

Power Moves Presents:
Domestic Dreams



Introduction

Domestic dreams or hermetic work: from home, abroad, inside the house, in your neighbourhood, in someone else's neighbourhood, on your own time, on another's time, working from inside yourself to find vision and meaning in the everyday. Ritual plays, unmanipulated, unlocking creative little meditation-like bursts of trance movement, repeating a thing, repeating, looping, articulating haiku-length poems from scraps of routine. Washing laundry in the Ganges, driving down the Gardiner in Toronto, errant dans des champs enneigés à l'extérieur de complexes d'appartements sur le Plateau à Montréal, lighters cracking, birds chirping, child-like animations coming to life over hills and highways. Sounds embedded in the back of the brain, audio that emulates the last thing you heard before bed and the first thing you wake up to, unconscious delivery, simultaneously petting brain neurons as they purr away nestled in a basket of sleep dust. Pillow to pillow with revisionist dreams of family and alternating life paths.

Program:

Downer Canada – TCVP (2021, 18 min.)

K.W. Cahill

Tape. Camera. Video. Play.

Single sounds, one-of-one sounds like halloween skeletons hanging lopsided in windows, parts, stages, sections, ecosystems, vignettes, episodes, amateur zen forms, overlapping in local a/v technique.

Faisanes saliendo de la fábrica [Pheasants leaving the factory] (2019, 4 min.)

Pablo Picco

If Brando does not believe in God, what does he believe in?

Downer Canada – Environmental Dubs (2021, 8 min.)

Clint Enns

“a domestic noir, filled with dread and portent. everything is too close, the world closing in, the boundaries collapsing. cat cabin fever, cooped up, overheated, a world of close up and touch. haptic deliriums.” - Mike Hoolboom

El espejo humeante [The Smoke Mirror] (2014, 6 min.)

Pablo Picco

An excerpt from the documentary *Kalinga Utkal*. Magic unfolds on the sacred Ganges River.

Shot in India and Nepal, February 2012.

The Fixed Author (2021, 25 min.)

K.W. Cahill

“This is a nice one to learn.”

“Fucking hell.”

A predetermined grandparent biography and a rigged sample system: psychedelic film copy, risograph video, sleeping mountains, and claiming nothing at all.

Manipulative Nature

Leaf blowing in wind:

Reversed sound of box opening with perfect favourite dinner knife pressed to microphone on oldest handheld tape recorder.

Cicadas & Crickets:

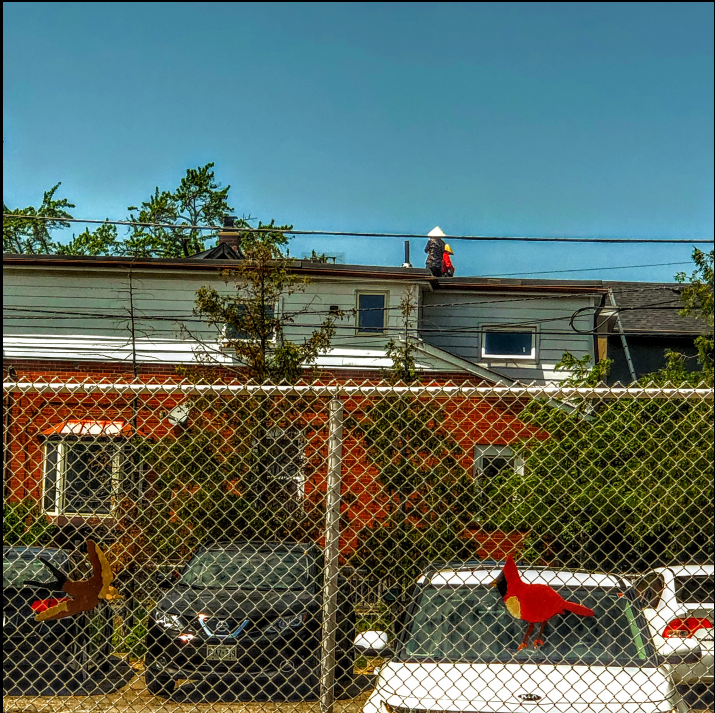
Faucet running hottest, drips echoed and run through amp simulators, reverb up, clipped before any sound hits sink, compressed a thousand times.

Oar pressing water away from canoe:

Loudest creak step on staircase heading upstairs, hit just right with shoulders involved, carpet whooshed away from itself with a handmade paper comb, iPhone capturing and paused/playback for thirty seconds recorded back into Logic with my best condenser microphone, quiet though, like not even catching.

Walking on rocks:

Ice cube tray filled with orange juice, struck with xylophone mallets for a toddler's toy, cubes breaking up in process and falling in and out of sleeves, recording gear set up from night before in living room, red light catches.



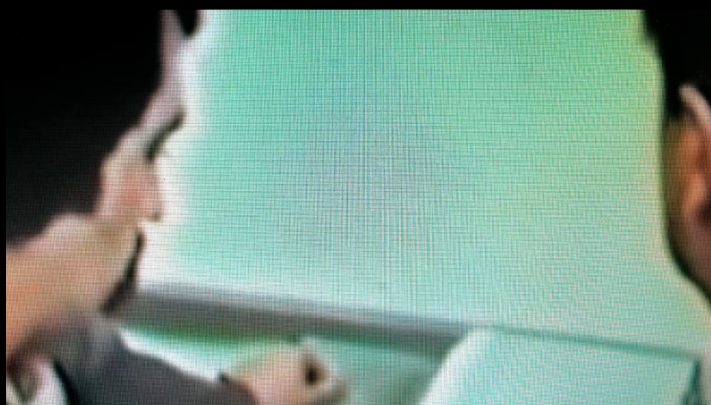
Tuesday, July 6th, 2021, 9:40AM:

Went to bed wanting to dream. Teiji Ito asked me to join his Master Musicians of Sitting Air, and in the dream I could play whatever I wanted. I got my pick from his beautiful collection of brass and wood and pluck. I chose a small gong and tapped it lightly while an airplane flew overhead, they harmonized to my ears and I started to hum really slowly, not quite a meditation hum, it was more of a hum of a snake, a slithering hum, lots of hisses and zzzz's in a sing-song deadpan. My daughter was laughing and said "Way to go Daddy, that didn't sound gross!" But Ito himself showed up, I didn't realize he was listening, I guess he was on the other side of the airplane, and I won't know for sure, but his face didn't look pleased, could have been – it's tough to really know, but he did wave. I could tell we all felt very light, very light, very light.



Tuesday, July 6th, 2021, 3:19PM:

It was on a small highway, but really more of a backroad, when I was driving an old Chevy pickup truck heading to Sarnia from London. The truck needed a serious mechanic look-over, was in very rough shape and I was worried it could be a treacherous drive. The terrain was a hair hilly and the brakes were starting to feel like they came from another vehicle I hadn't yet mastered. Then the brakes disappeared. Nothing. To dial it back, I could squeeze and pump, squeeze and pump from very far away leading into red lights and stop signs and basically had it in neutral and steered it home going like five. Something was catching under that machine thankfully, otherwise I wouldn't be here.





My name is Sparkles. I've lived here for eight years.

A week ago, my best friend had an accident.

I wonder if she will ever be the same.



It is June 23, 2004, two days after
I was released from the hospital.
I wanted to take a closer look to see
if the sparkle in my eye still remains.

Faisanes saliendo de la fábrica

Brando no cree en Dios

¿Creerá Brando entonces en el gangoso canto de las campanitas?

¿O en el bigote del viento cuando barre las ciudades?

¿Será para él el pensamiento científico una sesión de acupuntura?

¿Y el sangrado de la realidad un baño sideral?

Está seguro de que el universo forcejeando atraviesa todo

Canta el gangoso coro floral cada mañana

Una melodía temblorosa y nocturna en idioma Ipomea

Brando mira al sol llorando

buscando a los faisanes camuflados en el castillo de lava

Bienvenida el beso salvador de los faisanes

Creador de maremotos

Ensordecedor de orejas de marineros

Cerca de un bosque de notas constantes

Brando observa

la melodía sexual de los trabajadores

en otro sangrado del sol

A la salida fuera de la fábrica

Todos somos aparatos desorientados en viaje cíclico

Pheasants leaving the factory

Brando does not believe in God

Does Brando then believe in the nasal singing of the purple flowers?

Or in the winds' moustache as it sweeps through the cities?

Is an acupuncture session scientific thought for him?

And the bleeding of reality, a sidereal bath?

He is sure that the force of the universe goes through everything

The nasal singing is there each morning

A trembling, nocturnal melody on Ipomea's tongue.

Brando watches the weeping sun

looking for the camouflaged pheasants hidden in the lava castle

We welcome the redeeming kiss of the pheasants

Seaquake creator

Deafening the sailors' ears

Near a forest of constant notes

Brando observes

the sexual melody of the workers

in another bleeding of the sun

outside of the factory

We are all confused artifacts on a cyclical journey







K.W. Cahill

Clint Enns

Pablo Picco

2021