

Static + Noise

Aliya Aziz

Nathan Ivanko

Bret Parenteau

Site

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Photography

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Toronto, Canada

Static and Noise

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When I am struggling to think through an idea it helps me to ground myself by walking to the point of exhaustion and one of my first interactions with an artist in *Static and Noise* was in a hot tub in a Stoney Creek backyard when I was nineteen years old. Come to think of it, it’s quite rare that I meet an artist in a gallery. It’s also quite rare that the gallery acts as a place of research or inspiration for me.

Sometimes I need to change: I often change my appearance, almost daily I change my clothes, I rarely change my attitude and my research is rarely centered on visual art. The first time I went to the Doors Pub in Hamilton for Noise Night was the first time I had my shit rocked.

Sometimes I read books where people describe the experience of going to a gallery as highly moving and earthshattering. I have never had that experience in a gallery, but I had that experience at Noise Night. It was completely entrancing, watching a greasy man walk back and forth along an eight foot folding table pressing pedals, turning knobs and gently manipulating a contact microphone. The non-performance and the punishingly loud sound made me feel like I was watching Homer Simpson fall asleep at the control board and fall face first into the self-destruct button at the nuclear factory.

I used to walk around and see the top of my head as if my brain and eyes were outside of my body looking down upon it. I didn’t know how to feel myself, I didn’t know where my body began and ended. The sounds I heard then penetrated me, moved my guts and sloshed them around. It’s an unrivaled pleasure for me, on par with rolling in swelteringly hot sand and the full-body chills I got every time I saw a *Jackass* movie in the cinema.

Sitting in the corner of the Doors with my earplugs in and my eyes closed reminded me of the simulated rocket ship takeoff ride my mother and I rode when I was a child at EPCOT. If my mother was at Noise Night, I think she would also become so sick that she’d have to lie down on a park bench until sundown.

Unfortunately, having curated this group show means that the show is sort-of about me. *Static and Noise* is partially about walking around, getting my shit-rocked, and how I experienced photographs in my teens but it’s also about my room and feeling safe and comfortable within myself. I built the TV boxes in this show with help from my friend Mani Mazinani similar to the crude furniture I had in my room at my mom’s house that I built with help from my shop teacher Mr. Mlekuz. I used the silver TV in this exhibition to play *Resident Evil 4*, I kept bones and fox skins on my dresser and I decorated my wall with show posters (more than once with a gig that Nathan Ivanco played on.)

This show is a further exploration of my interest in the degeneration of images through reproduction and abstraction. I actually co-curated a show about this once before at Hearth, a DIY space I run with my friends. This time it’s much more focused on the embodied aesthetics of Noise and the denigration and distribution of images as materially and conceptually linked to chaos. *Static and Noise* brings together the work of four artists—Aliyah Aziz, Bret Parenteau, Kite and Nathan Ivanco—and draws from the cultures of punk, noise and DIY music scenes to make the intentional manipulation of visual and sonic data spatial and material.

Aliyah Aziz’s *Probing Body* invites you to pick it up and wear it. The black end at the tip of the probe channels the electromagnetic frequencies of the objects it touches into audio. By wielding the electromagnetic stick probe, you have the opportunity to become an instigator of sonic friction, poking the physical material to uncover the sensations that linger beneath the surface of their static forms. Kite’s *hands*, a Hi8 video collage, counts to five forever, invoking the auditory illusion of the Shepherd scale—the sensation of a pitch continually rising or falling forever without actually getting higher or lower. Kite writes: “if the count exists on my body, it must exist” [...physically.] What drew me to these works by Aziz and Kite is the same relationship to the body and sound that drew me to Noise music in the first place.

Kite's second Hi8 video collage, *dissolve our own presence into absence*, interrogates the Santa Rosa Mission and wordlessly condemns the mission as a site of extreme violence against Native Americans in California. Parenteau’s *Wekusko* was shot in and around Wekusko Provincial Park in Northern Manitoba. In his video collage, Parenteau explores the thicket, where Manitoba’s lowlands and the Precambrian Shield meet, soundtracked by Parenteau under the initials B.P. Primarily working in xerography, Ivanco’s two large charcoal pieces utilize a photocopier-free scanning process, using tape strips to pull charcoal off the drawing and taping them onto a blank sheet creating a chemical-free image transfer. Parenteau and Ivanco are frequent collaborators and in my estimation two of the preeminent xerographers in Canada with a delirious amount of published collages, many used as artwork for self distributed cassettes and recordings.

Physical performance is sometimes the most exciting part of the noise show. I’ve seen aluminum sheets beaten with hammers, concrete blocks thrown across the room, mic'd up printers screaming as they printed out pictures of women’s feet and bicycles ridden indoors in order to ‘play’ the spokes. The body has always been an essential part of the noise experience and my favorite thing about the noise show is how the music feels as it rips and reverberates around my body, literally shaking me to my core. These four artists, all performers in their own right, are keenly aware of the body, its relationship to sound and how to channel that sound as a medium for pushing the boundaries of image making.

Noise provided me with a pathway to feel, to finally like something for what felt like the first time. And, it taught me what a photograph is. At a young age, show posters were the extent to which I interfaced with photos and the only artists I knew were punks, freaks, poets and fetishists. Through them I learned that photos can disintegrate into nothing, they can scream, screech, wash out, mildew and vinegar. They can tear, bend, ply, ignite, explode, scratch and be spit upon. They can soak, freak, puncture, cry, scream and die. They can be tip, taint, whole or hole. They can be gay, weird, paternal, disgusting and lurid. They can be Liberty Village, Slovenia, LA or white. They can be stolen, licensed, permitted, bootlegged and destroyed. They can be loud, fast, static and noise and can tell you something, or guide you to the place you’re looking for.

Aliyah Aziz is a multidisciplinary storyteller who uses light to talk about how shadows and sound physically move through us. She uses disruption as a tool of resistance, sculpting glitch and static to channel the friction that exists between the surface and depth of the technology we engage with. Using custom instruments to conduct auditory frictions present in technology, Aziz harnesses electromagnetic frequencies as rhythmic noise in honour of the sonic ghosts that haunt our machines. She incorporates auditory statics akin to an underlying pulse, a living extension of voice beyond the body.

Nathan Ivanco is a Hamilton based multidisciplinary artist whose work navigates the intersections of sound, memory and the tactile qualities of analog media. Operating primarily under the moniker Shadow Pattern, Ivanco’s practice is characterized by a commitment to lo-fi aesthetics and a deliberate avoidance of mainstream promotional channels. His releases, often distributed through his own label, Hamilton Tapes, are typically available in limited cassette editions, emphasizing a direct, community-oriented approach to art distribution. Through his work, Ivanco invites you into a world where the boundaries between sound and physicality blur, creating a space where the imperfections of analog media become a conduit for emotional and sensory engagement. His work stands as a testament to the power of minimalism and the profound impact of personal, handmade artistry in an increasingly digital world.

Bret Parenteau is a sound/noise artist based in Winnipeg. Under Wasauksing Sniper and the initials B.P., Parenteau creates noise, field recording, sound collage and tape manipulation. Most recently, Parenteau has been working on film scores for short and feature length films. Creating the scores for *Ste. Anne* (2021), *NIGIQTUQ (The South Wind)* (2023), *Klee* (2025), and *Levers* (2025). Parenteau’s collage work has been featured on releases for his local cassette label Makade Star. In addition, his latest work has been included in local galleries on Treaty 1 Territory, such as Urban Shaman, Galerie Buhler Gallery, Rosemary Gallery and Treaty 4’s Godfrey Dean Art Gallery.

Kite (Oglála Lakǵóta) is an artist, composer, and scholar whose practice merges Lakǵóta knowledge systems with performance, sound, sculpture, and computational media. She is Director of the Wíhaŋble S’a Center for Indigenous AI—a National Endowment for the Humanities—designated Humanities Research Center and a pod of the Abundant Intelligences program—at Bard College, where she is Distinguished Artist in Residence and Assistant Professor of American & Indigenous Studies. Recent exhibitions and performances include the 2025 Sao Paulo Biennial, 2024 Whitney Biennial, Haus der Kulturen der Welt (Berlin), CARA (New York), the 14th Shanghai Biennale, and projects with NOME (Berlin) and REDCAT (Los Angeles). Her writing appears in the Journal of Design and Science (MIT Press) (“Making Kin with Machines”), Atlas of Anomalous AI, and other publications. Kite is an enrolled citizen of the Oglala Sioux Tribe and lives in Catskill, NY.

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