

Panarticon

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Here I Am In Montreal

All the rumours are true—hardwood floors, bagels & cheap rent—Cote de Neiges screaming by—Franglais and sexy sex—snow in May—neverending club nights—cigarettes—of course I am writing this column before I have left, but as you read it I am There.

FUCK the Referendum

Alright, this is it: time to put up the Fists and Fight. The Liberal Referendum on First Nations is a bigoted attempt to silence the minority with the weight of the majority. I don't think I am going too far in saying that it's the equivalent to asking the Germans what to do with the Jews in 1935. Get it? Alright. Let's proceed. Here are some great ways to register your disgust not only with the Referendum, but with the System itself. For those who think voting "No" is the answer—*it isn't*. The Referendum questions are ambiguous enough that *either answer can be legally interpreted in favour of racist policies under Liberal control*; Furthermore, a No vote *is not binding*; and because of already-existing Constitutional protections of First Nations status, *neither does a Yes vote hold any legal weight*. The result? An historic waste of 9 million bucks that nevertheless plays into the Liberals' hands and giving them the weapons to do irreparable damage before the Consitution comes to bear on the situation. Details: 1. The public is provided with *no information* on the subject whatsoever. History of coloniser occupation? None. Residential schools abuse? Notta. Existing treaties and pacts? Zilch. Many of the questions depend upon the results of others; most are completely ambiguous as to whether the question is a *general question* or one specific to certain, individual First Nations claims. *The Referendum homogenizes a diverse people*. Every First Nations treaty is different and unique. Solutions to First Nations treaty rights lie not in the public poll of uninformed, majority White People. 2. *The Referendum crushes the heteogeneity of humanity with the same jackboot: it smears Whites with the same brush as Natives through its offensive generalities*. It is not too much to say that generalities that attempt to conceal and whitewash histories and at the same time promote the hatred of difference are the premise of nothing less than fascism.

The Ballot...& its Eminent Destruction

There are two main ways to Spoil your ballot. 1. Write whatever you want on it (make it creative—speak your mind on the Referendum, attach a letter, get a black marker and pull out the anti-Liberal slogans: just make sure to fuck it up so it is obviously "Spoiled"). Then put it in all the necessary envelopes (do that all normally) and drop it in the mail. Voila. Your ballot will be counted as a spoiled ballot. 2. Spoil your ballot, and send it to an Indigenous organisation collecting the ballots, i.e. the Indigenous Media Arts Group @ the Video In reception area (1965 Main St-604.872.8337). You can also take your ballot to the Native Friendship Centre @ East Hastings and Commercial. Why? The Union of BC Indian Chiefs will collect & count the spoiled ballots as protest votes and then burned in a public ceremony. If I hadn't already sent out my ballot with "*Liberal Racist Fascists*" on it, I would have done exactly this. Sending your ballot to a willing First Nations representative not only registers your protest vote, but also shows your support for the indigenous rights of First Nations to self-government on their own terms

and unhindered by the tyranny of the majority. *You've got until May 15th, so get a move on!*

The Liminal Zoo

What *is* “in-between” space? What *becomes* in-between? Colin Miner, James Nizam, and Chris Ruffatto—in that “in-between” stage of neither-student-nor-professional-artist—explored this non-space in their “Liminal” show which ran April 15-25th @ SUB Gallery, UBC. As Aaron Peck notes in his “Of Other Spaces, or Liminal” document for the exhibition, “the network of galleries signifies how [a young artist] is placed in relation to that stage of their career.” As I walked into the Gallery, James was trying to sort out the lighting of his “Lucid (Series III)” painting, a dark green/black plasticized Rothko-esque dreamscape. *Praxis*: James was attempting to turn the admittedly crappy Gallery into an engaging space, dealing with the in-house shitty lighting... *The Art*: Miner’s “David and Goliath” was a collection of colour, cardboard & cut-out sheep surrounding a backlit photo of a bushy-eyed & toga-clad Greek with a sling-shot. Was he attacking or defending the sheep, or me? Ambiguous in either defending or attacking Christianity, I felt like a misunderstood god. Ruffatto’s large, backlit photo of a room-set, “The Grommet”—complete with a strange, “grommet” human-doll, “grommet” easel sketches, a fake-miniature-world outside the “window”—reminded me of his consumer-topia film exhibited at “Overperson” (indeed, the same black + red notebooks were scattered on the floor of this room-space). And yet I was perversely captured by Nizam’s “Lucid (Series I),” a series of peep-show eye-holes—of those strange lenses you use for looking at 3D topographical maps— that allowed the viewer to see mysterious photos of a clinical, white room with a model in a white biological suit. For Nizam, it was a dream-scape; for me, it was almost an erotic nightmare. As I moved from peep-hole to peep-hole, the model disappeared from the white table to appear in a slide-mirror projection on the opposite wall; and in the last two projections, two separate conflicting images attempt to place the viewer in two spaces at once, both looking *at* the room from the viewer’s point-of-view and looking *back-out* at the camera from the model’s point-of-view, an impossible position, an in-between space, what, as Peck notes, Foucault would call a “heterotopia,” or Turner a “liminal” (non)space; for me, at least, Nizam’s particular work was attempting to discover fetishistic relations—the peep-show, the viewer, and the clinical—“with(in)(out)” the *khōra*.

Until First Nations are Free!

