







DIGITAL VD Published by The Hungry Dog Press ISBN 978-0-9541412-5-7

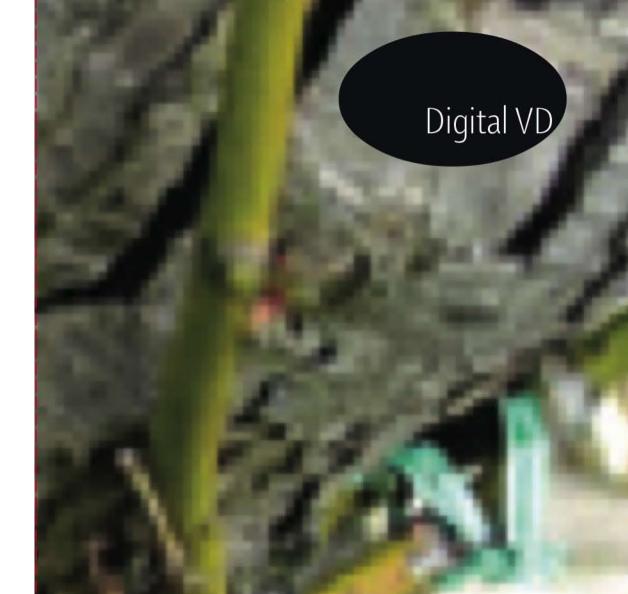
Publication design by Dalrymple Printed by Summerhall

With thanks to:

Nick Kripal, Tyler School of Art, Philadelphia Carnegie Trust for the Universities of Scotland Crane Arts, Philadelphia www.cranearts.com Professor James Williams, University of Dundee Dr Jonny Murray, Edinburgh College of Art

Edward Summerton Moira Scott Payne and Michael Windle would like to thank all the participating artists who have generously contributed to this project.

www.porty.net/digitalvd



### Digital VD

A one hour film work involving sixty artists, each contributing one minute.

Digital VD will be presented as an improvised random screening offering beautiful damage to the format of the film.

Dear .....

Please accept this as an invitation to submit a one minute (exact) film work to be shown as Digital VD. The sixty pieces will be shown as a one hour non narrative improvised film. Digital VD will be viewed as a large scale projected screening in The Ice Box, Crane Art Centre, Philadelphia September 2007.

We can accept your one-minute on Mini DV tape or as a DV video file on CD.

The work itself can be of any format - moving, a still image, an animation, with sound. A computer program will randomly select each minute to play exactly into the next with no time for screams or gun waving. The sound might even come off one film and be projected as part of another - offering unholy collaboration.

If you are interested in contributing to this project, please return this slip with your contact details by January 20th 2007.

One minute film work to be received by 15th March 2007.

Moira Scott Payne Michael Windle Edward Summerton

## THE HUNGRY DOG PRESS



Essays by James Williams and Jonny Murray

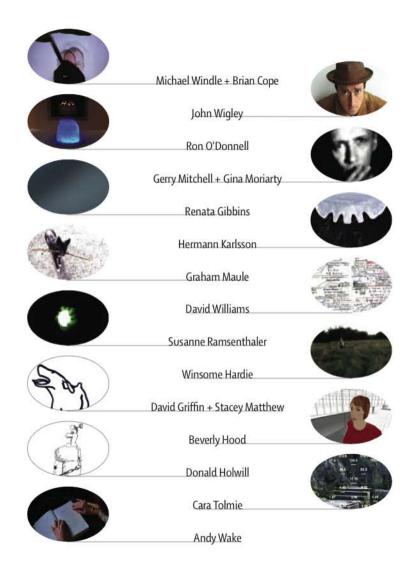
Curated by Edward Summerton Michael Windle Moira Scott Payne

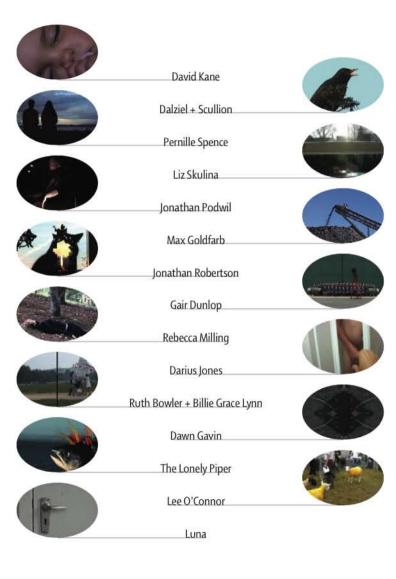
















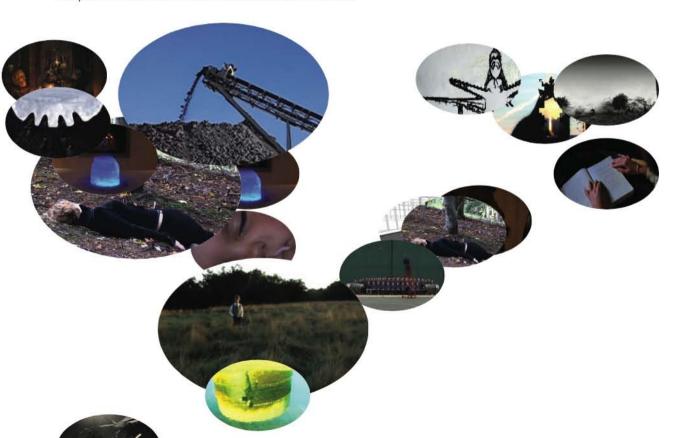
# Series uncoupled

Take two series normally yoked by habit and momentum. *Multiply them*. Cut them loose from their progenitors. (Get legal cover; a signed letter should do). Now shear the two series from one another, forcing them to slip and grind along parallel lines – according to chance – or its computer generated mathematical simulacrum – tearing apparently natural binds. Disrupt all order with a continuous mix of now dislocated successions.



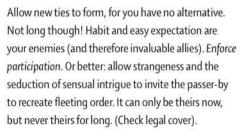
A lottery with only creative desire and ephemeral ideas as its reward. *In our society?* But then you are not appealing to the now sclerotic arteries of loin-stomach-brain. Ruined by capitalism and common sense. This is a wager for multiple senses released from their role as mere perceivers-deceivers. No longer an ear, but a multiple transforming spinning machine sending emissaries to eye, skin and gut.



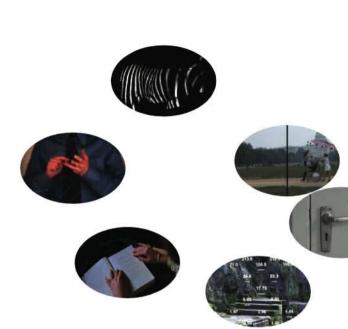




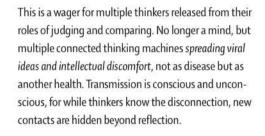












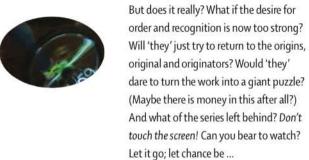
























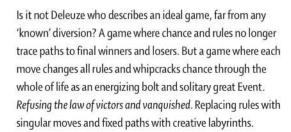
















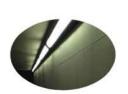




Here is the secret place. A cushion of sensual emptiness allows the series to come unstuck and then to glide imperceptibly close yet free of former baleful ties. This cushion is very precious. Its secret (I can tell you) is living chance uncontained and not the shiny algorithm turning machine. There is no chance in the roll, only in the space opened up by sensual and ideal disjunctions.

















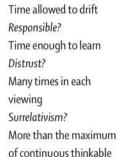




Digital VD
Original time of the making
Recoverable?
Original instants where space
and sound are truly married
Fake?
Point in time where chance
branches
Error?
Time of the in-between
Eternity?

A time for each viewing

Relativism?

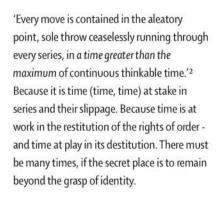


Thought beyond mind?

time

Digital VD









What? Did we say two series? There are many. (You knew, yet did not say). All in a struggle to diverge and produce against the Law of Unity: synthesis, narrative, linearity, oneness, identity, inclusion, groups, sets, fields, boundaries, limits, trunks, genealogies, History, bloodlines, ownership, classifications, hierarchies, nations, sects, subjects, selves: the perpetually past One against the spreading multitude





each image-piece divides and each sound-set multiplies and each shot fractures and each sound separates and each focus dissembles and each note disharmonises and each colour leaks and each line divides and each bit differentiates and each pixel engulfs and each cut you care to make is but the first new cut of infinitely many set free by the smallest multiple sensual interval bigger than the universe







Remembering Leibniz: 'Every portion of matter can be thought of as a garden full of plants, or as a pond full of fish. But every branch of the plant, every part of the animal, and every drop of its vital fluids, is another such garden, or another such pond.' Forgetting him too: '... but they are all perspectives on the same one, according to the different point of view of each.'



A lovely conception of facts in ruins amidst a riot of sensations and ideas





Because it is an error to say that everything has a spatio-temporal location. Because it is wrong to say that every image has its sound and no other. Because there cannot be the perfect suite or the ideal pairing. Because dissonance and uncoupling come first - as conditions for all later and illusory 'essential' connections. Because symbols are there to be broken. Because strength is in disunity. Because only ideas and sensations are real.







Not anarchy but play: the affirmation of the priority of difference is not the denial of the necessity of unity and sameness, only their toppling as usurpers and as unique guardians of Value. For novelty is true valuation. It suffers when unity and order are worshiped above disjunction and creativity. To create is always to diverge through novelty affirming difference. *Not a-political but political differently*.



But what of the struggles? They too are necessary, but they are only true to themselves if free from illusions of unity. To diverge is not to leave, but to add. To add is not to collude, but to transform. To transform is not to destroy, but to create. To create is not to secede, but to connect otherwise. To connect differently everywhere is to struggle. To resist the grip of entropy masquerading as the necessity of identity and origins.





Wonder sometimes 'bout sound and vision?

## James Williams









#### Notes

- 1. Borges, 'The lottery in Babylon' in Labyrinths (London: Penguin, 1970) pp.55–61, p.60
- 2. Deleuze, Logique du sens (Paris: Minuit, 1969) p.1975
- 3. Leibniz, 'Monadology s.67' in Philosophical Texts ed. Woolhouse and Franks (OUP, 1998) p.277
- 4. 'Monadology s.57'



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And that's the beauty.

1980: A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away...
George Lucas leaves the Directors Guild of America when it fines him \$250,000 because Star Wars Episode IV: A New Hope (1977) and Star Wars Episode V: The Empire Strikes Back (1980) have no conventional opening credits (and so do not establish a priori creative ownership of the works in question). Irvin Kershner, director of The Empire Strikes Back, has no objection to moving his credit to the end of the picture, but the DGA does, having fought long and hard to secure as a matter of industry routine, contractual guarantees that a director's name be the last, and most prominent, credit displayed at the beginning of a movie.

The first question most moving image works address is the very last Digital VD wants to answer.

Remember: the more you tighten your grip, the more star systems will slip through your fingers.

Digital VD: A New Hope?

Jonny Murray