

## **Panarticon**

tobias v

*Your world doesn't need people. It becomes a world of words detached from bodies where theory becomes an obsession of thought, where human reactions, emotions and actions are placed neatly into their own sphere of theory. Music, writing, ideas produced by the new gods of thought, revered and uplifted, and in this way detached through seeing connections... --otac*

**And So Here We Are Where We Always Are** feeling at the end of the century and it has already passed—meeting people on Quadra Island who also want to move to Montreal—maintaining a sense of decorum in the face of the lockstep—feeling happy that the government will only have fascist powers for 5 years because of sunset clauses in Bill C-36 instead of for the rest of our lives—not that it matters anyway as the Bill is grandfathered—still drinking and smoking too much weed—trying to write essays and think about what we should be doing about the whole damn thing—doing little—doing nothing—doing everything and burning yourself out so you do little or nothing—still drinking and smoking too much weed—reading Baudrillard—learning that the *good ol' boys* are now the *good ol' girls*

## **Vancouver Videopoems**

Saturday November 10<sup>th</sup>. The scene: Pacific Cinematheque. Old poets and Bill Bissett and young slick poets with big vocabularies and even bigger sideburns mingle to absorb an evening of “videopoems.” Ranging from the very good to the not so very good at all, the videopoems were by no means a disappointment—yet not incredibly spectacular either. It all comes down to the fact that “videopoem” = video+poem, and that if you don't have both you don't got any. (And this was only 1 night of 3, so take this with a grain of salt). The audience received ballots, with a rating scale of 1-5 based upon one's “impression.” Impressions—some of the poems were simply a voice-over for imagery, some were teenage projects on the Big Issues, and some were what I came for: “videopoems,” most notably “Damned Spots” by Julia Burns, featuring mangled and discoloured trippy footage of a dog and a kennel and mumbled poetry about legs—the entire thing was a real mindfuck—and “Elemental Reels” by Gerard Wozek which captured surreal imagery and poetry through an expansive, wistful, emotional aura; “Keeping Her Cool” by Goody B. Wiseman was the standout humorous selection with the best use of teddybears to date, with no sound whatsoever—and was it just me, or was the real hashed turnover that they were lesbians?—and “Re: Solution” by Penn Kemp perfectly portrayed the poet's performance of sound poetry with inventive low-budget camera angles and cuts, sneaking into “videopoetry” through a subtle reconstructive editing of the videopoem's elements. Also kudos to Scott Russell's work, using hand shadows, lighting and the viewing of words to slow down the pace a little. But not all were that lucky. As an emerging genre, videopoetry will have to work hard to distinguish itself from either just video or just poetry or videoart or new media collage.

**Jetone** – Was that William S. Gibson grooving away or was it just me?

## **Fast Ferries Still Suck**

Everyone who has ridden a Pacificat knows how little space there is. But what sucks worse is the non-stop in-house obtrusive TV system. As the ferry leaves the dock, with the grand majestic trees of Horseshoe Bay on either side, the TVs light up with Coke ads, ads soliciting advertisers, little Knowledge Network shots of other beautiful places in

BC with New Age music thrown over top, perfectly destroying the real beauty outside (a simulacrum of it: here's the beauty inside, on the TV, nevermind the ever-expanding Horseshoe Bay terminal—afterall, if there are TVs *inside*, perhaps it justifies the lack of deck space *outside*). Not only are the TVs *everywhere* and especially worse in the scenic upper lounge, the *speakers* are obnoxiously loud, so you just won't miss those Sports Highlights while you watch the bald eagle flitting the breeze as you wind your way through the Gulf Islands. It's like a constant mosquito—no, a swarm of mosquitoes—that won't fuck off. Worse, you can't swat them away or load up on Deet. So here's the buzz: Adbusters, I officially implore you to put out the call to jam these damn speakers. I can deal with the TVs, but the speakers, the sound of Coke being slurped, pumped through to me, my ears and my consciousness, *canned* from the ceiling—it is too much. Enough with obtrusive advertising!

### **The Solution to Gordon Campbell**

As MLAs see their wages go up, rubbing their hands with miserly Scooginess, and the public servants wait to see if they lose their jobs just before Christmas, and the kids get to look forward to making an entire \$6 bucks an hour (and all the corporate cows start cutting the hours of anyone over 500 so they can hire new kids to do it cheaper—and then do the same to them)—not to mention the cutting of 1/3<sup>rd</sup> of all government laws, for no other reason then, hey, 1/3<sup>rd</sup> *sure golly looks impressive*—I propose certain solutions to Mr. Campbell. 1. Campbell and His MLA's should be paid \$6 an hour for their first 500 hours of work. Then they should get minimum wage. Please sign the petition to make this happen: <http://www.petitiononline.com/fjwc/petition.html>. 2. All Laws regulating what is illegal in regards to harming politicians should be removed. 3. 1/3<sup>rd</sup> of Gordon Campbell should be physically removed. Start with the heart—he obviously doesn't need it.

### **Mirror Mirror On The Net**

Culture-jammers and WTO impersonators The Yes Men have had their satirical gatt.org website shut down by WTO lawyers. But they aren't taking it lying down. Go here to get your Yes I Will "parodyware" that will mirror any website you want, as long as you got the domain and the space: <http://theyesmen.org/yesiwill/>. Viva la web-resistance!

*Until the end of Pax Americana!*