

Panarticon

Tobias v

What [the US is] responding to is not September 11th, but the beginning of a permanent and precipitous decline in worldwide oil production, the beginning of a deep and protracted worldwide recession, and the unraveling of the empire. –Stan Goff, US Special Forces Master Sergeant (Ret'd).

Thobani, Al-Jazeera, and the Truth

The US media machine switches into high gear. OBL's broadcasts are now edited or pulled, for reasons of "national security," and the US moves to knock out the remaining media outlet in the Middle East, Qatar's Al-Jazeera, the only news agency to scoop footage from inside Afghanistan. Not to mention the recent raids on Infocom, a Texas ISP for Muslim and Palestinian websites and charities. An FBI spokeswoman: "We're hoping to find evidence of criminal activity." Hoping in desperate abandon at the prospect of an enemy, drooling over Anti-Terrorist legislation so broad that, as one Arab-American said last week, "Simply giving blankets to the wrong kind of hospital could be a violation of the law." And so, U.S. Foreign Policy expert Noam Chomsky and Middle East journalist Robert Fisk are ignored by the corporate media, and UBC's Sunera Thobani is condemned by all those Boys (With Their Toys), from Gordon Campbell to Vancouver Sun journalist Pete McMartin. Thobani is right. The Marxists say this war is the continuing destruction of global imperialism, but what is missing from the standard Leftist analysis are the patriarchal structures at work on all sides, from the violently repressive Taliban to the phallic anger of the West, replete with the World's Greatest Ball Licking Competition (Who Can Suck Dubya Best?). Biohazard, indeed. It's a battle of cum-shots, where every sticky dose brings not life, but death. War becomes the ultimate one-shot orgasm. Spread your lips for the anthrax, baby.

Dawn at the Pitt

Open Cities at the Helen Pitt Gallery became a contest of wills. In the back room, performing her piece *clown*, performance artist Kim Dawn sings over and over an off-key rendition of "Every Time I See You," surrounded by embarrassingly personal photos and video-art of a makeup application gone berserk, whereas the rest of the gallery is home to *Open Cities*, featuring suave contemporary minimalist paintings with heavy post-structural explanation. The battle between the curator and Dawn's friend erupts out back, each arguing the merits of the performance's necessity to *stop* as it is "making people uncomfortable" vs. the artist's integrity to drag it out as long as possible. The curator makes the call, and asks Dawn to stop. She does. The problem is two-fold. 1) The gallery is too small for a loud performance artist + paintings that desire conversation: the curator should have realised this from the beginning. 2) What's so wrong with making people a little uncomfortable? Dawn's performance was evocative, edgy, and cause for greater discussion than *Open Cities*. Perhaps this was the real problem: Dawn was getting all of the attention instead of headliner Sara Graham, whose detailed line drawings and pantone paintings spoke less than the artist's statement. Meanwhile, a lowered skatermobile spins into the back parking lot, the hooded brothers hop out, beers in hand, to see Andrew Dadson's *Stylotech* exhibit in the back gallery, aka the washroom, home to a silver tag and backlit tagger paint pens. "That's it?" one of them says, "You're in the washroom?!" I'd have the same response. Better off to keep tagging trains and buildings (check out the ally behind the Sugar Refinery for some amazing work) than to attempt to get a good spot in a gallery (long live Basquiat and Futura). Until Nov. 10th @ 882 Homer.

Refrains: People People People

Refrains: Music Politics Aesthetics on September 29th drew out the masses to absorb talks on contemporary electronic music and politics as well as hear the sounds of the future. Brave post-ravers mixed coffee with weathered academics at 8am, Green College at UBC, a little out of their element; later, the tables were flipped as Kim Cascone (SF), Ben Nevile (Victoria), Cid+Eric (Seattle), and locals Jovian Francey and Artificial Intelligence performed live sonic experimentation at the Video-In, while DJs tobias (yes, me) and Construct showed that experimental techno-electro shit can also get your groove on. Highlights of the day's talks

included Steven Shaviro (UW) taking on lesbian Bjork-bots, Michael Jarrett (Penn State) discussing Plastikman and trains in the same breath, Discorder's own Steve DiPasquale dropping the Live on everyone (with Mr. Cascone saying he will cite Steve in a new paper!), SFU's Brady Cranfield dialect-ing with Oval, Chris Lee making the connections between Duke Ellington and Paul Gilroy, Charles Mudede throwing down hip-hop, pleasure, and Heidegger, Janne VanHanen mixing Mixmaster Mike with rhizomes, and general mayhem all over—not to mention the op-art green vinyl floor and furniture extravaganza of Triina Linde, and line-drawing Ample Lamps of Olo J. Milkman at the Video-In. *Keep your eyes peeled because word is Tim Hecker (Jetone) is playing a show in Vancouver on November 09th at the Video-In, 1965 Main St.*

Cloning Jean Baudrillard

Around 600 people showed up to see Jean Baudrillard speak at Emily Carr in a classroom that only held 150. While I appreciate Emily Carr and the Charles H. Scott gallery's efforts to bring in one of the world's foremost postmodernists, the absolute shortsightedness in not finding a larger venue is inexcusable. Lesson learned: despite all the pragmatic-school cynicism of postmodernism in the North American academy, the kids know what's up—people like Baudrillard described what is occurring *now* 30 years ago. (But that doesn't mean they've actually read anything by him. A quick survey showed that out of 10 people, only 1 could name a single text by Baudrillard.) In any case, power to the shit-disturbers who rapped on the big folding doors that could have been opened to let the people hear Jean. The "fire regulations" excuse was poor and nonsensical, and I'm glad a little postmodern ironic juxtaposition threw off the opening remarks.

Andrew Duke Retraction

Whoops I fucked up in my "Andrew Duke Dukes It Out" interview.

- 1- He's the Program Director, and not Station Manager, at CKDU Halifax.
- 2- He's still single, girls/guys, and not married. So go get 'em.
- 3- He's a midget.

Until the margins marginalize the majority!