



2003 – 2006



Air.Strike

tobias c. van Veen

easily available via online
URL [267kpbs MP3, 48000 HZ]:

[<http://tinyurl.com/ndrtw>]

The bombs fall with a click of the mouse, in which case the nomadic laptop is also the skymachine that brings death, and the groundmachine that erupts in a halo of virtual gunfire is as real to the desert sands as the counterstrike is to the screen.

.. // ..

TECHNICAL:

"Air.Strike" is a one hour sound-art piece designed for radio-art broadcast, online dissemination or sound-art installation (preferably with transmission media although not necessary). As transmission media, it plays with the ambiguity of radio reception and the expectations that underlie the radio broadcast (reception, context, transmission), or the disruption of net-radio domains of the 21C. As sound installation, the piece works as a stand-alone sonic environment or listening experience.

Taking as his thematic the rise in terrorist uses of nebulous transmissions (the Net, radio, underground media), and the training of violent cultures via virtual worlds (such as the US Army's game "America's Army,") Van Veen utilises samples from the popular, online FPS (First Person Shooter) game, Counter-Strike. These samples include in-game sounds (gunfire, explosions) and the live audio comments of the players. The artist submersed body, mind and mouse in hours of gaming to engage the players in increasingly surreal situations (disrupting game-play, conversation, reading aloud tracts and texts). As a feedback effect of the performative engagement with gaming culture, audio was recorded onto tape cassette with the windows open in Montréal, allowing the busy Cote-des-Neiges throughfare to bleed



through into the online realm. The similarity between traffic violence and that of the online world is unsettling. Further sonic references throughout Air.Strike include Detroit techno patterns (non-representational & interstellar dreams of the AfroFuturist), low-range bass drones (earth-shattering explosions), microsound soundscapes derived from field recordings (meditative, quiet refractions of sound into granular clouds) and other elements of sonic manipulation that generate the marks of the alien, an offworld, areferential soundscape that, despite its dreamlike qualities, is all too close to Earth. The ur-realist aspect of science-friction is punctuated by Chris Daub's reading of van Veen's "Dream.Flesh" text which details a violent bureaucratic engagement.

Air.Strike was originally broadcast *once* during the 2003 Open Air Radio Festival (Barcelona, Spain) and is archived online by Alt-X Audio #14 (part of <http://www.electronicbookreview.com>). A recent unarchived radio broadcast occurred at 'This City Is A Radio', March 2006, in Canada. For these reasons of limited distribution, but also because subsequent investigations follow this extended exploration of sonic warfare, I submit it for further dissemination.

FEATURED:

Open Air Radio 2003 _ one-time original broadcast, Barcelona
[<http://opensever.cccb.org>]
[<http://opensever.cccb.org/opserver/archivos/lopenair.php>]
[<http://opensever.cccb.org/mp3/opr3/oprair/001/111tobias/air.s trike-tv.mp3>]

Alt-X Audio #14 (December 2005) – online archive, USA
[<http://www.altx.com/audio/>]

This City Is A Radio _ March 30th, 2005
CFRC 90.5FM Saskatoon, Canada & Paved Arts and New Media Centre
broadcast: modified 30 minute remix
[<http://www.cfrc.ca>]
[<http://www.pavedarts.ca/progcurrent.php - radio>]

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BIO:

[**tobias c. van Veen**] is a renegade theorist & pirate, techno-turntablist & writer based in Montréal. Hailing from Vancouver, BC, tobias performed and organised technoculture interventions on the West Coast of North America throughout the '90s. Since 1993 he has directed conceptual and sound-art events, online interventions and radio broadcasts working with STEIM, Mutek, the New Forms Festival, the Banff Centre, the Video-In, Upgrade! International, the Vancouver New Music Society & Hexagram. His work has appeared in CTheory, EBR, Bad Subjects, Leonardo, FUSE (contributing editor), e/i (columnist), the Wire, HorizonZero and through Autonomedia, among others. His writing has been translated into Spanish, Lithuanian and French and his tactical media, net and sound-art disseminated through Rhizome.org, Javamuseum.org, Juniradio.net, Alt-X, [R][R][F], Kunstradio, Burn.fm, CiTR, contemporary art museums (Denver, Barcelona, Canada) and international festivals. He has a recent microsound album, *If Not, Winter* with tomas phillips (2005) on and/OAR. From 1993-2001 he was Direktor of the sonic performance <ST> Collective [shrumtribe.com] on the West Coast and co-founder of technowest.org and thisistheonlyart.com. He currently hosts the Upgrade Montréal [theupgrade.sat.qc.ca] and is Concept Engineer at the Society for Arts and Technology [sat.qc.ca]. Djing since '93, tobias' style is marked by the cut-up & non-linear mixing styles of 3-deck future techno & house: Detroit, minimal, dub, glitch and acid. Spin that through the regional markers of context & the application of concept (masochism, atmosphere, ritual). His Dj sets have appeared on BetaLounge.com, Burn.fm, NoType.com's BricoLodge sublabel and Techno.ca, and his skills have graced events worldwide. With Winnipeg's DJ Fishead he hosts the net.radio mix [ControltoChaos.ca](http://controltochaos.ca). An article discussing his experimental work with turntable scripts appeared in Leonardo Music Journal 13. Tobias is doctoral candidate in Philosophy & Communication Studies at McGill University, writing on the philosophy of technology and AfroFuturism. He still mixes a mean absynthe martini, likes black squares & typewriters, and spends as much time freeskiing and longboarding as possible. His blog resides at:

[<http://www.quadrantcrossing.org/blog>]/

C.V. [art and academic] available upon request .



---// **TEXT: DREAMFLESH [excerpt]**

tobias c. van Veen
read by Chris Daub

Scrawled on the wall outside the Bureau.

[1]

The line wound from the flickering light of the bureau down the winding metal steps and out to the cold. Huddled students waited in vain for hours to receive a number, and once taken, cold hands in tattered pockets, moved up the stairs. Even after donating an OC to be considered for the privilege of education, the systematics of entering the bureaucracy required a skillset that could not be studied for: the absolute power of the bureau. Failure meant the subtraction of a potentially reproductive Organ(ic) Component.

[2]

Trembling, the young girl who approached the counter held out her number and attempted to explain her problematic—the bureau had "misplaced" her regional wavers. Like they had so many others of the student class. To reclaim regional wavers was an expensive organ(ic) process.

"We need payment." Snapped the grey-haired automaton.

Barely organic, the automaton was plugged through a thin fibercord into the desk terminal, wired direct to the educational net. At will she could delete entire records—never mind regionals—with a motion of her fibermind. This was the generalised systematic of the bureau: it was run by darkfiber, by automatons who detested the pleasures of the organics. But in time the automatons had learned how to extract what was necessary from the organics to assert the absolute primacy of the constructed.

[3]

"But I've already paid and submitted by due date," the girl said, & in a timid voice, too full of quietude to even try and resist.

"Payment!" raised the shrill voice of the automaton, and the two security posts detached themselves from the bureau lobby. They grabbed the girl on either side. She was too limp from fear to struggle as they brought her quivering into the back, where, an hour later, she hobbled from the back office, still in shock and pain from the removal of her reproductive chambers without anaesthetic by the secure pod's pincer apparatus. Her sociality status was ruined: if memos were listed of the loss of her primary pleasureskins, she would be subjected to the torment of the automaton fleshmen, and turned loose to the streets servicing the infertile.



[4]

The first lesson they were taught in the grey classroom with a blackboard that no one ever used not even during the 52 weeks that comprised the semester, which was broken up into sixteen quadrules requiring, each at its own interval, the intercession of seven tests, four physical, and three multiple-choice, so that each test was designated in a differing variety of positions, in order to subject the body to its own errancy.

[5]

The Sistine Chapel is an elaborate metaphor. God reaching with finger backwards in time to create infinity through humanity. Ee are all working towards creating God. Is Nietzsche hindering God's progress or not? In fact, he's helping the Infinite: the Church was only an organisational principle. From now on we strive to become-cyborg. The highest atheists of the land, blithe cynics of the past, are falling the future.

[6]

Errant bodies can be spotted and tagged with the simplest of metal devices designed. There are no eyes once the tags are in place and the bodies are hung in steel rafters. The rafters are intricately crafted in the North. They are soaked in iron. The brown flecks flake the ochre metal, covering disused flesh in burning, solid rain.

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