

Panarticon

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“Weapons that combine good design, good function and good quality with prices so low that as many people as possible will be able to afford them.”—ODE

ART IS POLITICS

In 1974 Mr. Peanut ran for Mayor in Vancouver, complete with costume, pornographic press photos, tap dancing and a skimpy female chorus line. He refused to give interviews, and still got over 3000 votes, enough to get back his deposit. Perhaps a little lesson can be learned from Mr. Peanut today—for getting an aging, balding white guy with wire glasses, a minus one charisma level and a secret agenda to fuck the province like a dirty whore elected as premier is a true art. Mr. Peanut was performed by Vincent Trasov, created jointly with John Mitchell, and goes down in the international performance art scene as a major socio-political art intervention. You’ve probably missed its appearance at the Belkin which ended in August, but you can catch the Trasov/Mitchell permanent exhibit, and underway as you read this, the no doubt fine work of the UBC Masters of Fine Arts Graduate Exhibit.

RUN(A)WAY WARFARE

Flaj took over a Railway chic warehouse studio on July 28th, brought to you by intermission.org and curated by Natalie Purschwitz. A whole pantheon of designers, make-up artists, hair stylists and DJs collaborated to bring off this successful event. MC’ed by a girl in male drag, lip synching to a cheesy male voice announcing the designers, *Flaj* was the perfect environment for the combination of subtle and outrageous clothing (or lack of it). Nerdcore is in: glasses, buttons, dorky and dumpy yet sexy from Janet Glover; subtle threads, colours and exterior seams from Sarah Edmonds, and Taoistic pockets and dark tones from Heather Young. As can be expected, sexual warfare from unpredictable conceptual artist Triina Linde, with naked males lying down on the runway to be “pissed upon” by “portable bladder bags” attached to clear, plastic sheathed, near nude female models, replete with wear-a-canvas-and-food styles and 2001 Census forms. Corin Sworn & Erin Stanley / Natalie Purschwitz.

I-CHING RHIZOMES MEDITATE IN EDEN

Olo J. Milkman, Esq., sometimes soundman for a big programming house we won’t mention, and Paul Kamon, yoga photographer, launched a joint showing at Coffee 4 House in June. Milkman’s I-Ching line drawings, each drawn separately yet continuing the same line structure, forming connected yet heterogenous squares that can be assembled in I-Ching numerical permutation structures, gravitated alongside Paul Kamon’s ethereal and relaxing photographs of desert yoga meditation sessions. Although the exhibit is over, Milkman’s work will be on display at the Refrains performance at the Video-In on September 29th.

THE ROOIKAT

Art that tricked us all. At first, when we unblinking types at CiTR received this pamphlet for “Ode,” a website that in its design and rhetoric resembled Ikea, we just wrote it off as some confused dotbomb. When the invitation came in to see the “Showroom” at the TAG Gallery, boy were we feeling silly. Ode, conceived by artist Sarah Beck, is all about making freedom, through weapons—such as the “Rooikat” tank—available to everyone, with little assembly required (just an Allen key). You can still catch it all online at www.shopode.com. Pure postmodern brilliance.

BLACK DEATH

Goodbye, goodbye, to the wonderful independent store known as Black Sheep Books. We all know who to Fuck, and that includes ourselves. This is a dark time indeed for Anyone Who Cares. Do something about it.

FUCK IT MOVE TO MONTREAL

On everyone’s minds recently, as I looked at another dilapidated and shitty “warehouse” in Richmond to live in—give it in, give it up, move to Montreal where it is cheap and French and there is art money and warehouses downtown and this nebulous thing called *culture* that everyone has (maybe it’s in the scarves). Well, we’re kicking it for a bit longer in VanCity, despite the yuppy “studio” craze (a poor excuse to build an apartment with no bedrooms, call it a “studio,” and double the rent) and “loft” frenzy (the bathroom is up a ladder) and general shitty attitude from the city, the province and the feds to do anything brilliant that might actually blow Vancouver up out of its drugged slumber. With that in mind, think art and experimental electronic music at Refrains, a conference and performance featuring Kim Cascone (SF, Mille Plateaux) and Jetone (Montreal, Mille Plateaux) among others, talking and playing music that explores music, aesthetics, and politics. <http://www.shrumtribe.com/refrains>

Until the revolution!

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