BEYOND HER USUAL LIMITS: THE FILM AND VIDEO WORKS OF DEIRDRE LOGUE, 1997 TO 2017

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PREVIOUS SPREADS
Velvet Crease (details)
2012
video
2min 23sec

BEYOND HER USUAL LIMITS: THE FILM AND VIDEO WORKS OF DEIRDRE LOGUE 1997 TO 2017

Edited by Matthew Hyland

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REAR COVER: *Per Se*, 2005, video, 4min 12sec

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For the deep feeling and hyper-sensitive

Eye Popper
(installation view)
2012
video

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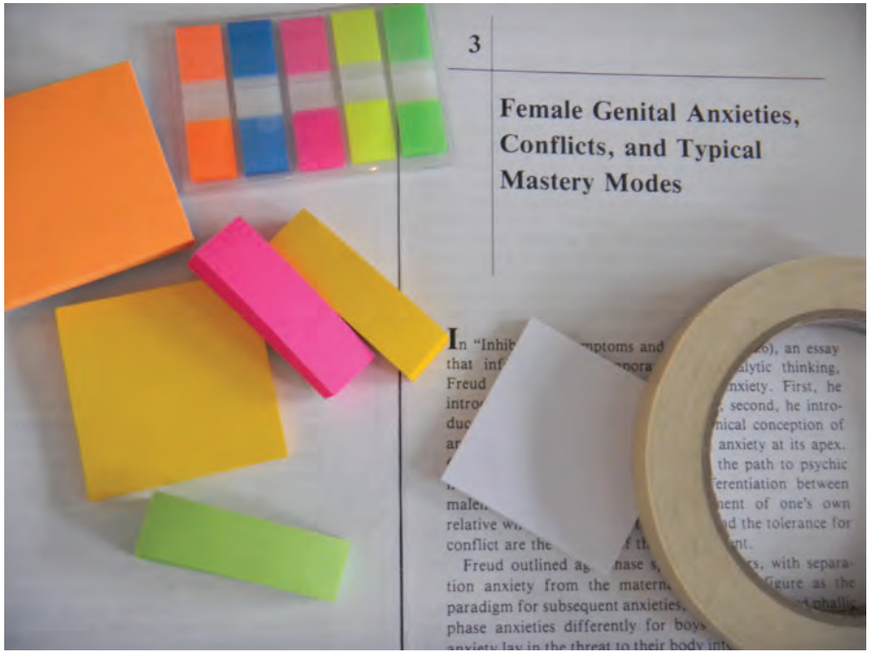


Studio shot
2012
Victoria, BC

BEYOND HER USUAL LIMITS: AN INTRODUCTION

Matthew Hyland

Deirdre Logue worries. She tells us so in her 2003–2005 video installation *Why Always Instead of Just Sometimes* (the title itself a statement of disquietude): "I am 38 years old / and sometimes / I worry so much / I worry / it will kill me." Splashed across a home movie of a young Logue, dancing and shaking her head—less a gesture of refusal than one of ingenuousness—Logue's text suggests she's been worrying longer and harder than most of us. She worries so much, she worries about worrying.

For twenty years now, Logue's lucid engagement with the symptoms, impulses and tics that constitute a human life has been the foundation on which her work is built. Operating in a closed system of self-reflexive gestures, Logue's films and videos take up the disciplinary power of the threshold—physically, emotionally and psychically. Climbing between mattress and box spring, flooding one's mouth with milk, counting confetti endlessly—these are not motions that register clearly on the radar of everyday action. Their resonance, however—a sense of urgency and confusion, a familiar weight on the chest—is unmistakable.

This of course has long been the province of Logue's work: elevating the moving image to the plane of affect, exploring the capacity of film and video to be felt rather than simply seen. For Logue, her chosen mediums' greatest potential is one of sensation, not image—if there's a future for film and video, she suggests, it exists more readily in bodies than it does on screens.

This publication catalogues two decades of Logue's output, bringing together texts and documentation from a broad selection of her exhibitions and projects over the years. More significantly, however, this book hails a moment in which the concerns that have animated the artist's work throughout her career are gaining increasing cultural legibility. As theoretical engagement with ideas such as affective experience, queer temporality and the death drive take ever more robust shape, Logue's films and videos are both antecedent and exemplary. Her earliest work in *Enlightened Nonsense* (1998–2000), for example, nudged us toward a principle of productive unruliness, toward horizontality and ontologies of the non-normative. *Why Always Instead of Just Sometimes* proposed a rudimentary theory of sensation, a new lexicon of interiority constituted in humble feats, modest accomplishments and placeless gestures; and *Id's Its* (2011–2012) and *Snug and Low* (2016–2017) re-centered our attention toward the libidinal, the primal and the slow.

This book brings together the work of ten writers who explore these ideas and others in terrific depth. From Adriana Disman's astute meditation on self-wounding in performance art and Mike Hoolboom's thorough engagement with orality in Logue's work to Leila Timmins' and Vicky Moufawad-Paul's respective texts on Logue's libratory engagement with the affective and the

sensorial, each of the contributors to this monograph underscores the artist's canny insight into the psychic conditions of living.

A project like this would not have been possible without the collaboration and contribution of many, not least of whom are the publishing organizations who have worked with Logue in a variety of capacities over the years: Open Space, where the idea of this book project was initiated while hosting Logue on residency in 2012; Images Festival, whose 2017 Spotlight on the artist's work provided a fitting occasion to publish this volume; A Space Gallery and Gallery 44, who would subsequently become key presentation partners for Logue's Images Spotlight; and Oakville Galleries, where a survey of Logue's work was staged in 2008. Thanks are in order to my colleagues at these institutions—Helen Marzolf, Amy Fung, Rebecca McGowan, Vicky Moufawad-Paul, Noa Bronstein and Leila Timmins—for their collaboration and commitment to documenting Logue's practice in this way.

I also extend sincere gratitude to our respective funding agencies: the Canada Council for the Arts, the Ontario Arts Council, the BC Arts Council, the Province of British Columbia, the Toronto Arts Council, the Town of Oakville, the Capital Regional District, the City of Victoria, the Victoria Foundation and MediaNet. Their ongoing assistance—as well as the support of our respective sponsors, donors and members—is essential to projects such as this one.

This book is indebted to Emily Tu and Edmond Ng of Tung for their outstanding design work; Meg Taylor for her superb editorial eye; and Ruth Gaskill for her deft proofreading skills. This publication benefits from their respective contributions in ways large and small.

Last but not least, I extend my most profound thanks to the artist herself, who has been generous of time, intellect and humour as this book took shape over the past five years. This project is a testament to Deirdre's particular brand of wit, insight and rigour; it has been a privilege for all of us involved in this project to push beyond our usual limits in service of her work.

SHE PERSISTS: SELF-WOUNDING IN PERFORMANCE ART FILM WORK

Adriana Disman

Power is the ability to move bodies.

Biopower[1] and its crony, necropolitics,[2] articulate the kingly ability to give and take life as transforming into the doctorly ability to prolong life or allow death. Both kinds of powers are still coursing through the veins of systemic inequality. But is staying alive really the most important part of being alive?

The love of my life is performance.

Spilling

When I sat down to write this article, as I always do when I sit down to write, I immediately got up. I needed a book that I was thinking with, and then another and another, and as I dashed about the room, gathering books, my foot slammed into a tall clear glass of water and shattered it across the wooden floor. A stillness followed. A spill. I sat down at the edge of the spreading pool, filled with winking glass eyes, and watched.

Balancing

The work hits close to home. In *Home Office* (2017) and *Set Upset* (2017), DL balances. Full disclosure: I do that, too. It's like sleeping with the same person: you know she's different when she is with each of us but somehow similar, and you'll never bridge that distance. Here, my feelings are so mixed between DL's precarious balances and my own that I don't know what is about who. Maybe it doesn't matter. DL balances. On an edge, a curve. Below there are things that might hurt if she falls but not too bad. Not spectacularly. She's probably not gonna die from it. Still there's the tension of the fall. The potential of pain. The beauty of the balance lies in its direct unfolding into potential. Witnessing it is witnessing the constant *what if* or *almost present*. What is done is the making present of what is not done. Ghosting the risk of bodily wounding.

The balance. The reaching for balance, actually. True balance is still, the reaching for balance is constant readjustment. A negotiation between tension and softness. Knowing that it is momentary. There is no "staying" in "reaching for balance." It, like queerness, is a doing, not a being. There is no rest whatsoever in the in-between space, in the work that it takes to stay in the in-between. It is always easier to rest in a place. The choice to stay in a flickering zone is necessarily active for both the performer and the witness. Do you trust your strength? Do you trust mine to witness you through this? What if I see what I don't want to see—what if you fall? What if I turn away before you fall?

I rewind you, you persist

There is something generous and guarded in creating performance for the

camera. The performer bares an action, I can walk away. But what they bare, I cannot intervene in. It's a control-freak move to frame the image, to control what I can see, to create a situation where moving my body doesn't move my body. I lean left, walk right, but my point of view of your performing body doesn't change much. If I am bold enough to walk right behind the screen, I'll be slammed out of the world of the work completely. Backside of a Mac. Inversely, it is the ultimate vulnerability—the artist can't adjust to context and what is made stays, jumping time. I look at DL's performances for the camera from twenty years ago and wonder how she feels about them now. She can't see how I'm responding during the work. I have such freedom in the dark theatre or at my desk. Pause. Rewind. Online archives are perused like I'm a rich old white man picking from a catalogue. And also like I'm a six-year-old adventurer seeking treasure and panning panning panning for the gold of being touched. Performance art film work touches and disallows touch simultaneously.

What a freaky weird medium.

In terms of power as *the ability to move bodies*—from the implementation of borders to how we learn to feel love—recorded image has always been interesting. A way to multiply and proliferate a body, extending its physical limits through space and time. A slippery transplanting, video can allow actions to be public that might not otherwise be permitted, like forms of protest, like porn. There is the potential in video of subverting power's grip on bodily movements. Equally, there is the potential of power proliferating itself.

DL has made so much work. Like making videos as a quotidian tactic toward liveability. Each video is performance, delineated from life, but also making a life. Video making becomes living. Suddenly, what it means to prolong life or allow death is different. She has a high-stakes engagement with her work. This is not a joke, even if there is humour. The need to document and create are palpable in her oeuvre. It is a matter of survival, a matter of life and death. This thinking allows us to imagine self-wounding in performance (which is, importantly, different than private self-wounding—the public, shared nature of the act changes it profoundly) as a marker of persistence.

The anti-racist queer feminist scholar Sara Ahmed, in her recent book on the willful subject, writes, "Willfulness involves persistence in the face of having been brought down, where simply to 'keeping going' or to 'keep coming up' is to be stubborn and obstinate. Mere persistence can be an act of disobedience."[3] I see this persistence in DL's works. For sure there is stubbornness and obstinacy. But perhaps the most striking element of her huge oeuvre is its very continuation. Keep going. Keep coming up. DL's body stays and replicates. There are now many DLs in the midst of their worry or repetition. Many DLs with many tasks, and at the end of each task, what has been accomplished is survival. Persistence. Her survival proliferates and reasserts itself again and again in the many Deirdre bodies on the many screens. Asserting her body, even in its absence. Deirdre is in her home or her office at the same moment that Deirdre is here, on a screen, drowning herself in *Milk and Cream* (2000). Her work, as a life's work, tells us: I'm here. I'm still here. We exist.

Self-Wounding and Disciplinary Divisions

Self-wounding has a long history in the lineage of performance art.

("What do you do, Adriana?"
"I make and think about performance art."
"Oh, so you get naked and bloody?"
"Yes, Uncle Jack.")

From the canonical *Shoot* (1971),[4] in which Chris Burden asked a friend to shoot him in the arm, to Tehching Hsieh's year-long self-containment in a small cage for *Cage Piece* (1978–1979),[5] to Marina Abramović's use of knives, drugs and near-death stunts in the *Rhythm Series* (1973–1974), much of the performance art that unfolded during the 1960s and 1970s in North America and Europe was interested in the limits of the body and exploring those through exhaustion, discomfort, pain and self-wounding. The documentation of these works engages certain filmic qualities that make the work feel "authentic": a lack of spectacularity, grainy or low-lit shots, single, stationary one-takes. Their low image quality seems to connote the privileging of the action over its documentation, indicating a disciplinary delineation in relation to the recorded moving image. Within this context, DL's work is disciplinarily complex: simultaneously deeply attentive to both the performance and the craft of shooting and editing the works, thus creating pieces that genuinely span disciplinary relations between the camera and the performing body. Her work is truly as much performance art as it is film in a way that is not *inter*disciplinary (as in separate strands coming together) but instead part of a field of relations that might be called "performance art film work" in which neither the performance nor the film work exist without each other (one strand that is indivisible).

An example: both Burden and DL crawl. Burden's 1971 crawl over glass is in his film, *Through the Night Softly*, made to air in television commercial spots. For me, the work is more focused on inserting performance into the television context then making an artful film piece. Its single-shot take has a strong rapport with performance documentation, especially within the context of Burden's focus on live performance at the time. DL's crawl in *Road Trip* (2000), however, tends to an extremely similar act but as performance art film work. That is, it makes the craft of the film (camera work, editing, processing, sound considerations, etc.) itself indivisible from the live performance: neither is the work—the work is only in the meeting of the two. Even in the pieces where she operates in singular long shots, for example in *Nasty Catch* (2016), where DL eats spicy nasturtium flowers, the image feels completely different than traditional performance documentation: she tends to the cinematography, there is no guise of the documentary or theatrical pretending that the camera isn't present. She swings the camera around her body as she moves, acting not just *for* but *with* it, she cuts the image into small circles digitally after it's shot. Activating the beautifully foggy area where film work and performance art meet.

Both Burden's and DL's crawls touch on self-wounding. Burden's in a much more spectacular and shocking way than DL's. Her action also enters

into her body: on hands and knees, licking a desert road, her mouth moving across the dry sand and the remnants of cacti. It is a heavy task to bear but the wounds are less self-evident then glass pressing blood from skin. The image asks us to lean into it in order to feel its effects. The road, the dirt, enter her mouth as she tongues the ground. Her dedication is one of sheer willpower, unglorious and unglamorous. I'm licking a road. This is what life feels like. DL's work, rather then courting the cutting or puncturing of the flesh, works with self-wounding through blunt force and repetition. Where as Burden and the work of his generation held up the self-created wound as highly visible, making it a centre point of the work and generating a certain martyrdom, DL's work bears a suffering that is just barely visible. The witness has to activate an empathy and move towards the offering to feel the suffering, where as in Burden's work, I almost stumble back from the way the wound is thrust into my field of perception. Perhaps this bearing, this holding, is because the work (though some part of her must make it for others) is anchored in being made for herself. Every wound in DL's works is also an act of healing—the poison is also the antidote. *Tape* (2000) is maybe the most bodily threatening of her works. In it DL winds packing tape around her head to close off her nose and mouth and then scrambles to take it off: tape cuts off the air but it also holds together, binds and mends. The burrs in *Scratch* (1998) that can draw blood are unspectacular as she reaches in to find and untangle them from her crotch, out of the eye of the camera. The burdock latches onto whatever brushes past it in order to propagate itself, just as gender latches onto bodies in its process of self-proliferation. In untangling the burrs from her bush, perhaps DL untangles something of gender from her body.

Identity Overspills

Key here, in thinking through self-wounding performance art film work, is the question of identity markers. Important because asymmetrical power dynamics are often distributed according to logics based on identity, important because these markers are anchored in the body, and hence important because of performance art's lineage of centring the body. Talking identity when talking art is fiddly because identity, like privilege, is relative and reconfigures itself site-specifically. A concrete example of identity's slipperiness is useful here: since I am often white-passing and the first child born to immigrants on both sides, I might experience my whiteness acutely in a room of folks who are visibly non-white and might also feel strongly my non-whiteness in a room full of people who are whiter than me. As the philosopher and artist Erin Manning said so well, "There is no stable identity which emerges once and for all"[6] but rather momentary cohesions that arrive, immanent and relational. In watching DL's body (of) work, I see the identity markers: I see white, butch-ish, queer, cis-woman. I see the continuous anxiety and worry that her mind cycles through. And I see the ghosting of those identities in something else. I think others have tried to talk about it as a "universal" quality to art, but that has always been wrong: there is no universal. This trace is much more immanent, a quality of deep specificity. DL is both of her identity and overspills it: the individual and the systemic are linked—never separate but not the same. To say "overspill" is not to say "more than" but rather too liquid to solidify for long and impossible to contain in only one container. Upon confrontation with an actual body, identity always implodes, breaching the bounds of containment. What we witness performed is not simply DL's body, delineated by the boundary of the skin, but the worlds that snap into place in the work of these works. And because identity's particular always calls up the general, don't these worlds snap into place differently, in relation to the identity markers that she carries? The work of the work would be different if the identities she held or signified were different. Self-wounding would not just *mean* differently, it would *be a different act* and always is, dependent upon the specificities of the performance.

Persistence/Resistance

If I approach DL's work to ask how the identities it surfaces change it, what do I see? One example: there are a lot of floors and a lot of socks (*Hobbs Obliques*, 2012; *Baby Lint Brush* and *Clicks and Hisses*, 2017, etc.) and somehow that seems so perfectly domestic soft butch. White lesbian butchness, soft and otherwise, has historically been tied to working-class positions and this also feels present in DL's work. Farmland. Packing tape. Basketballs. Buckets. T-shirts + running shoes + jeans combos. Crying. Vests. There's even something in the task-based performances that feels like echoes of a working-class mentality, as in *Willow* (2012), *H2Oh Oh* (2000), and *Moohead* (1999)—with that collared shirt. Dogged continuation even though things don't get better and the (North) American Dream was only ever for some. I imagine a hundred tiny cuts from the willow whipping DL's face as she dodges through it. A stinging. Continuation through wounds. Quotidian microviolences. She's unstoppable. Despite the wounds she persists. And that persistence is marked by and means differently because of the identities surfaced in the doing of those actions.

Despite the wounds *and because of them*, she persists: the willow is both the punishment and the cure. Willow is the stuff of aspirin, incredibly fertile, and its roots create a powerful growth stimulant for other plants.[7] DL's works return to this again and again: the balance between comfort and trauma, excess and deficiency. Self-wounding in performance is so often perceived as self-violence but DL's work exemplifies why that jump in logic—from the wound to harm—is faulty. Self-wounding in her work is so often one and the same with self-care.

The Distinction Between a Human and a Camera

The anthropologist Elizabeth Povinelli posits that the centering of life, death and nonlife in Foucault's works is predicated on a Western ontological assumption, "namely, that there is a distinction between Life and Nonlife that makes a difference."[8] The difference seems profoundly important when the human stays centered. But, in a context where both performance and film are equally required, where the lens is *as integral as* the human, is there a distinction that makes more of a difference?

How about asking about, for example, the *liveliness* sparked by the work as a way to include, as Manning writes, the more than human?[9] One of

Id's Its (installation view)
2011–2012
multi-channel video

the magics of DL's work is its capacity to articulate the liveliness of things often considered to be non-life. The camera itself becomes enlivened, or its liveliness is admitted. It becomes creaturely in *Hobbs Obliques* (2012), a dog tentatively following its owner through a faux-fireplaced home. In *Flip Toss* (2012), the camera is a baby being thrown in the air, a momentary bird, a punished toy. In *Big Agnes* (2016), the lens becomes a strange fly-ish eye and the viewer loses all sense of distance, the body becoming porous. When thinking about persistence as a big part of these works, it's useful to rethink it out of the life/death/nonlife configuration that keeps the human firmly planted as the central figure. Ask instead, what does persisting make lively?

I hear the work whispering to me, like a mantra:

> **I may not be alive in the ways that count towards "a life" under late liberalism. I'm not fighting to be alive in that way. I'm fighting to be in contact with the things that make me spark, that create liveliness in me. I'm fighting to fall, I'm fighting to worry, I'm fighting to wake up at 9:11, to cover my vagina in gold glitter, to make rubber talk, to eat my fucking lunch. I'm fighting to heal my wounds with my wounds. I'm not fighting to live, I'm fighting to spark liveliness in this game of continuation that we call a life.**

Balancing, Spilling

In Clarice Lispector's "The Beauty and the Beast or The Enormous Wound," a bourgeois woman encounters a beggar with a wound in his leg. The wound jolts her from what seems to be a sleeping life into shocked realization that she and the beggar are equal in their mortality, their humanity. She describes being equally terrified of extreme beauty and extreme horror. The wound, Lispector writes, is reality.[10]

DL's balances, my balances, our mutual potential wounds, are the same: they jolt one into the reality of mortality. When I witness her work, I feel my own body's limits. The witnessing of self-wounding performance within a Foucaultian cosmology is radical insofar as threatening one's own life threatens power's reach. Might moving out of that cosmology and into another landscape allow for other radical modes of resistance to power? For example, in considering the liveliness of an event and allowing the valuation metric of life, death and nonlife to fall away, what are we left with? The liveliness of a creak, of a sock. The immanent worlding of a glass and a foot. We are left with the event that consists of immanent meeting, including but not limited to the human life. An always moving encounter. We are left with the water spilling, pooling across the floor, the water writing itself into an article.

[1] See Michel Foucault, *Histoire de la sexualité*, I–III (Paris: Gallimard, 1976, 1984). English translation by Robert Hurley: *The History of Sexuality*, vols. I–III (New York: Pantheon, 1978, 1985, 1986).
[2] Achille Mbembe, "Necro-politics" in *Public Culture* 15, no. 1 (2003): 11–40. Translation by Libby Meintjes.
[3] Sara Ahmed, *Willful Subjects* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2014), 2.
[4] Chris Burden's *Shoot* was performed at F Space Gallery, Santa Ana, California, on 19 November 1971.
[5] Tehching Hsieh's year-long performance *Cage Piece* took place in New York from 29 September 1978 to 30 September 1979.
[6] Erin Manning, *Always More Than One: Individuation's Dance* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2013), 4.
[7] As taught to me by Joce Tremblay in December 2016.
[8] Elizabeth A. Povinelli, *Geontologies: A Requiem to Late Liberalism* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2016), 8.
[9] Erin Manning, *The Minor Gesture* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2016), 3.
[10] Clarice Lispector, "Beauty and the Beast or The Enormous Wound" in *The Complete Stories*, Katrina Dodson, trans., Benjamin Moser, ed. (New York: New Directions, 2015).

FOLLOWING SPREAD
Milk and Cream (detail)
2000
16mm
2min

ENLIGHTENED NONSENSE (1997–2000)

Sleep Study
2000
Super 8, 16mm, video
2min

CIRCLES OF CONFUSION

Jon Davies

I would like to begin by describing two noteworthy and astonishing loops in world cinema. At the end of *Stroszek* (1977), Werner Herzog's surreal, primal denunciation of a cheerily barbaric postwar America, the eponymous outsider hero leaves a stolen truck circling in a parking lot (before bursting into flames) while he visits an arcade stocked with caged animals that perform stunts by rote: the star is the Dancing Chicken. After watching these animals do their amusing but grotesquely mechanical routines, Stroszek mounts a ski lift, making the rounds several times before shooting himself. The film ends with an extended sequence of the Dancing Chicken's relentless soft-shoe before mercifully fading to black. Such Sisyphean metaphors of futility and sublime kitsch suggest the perverse way that American ideology keeps motoring ahead, fuelled by its own glorious mythology, ignorant of its morally bankrupt direction. Herzog creates a deformation of the factory assembly line that symbolized the American dream, the aspirations that Stroszek himself moved from Germany to the United States to follow: rather than churning out bubble gum or bombs, this conveyor belt to nowhere drags its citizens deeper into soul-killing ignorance and self-destruction.

Memory for Max, Claire, Ida and Company (2005), Allan King's jaw-dropping vérité documentary about Alzheimer's disease, is a very different beast than Herzog's epic. Claire is a real person who lives at the Jewish Home for the Aged at Baycrest in Toronto; she also seems much more together than many of her fellow patients. One day Max, another resident and her best friend, passes away. Claire is inconsolable, distraught beyond words. However, after a few days Claire completely forgets that Max has died, and it must be explained to her not only that he has died and that there was already a memorial service, but that she was present at the memorial. We are forced to watch her go through the process of repeatedly being told about his death and grieving anew. The horrible punchline: she is stuck in a short-circuit loop of forgetting that she has no hope of breaking.

Deirdre Logue's *Enlightened Nonsense* (1997–2000) is a series of such circuits, circles and loops. An exceedingly rich and suggestive series of performance documentations that put the material of the queer body and the film medium through rigorous, ridiculous and potentially injurious paces, *Enlightened Nonsense* hovers somewhere between the registers of Herzog's fiction and King's fact like the shaded portion of a Venn diagram: between travesty and tragedy, metaphor and mortal coil, absurdity and anguish.

When a body or a mind like Stroszek's, Claire's or Logue's becomes trapped in a loop, it immediately becomes dysfunctional. Banal, everyday acts and gestures become starkly disturbing the more they are repeated. Human and non-human animals forced to spend extended periods of time in cages will

pace back and forth or pound their heads against the wall. This catatonia is symbolically aligned with trauma and madness because a loop folds back on itself—returns to the beginning—rather than evolving: it is so troubling because it aborts progress. Someone in a loop does not reach any place; they always and only go nowhere. Logue has described her process thus: "The films were shot, hand-processed and edited within a total of approximately one week. Like a week-long performance, self-imposed limitations, a concentration of time and the intensity of the production framework are elements conducive to and in keeping with the subject matter [...] I am the primary performer, director and technician."[1]

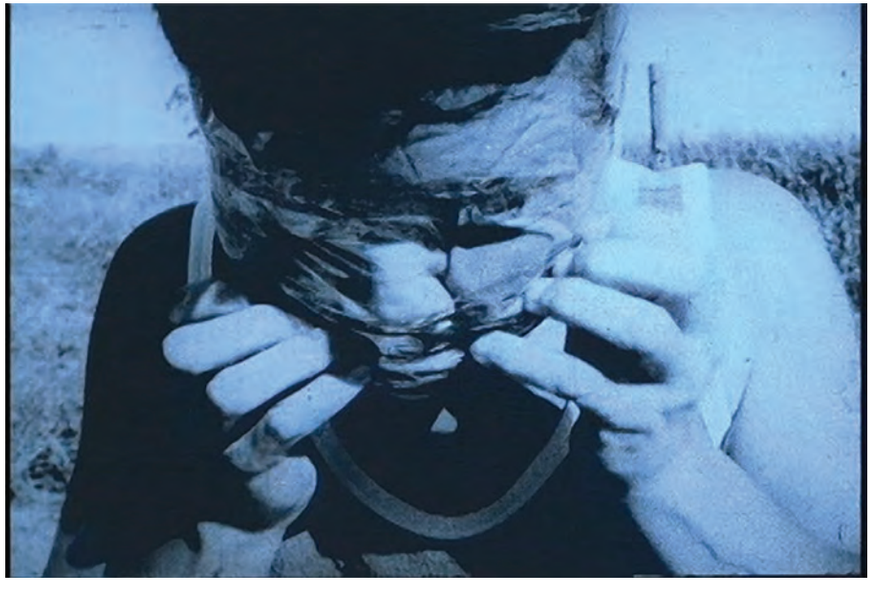
By trapping her own body in a proscribed system, Logue is heir to a fruitful tradition of performers, such as Bruce Nauman and Vito Acconci, who dramatize a body in crisis. Nauman's self-explanatory *Walking in an Exaggerated Manner Around the Perimeter of a Square* (1967–1968) documented his body's deliberate pacing around a quadrangle of masking tape on his studio floor, while *Bouncing in the Corner, No. 1* (1968) featured the artist rocking back and forth in the corner of his studio for a full hour, arms slapping against the walls. Both are archetypal manifestations of Nauman's preoccupation with irritating and droll repetition, often played out with his own body. Acconci described his *Trademarks* (1970) as "Turning in on myself, turning on myself (my action drives me into a circle): a way to connect, re-connect, my body [...] Reasons to move: move into myself—move around myself—move in order to close a system. Reasons to move: show myself to myself—show myself through myself—show myself outside."[2] This pure, closed work involved Acconci twisting his body into contortions in order to forcefully bite every part of his body within reach, leaving tooth-marks. Such experiments engender a condition of stasis that permits reflection on and knowledge about both the physical world and the ephemeral—abstract concepts, emotions, limits of the body.

In many ways Logue's performances mantle the themes and the contradictions of these two canonical, American male artists. The repetitive gesture has very different meanings for Nauman and for Acconci in relation to their view of the self. For the former, the repetitive gesture was the building block for a career-long exploration of the vacuity, absurdity and even sublime horror that is generated by circular patterns, linguistic and corporal. His performances from the late 1960s are not about Bruce Nauman the way that Acconci's are about Vito Acconci. In Acconci's work, gestures were repeated to signify the intensity of his obsessive examination of the body's and the psyche's relationship to space and territory and to create both a geography of the self and a subjectification of public space. Logue queers both of these practices by matching Nauman's ludicrous irrationality with Acconci's ontological mapping, lunacy with severity. In Logue's work, the artist's identity is both abstracted and cultivated. Her temporal and queer distance from this period of performance body art allows her to critically work over its tropes.

To employ a queer cliché, Logue's films are about "processing": not only of body and mind, but of film. Unlike her body art predecessors in the 1960s and 1970s who used film and video predominantly for documentation, Logue exerts

H2Oh Oh
2000
16mm
2min

Tape
2000
16mm
5min



as much energy on the recording as on the performance. Logue has claimed, "Each film is about the body versus fill in the blank [...] You'll notice in the films there is always a pairing of at least two things."[3] This quality extends to the post-production process where it becomes a confrontation between Logue and the celluloid. The films are hand-processed, tinted, roughed up—some solarized, some painted, some scratched—and then edited. They bear the evidence of a very raw and tangible contact between filmmaker and film that mirrors those interactions recorded in their frames. The act of representing and reproducing the circular acts onscreen further compounds their repetitiveness by permitting them to be re-viewed over and over again. Such abundant redundancy allows us to pay attention to the small details and fissures that distinguish one action from the seemingly identical next action, or as the critic Kathryn Chiong puts it: "the irregular pulse of a body that falters, accelerates, decelerates."[4]

This attention to the recording medium casts her as both director and star. Logue's consistent use of the close-up in many of the *Enlightened Nonsense* films seems to parody this technique's use in Hollywood cinema and television. Historically, the close-up is intended to draw attention to the intensity of emotion visible on the actor's face, which is often exquisitely made-up and lit. By contrast, Logue's use of the close-up in *Patch* (2000), *H2Oh Oh* (2000) and *Tape* (2000), for example, focuses on her performing unpleasant, distressing and illogical actions to her visage in a rhythmic, non-narrative way: sticking and unsticking a patch on her face clockwise until she has covered its entire surface twice, dousing her head in water—hidden below the frame line—like a torture victim acting as her own unrelenting interrogator (her use of reverse motion in this scene contributes to the sense of uncanniness and inescapability), wrapping and unwrapping her head with packing tape. (I am tempted to subtitle the latter—the most painful to watch, and by far the longest—"mummification for the modern girl.") As opposed to earlier body art, where durable audiovisual documentations—simply framed recordings masking their mediation—were required to evidence ephemeral performances, Logue is a filmmaker, thinking through framing, camera distance and angles cinematically and televisually. By positioning a butch queer female body that is largely invisible in film and television in such a mediated way, *Enlightened Nonsense* exaggerates and burlesques the ordinary ways that the body—especially the queer body—is poked and prodded by a wide range of mechanisms of power on an everyday basis, making a melodrama of queer abjection. One can't help but also think of the philosopher Judith Butler's theories of gender as performativity, an unconscious citation of a fictional ideal, a stylized repetition of oppressive acts. And those who fail to live up to this coherent norm—namely androgynous bodies like Logue's (and mine)—are usually punished through shame. In an interview with the art educator Karyn Sandlos, Logue carefully positioned the work as not freakish and not about self-abuse, but instead as dealing with feelings—despair, humiliation, confusion—and materials—food, water, adhesives—that are very common and mundane. This ordinariness is partly accomplished through its cinematic and televisual codes that resist reification.

Road Trip
2000
16mm
1min

Fall
1997
16mm
2min

Another difference from the early performances of Nauman and Acconci—which seem to have been recorded in studios and galleries (in any case, on indoor sets)—is that all but one of Logue's performances take place in the great outdoors, in what appears to be a dry, hardscrabble plain. This strategy both refuses the myth of queerness as a purely urban phenomenon and also permits a kind of seclusion in an elemental environment away from other—perhaps hostile—bodies of the social world. Queerness has always had a contentious relationship to the "natural," and it is almost as if Logue is crashing her body against the natural world to see what kind of chemical reaction might result. In this way, we can align her repetitive gestures as much to the necessary and inescapable cycles of the earth and heavens as to self-generated obstacle courses; the rotation of the globe and the revolution around the sun are the epitome of "natural," but no human body could endure such regimentation. In *Road Trip* (2000) and *Fall* (1997), the trials she exerts on her body require the environment as a participant; they are as much about exposing the body to the outside world as about performing actions on oneself. Films such as these could not have been shot just anywhere, with the artist crawling on the brushy ground on all fours, licking the terrain with her tongue in *Road Trip* and experiencing the impact of collapsing onto this (presumably) same earth over and over again in *Fall*. (It is interesting to also note that *Fall* affords us the most direct, unobstructed view of Logue's appearance, from many different angles and distances.) This wrangling with the organic is also evident in her preference for an analogue soundtrack, created from playing with the film medium itself rather than bringing in outside music. In pieces like *Tape* and *Milk and Cream* (2000), the sounds she creates by manipulating the film's optical soundtrack take on a pulsating quality, an unyielding beat that further emphasizes the repetitiveness and oppressive inescapability of her actions (a function that sound also accomplishes for Nauman). Significantly, along with the stark and harrowing *H2Oh Oh*, these two pieces feature Logue in the most danger—of self-suffocation in this case.

However, even though the obvious danger courted or discomfort caused by her activities makes one cringe, *Enlightened Nonsense* maintains a fine balance between suffering and nonsense. In discussing her tone, Logue describes it as "like cynicism, and cynicism is a kind of wit that draws on despair."[5] In *Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Bride of Frankenstein* (2000), Logue draws large cartoonish scars on her body with a magic marker, using the process of hand-scratching the film stock to add charges of electricity to the stylus's path, adding a crackle of energy that has a very tactile presence and lends a palpable sting to what are clearly artificial wounds. This piece seems quite loaded precisely because Logue is not harming herself but is instead generating scars—conspicuous visual proof of the imperfect healing of past traumas. (This activity is reminiscent of *Patch* where the stitching in the leather of the old baseball she moves around her face bears a strong resemblance to a scar, but a mobile and impermanent one.) To emphasize the excess of her verbose and witty title, she bookends the piece with a campy excerpt of an unexpected phone call from a cheesy TV melodrama. Perhaps the most outlandish piece—both silly and unsettling—involves a reclining Logue filling her mouth to bursting with whipped cream and milk in two different performances (and outfits) intercut together. The black and white *Milk and Cream* is stained by hand-painted splotches reminiscent of human waste that visually punctuate the gluttony: yellow spots on the gushes of milk, rust on the mounds of cream. This kind of abject over-consumption and infantile regression has precedents in both high and low culture, from Paul McCarthy's condiment-slathered 1974 performance *Hot Dog* to a rural pie-eating contest on TV.

Moohead (1999) is a miniature masterpiece that is incredibly comical, campy, craftily edited and conceptually evocative. It employs a perverse, reddened-with-age television commercial from what looks to be the 1970s to sell a milky gelatin dessert; cutesy children enthusiastically extol the virtues of the jiggling dairy treat. Logue, meanwhile, is subject to a basketball being bounced off her head over and over and over again, and she cuts back and forth between celebratory commercial and sternly wry self-hurt. The great coup is how Logue cuts the piece according to sound, so that snippets of the ad's jingle and sound effects punctuate the precise instant when the ball strikes her noggin; because of this delay, the clips from the commercial itself are largely silent. While Logue's own catalogue entry on the series focuses on her internal and self-contained process, we cannot help but wonder who the invisible, off-screen ball thrower is. Because it references the socioeconomic realities of the outside world of capitalism and consumption through the use of the commercial and the inclusion of this unseen but essential co-performer, *Moohead* opens up what is most often a closed circuit in the other works.

Enlightened Nonsense also uses the loop conceptually through the occasional use of found footage, placing Logue's body in the lineage of past celluloid bodies that have now been consigned to the archival heap, their current state unknown. This is especially true of the mysterious, oneiric and near-silent *Sleep Study* (2000). While it is not stated overtly, the protagonist—a young, rugged blonde girl, her image recorded off a television (the other found footage does not employ such mediation)—is clearly Logue, who uncannily resembles the creepily sweet-faced girl at the end of *Moohead*. As we watch this young lass perform for the camera, her show is interrupted by an extreme close-up scan of a sleeping body—the present-day, grown-up Logue—that is wired up for what the title implies is a scientific study to measure her dreams. We then cut back to the young girl who returns to the distant schoolyard from where she had originated. This piece is quite different from the others in its relative linearity, its melancholic air and in the eclipsing of Logue's adult body for the more diffuse and ethereal body of her as a child. There is no repeated action here: instead the loop is a circuit of past and present, child and adult, permitted by the easy access of indexical media to document us at all stages of life.

The final piece of *Enlightened Nonsense* is the fast, complex and dense *Scratch* (1998). The only segment to use intertitles, it acts as a sort of manifesto for the entire series: "My path is deliberately difficult / My reasons endlessly repetitious / But it is through this that I know myself." As with *Moohead*,

Milk and Cream
2000
16mm
2min

Always a Bridesmaid,
Never a Bride of Frankenstein
2000
16mm
2min

Patch
2000
16mm
40sec

Scratch juxtaposes found footage—of scissors and other implements, breaking dishes, and a bed that miraculously moves by itself (as is only possible in retro TV commercials)—with another example of Logue's altercations with the natural world: her removal of a nest of burrs from her pubic hair (we also see the Velcro-like flora in exquisite detail throughout). This sole act of groinal self-exposure in the piece—her crotch shot in tight close-up as her face had been—is cleverly bracketed by the bed in the ad stripping through the magic of stop-motion animation as Logue herself undoes her pants and takes down her underwear. After the burr-removal the bed remakes itself as she pulls up her underwear.

While looping one's actions alters the performer's and the viewer's sense of linear time, it is interesting to note that alongside a single-channel version, *Enlightened Nonsense* was also originally installed as a looping multi-monitor mosaic installation in the window of YYZ Artists' Outlet in 2000. By presenting the multiple pieces simultaneously, time is even further spatialized and fragmented, and our attention is splintered over all the loops at once, much like a security surveillance system. And while there might be multiple Logues visible together, the psychic scrutiny taking place, the inner life animating all of these inward-driving closed circuits, remains meticulously hidden.

[1] This text was posted on Deirdre Logue's website in 2006 but is no longer available.
[2] Kathy O'Dell, *Contract with the Skin: Masochism, Performance Art and the 1970s* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1998), 19–20.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Kathryn Chiong, "Nauman's Beckett Walk," *October* 86 (Fall 1998): 74.
[5] Deirdre Logue, "Interview with Karyn Sandlos," Deirdre Logue website: http://deirdrelogue.com/writing/interview_with_karyn_sandlos.html, accessed 10 February 2017.

Scratch
1998
16mm
3min

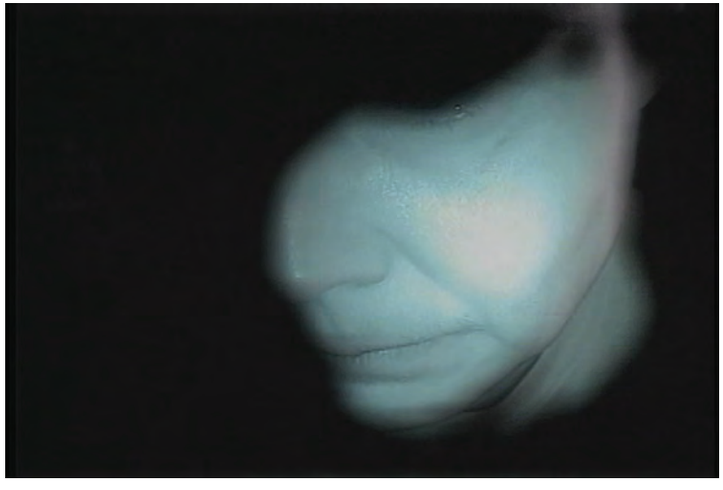
THIS SPREAD
Moohead
1999
16mm
1min

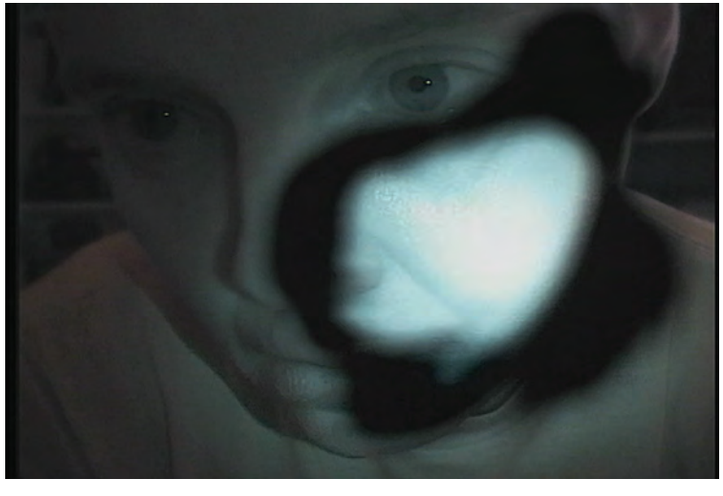
FOLLOWING SPREAD
Crying with Colours
(detail)
2012
video
8min 16sec

WHY ALWAYS INSTEAD OF JUST SOMETIMES (2003–2005)

GROWN-UPS DON'T MAKE VIDEO ART

Emily Vey Duke





Eclipse
2005
video
4min 38sec

How does one mature as an artist in a medium like video, which is dedicated to sloppy whimsy? Sloppy whimsy is excusable in the young, but it doesn't age well. Video art belongs to the young. A week ago I got a package in the mail: a video by Deirdre Logue called *Why Always Instead of Just Sometimes* (2003–2005). When I put it in my DVD player, Deirdre stares back at me.

Baldly she tells me where she is coming from, and it's a place I know, intimately. Like her, I worry so much that I worry it might kill me. Like her, I feel fragile, feel lonely, feel ashamed. It even occurs to me, as it does to her, that I may never get my driver's licence. And like her, my aberrant behaviours are utterly lacking in drama. (Hers are demonstrated in her 2005 tapes *Beyond the Usual Limits: Part 1* and *Part 2*.) And in essence, I think that's what this work is about. It's a 33-minute suite of songs about the banality of transcendence—transcendent suffering, transcendent joy.

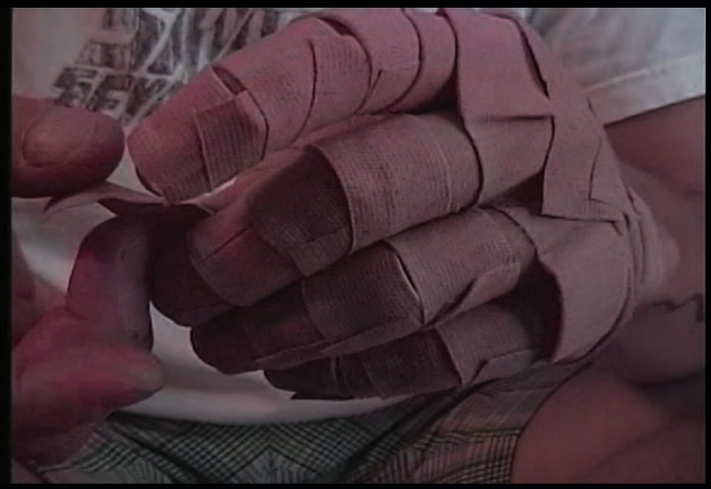
In the episode titled *Eclipse* (2005), Logue appears as a googly-eyed space alien, her skin like the skin of a dolphin, gleaming wetly in the camera's eye. She's whispering, crouching down and squinting at us with some urgency. Everything in the scene tells us this moment is pregnant with something. Longing? Revelation? "Can you hear that?" she asks. And then again: "Can you hear that?" She peers into the camera like she's trying to catch our eye. Then suddenly we do hear it. Her jaw is making an awful, muted pop. It's nearly nauseating. But what's perhaps more unnerving than the gross noise is the certainty we feel that it really doesn't matter. Her lower mandible is still well attached to the upper. There's no blood. Her cheek, which she's pushing towards us, is almost impossibly smooth and clear.

What this piece is about—what all the little shards of *Why Always Instead of Just Sometimes* are about—is the trauma of being ordinary. Experimental film and video are ideally suited to express this particular trauma. How could it be otherwise? They stand in opposition to television and narrative cinema, the repositories of the extraordinary, the spectacular, the sublime. All one has to do is watch a single home movie of a vacation in the tropics to realize just how good the video camera is at rendering the sublime banal.

I think it's this transformation that Logue has taken as her subject in this work. She draws attention to that process by choosing as her structure the diaristic, performative, episodic mode most associated with artists in their teens and twenties—artists like Sadie Benning, Thirza Cuthand, Alex Bag, Steve Reinke, Sylvie LaLiberté and Lisa Steele. It remains the domain of the young largely because they're the only ones who can tolerate seeing their images refracted through the mean-spirited gaze of the camera. And we can tolerate such careless, whimsical narcissism on the part of the young. We even like it because it reminds us of our former, precocious selves.

Beyond the Usual Limits:
Part 1
2005
video
2min 55sec

Beyond the Usual Limits:
Part 2
2005
video
5min 20sec



But what Logue is saying with this work—and it's a brave thing to say—is that we don't ever have to decide that we're ready to stop being precocious. We don't ever decide that it's time for us to have lived up to our potential rather than just indicating that we have it. We don't ever stop realizing that life is hard and we're not as good at it as we'd hoped.

That nascency, that sense of potential, is pointed up by Logue's use of ambiguity. In *Per Se* (2005), the first segment of the tape, we sense that Logue has something incredibly interesting to confess—something really filthy or tragic or abject—but all she'll say is that she has something to say. There's the potential for confession, for voyeurism, but she forces the viewer to stay in a state of anticipation.

So what finally gets said, starting with *Per Se* and continuing throughout the rest of the tape, is that there is nothing. The confession is not juicy, doesn't satisfy our voyeuristic impulse. The confession is that the narrator has nothing compelling to say. Which is a way of telling us, the viewers, that it's okay that we don't either. We're not alone.

What makes the work difficult is its plaintiveness. Logue is unabashedly, even artlessly, asking for our empathy. She doesn't employ any narrative tricks or special effects to get it (beyond the repetitions and glitches and reversals which are really conventions of experimental media). *Why Always Instead of Just Sometimes* works on us invisibly, beneath the surface of the narrative. There's no diegesis to rupture—there is only rupture. There's no *deus ex machina* because there's no machinery. All she offers us is her raw and ordinary pain.

That puts a lot of pressure on the viewer. One has to have a certain faith, either in the medium and its conventions or in the author herself, to become emotionally involved with the work. It's not exactly that one has to suspend disbelief because I don't think there could be any doubt that Logue's anxieties are sincerely felt. I think that the tape is asking us to suspend judgment of both the author/subject and of the artwork itself. And I don't think this piece is unique in asking the viewer for that suspension. In fact, I think it's endemic to the world of confessional experimental film and video, and I think it's in large part what keeps that kind of work out of the mainstream—even the mainstream of the art world, which itself exists on the margins.

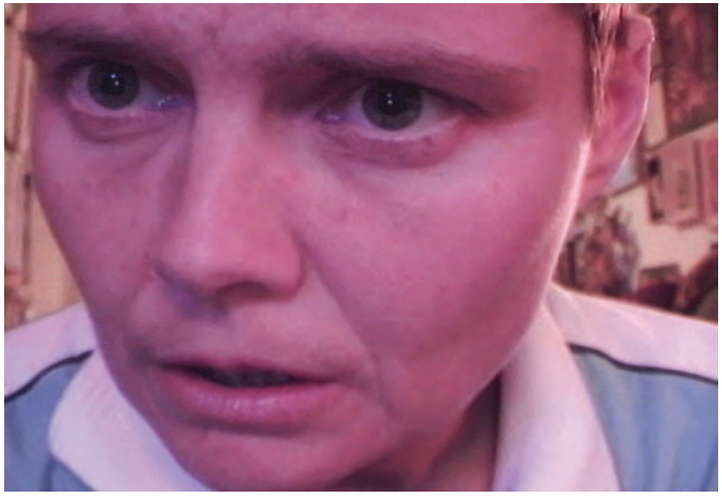
As viewers, we don't like to feel that we are being asked to be sympathetic about someone else's traumatic ordinariness. It makes us uncomfortable. It makes us squirm. It makes us think about our own traumatic ordinariness and how nobody cares about it, and then we feel annoyed with the artist for asking us to care about theirs.

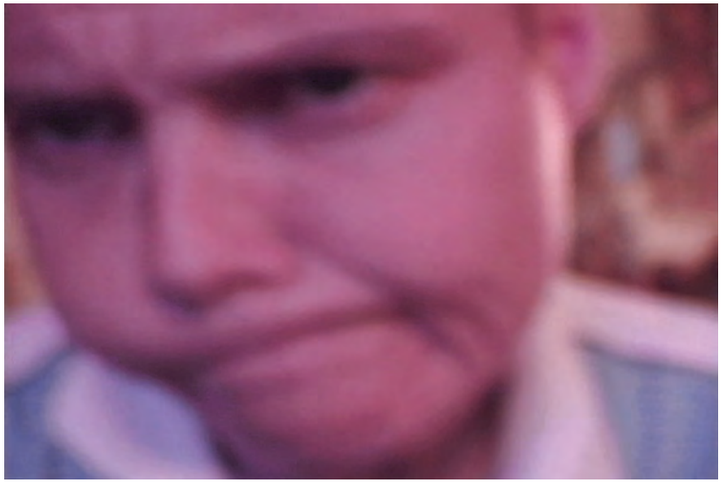
It's a pretty complicated manoeuvre Logue has pulled off with this piece, sending us from transcendence to ennui via the pain of being no longer precocious and landing us back at empathy. Because I think we can all admit that, like her, we on occasion feel that life is nothing but an endless loop of making messes and mopping them up. Or that all we've learned as we've aged is how to blame others for our shortcomings. From time to time we all, like Logue, feel anxious, feel lost, feel guilty and feel beautiful.

Worry
2003
Super 8, video
1min 38sec

Wheelie
2003
16mm, video
56sec

Blue
2005
video
3min 48sec





Per Se
2005
video
4min 12sec

AGAINST AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Steve Reinke

Persephone—stolen by Hades to be Queen of the Underworld for the winter months, her abduction witnessed only by the sun, pomegranate seeds in her pockets. The name means something like "she who destroys light." Deirdre Logue's half-hour *Why Always Instead of Just Sometimes* (2003–2005)—made of a dozen individually titled components—does not exactly destroy light. But it revels in anxiety, sensualizes it, renders it seductive, beautiful. It excavates points of light from darkness, is sustained within an infrared nuclear glow. Earlier work was slapstick: physical misfortunes came from external forces. In these new works the body is buffeted by itself, an inside job. Anxiety is a purely internal force that makes only a slight, wistfully comic, mark on the world. The first component is titled *Per Se* (2005), which evokes a silenced Persephone, a Persephone without the -phone. (There is always something silly about riffing on the possible associations of names, as in Derrida's writings on Genet and Ponge. Silly, yet compulsively engaging. One finds meaning where no meaning should be, where no meaning has been consciously, explicitly authored. The kind of meaning-making that slips so easily into the paranoia of conspiracy theories. Certain signs may be arbitrary, but meaning—if it is meaningful—must surely be motivated.) In *Per Se* a light-destroyer performs a self-silencing monologue.

Per Se functions as a limit-setting introduction to the components that follow. It is an explanation and apologia. In extreme close-up—her face fills the frame—Logue whispers in the conspiratorial tone of secret-telling, "What I really want to say is private"—the starting point of all confession and much autobiography. Her face has a violet tint reminiscent of reflected monitor light, the voice is distorted and the image stutters with some kind of motion blur. Still, the voice seems to belong to the body. We don't see much of the body, not even the entire head: it's all face, the age is indeterminate, the gender is nominally female, like a hockey mom or dyke. (Students in my grad seminar Queer Pictures, including a female-to-male transsexual, identified Logue as possibly transsexual or, as they preferred, genderqueer.) She continues:

> **What I really wanna say is private, so what makes it so hard to say is that I don't really understand it, per se. And so what I really wanna know is how I can say it even though it's still private and you can know it without me telling you, per se. That's what I wanna try to do. Then I will have something that you can take away that will give you a sense of me without actually knowing who I am, per se. Or what I'm trying to say, per se. Sorry. That's not very much to go on.**

Let me try again.

If, if I tell you what I mean by all of this then I will be giving you more than I'm willing to, per se. And it's not exactly that it's a secret, per se. It's just that I don't know how to say it the right way, per se.

While Logue enunciates individual words with a clear deliberateness, the rhythm of the sentences is slow, with uneven pauses. The words "per se" act as refrain and punctuation, the repetition draining the words of their referentiality, their linguistic meaning. Logue deploys "per se" as a parody of the way in which the term is colloquially used—as a slightly formal way of hedging one's bets by calling into question the accuracy of particular categories, definitions or events. "It wasn't exactly iambic pentameter, per se," usually means, "It wasn't exactly iambic pentameter, exactly," and nothing more.

"Per se" (in Logue's video) is a metonym for the impossibility of any linguistically based representation of an authentic fact or experience of the world to be self-evident, a thing in itself. There is no "per se" in Logue's monologue: no utterance is self-evident. "Per se" obliterates the very possibility it calls for, setting the limits of speech before turning, in the video's subsequent components, to modes of discourse that are not primarily linguistic.

The trap, the double bind, of first-person discourse in the now-dominant mode of confessional autobiography, "I can tell you anything that is not a secret," coexists with "The only things worth hearing are secrets." Together, they form the engine of false candour on which we thrive. The more fundamental question—particularly for an artist—is why say anything at all. But, taking for granted the necessity of a discursive self-presentation, one must proceed with the task of self-representation.

Identity politics collapsed under the weight of its own hypocrisy: it refused to acknowledge or negotiate the always profound difference between group identity and individual subjectivity. (Or, perhaps more generously, it prioritized group identity over the complexities of an always already alienated individual subjectivity.) The question under the recently eclipsed regime of identity politics was always a spooky one for me: How do I manifest the attributes of the various groups of which I am, or claim to be, a constituent? Still, it was a question.

In *Per Se* Logue succinctly traces the limit of post-identity politics' self-presentational discourse.

The Exemplary

"Exemplary" is a strange word as it means both the best of its kind (A+) or the most characteristic (C). Still, things seem so often to be exemplary in both respects simultaneously. *Why Always Instead of Just Sometimes* is exemplary. It is, to follow a thesaurus's synonyms, excellent, outstanding and commendable, as well as illustrative, characteristic and typical.

As my graduate students noted, many of the segments are clearly situated in a tradition of video performance in which the artist performs a simple action with their body and a few props. The actions generally have a psychosexual and sculptural aspect and are recorded by a single, stationary camera in a single take. Certain tropes reappear: compulsive repetition; a masturbatory, intense concentration; use of domestic objects and spaces for contrary ends; gaze fixed on something off-camera, presumably a monitor; actions that vacillate between comfort and trauma.

The best segments exceed their clichés in various ways. One is Logue's interest in the texture of the image. Many segments combine, through layers and superimpositions, hand-processed film (both 16mm and small gauge) and digital video. Often there is a dominant, representational image with the textural flatness of digital video that is superimposed with a blotchy, grainy film image that, rather than representing objects figuratively or visually, pushes the entire visual field into a haptic territory.

Even in the most familiar of the segments, something is going on in addition to a clichéd video performance. Logue's persistent use of doublings, reversals, superimpositions, as well as having the segments formally paired with each other, creates an overall structure in which individual components—sometimes slight on their own—resonate.

Against Autobiography

In Godard's masterwork *JLG par JLG* he states that the film is not autobiography but a self-portrait. The distinction is, I think, important. Autobiography is a retrospective narrative told in the first person in which the author, narrator and implied author coincide. Moreover, autobiography has the goal of arriving, through its backward journey, at a true or authentic self-knowledge, the subject's profound, inner core. Typically, the autobiography is prose.

The self-portrait is typically an image: painting, photograph. In writing, the self-portrait is often referred to as a sketch, and tends to be more descriptive than narrative.

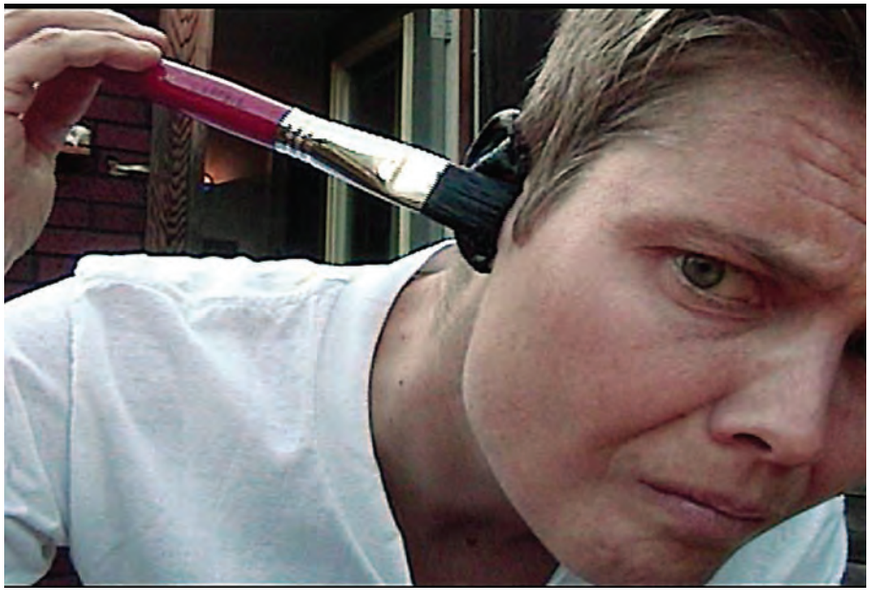
The act of autobiography is not active, not performative, but reflective. Autobiography requires an act of removal. The subject must step out of the narrative stream-of-life events and recount, remember, reflect from a position that is inactive, neutral, removed. In autobiography, introspection is retrospection. The self-portrait is not retrospective but, relatively speaking, immediate, in the present.

(There remains the dream of an autobiography that consists entirely of an account of its own writing, a completely reflexive text in which the subject's life consists entirely of writing/recording the activity of writing/recording the life of writing/recording. Perhaps a bit like those early epistolary novels in which the characters write letters recounting events even as those events are unfolding. Of course, such a life would be no life at all. Evidence, perhaps, that the possibility of life converging with art is remote. Art must be used as a wedge against life. Or: there is no life, only art.)

One can have but one authentic autobiography, but an endless number of self-portraits.

Can autobiography even exist in the moving image? I'm beginning to doubt it. Film or video cannot be retrospective in the way writing can.

Beyond the Usual Limits:
Part 3
2005
video
3min 33sec



That Beauty
2003
Super 8, video
1min 16sec

In autobiography the subject necessarily fragments into separate agents: author, narrator, implied author. What becomes of the subject in self-portraiture? They do not become merely a reference point for gauging verisimilitude, surely. Not simply the origin for a series of possible likenesses. In the self-portrait, the subject does not fragment into separate agents, but regresses into masquerade, into play. Not the rotation of empty (hollow, death) masks that Derrida characterized the project of autobiography to be, but a series of poses that are struck, recorded, abandoned.

My ass smells like shit.

Autobiography wants everything. It wants you dead. It is teleological. It begins at the end, and then works—inevitably, inexorably—to that end.

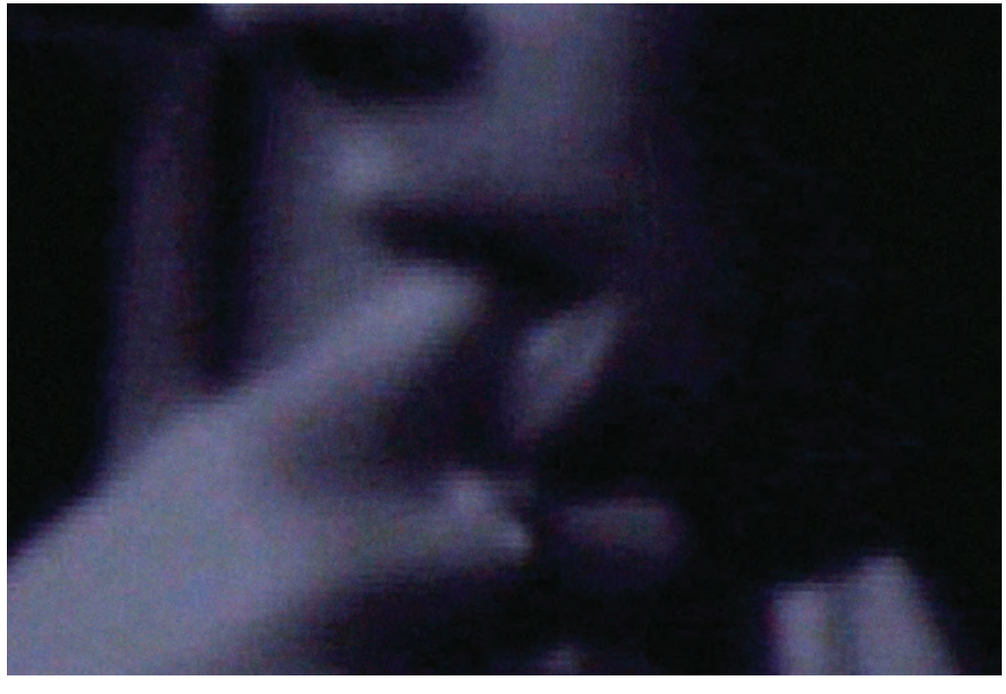
It is difficult to think of introspection without retrospection, introspection without temporal depth. Self-portraiture is a flash of introspection, shallow, immediate, without depth. Surface introspection. A queer thing.

Autobiography can never be capricious.

No longer “Know thyself.” Instead “Keep your self to yourself.” Or, possibly, “Keep yourself to your self.”

Why Always Instead of Just Sometimes is not autobiography but self-portraiture, a series of self-portraits.

Suckling
2005
video
4min 2sec



Repair
2005
Super 8, video
1min 38sec

Crash
2003
Super 8, video
1min 40sec

THIS SPREAD
Why Always Instead of Just Sometimes (installation view)
2003-2005
multi-channel video

FOLLOWING SPREAD
Hobbs Obliques (detail)
2012
video
8min

ID'S ITS (2011–2012)

Breakfast/Floss
(installation view)
2012
video installation

THE ART OF EATING

Mike Hoolboom

I am starting to see the pros to just working, never finishing … the experiment in keeping it all as everlasting and inscrutable, there and not there.

—Deirdre Logue, 2012

These notes, which are also a kind of correspondence with the artist, were produced just as a suite of new works were being unwrapped at Open Space in 2012. The works were so newly incubated—even if some had lain on the shelf gathering weight for years—that the project's title was in doubt, subject to an email choir that these thoughts are supplement and appendix to.

Poetry
so much harder
than you'd ever think.

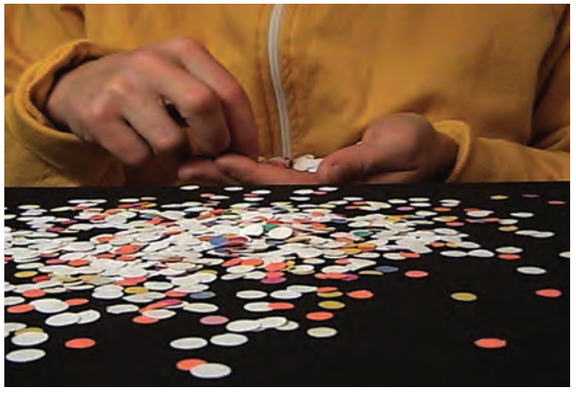
Even
a broken faucet needs
a decent sink.[1]

Is it too terrible to admit that I am not looking forward to seeing Deirdre's new movies? I have other friends with penchants for high-wire disasters. There's nothing quite like making a big screaming mess when your heart—secretly seven times larger than normal size—lies exposed and trampled on. You think you've seen pain and heartbreak? I'm going to burn your house down. I'm going to hurt until every newspaper wire sings with it, until the news anchors declaim it and the high court judges nod in time. I remember visiting a Sophie Calle exhibition where the French artist filled not one but two entire galleries, floor after floor, with global reaction shots to a single breakup letter she had received. You're going to break up with me, motherfucker? With me?

Of course Deirdre's self-immolations are more modestly staged. She's Canadian after all, and has spent most of her adult life in the artist-run-centre world, where everything new and fresh and never seen is watered, and then left to dry on the shelf until the joints are creaky enough for career-ending retrospectives and a final bow. We are a country that knows what to do with the beginning and the end of our artists; what remains vexing is the problem of the middle. And here we are, in what amounts to a mid-career catalogue, surveying the middle distance, the middle way.

Deirdre is not crazy prolific, she doesn't knock out one movie after another. She's just rolled out a new one and it is only, depending on how you count up these concerns, her third video in seven years. Or perhaps that first

one—*Enlightened Nonsense* (1997–2000)—was really a collection of ten movies, and her second—*Why Always Instead of Just Sometimes* (2003–2005)—a jam of twelve, which makes this either number three or thirty-five. I don't know how to account for them, and it seems I'm not the only one. There is still the business of her great and forever unfinished *Rough Count* (2006–ongoing), in which the artist picks out and enumerates each piece of confetti in a bag. She is roughly three-quarters finished, and the installation, shown intermittently and always in expanding configurations (does this signal ambition or its absence?), is presently sprayed across no less than fourteen monitors. With more to come.

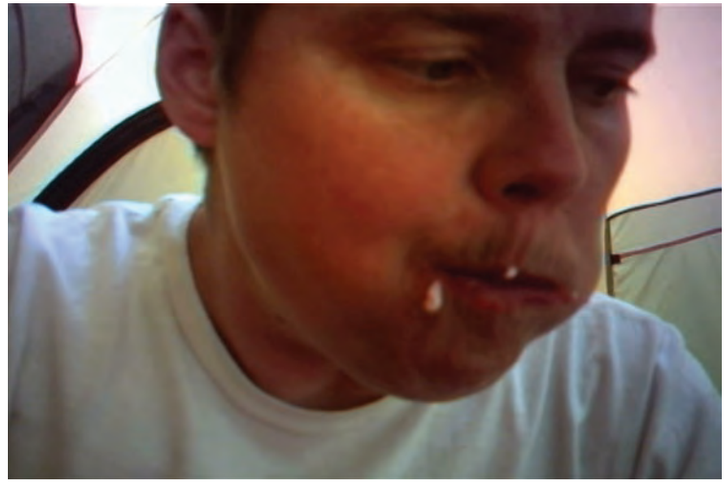


Rough Count
2006–ongoing
video
continuous duration

In all her works, whether finished last week or many years ago, there are discernible patterns, instantly recognizable forms of moving visual thinking comprising parts of a body of work. It all looks like it's come out of the same kind of living. She invariably takes herself as the work's subject, or at least as its material. Each miniature appears in a like-minded suite that features performances for camera, and they arrive in loops, as compulsions in other words, obsessions, as if they can't stop.

This work has fathers like Vito Acconci and mothers like Joan Jonas who were there when video first started rolling across the heads of portable machines. If it was small enough to fit into a cab, then artists could begin. They could find something useless to do with this new medium. They could put their cameras in front of moments that might stop the act of looking away, for instance. Or try something else equally outrageous. In 1965 videotape was a single ribbon of black and white tape that lasted half an hour and, if you wanted to edit, you cut it with a razor, which produced a large glitch smack in the middle of the image. So mostly, nobody cut. It was standard fare in those early days to make tapes that ran the length of a reel of what they used to call "real time." Look at John painting his body green, look at Vito talking and singing and talking some more.

There is a Garden of Eden myth around video—like everything in our culture that lasts longer than a week—that attention spans used to be broad



Breakfast/Floss
2012
video
6min 36sec

and deep and perfect, so no one minded these raw, undigested, real-time experimentations. But if you speak to the ones who survived the moving wallpaper and the anarchic willingness to share mistakes, it becomes clear that *Homo videus* wasn't so far removed from their present-day counterparts, except that, lacking a steady classroom presence, no one was forced to watch these long-form masterworks. The truth is, audiences were reliably spare and, much like today, were largely an extended family of like-minded artistes and already interested parties. What I want to emphasize in all this is that, on both the production side and the reception side, there is a continuity at work. Deirdre's movies are part of a line, a lineage. In that sense, however up-to-the-minute they might appear, there is something traditional about them. They draw their restrictions—and Deirdre's art makes a necessity and virtue out of her restrictions—from an understanding and recuperation of past efforts in the state of the art.

The history of early video art is being replayed as home movie pranks on YouTube. It's become part of the weather, the prevailing winds. But Deirdre doesn't have to worry about copywrongs, even if her chops are express-delivered from the medium's earliest moments. She's found a way to live them, and that means when the work is finally ready it arrives hard and clean and hurting, the way art is supposed to be. She's not much for thirty-minute shots, though. She reserves her punishments for herself, so instead of dishing the long take she gets together with her editing pal Aleesa, and they pull together files to create a single movie that she calls *Enlightened Nonsense*, or *Why Always Instead of Just Sometimes*, and now there is a new body of work: *Id's Its* (2011–2012).

I hardly have time to wonder out loud about the title before she's wondering too.

> **It's a hard one, have been back and forth on the title a lot. Love the shim (always have) and am trying to keep it, but the working title (Tippy Needs A Shim) was, generally speaking, too obscure for most of the "test" group! And it doesn't really hold true anymore to all the newer works which are a little more libidinal than usual, but then again I can only see from the inside and haven't shown anything yet to anyone, so maybe I'm not the best person to decide in the end. I have another few days to settle it. Happy to keep thinking with you and others.**

Whenever we meet, she greets me with punchlines and bon mots and storytellings that should be preserved forever in books. I want to drop everything and follow her around so I can scribble down these casually offered witticisms. Even her gossiping is a form of literature. And yet in her work the arena of language is deliberately refused; it's like watching Serena Williams play tennis with both hands tied behind her back. Language is necessarily held back, another area where the artist exercises her compelling restraints so that something else can emerge. Deirdre is interested in that something else, those

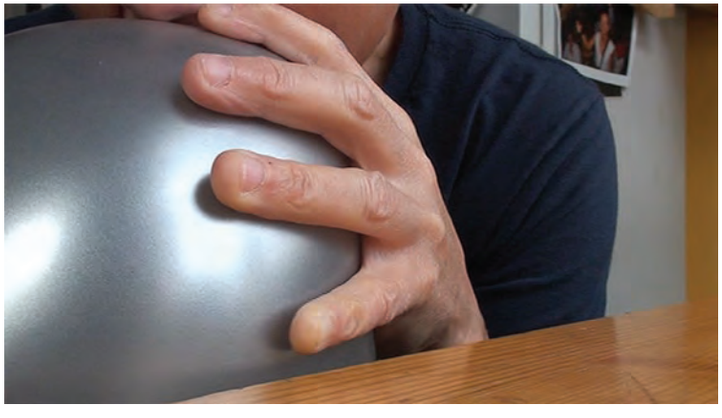
qualities of experience that are too often hidden or masked by language. And who would know better than someone who uses words so well?

Deirdre opens her mouth often in her movies, like so many small-screen stars before her, but rarely in order to speak. In *Road Trip* (2000) she tongues up a dirt road, while in *Suckling* (2005) she draws her fingers into her mouth, again and again, as she becomes her own food. Could we become addicted to ourselves? In *Milk and Cream* (2000) she lies down while hosing her mouth full of cream and then tilts a large carton of milk into her mouth until it overflows. In her latest swallow, Deirdre offers a suite of new movies, thirteen in all. They're not all about conspicuous consumption, of course, but again and again she returns to the unspeaking mouth as the site of reproduction. It is a kind of second womb, or perhaps a third, if one were counting the camera.

> **While here I shot at least six new works where eating is the only performance: strawberries, apples (I have planned a "bushel"), almonds, mint, nasturtium, bubble wrap … There are four works specifically showing consumptions in this install: *Dual Lunch*, *Breakfast/Floss*, *Rubber Talk* and *Pond* … but arguably other works too like *Velvet Crease* and *A Small Loving Hand* speak a mostly primal language of touching, needing, wanting, getting and to some extent the *Id's Its* thesis is performing libidinal moments and troubling the notion that "pleasure is its own punishment."**

What does it mean to eat or be eaten? One thing is for sure: in these solo performances for camera, the machine is not the only orifice opening and closing. In *Breakfast/Floss* (2012), the artist uneats an entire bag of cotton candy. "Fairy floss" they once called it, it was formerly used as an artistocrat's meat glaze when sugar was rare. But what was once elaborately hand-fashioned has been rebirthed through machines that turn sugar microdots into airy clouds, amusement park accompaniments. At first we don't know that she is trying to choke down all that sweetness, her mouth crammed to the max with this childhood confection. She simply appears uncomfortable, shifting something inside her swollen cheeks. And then the realization dawns that she is trying to ingest. Finally she pulls pink wads of cotton candy from her mouth, until it appears again outside her body. Restored to some original, prefab wholeness.

> **We like to tie things down so that we can possess them temporarily, even though we know the effort is futile. Writing is like that. And talking. And making art. What isn't like that? The question of scale in the show relates to how we feel consumed. And this, in turn, is related to how we make things like us or not like us. Things like ironing boards and computers and bicycle seats.**



Rubber Talk
2012
video
5min 18sec

Pond
2011
video
4min 30sec

Dual Lunch
2012
video
11min 44sec

As an adult I've been well trained by my culture to privilege the sense of sight above all others. I like to keep the world at one remove, out there, where I can scrutinize it from inside the bunker of emotional patterns I call myself. But I wasn't born that way. While I don't have any actual memories past the weekend, conveniently enough many of my friends have children, who in their earliest moments all seem to enjoy putting whatever is within reach into their mouths. They remind us all that the world is something that needs to be touched and tasted. These objects are not separate from them but part of a continuum of the mouth, of pleasure—in other words, boundless desire. Deirdre's *Breakfast/Floss* expresses solidarity with these early pleasures, these formative patterns.

Freud noticed that children performed two kinds of actions with food and then with the many other things they put in their mouths. Children either eat it or spit it out. Freud insisted that for the child the world is made up of "me" and "not me." And what is not me—the people I don't like, the people whose opinions are not my opinions—I spit these people out. And the people who are me I swallow, I take them in, I make them part of myself. Isn't it the same with the reception of art? My father used to say, "I'll buy that," when he agreed with something, echoing his capitalist surroundings. Yes, he'll buy it, but will he eat it? Will he put it into his mouth and swallow it? Unexpectedly, I find my father looking out of my mouth as I watch Deirdre's cotton candy reversal once again.

I am very happy with the show, and the works, don't like them all equally but in the install they all needed to be here—this time, and for this space. Now each work needs to be left alone for awhile, no more fussing and I feel like I have a lot of things to try and put words too now—will do my best to talk you through some of the eating works.

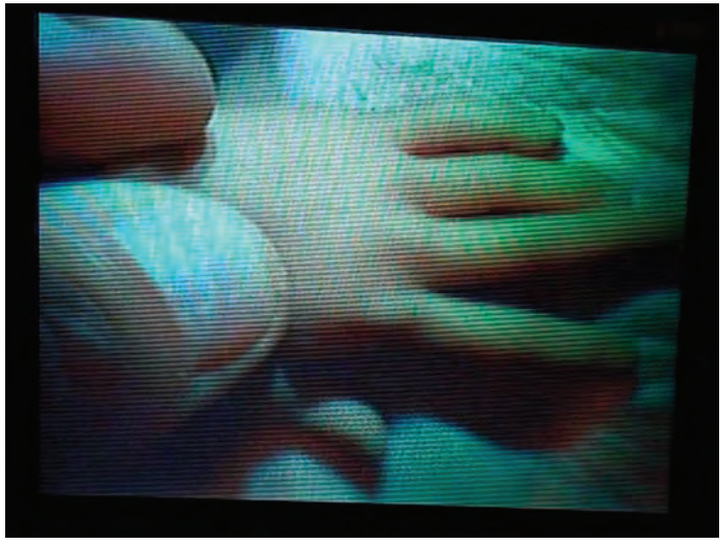
Who hasn't had the fantasy of diving into a succulent meal, and then wishing, moments after its vanishing, that one could do it again and again? Let me just empty my gut so I can refuel. Why does it ever have to end? Though it's true, the pleasures of gluttony don't appear so fulsome in Deirdre's grimly reversed moral tale. The artist looks overstuffed, for one thing, and clearly uncomfortable. Having far too much of a good thing has now become a bad thing. Video's nature is to repeat itself, but this is an experience that one would not rush to re-encounter. Instead, the old axiom "that leaves a bad taste in my mouth" comes to mind. "I don't buy that," my father might add, or in the words of an anti-gourmet: "I won't eat that." And mercifully, we don't have to. That's what the artist is for. She can provide the model, create the sacrificial testament. Take, eat, this is my cotton candy. I think she is offering some kind of reflection about what we think is OK, and what is not OK. The parts of the world we feel are acceptable (that's me!) and the parts that aren't (that's not me). I'm going to eat that, I'm going to take it in, I'm going to become that by incorporating it. Or not. And because she's an artist she can have it both ways. She has made two versions of the piece, one of them runs backwards. And sometimes she shows one and sometimes the other. You are what you don't eat, except when the opposite is true. These reversals of fortune (where good turns bad) is something of a specialty in Deirdre's art kitchen.

As usual in her work she turns something sweet into an experience that is not so sweet. Or perhaps it is sweet at one moment before she reaches the tipping point and then she's overdoing it. Does this sound like an allegory for desire? At Toronto's Images Festival, a ten-day confab of fringe movies that Deirdre helmed for half a decade, there is a prize that stands in her name. It is called the Overkill Award, and it is presented annually to a work that the catalogue describes as "edgy" and "incorrigible." In other words, it is an award for too-muchness. Perhaps it is a celebration of too-muchness. This award and her work, her professional life and her artistic issues, might all be gathered beneath the sign of this too-muchness.

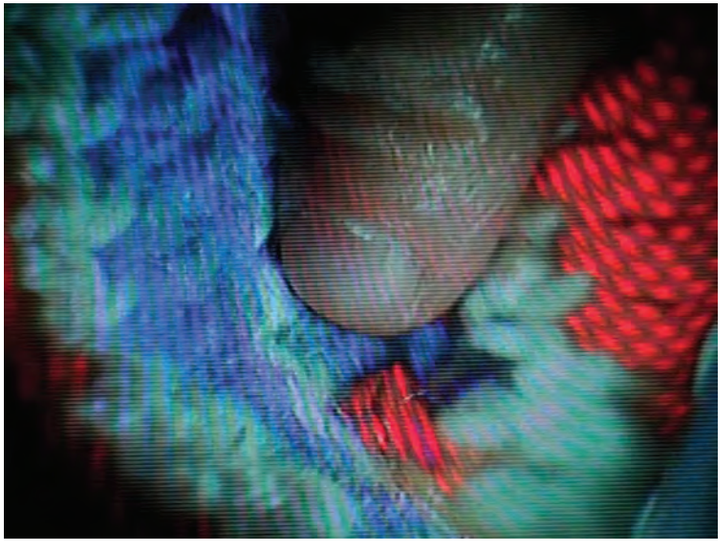
The second eating movie (there is no order, actually, they appear sprayed across gallery walls, in multi-monitor configurations) is called *Pond* (2011). In this single-take venture, she extends her foot into the water, with bread jammed between her toes. The artist has recast herself as food. Then she waits for the arrival of small golden fish who draw closer and then feed on her offering. The image shows what might be a left-behind foot in the water, a cadaver returning to the elements, but the live, real-time audio connects us to the artist's breath, signalling her distress and discomfort, the risk involved, by putting her foot into the water. While a part of her is extended (the fetish, the fragment) and bears the risks of exposure, the rest of her is apprehensive and off-screen. In this way she tests the waters, trying out a new experience, putting a toe in … Is this me or not me? Will I lose myself by making this offering?

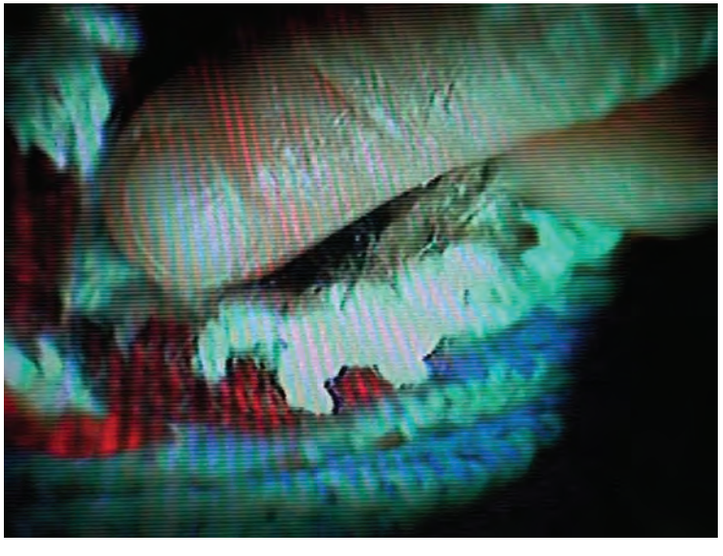
Ben: Do you think your friend Alice will go out with me?
Martha: I don't know. Why don't you ask her?
Ben: I'm scared she'll turn me down.
Martha: But you'll never know if you don't make the effort.
Ben: Can you ask her if she likes me? You know, just to test the water.
Martha: Why don't you just jump in?
Ben: The water might be too hot.[2]

The above conversation is taken from a website dedicated to learning English. It is part of a series of conversational gambits that unpack curious phrases, many of them related to the body: "he's all tied up," "cut-throat competition," keep an eye on." In the dialogue cited above, "testing the water" is another way of speaking about desire (why else learn a language but to grant your heart a voice?). Following this conversation, the website's authors offer this definition of the phrase "test the water": "To find out what people's opinions of something are before you ask them to do something." In other words: are you going to hurt me? Can I take the risk? What Deirdre is suggesting, ironically, is that even though it's "only" her foot in the water, the risk is already great. Her entire body is somehow in this moment of the body, just as the whole of



A Small Loving Hand
2012
video
3min





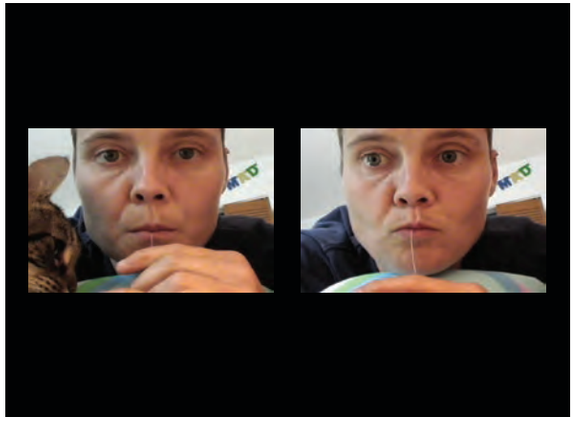
Tiny Hooves
2012
video
3min

Tiny Hooves and A Small Loving Hand
(installation view)
2012
multi-channel video, found
postcards, photographs

a language can reside in a single phrase ("Do you love me?"). The part is the whole: I am not losing my footing, I am losing myself. But sometimes, the only way I can communicate is to offer myself up as food. I am trying to open up to new experiences even though they put me at risk of losing myself and being swallowed. Either I can eat you, or you can eat me. Why don't you just jump in? And the real answer: because I'm worried I might die. And of course I'm worried I might die if I don't do it. Which worry is greater?

The un-showing has also become such a big big part of it all—so clearly now—and though I do see many me's, I think you'd be surprised how few of them look like me. Fingernails on a woolly blanket showing off their tiny hooves, legs and feet pulling with taught yarn the heavy "mirror," a foot laying still, waiting to be nipped, a fancied-up labia, shifting on a bath towel in a sunbeam … it's almost someone else, finally some relief!

In Deirdre's *Lady and the Tramp* (2011), the artist replays a moment from the 1955 Disney animated feature classic, though she is not the first to leash herself to this iconic love duet. Disney itself reworked the scene for its 2012 Diamond Edition DVD release, featuring a pair of real dogs, and there are scores of copycat (copydogs anyone?) moments online. Not to mention *Lady and the Tramp* coloring pages and spaghetti mazes and other sundry merchandise tie-ins that remind us that love can be another way of asking: how much?



Lady and the Tramp
2011
video
2min 24sec

The movie depicts Lady, a cocker spaniel, falling in love with a homeless mongrel named Tramp. Their romantic evening includes a candlelit spaghetti dinner where they find themselves swooning in time to the music, unknowingly chewing down the same length of spaghetti until their faces touch, their gestures so intertwined that even the spaghetti conspires to create a kissing salon. In Deirdre's version, however, there is little opportunity for buss stops because she appears on split screens, aping the dogs, Lady coolly ingesting on the left, Tramp gulping on the right.

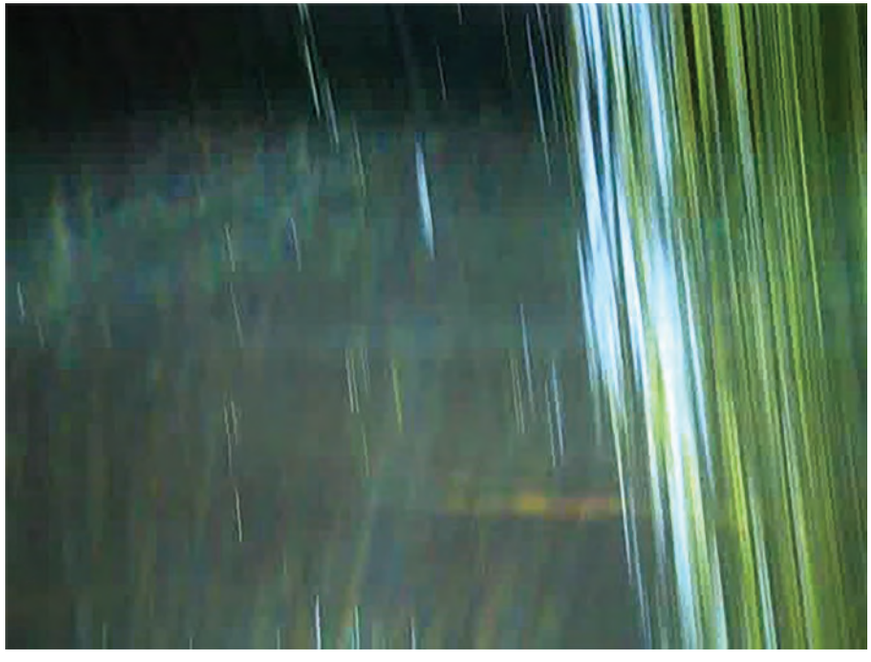
How do you absorb your experience and meet your encounters? Perhaps you play both sides, you become lady and tramp, the domesticated house pet and the wild animal. When you come to the fork in the road you take it, and then you eat with a forked tongue. And you achieve this union not via the officially certified and sanctioned Disney trajectory—which sees the wild dog collared and leashed and brought into Lady's home where he and she can begin a family of their own (passion is so limitless and threatening that it requires these binding strictures of law and family and order), but by keeping them apart. You hold a space for the wild one and a space for the domesticated orderly one, and you do it with the same mouth, wearing the same shirt in the same kitchen.

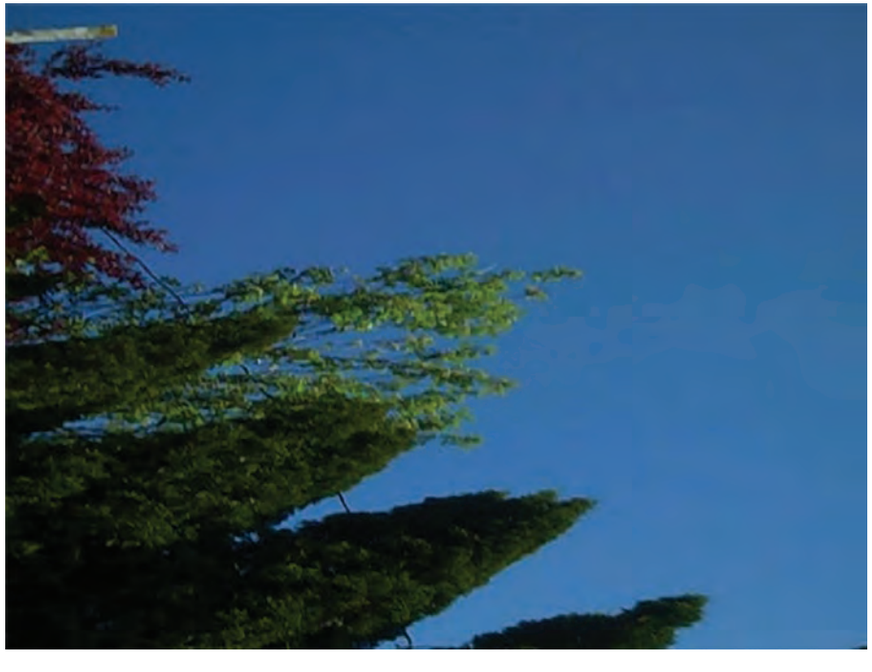
Like in *Elizabeth Taylor Sometimes*—am I the pickle or the pickle jar? The string is swallowed, then pulled up. I am lady AND the tramp made one by a single strand of starch. Oh, and candlelight.

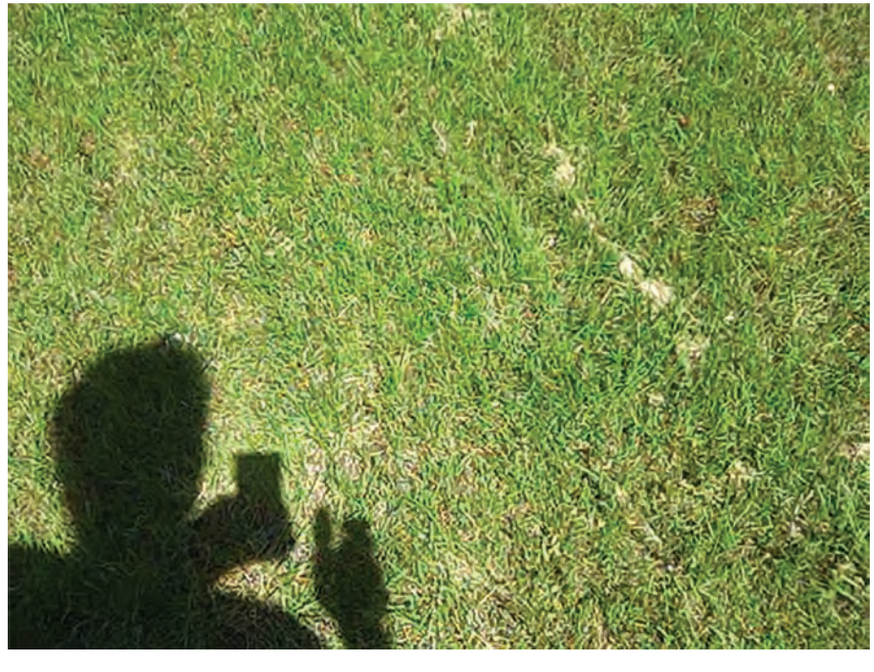
There is a secret question that underlies this repetition. Could I replay the great iconic love scenes of the last century with myself? Could I learn to love myself that much? Because if I could, perhaps I could extend that love to others. (Or is the fact that I am appearing in these scenes alone some kind of admission that the impossible crossing that each love demands has not yet begun?) And here's another secret: this movie is not among those chosen to grace the inner sanctum of *Id's Its*. It is not part of the thirteen on view; instead, it hovers in a state of off-screen anticipation and storage, waiting for its rightful place, its fitting moment. Like all pictures, it wants only to join others of its kind, to find a home in the tribe.

At one of my artist's talks, someone asked me, "Do you think it's possible to run out of the self (as subject)?" I made a joke and said, "Some would say I already have…" but then I clarified that I think it's my experiences, rather than embodiment, that I work with just as much as it is my self and my materiality. It's a body of experiences, unpacked, an abdominal knot untangled, and mouth filled, a heart broken, then emptied, a psyche and soma unraveling in symbiosis.

[1] Bold inset texts indicate conversations with and emails from Deirdre in July 2012.
[2] English-learning at Indexonlineschools.com: http://www.englishdaily626.com/conversation.php?614

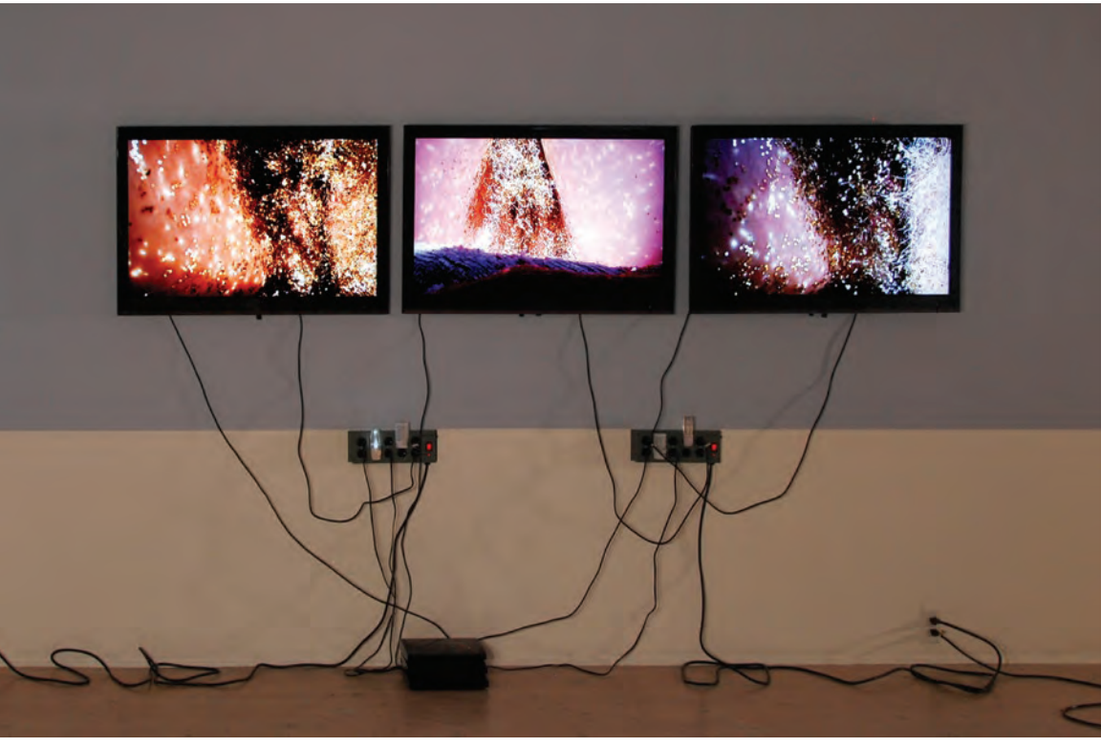






Flip Toss
2012
video
11min 11sec

Velvet Crease
(installation view)
2012
multi-channel video



ID'S ITS ISLAND

Amy Fung

I can't remember the colour of the sky that day. I want to say it was a clear soft blue, but it could have been just as easily a static grey. We had taken a ferry over in the morning. The ferry across the Georgia Strait was one of the clear highlights of living on the West Coast. Watching the ferry leave Tsawwassen never got old.

Once a month, a handful of us working in artist-run centres would meet up under the umbrella of representing arts service organizations in the Pacific region. I attended these meetings with some regularity for two years' time. Looking back, I still can't tell you what it was we did, if anything. Over-bureaucracy and martyrdom in artist-run culture are a plague. I did not know I had even been infected. That I remain infected.

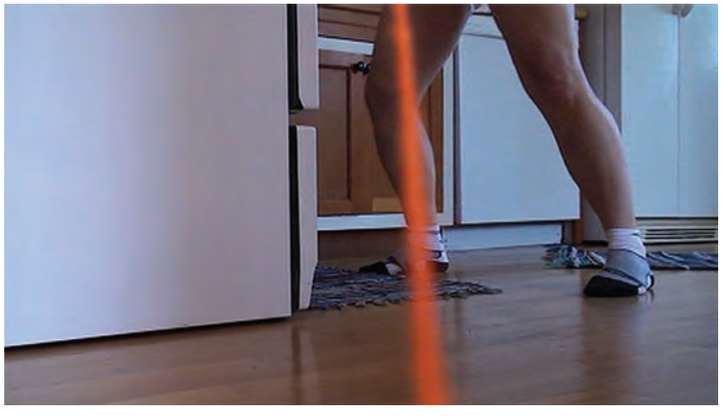
Instead of snacks, they were always serving lots of history and animosity with silver spoons. Most of those people are still there, including ongoing president Doug Jarvis. He became the president around the same time I started attending meetings. He would come over from Victoria once a month to chair the meeting in Vancouver, where most of the organizations were located, and sometimes afterwards we would grab a beer before he caught the ferry home. I recall the argument that electing a board president based in Victoria, where the provincial funders were located, would be a "strategic" position. The value given to the smallest of things cannot be measured in a vacuum.

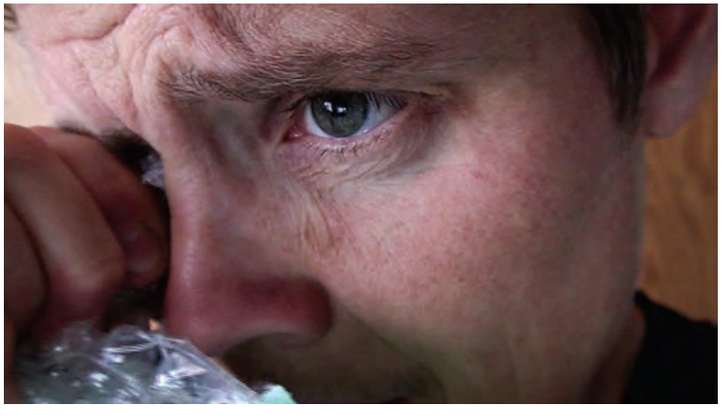
Doug was an artist, a collaborator in Noxious Sector, and at the time a curator in residence at Open Space in Victoria. I liked Doug. He was weird and he was functional. He had also invited Deirdre Logue to participate in a residency at Open Space, where she spent three months making a new body of work, *Id's Its* (2011–2012). Using the arts service organizations' surplus, the majority of us decided to host a summer meeting on the island for a change.

By the time we ferried over in a rented white cube van and pulled into downtown Victoria, the gaggle of us were just happy to not be at our respective desks. We parked somewhere near Fort Street—or was it Government Street? We looked up at murals painted on the side of two-storey brick buildings and the word "quaint" was uttered more than once.

Open Space's Executive Director Helen Marzolf greeted us as we climbed up the steps to the gallery. She was such a warm, friendly host. On a table at the back of the gallery, in addition to the minutes from the previous meeting and copies of the agenda and financials, there were plates of rice crackers, smoked salmon chunks and fingerlings of fresh daikon. Kim and I ate in disbelief. The meeting was productive as far as we all spoke to each other, and after the meeting, a lunch buffet awaited us in the common kitchen. It was the only really memorable meeting of arts service organizations I attended.

Hobbs Obliques
2012
video
8min





Eye Popper
2012
video
58sec

After lunch, we found Deirdre in the main gallery space, ready to give us a tour of her installation in progress. We had met once before during a Canadian Artists' Representation/Le Front des artistes canadiens (CARFAC) Conference at the Banff Centre. I was bunking with Anthea that weekend, and I recall a cougar warning slipped under our hotel door.

Doug introduced everyone in the room to Deirdre, and after high-fiving her, I remember meeting Allyson Mitchell for the first time with an earnest handshake. Shawna had been mentioning Deirdre and Allyson to me for a couple of years at this point, so there was a familiarity, not quite realized, but pre-established—like a seed in the ground.

The installation in progress would have thirteen new works, and twice as many monitors and projections combined when all was said and done. I remember Deirdre showing us *Velvet Crease* (2012), where a three-channel spread of her gold-dusted hairy vag glitters and gleams on an infinite loop. What I remember most was the response of the Vancouver art people as they realized what they were seeing. In a city of "lineage over identity," they could only nervously smile at three vaginas on the wall, unable to say anything until the screens faded to pink.

This may have been the first time *Pond* (2011), *9:11* (2012) and *Hobbs Obliques* (2012) were shown, along with more direct performance-for-camera pieces, such as *Dual Lunch* (2012) and *Eye Popper* (2012). The tour stopped in front of *Hobbs Obliques*, which features the bare legs and socked feet of Deirdre sliding around her Victoria sublet, dragging a weighed-down camera behind her throughout the house. The tracing of the domestic space by the camera is more obfuscating than orientating. There are no fixed shots, just the pull and tension of the body moving forward, moving backward. Somebody on our tour asked aloud why Deirdre chose to not wear pants in the video. I may be misremembering this part, but I recall Deirdre was genuinely surprised by this question. Because why would anyone be wearing pants at home? Her response to me, then and now, reads as an inherently queer response. Queer as in soft butch, rather than queer as politically bent. Until that moment, I had forgotten what I looked for in art. I knew then that what I was searching for would not be found in the Vancouver context.

I remember *Hobbs Obliques* for more than its pants-free zone. It was the first projection I saw in the show (not on a monitor). Looking back at the show now, the question I want to ask is: why do some works live on monitors and some live through projection?

Deirdre had served as the executive director of the Images Festival in the late 1990s, and she was integral to the decision to include media art exhibitions within the festival's scope. She also co-founded Media City in Windsor and ran the Canadian Filmmakers Distribution Centre (CFMDC) for a number of years before her tenure at Vtape, which is culminating in the Commons @ 401 Richmond project in Toronto. Spending close to twenty-five years in artist-run culture, advocating through CARFAC and through Media Arts Network of Ontario / Réseau des arts médiatiques de l'Ontario (MANO/RAMO), I knew Deirdre Logue as an artist first, and I would like to remember her as an artist, always.

9:11 (installation view)
2012
multi-channel video

Crying with Colours
2012
video
8min 15sec

Willow
2012
16mm, video
1min 13sec

DEIRDRE'S GRAVITY

Jeanne Randolph

The incessant rain that would not end was everywhere upon the Lake of the Islands. Every day for seven days it was exactly the same: moist-muddled time. One morning she decided to dress herself snugly under a hooded raincoat.

> **As soon as I stepped outside to walk along the lake my skin began to feel clammy. On the path along the lake the grass, weeds, a stringy bush, litter and patches of gravel were drenched. I wasn't stepping carefully. I was thinking how even litter looks shiny and special under a light rain. I was thinking that a shred of foil glistened like a tiny lake. When the mist touched it the tiny lake shivered. When a real droplet landed the entire little lake would shudder. I was curious. Droplets landed randomly; there was no predicting when one would splash dead centre. The time in between such drops required the gentlest waiting. It required just the slightest attention. After awhile I resumed walking.**

Then she had slipped and fallen.

> **For a moment my legs were treading water up there in the rain. When I was standing again I saw that further ahead there was a white building with a slate roof. I had intended to walk close to the side of the building and then pass by. Instead, at a certain distance I stopped. There was a sign on the roof. It was in the shape of a cartoon catfish head. Under its green bewhiskered chin were the words *LUCKY BAIT*. I had expected to dream about myself as bait. I wondered whether in the dream I would be lucky, such as being rejected like an inedible shred of cloth.**

She told me she was looking out the window on the sixth floor of the Sky-Vu Hotel. She had looked across Lake of the Islands in Wauzhushk Onigum, *portage to the country of the muskrat*. As usual at dusk the ring-billed gulls would wail. Once in a while a motorboat would go from point A to point B. Or a motorboat would go from point B to point A. She had imagined riding in one of the motorboats. If there were children in the boat they would be looking backwards. She said that if she had been riding with them she would look backwards too. They'd watch the wake.

It is as if the boat was trying to leave its signature upon the waters. The signature always dissolves. It starts out engraving a pair of serious cuts.

But it leaves no scar. It starts out incisive but will turn back into smooth lake again and again.

"The repetition is enchanting. The story of the softening script never varies. The children and I would look into the wake until it seems an eternity," she said, "an eternity because nothing seems to change while the water changes shape the same way again and again. We could stare into an eternity that has nothing to do with numbers." She also mentioned her dream of counting clouds. The place of the dream was Wauzhushk Onigum. The sky was sunshine blue, sprinkled bountifully with tufts of ice-white vapour. Her counting was unhurried, almost rhythmical, counting one cloud after another. In the dream of counting clouds she was counting methodically, counting with a twinge of curiosity. She believed that she was supposed to finish the cloud count before dark, yet she was uncannily patient. Then the dream sky got dark.

"I realized," she told me, "I wasn't dreaming any more, that I was awake in a lightless room in the Sky-Vu Hotel. At dawn I would watch the gloom-drenched sky turn into silver satin. Loon would sing to noon. Both loon and noon went under water."

One morning she looked down from the Sky-Vu Hotel to the parking lot below. There was a large catfish in the middle of a motor oil stain.

For an instant my heart fluttered. My heart flopped like a fish on a hook. The room was so quiet I could hear my heart clunk. In a few moments I sensed my heart calming to its customary thumping. I was curious. How long could I stand there sensing my own heartbeat? It required stillness. I persevered. Every heartbeat felt exactly the same. I listened studiously but soon it was too faint to hear; yet I continued to perceive the repetition of its gentle thud. The endlessness of it began to feel like nonsense, the way a word becomes nonsense if you repeat it over and over and over again. Before I ever visited *portage to the country of the muskrat* I'd never noticed how close to us eternity really is.

Rain fell into Lake of the Islands for the entire week she stayed at *portage to the country of the muskrat*. From the sixth-floor Sky-Vu room she told me she had watched water falling onto the water. At night she would watch water thrown through the dark, to be scattered across the window. One night after sunset she said she had noticed the reflection of her own face in the dark window of the hotel room. "My face looked intent, preoccupied, slightly bewildered, slightly concerned. My face looked drizzled with raindrops and raindrop rivulets."

Droplets of water were rolling down the window glass. They seemed to hurry. They seemed to be racing each other. She had studied them for a long time. They were vivacious. At the beginning each drop would arrive fully ripened plump. Then it would gather momentum until it was speeding down the glass.

It would move quickly, and then elongate till it was almost all tail. "I never saw what happened in the end."

Just as soon as she had begun to lose sight of an uneven row of drops, she had looked upward again to follow a new bead of rain. In a way it was always the same. The size of a tiny globule might be a bit different, one from the next, and the time it took for each one to gather its own momentum. Some wobbled more than others, but earthward each fell along its glistening path.

In another dream she was casting her bread upon the waters. She was standing in the Lake of the Islands. The waters were so clean she could see her feet. She could see the floating bread casting shadows on the sandy bottom. She could see all the bright clouds torn in the undercurrent. The dream was sunny. The breeze was twinkling and the birds above were folded gold leaf.

FOLLOWING SPREADS
PP. 110-111
Willow (detail)
2012
16mm, video
1min 13sec

PP. 112-113
Breakfast/Floss (detail)
2012
video
6min 36sec

SNUG AND LOW (2016–2017)

(Art) Gallery
2017
video
1min 10sec

SURFACE TENSION

Leila Timmins

In *Marxism and Literature* the cultural theorist Raymond Williams writes, "... [the] affective elements of consciousness and relationships [are] not feeling against thought, but thought as felt and feeling as thought."[1] Much of what can be understood about Deirdre Logue's work must be felt. Within her practice there is no affective turn from a time or place where feeling and thought are separate, but instead feeling is the only way of knowing and the only way forward. For over twenty years, Logue has been making intimate self-portraits and performances for the camera that explore excesses of emotion, queer subjectivities and the experience (at times painful) of living within a resilient but imperfect body. Taken as a whole, there has been little deviation from the mean—Logue alone with a camera performing either small, repeated gestures (often physically strenuous or violent) or brief confessionals spoken directly to the camera. The serial exploration with incremental variation has allowed for a careful and intimate portrayal of the artist in front of the camera, but also dislodges any notion of authenticity and artificiality as the poles of self-representation.

Logue's most recent work deviates from her previous work more than one might expect. Still present are the classic performative gestures and homemade aesthetic of hand-held cameras, but the frame of these videos is tight, capturing only fragmented elements of the body in close-up. The work is leaner too, pared down to its essential elements and stark in its clarity. Unlike her earlier work, which maps the body through its excesses and shortcomings, often with maximalist gestures and a confessional tone, here we see a new resolve and a calm simplicity. Recorded in large part on location during a 2014 residency at the Klondike Institute of Art and Culture in Dawson City, the works are shot between the gallery, the studio and the house Logue lived in while she was there.[2] Responsive to these sites, the works engage the materiality of these spaces from the perspective of the camera positioned on the floor. Entering these works from the ground, we are belly to the floor, which in many ways feel prefigured by the low vision of Logue's earlier work *Hobbs Obliques* (2012), a short video that explores a domestic space by pulling a camera on a three-wheeled dolly by an orange string through the ground floor of a house, the dolly bumping against the walls and over the uneven transitions from carpet to linoleum. These new works similarly picture interior domestic spaces, but instead of exploring visually, the works attempt to understand the space through sensation and sound. Floors creak under the weight of the body shifting from one foot to another, knees balance on basketballs, socks slide across polished floor or stick against rough floorboards. We hear laboured breathing and the whir of the furnace turning on, the unending static from the camera's mic. We see every muscle in Logue's feet bulge and strain, then lengthen and relax in staccato rhythms. There is a materiality to this accumulation of senses, mapping each

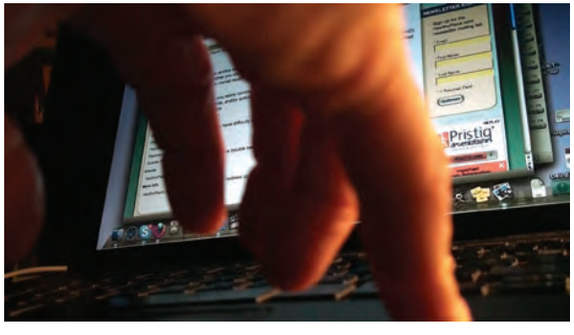
PREVIOUS SPREAD
AND THIS SPREAD
Baby Lint Brush
2017
video
2min 30sec

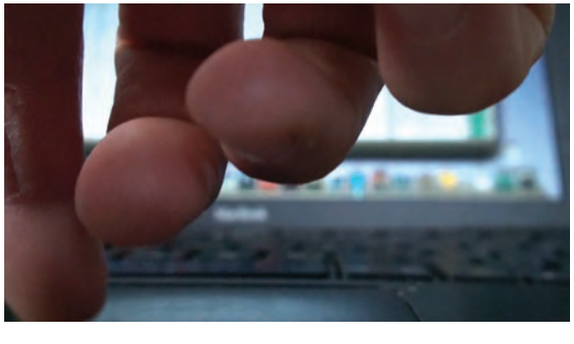
room through its textural and sonic qualities. The tactility of the strange but quotidian actions reverberates beyond the screen—you can "feel" the tight pull of a wool sock as it tugs along the uneven wood floor or the cool burn of bare arms sliding on polished concrete. We respond through the weight of our own feet on the ground and the rise and fall of our breath. Logue's hyper-embodied attention to her surroundings collapses the sensual and intuitive, feeling and knowing, in a unified way of understanding.

The relatively recent turn in feminist theory to incorporate elements of affect theory resonates here. Re-centring the body as the key theoretical touchstone, scholars have moved away from text and discourse to prioritize the body's potential to both affect and be affected. Within this framework, affect is positioned as a productive concept for understanding the transformations and potentialities of the connections between bodies. Or, as Carolyn Pedwell and Anne Whitehead note in their introduction to "Affecting Feminism," with a nod to Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari: " ... it is a material intensity that emerges via the 'in-between' spaces of embodied encounters, circulating power not primarily as a mode of discursive regulation but rather as the potential to 'become otherwise'."[3] This desire to become otherwise is palpable in Logue's work, where the repetitive gestures can just as easily be read as a neurotic twitch that needs to be shaken off. In *Clicks and Hisses* (2017) we see, in agonizing close-up, Logue's wool-socked feet pull and strain across the studio's rough wood floor, a feeling she admits irritated her before making the work. Beyond the sensory nature of the work, there is an unsettling itchiness that is hard to define. It is unclear if the movements are motivated by a childlike exploration of her surroundings or a nihilistic compulsion, forced further through practice and repetition. The repetition of the gestures also belies the labour of the body in movement. In *(Art) Gallery* (2017), the two channels show Logue in a plank position on the floor, straining in one to push the body up with the arms and in the other, holding the body in suspension before its inevitable collapse. The mirroring and succinctness of the gesture feels like a nervous tick, the body working through its anxieties and irritations. There is a sense of an excess of feelings being managed, purged or corralled. They are what feminist scholar Sianne Ngai calls "ugly feelings"—shame, paranoia, envy, irritation—which, in contrast to more dynamic and powerful negative emotions like anger, are the non-cathartic states of feeling associated with situations in which action is blocked or suspended.[4] The core gesture in the works is always determined by this suspension. There is no climax or moment of resolve. We must sit in the ugliness where labour bears no fruit and gestures eschew greater meaning. What does the body do when it feels too much? Does freedom come from excess or its absence? Is there productivity in stasis? But it is also in the sparse clarity of the gesture, the inertia and boredom of it, coupled with the lean visual economy that amplifies the very materiality of the movement. With the intensity of the focus there is a transformation of the objectivity of the action into something subjective and embodied, which mirrors, as Logue would say, "the ultimate feminist gesture" surmised by a lineage of female performers and video artists: "to remove the female as an object and to create her as subject."[5]

Clicks and Hises
2017
video
8min 12sec

Healthy Place
2016
video
16min 37sec





Shakey Planey
2016
video
4min 53sec

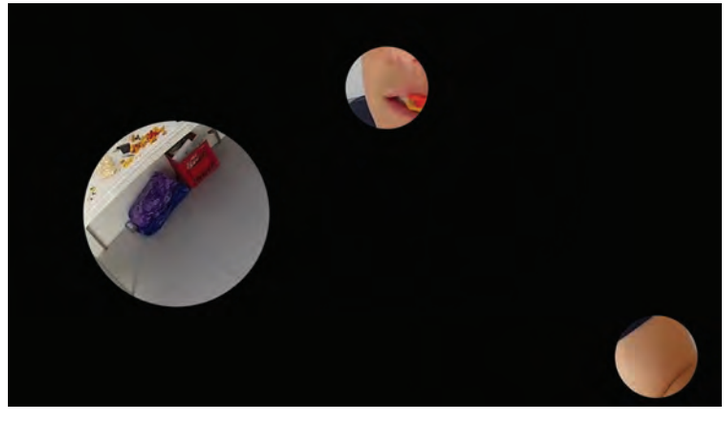
Double Double
2016
video
5min 14sec

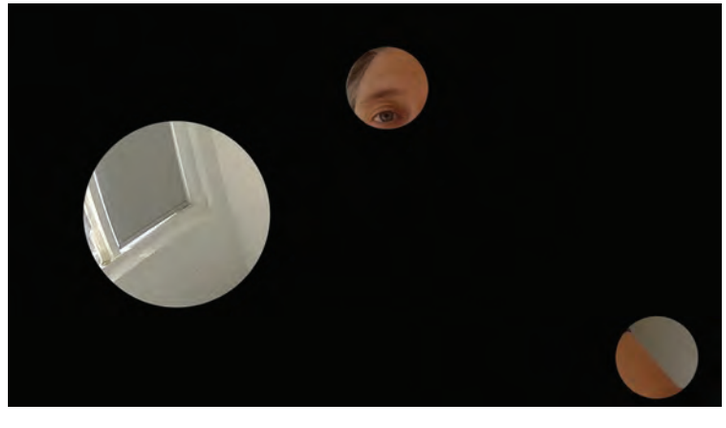
Writing during the emergence of video art in the mid 1970s, the art theorist Rosalind Krauss famously identified narcissism as the genre's prevailing characteristic, defining the medium for its psychological rather than physical conditions, both for its structure of perpetual relation, and for artists' preoccupation with using the medium for self-representation.[6] The suggestion of the mind or psyche acting as a medium points to the enduring relationship between film studies and psychoanalysis, a recurring theme throughout Logue's career. Krauss, however, has also argued that the immediacy of the mirror-like feedback brackets off the subject in "the prison of a collapsed present."[7] Instead of the medium acting as an external object used to support artistic expression (such as paint or marble), the feedback creates a doubling where there is neither separation nor critical distance necessary to untangle self-investment. While Logue's enduring preoccupation with self-image operates within the stasis of a collapsed present, her work also breaks the atemporal bracket by aggressively turning the camera back on her audience. For Logue, the camera is not simply the device connecting her image with the screen but an active agent within the alchemy of production, constantly foregrounding its own materiality within the work. This animacy of her camera breaks the feedback loop into something that is not only reflective but also reflexive.

The split screen in *Double Double* (2017), created by two cameras set eye-width apart, captures an almost identical image differing only slightly in optical perspective. In this doubled vision, we see Logue for a moment as she turns the cameras on, angling them back at herself and setting them down on the brown, carpeted floor of the living room. Stepping back from the lens, Logue is cut off at the knees, creating a horizon line where the floor meets the wall. We are down low again, at what Logue has called "cat's eye-vision" as she reaches down and rolls up the pant legs of her jeans—the gesture doubled in the lenses—and begins to wiggle her toes, causing loud and disorienting creaks in the floor. Amplified and doubled back, the noise is more like the pop of a cracking jaw; a sound heard both from within and outside your head. The mics of the cameras, like ears to the ground, catch this double reverberation of the strange buckle and clack, simultaneously hearing what is happening above and below the floorboards. Instead of multiplying perspectives, however, this doubled image and audio doubles down in a single codependent image, creating a sensory experience in excess of its original parts.

The aural aspects are low too—low frequency, deep rhythms, at times barely above a whisper and always with the purr of static. Between the loud clicks and occasional beep of a timer, we hear the low and steady vacuous white noise of stasis and inaction. We hear the nothingness amplified to create its own presence. But the hum of this static still points to absence—the absence of other people, cars or activity. The isolation of Logue and her camera is felt in these pauses, and the psychological effects here too are palpable. During the winter residency in the Yukon when daylight is scarce, Logue's sleep patterns were disrupted. In trying to find relief for this situational insomnia, she became interested in the reputed relaxation effects of pink noise. A sister of white noise, which encompasses the din of all noise on the spectrum, pink noise is

Nasty Catch
2016
video
3min 5sec





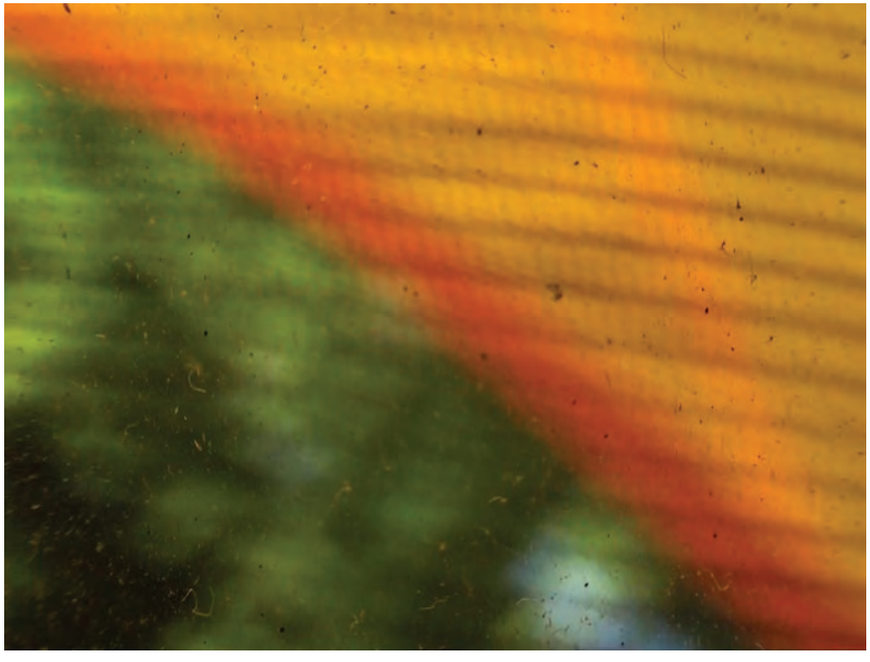
Home Office
2017
video
3min 33sec

characterized by low frequency and bodily sounds, such as a heartbeat. Used to help people fall asleep, pink noise also mimics the sound of microphone static, a constant presence throughout the work. The series delves into this interplay between machine and body, highlighting the corporeal nature of the camera and reminding us that neither can exist without the other.

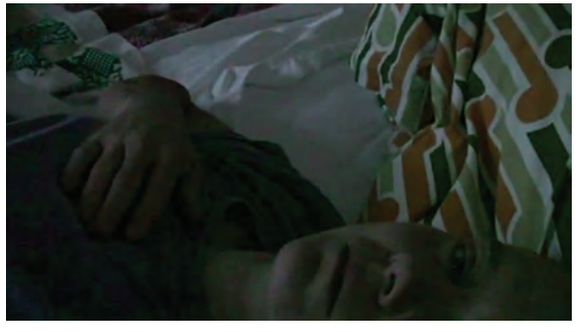
Logue likes to occupy these in-between spaces, on the precipice of holding back and over-sharing, between mutual relation and codependency, between interior and exterior, between sleeping and being awake, between balance and the fall. She works hard to stay on this edge, caught between action and inaction. Curator Doug Jarvis defines this space in Logue's work as "the exquisite tension between the interior self and the anticipations of the outside world."[8] The tension in Logue's newest work however, has morphed. Less pre-occupied with external scrutiny, Logue seems to lean in to feelings that are challenging or uncomfortable. Instead, the dynamic tension lies at the point of contact between Logue's body and the ground. It is not surprising that most of these works focus on the feet. Pictured in exquisite detail, we see each muscle carry the weight of the body and hold it in careful suspension. Each action, resisting gravity through balance or force, attempts to locate the body in relation to the floor. In *Home Office* (2017) the camera is set at an uncharacteristically high vantage point, capturing Logue from the knees down as she stands on a desk, pulls out the inset writing board and stands with the balls of her feet arched up from the toes, balancing as if she were about to do a back dive. She holds the position, muscles quivering with resolute determination, for what feels like an uncomfortably long time, until she steps back from the ledge. Logue similarly attempts to stabilize her body in *Set Upset* (2017), creating an unsteady ground by kneeling on two basketballs. The body strains and slips, sliding across the balls until it comes back to rest with feet on the ground. The balance here is an attempt to hold oneself still—to resist gravity and the weight of the body, to feel the connection with the ground and to know oneself in relation to it. Logue understands the fallibility of the body and also its intuitive relationship to space. It is the distillation of a practice that has continuously attempted to find oneself in relation to another, mirrored back through the lens of camera. It is the certainty of a foot hitting the floor. The body feels, and it knows.

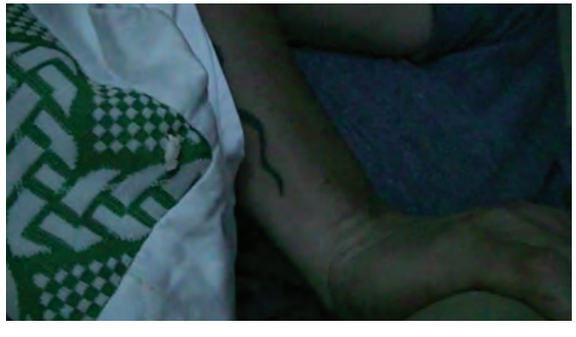
1 Raymond Williams, "Structures of Feeling," in *Marxism and Literature* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1985), 132.
2 *Set Upset* was made at Film Farm a few months after the other videos but similarly deals with balance, suspension and the weight of the body in relation to the ground.
3 Carolyn Pedwell and Anne Whitehead, "Affecting feminism: Questions of feeling in feminist theory," *Feminist Theory* 13, no. 2 (2012): 115-129.
4 Sianne Ngai, *Ugly Feelings* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2005).
5 Conversation with the artist December 2016.
6 Rosalind Krauss, "Video: The Aesthetics of Narcissism," *October* 1 (Spring 1976): 50-64.
7 Krauss, "Video," 51.
8 Doug Jarvis, "Introduction," exhibition catalogue for *Id's Its*, http://deirdrelogue.com/writing/dl_docs/DeirdreLogue_IdsIts_Booklet.pdf.

Set Upset
2017
video
1min 29sec

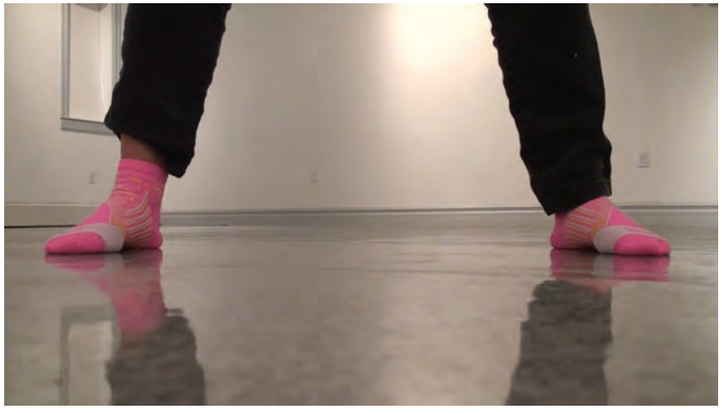


Big Agnes
2016
video
2min 17sec



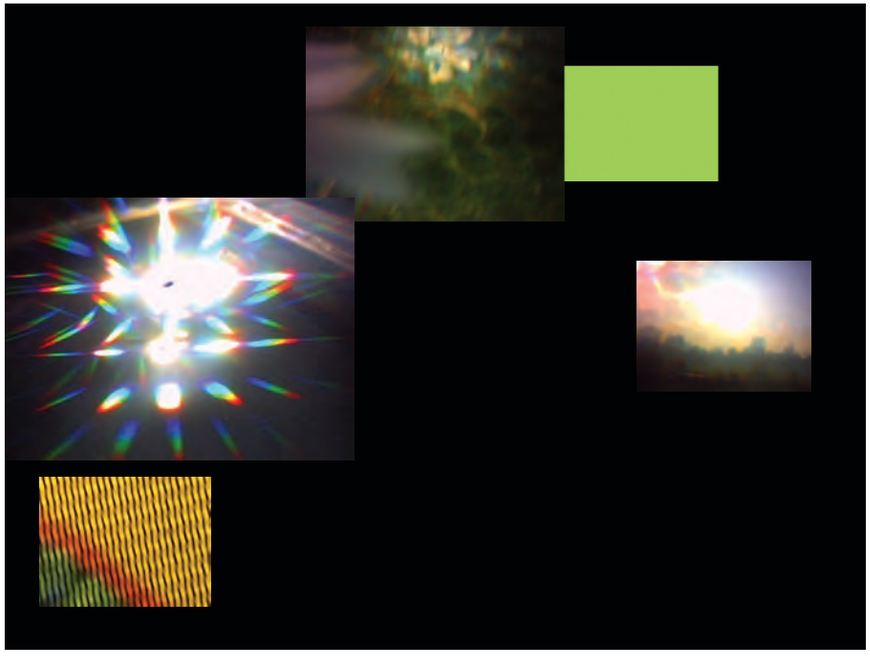


Ativan Drift
2016
video
31min 47sec

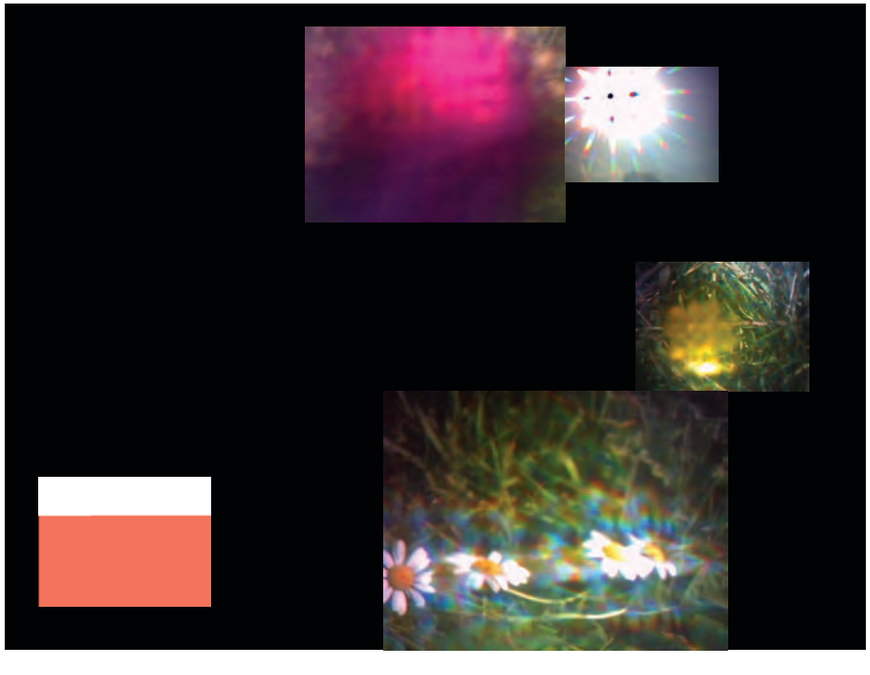


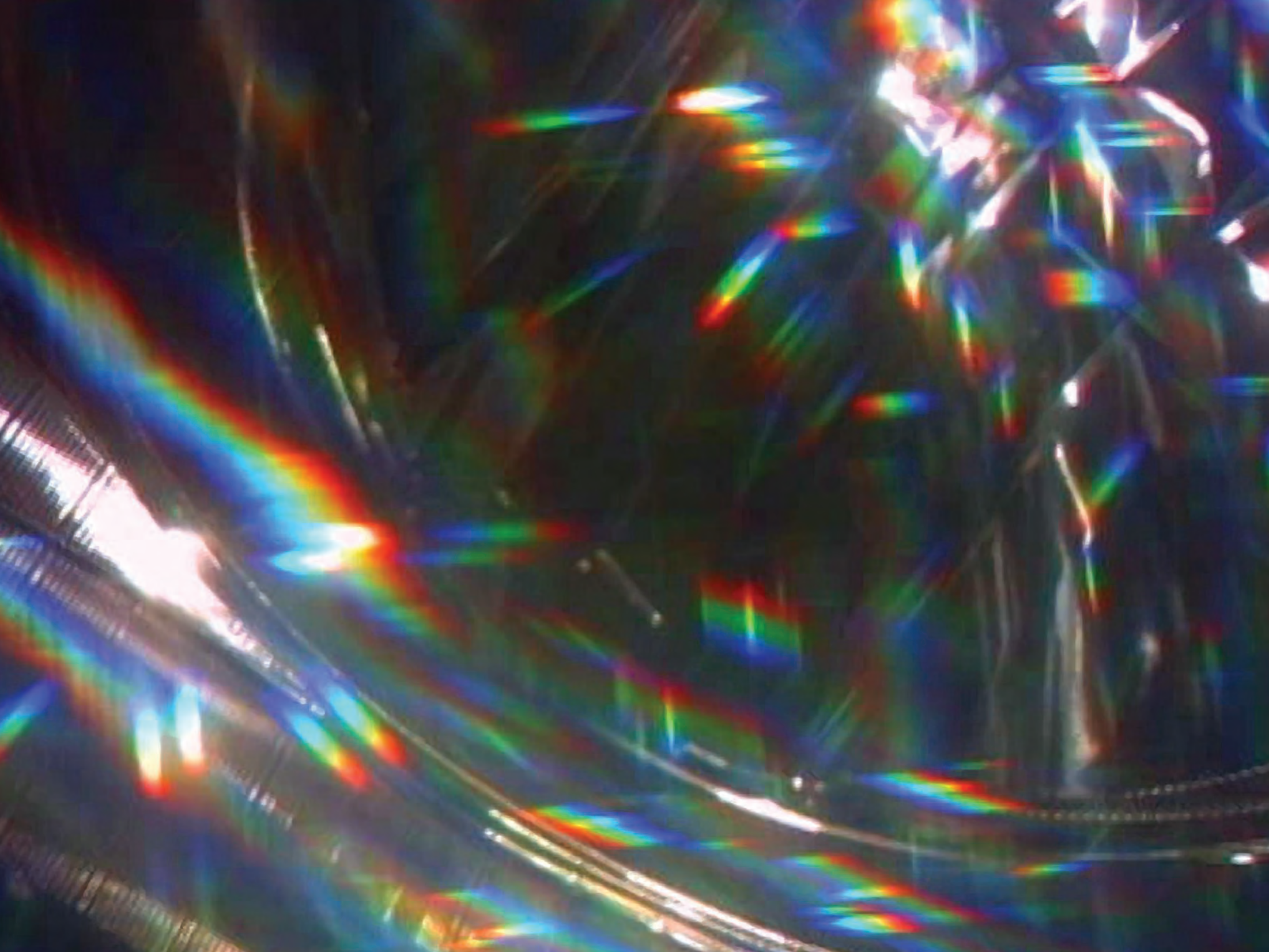
Splits
2017
video
1min

Euphoria's Hiccups
2013
video
duration variable



FOLLOWING SPREAD
Euphoria's Hiccups (detail)
2013
video
duration variable





CLOSING NOTES

BUDDY SYSTEM: ENCOUNTERS WITH DEIRDRE LOGUE

Doug Jarvis

I think it was the smirk I received when I pulled out my slow-clap move fifteen minutes into our clapping competition that confirmed that Deirdre and I might have a few things in common. Neither of us seemed too bothered by the silliness of our sophomoric stamina contest, nor the commotion it was causing to the delicate hierarchy of our immediate social scene. It was the start of a roller-coaster ride of giddy confidence and hallowed anxiety that has followed my introduction to her work and inflated a life raft of perceptual tools to help navigate the tricky terrain of her world within contemporary media.

Years later we spent a summer together in Victoria. I had been living there for a few years, and Deirdre was coming out to develop a new body of work. I was wearing my curator hat and she was indulging the articulate and impassioned process that is her practice. Together we inhabited her summer residency as one does when the freedom of experimentation hangs out with cleverness and dreams.

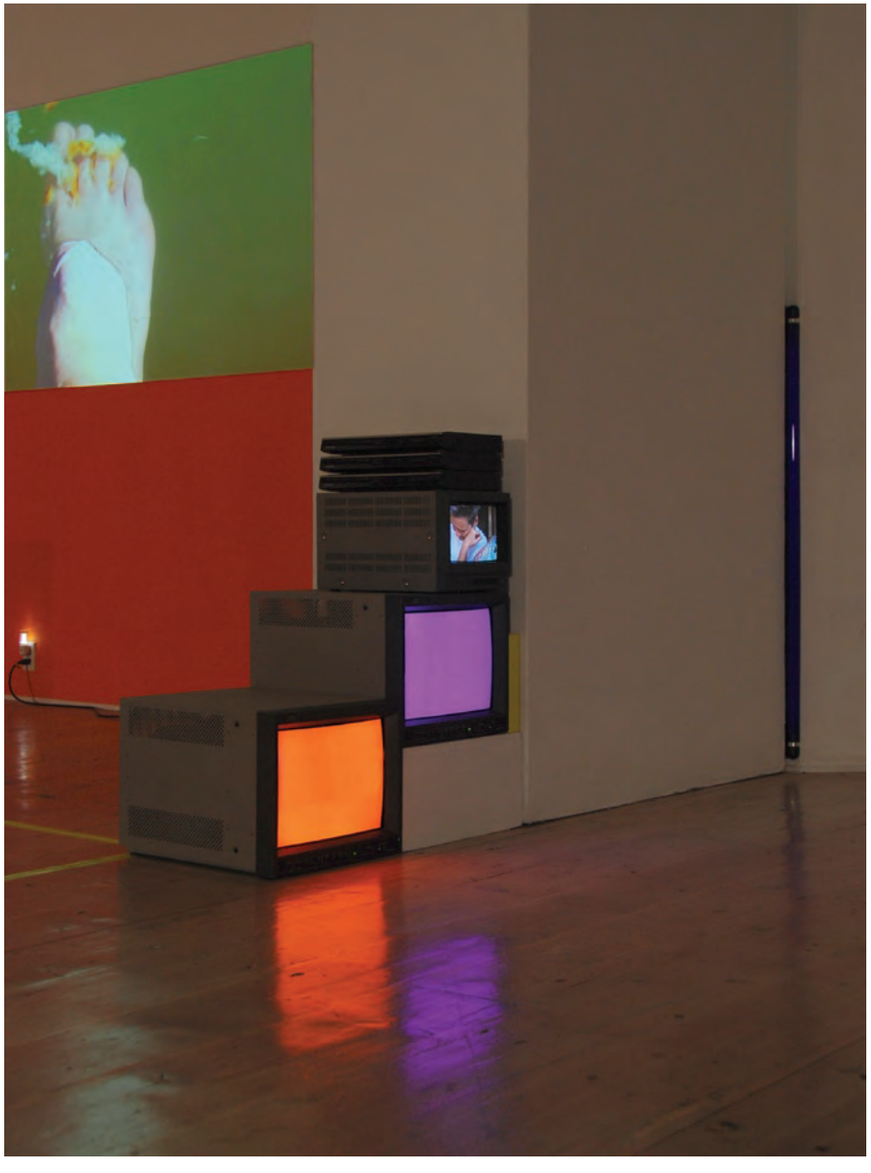
We developed a healthy routine of walking and talking and making things and exploring how the edges of our work intersect with other people's personal space. We dug deeper into the nuances of our shared use of sarcasm, quirky passions, critical curiosity and tolerance for durational performance. This time I was at home, in my zone, blind to my own body's aura. Deirdre was pumped and primed and coming over to play. This fuelled our excursions: quizzing the pros at Home Depot, tossing rocks in the ocean and debating the various lift times of soap bubble machines. We shared sensibilities for finding out how a work can grow around you, tripping you like a loose shoelace or eluding your attention like a lost set of keys. It was our ability to drift into a delirious terrain, bumping up against each other like balloons, up into the air, then wafting, weaving, nudging the parameters of our perception of the world around us. That became the context, the space of her new work.

We adjusted timelines and bent time frames, whispered secrets to other entities and to the gallery space itself. Deirdre has a way of taking the energy of a place and teasing out its challenges, passions, fears and woes. She brought an inventory of equipment and plans, knowledge and curiosity that she wanted to share and was eager to try. The gallery became a studio and a friend. Hours were spent exploring how one work might illuminate a wall and how another might confuse viewers even further. Mirrors, black lights, beanbag chairs. Colour swatches, duct tape, sticky notes. Saying goodbye to family pets. We discussed projection throws and performance injuries and teased out our shared interest in mediating experience and degaussing video monitors. We laughed at each other and at ourselves. We showed vulnerability and care and wondered how emotional space might intersect with the lived experience of the work. We followed our guts and rubbed our belly brains. Nudged the lint in the corners of the gallery, poked the floorboards and cracked smiles. We inhabited the space that encompasses Deirdre's generosity and intellect. She offered access to a part of herself that artists often do when they are engaged in the process of their own existence. We worked to create a comfort zone where we could be uncomfortable. The result was an array of installations that manifest the depth of Deirdre's presence and that craft an invitation to navigate the interior and exterior worlds of our own beings.

The new installations built on Deirdre's ongoing interest in how her work engages with the audience and the medium of video itself. She used a multi-faceted approach and dissolved the ties between the content and the presentation device. The works are an immersive, sculptural approach to electronic media and augment both the psychological and physiological terrain of the artist and the viewer. They expand her relationship with self-representation and the camera. They encourage others to think beyond the surface of the image and to inhabit the space that the works create themselves. Deirdre invites us to will the screen to transpire into the atmosphere.

I love Deirdre Logue and the time I get to share with her and her work. She inspires me to be a better artist and a compassionate curator. She challenges me to be aware of the space I take up and encourages me to get to know the relationship between my mediated selves. She empowers the people around her to inhabit their own perception with vulnerability and growth. Victoria still glows with the patina of her generous spirit as we continue to reflect and indulge the world that Deirdre Logue creates.

PREVIOUS SPREAD
Euphoria's Hiccups
(installation view)
2013
multi-channel video,
found postcards,
photographs, acetate



THIS SPREAD
Id's Its
(installation views)
2011-2012
multi-channel video

Path
2011
video
6min 10sec

WHEN SEEING, SPEAKING, HEARING ARE NOT ENOUGH

Vicky Moufawad-Paul

There are many ways to experience landscape, none of them fully satisfactory. Using one's eyes to see can feel like simply not enough. Rubbing up against beautiful landscapes could be better, but when you climb the mountain you are too close to the slope, missing it again. Driving in a car provides a metal appendage that encases the body and allows for speed and a perspective that takes in more of the horizon than an unencumbered body ever could, but it is over in a flash. Deirdre Logue, in twenty years of moving image making, has repeatedly taken film and video cameras as her metal appendages while she has licked, crawled, fallen, tossed and flipped against geographies.

Pavement speeds by as she records from inside a moving vehicle in Arizona, and then she is on all fours in *Road Trip* (2000). Through the grainy hand-processed celluloid, it looks as though she could be praying. As the camera cuts a little closer it becomes clear that she is crawling and licking the ground. She is getting right up to the landscape, getting the dirt onto her face and into her mouth. I imagine that she is making sense of how this place is different from home and the ways that she can really know this difference.

Walking among a tree's long hanging branches in *Willow* (2012), we see where her body is strong and where it is vulnerable. Leaves rub against her face, twigs poke her skin, tangled branches block her path. She pushes and is also pushed back as she and the willow sway and breathe, moving together. This strong old uprooted plant literally caresses the camera/screen/eye; she's in the dying tree, up close.

There are geographies—in *Fall* (1997), *Scratch* (1998) and *Moohead* (1999)—where Logue is continually jumping and falling. She is hit in the head with a basketball over and over again. We do not know why. In fact, we do not know that she is falling to the ground; we cannot take for granted that gravity and ground are operating as we expect. In *Flip Toss* (2012) the camera sees the ground, the sky and everything in between flipped again and again. This is the gravity of the world in which Logue lives—not the heteronormative capitalist geography of national borders and exploited labour, but the land where an apparently unmotivated basketball will challenge your ability to stay upright for decades (from 1999's *Moohead* to 2017's *Set Upset*). Though she shifts from film to video, the haptic qualities of her performances for the camera remain through her mastery of moving-image technologies and the sheer persistence of her vision.

Her empire is a field of grass in *Path* (2011). Trees dot the horizon, a barn in the distance. She walks. She falls. Or is it only the camera that falls? She doesn't drive; as she tells us in *Crash* (2003), she probably never will. Instead, we see the landscape through her queer speed and female gait. The camera is her accomplice in these unresolvable relations of interior and exterior

through the plane of her body. The camera works with her to terraform a simple field of grass into the uncanny.

In the overwhelming majority of her films and videos Logue resists syntactic language. Conventional language is both an excess and a lack; it could never adequately capture a feeling, an encounter or a reality. Logue's approach to processing uncomfortable and incomplete experiences and emotions with the camera reaches beyond language. We can continually mine the depths of her work as she experiments with new ways to make space for difficulty, beauty and sensitivity.

By keeping language out of the picture, so to speak, she permits our experience of her work to shift over time, to privilege other modes of perception, to create space for less dominant means of engaging with the world. A new strategy that she uses to increase the capacity of film and video to communicate feeling is the translation of sound in three of her videos—*Rubber Talk* (2012), *Big Agnes* (2016) and *Baby Lint Brush* (2017)—into physical sensations. Using vibratactile technologies—created by the Inclusive Media and Design Centre (IMDC) at Ryerson University and continued as a project by artist David Bobier of VibraFusionLab—Logue transfers high, medium and low frequencies into vibrations on the viewer's body through a floor, a seat or a pad that can be embraced.

The translation of sound to sensation will not be a one-to-one mapping: the spoken voice is high frequency, and it is hard for skin, bone and the nervous system to feel their smaller vibrations. Instead, the translation will map something else altogether, perhaps something closer to a feminist sensory geography. The body will be asked to locate sound, to feel it. Developed in particular for deaf and hard-of-hearing communities, this presentation strategy also stands to sensitize hearing communities to the vibrations that sound already puts out into the world.

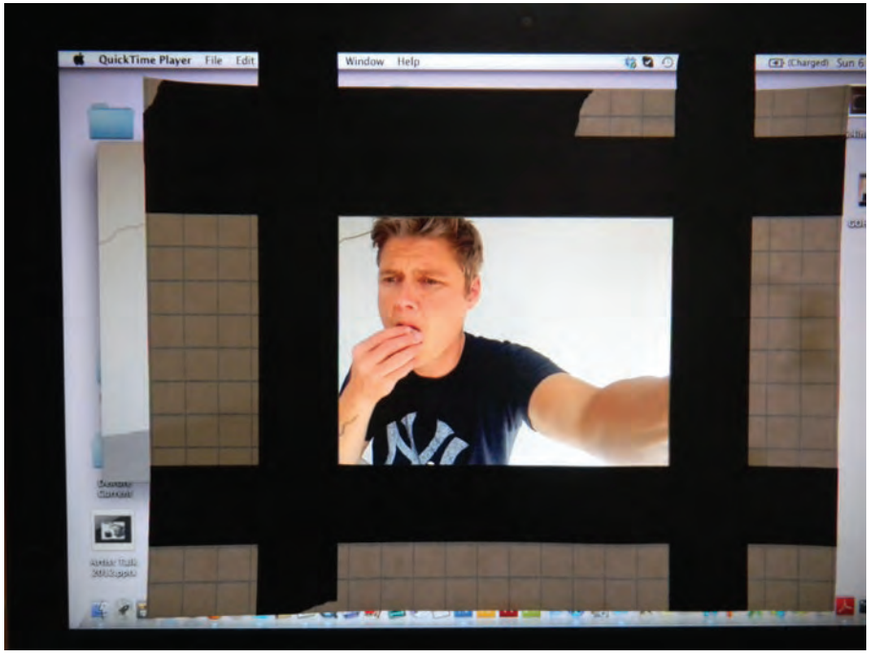
If using one's eyes to see can feel like simply not enough, then using one's ears to hear is certainly never enough. As a person who is hard of hearing and as someone steeped in many years of visual and media arts culture, I conceptualize hearing and sound as subjective. Logue's utterances—which include the subtle sounds of her environment and which are often inaudible to me and are not captioned—will be available outside the constraints of the haptic audiovisual screen as a multi-sensory tactile experience. Translating sound to vibration, and thus locating hearing on the body rather than in the ear or the mind, Logue is achieving a *flip and toss* of the dominant logic that we use to understand and map sound and meaning. Although I cannot hear some of the sounds in Logue's work, in her exploration with new technologies and new forms of sensorial engagement, I am invited to feel her cartography on the landscape of my body.

"It's a man's world," as the cliché goes, built by and for able bodies with access to power and all that entails. For the rest of us, the majority of us, we must contort our bodies and minds to fit into the capitalist and colonized world. Some of us can get along—we can pass sometimes—and some cannot. Visual and media art communities are built on the premise that one's vision is

different from another's, that an artist sees something new in the landscape, that each curator will install a show differently than their peers would, that we all have unique ways of thinking about any given grouping of items because of the various and particular ways that we think about and experience the world. Sound is physical, although it is conventionally thought of as moving through rather than having its own physicality; hearing is something that you must do although it is conventionally thought of as passive. If you do not close your ears, the smallest bone in the body is continually responding to the pressures of the environment. The *physical* and the *doing* of sound and hearing are part of an understanding of it being subjective—experienced differently by different bodies in complex conditions. Our histories and the ways they are related to geographical location, class, economics, power, race, gender, sexuality and physical abilities all shape the ways in which sound is experienced.

A recurring theme in much of Logue's work is anxiety about the ways of the world and her place in it, from *Crash*, *Wheelie* and *Worry* in 2003 to *9:11* and *Crying with Colours* in 2012, and the more recent *Ativan Drift* and *Healthy Place* in 2016. In *That Beauty* (2003), she records her blissful dancing while listing her inadequate and overwhelming feelings, made all the more infectious through the contradictory juxtaposition. In *Beyond the Usual Limits: Part 1* (2005), she pushes herself between the mattress and box spring of a made bed—as though, when the world is too much, you may want to burrow, deeply and absurdly, into your safe place. And yet it is in her persistent dedication to image making and queer performance for the camera, as well as her work in independent artist-run culture, that she seeks out experiments in survival strategies in our heteronormative capitalist settler-colonial context. She works to make space for herself and others through her images, to build an empire that is her scale, that will not swallow her up, will not abuse her, but will allow her to do the work and live the life that sustains her strength.

FOLLOWING SPREAD
Euphoria's Hiccups (detail)
2013
video
duration variable



ARTIST'S BIOGRAPHY

Deirdre Logue holds a BFA from the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design and an MFA from Kent State University. Solo exhibitions of her film and video work have taken place at venues such as Open Space, Victoria; Oakville Galleries; the Berlin International Film Festival; Beyond/In Western New York, Buffalo; YYZ, Toronto; and articule, Montreal, with exhibitions at A Space Gallery, Gallery 44, and Tangled Art + Disability (all Toronto) as part of her 2017 Images Festival Spotlight.

Logue has contributed over twenty-five years to working with artist-run organizations dedicated to media arts exhibition and distribution. She was a founding member of Media City Film Festival, Windsor; the Executive Director of the Images Festival, Toronto; Executive Director of the Canadian Filmmakers Distribution Centre (CFMDC); founding member of the Media Arts Network of Ontario (MANO); and is currently the Development Director at Vtape.

She is a champion of artist rights and has held numerous board positions with organizations such as Canadian Artists' Representation/Le Front des artistes canadiens (CARFAC) and the Independent Media Arts Alliance. Logue has been a member of the Independent Imaging Collective (the Film Farm) with Phil Hoffman since 1999 and directs the Feminist Art Gallery (FAG) with her partner and collaborator, artist Allyson Mitchell.

CONTRIBUTORS

Jon Davies is a Montreal-born writer and curator. He has written for publications such as Frieze, Canadian Art, C Magazine, Criticism, and Fillip, and he co-edited (with Sam Ashby) Little Joe magazine #5. He was Assistant Curator at The Power Plant Contemporary Art Gallery, Toronto, from 2008–2012 and Associate Curator at Oakville Galleries from 2012–2015. He is currently a student in the PhD program in Art History at Stanford University.

Adriana Disman is a performance art maker, thinker, writer, and organizer. www.adrianadisman.com.

Emily Vey Duke has worked in collaboration with her partner Cooper Battersby since 1994. They work in printed matter, installation, curation, and sound, but their primary practice is in single-channel video.

Amy Fung is currently a Toronto-based writer and curator working across a multitude of artistic disciplines and social genres. Fung publishes nationally and internationally in journals, magazines, monographs, and artist projects and has been the principle organizer for multifarious events, exhibitions and projects. Since 2014, Fung has served as the Artistic Director of Images Festival.

Mike Hoolboom is a Canadian media artist who lives and works in Toronto.

Matthew Hyland is a curator and sometimes writer. He is currently Director of Oakville Galleries.

Doug Jarvis is an artist and curator living in Victoria, BC. He is a founding member of the avatar performance art group Second Front and the Noxious Sector Art Collective. His individual and collective projects have been presented at artist-run centres, galleries, museums and festivals across Canada, the United States, Europe and Asia. He holds an MFA in studio art from the University of Guelph and is a Guest Curator at Open Space Arts Society.

Vicky Moufawad-Paul is a Toronto-based curator and writer. She is the Director/Curator at A Space Gallery. She has curated exhibitions at a variety of venues including the Agnes Etherington Art Centre (Kingston), Carleton University Art Gallery (Ottawa), MAI (Montreal), Latitude 53 (Edmonton), InterAccess (Toronto), Prefix (Toronto), and 16 Beaver (New York City). Vicky has published texts on many artists including Harun Farocki, James Luna, Emily Jacir, Wafaa Bilal, Adam Broomberg, Yto Barrada and Akram Zaatari.

Jeanne Randolph is one of Canada's foremost cultural theorists, having been writing, publishing and lecturing for over thirty years. She is the author of *Psychoanalysis and Synchronized Swimming* (1993); *Symbolization and Its Discontents* (1997), *Why Stoics Box* (2003), *The Ethics of Luxury* (2008) and, more recently, *Shopping Cart Pantheism and Out of Psychoanalysis: Ficto-Criticism 2005–2015* (both 2015).

Steve Reinke is an artist and writer best known for his first-person video essays. He is associate professor in Art, Theory, Practice at Northwestern University. www.myrectumisnotagrave.com

Leila Timmins is a curator and writer based in Toronto. She is currently the Curator of Exhibitions and Public Programs at Gallery 44 Centre for Contemporary Photography.

Studio shot
2012
Victoria, BC

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Deirdre Logue

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FOLLOWING SPREAD
Euphoria's Hiccups (detail)
2013
video
duration variable

A SPACE GALLERY

A Space Gallery
110–401 Richmond Street West
Toronto, Ontario, Canada
www.aspacegallery.org

G44 Centre for Contemporary Photography

Gallery 44 Centre for Contemporary Photography
120–401 Richmond Street West
Toronto, Ontario, Canada
www.gallery44.org

Images Festival
309–401 Richmond Street West
Toronto, Ontario, Canada
www.imagesfestival.com

Og2

Oakville Galleries
1306 Lakeshore Road East
Oakville, Ontario, Canada
www.oakvillegalleries.com

OPEN SPACE

Open Space Arts Society
510 Fort Street, Second Floor
Victoria, British Columbia, Canada
www.openspace.ca