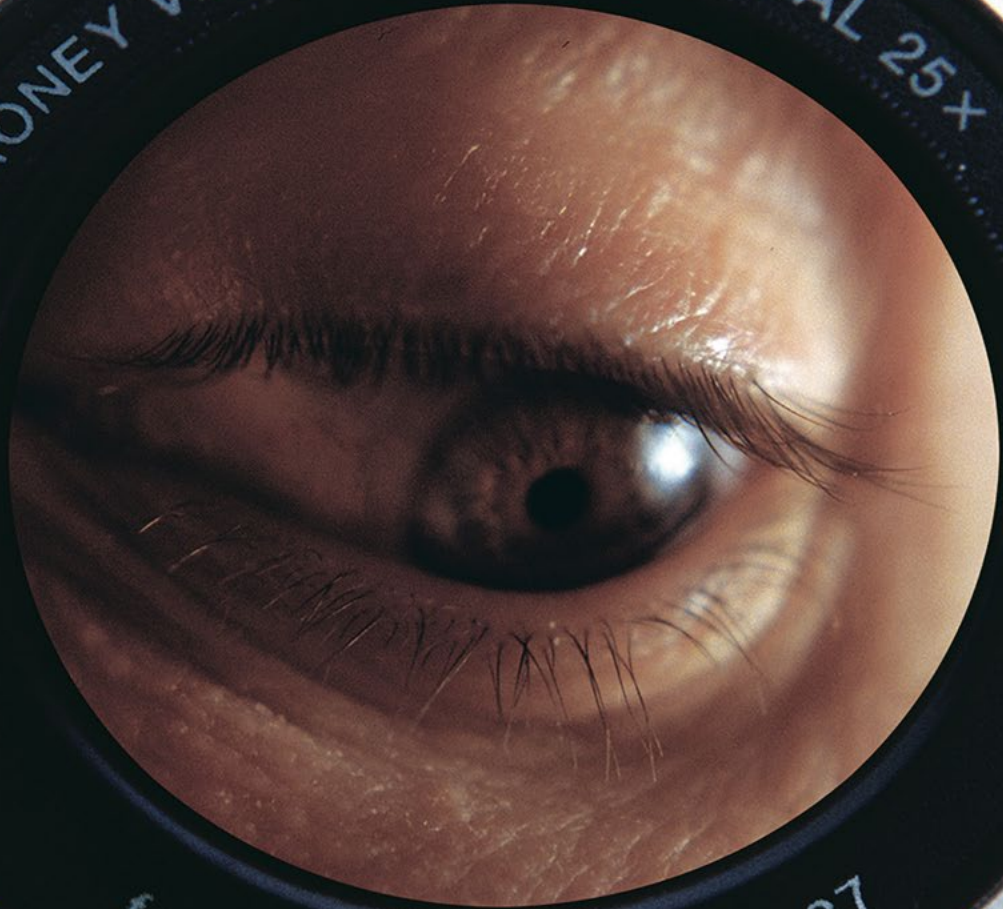
Operator to truck 48
... evacuation on the 5th
floor...
command: copy 10-48... go
ahead 45

Fireman
head of 45 command

Command
go ahead L45

I've got one deceased...
one critical... and two still
waiting to be rescued... on
the fifth floor

MONEY VIDEO LENS / OPTICAL 25x



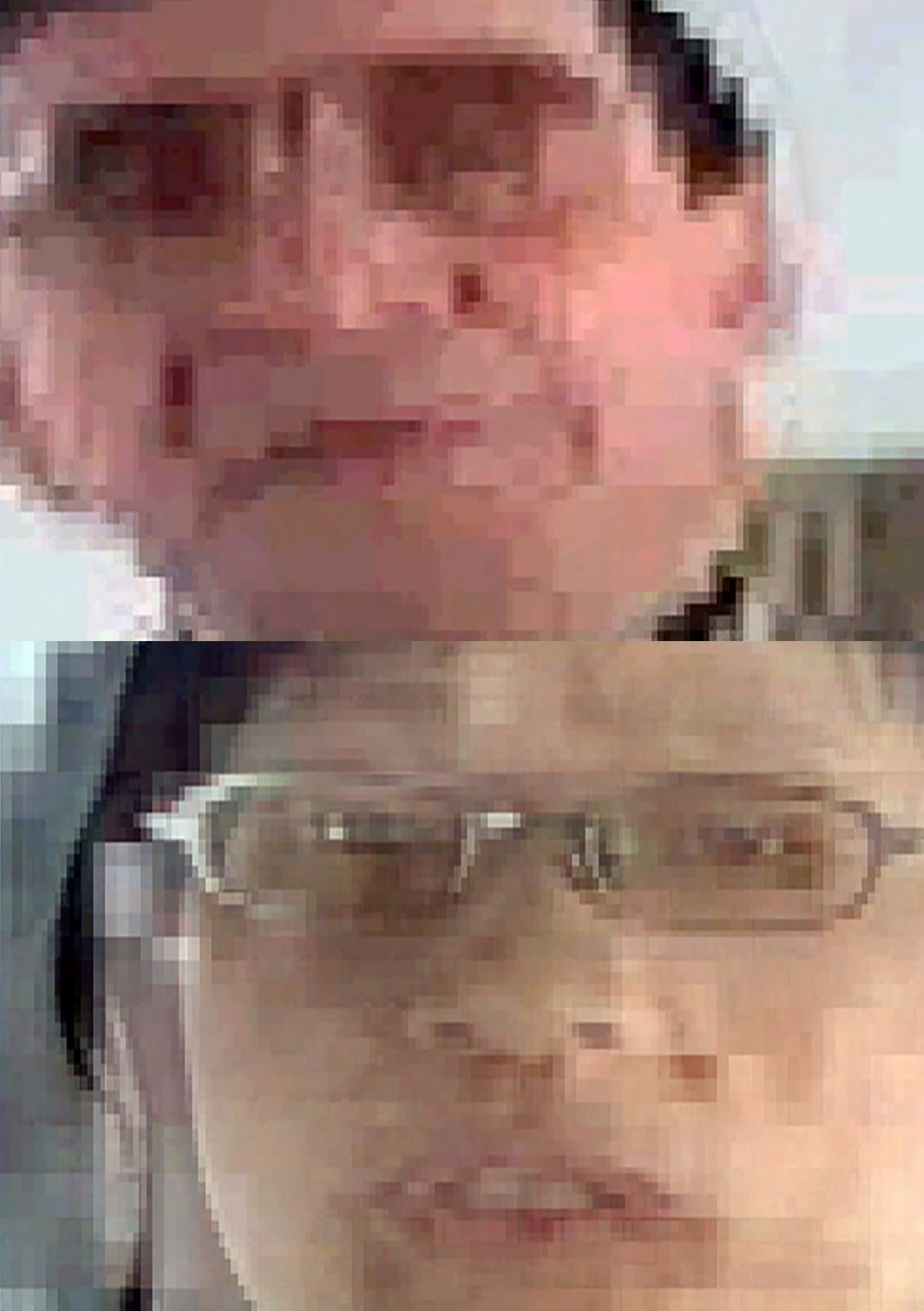
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Time Travel In This Moment

| 2004

On some days, it appears that the most any individual can do is to be aware of the flood that we stand in. Some days it is easier to sift through and make sense of the world; on other days it becomes overwhelming. Through it all, the forces of marketing insist that we keep running on time for the quarterly report. At times, the disaster is so great that everyone has to stop and take a breath. On those days when attempting to ride the wave might instigate a news headline, it would be easier to walk along the shore and gather repose. For some of us, there is the option to go online and virtually invite Pandora over for pizza and wings.

Series of 10 videos
Duration: 18:39 minutes
Format: Digital8



Greater Expectations

Top: Superimposed and treated images of Fred Guy Ferguson

Bottom: Superimposed and treated images of Jasmin Poon

Duration: 1:23 minutes

Greater Expectations

It is possible
that no one
lives on this planet
without the knowledge
that we are all here together
in our large and small societies
scattered on the shifting plates
floating on the primordial ocean.

All share

to a greater
or lesser degree

the resources beneath one sun
one moon
one blue sky
of endless possibilities

and holes in the ozone.

The sins of the Industrial Father
have been woven into the web.

Those who ran the show
looked only to the edges of their
lawns

without realizing

that water always runs back to the sea
and on its way
it picks up the visible
and the invisible
and rains it back to ALL.

No one can grow up feeling bound
and secure in being provided for.

No one has to fear the power of her/
his own reasoning

and No One can sit back
content with the present.

The future is folding in on us
more quickly than we can absorb its
implications.



Ping Pong

Top: Taxidermied display, Nanaimo, BC
Bottom: Water reflections near Duncan, BC
Duration: 2:28 minutes

Ping Pong

As I follow the path to the top of the hill
I hear the relentless roar of small twin-engine motors
not motorcycles
not lawnmowers
but the leaf-blowing machines
carried on the backs of two workers.

They are wearing glasses to shield their eyes from dust,
masks to protect their lungs from fumes and leaf particles,
hard hats and earplugs.

They do not attempt to speak
as their words will not be heard.

They hunch over, under the weight of the machines,
bearing the noise and the vibration all day.

The aroma of raking dead leaves
has been replaced by the fuel
used to power their handheld storms.

The muscles of the workers are atrophying
as the leaves go away

into the next yard

until the next dust storm brings them back.



Babbling and the Beauty of Accents
Top and bottom: Superimposed images of Anne Marie Nakagawa,
Peter Curtis Morgan and Terrance Houle
Duration: 1:49 minutes

Babbling and the Beauty of Accents

Myth has it
that the people of Shinar
started building a tower
to reach heaven
to talk to God directly.

Not appreciating
the effort and the desire,
God sent a confusion
to stop them.

One morning,
they woke up
speaking in different tongues.
Each family group
had its own language
and none
could understand the others.
Communication was lost,
work on the tower was stopped.

That's how the story
was passed down.

Sometimes, it is not language
that causes confusion.

Sometimes,
there is no confusion at all,
but an unwillingness
to trust the other
for long enough to hear
the message being sent.

The beauty of accents
is demonstrated every day
openly and free of charge
as the citizens of Babel
go about their daily routines.

A spark of will must take fire
before understanding can follow.

If there is nothing
in common between people,
words will not pave the way.

If the bridge
has been taken down
on the other end
some form of trust has to step in,
or no amount of trying will get
the message across.



Reported
Top: Nancy McHugh
Bottom: Edmonton landscape
Duration: 1:46 minutes

Reported

We are shown a newsroom tape
of home video quality.

It shows the five hundred men
and boys walking
through a forest.

And then we see their remains,
one year later
lying in the same lines
as we saw them walking
four,
five,
or six abreast.

A winding,
long
path.
The trees have shed their leaves,
have grown
and are green again.

Photos pulled from their pockets
reveal

youth

and the smiles
of families and friends

left behind.

And their tattered clothing

reveals bones,

where

flesh

once

resembled

the photographers.



If Existence Had Wings

Top and bottom: Superimposed airplanes near the Calgary Airport

Duration: 1:53 minutes

If Existence Had Wings

Today at the airport, the whole
thing became overwhelming.
Passing through the security
gates implies a commitment,
but sending someone through
carries more weight.

I watched a whole sea of
humanity waiting to be
scrutinized
for passage.
One plane destined for Ottawa,
one plane for Frankfurt,
one gate.

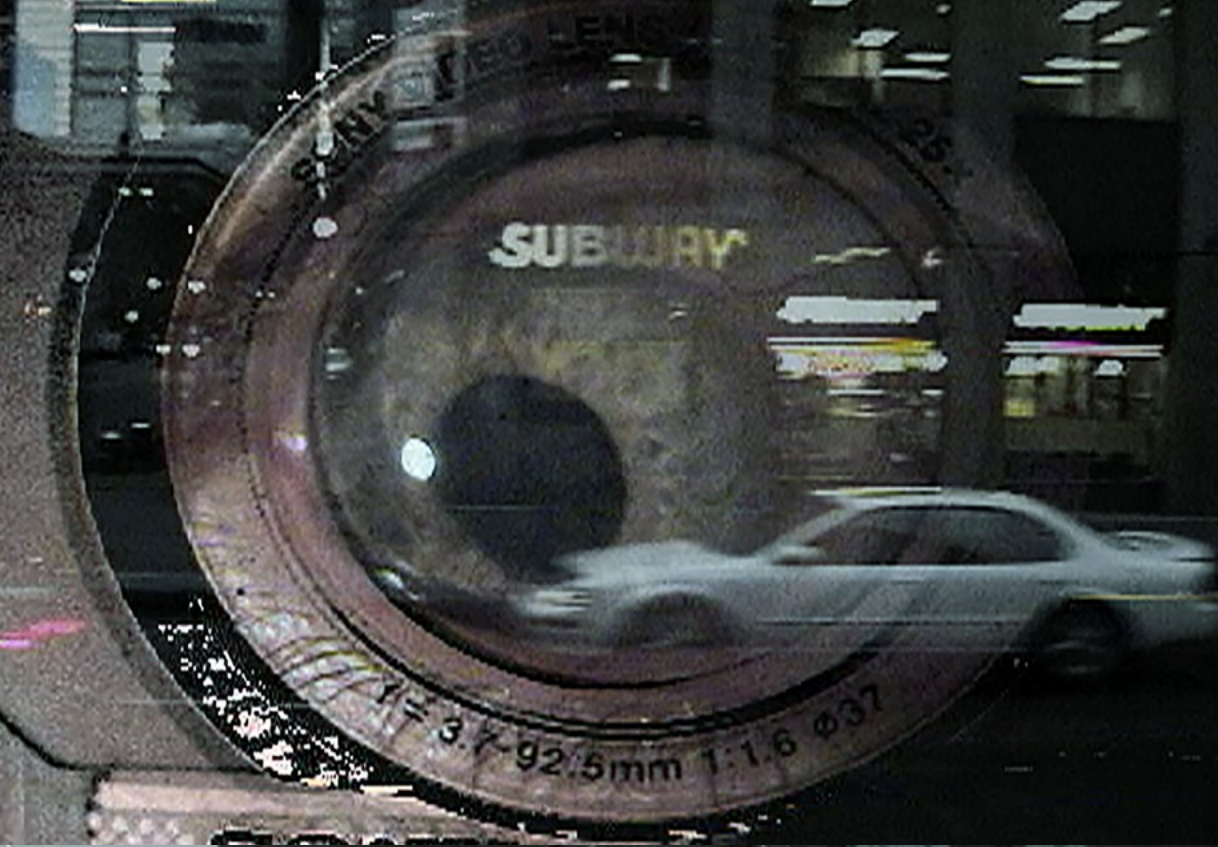
On my left
one older man
pacing,
wiping tears
lost in his memories.

An ancient woman
shaking with deep sadness.
Younger members of her family
supporting her on both sides.

On my right,
a young man
watched his woman
pass through the gates
waiting to make
that last eye contact
striking his chest
and reciting a mantra
as she disappeared down the
hallway.

Whole lifetimes
were flashing inside of our eyes,
strangers with love and angst in
common.

All of us contemplating mortality,
filled with hope
that the numbers would be good
today.



Life imitating Art
Top and bottom: Superimposed images of eyes
and Downtown Calgary, AB
Duration: 1:47 minutes

Life imitating Art

is set
under projections of bright sun
with occasional rain
to freshen the evening air.

The principal character enters
with the confidence that he will be recognized
by the credit limit of his eye scan.

It is possible for each audience member to have
a different reading of the pre-planned event.
Facets of the point of view are available
through cameras set to capture all possible preferences.

In our world
digital recording becomes the proof.
Material is re-readable, re-viewable,
through the eyes of the electronic witness.

Mediated past, present, and future.

We have it all—
even the out-of-body experience,

and the unknown ‘THEY’
have the ravaged bodies.

It is all a question of control in Club Mediated.



Futile Exercise

Top and bottom: The Bow River at the Louise Street Bridge, Calgary, AB

Duration: 1:43 minutes

Futile Exercise

A walk along the river revealed
sleeping bags and other
personal belongings.

I felt as if walking
into someone's home.
Each room was laid out beside rocks
and bushes, under
protective tree branches.
It was architecture without walls
and it spread from the river's edge
back up to the prescribed path.

I moved in that direction to avoid
transgressing the unspoken claim.

I felt the need to obey the boundary,
more than those times when a fence
physically defines the limits.

Back on the path,
It was warm and I sat on a bench
to edit out some of the
looping monologue of responsibilities
that continued to fill my thoughts.

For five minutes I tried to fix my gaze
on one section of water.

The water flowed fast,
gallons of buckets—
full.

My eyes were tempted
to follow that free water.

Instead,
I forced them to return to that place
where I had fixed my attempt to
release the flow of
consciousness.

And as long as I looked,
that place on the river
was never empty—
and never was it the same water,

or the same moment in time.

And yet my mind
remained full of thoughts,
that were unwilling to let go.

And no owner of the camping gear
was seen enjoying
the warm light of day.



Identity Crisis: Medusa's New Game

Top: Superimposed / treated images of Benjamin Breckenridge

Bottom: Superimposed / treated images of Karen Young

Following image: Superimposed / treated images of Terrance Houle

Duration: 2:00 minutes

Identity Crisis: Medusa's New Game

Will we ever reach a time when each person
is allotted more than market value of individual identity?

Cloning enhancements are specifying
the new mix and matches.

Playing with fire—
has made face transplants a motion away.

Is it possible to turn the mirror inside—
and leave faces where they are—
lightly attached, custom designed for each skull.

Has Medusa found a new shell game?

What value was placed on life and growth
before they were calculations on ticker tape.
Digital high tech could tell us—
electronically.

WHO are we,
WHERE did we come from—
and WHERE are we GOING.



What was it like before photography gave us matte or glossy,
before you could see a likeness,
fixed with light and chemistry,
before you were able to see more than the faces within
walking distance—
of your lifetime?

Then,
when you saw the faces of strangers in dreams,
how much importance did you place on wondering
where they came from?

Before you saw larger than life size—
torsos and darling faces
flash by on buses,

how could you remember the look in someone's eyes
—before there was recordable proof?

Can we re-learn to experience the world,

pass go,
and start again?



Immediacy Dominos
Top and bottom: Superimposed / treated images of
Memorial Drive, Calgary, AB
Duration: 2:31 minutes

Immediacy Dominos

I know how I feel on the streets,
but I also feel the life of the guy who sleeps on the rocks,
under the parkade next to my apartment block,
and the guy who sleeps in the cardboard box with his shoes
left outside—
under the parkade ramp of the building across the street.
He was there last week,
in the morning after the freak snowstorm.

I see other men and women walking in the alleys,
in parks, and on street corners
—asking for money,
or collecting recyclable materials.

They are as much a part of the reality of this immediate
city world,
as the clerk in the grocery store.

I see them, they see me—
and passing us all,
the sea of anonymity,
glides by in rush hour.

White cells,
distinguished each morning by their headlights,
pumping into the downtown core,
in their fast and mean machines.
They disappear into *towerculture* for the daylight hours.

And at the end of the day,
they carry fresh oxygen back to their outlying abodes.

There is now very little separation
between the public and the private.

Maybe we are living more closely
the experience of the late dark ages.
—before the light reappeared.

Ancient divisions were set and practised,
yet the quality of life was still marginal,
—even for those in towers.

In this advanced age of technology,
we are no longer able to live together.
Our communities are invisible,
but everyone is well aware of the divisions.

Our neighbourhoods must be those
manufactured to suit our needs.

Bill's gates divide us,
Internet chats rush to fill the gaps.

The fear of the stranger is as rampant as plague,
the mystery of the other—
has never been more forbidden.

**I passed
a few
other people**

**between
the
5 to 9**

Missing

I walked in the city last night
and saw that it was missing.

I passed a few other people—
micro-societies,
moving between empty spaces.

Glancing into the windows of clubs,
revealed that sounds of ecstasy—
came from pre-recorded music.
Apparatus set to call me into the void.

Downtown, bright lights,
surreal façade—
hiding the emptiness—
between the 5 to 9.

Most cities have them,
no man's land,
peopled by those
without other shelter.

Nightlife,
Downtime,
Downsized,
Downtown.



Le siège de leur raison est un constat poétique sur les liens entre le déséquilibre du pouvoir et la culture.
The place of their spirit is a poetic assessment of the power imbalance woven into the fabric of culture.
Duration: 4:07 minutes, Format: Digital8

Le siège de leur raison

| 2003

Ils font marcher des enfants sur des mines et ils envoient dans la terre des hommes chercher des lumières précieuses. Lorsque les monstres marchent la substance qui leur tient de cerveau s'agite dans un sens et dans l'autre. Leur aura est une vapeur de tequila. Ils tiennent dans leurs mains, sous les mitraillettes, des bouquets de ballotes. C'est avec fierté qu'ils parlent de Pasteur 'Il avait raison', disent-ils, même le liquide le plus putride reste pur s'il est tenu à l'abri des poussières de l'air.

Ce sont des dandys guérilleros qui froissent la dentelle de leurs chemises dans les forêts vierges. Ce sont des mercenaires attifés à tout défaire, ils font avec des perles, des cordes pour la potence. Dans la nacre irisée des colliers, dansent des machettes ensanglantées. Ils épandent les restes de l'humanité. Ils la font glisser et l'emportent en enfer.

Ils portent du cuir d'alligator et de salamandre. Ils se couvrent de clips et d'objets électroniques. Ils jouent de la poudre à canon et du pipeau d'acier. Les grands Pompadour de la noirceur ont les yeux faits de petites diodes. Ils portent en sautoir des chaînes platine. Ils font miroiter les reflets argentés d'une humanité langoureuse, clignotante, amincie. Ils sont en sangle, fiévreux et à genoux dans les *chips* Intel, Motorola ou *whatever*, endormis sur un lit de bijoux spongieux. Ils ont la fièvre des tranchées, leur visage pourpre se gonfle des rêves étiolés qu'ils ont déposés dans la saumure. Le trésor le plus brillant est une mare d'agent orange où flottent des framboises éclatantes.



The Place of Their Spirit

| 2003

They force children to walk on mines and send men into the earth to look for precious lights. When they walk, the substance that is their brains moves alternately from one side to another. They have an aura of tequila vapour. Under their machine guns, they hold bouquets of flowers. It is with pride that they speak of Pasteur: 'He was right', they say, even the most putrid liquid remains pure if it is sheltered from the dust of the atmosphere.

They are guerrillas, strutting dandies that crumple the lace of their shirts. In the virgin forest they are mercenaries dressed to the nines with pearl necklaces. They make nooses for the gallows. Their bloody machetes dance in the pearly iridescence. They spread the remains of humanity making it slide into the inferno.

They wear the leather of alligators and of salamanders. They cover themselves with brooches and electronic objects. They play with gunpowder and steel pipes. The elite of the darkness have eyes made of diodes. They carry long platinum chains that mirror a languorous, flashing, thinner humanity. In the silver reflections they are strapped, feverishly bowing to the Intel and Motorola chips. Asleep on a bed of spongy jewels they have trench fever. Their crimson faces are puffing up. They have dumped their haggard dreams into a brine. The most brilliant treasure is a pond of agent orange where bright raspberries float. The cataclysm sleeps with them in a soft mathematical space, in the swollen and sporadic diffusion of their parts where the hearts of their spirits rest in a comatose state.



MUDSC

| 2005

‘Même un détour serait correct’ (MUDSC) est une dérive dans les nouvelles villes enclouées, dans les villes forteresses, les villes privées, où la peur de l’autre est portée à l’extrême et où les caméras de surveillance, les portails télécommandés et les gardiens de sécurité sont devenus les nouvelles nécessités de cette vie à l’abri de la vie elle-même. Dans cette topographie du conflit, il y a aussi l’espoir de trouver un terrain neutre pour construire ou reconstruire un espace habitable.

‘Even a detour would be okay’ is a poetic expedition into urban sprawl, gated communities: those private cities of our new world where the fear of the others is pushed to the extreme. Those are the places where surveillance cameras, remote controlled doors and security guards have become the new necessities of this life sheltered from life itself. In this topography of conflict there is also the hope of finding neutral ground to build upon, or to rebuild a liveable space.

Série de 18 vidéos / Series of 18 videos

Durée / Duration: 32:32 minutes

Format: Digital8



Le sac / The Bag
Calgary, AB
Duration: 2:02 minutes

Le Sac

Pour les pertes matérielles, considérons qu'une quarantaine de maisons et un autobus et une trentaine de voitures ont roulé dans ce gouffre à une profondeur inconnue. Les dégâts s'élèveraient jusqu'ici à deux millions et peut-être plus. Nous apprenons en dernière heure qu'un pont se serait écroulé sur le Saguenay. Il n'est pas exclu qu'une centaine d'autres maisons construites dans le même bas-fond d'argile subissent le même sort au cours des prochains jours. D'heure en heure, une maison nouvelle s'abîme. Et nous allons justement voir dans quelques secondes une maison s'effondrer. Et l'on ne sait pas quand ces éboulis vont prendre fin. Un hélicoptère de la protection civil a recueilli à l'aube une femme qui avait passé la nuit sur une voiture, légèrement en marge du creux de l'abîme. C'est, semble-t-il, la seule survivante parmi les personnes qui ont roulé dans le gouffre.

The Bag

As for the material cost: 40 houses, one bus and about 30 cars have all fallen in the unknown depth of the abyss. So far, the damage has been estimated to be 2 million dollars, perhaps more. This just in: a bridge on the Saguenay River has collapsed. It has not been ruled out that in the next few days more than 100 houses built in the same clay dip could also fall into the hole. Each hour a new house is damaged. We are about to see a live feed of a house collapsing. And we do not know when it will stop. This morning a helicopter from the Civil Protection picked up a woman who spent the night on the roof of a car. She was found at the edge of the abyss. She seems to be the only survivor of those who fell in.

Texte tiré des Archives de Radio-Canada : *Glissement de terrain à Saint-Jean-Vianney, 5 mai 1971.*
Text from *Glissement de terrain à Saint-Jean-Vianney, 5 mai 1971*, Archives de Radio-Canada.



Les bungalows / The Bungalows
Composite image: Hidden Valley suburb, Calgary, AB + excerpt from
The Leopard by Luchino Visconti
Duration: 1:12 minutes

The Bungalows

bungalows like flowers
are growing at the edge of towns

the urbanists in search of supreme achievement
disintegrate in front of the buildings

the decorators, prisoners of the sickly colours
force their colour theory
like dominatrix

this house must cost a lot
like Tancredi's governess
said in the movie of Visconti

it must cost a lot
it must cost a lot
it must cost a lot
it must cost a lot
it must cost a lot
it must cost a lot
it must cost a lot

Les bungalows

des bungalows
comme des fleurs
poussent à la lisière des villes

des urbanistes en quête d'apothéose
se désintègrent dans le tissu
comme s'il était une guenille sociale

des décorateurs prisonniers de palettes malades
imposent comme des dominatrices
leur théorie de la couleur

'c'est une maison qui doit coûter cher'
comme dirait la gouvernante de Tancredi
dans le film de Visconti



Pitotner (le trafic) / The Traffic

Composite image: Hidden Valley suburb, Calgary, AB + lighting matches

Duration: 2:14 minutes

Pitonner (le trafic)

le trafic comme une flèche
traverse la ville
qui comme un poumon perforé
laisse échapper un filet d'humidité
une vapeur qui se dissipe
un rêve impossible dans l'air raréfié
du silence d'après-midi

c'est le retour au bercail
des citoyens-guimauves
des brebis perdues
qui ont passé la journée à se faire rôtir le cul
dans l'âtre chaud des bureaux
qui ont léché les dessous des chaussures
les dessus des insultes
des patrons et des patronnes
qui ont organisé l'ensemble des dossiers de
l'humanité
en se foutant éperdument de sa destinée
qui ont pitonné fiévreusement sur leur clavier
sans jamais avoir fait aucune musique
qui ont pétri dans les cubicules
le formant et les tourments du désespoir
de ne pas savoir qui est l'archer
d'où vient le danger
où va le bonheur

six heures trente-cinq
c'est l'heure d'enfiler le lycra
d'être *spandex*
ipod man
d'empoigner le vélo de montagne
et d'aller derrière Wal-Mart
c'est l'heure de tourner en rond
en écoutant la musique qu'on aime

tourner en rond
s'étourdir et s'engourdir
s'allonger dans l'oubli
pédaler à reculons
ne plus retourner travailler
déceler

option apple escape
option apple escape
option apple escape



The Traffic

the traffic like an arrow
travels across the city
like a pierced lung
releasing a wisp of humidity
a dissipating vapour
an impossible dream in the rare air
and silence of the afternoon

the lost flock
the marshmallow-citizens
are returning home
after having spent the day
on the roasting spit
in the office-hearth
after having licked
the bottoms of the shoes
and the tops of the insults
of their bosses
after having organized
the whole file cabinet of humanity
while not giving a damn
about its destiny
after having tapped feverishly
on their keyboards
without having ever produced
any music

after having kneaded
in their cubicles
the precursor and the tormentor
of their despair

after all that they still don't know
who is the archer
where the danger is coming from
and what is the fate of their happiness

6:35 p.m.
it's time to dress in lycra
to be spandex iPod man
to grab the mountain bike
and to go behind the shopping centre
it's time to go around and around
while listening to the top 40

to go around and around
to daze and numb oneself
to stretch out in oblivion
to pedal backward
to never go back to work
to dismount

option apple escape
option apple escape
option apple escape



Enveloper / To Wrap
Composite image: Hidden Valley suburb, Calgary, AB + close-up of grasshoppers
Duration: 1:10 minute

To Wrap

under the cover of darkness
in a shelter that defies fear
wrapped in the noise
of a cloth that flaps in the wind

the current flows over the stones
the water is a sheer of silk
the water runs quickly
between day and night
under the bridge
under the bridge

Envelopper

à couvert de la nuit
dans un abri qui dit non à la peur
dans une bulle de branches et de carton
enveloppé dans le bruit d'une toile
qui claque au vent

le courant glisse sur les pierres
l'eau est un voile de soie
qui touche les berges en s'entrechoquant
l'eau court rapidement entre le jour et la nuit
le pont enjambe la rivière
*sous le pont le gouffre
où le crachat du beau dandy multimilliardaire
reluit comme un phare*

*cette salive vaut assez pour acheter un gros jambon
assez pour réchauffer une maison
pendant quatre nuits
assez pour repousser les avances des requins*

The italicized text is part of the original French poem published by Éditions Prise de parole, but is not included in the videopoem.

Le texte en italique fait par partie du poème publié par les Éditions Prise de parole, mais n'a pas été inclus dans le vidéopoème.





La fin du monde / The End of the World
Composite image: Near Bridlewood suburb, Calgary, AB +
Archival footage of atomic explosions
Duration: 1:32 minutes



Danser (La banlieue) / The Suburb
Composite image: Near Irricana, AB + Opening of locks
Duration: 2:22 minutes

The Suburb

a suburb well guarded
a subtle jail
a forced pension
with guards at the doors
like loving nannies

like dogs in their kennels
showing their teeth in the night
showing their teeth in the night
life is like this perfect field
where nothing grows
but the antennas
the beautiful antennas

this estate is a wasteland
where the SOS dance
the SOS of the entire world
the SOS of the entire world
the SOS of the entire world

Danser (La banlieue)

une banlieue bien gardée
une prison subtile
une pension forcée
avec des gardiens aux portes
comme des *nannies* qui nous aiment

des chiens dans leur niche
montrent leurs dents
et font de la nuit
une arène illuminée
par la peur

la vie c'est ce terrain parfait
où rien ne pousse
sauf les antennes des câblodistributeurs

ce domaine est un terrain vague
où dansent les SOS du monde entier



Réchauffer / To Warm Up
Composite image: Canola field near Irricana, AB,
Rocky Mountains near Canmore + Housing constructions
Duration: 2:19 minutes

To Warm Up

without being a pure joy
the fire warms up the surroundings
and even if its warmth is not designed to continue
it's the only truth that deserves to be noted
it's the only truth that deserves to be noted
this reality spills itself onto the river
like seeds of diamonds
and its warm breeze lasts only seconds
and its warm breeze lasts only seconds

people are gathering near the bridge
the cold sticks on the back like a knife
the scene has something of the drawings of Goya
the paintings of Golub, or something like that
it moves in slow motion
except for the fire that burns quickly

the palms of the hands
are turned toward the hot spot
the life line burns lightly
the fragility of life is knocking on everyone's back
the fragility of life is knocking on everyone's back
the crackling of dry wood makes a huge noise
that manages to hide the fact
that the fire is burning out

up ahead it's red
behind it's black
up ahead it's red
behind it's black

Réchauffer

sans être de joie le feu réchauffe les alentours
et même si la chaleur n'est pas destinée à continuer
c'est la seule vérité qui mérite d'être notée

cette réalité se répand sur la rivière
comme une semence de diamants
et son vent chaud ne dure que quelques secondes

on s'attroupe tous près du pont
le froid colle au dos
comme un couteau
la scène a quelque chose des dessins de Goya
des peintures de Golub
ou quelque chose comme ça
on bouge au ralenti
pendant que le feu brûle rapidement

les paumes des mains sont tournées
vers le pont chaud
la ligne de la vie brûle légèrement
la fragilité de la vie cogne au dos de tout un chacun
le bois crache d'énormes bruits secs
et réussit à cacher le feu qui s'en va

devant c'est rouge
derrière c'est noir



Précipiter / To Rush
Composite image: Ektachrome slides of French Castles + Jumping into the air
Duration: 2:49 minutes

To Rush

they love the body cut from the head
they are the cleavers of the apocalypse
they powder their faces
with explosive dust
in their hands
they hold beautiful warheads
and the biohazards
are tasty chamomile

they rush with violence in the splendour
of their padded shelters in the absurd light
reflected by gold teeth and Rolex watches
on the carpeted walls

under the camouflage chic
misery is a transparent topaz

*they love
the body cut from the head
they are the dandies of the apocalypse
they powder their faces
with explosive dust*

Précipiter

ils aiment les corps décolletés de leur tête
ils sont les coquets de l'apocalypse
qui se poudrent le visage
avec des poussières explosives
dans leurs mains
les *biohazards* sont de bonnes camomilles

ils se précipitent avec violence
dans le faste de leurs abris capitonnés
dans l'absurde lumière
que reflètent les dents d'or et les rolex
sur les murs tapissés

sous les camouflages chics
la misère est une topaze transparente

The section in italics was added for the videopoem.



Cribler / To Riddle with Bullets
Warehouse, Calgary, AB
Duration: 54 seconds

To Riddle with Bullets

the snipers like vipers
in abandoned buildings
are creating turmoil from scratch

they call it a popular event
their silence is the jungle they have created

it's raining, it's raining Shepherd
it's raining, it's raining Shepherd

Cribler

les francs-tireurs sont des vipères
dans les immeubles désaffectés
ils créent la tourmente de toutes pièces
ils font de la mise à sac une expérience populaire
le silence est une jungle qu'ils inventent

il pleut, il pleut, bergère
les passants les coureurs se font cribler de balles
ils en font des passoires où pénètre la noirceur
il pleut, il pleut, bergère

ils se passent le pouvoir
comme des suzerains en chaleur
ils manient la hache et le bâillon
avec méthode et vigueur
ils ruent les hommes dans leur salive
contre des platebandes recouvertes de verre brisé

le jour se lève dans une lumière incendiaire
il pleut, il pleut, bergère

L'extrait du texte utilisé pour
le vidéopoème en français est en caractère régulier.



Couper / To Cut
Machetes, Calgary, AB
Duration: 1:29 minutes

To Cut

their machetes are metronomes
cut-cut funerals
on their heads they balance
Fabergé eggs of great value

desolation is a precious stone
that they wear around their necks
like a pyramid
the trophies they parade are heavy with silence
their hate festoons the route like flowers

Couper

leurs machettes sont des métronomes
coupe-coupe funéraires
ils tiennent en équilibre sur leur tête
des œufs Fabergé de grande valeur

la désolation est une pierre précieuse
qu'ils portent au cou
comme une pyramide de pouvoir et d'ambition
les trophées qu'ils paradedent sont lourds de silence
et leur haine comme des fleurs festonne le parcours



Tomber 3 (Tomber) / To Fall
Daniel H. Dugas with the hand, Calgary, AB
Duration: 1:43 minutes

To Fall

a few cannibals are now managing
the new food banks
they seem to have success in inviting the starving
to come and rest in their blossoming ossuary

their intellect is an over illuminated warehouse
where one can hear Elvis Presley singing
'I did it my way', full blast

in the coloured stands of the vampires
under the polymer palms
the scale model of a great complex
is on permanent display
they say that the oasis will look
like a giant macramé owl

and while the storm raged
the gardener extraordinaire
wrote Y'a d'la joie
with yellow tulips
on the green lawns of the dominant tribes

in the mud slides
that are happening regularly
in the non-protected zones
hundreds of lost heads
are drifting open-mouthed
humming in unison
Il était un petit navire.

Tomber 3 (Tomber)

quelques cannibales
gèrent les nouvelles banques alimentaires
ils semblent inviter avec succès les affamés
à venir se reposer dans leur ossuaire fleuri

leur intellect est un entrepôt superilluminé
où l'on entend à plein volume
Elvis Presley interpréter
'I did it my way'

dans le stand coloré des vampires
sous les palmiers de polymère
est exposée en permanence
la maquette d'un grand complexe
l'oasis dit-on ressemblerait à un grand macramé
avec le dessin d'un hibou

pendant que la tempête fait rage
le jardinier extraordinaire
écrit avec des tulipes jaunes
sur les gazons verts des tribus dominantes
'Y a d'la joie'

dans les glissements de terrain
qui surviennent régulièrement
dans les zones non protégées
des centaines de têtes perdues
s'éloignent bouche bée
en fredonnant en chœur
'Il était un petit navire'



Disparaitre / To Disappear
Daniel H. Dugas near Drumheller, AB
Duration: 1:23 minutes

Disparaître

épuisés par l'arrogance qui les tient
ils s'enveloppent dans leur propre hypnose
comme dans un velours où il fait bon dormir

ils sortent de leurs demeures
de leurs caves asphaltées
éblouis par le brillant des détails architecturaux

ils sautent dans leurs véhicules
dans leurs bazous de luxe
recouverts comme les abat-jour nazis
de peau tatouée de fantômes

sans lumière dans leur tête
les rideaux fermés
et les portes scellées
aux chevilles
les colliers des geôliers
dans leur cocon haute sécurité
où il fait bon s'engourdir

ils sont libres
de tout détruire
de s'autoenflammer
d'abandonner leur raison
comme des rats enragés
ils sont dans le courant des fleuves de leur frayeur
et ils flottent en criant ce qui les force à couler

les voilà victorieux
vainqueurs des plus faibles
dominateurs choisis des dieux
gardiens des entrepôts
et des stocks précieux
garants des vitamines et des *chips* toutes saveurs
les voilà au sommet des échelles d'Escher
au plafond des trous noirs
au centerfold des raideurs économiques

les voilà debout
comme seuls les vers nématodes savent se tenir
ce sont des oiseaux-mouches
qui se sont transformés en cyclopes
ce sont des crachats
qui ont appris à lire
leur œil est une bouche
qui avale toutes les images

ils s'étonnent et s'explodent
dans le bruit de leur démesure
ils embaument la nature
ils empaillent ce qui est magnifique
et empilent ce qui est magnifique

ils fixent dans le formol
les moments précieux
ils sont ISO idiots
ils ont vengé, ils ont vidangé, ils ont explosé
comme des vesses-de-loup asséchées
ils ont disparu dans la nature
comme du pollen dans le cosmos



To Disappear

exhausted by the arrogance that holds them
they envelop themselves in their own hypnosis
like the velvet of a bed where it's nice to sleep

they come out of their homes
their asphalted caves
dazzled by the brilliance
of their architectural details

they jump into their cars
into their luxury clunkers
covered with skins tattooed with ghosts
like the nazi lamp shades

without lights in their heads
with the curtains closed
and the doors locked
the shackles of jailers tied to their ankles
in their high security cocoons
where they like to get numbed

they are free
to destroy everything
to set fire to themselves
to abandon reason
like mad rats
they float in the river of their fears
and as they float they shout out
exactly what makes them drown

here they are victorious
vanquishing the weak
rulers chosen by the gods
guardians of the warehouses and precious stock
guarantors of vitamins
and flavoured chips of all kinds
here they are at the top of Escher's ladders
on the ceilings of the black holes
on the centrefold of economic stiffness

here they stand up
like only the nematode worms know how to
they are hummingbirds that have transformed
themselves into Cyclops
his eye is a mouth that swallows all images
they are like spit that has learned how to write

they surprise and explode themselves
in the noise of their excesses
they embalm nature
they stuff what is magical
and stack what is magnificent

they fix in the formaldehyde
all precious moments
they are ISO idiots
they have avenged
they have dumped
they have exploded like puffballs
they have disappeared into nature
like pollen in the cosmos



Couvrit / To Cover
Composite image: Fake pearls + Highway, Calgary, AB
Duration: 1:57 minutes

To Cover

they have reproduced on the walls of their tents
a fresco by Giovanni Francesco Marchini
entitled *Falling Architecture*

in front of the canvas door
under the shaky Greco-Roman columns
they hold live grenades in their hands

the pins litter the grounds
in the immense mud hole of their reason
the pulp that envelops them
is blooming fast forward

it is in this molasses of dirt
that they shower themselves
with jewels, pearls, crowns
and beautiful necklaces
and beautiful necklaces

Couvrir

ils ont reproduit sur les murs de leurs tentes
une fresque de Giovanni Francesco Marchini
intitulée *L'effondrement de l'architecture*

devant la porte de canevas
sous les colonnes gréco-romaines chancelantes
ils tiennent dans leurs mains
des grenades dégoupillées

les chevilles traînent éparées
dans l'immense trou de boue qu'est leur raison
la pulpe qui les enveloppe éclôt en accéléré

c'est dans cette mélasse de terre et de saleté
qu'ils se couvrent de perles
de couronnes et de colliers



Sursauter (Baissez-nous) / Debase Us
Composite image: Close-ups of cars + Clouds
Duration: 2:32 minutes

Debase Us

they carry boom boxes on the tops of their heads
the crowd is dense and compact
it jumps
on the street
it's a trout gasping for breath
have you seen fishes before
have you seen fishes before

they carry kings and queens
on flowery sofa beds
across the jubilant town
like plump bait
they are cruel masters, well excited now
twisting with vivacity
in the roses and begonias

their thick flesh is a lido
with continuous tidal waves
their vision is an apathetic march
a funeral procession
yippee
a waiting line that leads to nowhere

nonetheless the artistic direction is well assured
the crowd in the bleachers
use multicoloured cards to write
APPEASE US in green
SHIT in red
APPEASE US in green

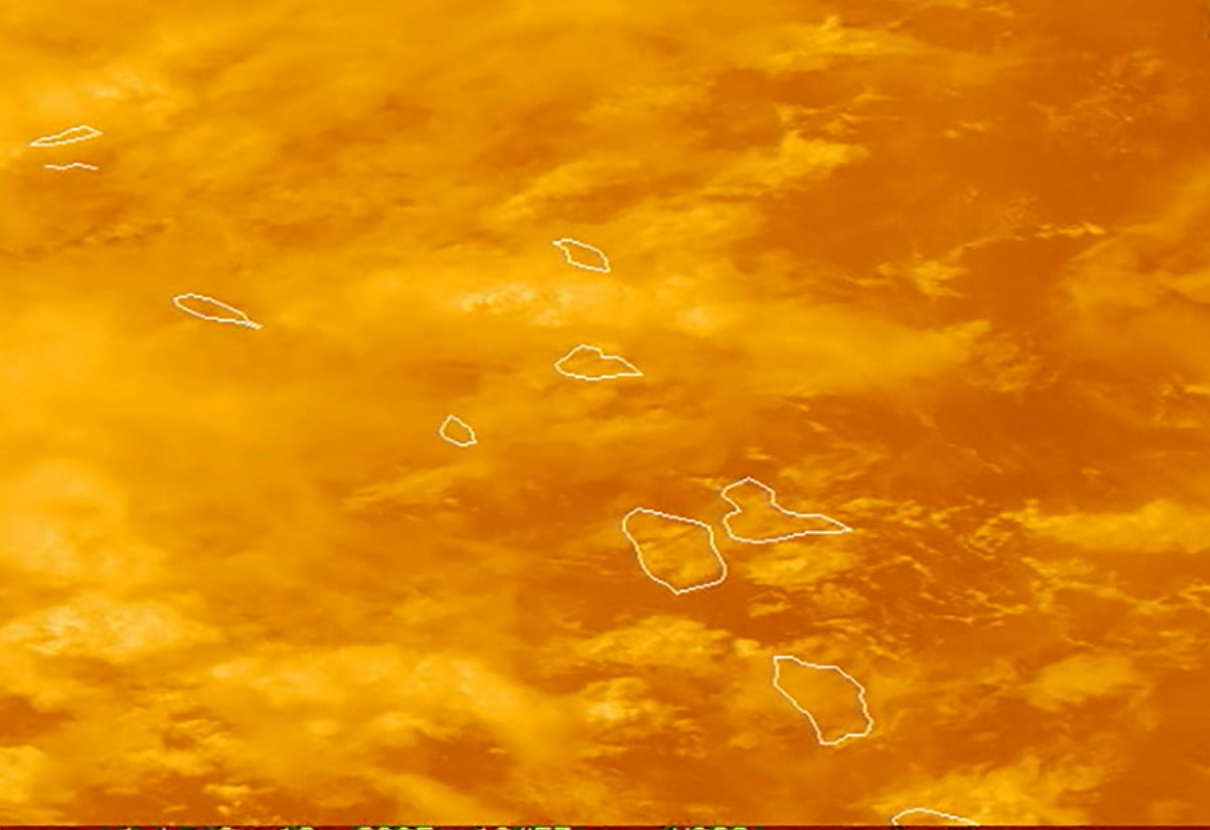
Sursauter (Baissez-nous)

on porte des *boomboxes* à bout de bras
la foule est dense et compacte
elle sursaute
comme une truite qui manque d'air peut-être
comme des poissons empilés dans un panier

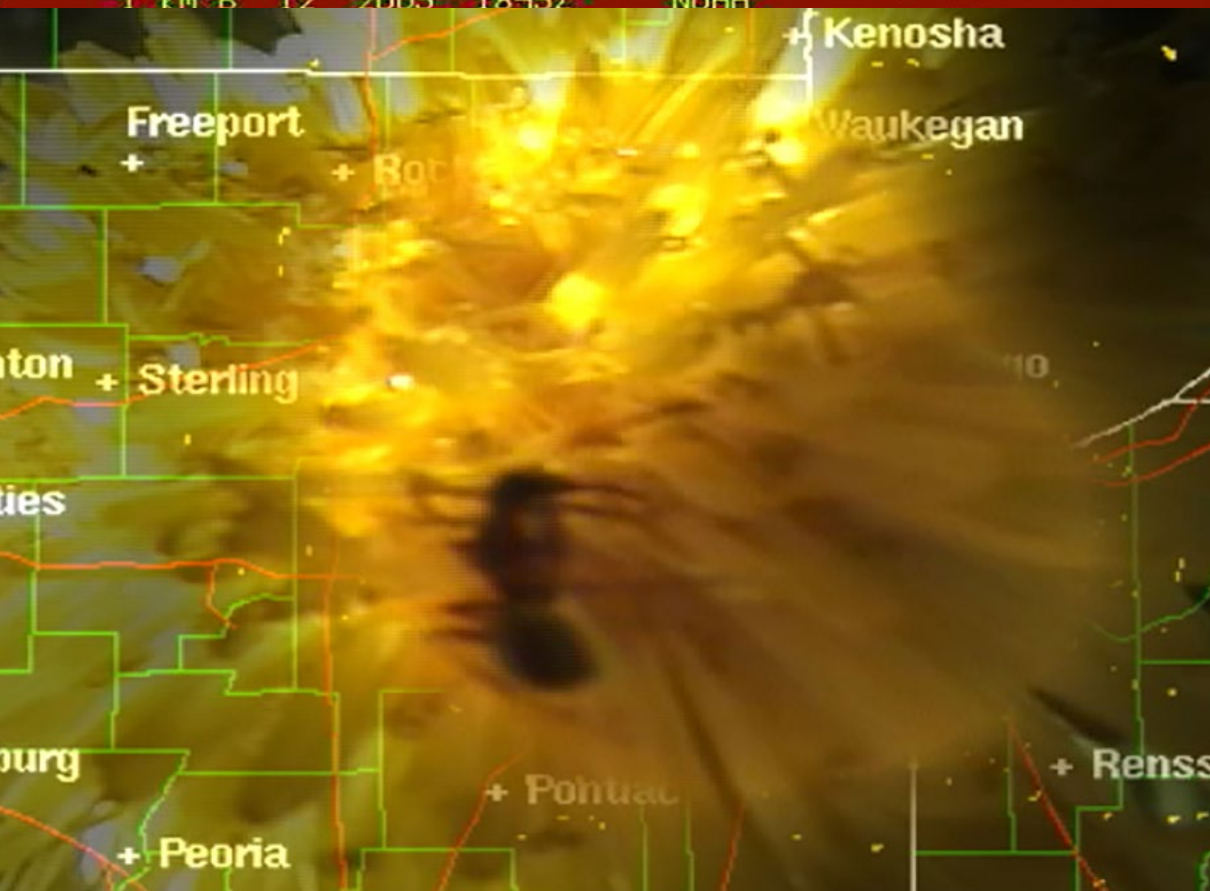
on porte des rois et des reines
sur des canapés de fleurs
ils traversent la ville en liesse
ce sont des appâts bien dodus
des maîtres cruels qu'on a bien excités
et qui se tordent maintenant avec vivacité
dans les roses et les bégonias

leur chair grasse est un lido
où s'abattent des raz-de-marée continuels
leur vision est un défilé apathique
une parade funéraire
youpi
une file d'attente qui n'aboutit nulle part

la direction artistique
est tout de même bien assurée
la foule munie de cartons
de différentes couleurs
écrit dans les gradins
en levant et en baissant les bras
APAISEZ-NOUS en vert
MERDE en rouge
APAISEZ-NOUS en vert



1 km 6 12 2005 1845Z NOAA



Animator / To Animate
Composite image: NOAA radar imagery + Ant on dandelion
Duration: 1:45 minutes

To Animate

from the labyrinth
the only thing to be seen was the sky
and the clouds that were passing sideways
at high speed
looked like a river upside down

in the dead ends of the maze
surrounded with thick bushes
fire proof
and apparition proof
small groups of people were gathering
and from these meetings emerged
extraordinary stories of oases

everything was getting lively
with the idea of a possible crossroad

Animer

du labyrinthe on ne voyait que le ciel
et les nuages qui passaient latéralement
à toute vitesse
semblaient être une rivière à l'envers

dans les culs-de-sac des dédales
entourés de buissons épais
à l'épreuve des feux et des apparitions
de petits groupes se réunissaient
et de leurs rencontres on rapportait
des récits fabuleux sur l'existence d'oasis

tout s'animait
de l'espoir d'une éventuelle croisée des chemins



Traverser (Suffire) / Enough
Composite image: Blue feet over apple blossoms + Blue feet over fishing bobber
Duration: 1:46 minutes

Enough

a bridge to cross a river
to step over the abyss
a bridge of steel or a bridge of wood
a bridge of straw
or rubbish
a plank is enough
a thread, a rope
above the void
where something seems missing
a bridge across to the other side
at whatever cost
to be in suspension in the blue of the sky

somewhere there must be
an aerial bridge to the lightness of being
and who knows, maybe to happiness
a big bridge above a big hole
for walking above the big grey rats that hide there
without being bit
a footbridge would be enough
a plank
a leap
even a detour would be all right
even a detour would be all right

The videopoem *Enough/Traverser (Suffire)*
is a mix of two texts

Traverser (Suffire)

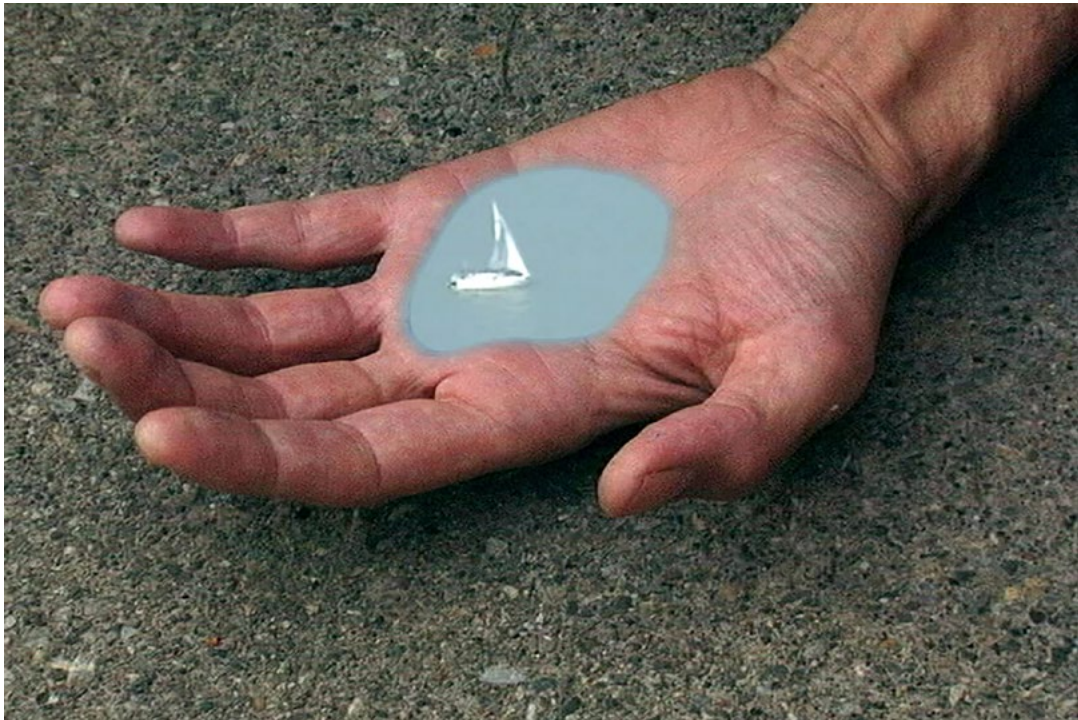
un pont pour traverser une rivière
pour enjamber un gouffre
un pont d'acier ou de bois
un pont de paille
ou de n'importe quoi
une planche suffirait
un fil, une corde au-dessus du vide
où il semble manquer quelque chose
un pont pour traverser de l'autre côté
à tout prix
pour être en suspension dans le bleu du ciel

Suffire

il doit y avoir quelque part
un pont aérien jusqu'à la légèreté
qui sait ? peut-être jusqu'au bonheur
un grand pont au-dessus d'un grand trou
pour échapper aux crocs
des gros rats gris qui s'y cachent
une passerelle suffirait
une planche
même un bond
même un détour serait correct

Le vidéopoème *Traverser (Suffire)/Enough*
est un amalgame de deux textes





Le voilier / The Sailboat
Composite image: Hands + Sailboat in Squamish, BC
Duration: 1:18 minutes



Facing down the idea of dragging a crate of over one hundred three-quarter inch Umatic mastertapes and raw footage along on yet another move, I decided to create new digital masters and then destroyed the originals. *Bye Bye Three-Quarter Inch* began with the documentation of that task.
Duration: 6:39 minutes, Format: Digital8

Bye Bye Three-Quarter Inch

| 2004





When searching through architectural ruins, the great and small accomplishments of human activity can whisper and shout out through the muted rubble that remains. • Duration: 5:04 minutes, Format: MiniDV

The Renovation (also known as Ruins)

| 2007

The text of the video:

ZYXWVUTSRQPONMLKJIHGFEDCBA

Renovation, also known as *Ruins*, is a visit back in time that invites the viewer to experience that old time as current. Letters of the alphabet appear, one after another, in reverse. The camera moves through a building site under renovation to the sound of Enrico Caruso's *Tiempo Antico*. When the alphabet has played out, the camera view drops down through the scaffolding while archival photographs of the same site, in earlier days, appear. When the song ends, a lively conversation at a fish market plays out.

A close-up photograph of a chandelier. The chandelier has a hexagonal frame with glass panes. The words "BAYWATCH" are spelled out across the panes in white, stylized, block letters. Each letter is intricately designed with patterns and textures, resembling a relief or a carved design. The chandelier is illuminated from within, casting a warm glow. The background is dark and out of focus.

BAYWATCH

Chandeliers from an antique shop in New Orleans are juxtaposed with the news of David Hasselhoff's chandelier accident. • Duration 2:38 minutes, Format: MiniDV

Chandelier Accident

| 2007

US actor David Hasselhoff has been treated in hospital after being hurt in a chandelier accident.

Hasselhoff, 53, hit his head on a chandelier in the men's toilet after using the gym at the Sanderson Hotel in London's West End on Thursday.

His right arm was cut by shards of glass, severing a tendon.

A spokeswoman for the former Baywatch and Knight Rider star said he was «out of hospital and ready to continue his work tomorrow».

The actor recently cancelled his debut Christmas pantomime role playing Captain Hook in Peter Pan at the New Wimbledon Theatre, in south-west London. [...]

Friday, 30 June 2006, 18:31 GMT 19:31 UK

BBC News



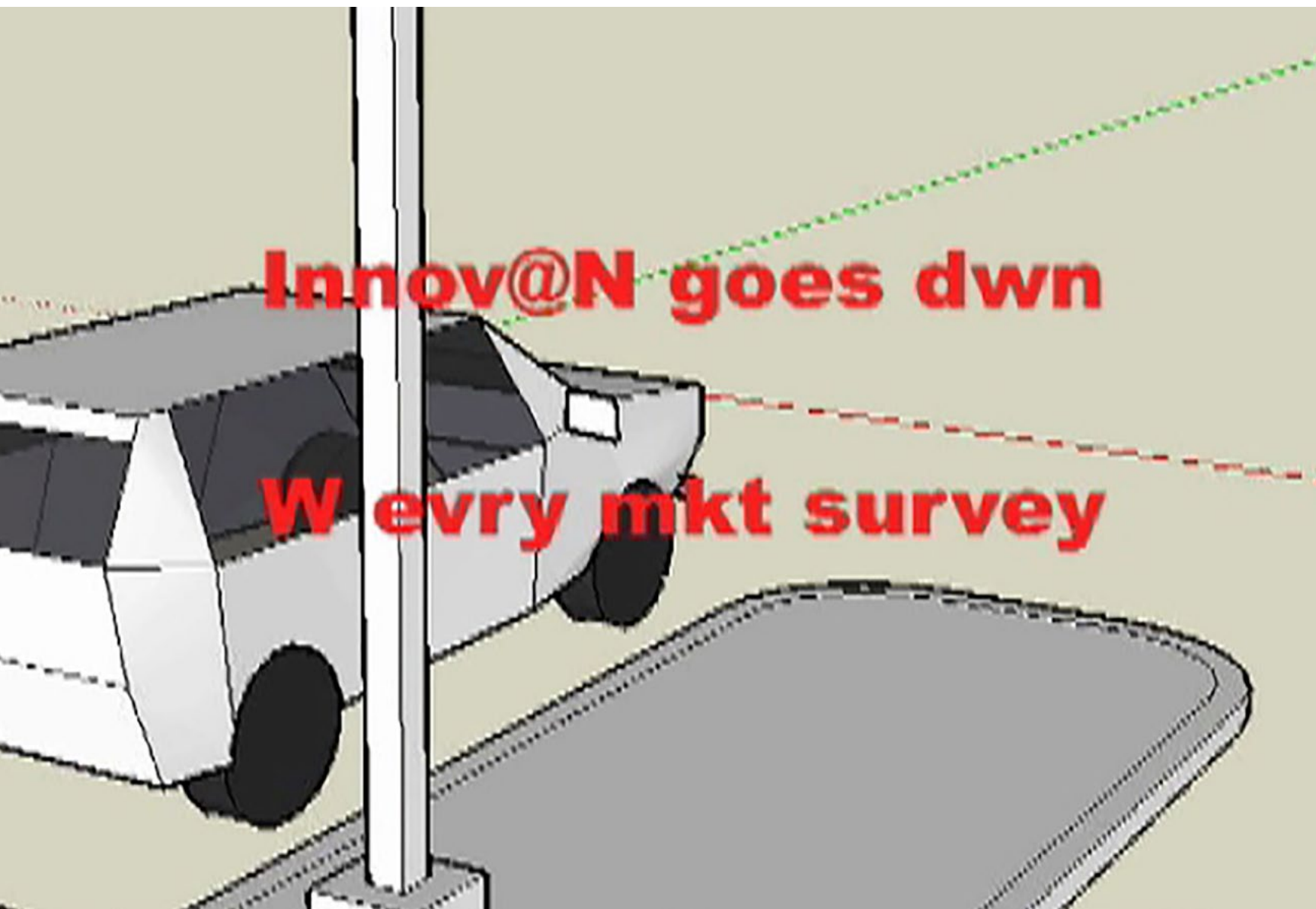
PARIS SQUEAKS

La tour Eiffel se balance et grince dans un ciel parfaitement bleu. • The Eiffel Tower swings and squeaks in a perfect, blue sky day. • Duration: 1:36 minutes, Format: MiniDV

Paris grince / Paris Squeaks

| 2007

I squeak	Je grince
You squeak	Tu grinces
He squeaks	Il grince
We squeak	Nous grinçons
You squeak	Vous grincez
They squeak	Ils grincent
Paris squeaks	Paris grince



Text messaging poetry video
Duration: 56 seconds, Format: MiniDV

Fashion as Pa\$N

| 2008

Innov@N goes down
W evry mkt survey

it's up
smiles glide by
n glamRS
products
with alloy wheels

it's down
no, up

With hair shynin
lk strands of silk
teeth sparkle
thyre d nu ivory

yet depicted undR
d skin of dis
seamless lifestyle

is d convincing
flaw dat mins r
melting

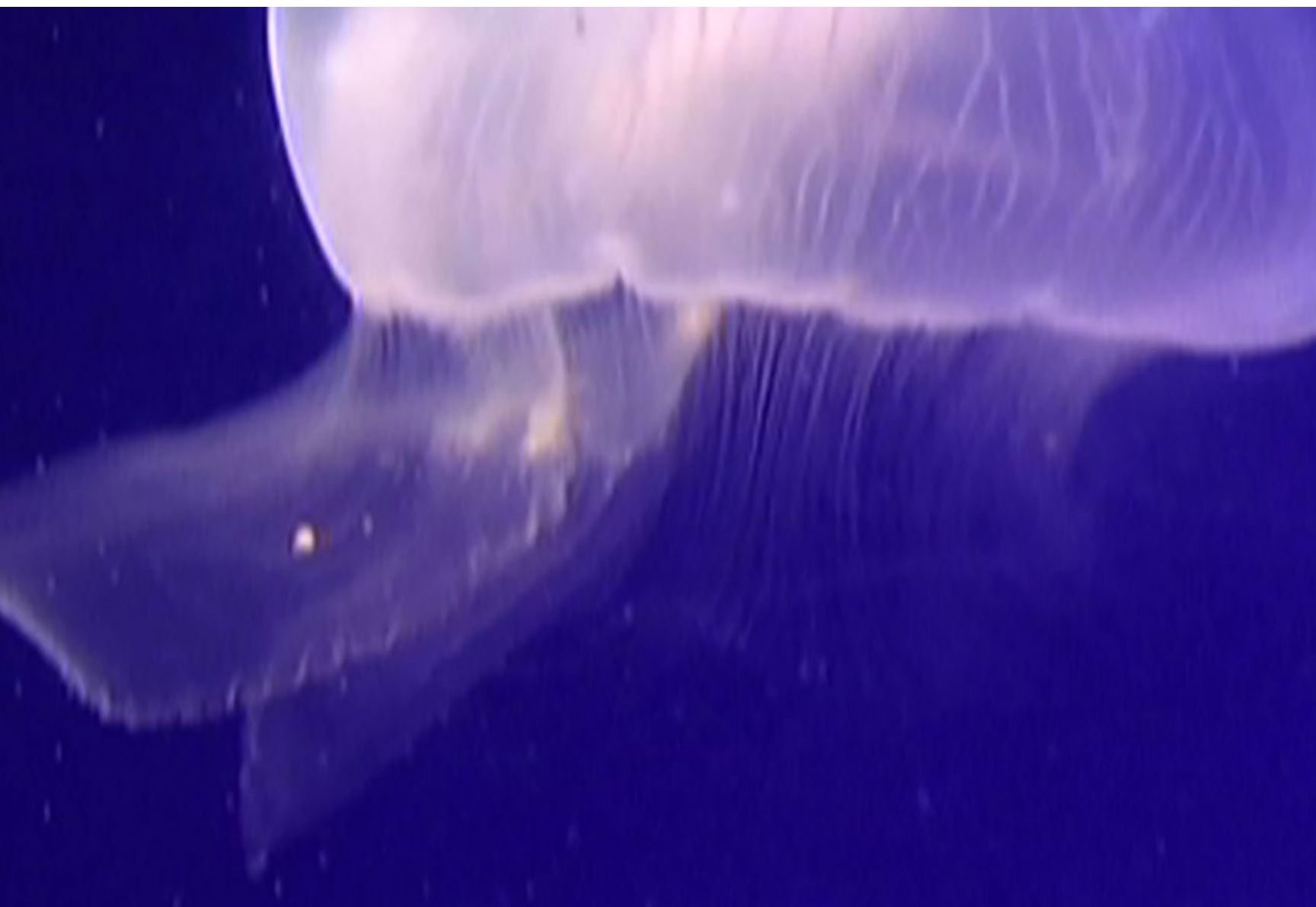
like ancient glaciers
depreciating n
nanoseconds

it's down
it's up
it's in
it's out

we live by passwords
n we hope
2 liv long

distracted by celfne vibration
we Mbrace
fashiN as pa\$N

pa\$N as fashiN



Text messaging poetry video.
Duration: 1:35 minutes, Format: MiniDV

Jellyfish Philosophy

| 2008

I had a lotRE ticket
and I 404 it

It gave me a feeIN
of discomfort
I wz ^set @
d possibility
of owning a posbL
winnA

and thN foolishly
losing it

n thN I found it
n cheKD d #s
2 fnd ot dat
I ddnt win

And now II S
ryt W d world
My feeIN of security
hs bn restored

asif a wealth
of well-being
wz seamlessly
repaired
All S ryt W d world

What's rong
W dis pic?



demeure solide
dans la force
de cette marée

L'installation *Existence* a été conçue pour être projetée sur deux murs opposés dans une galerie. Les vidéos ont été enregistrées sur la côte ouest et la côte est de l'Amérique du Nord, Malibu en Californie et Petit-Cap au Nouveau-Brunswick. Les deux projections utilisent la même trame sonore en alternant entre l'est et l'ouest et le passé et le présent.

Existence was designed for a gallery installation on two opposing walls. The visuals were recorded on the west and east coasts of North America, at Malibu, CA and Petit-Cap, NB. The work marks a flux between past and present, and a transition from west to east. The same text was used to speak for a) the Past, and b) the Present. The texts were set up to play in variable sequences.

Duration: variable, Format: Digital 8 to DVD

Existence : le passé et le présent

| 2008

le passé le présent

comme des paupières
juste avant de dormir

les portes palpitent
et s'ouvrent

m'incitant
à rester

comme des paupières
juste avant de dormir

marche vers la lumière
lance-toi

reste ici ancrée
dans ce courant
de sable et d'eau

les portes palpitent
et s'ouvrent

m'incitant
à rester

défends ce terrain
contre cette houle

les portes palpitent
et s'ouvrent
puis se referment

marche vers la lumière
lance-toi

demeure solide
dans la force
de cette marée

reste ici ancrée
dans ce courant
de sable et d'eau
défends ce terrain

contre cette houle lâche prise

les portes palpitent
et s'ouvrent
puis se referment

demeure solide
dans la force
de cette marée

lâche prise.

Existence: Past and Present

Like eyelids just before sleeping
doors flutter open
tempting me to stay.

Step forward into the light, jump in.

Stand here
planted in this flow of sand and water.
Hold this ground against the swell.

Doors flutter open then close.

Stand firm in the pull of this tide.

Let go.

I COULD
CRUSH YOU
WITH ONE HAND

This video was created in reaction to the BP oil spill in the Gulf of Mexico (The Deepwater Horizon oil spill, April 20, 2010). The text is an excerpt from *Crowds and Power*, Elias Canetti (1960). • Duration: 4:02 minutes, Format: HD

They Are Outlaws

| 2010

An insect, something so small that it scarcely counts, is crushed because one would not otherwise know what had happened to it; no human hand can form a hollow small enough for it. But, in addition to the desire to get rid of a pest and to be sure it is really disposed of, our behaviour to a gnat or a flea betrays the contempt we feel for a being which is utterly defenceless, which exists in a completely different order of size and power from us, with which we have nothing in common, into which we never transform ourselves and which we never fear except when it suddenly appears in crowds. The destruction of these tiny creatures is the only act of violence which remains unpunished even within us. Their blood does not stain our hands, for it does not remind us of our own. We never look into their glazing eyes. We do not eat them. They have never—at least not amongst us in the West—had the benefit of our growing if not yet very effective, concern for life. In brief, they are outlaws. If I say to someone, I could crush you with one hand, I am expressing the greatest possible contempt. It is as though I were saying: ‘You are an insect. You mean nothing to me. I can do what I like with you and that won’t mean anything to me either. You mean nothing to anyone. You can be destroyed with impunity without anyone noticing. It would make no difference to anyone. Certainly not to me.’

Elias Canetti, *Crowds and Power* (1960), 239-240



Cette vidéo a été créée en réaction à la marée noire dans le golfe du Mexique causée par la pétrolière BP en 2010. Le texte est un extrait de *Masse et puissance*, Elias Canetti (1960). • Duration: 4:02 minutes, Format: HD

Hors la loi

| 2010

On écrase quelque chose de très petit, un insecte

La destruction de ces créatures

est le seul acte
de violence qui même en nous reste impuni

Je vais t'écraser à main nue,

Tu n'es rien pour moi, pour personne

Elias Canetti, Masse et puissance (1960).



What We Take With Us

| 2010

In this two-channel video installation, each artist created a program of short videos exploring different aspects of memory and presence. It is an exploration of internal and external experiences characteristic to travel and displacement. The project grew from a research residency at the Sydney College for the Arts in Sydney, Australia during September / October 2009. During our stay, we researched urban, as well as more sparsely populated coastal and inland geographies of New South Wales. Starting from our personal exploration and interviews with others, we looked for indications of what it is like to live in a place and to call it home, and of displacement / shifts evoked by the experience of physically repositioning oneself in the world.

In the installation settings, the programs were projected side by side. The videos can also be viewed as single-channel videos.

Series of 10 videos
Duration: 25:06 minutes
Format: HD



Ce qu'on emporte avec nous

| 2010

Dans cette installation vidéo à deux canaux, chaque artiste a créé un programme de vidéos examinant différents aspects de la présence et de la mémoire. Ce projet sur le déplacement, la mouvance et le voyage a pris forme et s'est développé lors d'une résidence de recherche au Sydney College for the Arts en Australie en septembre / octobre 2009. Pendant notre séjour, nous avons effectué une série d'entrevues à Sydney ainsi que sur le territoire de la Nouvelle-Galles-du-Sud. Nous souhaitons explorer les questions relatives au sentiment d'appartenance à une région ou à une collectivité, ainsi qu'à l'expérience nomade.

Dans le cas d'installation, les deux programmes étaient projetés en boucle, côte à côte. Les vidéos peuvent aussi être visionnées en canal unique.

Série de 10 vidéos
Durée: 25:01 minutes
Format: HD



the choruses in films

Samoa

During airport processing, an unexpected moment arrives; the harmony of voices paralyzes the reasons for order. Samoa is a video that was inspired by the earthquake and tsunami that rocked the Samoan Islands on September 29, 2009. After the disaster, many islanders travelled through Australia while visiting family members. I had been in Sydney for two months and on the day of my departure, I encountered a gathering of Samoans at the airport. As they stood in chorus to sing good-bye, the beauty of their voices overwhelmed my sense of movement. The notes literally stopped me in my tracks. • Duration: 2:33 minutes

Samoa

Ce n'était pas une visite empreinte de joie, comme à la naissance d'un enfant ou d'un mariage. Ils étaient revenus à la maison pour être ensemble, se réunir, pour porter le deuil et pour pleurer les morts. Ils s'apprêtaient à partir, à prendre l'avion et retourner à leurs nouvelles maisons, à leurs lieux de travail. Ils étaient une vingtaine et se tenaient par la main en chantant au revoir.

Les chœurs dans les films du Pacifique Sud n'ont jamais été aussi vibrants, aussi réels, l'harmonie et la tristesse dans leurs voix ont déchiré mon cœur. Je croyais que j'étais l'étrangère, mais soudainement, j'étais au milieu de la cathédrale de leur chant. Nous nagions ensemble dans l'inutilité de marquer le temps. Après quelques minutes, ils se sont séparés, les larmes aux yeux. Enveloppée du bruit des haut-parleurs, je suis montée sur le tapis d'inspection. J'ai pris ma place dans l'avion où nous allions tous voyager au-dessus de cet océan, chacun seul.

Samoa

This was not one of those happy visits of celebration like when a child is born or when a marriage takes place. They came home to mourn and to send the dead off. They were now parting company to catch flights back to their new homes and places of work. They were about twenty in number holding hands and singing good-bye.

The choruses in films about the South Pacific were never so striking. This was real harmony and sadness. The notes ripped through my core. I thought I was the stranger, but suddenly I was in the midst of their cathedral of voice. We were swimming together in the uselessness of marking time. After a few minutes, they picked up their suitcases with tears in their eyes as the loudspeaker barked. I stepped through the scanners and planted myself onto a plane. We would all fly over those waters, each one alone.



I am a diver in the depths

Red / Rouge

On September 23, 2009, a dust storm blanketed the city of Sydney, Australia. For a few hours the city glowed red.

Duration: 2:49 minutes

Rouge

Il est 6 heures, j'ouvre mes yeux. Je suis à moitié endormi, à demi éveillé, je regarde le mur en me concentrant sur sa surface. La chambre a une teinte couleur saumon. Je me tourne vers la fenêtre où je remarque une lueur rouge derrière les rideaux. Ça saigne sur le tapis. Le climatiseur fait vibrer les rideaux comme les nageoires d'un poisson. De petits éclairs de lumière illuminent le plafond.

Je suis un plongeur dans l'abysse. Je me lève, lentement. Je me bats avec la gravité du matin. Je suis debout devant la fenêtre comme un calmar géant, surpris d'être arrivé si loin en si peu de temps. J'ouvre les rideaux, je sens la brûlure de l'incandescence. Je glisse la tenture, le bruit des anneaux sur la tige métallique monte à la surface comme des bulles d'air. La fenêtre est ouverte, le ciel est rouge, les bâtiments sont rouges, les gens sur les balcons sont rouges, le chien dans la rue est rouge, les fleurs et les arbres sont rouges.

Red

It's 6 a.m., my eyes open slowly. I am half asleep, half awake. I look at the wall, trying to focus. The walls are salmon-coloured. I turn to the window where I notice a red glow coming through the curtains. It's bleeding onto the carpet. The air conditioning makes the curtain vibrate like the fin of a fish. Little flashes of light illuminate the ceiling.

I am a diver in the depths. I get up slowly fighting with the morning gravity. I am standing in front of the window like a giant calamari. I am surprised to have come so far in such a short time. I grab the curtain. I feel the burn of the glow. I slide the fabric, the sound of the curtain ripples on the surface like bubbles of air. The window is open, the sky is red, the buildings are red, the people on the balconies are red. The dog on the street is red. The flowers and the trees are red.



Animals / Animaux

A reflection on the sometimes under evaluated role of (pet) animals.

Duration: 1:18 minutes

Animaux

Nous les tenons dans nos cœurs,
comme de petits enfants
qui ne grandiront jamais
en retour,
ils s'attardent
à chacun de nos mots, de nos gestes.
Le but est de nous plaire.

Animals

We hold them in our hearts,
like little children
who will never grow up
and in return,
they dwell upon
our every word and action.
They aim to please.



Callan Park

Reflections during a tour through the grounds of a former hospital.

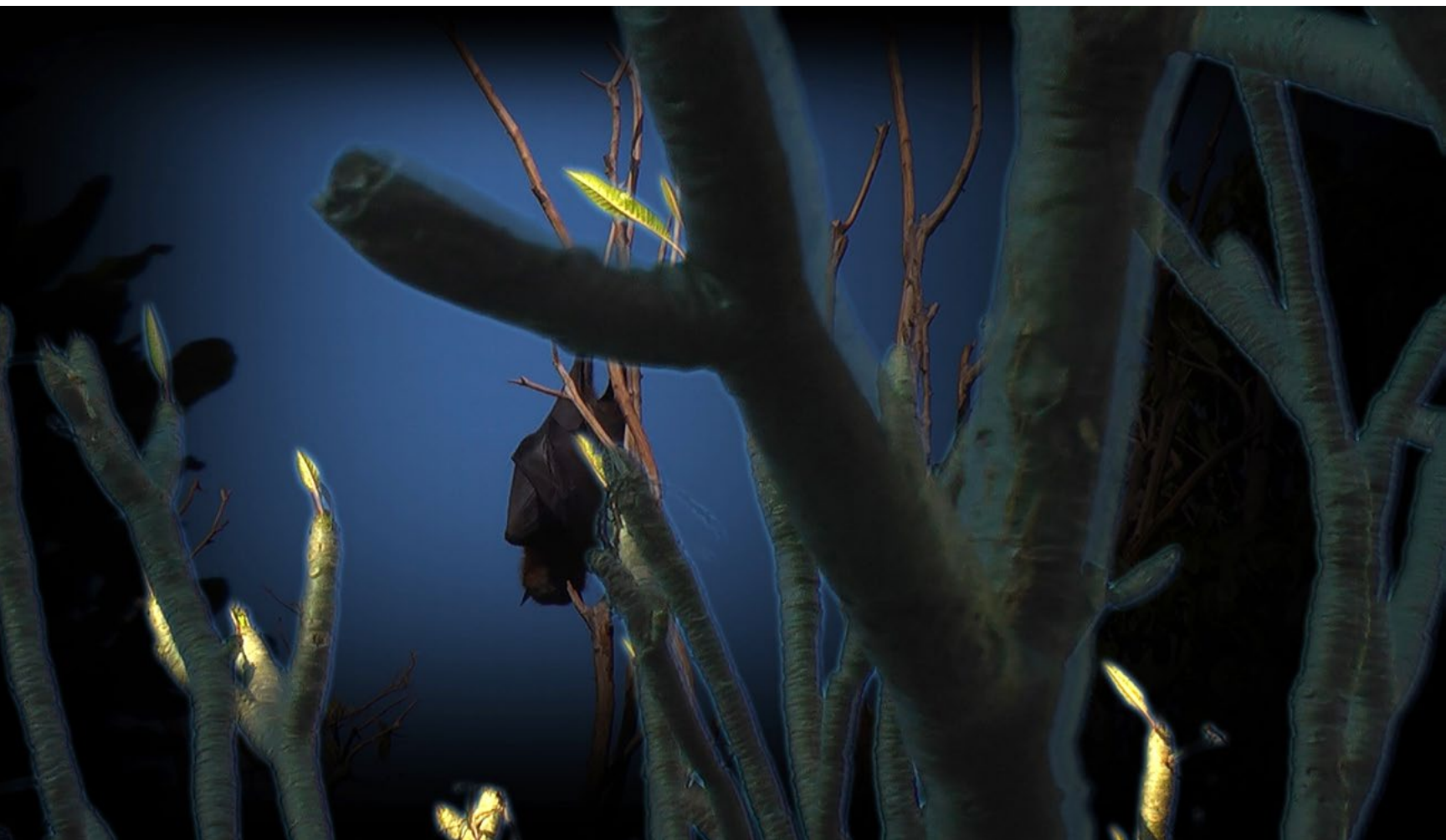
Duration: 2:00 minutes

Callan Park

Ils ont été emmenés ici pour mourir dans un environnement agréable, et maintenant les immeubles eux-mêmes sont abandonnés. Le temps a cessé d'exister, il a disparu, il est tombé des pierres et s'est accumulé pendant des années au bas des murs, en amas de temps, en pyramides d'éternité. Le temps est devenu la poussière des tempêtes qui soufflaient dans chaque esprit.

Callan Park

They were brought here to die in pleasant settings and now the buildings sit empty. Time has ceased to exist. It has vanished, it has fallen from the stones, piling up for years at the bottom of walls, in little mounds of time, in pyramids of eternity. It has become the dust of the storm that once blew in everyone's mind.



Anxiety: Dreaming Dread / Anxiété : rêver de la peur
What to watch out for in Paradise.
Duration: 2:22 minutes

Anxiété : rêver de la peur

Les méduses à éviter sont les minuscules Irukandji et les Cubozoa. Elles sont pratiquement invisibles dans l'eau et sont extrêmement dangereuses. Les piqûres des Irukandji sont d'abord indolores, mais leur venin peut causer : une augmentation du rythme cardiaque, une augmentation de la pression artérielle, une douleur atroce, une anxiété extrême. Les piqûres des Cubozoa laissent des marques rouges permanentes. Si plus de la moitié d'un membre a été piqué, le venin peut provoquer une perte de conscience rapide en paralysant les muscles du cœur. On retrouve des moustiques dans l'ensemble du pays, mais le paludisme n'est pas endémique. Il y a des tiques paralysantes. Le printemps est le moment où elles produisent le plus de toxines. Les acariens causent une démangeaison exaspérante. Les sangsues sont sans danger. Toutefois, les morsures peuvent saigner abondamment pendant un certain temps. La majorité des 10 000 espèces d'araignées que les chercheurs ont identifiées à ce jour sont inoffensives. Le venin de la Veuve noire à dos rouge et de l'Hexathelidae aussi connue sous le nom de Funnel-Web peut être mortel si le patient n'est pas traité. Ces araignées chassent normalement des insectes, mais ils peuvent aussi capturer des proies de grande taille : des grillons, des mygales fousseuses noires, et même de petits lézards s'ils se retrouvent pris dans la toile. Des Sparassidae, des mille-pattes et des scorpions peuvent aussi provoquer des piqûres douloureuses, mais en général ne causent pas de graves problèmes, sauf si la victime a des allergies. D'immenses colonies de chauves-souris au nez en tube, de roussettes, de molosses du Brésil, d'oreillards roux se rassemblent dans des grottes et se regroupent dans des arbres. Mais au-delà des signaux d'alarme, il est important de remarquer que là-bas les roses poussent dans les arbres.

Anxiety: Dreaming Dread

Because they are virtually invisible in water, the tiny Irukandji jellyfish and the larger box jellyfish are extremely dangerous. While the sting of the Irukandji is initially painless, its venom will cause an increased heart rate and blood pressure, intense pain, and dread. The red marks left by the Box jellyfish stings are permanent. If more than half a limb is stung, the venom can rapidly paralyze the heart muscles, causing unconsciousness. Mosquitoes are found across the whole country but malaria is not endemic. Ticks are poisonous and produce the most toxins in spring. Mites cause an excruciating rash. While leeches are harmless, bites may bleed heavily. The majority of the 10,000 species of spiders that researchers have identified to date—are harmless. Two spiders whose bites can cause serious illness or death are the black, burrow-dwelling funnel web and the small redback—a relative of the black widow. Redbacks usually prey on insects but they can capture larger animals if they become entangled in the web. King crickets, trapdoor spiders, and small lizards are creatures that have suffered demise by redbacks. Although other spiders including the large, hairy and formidable-looking huntsman, centipedes, and scorpions can deliver painful bites, the evidence is that, in most cases, serious problems occur only if the victim has allergies. Huge colonies of bats: blossom, horseshoe, freetail, bentwing, long-eared and tube-nosed, congregate in caves and fill entire trees. And in the waking reality, when you get past all of the warning signs— you should also take care to notice that—over there, roses grow on trees.



Goat Island

Mystery surrounds a box of photographs thrown out by the side of the road.

Duration: 1:16 minutes

Goat Island

Une photo trouvée dans une boîte, dans le quartier
Balmain, quelqu'un est mort, peut-être.
Trop d'archives, de souvenirs,
trop de choses à conserver, à trier.

Ici, la petite Yvonne, en 1959, sur Goat Island.
Son père était capitaine. C'est écrit au verso de la
photo. Ça explique le chapeau et le salut, peut-être.

Mais c'est l'été pour toujours
au fond de cette boîte
abandonnée sur le trottoir.

Goat Island

A photo found in a box, in Balmain.
Somebody died, maybe.
Too many archives and memories.
Too much stuff to keep track of, to sort.

Here, little Yvonne, in 1959 on Goat Island.
Her father was a captain. It says on the back of the
photo, which explains the hat and the salute, maybe.

But it is summer,
forever at the bottom
of that box left on the curb.



the path is well travelled

Winter's Hold / L'emprise de l'hiver

Remembering a warmer climate is experienced during a winter walk.

Duration: 1:15 minutes

L'emprise de l'hiver

Le paysage gelé est tout autour de moi.

Les cristaux de glace se brisent sous mes bottes.

L'air est sec.

Je ne connais pas l'odeur des fleurs qui m'entourent.

Le sentier est large, on l'emprunte souvent. Alors que je marche, une poussière fine s'élève, enrobe mes pieds en touchant chacun de mes orteils.

Dans l'épaisseur de la végétation, j'entends des oiseaux et d'autres animaux qui roucoulent et croassent, qui poussent des cris rauques dans des langues qui me sont inconnues.

Je comprends maintenant un peu mieux les subtilités et le foisonnement de ce lieu magique où la terre témoigne d'une éternité manifeste.

Winter's Hold

The frozen landscape is all around me.

Ice crystals snap and crunch beneath my boots.

It is dry and dusty.

The smells of petals and leaves are unfamiliar to me.

The path is well travelled,
the fine dust powders up onto my feet,
between my toes as I walk.

Moving through the bush and the trees,
there are birds and other animals.

Cooing and cawing
and squawking in languages unfamiliar to me.

it is now that the expression
'land eternal' rings clear for me.



Wagga Wagga

A list of Australian communities and a recollection of destinations.

Duration: 47 seconds

Wagga Wagga

Wollongong
Gerringong
Mallabula
Warranulla,
je marche
sur un sentier
de sable.

Toms Creek
Sandy Hollow
Broken Hill
Merimbula,
la mer m'entoure.
J'entends le battement
des ailes des oiseaux.

Kurumbul
Wollombi
Katoomba
Wagga Wagga.

je suis ici,
ici.

Wagga Wagga

Wollongong
Gerringong
Mallabula
Warranulla,
I walk
on a path
of sand.

Toms Creek
Sandy Hollow
Broken Hill
Merimbula,
the water surrounds me.
I hear the wings
of the birds.

Kurumbul
Wollombi
Katoomba
Wagga Wagga.

I am here,
here.



Kookaburra

A close look at this legendary carnivore.

Duration: 48 seconds

Kookaburra

Kookaburra
naïvement
perché
sur un fil électrique.

Un avion est passé
dans le ciel bleu
alors que la pleine lune
brillait encore.

Petit oiseau belliqueux.

Est-il né
d'abondance,

ou est-il un survivant
d'insuffisance ?

À l'extérieur
des limites
de sa réputation,

il semble
plus contemplatif
qu'anticipé.

Kookaburra

Kookaburra
innocently
perched
on a live wire.

A plane flies over
in a blue sky
while a full moon
sits in the day sky.

Bellicose little bird.

Was he born
of plenty,

or did he survive
a lean year?

Outside
of the boundaries,
of his reputation,

he looks
more contemplative
than expected.



Endlessly / Inlassablement

A reflection on the meaning of documentation.

Duration: 2:02 minutes

Inlassablement

Il était couché
sur le bord de la route,
frappé mortellement.

Le vent était chaud,
les oiseaux volaient.
J'entendais les herbes
bouger au vent.

J'ai marché autour de lui,
j'ai pris des photos,
inlassablement,
sans savoir qui il était.

Le bruit de la caméra
était un cœur
battant.

Je suis retourné à l'auto
et je suis parti,
le laissant derrière.

Endlessly

He was lying
on the side of the road,
hit by something.

The wind was warm,
the birds were flying.
I could hear the grass
move in the wind.

I walked around him,
taking photos,
endlessly,
without knowing
exactly who he was.

The sound
of the camera
was like a heart beat
pulsating.

I got back into the car
and drove away,
leaving him there.



Bunny Boil Over

Investigation of a report that rabbit populations were decimating the countryside.

Duration: 2:41 minutes

Bunny Boil Over

If you look carefully at the full moon, you can pick out what looks like a rabbit with long ears, sitting upright. The folklore from Down Under speaks to the *Rabbit in the Moon* promising its many offspring to benefit humans.

While I was visiting Sydney, Australia in 2009, I read that booming rabbit populations were threatening farms and businesses in the Upper Hunter Shire. Reports cited stories of animals digging under highways, undermining graveyards, and eating every blade of grass in sight. I decided to take a road trip to the region to see for myself.

In Aberdeen, NSW I spoke with Lorna Driscoll. She had grown up in a time when the rabbits were valued as a food source, and she explained that efforts to eradicate the rapidly breeding animals had led to use of poisons intended to cause sterility. It was reported that, unfortunately, the poisons had not worked as expected and the rabbit population had not decreased. Adding to the problems, rabbit meat had become poisonous to human consumption and there was the risk that the poisons used had entered the wider food chain.

I had the impression that the rabbits would be oversized. I envisioned wild and scrubby-looking creatures with big ears. When I arrived to check out the problem firsthand, they were either hiding, had relocated, or the poison had finally begun to run the course of depopulating the countryside.

I drove to the graveyard in Aberdeen and saw that many graves did appear to be undermined but there were no rabbits in sight. I really had no idea of what to expect. I drove along the Hunter River and saw one little rabbit. It scurried away as soon as I stopped the car. It turned out that the culprits were the small brown variety. Short eared, petite and as they say, *cute like a bunny*.



Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport

A toy kangaroo becomes the antagonist in the comic book telling of a boxing match.

Duration: 3:58 minutes

Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport

PAF !	BOINGG !	OUILLE!	POF !
PAF !	AIEEE !!	OUILLE !	PIF !!
AIE !!	AIIIEEE !!	ARGHL !	PAF !!!
PAF !	PAF !	AIIIEEE !!!	POF !
PIF !	PIF !	VLAN !	POF !!!
AOUTCH !!	PIF !	PAF !!!	POF !
PAF !	AOUTCH !!	!!!!!!!!!!	POF !!
PAF !	AOUTCH !!	AAAAAAH !	PAM !
AH !	AOUTCH !!	PIF !	POUF !
PAF !	AIE !	PAF !	OUF !
PAF !	PAF !	PAM !	OUILLE !
PAF !	POUF !	PAF !	AHHH !!!
POF !	POUF !	POF !!	ARF !!
PAF !	OUILLE !	PAM !	ARF !!
PAF !	AIEEE !!!	PAF !	POF !
AOUTCH !	AOUTCH !!	POF !	PAF !
PAM !	OUILLE !	POF !!!	PAF !!
PAF !!	PAF !	POF !!!	PAF !!!
AOUTCH !!	PAF !!!	PIF !	BADANG !!!
VLAN !	PAM !	PAF !	BADING !
AIE !	OUILLE !	POF !	OUILLE !



Walking on Water (Downunder)

During a playful exercise in balance, the legs of the figure and sometimes the water itself appear to defy the laws of gravity. • Duration: 1:17 minutes





MPB Was There Then

This is real - one's own sense of presence, of being here, of being here now is the exact momentous hinge. Fleeting, racing, flying in reverse, encapsulated pearls of events are dissolved into the universe as soon as they breathe life. They become strung on the flowing chain of events ordered through the construct of time. Surviving in the current climate is enhanced by virtual presence, and at the same time, the voyage through the day-to-day chain of time-based events can, at times, become tenuous. That is when it is important to remember that regardless of any worldly physical architecture, the moment of thought will always be located here and now. • Duration: 1:07 minutes, Format: HD

MPB Was There Then

| 2011

I would like to be there
with you,
now.
I'm here.
I was there then.

Yeah, I'm here now.
I see that you are there now.

I'd like to be there with you,
but I'm here now.

I would like to see you.

I see that you are here now.

I would like to be there
with you.

I was there then.
I am here now.

I am here now.
I see that you are over there.
I would like to be here now,
but I will go over there.

And now, I am here.
I am here now.
For now I am here,
now.

I was there then.
I would like to be there
with you now.

I was there then.
I would like to be there
with you now.

I am here now.



Paper Moon, Cardboard Sea

What lies beneath is obscured from the eyes and memory but never erased. The race to find H₂O on the Moon has less to do with discovery, and more to do with the burn and lay waste policy wiping out this planet's ecosystems.

Duration: 1:20 minutes, Format: Digital8

Paper Moon, Cardboard Sea

| 2011





Tablets

| 2011

The caveman tablet series is a tongue-in-cheek collection of videos extolling the magical properties of technology. Clips shot on location in Shepody Bay, NB have been juxtaposed with public domain archival videos.

Rock / Roc: A prehistoric man is trying to move a large rock on the side of a mountain. Another caveman approaches with his tablet and brings up a safety video highlighting the risks of this activity and suggestions for safer work methods.

Hunger / Faim: A prehistoric man stands alongside of a stream, hoping to catch a fish. Seeing that it is not going well, another caveman approaches to show the fisherman his tablet, demonstrating a new way of eating.

Wheels / Roues: With great difficulty, a prehistoric man is drawing a wheel on a stone tablet. Another caveman arrives with his tablet and brings up the images of a 20th-century automobile.

Series of 3 videos
with Jean-Denis Boudreau and Katie Hunter
Duration: 4:20 minutes
Format: HD



Hublot est une dérive sur 'Le rossignol', un texte d'Anton Delvig mis en chanson par le compositeur russe Alexander Alyabyev en 1825. Le poème parle de la voix envoûtante du rossignol, une voix capable de traverser les océans et de remplir de joie le cœur de ceux qui l'entendent. Cette pièce fut composée par Alyabyev pour la plus aiguë et la plus agile de toutes les voix : le soprano colorature.

Key words derived from a text by Anton Delvig play over stylized images of a sailboat at sea. The song 'Nightingale' by Russian composer Alexandre Alyabyev was written in 1825. The poem speaks of the haunting voice of the nightingale as a voice capable of crossing oceans and filling the heart of the listener with joy. Alyabyev composed this piece for the most acute and agile of the soprano voices, the coloratura.

Duration: 1:46 minutes, Format: HD

Hublot / Porthole

| 2012

To sail	Voguer
To cross	Traverser
Ocean	Océan
Infinitely	Infiniment
Blue	Bleu
Astonishing	Étonnante
Transparency	Transparence
Swell	Houle
SOS	SOS
Distress	Détresse
Storm	Tourmente
Rocks	Rochers
Danger	Danger
Collision	Collision
Shipwreck?	Naufrage ?
Buoy	Bouée
To get out	Sortir
Unscathed	Indemne



Forever irretrievable,
in the fabric of time,

Missing Parade Notes

Duration: 3:58 minutes, Format: HD

Missing Parade Notes

| 2012

The video documents highlights of the Calgary Stampede celebrations on July 6, 2001. The 2012 text speaks to the impact of events taking place only weeks later in 2001. This videopoem provides a focus for reflection on marked changes in levels of social innocence.

The intent of the 2012 text is to span the time disconnect and reaction to past events. Colour treatments and slow motion offer a film archives appearance. The video has been assembled in triplicate to resemble film rushes. The text is presented using an analogue typewriter look. The audio component is a mixed cacophony of music and cheering that rises up to the spectator.

Le défilé du 6 juillet 2001 du Calgary Stampede est reproduit en multiple de trois. Les images, tournées quelques semaines avant les événements du 11 septembre 2001, deviennent le centre d'une focalisation et d'une réflexion sur un moment pivot dans l'histoire. Quelques semaines après cette parade d'apparence anodine, l'innocence sociale ne serait plus jamais la même.

Les images ont été ralenties et vieillies. Le résultat n'est pas sans rappeler les films d'archives. Les textes ont été écrits en 2012 et apparaissent dans la vidéo comme des bribes écrites à la machine à écrire. L'intention est de rapprocher cette disjonction temporelle entre les choses et de verbaliser un état d'esprit présent vis-à-vis d'événements passés. La bande audio est une cacophonie de musique et d'applaudissements.

A parade watched from high above,
in a twin tower,
in a big city,
at a time more innocent.

If not innocent in itself,
it was a time that possessed,
at least held, small crevasses
to grab hold with fingers,
or toes,
or with any means of saving clear thought,
from the pit of despair.

Something was lost,
a sentiment,
a moment in time,
something irreplaceable in the heart,
was broken and dropped,

forever irretrievable,
in the fabric of time.

The baseline of innocence
moved through quicksand,
by quantum degrees,
on September 11, 2001.

Epilogue:
What was once held by hands,
straining to maintain it,
the thread—
snapped.

When that broken thin string line
slipped below reach,

far below arm's length
beneath some surface deep and dark,

we, *Les incapables*
were left to stare with empty hearts,
at the electronic screens
that burned our eyes.

Missing Parade Notes

Un défilé observé
du haut d'une tour jumelle,
dans une grande ville,
dans un temps plus innocent.

Mais ce temps n'était pas si innocent,
il y avait ici et là de petites crevasses
où agripper avec les doigts, les orteils,
avec n'importe quel autre moyen de s'extirper
de ce gouffre sans fond.

Quelque chose a cessé d'exister,
un sentiment,
un moment dans le temps,
quelque chose d'irremplaçable dans le cœur
s'est brisé,
est tombé,

pour se perdre pour toujours,
dans le tissu du temps.

Ce 11 septembre 2001,
la base métrique de l'innocence
se déplaçait dans les sables mouvants,
par bonds incroyables.

Épilogue

Ce qui était autrefois tenu dans la main
a glissé vers le bas
bien en deçà de portée de la main,
sous une surface sombre et profonde.

Nous étions laissés à nous-mêmes
comme *des incapables* aux cœurs vides
à regarder les écrans électroniques
brûler nos yeux.



Reptiles, aves, anfibios, insectos, se desvanecieron.

Évanescence / Evanescence

Au fur et à mesure que les espèces animales disparaissent, notre solitude devient de plus en plus complète. • As humans expand civilized territory, other species are forced to retreat. The poem faces the reality of this bed we make for ourselves, 'By destroying them, we gain a new solitude.'

Duration: 2:28 minutes, Format: HD

Évanescence

| 2012

Quelle est cette épouvante, cette épouvantable époque d'évanescence dans laquelle nous vivons ? Tout s'efface rapidement, brusquement. Ce qui s'était posé devant le regard avec tant d'effervescence s'est enfui presque instantanément, a disparu en nous touchant. Nous vivons dans une tempête de sable, de neige, de mots, une perturbation devenue sans fin. C'est tête baissée—recueillement ridicule—qu'on se rappelle, vaguement, le loup d'Hokkaido qui s'est éteint sur son île japonaise en 1889, le tigre de la Tasmanie qui a disparu en 1936 ou le dauphin de Chine, déesse du Yang Tsé, qui a été vu une dernière fois en 2007. Des reptiles, des oiseaux, des amphibiens, des insectes se sont évanouis. Nous les avons pourchassés, nous les avons assommés, nous les avons dépecés, nous les avons empaillés, nous les avons vendus, éparpillés, transformés en tirelire et en sacoches. En les anéantissant, nous avons gagné en solitude. Ils nous ont laissés à nous-mêmes, à méditer sur le sens de la vie. Il nous reste des fossiles, quelquefois des images, des preuves fragiles de leurs présences parmi nous. Mais même ces preuves semblent irréelles. Elles s'effritent d'elles-mêmes comme si c'était notre dernier massacre.

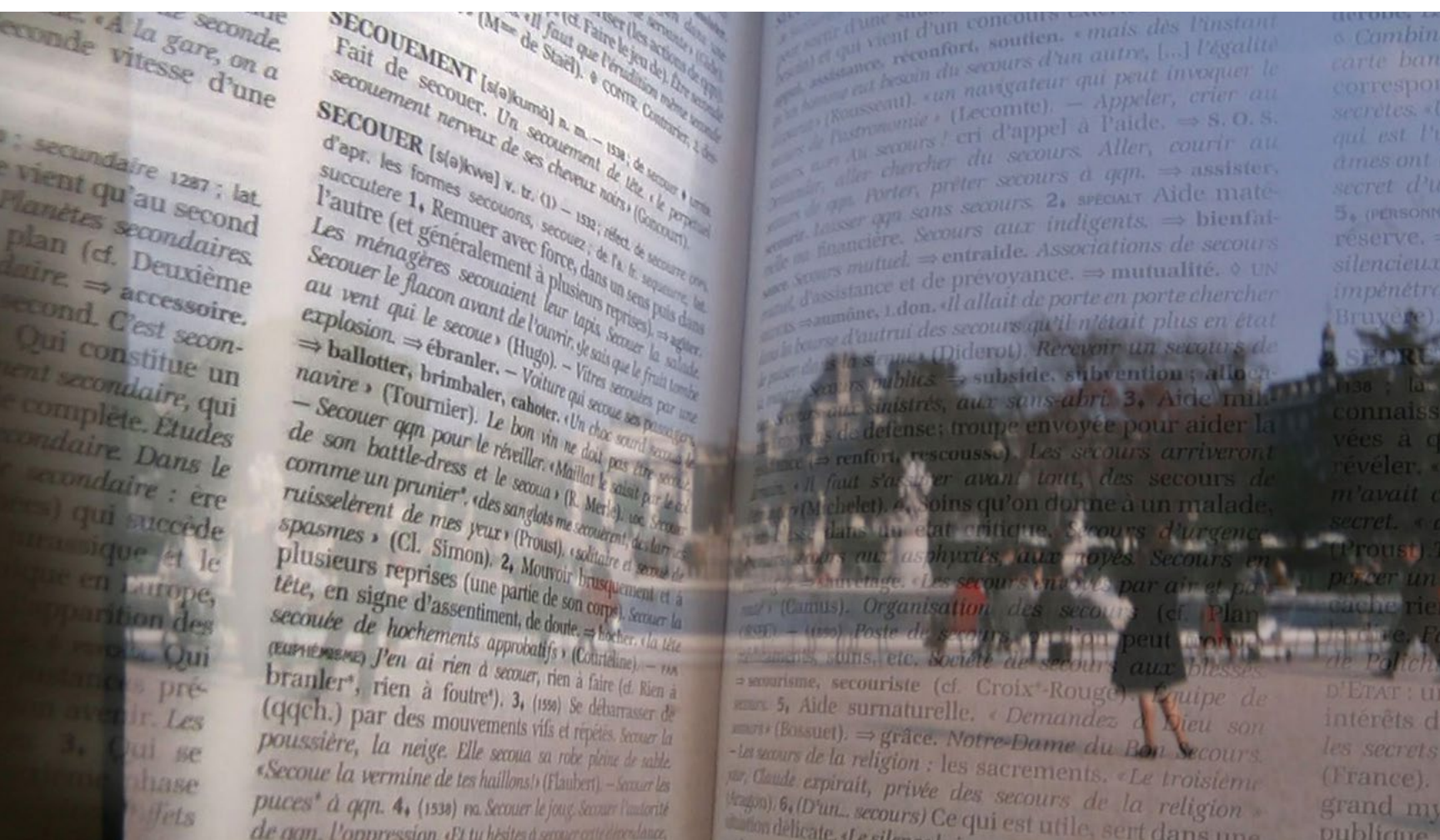
Evanescencia

¿Qué espanto es éste, espantosa época de evanescencia en que vivimos? Todo se disipa rápidamente, bruscamente. Lo que se había posado ante la mirada con tanta efervescencia huyó casi al instante, desapareció tocándonos. Vivimos en una tormenta de arena, de nieve, de palabras, en una perturbación que se ha vuelto interminable. Recordamos cabizbajos - recogimiento ridículo -, vagamente, al Lobo de Hokkaido, que se apagó en su isla japonesa en 1889, al Tigre de Tasmania, que desapareció en 1936, o al delfín de China, diosa del Yang Tsé, que fue visto por última vez en 2007. Reptiles, aves, anfibios, insectos, se desvanecieron. Los perseguimos, los abatimos, los despedazamos, los rellenamos, los vendimos, dispersamos, transformamos en alcancías y carteras. Al aniquilarlos, ganamos en soledad. Nos dejaron librados a nosotros mismos, para reflexionar sobre el sentido de la vida. Aún nos quedan algunos fósiles, algunas imágenes, frágil evidencia de su presencia entre nosotros. Pero incluso estas pruebas parecen irreales. Se desvanecen por si mismas como si fuera nuestra última masacre.

Traduction de Maria Fernanda Arentsen

Evanescence

What is this dread, this horrible, dreadful time of evanescence in which we live? Everything fades quickly, suddenly. What had landed before us with such excitement fled almost instantly, disappearing upon touching us. We live in a sandstorm, in a snowstorm, a wordstorm, in what has become an endless perturbation. It is a headlong, ridiculous meditation that we vaguely remember. The Hokkaido Wolf died in 1889 on his Japanese island; the Tasmanian Tiger disappeared in 1936; and the Chinese river dolphin, the Goddess of the Yangtze, was last seen in 2007. Many reptiles, birds, amphibians, and insects have already vanished. We have pursued them, knocked them out, butchered them, stuffed them, sold them, scattered them; we have transformed them into piggy banks and handbags. By destroying them, we gained a new solitude. They have left us to ourselves, to meditate on the meaning of life. We hold some fossils, some images: fragile evidence of their presence among us. But even these markers of our latest massacres seem unreal as they crumble onto themselves.



Une émission de télévision sur la théorie du Big Bang vient ajouter à l'angoisse de ne pas pouvoir dormir. Qu'arriverait-il au sommeil si le temps lui-même disparaissait ? • A television show on the Big Bang theory adds to the anguish of not being able to sleep. What would happen to dreaming if time itself disappeared?

Duration: 2:50 minutes, Format: HD

Insomnie

| 2012

Une nuit d'insomnie, j'ai allumé la télé. C'était une grave erreur, car on y parlait du Big Bang. Le présentateur marchait dans un studio de galaxies et d'étoiles et racontait que l'entropie, engendrée durant cette grande explosion, se propageait vers l'avant, incessamment.

La vitesse des vibrations irait même en s'accélégrant et, dans un futur, lointain, il n'y aurait plus de passé, plus d'avenir ; le temps lui-même cesserait d'exister.

La disparition du temps m'angoissait, mais je ne pouvais plus fermer le téléviseur. L'entropie avait gagné ma main qui tenait la télécommande. Ma volonté comme une étoile n'était qu'un fragment de moi errant dans la chambre. Mon cœur battait de plus en plus rapidement.

Je voyais toutes les étoiles mourir doucement, l'une après l'autre, se jetant tête première dans l'insistance des trous noirs. Le ciel vide de l'avenir m'envahissait et devenait ma nuit blanche.

Insonnia

Una notte d'insonnia, accesi la TV. Fu un grande sbaglio. C'era un programma sulla teoria del Big Bang. Camminando in uno studio di galassie e di stelle, il presentatore narrava che l'entropia, generata durante la grande esplosione, si propagava in avanti, senza sosta.

La velocità delle vibrazioni sarebbe perfino aumentata e in un futuro lontano non ci sarebbero stati né passato né avvenire, il tempo stesso avrebbe cessato di esistere.

La scomparsa del tempo mi angosciava ma non potevo più spegnere la televisione. L'entropia si era impossessata della mia mano che teneva il telecomando. La mia volontà, come una stella, non era che un frammento di me che vagava nella stanza d'albergo. Il cuore mi batteva sempre più forte.

Vedevo tutte le stelle morire dolcemente, una dopo l'altra, e gettarsi a capofitto nell'insistenza dei buchi neri. Il cielo vuoto dell'avvenire m'invadeva e diventava la mia notte bianca.

Traduzione di Antonella D'Agostino

Insomnia

A sleepless night, I turned the TV on. It was a grave error. There was a special on the Big Bang theory. Walking through a mock-up of galaxies and stars, the host was saying that the entropy generated during this great explosion is continuing to spread forward relentlessly.

The speed of the vibrations is accelerating and in time, far from this moment, there would be no past no future.

Time itself would cease to exist.

The disappearance of time was an anguishing thought. Yet, I could not close the TV. The entropy had taken over my hand, which was still holding the remote control. My will, like a star, was a fragment of myself floating in the hotel room. My heart began beating faster and faster.

I watched as the stars slowly died one after another, they threw themselves into the insistence of black holes. The empty sky of the future engulfed me and became my present.

Paris - N-D - bateaux
et Pont - Neuf



Glissement

Mon oncle Camille était un organiste de grand talent et un artiste, mais il était aussi un homme d'une grande discrétion. À sa mort, on a distribué ses photographies et ses diapositives sans donner aucune information d'où elles venaient. J'ai hérité de quelques cartables remplis de diapositives, les images provenaient de Madrid, Rome et Paris. Même si la plupart avaient une aura touristique, d'autres étaient plus personnelles. La couleur sur les diapositives s'estompait déjà et le passé mystérieux de mon oncle disparaissait sans bruit. C'est alors que j'ai commencé à superposer les images comme pour leur redonner une nouvelle vie. • Durée : 1:59 minutes, Format: HD

Glissement

| 2012

Dès le début du glissement de terrain des souvenirs.

Après l'écrasement des mémoires-hirondelle, huppe, corneille, il ne reste que le creux, des bulbes, des empreintes amplifiées au fond des cratères creusés des neurones—des fossiles du vide tirés de la terre comme les vers de la mémoire. Sangsues-souvenirs sur le corps innocent des baigneurs agrippés à la somme de tout, aux radeaux d'infortune sans cesse allégés du poids des certitudes. Et si l'effacement n'était que le moyen de se réinventer un monde acceptable.

Clare. C. Melancon - ()
Pere Espagnol (ami de
Venturo)



pulled from the earth

Slide

My uncle Camille was a gifted organist, photographer and a very private man. When he died, his photographs and slides were distributed to family members, but there was little context for the material. I received images of Madrid, Rome, and Paris. While most of them had a touristic quality, others were more personal. I noticed that some of the colours were starting to fade away. Camille's past, which no one could explain, was slowly disappearing. Soon there would be nothing left. I started to superimpose the images. Doubling them up gave hope that memories embedded there would gather new strength. • Duration: 1:59 minutes, Format: HD

Slide

| 2012

After the beginning of the mudslide—the slip of memories.

After the crash of memories like swallows, hoopoes, crows, all that remains are the hollows, the bulbs, the amplified impressions at the bottom of craters dug into the neurons—fossils of emptiness, pulled from the earth like the worms of memory—leeches, souvenirs on the bodies, clinging nevertheless to the drifting debris; rafts of misfortunes ceaselessly lighten up the weight of all certainties.



Annotation is a performative video poem that started with reflection on a text by French writer Charles Péguy (1873 – 1914). In *Oeuvres posthumes*, Péguy says God maybe likes those who suffer the truth more than those who speak the truth. He also wrote that ‘History has long arms and no arms’. • *Annotation* est un vidéopoème à caractère performatif qui se base sur la réflexion de l’écrivain Charles Péguy (1873 – 1914). Dans *Œuvres posthumes*, Péguy dit ‘Dieu aime peut-être mieux ceux qui subissent la vertu que ceux qui en parlent’. Il continue : ‘l’Histoire a les bras longs, mais elle n’a pas de bras’. Duration: 2:03 minutes, Format: HD

Annotation

| 2012

L'histoire a les bras longs
et parfois la mémoire courte.

History has long arms,
and sometimes a short memory.

Elle a les bras tendus
vers le passé dans l'ancienneté du temps.

Arms reaching way back
into times before now.

Des bras d'éclaireurs
chargés d'informations.

Arms offering insight,
arms full of information.

L'histoire a montré que
les collections d'archives
peuvent être modifiées.

History has shown
that the repository can be edited.

Et quelquefois,
l'actualité
glisse
dans les bras
de l'histoire
sans aucune
annotation.

And sometimes,
news
slides
on
down
into history
without annotation.



Standard de vérité est une réflexion sur les archives et l'innocence.
Standard of Truth is a video about archives and innocence.
Duration: 2:20 minutes, Format: HD

Standard of Truth

| 2013

Children do not have any archives, they are born free. They do not have to worry about boxes of paper stating this or that truth; they do not have to pay storage fees, or check the levels of relative humidity in the vaults. The past has not yet arrived. They have nothing else than life ahead of them. The meaning that flows in their veins is not saturated with antibodies; they are made of oxygen. Maybe that is why they have big smiles.

As for adults, that is another story. They are busy sorting, classifying, and recording every detail of the world, trying to repel an invasion, containing infection. This is a full-time job, an industry. It is easy to imagine the confusion and the anxiety of archivists faced with the disintegration of old books, the attack of insects or the evanescence of electronic documents. Preservation is something very difficult and very serious. It requires special attention.

One is not born anxious: one becomes anxious.



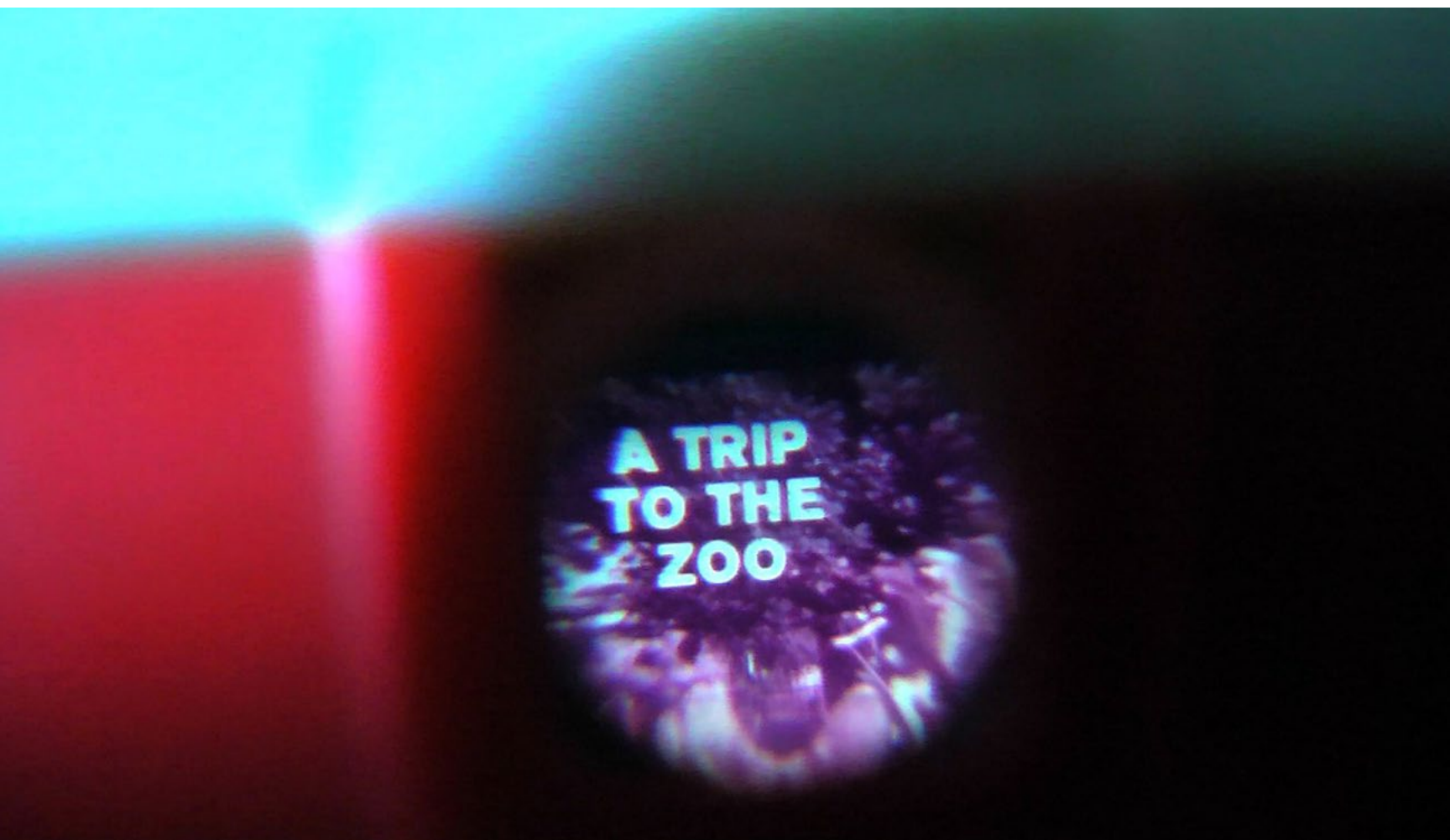
Photo d'archives: *Jubilé de diamant, Municipalité de Gloucester, N.-B. 1936*. • Mon arrière-grand-père est debout à droite dans la troisième rangée. • My great-grand father is standing in the third row on the right.

Standard de vérité

Les enfants n'ont pas d'archives, ils sont nés libres.
Ils n'ont pas à se soucier de boîtes de papiers
et attester telle ou telle vérité,
ils n'ont pas d'entrepôts à payer,
pas de taux d'humidité relative à maintenir.
Leur passé n'est pas encore arrivé.
Ils n'ont rien d'autre que la vie devant eux.
Le sens qui coule dans leur veine n'est pas saturé d'anticorps,
ils sont faits d'oxygène.
C'est peut-être pour cela qu'ils ont de grands sourires.

Pour ce qui est des adultes c'est une autre histoire.
Ils s'affairent au triage,
à la classification et à l'enregistrement des détails du monde.
C'est comme s'ils tentaient de repousser une invasion,
de contenir une infection.
C'est un travail à temps plein,
une industrie.
Il est facile d'imaginer le désarroi et l'inquiétude
qui s'empare des codicologues
devant le désagrègement des vieux livres,
les assauts des insectes bibliophages
ou encore devant l'évanescence des documents électroniques.
La préservation est quelque chose de très difficile et de très sérieux qui demande
une attention toute particulière.

On ne naît pas inquiet, on le devient.



A Trip to the Zoo

Faded images from a View-Master stereoscope are described as if untouched by time.

Duration: 3:02 minutes, Format: HD

A Trip to the Zoo

| 2013

Oh yeah,
we went to the zoo...

We did a trip to the zoo, we saw a tiger, a purple tiger and some purple zebras faded behind bars and purple giraffes, faded lions, a purple polar bear, washed-out... one purple elephant... Yeah, we went to the zoo, we saw one llama, and one mountain goat, faded on a rock... one thoughtful orangutan, one hippo, one deer behind a fence... that we fed... We saw some foxes and two brown bears turned purple, one little purple monkey almost mauve, one pony, one rhino and then we were tired. We took a break with our balloons and then we went to see the sea lions and one purple whale... We saw seven swans, faded swans and two purple-pinkish flamingos, four penguins, geese, and a peacock, one parrot, and one crocodile... Yes, we went to the zoo, we saw one faded tiger and some faded zebras, two giraffes. We saw some faded lions, two polar bears...



The Web of Time and Memory

While contemplating an impossible and futile task, a lone figure ponders the meaning of life, passage of time, and memories of lives lived. • Duration: 1:26 minutes, Format: HD

The Web of Time and Memory

| 2014

One of the most confusing things we can try to do is to put it all together,
and yet that is what we try to do, to make sense of the world.

Memory is selective, photogenic.
The best of what we remember is the quality time,
which passes quickly through the decades.

Ceremony has been lost, and with that,
the sense of time and events has come unravelled.

We discipline our internal existence
to hold up our end of the work ethic.

It ensures our safe passage through days.

The conscious mind drifts along
with prescribed routines,
until a haunting set of circumstances,
or an image rises out of a dream.

Within that mystery world,
which taps the well of experience,
where do those faces of strangers come from?



Si l'argent est le symbole - lumière du jour / If Money is the Symbol - daylight

Cette série de deux vidéos utilise les fenêtres dans les billets de banque comme des périscopes pour observer le monde. La transparence est devenue une des caractéristiques fondamentales des sociétés modernes. Elle semble être la panacée à tous les maux. Mais quelle est la nature de cette limpidité ? Est-ce que c'est une fenêtre qui nous permet de voir l'avenir ou est-ce un écran où nous projetons nos rêves ? Cette transparence est-elle l'état qui précède l'invisibilité ?

Durée : 1:00 minute, Format: HD

Si l'argent est le symbole

lumière du jour | 2014

Nous habitons une maison de papier
avec de toutes petites fenêtres.

Le matin,
le frou-frou d'argent nous réveille.

Nous courons vers la transparence
du paysage surexposé.



We run

If Money is the Symbol

daylight | 2014

We live in a paper house
with small windows.

In the morning,
the rustling of money wakes us.

We run toward the light
of the overexposed landscape.



*la pauvreté est l'état
de la méfiance.*

If Money is the Symbol - fire / Si l'argent est le symbole - feu

This series of two videos looks at the world through the transparent windows on banknotes. Transparency is democracy's latest value, a panacea for every malaise. But what is this openness all about? Is this a window that we look through or is it a screen where we project our dreams? Is transparency the state preceding invisibility?

Duration: 2:15 minutes, Format: HD

Si l'argent est le symbole

feu | 2014

Si l'argent est le symbole de la confiance,
la pauvreté est l'état de la méfiance.

La nuit s'installe
dans les couches successives de la transparence.

Ce qu'on admettait volontiers
s'obscurcit devant nos yeux,
et ce qu'on croyait dur comme fer
se liquéfie sous nos pieds.

L'ombre de la richesse
s'étend au-dessus des taudis,
recouvre chaque misère
du vide de ses mailles.

Les bras alourdis par les Rolex
hersent la Terre,
l'enveloppent de silence.

Le bout du monde est une montagne
de déchets miniers, de terres rares
et de piscines creusées.

Crédit vient de croire.
Crétin vient de nulle part.



The night falls

If Money is the Symbol

fire | 2014

If money is the symbol of trust,
poverty is the state of distrust.

The night falls,
one layer of darkness at a time.

What we could see clearly
becomes dim and dull,
melts under our feet.

The shadow of wealth
throws itself above the slums,
covers every misery
with the void of its net,
its arms, weighted down by the Rolex,
trawl the Earth for more,
dragging its silence over all.

The edge of the world is a mountain
of mining waste, of rare earths
and inground pools.

Credit comes from belief, trust.
Crazy comes from nowhere.



*Pilgrimage/Pèlerinage
Exotic vs. Exotic/Exotique contre Exotique*

FR

EN

Everglades (Flow: Big Waters)

| 2014

Everglades regroupe 12 vidéopoèmes et 12 marches sonores. Le projet, basé sur un séjour effectué dans les Everglades en Floride, s'articule autour du passage de l'être humain dans la biosphère des Everglades. Le marécage est ici un lieu de décomposition et de ruine, mais devient également agent transformateur du monde physique et spirituel.

Les Éditions *Prise de parole* ont publié *Everglades* en mars 2018.
Pour plus de renseignements, consulter :

<https://www.prisedeparole.ca/titres-livre/?id=565>

Everglades contains 12 videos and 12 soundwalks. The project was based on research carried out in the Florida Everglades. Focusing on the passage of man in this River of Grass, the project examines ideas of swamps as metaphors for decay, ruin, transformative agents of physical and spiritual states.

In March 2018, Les Éditions *Prise de parole* published the book version of this project. More information can be found at:

<https://www.prisedeparole.ca/titres-livre/?id=565>

Series of 12 vidéo poems and [12 soundwalks](#)
Série de 12 vidéopoèmes et [12 marches sonores](#)
Duration / Durée : variable
Format: HD and/et WAV



Monocultural Stutter

As the natural environment fights back against the construction of a new suburb, a voice calls out for help. The audio has been mixed from urban and rural sources recorded in various locations in Cronulla and Sydney, New South Wales, Australia. • Duration: 3:26 minutes, Format: HD

Monocultural Stutter

| 2015

I need to see it in writing.

I need to see it written by more than one person.

I need to see it written in more than one way,

in more than one style,

in more than one accent,

in more than one language.

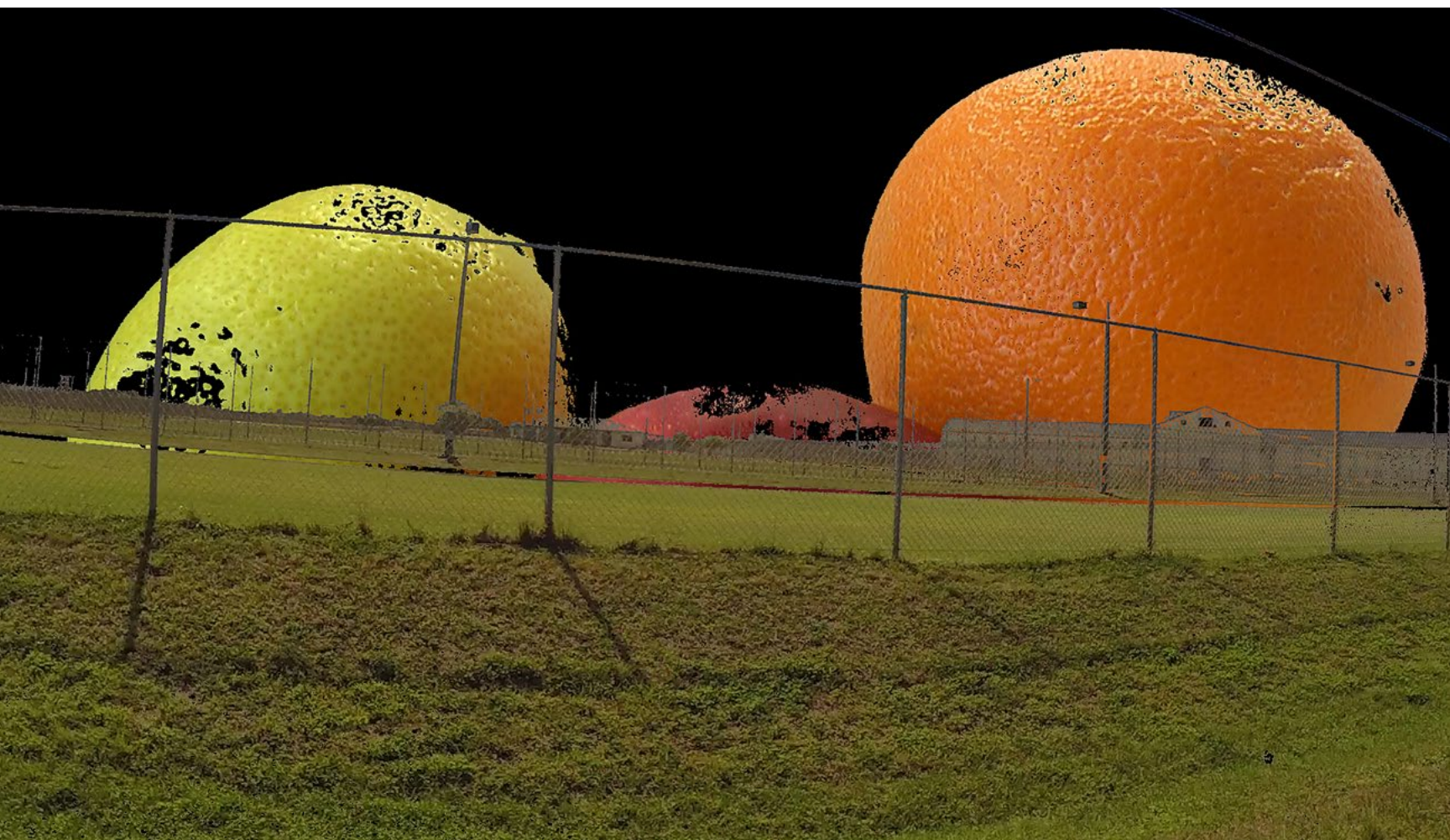
I need to hear from more than one person that the thought process is still working and that people are capable of holding more than one thought, of interpreting the world individually.

I need to hear that there is more than one interpretation out there.

I need to hear that more than one thought is circulating.

I need to hear that blindly following one designated HERO is not the only bus offering a lift.

I need to see it written by you.



Apples and Oranges examines the question of boundaries. It is a video about freedom and captivity, about wilderness and confinement, about a prison existing next to a National Park. • Duration: 3:54 minutes, Format: HD

Apples and Oranges

| 2015

I keep having thoughts about the prison, the Homestead Correctional Institution. I am preoccupied by its location. It sits next to the Everglades National Park and is surrounded by citrus groves.

To be in custody next to a wilderness area might be difficult enough, but to know that under the rising sun, fruit is ripening on the trees might be even more difficult.

Are inmates apples that can never mix with oranges or lemons?



Cultural Flotsam

To give a measure of doubt in favour of human organization, we could say that what floats in the bay among the seaweed is accidental. And if the jellyfish and sea birds find value there, what does it say for our cultural legacy?

Duration: 1:59 minutes, Format: HD

Cultural Flotsam

| 2016

Of halting philosophies:
a problem that occasionally
stops the thought process
long enough to re-evaluate,
might not be a bad thing.

Cultural flotsam
accidentally accumulating
has become the new lush
for blue bottles and seagulls
and maybe
a site for human contemplation.

BR

TROCA DE ÓLEO

LAVAGEM

PETROBRAS

LAVABOM

Labex Center

0 Premium	8.88 ^º
0 Gasolina	8.77 ^º
0 Diesel	8.88 ^º
Alcool	0.88 ^º

LAVAGEM
R\$ 35,00
R\$ 43,00
TAXA
R\$ 27,00

DE NASCENTE PRÓPRIA

Só usamos
água de
nascente
própria



Leaving São Paulo

| 2016

While the editing process of video / film is often used to speed up the time perspective in relation to a particular storyline, the editing of *Leaving São Paulo* offers the viewer chances to meditate upon the irony of travel deadlines and the meaning of cultural exposure during a very condensed journey.

Scribbled notes have been organized by date and interspaced over 20 minutes of running time. The footage has been significantly slowed to allow the viewer time and space to take in more than could be experienced in a real time taxi ride from downtown São Paulo to the airport. Split screen and colour treatments reference the exotic visual cityscape. The slowed musical score becomes a meditative drone.

Series of 6 videos
Duration: 19:51 minutes
Format: HD

of immersion



Where
Duration: 3:15 minutes

Where

26 July 2015

Waking here, after the sleep of jet lag, I could still be within a dream.

I don't know where I am. Of course, I know that this is São Paulo, this is Brazil, the grand Avenida Paulista. And I am walking to the Centro Cultural FIESP—Ruth Cardoso, named for the anthropologist and philosopher.

Among the magazines and newspapers, newsstands feature volumes on the work of philosophers and I wonder if she is the reason for this unusually civil public display.

To live in a region in my own country and to visit the world is like a dream of immersion into another culture.

This visit to São Paulo is so short that only notes, photos and videos will prove to me that I am, and was, here.

In a few days I will have to say, I was there once.



Location
Duration: 4:11 minutes

Location

26 July 2015

But where I am in my own geo-points,
I cannot say.
This is a whole other universe that I have landed inside of.
South of the equator,
I find myself in a winter, not unlike early fall,
or late summer,
in the land from which I have flown.

Heitor
Villa-Lobos.



Today is Sunday
Duration: 2:40 minutes

Today is Sunday

26 July 2015

Sunny, and people are more relaxed on the street. I step inside the concert hall to understand the language of music, one of those languages we have known from a very young age, from the instant of memory arriving.

I am reminded of a music class. The teacher told us that the composer had decided to inject a loud and lively section into the composition. It was intended to jar the audience out of after-dinner slumber. It was considered shocking in its time.

That shock, or spice, changed the shape of chamber music, somewhere, way back in the 18th century. And today, maybe it is the sound of some audience members breathing heavily, or even snoring, that has prompted this memory.

As someone drifts off to permit the music to enter her / his subconscious and the memory of dreams, I hear that heavy breathing, a snore or two. But I half believe that some of the measured breathing could be coming from the direction of the cellist, in the delivery of music and life notations, from the life of Brazilian composer Heitor Villa-Lobos.

And then I know where I am. I am the grain of sand falling in an hourglass, an instant of scanning in a world of crystalline formations, floating downward, on the way to the end, of counting this instant of time.



Monday



Fashion

Monday Fashion
Duration: 1:59 minutes

Monday Fashion

27 July 2015

I pass Renner Department Store on the Avenida Paulista and I hear the enthusiastic voices of the sales staff revving up within the morning pep talk before opening. Moments later, the store entrance is ripped open to reveal the staff in a final rallying call before heading out to their stations. I am reminded of being in a mall when Walmart first opened in Canada.

What at first sounded like fascists preparing to mount a holocaust, turned out to be only the rallying call of fashionistas working in retail.



Languages and Interpretation
Duration: 1:47 minutes

Languages and Interpretation

28 July 2015

Before leaving for the trip, I was too busy to learn more than a few key words and phrases in Portuguese, so now I am cramming.

The challenge for my sleep-deprived brain is hit and miss.

Sometimes the word is there,
but more often, the wrong word comes out.

Luckily, *obrigada* - 'thank you' from the feminine perspective,
emerges when all else fails.

And then there is the famous motion miming to demonstrate a need,
charades on the fly in a foreign country.



Journey's End
Duration: 5:59 minutes

Journey's End

29 July 2015

As the taxi drives us back through the neighbouring cities, I notice that the graffiti is up very high, too high to be written from the roof of buildings. The author would have had to dangle on a rope, or to paint from the ground; it would have required a spraying mechanism to be mounted on a pole. In either case, this graffiti could not have been quickly, nor secretly applied.

So I wonder about the process. This evidence of yet another Brazilian mystery goes unanswered in this visit.

On the drive in from the airport, and back out, the view from the taxi window is a mass of cities that grew to entangle each other.

By comparison with a 1970's postcard image, I can easily see that the water level in the cement-lined canal of an ancient river is dangerously low.

Yet, in São Paulo, when the noon air raid siren demands that all work stops for lunch, the bottled water is waiting to support the pause.

Impossible Colors

| 2016

Reddish-green and yellowish-blue are known as impossible colours or forbidden colours. Set side by side, it is said that the human eye will not see them, that their light frequencies will cancel each other, rendering them invisible. Researchers say that they can be seen if one looks 'the right way'.

The boundaries between colours are akin to those between logic and dreams, they too can produce impossible meanings if we mix them.

Series of 4 videos
Duration: 11:49 minutes
Format: HD

A BIRD FLIES INTO THE FOREST



Red (a river)
Duration: 2:43 minutes

Red (a river)

The road to happiness
is twisted and dusty,
full of danger,
traitorous.

A bird flies into the forest,
lands on a branch,
his feet clawing,
his eyes prying.

The wind blows from the south.
A river runs nearby.



THE LONG SHADOW
OF BUSINESS

Green (what it wanted to be)
Duration: 3:43 minutes

Green (what it wanted to be)

Casting shadows on each generation.
Making them walk, like ghosts in markets.
Allocating an attribute to each.
Drawing the line of a box around a face.
A tag lost at sea bobbing in a storm.

The long shadow of business crawls on the ground.
A soldier in a bad place.
A generation lost, surrounded by Nazis with sharp knives.

The shadow on the grass unfolds itself,
stands up for its Bob Marley rights,
stirs a little revolution
that will eventually
open up new markets, new avenues.

The shadow wears a make-up coloured jacket,
takes a selfie and becomes
what it always thought
it wanted to become.



THE SUN
MELTS THE WRITINGS

Blue (the beeps)
Duration: 2:47 minutes

Blue (the beeps)

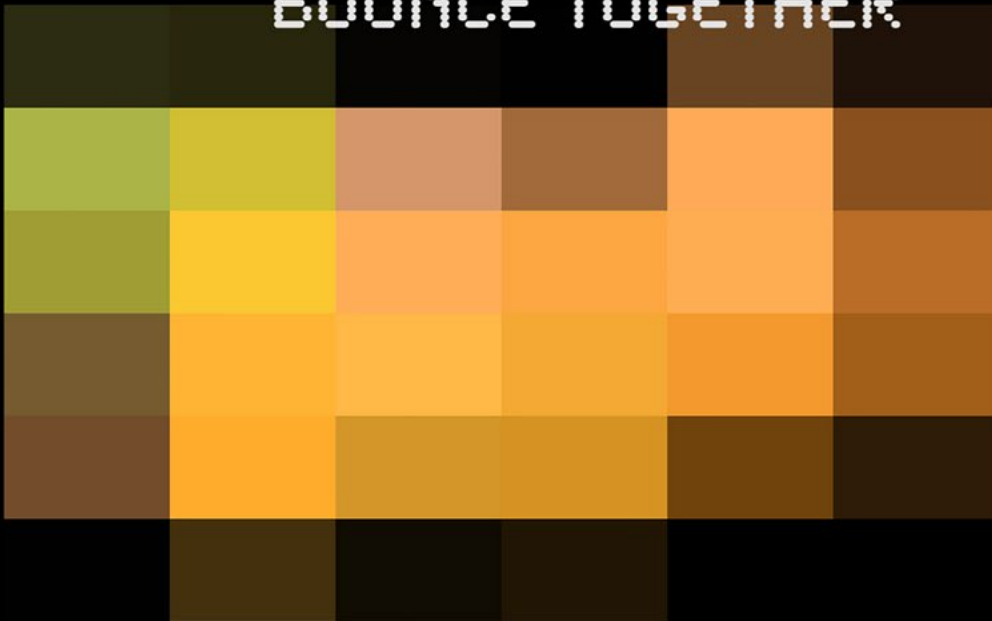
More than being insightful,
one has to highlight
the good side of the street,
the side where the sun falls
while striking out the shadows
that out-limb the walls.

Near the terrace,
the sun
melts the writings,
fuses the words.

A mass of dreams,
so heavy
that no Atlas,
no Joe Wilder
could lift it
and take it away.

More than being accurate, one has to be generous
in not including everything,
in leaving spaces empty,
in listening to the beeps of the gaps
in the forests around us.

BOUNCE TOGETHER



Yellow (the yellows)
Duration: 2:36 minutes

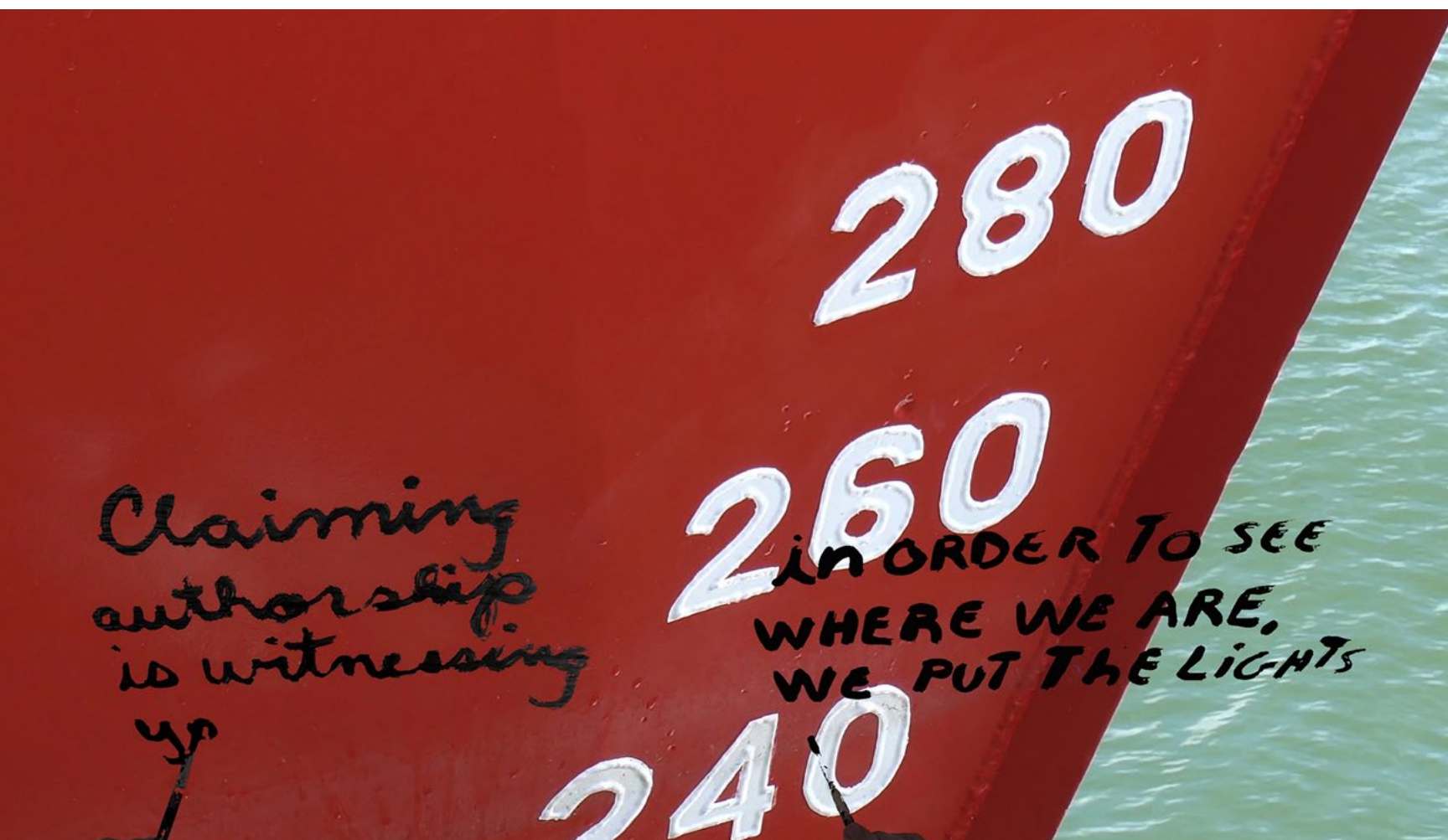
Yellow (the yellows)

Collecting.

Picking up
little stones,
pebbles
along the way,
along one's way.

In the bag of life,
all of the colours in the world
bounce together;
the reds,
the blues,
the greens,
the yellows.

The light
dances
in the hands
and slips under the feet
to become the land.



Illumination

For this collaborative work, we have juxtaposed texts to appear as graffiti on the hull of a boat. The left and right hands both speak to the challenges of forging a path through life. The audio, wind from the sea, speaks for everyone.

Duration: 2:39 minutes, Format: HD

Illumination

| 2016

Claiming
authorship
is witnessing
your own visibility.

In order to see
where we are,
we put the lights on,
but then we lose the stars.



In Kisii is a poetic voyage through Kisii Town, Kenya. From the still image of a truck stopped on the curbside of the bustling city, images from three moments in time rise to the surface. This video was realized following participation in the Kistrech Poetry Festival. • Duration: 5:12 minutes, Format: HD

In Kisii

| 2016

A truck
on the side of a road in Kisii,
brings fish from the lake,
corn from the farm,
wind from the plateau,
and everything else from Nairobi.

The men standing behind the truck
have seen it all.

The men and women walking on the screen
are somewhere else.

A plastic bag, like a sky lantern without a light,
floats in the air, or clings to a branch.

Hard scramble of the in-between land,
Silk-lined paths for a dream.

The Lake

What if the Nam Lolwe
also known as the Nalubaale
or the Nyanza
or Lake Victoria,
one of the African Great Lakes,
the largest tropical lake in the world
and the second largest fresh water lake in the world
was contained in one truck
and if this truck
was to unload its cargo in Kisii town
or Kisumu?

How would the angelfish
go back to the lake
if the lake wasn't there anymore?

Diamonds floating

The earth is red. Everything is lush.
The air is warm and humid.
The pathways are incredibly complex,
there are paths going everywhere.
We walk past mango trees, papaya trees,
banana trees, avocado trees,
sugar cane and cornfields.

Here and there, a goat tied to a post
looks at us as we go by.
Cliff tells me that the two women are widows
and are cultivating their lands and
raising their animals by themselves.

We finally arrive at a house.
As we go in, a few little chicks scramble to get out.
The air inside the house is heavy
and the sunlight makes the dust appear
like diamonds floating in the room.
The walls are covered with
a lacework-like fabric.



Land of Shepherds

The narrator travels through the Kenyan countryside observing daily life from the framing of a school bus window. Affected by scenes of ageless activities, she imagines the present and possible futures in this ancient land. This video was realized following participation in the Kistrech Poetry Festival.

Duration: 1:54 minutes, Format: HD

Land of Shepherds

| 2016

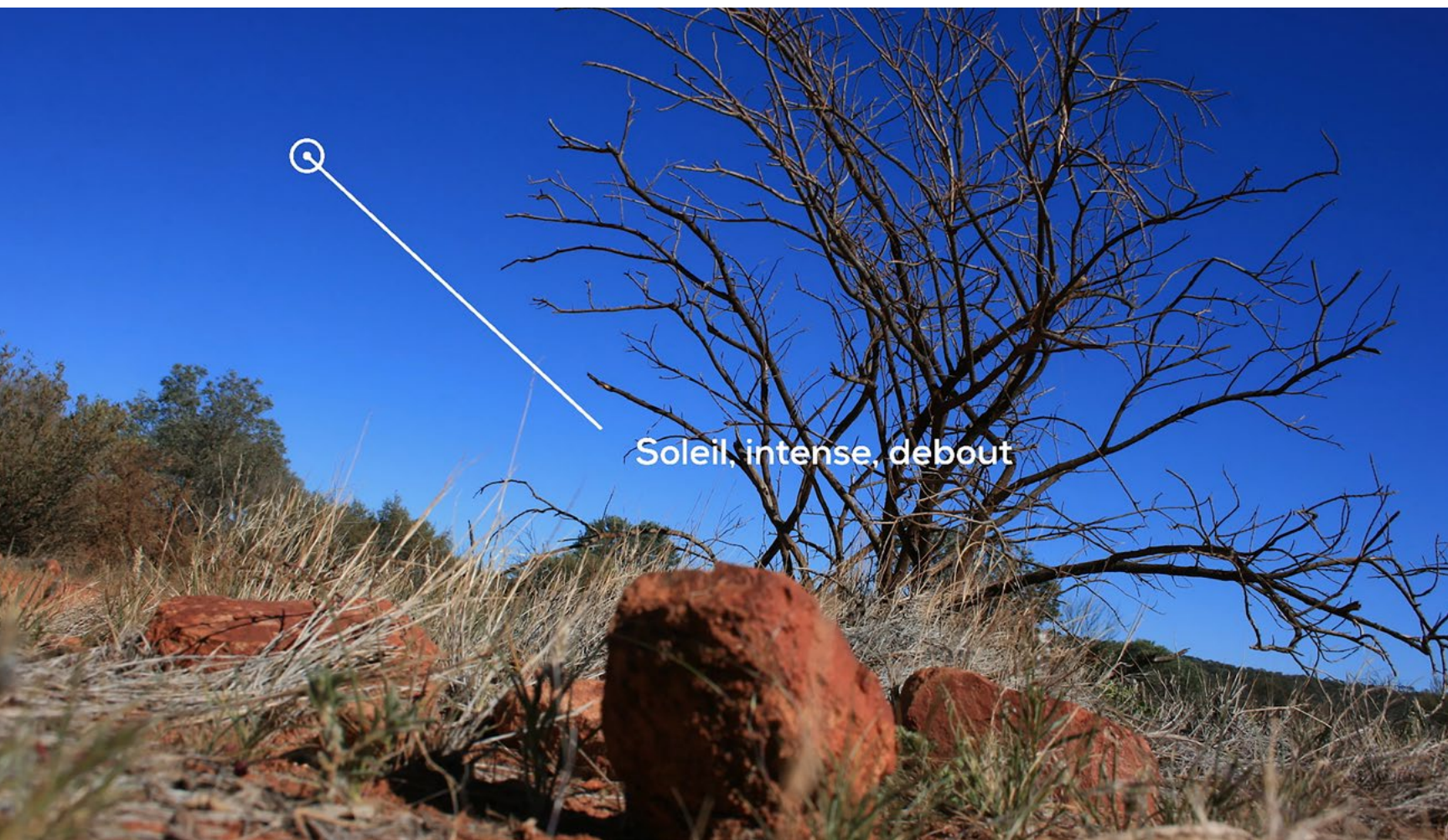
Donkeys carrying bags of firewood and other burdens
munch grass amid piles of broken glass and plastic refuse.

And if a saviour was to be born again,
surely it would be here
in this land of market stalls
and Boda Boda sheds.

In the district of David, who now drives a bus,
in this land of thorns growing by the roadside
where crowns of hardship meet broad smiles
of people who never forget to acknowledge
the presence of others.

If Jesus came back,
surely he would choose Kenya
as all of the mangers are still here.

Amid the charcoal braziers that warm hands and cook meals,
lambs awaiting resurrection,
flatten their white bodies
into the warmth of the soil.



Soleil, intense, debout

Sabler est un texte sur le lieu, le temps et le devenir. Il fait partie de *L'esprit du temps / The Spirit of the Time*, un projet d'écriture sur la couleur. • *Sandglass* is a text about place, time and becoming. It is part of *The Spirit of the Time / L'esprit du temps*, a writing project based on colour. • Duration: 3:58 minutes, Format: HD

Sablier / Sandglass

| 2017

Bright, sun, standing up
Dry, earth, lying down
Shivering herbs, fluttering

Soleil, intense, debout
Terre, sèche, couchée
Herbes frissonnantes, tremblantes

The sand is shifting, rising,
rolling, cooing, flying like a bird
Wings flapping, timpani in a boat

Le sable ne tient plus en place, il se lève,
roule, roucoule, s'envole comme un oiseau
Battements d'ailes, timbales, foutue galère

The wind owl, ravenous, turns
wraps itself around us
takes us into the dance of gusts

Le vent hibou, c'est ça, rapace, tourne
nous enveloppe de coup de vent en coup de vent
nous emporte dans la danse des bourrasques

Turns us into airborne particles
in the unending round trip, back and forth
Makes us into a draft
Ghosts and truth at the same time

Nous devenons aériens dans la poussière
dans un interminable aller-retour du va-et-vient
Courant d'air de nous-mêmes
Fantôme et vérité en même temps

We have become heaps of sand
quick moving
walking among the dunes of the dunes
Mounds without shapes made of vacillation and
tripping

Nous voilà devenus sable-mouvant
Nous marchons parmi les dunes des dunes
Monticules sans forme
faits de vacillements et de trébuchements

We are the rage of the storm
and the calm of the shelter

Nous sommes la rage de la tempête
et le calme de l'abri



Aequilibris

Des images d'anciens films familiaux défilent sur l'écran des chutes du Niagara. Une ficelle, comme une mémoire collective tendue au-dessus des chutes, se défait et se refait donnant aux souvenirs évanescents une dernière chance de s'agripper à la réalité. • Home movies shot at Niagara Falls run over current footage set on the same plane. An unraveling rope stands in for the collective memory of challenging the odds. • Duration: 3:08 minutes, Format: HD

Aequilibris

| 2018

The balance of things
slides her feet along the cable.

L'équilibre glisse le long du fil
tendu au-dessus du vide.

The wind curves around her,
holds her as she goes.

Le vent l'enveloppe,
le soutient pendant son défilement.

Her eyes are closed.
She breathes and thinks
of life on earth,
of this thin line
on which she walks.

Les yeux fermés,
il respire et pense
la vie sur Terre,
au fil sur lequel
il avance.



Flags as markers of existence. While no one else was obviously present during a visit to the wharfs in Caraquet, NB, the noise of the flags struck me as standing in for the voices of everyone who had stood there before me. • Le drapeau est le symbole d'une existence, d'une présence. Alors que j'étais seule sur un quai à Caraquet au Nouveau-Brunswick, le bruit des drapeaux qui claquaient au vent m'a interpellée. J'entendais la voix de tous ceux qui étaient venus à cet endroit avant moi. • Duration: 1:54 minutes, Format: HD

Communicate With Me

| 2018

All of these flags,
each of these flags,
alive
with molecules
of those who stood here,
on wharfs, sundrenched today.
[Alfa Bravo Charlie Delta](#)

The spirits of predecessors
shake the daylights out of flags.
[Echo Foxtrot](#)

Fishermen now have time
but no need
to sew a pair of pants
with the blue of the sky.
[Golf Hotel India Juliett](#)

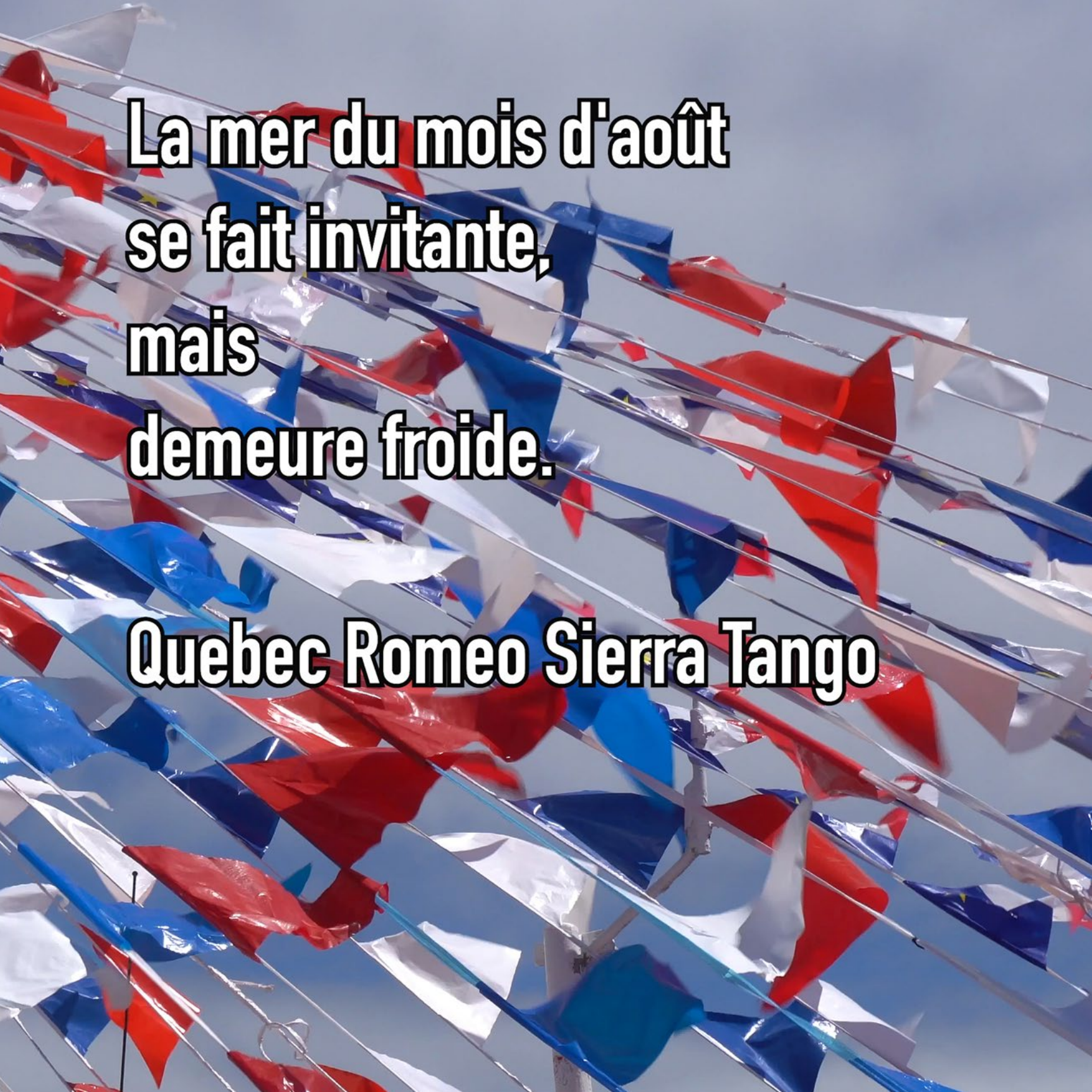
Shaking flags call the watch,
remembering the molecules of
fishermen and molecules of

landlubbers, molecules of children,
and the parents who created them,
before perishing on the sea.
[Kilo Lima Mike November Oscar
Papa](#)

Waters of August,
tempting,
but
always cold.
[Quebec Romeo Sierra Tango](#)

Flags flutter noisily,
in celebration.
[Uniform Victor](#)

All of the molecules,
of all of the spirits more present,
than flags can signal.
[Whiskey X-ray Yankee Zulu](#)



**La mer du mois d'août
se fait invitante,
mais
demeure froide.**

Quebec Romeo Sierra Tango

Communiquez avec moi

Tous ces drapeaux,
chacun de ces drapeaux,
vivifiés des molécules
de celles et de ceux qui étaient ici,
sur les quais, aujourd'hui
baignés de soleil.

[Alfa Bravo Charlie Delta](#)

L'esprit des prédécesseurs
agite et remue l'étoffe.

[Echo Foxtrot](#)

Les pêcheurs ont maintenant le temps,
mais nul besoin
de coudre le bleu du ciel
dans le pantalon.

[Golf Hotel India Juliett](#)

Les flammes tremblantes de la garde
se souviennent des molécules des
pêcheurs
et des molécules des marins d'eau
douce, des molécules des enfants,

et des parents qui les ont engendrés,
avant qu'ils ne disparaissent
eux-mêmes en mer.

[Kilo Lima Mike November Oscar
Papa](#)

La mer du mois d'août
se fait attrayante,
mais
demeure froide.

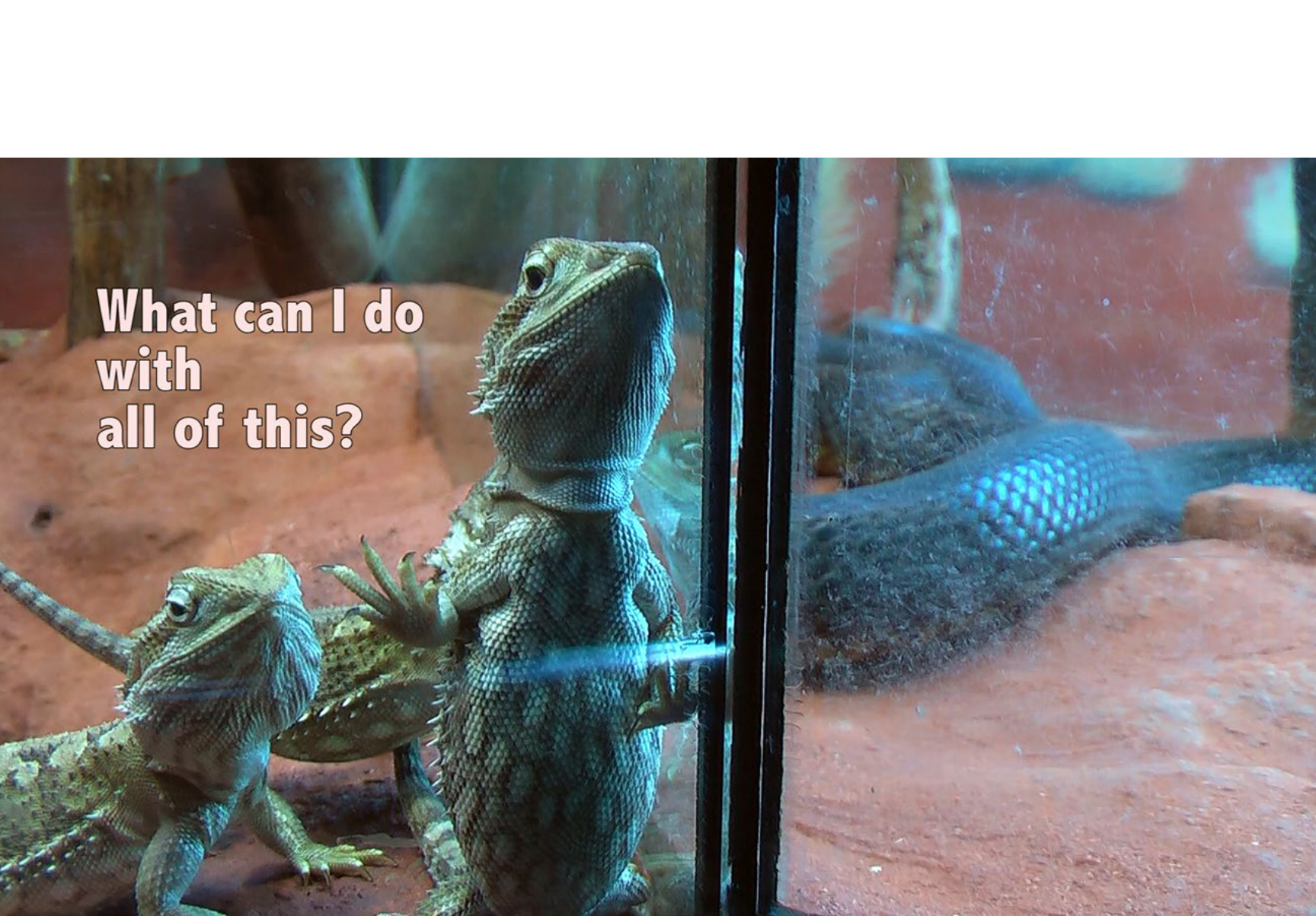
[Quebec Romeo Sierra Tango](#)

Les drapeaux claquent au vent
au milieu des réjouissances.

[Uniform Victor](#)

Les drapeaux sont incapables
de signaler l'intensité de toutes les
molécules contenues
dans les esprits du moment.

[Whiskey Xray Yankee Zulu](#)

A photograph of two bearded dragons in a terrarium. One dragon is on the left, looking towards the right. The other is on the right, looking towards the left. They are separated by a vertical glass barrier. The background is a reddish-brown substrate with some green foliage. The text "What can I do with all of this?" is overlaid in the top left corner.

What can I do
with
all of this?

The animals on either side of a barrier come to face philosophical questions on which they have not much disagreement. • Duration: 3:10 minutes, Format: HD

The Discussion

| 2018

Left side of screen

Lizard—What can I do with
Baba Yaga's house that flies away
and won't stay put?

Right side of screen

Snake—And the scarlet ibis,
who could believe that such a
vermillion creature could ever exist?

Left side of screen

Lizard—A monumental moment
of clarity resembling a bird
so strikingly beautiful that it could
stand in for a color.

Right side of screen

Snake—Struck with the exact
temperature and timing
of that first, perfect red goblet.
Mirroring the perfection of an
alchemical event—a limpid, lucid,
crystal clear moment.

Left side of screen

Lizard—That would be the thought
before it became entangled with its
proof in the diffusion of light.

As the trauma of the modern has
dispersed, what can I do with all of
this now?

[The texts are divided between the split screens; on the left are the lizards, on the right, snakes. The discussion bounces from one group to the other as these animals discuss phenomena existing outside of their confines.]



Oasis

| 2018

Oasis – Nature / Culture is based on research and exploration at the Deering Estate, Cutler, FL.

Throughout our research, we were struck by both the similarities and the contrasts reflected in the lives and work of the Deering brothers (Charles and James). They were present and part of the development of Miami as we know it today. As our ideas formed and evolved into videos, we began to think of many aspects of nature and culture embodied within the living museums at Cutler, Vizcaya, and in the Miami landscape, past and present. Videos juxtaposed on left and right sides of the screen met our need of presenting opposing forces existing simultaneously, and in the end, the works present their own play of similarities. We have created these fictions based on a mix of fact and imagination.

Series of 12 videos
Duration: 26:02 minutes
Format: 4K



Charles Deering Estate 1935

Miami Time

Duration: 2:02 minutes

During a return visit to the city, a cultural marker is seen through a different lens.

Remnants

Duration: 1:12 minutes

Wandering through these rooms and hallways, fragmented beauty must find a way home.

Dream series

In September 1925, on board the steamship *SS City of Paris*, en route back to the United States, James Deering suffered a heart attack and died. After the deaths of both James Deering and his brother Charles, their houses became museums bequeathed for public enjoyment.

In this fictional account of three imagined dreams, Charles Deering addresses the death of his younger brother James. In the videos, Charles has a premonition of the death of his brother. When his worst fears are confirmed, he makes the trip to the Villa Vizcaya. This will be his last visit to James' home. Visuals are drawn from the Charles Deering Estate and Vizcaya.

Dream (September 20)

Duration: 1:40 minutes

Charles awakes from a premonitory dream in which many strangers visit their homes but neither he nor James lives there. The letter is almost a question to his brother about his health.

Dream (September 21)

Duration: 1:54 minutes

Charles has a dream within a dream in which he is overcome by a great sadness. He is relieved that the visions dissipate in his waking reality.

Dream (September 22)

Duration: 2:12 minutes

The subject of this dream is Charles' imagined reaction to the news of his brother's death.



Miami Time

Seconds and minutes flow into thin air
as the quicksilver of time disperses
like the Tequesta
like the Beothuk
like Ishi, the last of the Yahi.

August 2006

Afternoon manoeuvres in rush hour traffic,
slow and dangerous until Mercury appears.

Winged sandals, winged hat, caduceus
bearing, aims his bow for the highest blue,
towering above construction cranes,
in the new Miami.

Mercury, god of shopkeepers, merchants and
travellers, who better to guide the way,
to light up the afternoon sun.

Night arrives. Under the maze of overpasses,
in the self-conscious glare of the lost,



I search my map in an illuminated car
while small groups of people claim
sidewalk space and sleepwalk through
the shadows.

March 2017

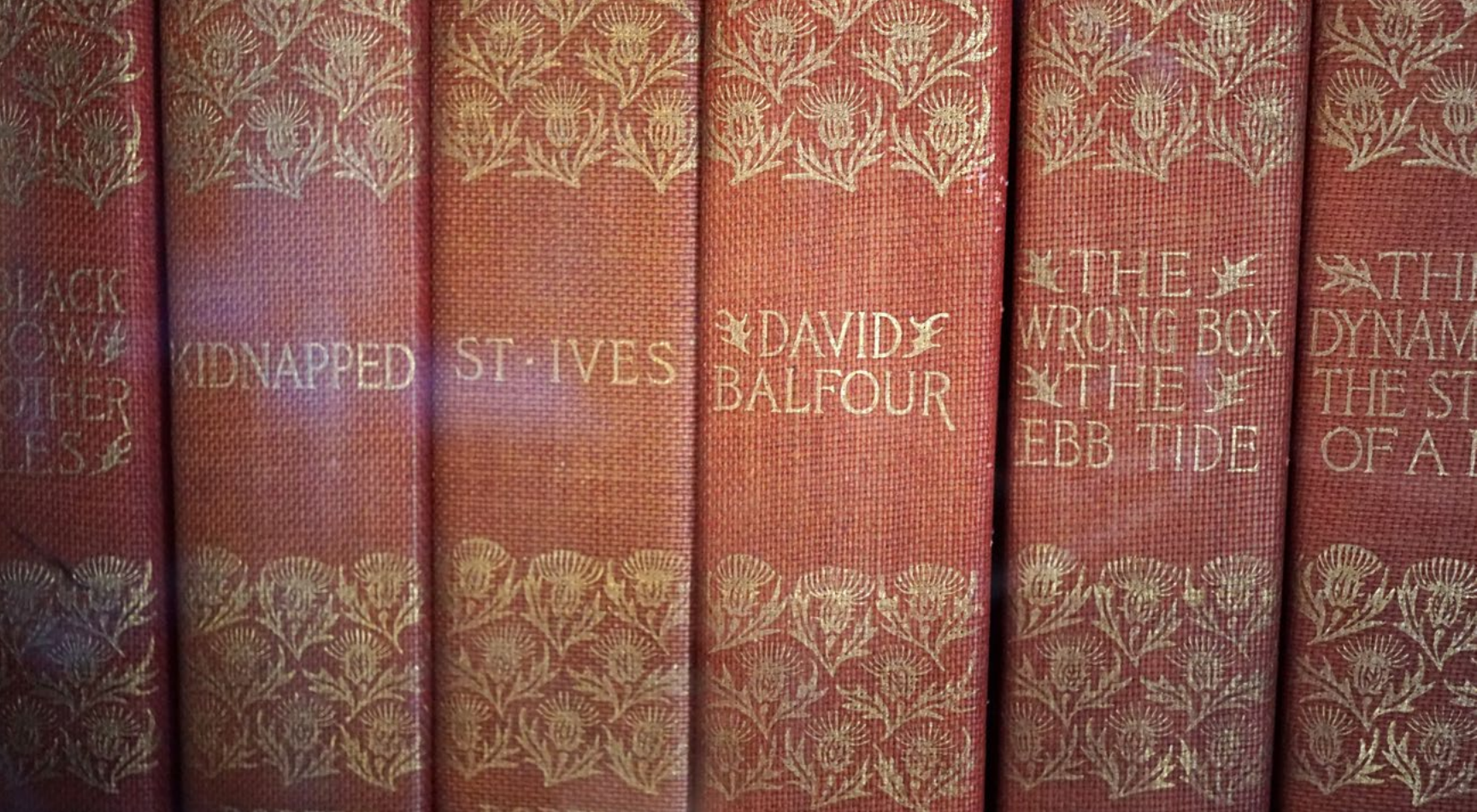
I search for the photograph before
returning to Miami. I carry it like a talisman.

It is only now that I learn that my Mercury
is a Tequesta with his family.

And all of their totems are with them
perched on top of that column.

The stories of their lives and their souls
are now in my eyes, in my shadow,
and in my reflection.

Like the Tequesta
like the Beothuk
like Ishi, the last Yahi,
no one just disappears.



Remnants


Roaming through these rooms and hallways, fragmented beauty must find a way home.

Sands possessed in the alchemist's glass mark a year less perfect than the vintage once stored here.

Victories claimed by time leave power and fertility contemplating as the seal of state melts.

The inks of adventure have soaked into writing desks. Royal chairs still long for old glories.

The eyes of unfinished dreams peer out from frames.



Lost to our view,
the presence shared
through a camera lens

has faded in memory.

Days are filled with the melancholy of dreams, occupied with banalities.

Meaning is hunted through endless night wanderings.

Like Cocteau's props, mirrors now darkened, no longer reflect Beauty, nor do they reflect the Beast.

Lost to our view, the presence shared through a camera lens has faded in memory.

The plants came back to us. Trees have regrown and the lush of pathways lies waiting for rediscovery.



Nature / Culture

Images manipulated to resemble the photographs of the American botanist John Kunkel Small are juxtaposed with views of a baseball game between the Miami Marlins and the Pittsburgh Pirates. • Duration: 2:56 minutes



A photograph of a white bathtub in a bathroom. The water inside the tub is a vibrant, bright green color. The bathtub is set against a wall of white square tiles. To the right, a white toilet is partially visible. The floor is covered in a brown, textured tile pattern. The text "He sits there" is overlaid in white on the green water.

He sits there

Charles in the Tub

The bathtub of Charles Deering becomes the communicating vessel where the Stone House and the environmental preserve meet. • Duration: 2:04 minutes



Charles
in the tub
stretches his legs
as far as he wants
in his very long
enamelled tub.

He sits there
and thinks
of the beauty
in the world.

There is no TV
no ringtones
no Internet.

Charles is
alone
in his tub,
moving his toes
in the silence
of another time.



Dream 1 - September 20, 1925

My Dear Brother,

I write to tell you of a very curious dream that I had last night. I found myself wandering through my home at Cutler, and in the gardens of your own Vizcaya. And yet, even in that dream state, I floated, feeling that I was not really there. Everything had a familiar quality but you were not at your house. And it was as if I were no longer there, at my own Stonehouse either. It was as if I were in some future time when all of our deeds would be in the past and the faces of strangers would fill our homes. This morning I awoke to find everything to be as familiar as when I went to sleep last night. But this dream was so vivid that I have to share it with you.



I have heard that the weather on the Atlantic passage is rough at present, and that the seas are high. I hope that this note finds you well and enjoying your voyage. I will write again soon.

Your greatest admirer,
—Charles



Dream 2 - September 21, 1925

Dear James,

I am still visited by these strange dreams.

I awoke last night in a sweat. Not knowing if I would be sick, I made my way to my bathroom. Stumbling to slide my dressing bench in front of the basin, I sat and splashed cold water on my face. A great feeling of sadness came over me and I jumped up to look into the mirror. At first, instead of my face, I saw yours. It seems that my vision was playing tricks on me. Marion had heard me moving



the bench and came to look in on me. I turned to tell her that I was fine and when I turned back to the mirror, I was relieved to see my own face looking out to me.

Then I realized that the whole thing was a dream. Marion was still asleep in her room and I was still in my bed.

Fondest regards,
—Charles



Dream 3 - September 22, 1925

My Dear Little Brother,

When they brought me the news of your death, I could not believe it. And worse than that, my whole body shook and I felt faint. Marion was with me when I heard the news. We were just finishing breakfast on the patio when the telegram arrived.

When I was able to compose myself, I made haste to leave for Vizcaya, without knowing why. Marion tried to talk me out of it, but in the end, she accompanied me.

The road north seemed particularly long. But somehow it calmed my state of mind. I suppose that



it gave time for the shock of your death to subside. It seems that I needed to feel your presence as I roamed through the rooms and gardens of your fantastic creation. Many statues and little faces drew me back again and again. I was not sure if they were mocking my grief. It was as if they all knew that you would not return to them.

As you know, I could not find you there. For you are now forever lost to me, little brother. Although I know how much you hate for me to call you that, I am sure that you could forgive me that indulgence now. I cannot bear to see Vizcaya without you here and I do not see myself returning to this empty shell. Today, the statues and the lizards mocked me. The plants gave me nothing and the water in fountains was silent to my ears.

Best wishes on this new passage.

—Charles



on this Florida coast

What Was It Like

The blue ceramic tiles found in Charles Deering's bathroom become a window to envision the surrounding wilderness.

Duration: 2:30 minutes



What was it like
on this Florida coast
of the 1920's,
on this estate
in Paradise?

What was it like
to be surrounded
by plants,
paintings
and wilderness?

What was it like
to belong in a sunrise?



Ramon Casas Carbo

Joe Summer

Employed as Charles Deering's personal driver, Joe Summer chauffeured the Deering car in Florida and throughout Europe. The little information known about him is found in a few photographs. • Duration: 1:41 minutes



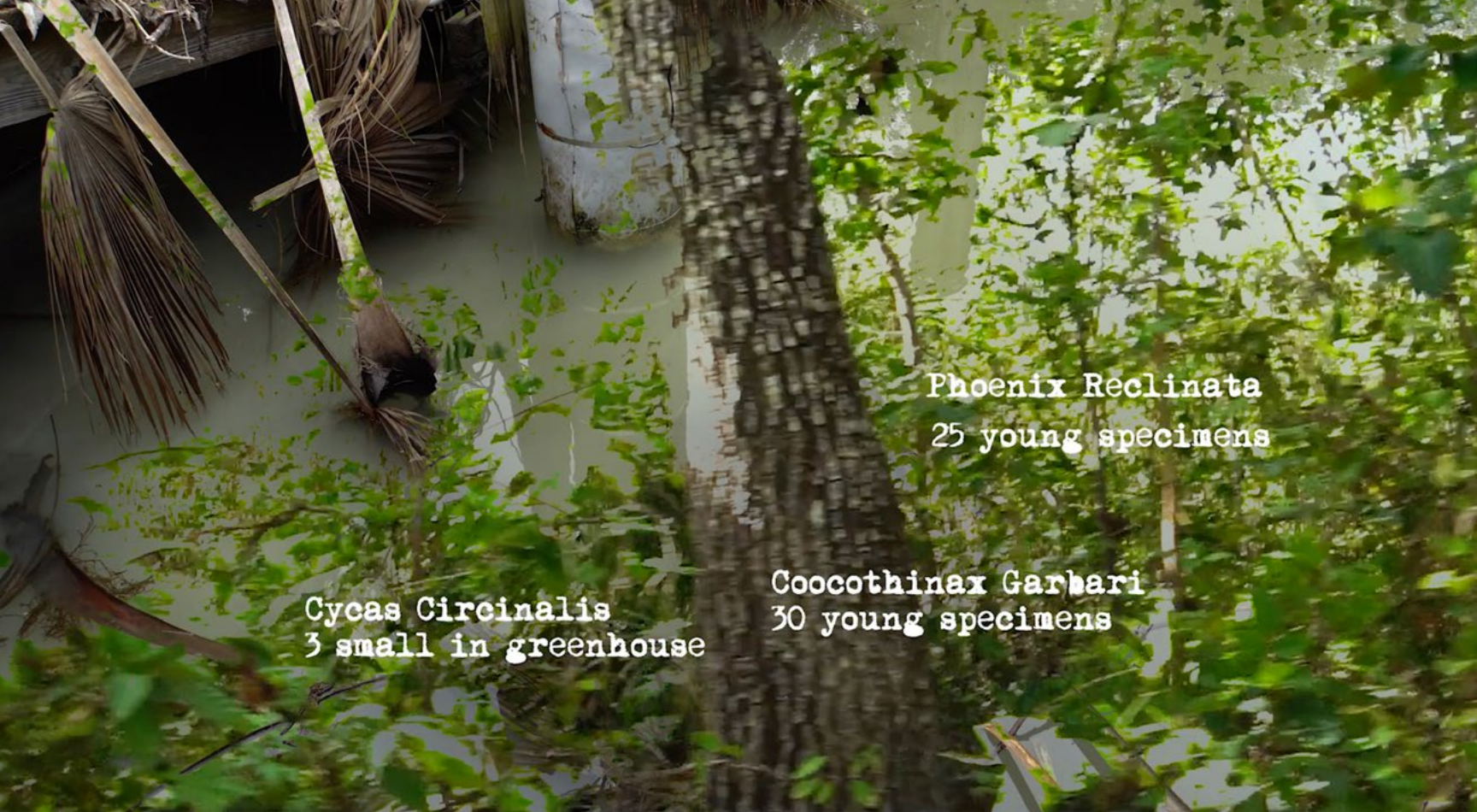
Joe Summer

The ghosts
of the Bahamians
still walking around,
still building
the walls of the boat basin.

The ghosts of Eusabio
and his crocodile Chocolate.

The ghost of Joe Summer
and the dust of Spain.

The ghosts of plants
and wind
still enveloping everyone
and everything.



Phoenix Reclinata
25 young specimens

Cycas Circinalis
3 small in greenhouse

Coccothrinax Garbani
30 young specimens

Plants and Palms

Charles Deering's relocation from Buena Vista to establish his preserve at Cutler involved multi-phased plans. Found among correspondence from those early days, lists of plants and palms to be moved inspired this multilayered video. *Plants and Palms* reflects the layered logistics that went into the creation of the estate enjoyed today at Cutler.

Duration: 2:02 minutes



Anthurium
Hugeli

Monstera
Deliciosa

Philodendron
Amabile

Palms to be Moved

Oreodoxa regia ab.
Seaforthia elegans
Coccothrinax garberi
Cocos nucifera
Thrinax wendlandi
Thrinax macrocarpa
Ptychosperma alexandrae
Phoenix reclinata
Chamaedoron ap.
Hyophorbe verachaffeltii
Howea forsteriana
Pritchardia pacifica
livistona chinensis
Latania commersonii
Neowashingtonia robusta
Caryota urens
Carludovica palmata
Acrocomia totai
Cycas revoluta
Cycas circinalis
Dioon edule
Ravenala madagascariensis

Plants to be Moved

Sterculia acerifolia
Catesbaea spinosa
Catesbaea parviflora
Adenanthera pavonina
Ilex opaca
Hypelate trifoliata
Taxus floridana
Tumion taxifolium
Phyllanthus angustifolius
Widdringtonia whytei
Terminalia trifoliata
Terminalia benzoe
Cedrela odorata
Hura crepitans
Pleiogynium solandri
Lysiloma bahamensis
Araucaria bidwillii
Bombax ceiba
Casasia clusiifolia
Ardisia (Icacorea) polycephala
Euphorbia splendens
Acer rubrum

Emblica emblica
Jacaranda mimosifolia
Albizia lebbek
Colubrina reclinata
Mimosa app.
Acacia App.
Ixora coccinea
Ixora parviflora
Sapindus saponaria
Ficus (all the good species)
Ferns (all the good species)
Monstera deliciosa
Philodendron amabile
Anthurium huegelii
Anthurium andraeanum
Hymenocallis caribaea
Thevetia neriifolia
Acalypha sanderi
Alpinia sp.
Bromelia pinguin
Psidium cattleianum
Bougainvillea (crimson lake)

Picrodendron baccatum
(Jamaica Walnut)
Dracaena fragrans
Lantana sp.
Symphoricarpus racemosus
Nolina tuberculatum
Annona cherimola
Solanum seaforthianum
Pittosporum tobira
Pittosporum variegata

And all potted plants in and
about the Greenhouse



Elusive 1 & 2

Focusing on creatures that appear to live a simple existence, *Elusive* proposes reflection upon the transitory nature of life.

Duration *Elusive 1*: 1:48 minutes • Duration *Elusive 2*: 1:55 minutes



in the heavy boots of routine.

Elusive 1

Elusive,
fluttering.

Stopping to rest,
eager to leave,
to land in other universes.

They won't wait for you
to settle into
one fleeting moment,
or for the perfection
of a sunset.

Off they go
in search of,
I have heard it's sugar,
but who knows what.

They say it's survival
but the beautiful
don't appear to survive.

They thrive,
in the colors they visit.



Elusive 2

The passing of time is noted.

But can we hold more
through savouring
these worldly pleasures,
through inhaling
and exhaling
elusive moments
in circles of time?

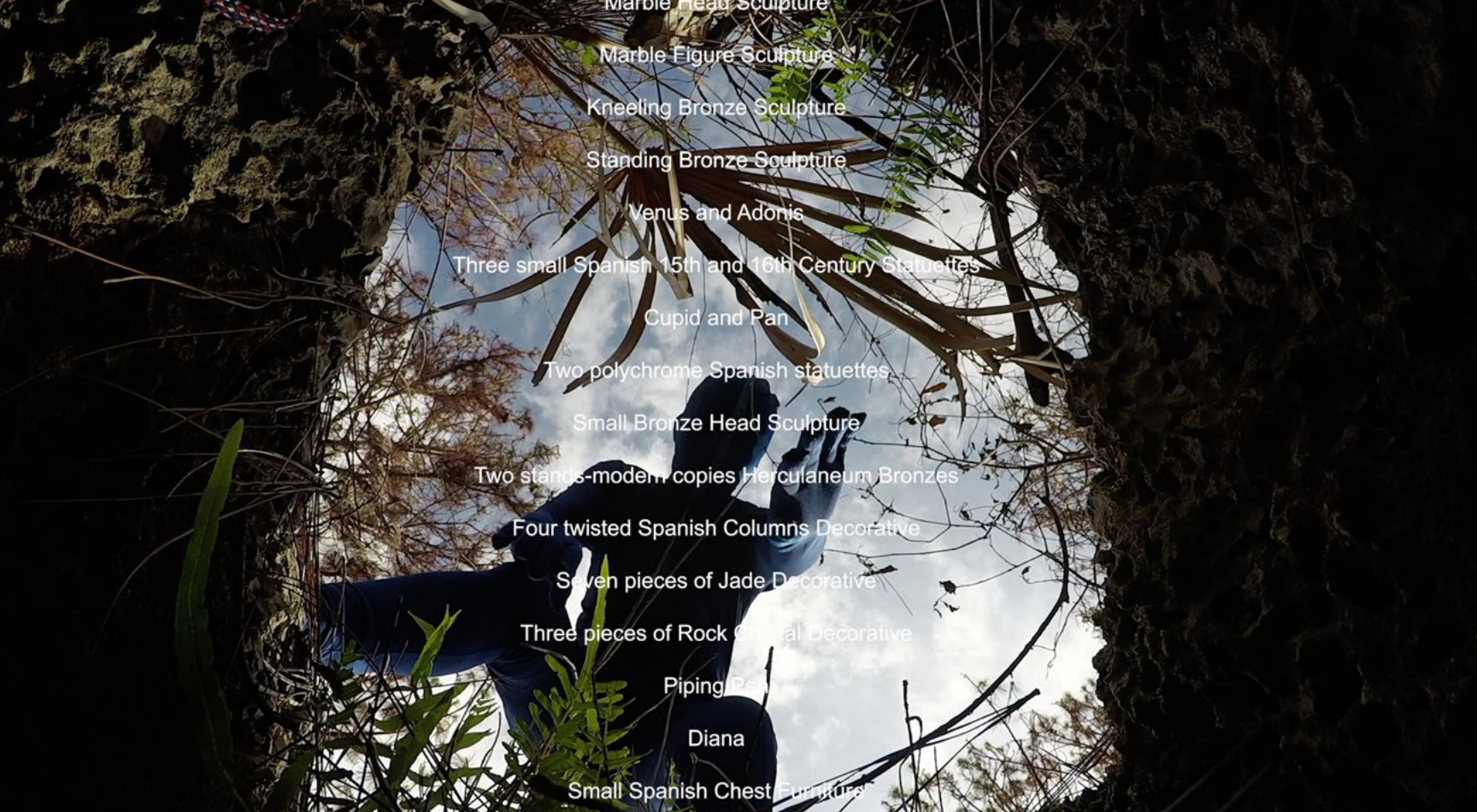
We can promise ourselves
to reach deeply into the seconds
as the hours rush past
in the heavy boots of routine.

But how can we learn the secrets
of metamorphosis
when they flutter off
before answering any questions?

The passing of time is noted.

But can we hold more
through savouring
these worldly pleasures,
through inhaling
and exhaling
elusive moments
in circles of time?

We can promise ourselves
to reach more deeply into the seconds.



Marble Head Sculpture

Marble Figure Sculpture

Kneeling Bronze Sculpture

Standing Bronze Sculpture

Venus and Adonis

Three small Spanish 15th and 16th Century Statuettes

Cupid and Pan

Two polychrome Spanish statuettes

Small Bronze Head Sculpture

Two stands-modern copies Herculeanum Bronzes

Four twisted Spanish Columns Decorative

Seven pieces of Jade Decorative

Three pieces of Rock Crystal Decorative

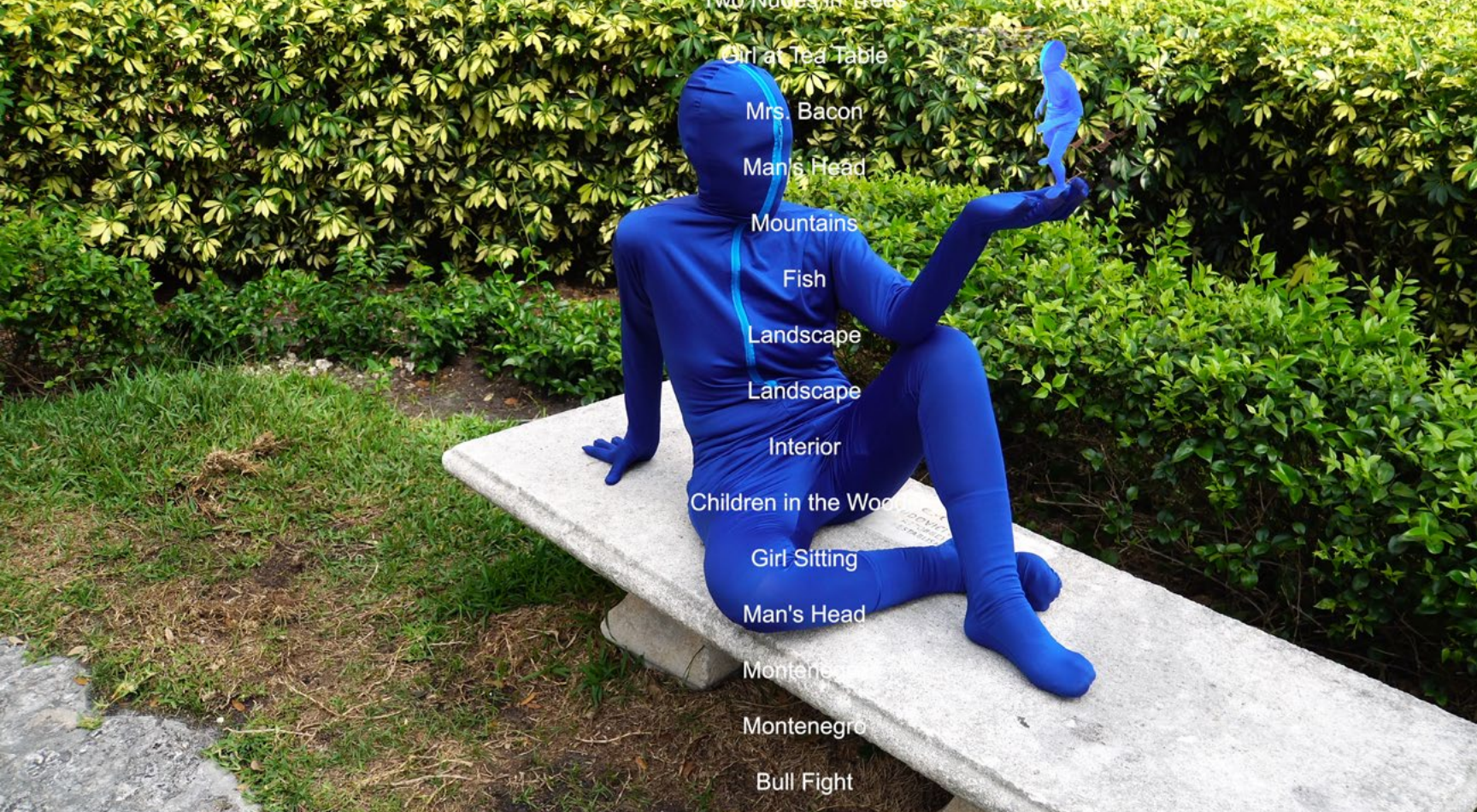
Piping Bell

Diana

Small Spanish Chest Furniture

Inventory Reconciliation

Based upon Inventory: February 27 & 28, 1925, 'Collection of Mr. Charles Deering at Miami, Florida with Valuations made on Forced Sale Basis, by Robert B. Harshe, Director, Chicago Art Institute'. • Duration: 3:01 minutes



Girl at Tea Table
 Mrs. Bacon
 Man's Head
 Mountains
 Fish
 Landscape
 Landscape
 Interior
 Children in the Woods
 Girl Sitting
 Man's Head
 Montenegro
 Montenegro
 Bull Fight

Autumn on the River
 Mme. Escudier
 Mr. Brabazon
 Boats in the Harbour
 Dutch Mother and Child
 Mrs. Hamersley
 Orchestra
 Man Shaving
 Miss Evans
 Charles Deering at Brickell
 Point
 View of Brickell Point
 Fountain
 Sketching
 The Simplon (HALL)
 Martyrdom or Inquisition
 Head
 Head
 Interior with Figure
 Italian Landscape
 Girl Leaning on her Hand
 Woman with Umbrella
 Mrs. Walter R. Bacon
 Miss Fanny Leyland

Egyptian Girl
 Head of Girl
 Dancer
 Leaping Fish
 Nude with Towel
 Spanish Woman & Painter,
 Granada
 Nude in Woods
 Ash Wednesday
 Polychrome Spanish Head
 Grandmother and Child (Blue
 Room)
 Portrait of Mrs. Danielson
 Nude on a Cliff
 Portrait of Mrs. McCormick
 Water Fall
 Portrait of Mrs. Charles
 Deering
 Portrait of an Englishwoman
 Portrait of Charles Deering
 Interior with Swedish Peasant
 Woman
 Two Children's Heads
 Woman in White

English Landscape
 Spanish Stable
 Goats
 Two Children Fishing
 Head of a Man
 Marques de Castro Terreno
 General Andrew John
 Drummond of Strothallan
 Marquesa de Castro Terreno
 Portrait of General Mendizobal
 Manuel de Godoy
 Glass Window, St. James, Paul
 and Peter and Crucifixion
 Polichrome Figure Knight on
 Horseback
 Marble Head
 Marble Head
 Marble Figure
 Kneeling Bronze
 Standing Bronze
 Venus and Adonis- Pearwood
 high relief
 Small Bronze Head
 Seven pieces of Jade

Three small Spanish 15th and
 16th Century Statuettes
 Cupid and Pan- Pearwood
 high relief
 Two polychrome Spanish
 statuettes
 Two stands-modern copies
 Herculeum Bronzes
 Four twisted Spanish Columns
 Three pieces of Rock Crystal
 Piping Pan
 Diana
 Small Spanish Chest
 Four Rococco Mirrors
 Silver Model Chinese Junk
 Red Lacquer and gold chest
 Two Gilt Rococco tables with
 white marble tops
 Two Gilt Rococco tables with
 green marble tops
 Three chairs elaborately carved
 with cupids supporting a
 crown ...



The Shadow

The left channel consists of a human figure wearing a blue suit. This figure moves within the Pine Rocklands, examining solution holes. On the right channel, a shadow figure also examines these geological features. While the two figures never meet, each appears destined to carry out an eternal search within the landscape.

Duration: 10:36 minutes



Time, Place and the Videopoetry Series

Sarah Tremlett

Canadian digital artist and videopoet Valerie LeBlanc (born in Halifax, Nova Scotia) and Canadian poet, musician, and videopoet Daniel H. Dugas (born in Montréal, Québec) have been working together since 1990. Uniting through work and their personal relationship, they collaborated during their MFA studies at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, Chicago, IL, graduating from the Time Arts Program. They now live in New Brunswick, Canada. LeBlanc first began working with glass, then media arts, and first screened her work, which she termed 'mood videos' in the mid-1980s. Dugas, who also has a visual and performance art background, published his first collection of poetry in 1983. Since music informs so much of his work, I was surprised to find that, musically, he is self-taught. He notes that the arrival of digital composition, and the MIDI capabilities of his first synthesizer (1988) enabled him to experiment with the dynamic 'ping-pong' relation between the audio and the visual in videopoetry.

With a vast body of videopoems (many in series form), and with awards and academic positions, LeBlanc and Dugas have produced innovations including the itinerant concepts of Trunk (a gallery in the trunk of their car), first shown in 1996, and the MediaPackBoard (video recording and viewing live on the videomaker's back using a portable screen), 2005-2015. As videopoets they work independently but also fuse ideas as a team: combining voices as well as political and social concerns. They say they work holistically, connecting the everyday with wider issues, the performative with digital creation. Both locate fault lines in our society and have mined them steadily throughout their impressive joint and parallel bodies of work. Sometimes they work so well together, sharing roles, it is hard to know where one ends creatively and the other begins. However, examining their output across time, their voices have developed in slightly different ways.

Dugas injects a powerful narrative voice, context and tone (often dryly humorous) not only through the verbal message, but through his accomplished musical compositions derived from both ethnic and classic backgrounds. LeBlanc has always had an ear for the experimental audio that can deliver a subtext (see her early video *Homecoming* [1986]) and for text-on-screen as a way to rethink message transmission. Both have used travel, documentation and the journey, to tell their videopoetic narratives, for example in *What We Take With Us* (C, 2010) *In Kisii* (D, 2016), *Land of Shepherds* (L, 2016) or the *Oasis* (C, 2017–18) series.¹

Their specific uniqueness within the videopoetry world also lies in the musicality of speaking two languages. LeBlanc's first language is English and her second French; and Dugas' is French with English second. They are Acadians, from the region inhabited by the original French settlers on the Eastern seaboard, such as New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Nova Scotia.² A bilingual voice, or the phonetic and semantic shifting between languages, makes their work

linguistically and geographically expansive, but also very grounded in the soil of their specific environment. Equally, Dugas' voice creates its own unique poetic resonances, speaking English with a French-Canadian accent. In the series *MUDSC* (2005), an indictment against developers, he enacts the French role of the 'chansonnier' (low energy singing / talking with a guitar about love, harmony, nature and changing the world) to direct focus on the corrupt and powerful. The chansonniers and chansonnères were popular in Québec (as in France) in the 1960s and 1970s when, in 'les boîtes à Chansons' (small rooms), they also took their part in the Quiet Revolution. Having a bilingual background also creates a metaphor for a two-in-one relationship with the other and can subliminally add to the depth of visual meaning. In LeBlanc's *MONTRÉAL, A DREAM* the English title sits above *MONTRÉAL, UN RÊVE* creating a shadow or echo effect. Equally, working in the audio-visual medium allows each to play with non-specificity of voice, using text-on-screen in a myriad of ways.

1. Authorship as indicated: C, Collaborative; D, Dugas; L, LeBlanc

2. Note from the editor: This region is also known as the traditional unceded territory of the Mi'kmaq Peoples. This territory is covered by the "Treaties of Peace and Friendship" which Wôlastəkwiyyik (Maliseet), Mi'kmaq and Passamaquoddy Peoples first signed

Their always experimental work divides into a number of areas: LeBlanc's early reflective text (first written to clarify her philosophical thinking) coupled with documentary style cityscapes, or their shared real-life footage; Dugas' political anti-developer chansonnier videopoetry with associated surreal editing; time as a narrative concept; performance-based videopoetry (such as *Inventory Reconciliation* from *Oasis* [2017–18]); travel documentary videopoetry, and the landscape-based eco-videopoems of the more recent years.

Valerie: early techniques

Documenting a new city by a poetry filmmaker has become a Canadian tradition, beginning with pioneer Rick Hancox's (1946-) early films such as *I, a Dog* (1970) or *Next to Me* (1971). LeBlanc extends Hancox with her own personal register and enquiry into place, and what it means to be human. Her early work from *Homecoming* (1986), through *Pilgrim's Progress* (2002) up to *Downtown* (2003), centres on her experiences of city life, but also captures a universal time defined by inner city development. In *Downtown* (2003),

Valerie indicates the danger of becoming part of this 'sell' through shifting our gaze between illustrated figures and real passersby.

The videopoem is capable of re-orienting the link between the form and prosody of a 'poem and its delivery' (thereby extending meaning) and this is LeBlanc's forte. Her text-on-screen, in short, slowly delivered, often quietly condensed thoughts or statements, feels more in the tradition of American artist Jenny Holzer's (1950-) 'truisms' than a poet's often audibly architectural turn of phrase. In terms of approach to content, I am also reminded of American artist Barbara Kruger's (1945-) early book *Picture Readings* (1978) where she photographs random houses on the West Coast of America, then creates imagined statements about the lives of the occupants.

LeBlanc asks questions about what surrounds her, alongside of how we make messages: slowly revealing ticker tape; fonts that resemble monitor instructions; and large fonts that obscure the image and complicate the reading process—like Canadian artist Michael Snow's (1928-) wholly

with the British Crown in 1726. The treaties did not deal with surrender of lands and resources but in fact recognized Mi'kmaq and Wəlastəkwiyik (Maliseet) title and established the rules for what was to be an ongoing relationship between nations.

Source: CAUT / Canadian Association of University Teachers / Guide to Acknowledging First Peoples & Traditional Territory

language-based, silent, 43-minute *So is This* (1982)—are just a few early examples. In one of her earliest videopoems *Homecoming* (1986), some of LeBlanc's characteristic elements begin to surface: a sense of discovery through personal experience, careful sound composition, the close-up object (hands), a formal attention to text-on-screen (scrolling job ads), and the whole, an examination of time and place. It is divided into parts, but the visuals are a continuously repeated image of walking beside railings, and the diegetic sound of the irregular rhythm of a stick running along them, which act as a metaphor for the lack of harmonic momentum in her life.

In my favourite early video of hers, *MONTRÉAL, A DREAM* (1990), we enter a city at night, with diegetic sound, and the text-on-screen is blocked in capitals in a monitor-style typeface. We receive short, bilingual phrases, as if we are hearing the 'official' view of the camera and its 'reading' or capturing of the scene, but these are sublimely edited with irregular 'visual drifts' in between.

TO LEARN A PLACE [the eye settles on the visuals for a while] / FROM A STRANGER'S PERSPECTIVE

By *Pilgrim's Progress* (2001), the artist has achieved a fine balance between voice and text. The video unfolds in movements, beginning with construction workers (the music has a jaunty, loose, get-rich-quick confidence), then cars entering the city, and as the text appears so LeBlanc speaks in unison, 'These white cells rush in each morning as if to aid in the fighting of some great infection...', then other-worldly, ping-pong sounds and a watery green abstract screen with text only:

In an eternal displacement, feelings of loss must be filled with the energy of jumping in.

Later an intermittent voice marries with text, resolving at the end to pure narration. The whole is a highly composed lyric flow between images, sounds, and text-on-screen, which at one point culminates in the screech of a train, the shriek of a singer, a blast of music from a fairground, before flowing into an aerial shot of looking down from a building, all of which seem consummately correct, the sign of a true videopoet.

Daniel: a run of notes

Dugas combines carefully designed visuals with highly crafted musical soundscapes. His music often speaks between genres: classical overtones

with sophisticated piano refrains, combined with computer loops and Canadian French folk (accordion, guitar or fiddle). To think of his videos is to hear a particularly jaunty free rhythm, a single run of piano notes, often counterpointing secondary looping sounds and time signatures. A master of manipulating audio-visual tension and release, he creates rhythmic tension through many methods: white noise sweeps; dissonant chords and chord progressions; and holding a note, or time-stretching (reminiscent of Belgian poetry filmmaker Marc Neys). These add colour and psychological depth to often-understated verbal observations. Typically, Dugas uses non-teleological forms which experiment with: atonality, or moving in and out of tonality; what sounds like free time combined with a time signature; syncopated piano rhythms, and speeded up and slowed down tempo (*Apples and Oranges* [2015]). These acoustic effects contribute a surrealistic undertone to an often slow, fixed lens; or close-ups of a single image, with reductive voice or text.

Together: the first videopoetry collection documenting direct life experiences by a single, English-speaking author? (see below)

Their collaborative work begins in the early 1990s with *Slices of Life* (1991), a series of five

videopoems under one title. I believe this to be the first videopoetry collection by an English-speaking author, with separate but related videopoems, primarily derived from first-hand, personal experience. Comprising five episodic, documentary or journal-style videos, one episode 'Work and Love' (1991) highlights the individual isolation of early morning commuters. A cheerful piano ditty overlays a more composed background, with what seems like accordion folk roots, and sometimes a crazy but happy sawing, discordant fiddle (all perhaps metaphors for the struggle to live contemporary lives). We are privy to LeBlanc's inner thoughts as she 'salutes all the people who leave for work before the sun gets up. Personal moments of description are created: clothing; what dinner they had; talking to the other in dialogic form, such as 'you put on those boots that are so great on you.' 'There are a lot of reasons that I love you,' which surely must be being said to Dugas.

Developing Themes, Techniques and Devices

Deliberation on time and place is a constant factor in their work. Time is the unspoken subject in *Bye Bye Three-Quarter Inch* (2004), a performance about the demise of ¾ inch Umatic tapes; the two-wall installation *Existence : le passé et le présent* (2008); *The Renovation* (2007), which

features a grand, old ruin in France, alongside a reversing alphabet (a clever way to indicate going back in time), with a crackly recording of Enrico Caruso singing *Tiempo Antico*; and *Web of Time and Memory* (2014) in which LeBlanc shovels snow and ponders, with atemporal wooden wind chimes.

Time running out or how we must save the environment is an important part of their later eco-videopoems. In *One Hour* (2014) from the *Flow: Big Waters*, also known as the *Everglades* series (2014–15), a man wearing a mosquito net suit frantically takes photographs in front of a blank projection screen blocking birds and water. The text tells us that the species in the Everglades are like an emptying hourglass; and proposes the statement, ‘what shall we document when it has all gone?’ In *Monocultural Stutter* (2015) LeBlanc questions the greed of developers at an unspoiled ocean location. Through enumeration, she enforces her point, whilst intimating a ticking clock:

I need to see it in writing / I need to see it written
by more than one person / I need to see that
people are capable of interpreting the world
individually /

By contrast, in her later video, *Cultural Flotsam* (2016), a fixed frame focuses on rubbish floating at the water’s edge in a Miami park where a steady state of pollution is contemplated. Here, time stands still. Every so often, arrows point to individual objects, making a statement, accompanied by a quiet, gloopy, underwater echo. The delivery is slow and astute, if somehow bleakly at a loss:

Cultural flotsam / accidentally accumulating /
has become the new lush / for bluebottles and
seagulls / and maybe / a site for human contem-
plation /

In *Insomnia* (2012), Dugas describes, in soft, French-accented tones, watching a late-night TV programme on the Big Bang, while old images of Paris (a repeating theme) are layered with the turning pages of a book.

The host was saying / the entropy generated
during the explosion / is continuing relentlessly
/ Time itself would cease to exist /

The text is counterpointed with a disco-type sound effect that creates a sense of dis-reality, as well as what sounds like different rhythms played to counterpoint each other, or a sudden free rhythm. It is as if the absence of an exact time

signature acts as a metaphor for the ceasing of time itself, as well as his own personal inability to control his inner clock.

As meditations on time and place, the pair's videopoems often contrast personal or individual points of view with factual events, as in LeBlanc's *Missing Parade Notes* (2012). Edited images from the Calgary Stampede Parade 2001 create a new understanding of the past, primarily through visual reconstruction of a highly choreographed (seen from above) scene, extending the original military parade structure. Using shots such as a huge inflatable bear that falls over and rises again, the artist talks of a time of innocence, but the jarring cacophony of sounds creates a surge that we sense will overflow. Dugas' more recent *Aquilibrium* (2018) combines old footage of Niagara Falls with current footage from the same viewpoint. This is superimposed with unravelling rope, which, like the reversing alphabet in LeBlanc's *The Renovation* (2007), acts like a metaphor for going back in time.

Soundscape composition, as mentioned, is also a joint signature feature. In *Red* (2010), about a red dust storm that occurred in Sydney (in 2009), the piano shifts in a melodic but jittery way between repetitive phrases, while a run of single notes

creates a break-out of its own. In *Callan Park* (2010) (once a hospital for the insane), with text and music by Dugas, we see an old building with the superimposed face of physician Thomas Kirkbride, the inspiration for Callan Park's architecture. We are told in large, white text-on-screen, that this is a place where "Time has ceased to exist" (as in *Insomnia* [2012]). The soundscape, like that of *Red*, is jittery and orchestral (a metaphor for a state of mind), buzzing frenetically with a prominent run of piano notes.

The *Flow: Big Waters* or *Everglades* (2014–15) series has produced some of the most sublime works, with highly reductive but equally potent soundscapes. In *One Hour* (2014) (signalling the decline of species and the consequent end of documentation), the landscape has been emptied of all sound except the quiet but frantic whirring of mosquitoes. In the most lyrical video of this series, *Death in the Morning* (water) (2014) (in memory of Guy Bradley, the American game warden killed by plume hunters in 1905), a watery landscape is accompanied by individual, magnified sounds: a pebble in water, a bird tweeting, as well as a strange saw-like noise, creating a slowed-down intensity of being in the moment. The camera is close to the waterline, and a gradually rotating view of trees and sky

from below blend in with images of Edwardian ladies and feathers. I wonder if the use of angular rotation (here and elsewhere) is a nod to Michael Snow's famous *La région centrale* (1971).

The sail of my drifting boat hangs heavy... / Not two miles from home / My world is reduced...
The shot rings through my ears... My thoughts leave my head / And my spirit leaves my body /

Alongside time, soundscape, and their inventive and often subtle use of text-on-screen, numerous other editing tropes are recognizable: timing of verbal content (spaces of pure visual footage); a continuous focus on the single object; superimposition; inverting a scene as in *Walking on Water* (2009); dream-like layering, and disproportion of scale often figure with subtle, surreal effect.

The Horizontal Mask

Dugas' most recognizable visual device is his use of the horizontal split mask, enabling two videos to run at the same time. This is not to bring forward screen patterning, but to subtly undercut views of landscapes where the horizontal division—often between land, trees and sky—is exploited to create a dichotomy between the natural and surreal. I believe this first occurs in the *Même un détour serait correct* (*Even a Detour Would be*

Okay) (MUDSC, 2005) series, in *Les bungalows* or *Réchauffer (version canola) / To warm up (canola version)*, and continues in the much later *Exotic vs. Exotic* (Everglades' collaboration, 2014–15). The subtle sense of disorientation that is almost 'true to life' has far greater effect than the wholly farcical.

Scale

Summerquote (2002) is a video that plays with perspective between a tiny helicopter, like a fly on a large thumbnail and close-up flesh. It is reminiscent of *Geography of the Body* (1943) by American experimental filmmakers Willard Maas (1906–71) and Marie Menken (1909–70). Also, since the text is very large, meaning is processed very slowly, contesting quotation at all. A slow piano rendition of 'Summertime' accompanies the visuals, then a community march cuts in. Scale also features in LeBlanc's *Paper Moon* (2011) within a two-screen, horizontal split-mask landscape, where a small figure works in a black-and-white foreground, set against a background of enormous leaves of green grass, and the sound of a voice humming the song 'Paper Moon'. Without identifiable time or place, this video evokes a dream-like scenario and what British media artist Howard Vause would call a 'Dream Eye'.

The Single Object

The fixed-frame, single object begins with the *In Transit* (1993) series, focusing on squirrels and caterpillars, and continues in more sophisticated iterations in series like *Time Travel in This Moment* (2004) where in *If Existence Had Wings* (2004), two planes seem to repeatedly overlap in the sky.

Dugas' early *chansonnier* videopoem *Le siège de leur esprit* (*The Place of Their Spirit*) (2003) begins by focusing on a single rose before framing a whole bunch. Speaking in French he rails against corrupt powers: 'Their machetes are métro-nomes; 'On their heads they balance expensive Fabergé eggs'. In the *chansonnier* series *MUDSC* (2005) confronting developers, single objects reappear. This occurs in *Couvrir* (*To Cover*) (2005) where a large string of pearls appears against motorway traffic; or my favourite for voice and image, *Précipiter* (*To Rush*) (2005), where a man's superimposed silhouette slowly moves against grand Parisian edifices and finally falls to the ground.

The Single Object as Building

Rick Hancox is perhaps the first Canadian filmmaker to identify a building as a nexus for exploring time and memory, as in *Waterworx* (A

Clear Day and No Memories) (1982). The use of the strangely mnemonic or iconic building also appears in several of LeBlanc's and Dugas' videopoems. LeBlanc's *The Renovation* (2007) is a lyrical meditation on looking into the past. Dugas' *Callan Park* from the series *What We Take With Us* (2010), and the more recent *Apples and Oranges* (2015) almost form a pair, not only in describing the inmates of an institution, but in the music composition and visual editing.

Text

While text can be enlarged, or presented as ticker tape, its form of delivery often provides a broader meaning than language itself. In *The Renovation* (2007) single letters of the alphabet appear in reverse order to indicate going back in time, while in *Fashion as Pa\$N* (2008) LeBlanc plays with text messages set against graphic illustrations. Enacting a *détournement* of quotation, her later performative *Annotation* (2013) utilizes a quote from French poet Charles Péguy (1873–1914): 'history has long arms and sometimes a short memory', with long, swinging arms reflecting on the text. The joint *Illumination* (2016) also reconfigures the single quotation, when executed as a performance in parallel. LeBlanc and Dugas seem to be painting two quotes beside each other on the side of a boat, but are really painting onto

glass. The addition of what sounds like rain falling creates a further sense of dis-reality when placed within a bright sky image. In *Reported from Time Travel in this Moment* (2004) the sound and visuals of Morse code are set against footage of trees and a ghostly woman. A gentle female voice seems to be talking of a genocide. The homely, gentle register of the voice is counterpointed with the urgency of the code and the horror of the facts being recounted. In *Babbling and the Beauty of Accents* (2004) different faces and voices are overlaid, repeating the same text.

In *They are Outlaws* (2010), Dugas reacts to the BP oil spill in the Gulf of Mexico. We focus on two ants stuck in a patch of oil, as large blocks of text rotate in a looping motion. The simplicity of the image is set against a complex, multi-looping soundscape with sonorous low notes and ascending individual free musical rhythms with repeating refrains. In LeBlanc's more recent *Communicate with Me* (2018) we hear only the fluttering and slapping of flags on moored boats, with poetic text-on-screen followed by the maritime phonetic alphabet: alpha, bravo, etc. Unlike *The Renovation* (2007) where the alphabet was used to suggest going back in time, here the text indicates that spirits are alive and with us, echoing out from the chattering of the

flags in the bright sunshine. Messages are being sent obliquely across time, interfering with commercial communication designed to not be misunderstood.

The spirits / of predecessors / shake the daylights
/ out of flags /

Text, Ecology and Environment

As a natural extension of their geographical roots, LeBlanc's and Dugas' videos often feature the sea or rivers, but their commissions have also allowed them to travel and record water in far-off places. In *Things from Everglades* or *Flow: Big Waters* (2014–15) a boat passes across the screen in almost still water, with an almost silent soundscape, while text-on-screen as a type of banner appears to be pulled by the boat.

Things are interconnected / and we humans feel
/ that we are the couriers / Travelling in between
the dots /

This contemplative image is radically altered by the text, both separate yet with great skill, seemingly part of the scene. This is both reminiscent of and different from *SAILBOAT* (1967) by Canadian female pioneer filmmaker Joyce Wieland (1930–98), whose fixed-frame

camera catches the peaceful scene of a shifting sailboat (with changing colours); but the title in capital letters remains onscreen throughout the film. While Wieland's conceptual approach to language contests how we view the scene and titles themselves, creating an obstruction to meaning, Dugas creates a spatial and temporal paradoxical 'place on screen.' In *Things* text appears both within and about the scene, defined by and determining at the same time.

The key to the pair's work with language is that it always inhabits the screen with an appropriate delivery of the sub-textual message. Even if text is large, it often blends with the live scene being documented. In *Red* (2010), a shark floats slowly across a green, watery screen, while large, white, thin upper-and lower-case text intervenes in trademark phrases. These do not operate as Hancox has noted in terms of his film *Waterworks: (A Clear Day and No Memories)* (1982) as a way

to remove the too accessible reality of the image; we still connect with the visual scene, looking at and through the text.

LeBlanc and Dugas have developed an extensive practice, combining ethics with innovative, experimental aesthetics; documentary with personal commentary; and finely tuned audio-visual timing that defines them as leading craftspeople in their field. By taking a visual, temporal, and geographic trip through their shared and separate practices, we not only re-encounter the politics driving world events, but discover how creation itself develops from and through time, place and personal experience.

Rick Hancox, *I, a Dog* (7:00, B&W, sound, 16 mm, 1970)

Rick Hancox, *Next to Me* (5:00, B&W, sound, 16 mm, 1971)

Rick Hancox, *Waterworks: A Clear Day and No Memories* (5:35, colour, sound, 16 mm, 1982)

Maria Menken and Willard Maas, *Geography of the Body* (7:00, B&W, sound, 16 mm, 1943)

Michael Snow, *La région centrale* (180 min, colour, sound, 16mm, 1971)

Joyce Wieland, *SAILBOAT* (3:00, colour, sound, 16 mm, 1967)

**Notes on Together: the first videopoetry collection
documenting direct life experiences by a single, English-speaking author?**
Sarah Tremlett

It is always a bit unnerving when an art historian or cultural commentator makes sweeping statements and at the same time seems to take on the role of sage, anointing an artist with an accolade. However, I believe *Slices of Life* (1991) by LeBlanc and Dugas is the earliest example of an English-speaking, journalling or semi-documentary videopoetry collection, with separate but related videopoems, primarily derived from first-hand, reflective, personal experience. I will expand on this a little, with some background examples that precede LeBlanc and Dugas, but differ in their form and content.

In 1961, German artist and experimental filmmaker Hans Richter (1888–1976) completed *Dadascope* (1916–1924), a 39-minute experimental film comprising a multilin-

gual collection of original poems and prose by different artists, with Richter's editing and choice of visuals and music. The poets included Marcel Duchamp (1887–1968), German-French Jean Arp (1886–1966), and German Kurt Schwitters (1887–1948). To my knowledge this can be said to be the first themed, *single film, poetry film collection* (although not defined as such at the time).

In 1971, German visual poet Klaus Peter Dencker (1941-) created the genre of TV poetry for SWR Fernsehen, a German TV channel. He presented a short series of three experimental 'textfilms' entitled Visual Poetry. In 1974, Scottish film poet Margaret Tait (1918–99) created *Colour Poems*, which is a short film comprising nine continuous and linked but separately titled scenarios, some with poetry. Canadian bpNichols' *First*

Screening (1984) is a series of sequential, short, separately titled, black-and-white, visual texts, but as computer poems. In 1986, British TV director Kevin Crooks made eight short works entitled *Video Poetry*, with poems on different subjects from different poets, such as Alexis Lykiard, for TV South West in the UK. A year later, American artist Daniel Reeves' single-channel video *Sombra a Sombra* (1988) included six translated poems by the Peruvian modernist poet César Vallejo (1892–1938). In 1989, the prolific American writer and creator of 'minimal fictions', Richard Kostelanetz, worked with an Amiga computer to create a video collection of individual, minimal, moving texts-on-screen entitled 'kinetic writings'.

Setting such debates aside, LeBlanc and Dugas have firmly cemented their pioneering role in videopoetry collections, producing an astonishing eight further collections to date. As such the partnership must surely have generated more work in this format than any other artistic practice.

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CREDITS

NOTES/ SCREENINGS/THANK YOU'S

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Homecoming (1986)

Voice: Valerie LeBlanc • Camera: Nancy Davis, Valerie LeBlanc • Audio: Chris Comeau, Valerie LeBlanc • Produced at Centre for Art Tapes, Nova Scotia College of Art & Design and Halifax Cable 10 • **Screenings:** • 1987 Atlantic Film Festival, Halifax, NS; National Film Board Theatre, Halifax, NS; Alliance Conference, Montréal, QC; Atlantic Film & Video Producers' Conference, Charlottetown, PEI. • 1988 *Homecoming* was purchased by the National Gallery of Canada and screened during the opening exhibition of the museum under the title *New Works by Canadian Artists*, Ottawa, ON • 1988 SAW Gallery, *Identifying Tracks*, Ottawa, ON; 1988 Gallery A Space, *The Working Artist*, Toronto, ON (touring exhibition). • 1989 The New Gallery, *Media Blitz*, Calgary, AB • 1990 *Rewind*, The National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa, ON.

Alchemy, End of a Phase (1986)

Voice: Valerie LeBlanc • Camera: David Craig • Audio: Barbara Badessi, Valerie LeBlanc • Produced at Centre for Art Tapes, Nova Scotia College of Art & Design, Halifax Cable 10. **Screening:** 1991 National Film Board Theatre, Toronto, ON.

Montréal a Dream (1990)

Editor: Celine Godberson • Audio-Post: Vern Hume • Produced at: The Banff Centre for the Arts through The Media Arts Program • Thanks to Marlene Millar, Marie Lemieux, Doug Sharp. • **Screenings:** 1991 W.O.W., New York, NY • 1991 Galerie Sans Nom, Moncton, NB.

Des vieux Acadiens / Elderly Acadians (1990)

Voice: Daniel H. Dugas • The video was part of the *Red, Green, Blue, Black and White*, an exhibition project by the Walter Phillips Gallery • Exhibition Curator: Sylvie Gilbert • Technical Coordinator: Gerry Kisil • Racquetball players: Iain Robertson, Daniel H. Dugas • Thanks to Sally Karen. • **Screening:** 1990 Walter Phillips Gallery, Banff Centre, Banff, AB.

Slices of Life (1991)*

Voice in *Work and Love*: Valerie LeBlanc • Homeless characters in *Roundabout*: Mike Milo, Grant Poier • Woman walking: Beth Harmer • Driver: Tim VS Westbury • Voice in *Headlines*: Valerie LeBlanc • In *Wish to Dream*, Marc Patch as himself • Voice in video: Marc Patch • Music: Daniel H. Dugas except episode 4: music by Marc Patch from *I Wish to Dream 5* • Voice in *Limits*: Valerie LeBlanc • This project was supported by the Alberta Culture Film & Literary Arts – Video Production Grant. • Thanks to Calgary Transit, Calgary Stampede Raceway, Jun Oda, Canada Council Tape Fund, Jim Goertz • Post Production EMMEDIA, Calgary, AB • This series was recorded on a 8mm consumer camcorder and posted on ¾ inch. • **Screenings**: 1991 EMMEDIA, Calgary, AB • 1998 *Video/Audio* Galerie d'art Louise-et-Reuben-Cohen, Moncton, NB • 2017 *Work and Love* in *Output-Input*, EMMEDIA, Calgary, AB.

Salman's Head (1991)*

Produced at EMMEDIA and at the Department of Art & Technology - School of the Art Institute of Chicago, IL • **Screenings**: 1992 SAIC, *Gulf War Anniversary*, Chicago, IL. • 1998 *Video/Audio* Galerie d'art Louise-et-Reuben-Cohen, Moncton, NB.

The Dahmer Tape (1992)*

Voice: Valerie LeBlanc • **Screenings**: 2006 *Weird Geographies tour*, New Brunswick Filmmakers' Co-operative, Fredericton, NB • 1993 *MFA Exhibition*, School of the Art Institute of Chicago, IL. • 1998 *Video/Audio* Galerie d'art Louise-et-Reuben-Cohen, Moncton, NB.

Precious Moments in Life (1992)*

Voice: Valerie LeBlanc • **Screenings**: 1993 *MFA Exhibition*, School of the Art Institute of Chicago, IL. • 1998 *Video/Audio* Galerie d'art Louise-et-Reuben-Cohen, Moncton, NB.

In Transit (1993)*

Thanks to: Bill Coultisis, Iain Robertson, Ed Seamann and George Valkanas. • **Screenings**: 1993 School of the Art Institute of Chicago, *MFA Show*; EMMEDIA, Calgary, AB • 1993 Musée d'art contemporain de Montréal - médiathèque, Montréal, QC • 1994 University of Calgary – *Introduction to Sociology* / Robert Stebbins, Calgary, AB. • 1998 *Video/Audio* Galerie d'art Louise-et-Reuben-Cohen, Moncton, NB.

* *Videos created under the name Limit(e) Productions.*

Principal Dancer (2000)

The project focuses on areas of personal / public identity and idea of self. Within an examination of identities defined by work in various trades, a crisis of relocation is brought forward. While most of the texts for the twelve scenes (five basic characters: student, exhausted woman, waitress / waiter, clerk and baker) were written between 1994-95, the performance script was

finalized and workshopped through the Department of Fine Arts, Mount Allison University, Sackville, NB, on November 18-19, 1995. Students in Rita McKeough's 3rd-year class participated in the weekend workshop by performing and/or working as technicians on the project. Practices took place on Saturday and the performance was presented to a public audience on Sunday. • Participants - The Principal Dancer: Marjolaine Bourgeois • The Kids: Eve Bourgeois (Clerk), Catherine Bourgeois (Waitress), Karine Poirier (Exhausted Woman), Clément Dugas (Student), Chris Cormier (Baker) • Adult Workers: Shannon Dunphy, Tanya Richard, Dave Bartlett, Annie Dunning, Peggy Frith, Kim Ashby, Stefanie Kirby, Martine Fournier and Kara Fraser • Manipulated soundscape from radio scanning: Daniel H. Dugas • Jean-Guy Landry, Sylvain Montreuil - assistance with sound recording at CKUM-FM, Moncton, NB • Thanks to Rita McKeough, instructor and her class at Mount Allison University, Sackville, NB.

Pilgrim's Progress (2002)

Voice + *Virtual Drummer*: Valerie LeBlanc • Music + ambient sound from Calgary Stampede: Daniel H. Dugas • Solo Ping Pong player in the dark: Valerie LeBlanc.

Summerquote (2002)

Under the pen name of Blair Riddell, and in the context of EMMEDIA's *Compression Camp*, Valerie LeBlanc created this video as a response to the heightened sense of tension in Calgary, AB. The video was produced just prior to the G8 Summit held in Kananaskis, AB, June 26-27, 2002. The pen name of the author and the reference to the magazine *National Geographica*, June 1933, are fictitious. • Music: *Summertime* by Daniel H. Dugas • Sound of rally & dissent: Community Solidarity March Participants, June 23, 2002, Calgary, AB. • **Screenings**: 2002 EMMEDIA, *Activist Menu*, Calgary, AB • 2003 *Interior Exteriors*, Saw Video, Ottawa, ON • 2003 Herland Festival, Calgary, AB • 2003 *Fugitive Images: The Global Visions Video Lounge*, Art Gallery of Edmonton, AB • 2012 *Re.Compression – Particle + Wave*, Media Arts Festival, Calgary, AB.

The Walls Have Ears (2002)

Video realized in the context of EMMEDIA's *Compression Camp*. Sound: slowed down version of *Bonaparte Crossing the Rhine* from the MIDI collection of Ed Hetzler with excerpt of speech: *George W. Bush Radio Address of the President of the Nation 2002 Priorities*, January 26, 2002: <https://georgewbush-whitehouse.archives.gov/news/releases/2002/01/text/20020126.html> • LED advertising signs • Props: Valerie LeBlanc. • **Screenings**: 2002 *Passing Moments*, EMMEDIA-25 years - Artcity Festival, Calgary, AB • 2003 *Fugitive Images: Global Visions*, Art Gallery of Edmonton, AB • 2003 *The Activist Menu*, EMMEDIA, Calgary, AB.

DOWNTOWN (2003)

Part of my practice involves using video in ways that are sometimes perceived to be proprietary to film. In my 2003 series *Downtown*, the images on billboards are literally positioned as 'the

thinking image' [1] as defined by Gilles Deleuze in *Cinema 2: The Time-Image*. The images of people, laid out by marketers to sell condominium lifestyle, are juxtaposed with texts that speak thoughts for those future residents. The subjects contemplate existence and the videos end with the revelation that it is the voice of an image that speaks over time, in what is literally a 2-dimensional world. On close inspection of the text, it is evident that a few subjects have acquired doubts associated with the experience of high-density living, doubts that are sometimes attributed to 'real' people. For example, in *Splitting Image*, the young Asian male on the balcony actually appears to be more in the headspace of committing suicide than 'Living the Dream.' When viewing the image closer, it becomes obvious that although this character has the fully developed imagination of a protagonist, he is working with less than a full image. Constructed from a face and shirt pulled from a marketers' catalogue, he nevertheless has everything he needs to sell inner-city condos. Not many, if any of the GRP's (Gross Rating Point) passing audience members, will probably notice that he has no hands and no lower body. The 'half-man' is floating above the balcony wall. Yet, with a quick drive-by, he appears complete, the man who 'owns' in a desired real estate market. In the same *Downtown* video series, *Pastimes* features a text that speaks for the thoughts of a woman seated in a coffee shop. At first it is not obvious whose thoughts are carried by the text. It could be any of the characters we see depicted, but it is perhaps owing to the woman's disillusioned expression that we may come to think that the words reflect her thoughts. The contemplative words in the text question the meaning of (her) existence and a camera close-up links her expression to the bleakness of the text. As the camera zooms in, we see that she is built of dots (standard 4 colour process) mimicking the pointillism painting style of Georges Seurat. The camera pans over to a couple looking up to the balcony where the young male star of *Splitting* stands with his face split by a carelessly matched seam. Suddenly the camera veers left to shatter the reality of what we have been looking at. True to what we might have already suspected, we now see that the camera has framed our gaze on a marketing billboard in the middle of a construction site. The portrayals of condo residents in the videos juxtapose the billboard messages into possible future states of mind that the 2-dimensional representational images might possess. They remain trapped in scenarios, suspended on construction site billboards. They become virtual beings locked into the framing of the marketing strategy of the billboard and the video camera's wandering perception. They are the virtual in opposition to the actuality of the *movement-image*. [2]

[1] Deleuze, G. (1989). *Cinema 2: The Time-Image*, tr. H. Tomlison and R. Galeta. London, England: The Athlone P. (First published as *Cinema 2, L'image-temps*, 1985, Minuit, Paris). 22-23.

[2] Deleuze, G. (1989). *Cinema 2: The Time-Image*, tr. H. Tomlison and R. Galeta. London, England: The Athlone P. (First published as *Cinema 2, L'image-temps* Copyright 1985, Minuit, Paris). 41.

Screenings: 2003 *Faculty Exhibition*, IKG – Alberta University of the Arts, Calgary, AB • 2007 *Galerie Sans Nom – Subterfuge, 30th anniversary exhibition*, Moncton, NB • 2011 *Moving*

Poems – online anthology by Dave Bonta: <http://movingpoems.com/> • 2012 Void Network Film Poetry Festival, Athens, GR • 2013 International Film Poetry Festival zone, Empros Theatre, Athens, GR.

Easy Not Easy (2003)

Audio: excerpt from the 911 recording of fire at Dolphin Cove condominium, June 28, 2002, Clearwater, Florida • Screenings: 2004 *Prairie Tales 6*, Annual Tour of Alberta Film & Video – touring • 2003 *Faculty show*, Alberta University of the Arts, Calgary, AB.

Le siège de leur raison / The Place of Their Spirit (2003)

Cette vidéo a été réalisée avec cinq textes de *Même un détour serait correct* : ‘Couper’, ‘Couvrir’, ‘Froisser’, ‘Envoyer’ et ‘Porter’. Seuls les trois derniers textes ont été retranscrits ici, les deux premiers faisant partie de *MUDSC* (2005).

This video uses five texts of *Même un détour serait correct*: ‘To Cut’, ‘To Cover’, ‘To Send’, ‘To Offend’ and ‘To Carry’. Only the last three have been printed here, as the first two are included in *MUDSC* (2005). • **Screenings**: 2005 Alberta Scene Albertaine, National Archives Theatre, Ottawa, ON.

Time Travel In This Moment (2004)

The project started in the fall of 2002 with the writing and editing of texts. Picking through the work, I looked for texts that illustrated aspects of the themes of mediation and cultural conditions. The first public stage of *Time Travel in this Moment* involved live Internet broadcasts featuring guest readers. The broadcasts took place from EMMEDIA in March 2003. The readings were used as the basis for most of the videos created for the project.

I believe that each person’s impression of the world now comes from a small percentage of direct life experience while witnessing media feedback forms a far greater percentage of the ‘known world’.

The physical world and the condition of its inhabitants are constantly recharted. Records can be found on the Internet, in newspapers, magazines, and in books. Images and words lay it all out. Television bends reality into digestible consumption. Yet, the deeper the probe, the muddier the water. As marketing pushes the spectacle to greater heights, the outtakes become more difficult to recycle. We know that there are two ends to every spectrum. In major centres, the social divides are more obvious.

In the *Time Travel* project, I talk about the world that is brought to me through electronic media and how it echoes back into my daily world. I witness those around me acting out their moments in time, it is the same world in which I witness and act out my own moment in time. When not receiving electronic messages, I know how I feel on the streets.

I am reworking the world through my corporeal capabilities, through the eye of the camera, the sound recorder, the printed word, through all of the carriers of electronic signal, and yes—even through direct contact with other living beings in this physical world. *Time Travel in This Moment* searches its way through the human condition that we all share in this same world, through the same media. It looks at the bigger picture of the ‘New World Politic’.

Readers: Anne Marie Nakagawa, Benjamin Breckenridge, Fred Guy Ferguson, Jasmin Poon, Karen Young, Nancy McHugh, Peter Curtis Morgan, Stephen Franse, Terrance Houle • This project has been assisted by: The Canada Council for the Arts • Alberta University of the Arts • AMAAS (Alberta Media Arts Alliance Society) • EMMEDIA — Gallery & Production Society • *Time Travel in this Moment*, 2004 booklet design by Daniel H. Dugas • Booklet printing by Ken Buera, Calgary, AB. • *Time Travel in this Moment* was supported by a Canada Council for the Arts - Spoken Word Grant, EMMEDIA Gallery & Production Society and the Alberta University of the Arts. • **Screenings:** 2004 New Media Research Networks Conference, Charlottetown, PEI • 2004 Immediacy Dominoes, Artcity – Passing Moments, EMMEDIA Celebrates 25 Years, Calgary, AB • 2004 EMMEDIA, launch, Calgary, AB.

The website for the project was migrated on May 12, 2019: <https://timetravelinthismoment.wordpress.com/> The short essays *Billboard Logic and Voodoo Aesthetic* can be found on the site.

MUDSC (2005)

MUDSC a été publié en format DVD en 2005. Le livre *Même un détour serait correct* a été publié par les Éditions Prise de parole, Sudbury en 2006. Les textes français publiés dans ce livre sont les versions de Prise de parole. Les textes anglais, utilisé dans les vidéopoèmes, sont des traductions des versions de 2005.

L'artiste remercie le Conseil des arts du Canada et *The Alberta Foundation for the Arts* pour leur soutien. • Le texte *The Bag / Le sac* est tiré des Archives de Radio-Canada : *Glissement de terrain à Saint-Jean-Vianney, 5 mai 1971*. Utilisé avec autorisation.

This project has been supported by The Canada Council for the Arts - *Bourse de création / production, Littérature orale (création parlée)* and The Alberta Foundation for the Arts • Le texte *La fin du monde* n'a pas pu être reproduit ici en raison de droits d'auteur.

MUDSC was first published as a DVD in 2005. The book form *Même un détour serait correct* was published by Éditions Prise de parole, Sudbury in 2006. The French texts published here are the Prise de parole versions. The English texts are the 2005 translations used for the videos.

The text from *The Bag / Le sac* is a transcript from *Glissement de terrain à Saint-Jean-Vianney, 5 mai 1971*, Archives de Radio-Canada. Used with permission.

The text for *The End of the World* has not been included due to copyrighted material.

Screenings: 2006 19e Instants Vidéo, Martigues, FR • 2006 Rencontre du film numérique de Mantes La Jolie-Centre Culturel Le Chaplin, FR • 2006 Vidéotèque éphémère, VIDEOFORMES 2006, Clermont-Ferrand, FR • 2005 Comox Valley Art Gallery, Courtenay, BC.

Bye Bye Three-Quarter Inch (2004)

The full title of this work is: *Bye Bye Three-Quarter Inch - ¾ inch U-matic Retrospective Forward*. The content of this tape was selected from works completed: 1982-1996.

Two versions of this work exist. The first one shows Valerie LeBlanc unwinding ¾ inch tape overlaid with archival bubbles moving across the screen. The second version is a split screen with LeBlanc destroying tapes on the left and archival material on the right. • **Screenings:** 2004 *Faculty Exhibition*, IKG, Alberta University of the Arts, Calgary, AB • 2005 *Prairie Tales 7th Annual Tour of Alberta Film & Video* • 2005 *Alberta Scene Albertaine*, National Archives Theatre, Ottawa, ON.

The Renovation - also known as Ruins (2007)

Video shot in Vallauris, FR, also includes archival photographs from the region. • **Screenings:** Presented at the Senate House, London, UK, Nov 4, 2011 during the 'Ruins' conference. Isabelle Gadoin (Université de Poitiers) and Catherine Lanone (Université Paris 3), wrote an introduction for the conference and a review of *The Renovation*, published in *Revue de la Société d'Études anglaises contemporaines*, Colloque de la SÉAC, 43, Decembre 2012 • 2007 20es Instants Vidéo, Marseille, FR.

Chandelier Accident (2007)

Excerpt from: *Hasselhoff in Chandelier Accident*, BBC New, 30 June 2006. • **Screenings:** 2009 Zero Filme Festival, Barreiro, PT • 2008 *Prairie Tales - 10th Annual Tour of Alberta Film & Video*.

Paris grince / Paris Squeaks (2007)

This work has three versions: *Google*, *Sphere* and *Workers*, each available in French or English.

Fashion as Pa\$N (2008)

Screenings: 2008 *Urban Screens*, Melbourne, AU • 2009 OK, QUOI Festival, Sackville, NB.

Jellyfish Philosophy (2008)

Screenings: 2008 *Urban Screens*, Melbourne, AU • 2009 OK, QUOI Festival, Sackville, NB.

Existence: past and present (2008)

Screenings: 2008 Louise-et-Reuben-Cohen Art Gallery, Université de Moncton, NB • Recorded on location in Malibu, CA and Cap-Pelé, NB. The text was written in English and translated into French by Marie Claire Dugas.

They Are Outlaws / Hors la loi (2010)

The text is excerpted from: Elias Canetti, *Crowds and Power – The Entrails of Power*, 239-240. Penguin Books, 1973 • Music: Daniel H. Dugas.

This video was the first step toward a curatorial project entitled *OIL*. The program featuring 12 video artists was screened at EMMEDIA, Calgary, AB on July 12, 2011, the first anniversary of the capping of the BP well in the Gulf of Mexico.

Cette vidéo a été créée en réaction à la marée noire dans le golfe du Mexique causé par la pétrolière BP en 2010. Le texte est un extrait de *Masse et puissance* d'Elias Canetti (1960).

EMMEDIA published a brochure to accompany the exhibition entitled *Oil*. Excerpt from the curatorial commentary by Daniel H. Dugas: 'It fuels our cars, it furnishes our homes, it feeds our debates, our wars. Oil is almost magic that transforms into a multitude of products: toys, fertilizers, carpets, shampoo, insulation, golf balls, credit cards, lipsticks, plastic bags, bottles... It is a strange philosophers' stone giving immortality to pop bottles and plastic forks. How are we going to negotiate our dependency on oil with our environmental concerns? Who defines the industry practices? How can the individual contribute to the emergence of solutions? What is the role of the artist, writer, poet?'

OIL is a screening of slick, short videos to fuel the discussion. The program is curated by Daniel H. Dugas and addresses and explores the issues and relationships we have with oil, either politically and/or poetically.'

The brochure produced by EMMEDIA can be accessed at:

https://issuu.com/emmedia/docs/oil_program

• **Screenings:** *OIL*, Emmedia, Calgary, AB.

What We Take With Us / Ce qu'on emporte avec nous (2010)

This project was created through the Research Residency Program for visiting Scholars at the Sydney College of the Arts, Visual Arts Faculty, University of Sydney, AU and supported by

The New Brunswick Arts Board and The Canada Council for the Arts • Thanks to: Galerie E Dans LA Gallery, Jean-Marc Dugas • Galerie d'art Louise-et-Reuben-Cohen de l'Université de Moncton, Moncton, NB • Nisk Imbeault • Julia Tsalis - The New South Wales Writers' Association • Anita Pollard • Ryszard Dabek • Glenn Remington • Sergio Rebelo • Stefan Popescu • Elke Wohlfahrt • Kate Quinn • Lillian Rodrigues-Pang • Paul Screen • Mary Jane and Hercules • Lorna Driscoll, Aberdeen, NSW • Russell's rabbits, Hillsborough, NB • Audio in *Walking on Water (Downunder)* from 'Devil in the Bayou' by Harry Choates from the recording entitled *Fiddle King Of Cajun Swing*, ARH00380, courtesy of Smithsonian Folkways Recordings. (p) (c) 1993. Used by permission. • Audio remix in *Anxiety: Dreaming Dread* from *Night of the Living Dead*, George A. Romero (1968), public domain. • The title for the video, *Tie Me Kangaroo Down Sport* was chosen in reference to Rolf Harris' 1957 hit song. • Tomas Jonsson's essay on *What We Take With Us* was published by The New Gallery for the exhibition. • **Screenings:** 2010 *Red*, 23es Instants Vidéo, Martigues, FR • 2011 *Walking on Water*, Atlantic Canada Showcase, 5th Halifax Independent Filmmakers Festival, Halifax, NS • 2011 Galerie E Dans LA Gallery, Moncton, NB • 2011 *Walking on Water, She Devil 5*, MACRO - Museo d'Arte Contemporanea di Roma / Studio Stefania Miscetti, Rome, IT • 2012 The New Gallery, Calgary, AB (for this installation, the audio for the videos played through headphones, while interviews with Australians played over the speakers. The interviews were based on what it is like to live in the place one calls home.) • 2014 *Walking on Water* - Gotta Minute Film Festival, Edmonton, AB • 2014 A selection of texts and images were included in the revue littéraire *Mot Dit 7*, Carleton University, Ottawa.

Website: <https://whatwetakewithus.wordpress.com/>

Note: Another video, *Air swimming voodoo* (2009), was created as a parallel performance to *Walking on Water* before leaving for Sydney, AU, <https://vimeo.com/397789901>

MPB Was There Then (2011)

Performance / installation presented during the Sackville I'm yours, still: members' exhibition, Struts Gallery, Sackville, NB. • *MPB Was There Then* was based on the Droste effect, known in art as an example of *mise en abyme*. It was presented through infinite representations using the MediaPackBoard (MPB). • The text / synopsis was written loosely in reference to Paul Virilio, *The University of Disaster*, Polity P, Cambridge, UK, 2010, 45-46 (original publication 2007).

The creation of the *MPB* was supported by the Alberta Foundation for the Arts. • Various programming activities were supported by The New Brunswick Arts Board and The Canada Council for the Arts. • *MediaPackBoard Curates 2007* was carried out in the summer of 2007. The program featured the curated videos of five Canadian artists: Amalie Atkins, Terry Billing, Linda Rae Dornan, Jim Goertz and Jeffrey John Jackson. This time around, Guest Carriers: Duncan Kenworthy, Mark Lowe, and Eduardo Martinez offered the random public audience

new personalities and presenter techniques. • The booklet / DVD set was published in 2008 with the support of The Alberta Foundation for the Arts.

<https://issuu.com/mediapackboard/docs/mpbbooklet>

MPB-X, critical discourse surrounding ideas of portability in art and art dissemination was published in 2014 to commemorate 10 years of *MPB* activities. The book features essays by Daniel H. Dugas, Valerie LeBlanc, Renato Vitic, and Michael McCormack and a foreword by editor Diana Sherlock. • The publication was supported by The New Brunswick Arts Board.

<https://mpbx.pressbooks.com/>

Screenings: 2011 Struts Gallery – *Members’ exhibition*, Sackville, NB • 2013 Co-Kisser Festival, MCAD, Minneapolis St-Paul, MN.

Paper Moon (2011)

Shareholders Report was originally written to accompany the 2011 **screenings** of *Paper Moon*, *Cardboard Sea* (24e Instants Video at Le 104, Paris, FR; *OIL*, Emmedia, Calgary, AB, OK. Quoi?!; Contemporary Arts Festival, Sackville, NB). The first version of this article was finalized and released on Valerie LeBlanc’s blog, October 16, 2012.

Shareholders Report

What lies beneath is obscured from the eyes and memory but never erased. The race to find H₂O on the moon has less to do with discovery, and more to do with the burn and lay waste policies that are wiping out this planet’s ecosystems. Considering the length of time it took for the wonders of nature to form under and on top of the crust we stand on, the rate of speed with which they are being so ungracefully de-formed is all the more alarming. Destruction carried out in the name of progress is far more spectacular than the sight of any great wonder of nature. Yet these spectacular deeds are often hidden from view, cordoned off behind high security perimeters. Those perimeters are necessary for reasons of safety, yet they serve to de-emphasize the impact of these sites. What is not seen is not understood in its entirety and these achievements are not for the eyes of the uninitiated, the unentitled, those who would not be capable of appreciating the majesty or the wealth accumulated and skimmed off. It would seem that some destruction is underestimated or (worse) shrouded from sight, but satellite images reveal the scope of the destruction. [1]

The Covetous Acquisition of Oil and Minerals

The process starts with a boreal forest, rain forest, or tropical rainforest. Stage one is the scraping out of all plant systems and topsoil that cover the view, blocking the right of way. More digging reveals what lies beneath: the Unobtanium that James Cameron underscored in his holy grail, *Avatar*.

Such exposure masks the obvious: much has been buried in the name of a search for resources. Unobtainium is a general catchall used to label exploitable, marketable goods. Even the term 'goods' comes into question here. Would goodies not be more appropriate? The movement of human populations has been restricted, and sometimes populations living in resource-rich regions have been removed altogether. Deprived of their culturally historic human rights and needs to exist there, their plight becomes buried. When they are unable to adjust to an unchosen life change, whose fault is it? Cultural genocide has been shown to be a slower, more tortuous form of the practice than the more obvious genocides carried out in open warfare.

News is a concept that hints at enlightening, illuminating. However, more often than not, primetime news carries product placement thinly veiled in a research report. If a product is directly involved, the name of the parent company surfaces quickly. Shareholders light up with the glow of well-placed investments. Currently, the race to find H₂O on Earth's moon has dropped out of the headlines. While moves are being made to lasso and mine asteroids, reports on the ravages of large-scale mining projects on earth have taken a back seat.[2] Reaching for Mars is also a useful distraction to report upon. To answer CBC's Science Reporter Bob McDonald's question of what is the most amazing point about the Mars discovery project, it is the cost, Bob (and the perceived profit margins that make the venture worth the risk). [3]

Upon leaving our fragile and seemingly defenseless planet, will hungry scientific minds be able to stop for drive-through fast food on the way? Will there be blue moon cheese for snacks, or is that green-backed paper moon all that will shine for us in that brave new future?

What lies beneath might be obscured from the eyes, but memory of its displacement will never be erased. What is concealed, the progress of profit, waits to be exposed annually, under the carefully constructed clauses prepared for the annual report.

Whenever I hear of a new scientific discovery, I tend to hold my breath to know whether we should expect that the natural world will suffer for it. A launching pad to other worlds is not the solution for everyone.

[1] *Alberta Tar Sands Images*. Accessed October 16, 2012. <https://www.google.ca/search?q=alberta%20tar%20sands%20images&ie=utf-8&oe=utf-8&aq=t&rls=org.mozilla:en-US:official&client=firefox-a&source=hp&channel=np> Oil Sands. Accessed October 16, 2012. Last modified October 14, 2012. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Oil_sands

[2] *Asteroid Mining*, The National, Apr 24, 2012. Accessed October 16, 2012. <https://www.cbc.ca/player/play/2227042197> Planetary Resources Inc., Asteroids are the best real estate in the Solar System. Accessed October 16, 2012. <http://www.planetaryresources.com/asteroids/>

[3] Thurton, David, CBC News. *Mars rover has a considerable Canadian connection*, see video Mars triumph or disaster? Posted Aug 3, 2012. Last Updated Aug 7, 2012. <https://www.cbc.ca/news/technology/mars-rover-has-a-considerable-canadian-connection-1.1135506>

Tablets / Tablettes (2011)

Recorded on location in Chipoudy Bay (Shepody Bay), NB • Props: Valerie LeBlanc • Soundtrack excerpt in *Rock: Blaster's Training Program*, Prelinger Archives - Fedflix • Soundtrack excerpt in *Hunger: Post Grape-Nuts Cereal Commercial*, Prelinger Archives + *Crickkonauts* by Derek Holzer • Soundtrack excerpt in *Wheels: Oldsmobile Commercial*, The New 98 (1963), Prelinger Archives.

Hublot / Porthole (2012)

Music: *Nightingale* by Alexander Alabiev • Voice: Corinne Melanson, Piano: Bernice LeBlanc (1952).

Missing Parade Notes (2012)

Screenings: 2013 6th Edition of *La parola immaginata* (finalist) Treviglio, IT • 2013 Bristol Poetry Festival, Bath Spa University, Bath, UK.

Évanescence / Evanescence (2012)

Voice and music by Daniel H. Dugas. • Spanish translation by Maria Fernanda Arentsen. • **Screenings:** 2014 *50/50/50*, Galerie d'art Louise-et-Reuben-Cohen, Université de Moncton, NB • 2012 *IV Festival Internacional de Videopoesía por la Tierra*, Biblioteca Nacional, Malba, Palais de Glace, CCEBA, Impa, Buenos Aires, AR.

Insomnie / Insomnia (2012)

Voice and music by Daniel H. Dugas. • English translation by Daniel H. Dugas and Valerie LeBlanc. • Italian translation by Antonella D'Agostino. • **Screenings:** 2014 *50/50/50*, Galerie d'art Louise-et-Reuben-Cohen, Université de Moncton, NB • 2013 *6th Edition of La parola immaginata* (finalist) Treviglio, IT • 2013 International Film Poetry Festival, Empros Theatre, Athens, GR • 2013 Ok.Quoi?! Contemporary Arts Festival, Struts Gallery, Sackville, NB • 2013 PoetryFilm Equinox, *PoetryFilm*, Charlotte Street Hotel Cinema, London, UK • Insomnia was included in *Versogramas* (Verses & Frames), the first documentary about videopoetry, A Coruña, Spain.

Glissement / Sliding (2012)

Voice and music by Daniel H. Dugas • Slide archives: Camille Melanson.

Camille Melanson (1917-2003), my uncle and also a priest, was granted permission by his church to pursue doctoral studies in Paris in the early 1960's. After four years, when it was time to finalize his thesis, his congregation decided that they could no longer pay his way. Faced with a demand to return to his small parish in Canada, Camille decided to leave the priesthood and moved to Montréal to rebuild his life. After a few years, he bought a small house. He had the chance to purchase the Parc Jarry's massive organ and installed it in his basement. This

organ had been played during the Montréal Expos' home games and it became one of the many keyboards that he owned. At the time of his death, the organ was sold with the house, as it was impossible to remove. • **Screenings:** 2014 *50/50/50*, Galerie d'art Louise-et-Reuben-Cohen, Université de Moncton, NB • 2013 International Film Poetry Festival, Empros Theatre, Athens, GR • 2013 Co-Kisser Festival, Minneapolis College of Art and Design, Minneapolis St-Paul, MN • 2013 Film-poem Festival, Dunbar, SCT.

Annotation (2013)

Péguy wrote that history has long arms and no arms. In the digital age, history is written and rewritten. As we access histories, the truth is sometimes reshuffled. Sometimes, the deeper we dig, the less we can know. The text I have written speaks of history and its consequences. A long armed, zombie-like figure wanders aimlessly through an abandoned tennis court. The video wants to posit the question: 'What can one individual do?' • Sound remix by Valerie LeBlanc - *Blue Drag* - Django Reinhardt 1935 - Creative Commons licence, Public Domain. • **Screenings:** 2014 27e édition des Instants Vidéo, Friche la Belle de Mai, Marseille, FR • 2015 *I AM NSCAD*, NSCAD University, Halifax, NS.

Standard de vérité / Standard of Truth (2013)

Voice and music: Daniel H. Dugas. • **Screenings:** 2014 Liberated Words, Bristol Poetry Festival, Bath Spa University, Bath, UK • 2014 *50/50/50*, vidéos, Galerie d'art Louise-et-Reuben-Cohen, Université de Moncton, NB • 2013 International Film Poetry Festival, Empros Theatre, Athens, GR • 2014 Nominated for best editing and best sound/music under the theme: *Reflections & Memory*, Liberated Words Poetry Film Festival 2014.

A Trip to the Zoo (2013)

Music: *Simple 1*, Adam Tindale • Voice: Daniel H. Dugas • **Screenings:** 2014 International Film Poetry Festival, Athens, GR.

The Web of Time and Memory (2014)

Voice and sound: Valerie LeBlanc • Adapted from the text of the same name – see below:

The Web of Time and Memory (essay), first published on purplefireworks.com (2001).

One of the most confusing things we can try to do is 'to put it all together', yet that is what we try to do, to make sense of the world and all that we know of it.

As the flood of information increases with technological inventions, we continue with our learned responses to fathom changes. In moments of clarity, it seems that our vision grasps the essence of what is important in the world, that which is urgent, that which has been attended to, and that which we accept as falling outside of our battle plan. While all of this falls into place, the visceral response persists to create urgency, unrest, the need to accomplish—quickly.

We pass much more time racing the clock to arrive at our stations in life than we do to enjoy personal moments. When we get to work, some sadistic principle of physics sets up the slow timer for the remaining seven to ten hours.

What stands out in memory? It is not the crisis of Thursday's report, the processing of forms, the wording of copy, the meals ordered and served on a restaurant shift, or the hammering of nails. In the short term, we remember these details, then move on to new daily assignments. But memory is also built of key moments, not of pain endured while supplying the job market on a daily basis. Memory is selective and photogenic. The best of what we remember is the quality time, which passes quickly through the decades.

As ceremony becomes lost, the sense of time and events unravels. Rites of passage, events that once held paramount importance in the marking of human time take the back burner. A birthday is now celebrated with the purchased time and trailings that the day job can afford. Sometimes it is impossible to mark occasions with the synchronization of the universe. Any moon or no moon at all lights up the makeshift gathering.

Internally, not too much has changed as we are running on our individual clocks, which randomly synch up with industry. Perhaps that is why, aside from monetary gain, commerce throws in the special occasions. We stay on time if we maintain our Christmas, Easter, Birthday, Mothers' and Fathers' Day obligations. We shop and fulfill some needs; the economy is satisfied with our participation, then we can move ahead. We discipline our internal existence to hold up our end of the work ethic. It ensures our safe passage through days.

The conscious mind glides along within the prescribed routine until a haunting set of circumstances or an image rises out of a dream. Within the mystery world, which taps the well of experience, where do the faces of strangers come from? How can we arrive back into the driver's seat as the car speeds along the edge of the mountain and how can we accomplish the deed of guiding the Mario Monkey safely through the passages?

Are dreams the hinges that can permit the luxury of resetting the clock?

Addendum:

What if those unknown events and faces in dreams are memories we carry from our first moments of consciousness, from the time when we were babies and everyone thought that we possessed nothing of memory building?

If Money is the Symbol - day (2014)

Music: *Simple 3*, Adam Tindale. • **Screenings:** 2014 International Film Poetry Festival, Athens, GR • 2014 Gotta Minute Film Festival, Edmonton, AB.

If Money is the Symbol - fire (2014)

Music: *Simple 2*, Adam Tindale. • **Screenings:** 2014 International Film Poetry Festival, Athens, GR.

Flow: Big Waters (Everglades) (2014)

This project was supported by The New Brunswick Arts Board and The Canada Council for the Arts. • **Screenings:** 2014 (selection) The Swamp Pavilion, Miami Book Fair, Miami, FL • 2015 (selection of videos) *AIRIE in the Garden*, Pinecrest, FL • 2015 (selection) *Subtropics Biennial*, Audiotheque studios, Miami Beach, FL • 2015 *AnthropoScene: Art and Nature in a Manufactured Era*, videos, University of Miami, FL • 2015 FILE 2015, FIESP Cultural Center, São Paulo, BR • 2015 (selection) *Conversation with AIRIE*, PAMM Auditorium, Perez Art Museum Miami, FL • 2016 Liberated Words, Bath Royal Literary and Scientific Institution, Bath, UK • 2016 (presentation) Kistrech Poetry Festival, Kisii University, Kenya, KE • 2017 (selection) *About Florida*, Airie Nest, Everglades National Park, FL • 2018 Galerie d'art Bernard-Jean, *Festival acadien de poésie*, Caraquet, NB • 2020 (installation) Galerie Colline, Université de Moncton, campus Edmundston, NB • CAVA - Centre d'arts visuels de l'Alberta, (installation), Edmonton, AB. • 2020 *Death in the Morning (water)*, Lyra Festival, Bristol, UK.

Website: <http://flow.basicbruegel.com/>

Monocultural Stutter (2015)

Audio mix: Valerie LeBlanc • Recorded on location: Cronulla and Sydney, NSW, Australia. **Screenings:** 2016 5th International Video Poetry Festival, Athens, GR.

Apples and Oranges (2015)

Recorded on location: Florida City, FL • Audio and music: Daniel H. Dugas. • *Apples and Oranges* was also designed to be presented as a three-channel projection / installation. • **Screenings:** 2016 5th International Video Poetry Festival, Athens, GR • 2016 Liberated Words, Bath Royal Literary and Scientific Institution, Bath, UK • *FILE 2016*, FIESP Cultural Center, São Paulo, BR.

Cultural Flotsam (2016)

Recorded on location: Museum Park Baywalk, Miami. • **Screenings:** 2016 Liberated Words, Bath Royal Literary and Scientific Institution, Bath, UK • 2016 29th Festival Les Instants Vidéo, Marseille, FR + Visual Container TV, Milan, IT • 2016 5th International Video Poetry Festival, Athens, GR • 2017 Festival Silêncio, Lisboa, PT • *FILE 2018*, São Paulo, BR.

Leaving São Paulo (2016)

Video and Fotonovela project: <https://leavingsaopauloblog.wordpress.com/> • The music is available on Soundcloud: <https://soundcloud.com/user-103167564/sets/leaving-sao-paulo>

Impossible Colors (2016)

Soundtrack: *The Incredible machine* by Murphy (Owen) Productions - written and directed by Paul Cohen, 1968, Public Domain • This series was also designed as a 4-channel video installation.

Illumination (2016)

Created to be shown as part of the *Poetic Licence Week* events, Sydney, New South Wales, AU, September 3-11, 2016 • Thanks to Norm Neill • *Claiming Authorship*: Valerie LeBlanc, *In Order to See*: Daniel H. Dugas. • **Screenings**: 2016 5th International Video Poetry Festival, Athens, GR • 2017 MIX conference, Bath Spa University, UK • 2017 *Output-Input*, EMMEDIA, Calgary, AB.

In Kisii (2016)

Thanks to Kistrech Poetry Festival, the students at Kisii University, the people of Bogiakumu village, students and staff at the Genesis Preparatory Primary School, St. Charles Kabeo High School, Christopher Okemwa, Cliff Kerage Oyugi, David - the bus driver, Canada Council for the Arts, New Brunswick Arts Board • Featured: Atticus Review, October 6, 2017: <https://atticusreview.org/two-from-abroad/> • **Screenings**: *File 2018*, FIESP Cultural Center, São Paulo, BR.

Land of Shepherds (2016)

Thanks to the people of Bogiakumu village, the students of Kisii University, Christopher and Damiana Okemwa, students and staff at the Genesis Preparatory Primary School, St. Charles Kabeo High School, Dismas Omoke, the 2016 Kistrech poets, David - the bus driver, Canada Council for the Arts, New Brunswick Arts Board • Featured: Atticus Review, October 6, 2017: <https://atticusreview.org/two-from-abroad/>

Sablier / Sandglass (2017)

Le poème *Sablier* fait partie de *L'esprit du temps / The Spirit of the Time*, un projet d'écriture sur la couleur écrit à Sydney en Australie dans le cadre du programme Café Poet de l'Association australienne de poésie. Le livre, publié par les Éditions *Prise de parole* en 2015, relève à la fois du recueil de poésie (bilingue - en français et en anglais), de l'exposition photographique et du livre d'artiste.

The poem *Sandglass* is part of *L'esprit du temps / The Spirit of the Time*, a project based on words and colour created in Sydney, Australia during a residency with the Café Poet Program of the Australian Poetry Association. The book published by les Éditions *Prise de parole* in 2015, is as much a book of poetry (bilingual - in French and English), as an artist book.

Sound: Valerie LeBlanc. • **Screenings**: 2017 30e Instants Vidéo, La Fosse, Marseille, FR • Rendez-vous vidéopoésie 2017, Festival de poésie de Montréal, Montréal, QC.

Aequilibris (2018)

Recorded on location: Niagara Falls, ON • Home movie: Prelinger Archives, Canada, Niagara Falls, June 1949 • Music: Alan Tindale. • **Screenings:** 2018 31e Instants Vidéo, Vidéodromes 2, Marseille, FR.

Communicate With Me / Communiquez avec moi (2018)

Recorded on location in Caraquet, NB, August 7, 2016.

The Discussion (2018)

Recorded on location at the Taronga Zoo (2013), Sydney, AU.

Oasis (2018)

This project has been assisted by the Deering Estate, Miami, FL • The New Brunswick Arts Board • The Canada Council for the Arts • Deering Estate: Jennifer Tisthammer, Director; Kim Yantis, Cultural Arts Curator; Francis Oliver, Interpretive Staff; Bethany Gray, Historic Preservation and Curatorial Manager; Elias Horna, Visitor Services; Eduardo Ruben Ibarra, Interpretive Staff • Fairchild Tropical Botanic Garden: Brett Jestrow, Director of Collections – Science & Conservation • Vizcaya Museum & Gardens: Gina Wouters, Wendy Wolf • The Kampong, National Tropical Botanical Garden: Craig Morell, Holly Whalen • Florida International University students: Christian Fernandez; Kevin Montenegro; Madison Machado • Paris Cape Historical Society, Maine: Ben B. Conant • Town of Paris, Maine: Elizabeth Knox • Mark Derr • Gina Maranto. • **Screenings:** 2018 VisualcontainerTV, Milano, IT • 2018 INTERFACE Video Art Event, IXth edition, Romania.

Website: <https://deeringestateoasis.wordpress.com/>

Miami Time - Left: retention ponds west of Miami • Right: bronze monument next to the Brickell Avenue Bridge by Cuban Sculptor Manuel Carbonell. The column is a visual depiction of the vanished Tequesta people.

Remnants - Left: books, Deering Estate library • Right: ledgers at the Paris Cape Historical Society, Paris, ME. (Birthplace of Charles Deering)

Nature / Culture - Left: Key Biscayne with strips of Vizcaya Gardens • Right: preserve at the Deering Estate with insert of baseball game between the Miami Marlins and the Pittsburgh Pirates. (The Marlins lost the game 12 – 2.)

Charles in the Tub – Left / Right: tub, Deering Estate with water from the Palmetto Bay Village Center. It was said that Eusabio, one of Deering's servants, kept a pet crocodile named *Chocolate* in his bathtub. The video was loosely inspired by this anecdote.

Dreams Series / Dream 1 - Left: Vizcaya's stone barge overlaid with an image of a bed at the Marycel - *Marycel, Publicaciones de Revista de Arquitectura*, 1918, p. 26. • Right: Pine Rocklands with SS City of Paris.

Dreams Series / Dream 2 - Left: Stone House • Right: Shadow figure with overlay of correspondence between Charles Deering and David Fairchild found at the Deering Estate and Fairchild Tropical Botanic Gardens archives.

Dreams Series / Dream 3 - Left: submerged step ladder laying at the bottom of the Boat Basin after Hurricane Irma, October 2017 • Right: detail of a golden figure on a chair with overlay of correspondence between Charles Deering and David Fairchild.

What Was It Like – Left / Right: tile floor of second story bathroom adjoining the Charles Deering bedroom, Stone House.

Joe Summer - Left: Ramon Casas Carbo the Spanish painter. (Charles Deering became his patron. The two travelled through Catalonia early in 1908.) • Right: Joe Summer, Charles Deering's chauffeur throughout his European travels. • The soundtrack is a manipulated version of the 1920 public domain song *I Am Always Building Castles in The Air*. Composed by A. Fred Phillips with lyrics by Ted Garton. Performed by the *Sterling Trio*: Albert Campbell, Henry Burr and John H. Meyer.

About the text

I wanted to honour some of the people who worked silently in the shadows at the Deering Estate, early in the 20th century. Joe Summer, the driver and Eusebio Hernandez, the butler are two men sometimes seen in photographs of the time period. Charles and Marion Deering met Eusebio while living at their Maricel villa in Sitges, Spain. When they decided to relocate to Florida, the Deerings brought the young man with them to Miami. As with most servants, there are very few documents that record the presence and acknowledge the service of the staff. A brief mention of Eusebio can be found in the Historical Association of Southern Florida magazine UPDATE 13.2 (May 1986). Bahamian workers also contributed to building the estate. It is said that during the construction of the boat basin, several workers died in an explosion. These are the ghosts referred to in the text.

Plants and Palms – Left: composite image of The Kampong, National Tropical Botanical Garden and Deering Estate around the *Pipeline Trail* with names of palms from the list found in the Deering Estate archives: 'Palms to be moved from Chas. Deering Properties Buena Vista to Cutler after July first 1925' • Right: composite image of a path on Key Biscayne, dead leaves in the pond at The Kampong with the names from the list found in the Deering Estate archives: 'Plants to be moved from Chas. Deering Properties Buena Vista to Cutler after July first 1925'.

Elusive 1 – Left: snails on the Pipeline Trail, Deering Estate • Right: field adjacent to the SW 72nd Avenue Gate, Deering Estate.

Elusive 2 – Left: gate at the edge of the property facing SW 72nd Avenue, Deering Estate.

Inventory Reconciliation – Left: the Shadow looking into a solution hole, Deering Estate with list of artworks found at the Estate • Right: the Shadow on a bench outside the Stone House with list of artworks found at the Estate • The text is excerpted from 'Partial list of works found in the «New House, Drawing Room» (Ballroom)'. • Music: *Short Circuit. No Human – Robotic Activity*. www.soisloscerdos.com

The Shadow – Left / Right: composite image of the Shadow looking in a solution hole • Music by Adam Tindale: *iMS20 practice*.

Oasis has been designed for single channel video screening as well as for installation in a gallery setting.

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