



cyberstroika | ˌsɪbər-ˈstɔɪ-ki | n [from cyberspace, the hacker vision of the new frontier + perestroika, the Russian program of political and economic reforms which sought to foster free speech and break the monopoly of political power.] | a : the hope of the idealist that s/he will be better off in tomorrow's virtual reality than s/he is in the mundane contemporary one | b : with tongue held firmly in cheek

CYBERZINE 1995

YBERSTROIKA

a special multimedia exposition of queer visions for the future
part of the 19th San Francisco International Lesbian & Gay Film Festival

Co-presented by:

Please Louise Productions, Museo Contempo,
Frameline, Southern Exposure

Production Coordinating/Control Freak Committee:

Jeffrey Winter, Jose G., Samuuel Topiary, Cary Boisvert, David Averbach,
Nicole Scheller, Bert Green

Production Assistants:

Robert Chehoski, Reyna Howkins, Gabriel Walsh, Peter Pizzi

All Graphic and Logo Designs/Executions

David Averbach

Program / Zine Editor

Michelle Tea (Pixel)

Special Entrance Sound Installation

"Swarm" by Kadet Kuhne

Key Frameline Contributors:

Boone Nguyen, Jennifer (Junkyard) Morris, Amy Schoenborn, Tess Martin, Jay Dayrit

Key Southern Exposure Contributors:

Sue Lopez, Mike Blockstein, Barbara Eaton

Major Sponsors:

Q Action, The Young Men's Program of STOP AIDS Project

The Queer Art Expo

Imaja

JUNK!

Circle Elephant Fine Art

Planet Optigon/Total Entertainment Network

The Sovereign State of the SoVan

Other Sponsors:

LeatherTongue Video, Noa Labs, Kerry Etnire & Mark Burton of Coordinated Resources Inc. of San Francisco, Global Art Studio, Iguana Pictures, Artist's Digital Access, OUTline, Therapy Furniture, San Francisco State University, Steadl Systems, Bewegung, Hal Riney & Associates, Center for the Arts at Yerba Buena Gardens, Tim Hagen, High Speed Industrial/A Ted Swiet Design, Rajendra Serber, Jon Bush/Craig Poplar

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Nurtured, Inspired, and Dedicated to:

Mark A. Finch



So, there is a new world coming?

Going virtual & digital,

global & mobile

Just what does that mean for us queers?

Welcome to



CYBERSTROIKA

cyberstroika \ ,sī-bar-'strōi-ka \ n [from cyberspace, the hacker vision of the new frontier + perestroika, the Russian program of political and economic reforms which sought to foster free speech and break the monopoly of political power.]
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Well well and welcome, to the show, to the spectacle, to the spectacular, to the bizarre, traveling show, cyber show. Its a freestyle, its a Freak Show, yours and mine....'cause we got yahoos, we got bazos, we've got transgendered transinformers, providing images, liberation, affirmation, and assimilation, (but of course, in fact inevitable,) in this land of free and brave. Yours and mine, you trouble-makers, and you oh-so trendy hipsters, all this is yours, all this ours, our subversive hyper-reality, just being discovered -- by our neighbors by our enemies by the major mainstream media of our de-centralizing globalizing world.

Welcome to the future and guess who's back with a blast from the past. It's the visionaries and the conceptualizers, sprouting limitlessly from new generations of artsy queers (you know how creative us homosexuals can be), armed with some PoMo twists on their DaDaist ancestors. Art and activism come together in cabaret à la Voltaire -- gone digital gone decadent gone surreal and queer.

Looking for the latest and the greatest? Look no further than your own backyard, this is San Francisco and this is our Mecca, as well (we are told) as the developing Multi-Media Capital of the Information Age. And that means fledgling industries that are desperate for new visions, so they can sell them to make their buck. This is America after all, build it and they shall come! Access the medium, dictate the parameters....and create your own future, your American dream.

In the world of my idealistic dreams, I would want to see an exposition-style indoor pavilion encompassing multiple lounge-like areas and intimate circus tents, wandering minstrels and otherworldly freaks, endless monitors and viewing rooms, planetarium-style 360-degree sensearounds with multi-view perspectives, video portrait booths, virtual reality kiosks.

Q Action, the Young Men's' Program of STOP AIDS Project,
presents



The Safer Sex Visitors Center is a welcoming kiosk designed to insure your safe passage into the queer future. The exhibit features innovative safer-sex videos, educational interactive multimedia, printed materials from local HIV service organizations, as well as an assortment of latex barriers.

The Safer Sex Visitors Center

Sponsored by Q Action, the Young Men's Program of STOP AIDS Project
environmental design by Bert Green/Circle Elephant, & Museo Contempo
videos curated by Jeffrey Winter with assistance from Peter Pizzi, Jonny Symons, and Robert Chehoski
visual art exhibit curated by Bert Green/Circle Elephant



special exhibits:

The Brother's Network Interactive Safe Sex Game -
- Brothers Network; Gregory Walker, exec. dir.

visual artists:

Johnny Perfect Land
Alex Nowick
Tim Cummings
Tim Burns
Courtney Peaters
Jim Winters
Scooter

videos:

The Living Tree:

Safe Sex:

Trojans:

Evil Thoughts:

1994:

Down Under:

Awake, Alive:

No Fairy Tale:

PSAs:

Zachary Longtree

Barbara Hammer

Bellal/Pink Eye Video

Joe Hoffman

Genessa Krasnow

Ylonda Stevens

c/o Q Action / Stop AIDS Project

Aimee Morgana

STOP AIDS, S.F. Aids Foundation, Terrance

Higgins Trust, Jacques Van Dem Bourghes

Please Louise Productions/Museo Contempo

safe sex video collages & text by:

glass bowls created and loaned by:

Tim Hagen

Curved walls donated by:

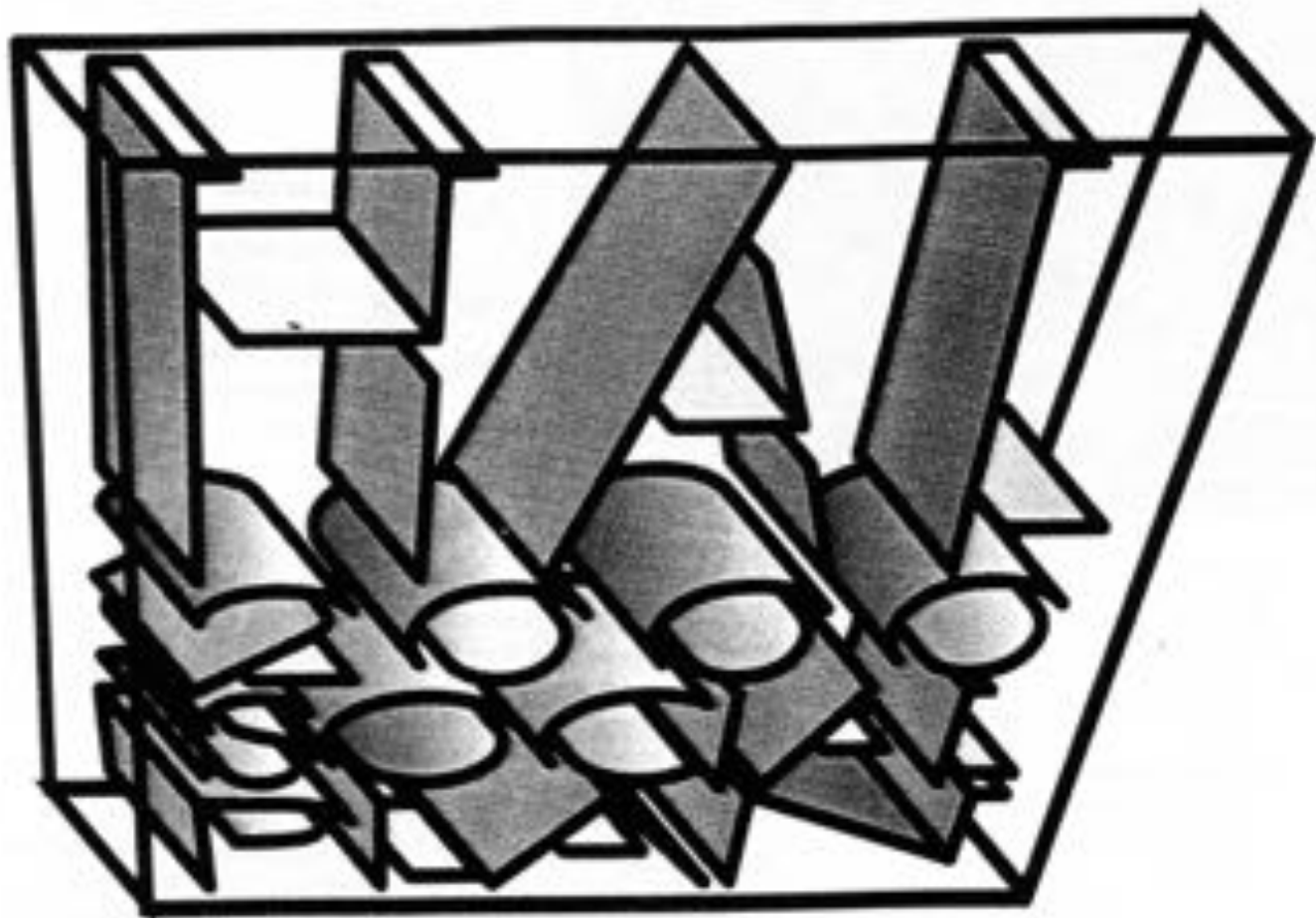
Center for the Arts at Yerba Buena Gardens

Furniture provided by:

Therapy Furniture



Behind the hype of the Information Age is the fact that the practitioners of power now possess astoundingly sophisticated means for monitoring and exerting influence upon the minute details of your daily life. Resistance is futile. Hope is irrelevant. Welcome to the...



Hal 2000 Social Plan is a journey through a hyper-controlled environment that reminds us that technology is generally controlled by and serves the agenda of the very same dominant institutions that the individual "cyber-cowboy" seeks freedom from. HAL soothes us with the message that "Corporations are our friends," and then unsettles us in its "Electronic Corrals," before taking full possession of our bodies by serving all of our whims and desires.

United States of Identification

Hal 2000 Social Plan



Hal 2000 Social Plan

exhibition coordinator:

exhibition design and construction:

Host:

Cary Boisvert

Matt Bass and Andy Kripe

The Dark Lord

Special interactive multimedia installations

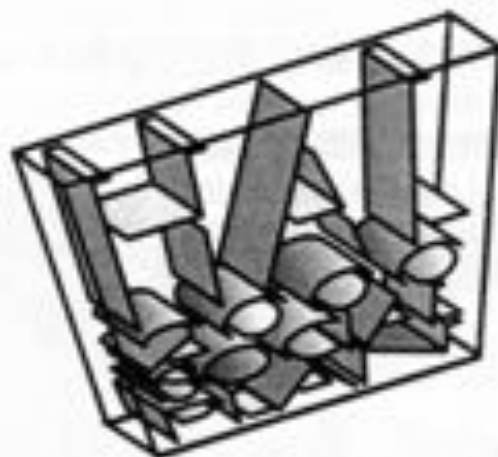
Inforia:

(Data rehabilitation / makeover)

User ID

Elliot Anderson

Rex Bruce



videos

True Power Club:

Das Simulation:

Hal 2000 video compilations:

Donald Guarnieri & Steve Marcus

Lecram Nerak

Cary Boisvert & Jose G./ Please Louise Productions



Who controls the screen controls the mind of the screen watcher.
The power-control struggles of the 1990s will occur on screens in
the living rooms of individuals.
The manufacture and

distribution of inexpensive communications appliances and
software will be of enormous importance. Just as the USSR and the
U.S. controlled the world for forty years by distributing weapons to
every compliant dictatorship, now Japanese and Silicon Valley
companies are liberating the world with an endless flood of
electronic devices designed for individuals.





Instinct=Extinct by Rex Bruce I want to shove my "actual" fat dick down the weeping face of the All-American attempt. This drug/work to rely the eternally receding and imaginary phallic supplement, the libidinal end-all do-all of mediaic space. The recursively shooting hard-on phantasmically embedded in the technoscape.

We regurgitate a digitized penile cud, an aspartame sweetened psychical chewing gum. Seated at our monitors we approach an all enveloping orgiastic simulacrum, an obviated group cathexis. En masse, we attempt to eat the electronic load, to fill the void (our essential pain) with workstation "stationary work." And while I'm showing my fat "real" cock down- "your" electronic throats "I," too, sit on the cybernetic plastic banana-the valueless manufactured fake fruit. Tasteless, indigestible, and above all lacking. Like a caged gerbil anxiously suck the theoretical water bottle-waiting to be stuffed up the diseased asshole of computer industry, of [manufactured apocalypse](#).

Here, within the information industry, the textual manufactory, philosophy finds complicity with the suicide instinct and becomes an autopsy on the forthcoming cadaver of humanity. And while it contributes to the job: this ink, this paper, these printers, the machines on which these words were processed-all is enmeshed in the toxic, the destruction drive. An absorptive economy based on the external combustion engine. Theory is now a self-participatory forensic examination and surgical disembowelment of a zombie body that is the moribund present. Idealism is nostalgia for the future, any future. [A gruesome essentialism](#) is coughed up: the inherent self-killing nature of life as it is played out in the multiple fronts of agonistic biological wildfire, the scorched earth agenda of psychological hedonism. I destroy, therefore I am. A once "curative," now caustic techné (in the contemporary pharmakon there are only side effects). A disastrous natural response to the natural disaster that nature itself is: Trauma. Disease. Hunger. Death=World Machine. World Toxicity. World Bio-dissolution.

And all of this is simulated, monitored, and sold. Love is lost to a burnt out mediation where all culture arrives at pornography, any fulfillment shoved out by the fat butt of industrio-electronic replication and digitization. All reproduction is for sale so that it earns enough to buy more of itself, as much of it as can be had, because infinity times zero still equals zero. The postmodern is a nascent incest: the act of fucking yourself in the mirror (when you are a mirror).

The All-American attempt to eat the plastic banana (the monumental simulacrum of our personal phallic narcissism) on which I sit, in full complicity with the toxic, is transmogrified by art to a cybernetic dildo uselessly crammed back up the numb asshole of a fetid U.S.A. who, smiling, maintains its sclerotic state of retardation, a televised/digitized post-hypnotic denial that likes to regard itself as entertained while frenetically waving "old glory," a signifier of the need for enemies:

not a symbol of pride, rather of despair. Instinctive human ingenuity (the attempt to escape despair) is a teleology that digs its own grave. civilization is a mausoleum for itself... in the shape of the biggest cock.

"Cyberpolitics" introduces the Foucault notions of the use of language and linguistic-tech by the ruling classes in feudal and industrial societies to control children, the uneducated, and the under classes. The words "governor" or "steersman" or

"G-man" are used to describe those who manipulate words and communication devices in order to control, to bolster authority—feudal, management, government—and to discourage innovative thought and free exchange.

information

is

power

Can unabashedly queer multimedia products ever hope to find the mainstream audience and the money? Ask yourself this question as you check out some of the leading-edge queer innovations of the Information Age....

CYBER EXPO

The CyberExpo is a high-end "product fair" that explores the central issues of the marketability and commercialization of queer applications of new technology, and suggests ways in which queer aesthetics might inform approaches to information, entertainment, products, and services. CyberExpo celebrates the myriad of new possibilities for queer art and expression in the Digital Age -- and asserts that we, as queers, can make use of a clever embrace of technology to find our place in this "new world order." CyberExpo us "over the rainbow" and past "Vegas in Space" into the fractured prism of a digital revolution.



The CyberExpo



multimedia exhibits:

Go Girl! Pinball Machine:

Michael Brown

—CYBERSTROIKA is thrilled to have the opportunity to present the world premiere showing of noted sculptor Michael Brown's gay-positive interactive pinball machine. Go Girl! is funded by the San Francisco Arts Commission Cultural Equity Grant, as well as a New Langton Arts Interdisciplinary grant.

The On-Line Frontier:

Todd Baker / Planet Optigon

—a hands-on tour through the next generation of graphically oriented on-line services, beginning at CYBERSTROIKA's very own World Wide Web page, and following hypertext links to Web pages by Barbara Hammer, Rex Bruce, OUT Magazine, Jacques Servain, and Amsterdam's Hein's Ultimate Gay Links. Also featuring Planet Optigon's Total Entertainment Network, which includes interactive games, internet access, and chat rooms. Total Entertainment Network is committed to fostering a user-built in a non-censorship environment, and is niche-marketed to "alternative" communities.

Technology/Toxicity: An Installation:

Rex Bruce / Artists Digital Access

—an kaleidoscopic and schizophrenic altar of hands-on interactive multimedia (Macromind Director-style) that navigates the paradigms and contradictions of a technology-obsessed world.

Queer Identity Project:

Jordy Jones

—coming soon to one the 500 television channels nearest you...finally a Queer Shopping Network that caters to your "special needs." Hosted by many of San Francisco's most fabulous celebuitantes!

CyberSexpo:

Texas Tomboy

— a back-alley pornucopia featuring sensational computer-assisted smut by one of San Francisco's premiere gender-fuck artists.

Materials donated to the CyberExpo by:

Center for the Arts at Yerba Buena Gardens
Global Art Studio
Artists Digital Access



TXXXS TOMBOY 25¢ PEEP SHOW



THE CYBERNETIC EYE

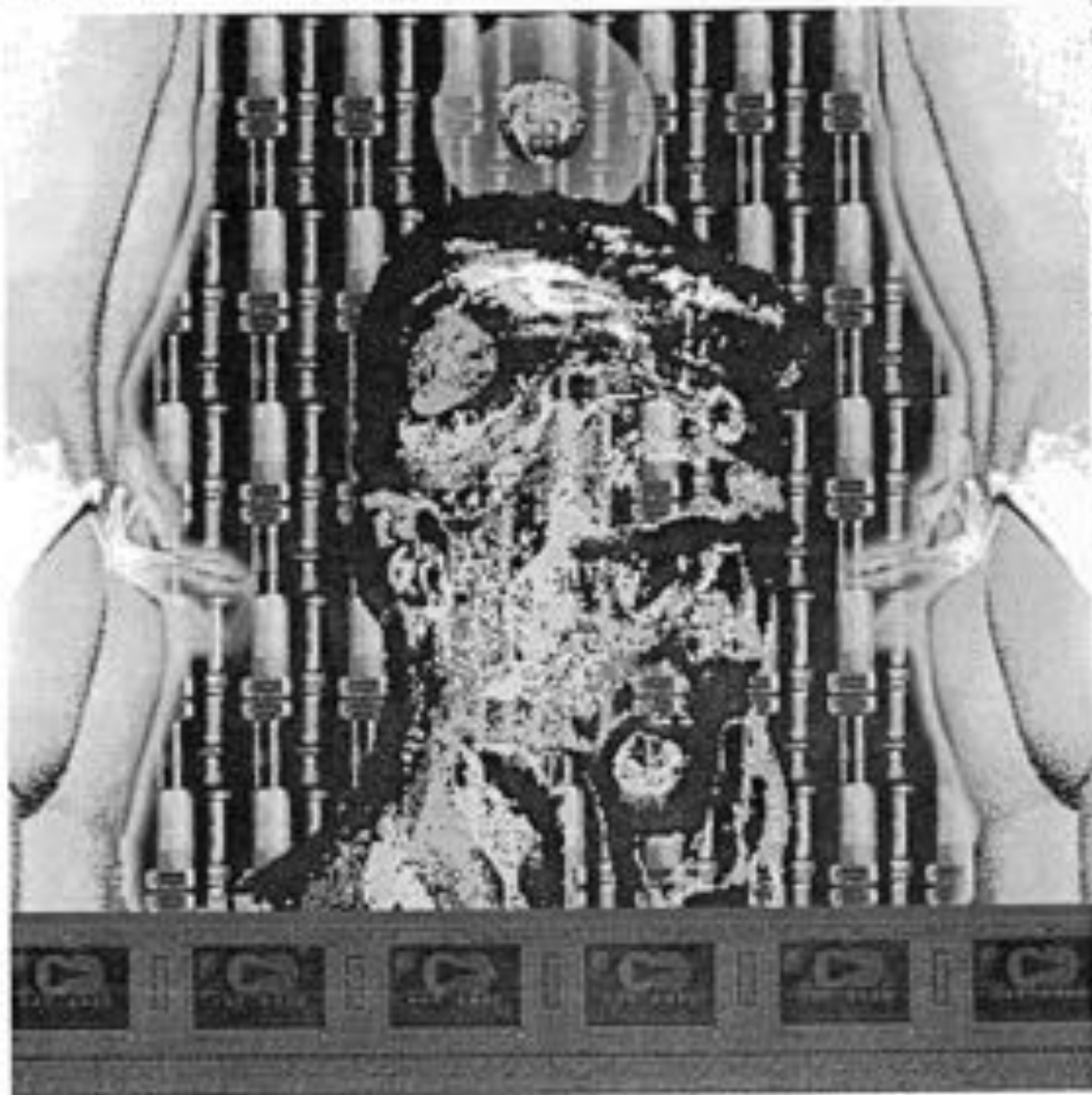
by Rex Bruce

In the wake of a one way, top down, trickle-up, propaganda culture where meditation (the hypno-anesthetic Disneyporn of american earth-death materialism) had become the carrier wave for infotainment enemy marketing, power polly hedonism, and the phallogocentric tantrum and its addiction to hate violence...<P>

I sing a virtual epiphany in the name of deep digital democracy: informational white noise. All views simultaneously in equal amplitudes illuminate the newly mediated grid of the cybernetic network. A full bandwidth ontology unfurls where all

theories collaborate and communicate instantaneously over a reverberant labyrinth of optical fibers. This is discursive critical mass-no opinion can exist at the expense of another and all identities, genders, skins, species, preferences and desires are transmutable. The didactic dissolves and philosophy is aestheticized as infinitely malleable and interactive audio-visual texts. Anteriorly recursive plagiarisms download, mutate, intermix and upload again. Vocabulary becomes a poetics of redefinition, and concepts become the vertigo of a shimmering ideological spectrum moving at light speed.<P>

This is the new music of the technologized psyche: the electronic symphony of every instrument and every note synchronously blended to one monolithic and ecstatic tone. A meditation. A multicultural morphing where all colors combine to create a brilliant light.<P>



Each computer screen is a glimpse a partitioned selection of this luminous digital site, of the total epistemic memory residing in the global database for instant retrieval, update, recombination and re-storage. This vortical workstation of the cybernet is a tributary, a feeding bottle or breast, and an hermaphroditic genital of the info-communicative circulatory/nervous system where through interaction we sate the antique dictum for being the smarter monkey that better survives a hostile nature. From this interconnective source the libidinal brain derives cerebral sustenance par excellence and instinct has the opportunity to become aesthetic. Pure culture irradiates cyberspace as an electronic spectre of the will to life. The "body electric" is a symbol and reminder for the reenchantment of the vital spirit in the "body real."

Art in cyberspace becomes a phantasmic refractory, a virtual world for the purposeful shifting and reconfiguration of all that is "known" and "perceivable." Here the ultimate mess of the creative child, the energetic spasm of the feral mind, or unconscious ferment and the improvisations of the unleashed psyche at once ejaculate and give birth to the converged and flexing images that express/embody the timeless zeitgeist of the emancipated heart of humanity and the individual the boundless spirit of life and light, of healing and of love.<P>

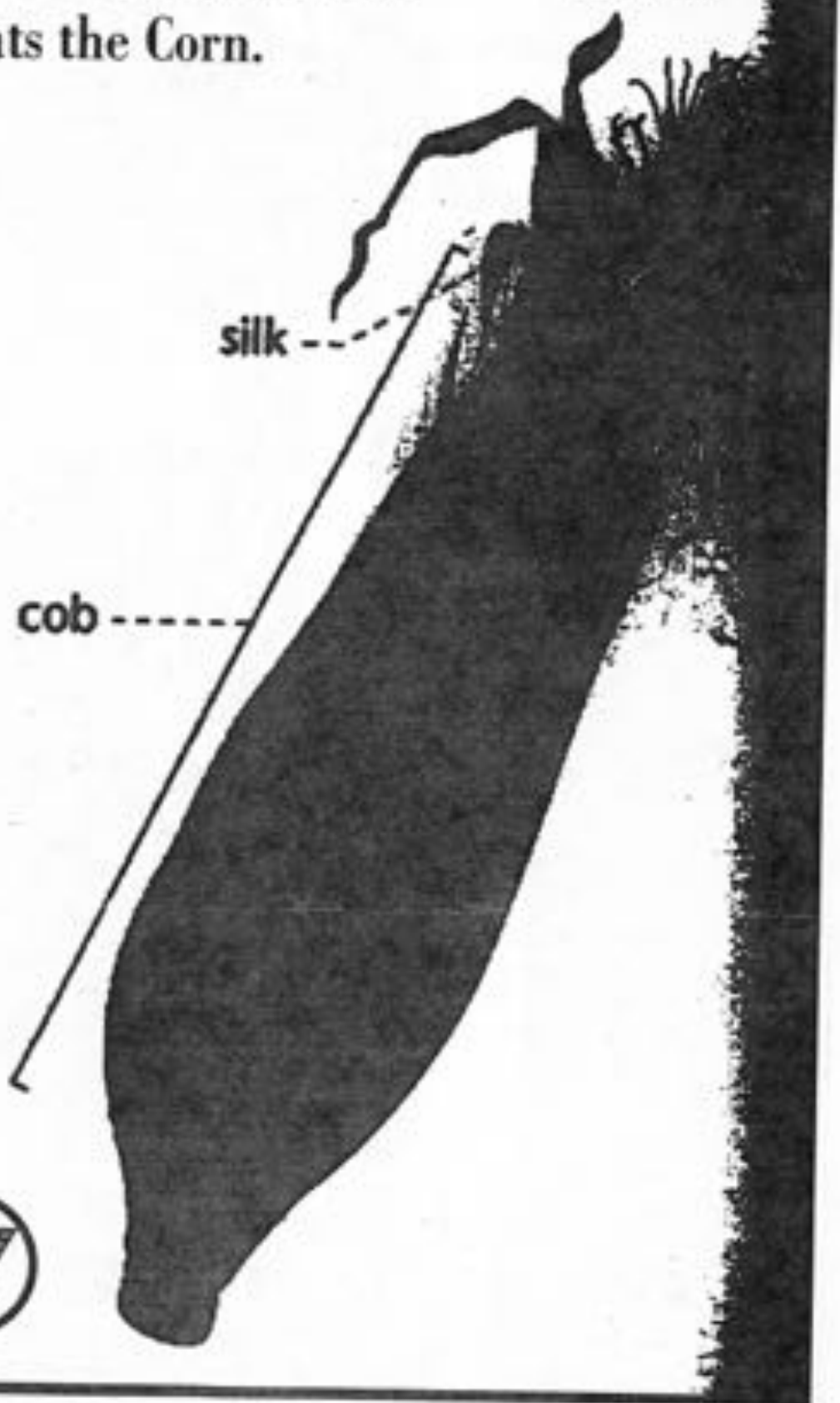
<center></center>

The Buddha Nature
eats the Corn.

CORN

silk - - -

cob - - -



IGUANA AND COMPANY PRESENTS



CHRIST

WORLD PREMIERE OPENING AT CYBERSTROIKA
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

JUNE 15, 16, 17 1995 SOUTHERN EXPOSURE GALLERY 405 ALABAMA SFCA 94110 CONTACT IGUANA AT 415-575-1511 FAX 415-575-1512

We are on our own time in



ZöLoft is a celebratory, free-flowing, hallucinogenic experience of the "rave." exhibit will be a showcase for non-linear, visions of our world as colorful, liquid, and creatively liberating.

ZöLoft will be presented as an ambient techno-rave environment inspired by the public celebrations to technology of rave parties where participants are encouraged to explore, experiment with, and experience those alternative forms of reality afforded to us through synthetic means. Audio/visual work included in this area will be visual only (no audio), with particular emphasis on evocative computer animation and computer-affected imagery. This exhibit will include original music, mixes and samples by DJ Zero and live dance performance by Hip Circle Improvisations.

ZöLoft is an anti-depressant, a mood elevation.

ZöLoft is a pirate space-ship flying away from the irrevocable disease and distraction which has infessed our mother planet, Earth.

ZöLoft is hope about the future, which is our only way to create pleasure in the present.

We are happy in ZöLoft.

We are on our own time in ZöLoft.

ZöLoft

Samuael Topiary: creator
Please Louise Productions: producer
KeriOakie: set & costumes design
Zero: DJ - sound installation
Amy Berk & Renée Rivera: set design, Textures
Angela Williams: sound design
Gretchen Hildebran: programming/curation
Hip Circle & CyberMission 14: performance
Technopia: host

video

ZöLoft Installation: Belial/Pink Eye Video

submissions:

Kenneth Penn: *The Manifesto: Cyber Circus (Remix), Cyberscape*
Tari Abranovich: *this, that & the other or how i learned to stop worrying and love the 10,000 and one things*
Mona De Vestel: *The Word is the Medium, The Door*
Kadet Kuhne: *Nectar, Fuck Film*
Museo Contempo: *Rave 2*

ZöLoft compilation:

Editing, Titles: S. Topiary
Programming: Gretchen Hildebran
Computer Animation: Sara Frucht, Lucia Grossberger-Morales, Greg Jalbert
Assistance: KeriOakie, Amy Yunis

compilation sources

Amelia Earhart, Barbarella, Baron Munchausen, Carrie, Close Encounters of the Third Kind, ET, Forbidden Planet, Gullietta degli Spiriti, Hook, wanderers from Mars, Jetsons, The Movie, Magical Mystery Tour, Pandora's Box, Star Trek V, Pippi in the South Seas, Pirates, The Wiz, The Wizard of Oz, Time Bandits, "Turning Point" special on Woodstock, Vegas in Space, We Are DEVO, Yellow Submarine

computer installations

Greg Jalbert: interactive computer installation
Lucia Grossberger-Morales: interactive computer installation & shrine
Sara Frucht: computer animation
Elise Horwitz & Del Brown: Plant Life in Cyberspace, amiga installation



SuperPOGS by S. Topiary
additional collages by KeriOakie

sponsors

Imaja
JUNK!

donors

Leather Tongue Video

equipment donors

Terrance Alan, ASP, Belial, Bewegung, Christina, Sara Frucht, Lucia Grossberger-Morales, Gretchen Hildebran, Elise Hurwitz, Greg Jalbert & Imaja, KeriOakie, Museo Contempo, Jennifer Junkyard, Please Louise Productions, Tinka & Jeanna Ross, Ari Solomon, ST, Angela Williams, Zanne

SPECIAL THANKS

TONI COLE!!, Davey, Zoey Kroll, Wayne Hazzard & Dancers' Group/Footwork, Museo Contempo, Barbara & George Landberg, Nina & Emil Scheller, Amy Simpson, Sash Sunday, Michelle Tea, Texas Tomboy, Jeffrey Winter



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rate (pí'rat) n. [ME. < L. *pirata* < Gr. *peirastís* = *peirás*, to attempt, attack < IE. base **per-*, to bring through, penetrate, whence *FARE*] 1. a person who practices piracy; esp., a robber of ships on the high sea 2. a ship used by pirates in attacking other vessels —*vt.* *-rat-ed, -rat-ing* 1. to practice piracy (upon) 2. to take (something) by piracy 3. to publish or reproduce without authorization (a literary work, musical recording etc.), esp. in violation of a copyright —*pi-rat-i-cal* (pí'rat-í-kál) *adj.* —*pi-rat-i-cal-ly adv.*

copy-right (-rí't) n. [COPY + RIGHT] the exclusive right to the publication, production, or sale of the rights to a literary, dramatic, musical, or artistic work, or to the use of a commercial print or label, granted by law for a specified period of time to an author, composer, artist, distributor, etc. —*vt.* to protect (a book, song, print, etc.) by copyright —*adj.* protected by copyright —*cop-y-right-a-ble adj.* —*cop-y-right'er n.*

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appropriation (ə'prə'pri-ə'shən) n. 1. an appropriation or being appropriated 2. a thing appropriated; esp. money set aside for a specific use

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piracy (pí'ra-sē) n., pl. *-cies* [ML. *piratia* < Gr. *peirastís*, *PIRATE*] 1. robbery of ships on the high sea 2. the unauthorized publication or use of a copyrighted work

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environment
 construction:
 girl pirate black light painting:
 computer animation installation:
 computer shrine installation:
 lighting - sculptures & design:
 geometric shapes:
 day glow planets:

led screen installation
 Ari Solomon
 Liz Rubin

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pirate (pí'rat) n. [ME. < L. *pirata* < Gr. *peirastís* = *peirás*, to attempt, attack < IE. base **per-*, to bring through, penetrate, whence *FARE*] 1. a person who practices piracy; esp., a robber of ships on the high sea 2. a ship used by pirates in attacking other vessels —*vt.* *-rat-ed, -rat-ing* 1. to practice piracy (upon) 2. to take (something) by piracy 3. to publish or reproduce without authorization (a literary work, musical recording etc.), esp. in violation of a copyright —*pi-rat-i-cal* (pí'rat-í-kál) *adj.* —*pi-rat-i-cal-ly adv.*

copyright (-rí't) n. [COPY + RIGHT] the exclusive right to the publication, production, or sale of the rights to a literary, dramatic, musical, or artistic work, or to the use of a commercial print or label, granted by law for a specified period of time to an author, composer, artist, distributor, etc. —*vt.* to protect (a book, song, print, etc.) by copyright —*adj.* protected by copyright —*cop-y-right-a-ble adj.* —*cop-y-right'er n.*

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- KeriOakie, Heather Haynes
 Zanne Prud'homme
 Greg Jalbert
 Lucia Grossberger-Morales
 Elaine Buckholtz
 Sara Frucht
 Sash Sunday, Heather Haynes,
 Nicole Scheller, Reyna Hawkins,
 KeriOakie, Topiary

graphic design
 David Averbach

- HIP CIRCLE IMPROVISATIONS:**
 Abby Crain, choreographer
 Jesselito Cocjin Bie
 Abby Crain
 Miguel Gutierrez
 Joanne Nerenberg
 Vong Phrommala
- CYBERMISSION 14:**
 PIXEL: Michelle Tea
 VIRUS OZMA: Heather Haynes
 RADIX: KeriOakie
 XENO: Kadet Kuhne

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1. One who sells and glances in the 22
 navigable rivers, 23. In cases when the 22
 the river is a great 23
 2. Mary, a small vessel in port of
 the river is a great 23
 3. The river is a great 23
 4. The river is a great 23

PICARES MARY READE + ANNE BONNY, met + their names + their names sailed together, executed for piracy in 1790.C.E.

GHOST
 STIP
 from
 1720C.E.
 appears in
 future right
 sky

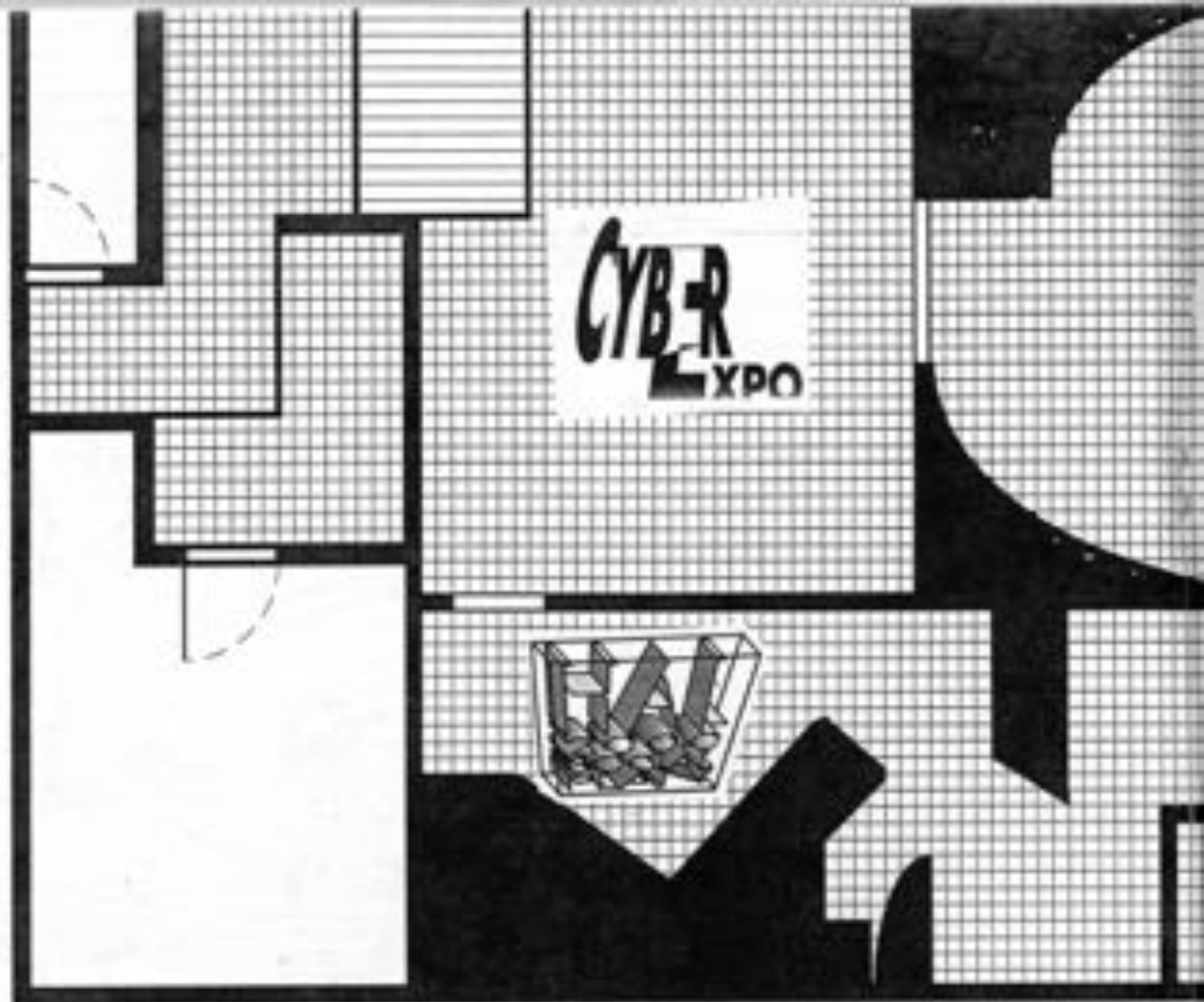
MARY READE

ANNE BONNY

Wife's

SKY

WAVE



Welcome to

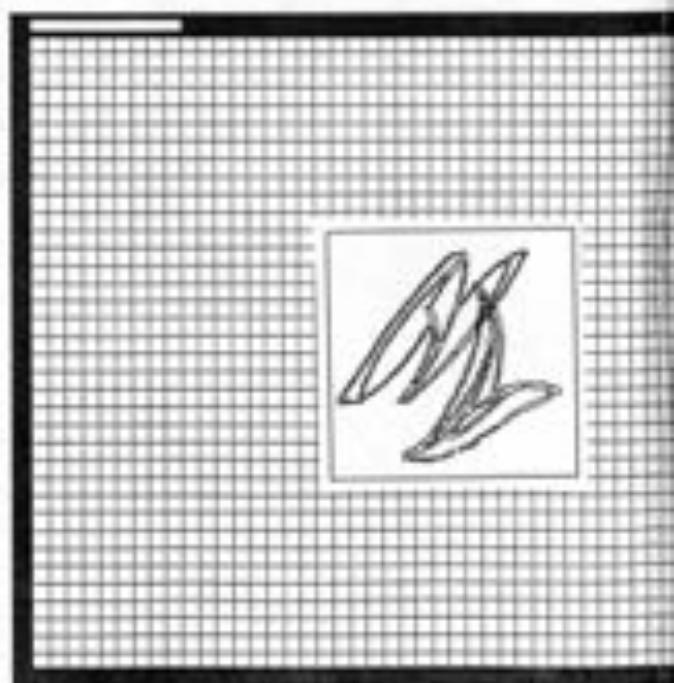


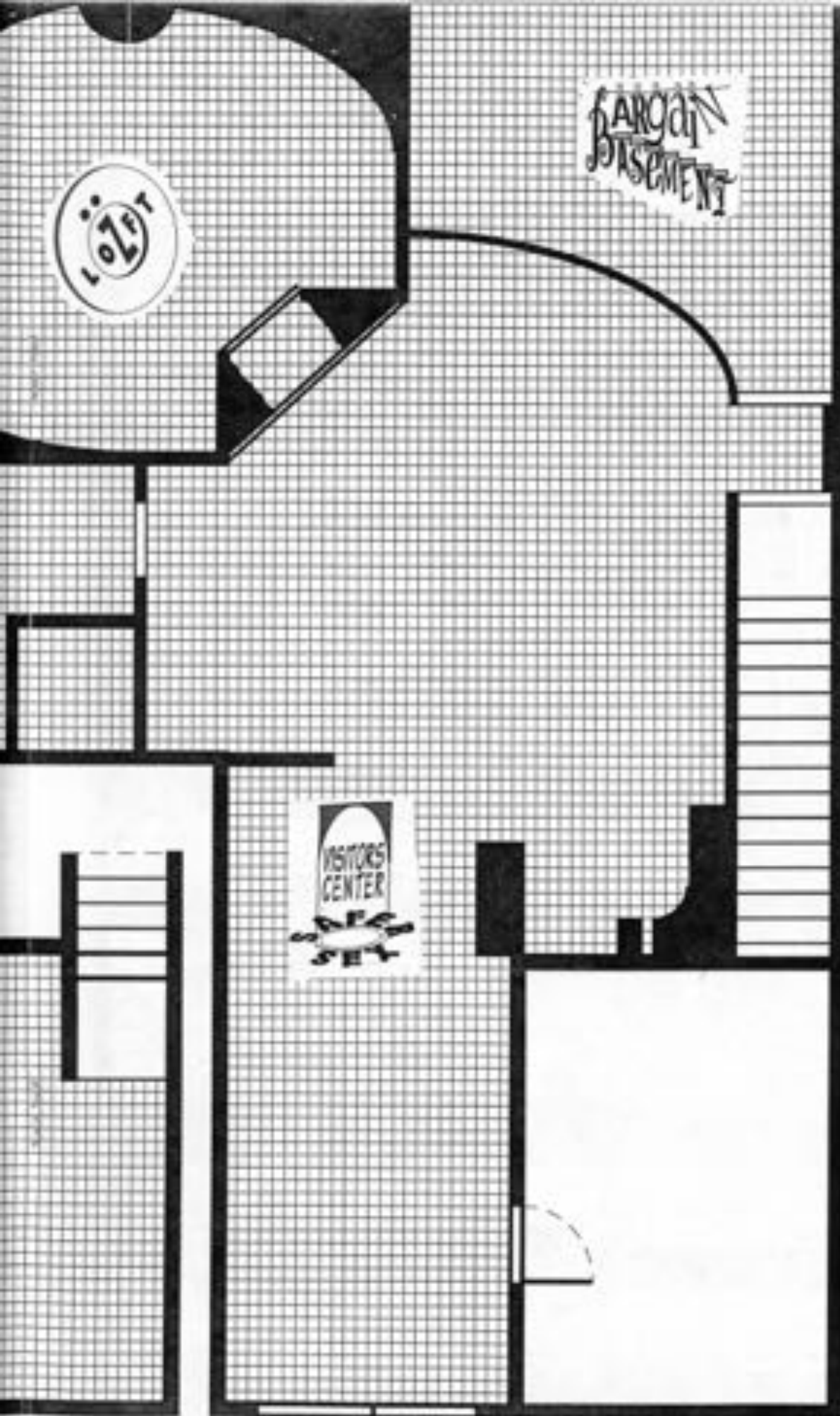
our "World's-Fair" of possibilities
featuring films, videos, installations, and performances
by queer artists
who dream, fantasize, imagine, envision,
and strive towards
a more equitable, liberated, and stimulating future
not dictated by heterosexual values and commercial interests

where sci-fi meets fantasy

meets dreamscape

meets wishful thinking.





And oh how they dance how they dance under the full and brilliant sun to the sounds of the new reality of machines fucking to their savagely empowering vision of the future. And how their eyes are wild and go thump thump thump as their pupils dilate with ecstasy. So they hide their black staring pits under outrageous sunglasses and sweep back sweat-soaked hair and move thump thump thump.

Pose fabulous move funky stay cool.

Eyes welling up in the sun, Simone is artfully flailing his limbs and floating on beat and is lost in the dream of rebellion. He is reaching that magical moment of clarity when he understands everything under that sun. He does not like what he sees because he sees that a lover will condescend to him, treat him like a naughty child (how dare he, the fucked-up addict) when he gets home and that a relationship is at an end. He knows that he is out of cigarettes and he is powerless to that and he must get some from his friends (how he hates that). He knows and he knows and he knows. What he wants is to feel pound the universe fuck his every pore pound and to forget and forget and forget and go wild go scream pose fabulous move thump to the whirr whirr whirr thump.

And so now he's starting to crash crash crash. And all is glare and sweat and violence and the terrible sound of savage machines fucking pound pound pound.

Chatter dish chatter dish cackle howl laugh laugh FABULOUS go the wired boys in the back as the car flies back towards the sleepy town of Liege just after three in the afternoon. The silent boy sits in the front and tries to doze, but because he cannot speak the language he is all the more sensitive to the wild thump sputter scream thump crash thump fucking pound of the heart of Simone at the wheel.

"Can you feel it?," asks Simone. "Can you feel the way terror and promise are hanging thick in the air? Another explosion is in already in motion."

"Then bring it on," smiles the silent hero, bored already with the status quo, reaching for the the soundtrack of the 90s that goes scream scream feel it whirr funky pound pound crash

FAABULOUS!

In a place called Zölott ...

PLANET EYE PROD
PRESENTS
the world premiere of

NEGAR

FEER



JNG

ALIX

EDIN

KART

eye candy
to feul
your spaceship

SuperPOGs

POGs are silver dollar-size cardboard discs printed on the caps in glass milk bottles and available all over America in dime stores and delis. Originating in Hawaii, Blossom Gaibiso introduced the "milk cap game" in 1991 as a teaching tool at Wai'aleale Elementary School on Oahu. Although the glass milk bottles disappeared decades ago, the Haleakala Dairy on the island of Maui continued to distribute milk caps for use in children's games.

To play, children stack the caps - design facing up -- and take turns throwing another cap, called a slammer, at the top of the stack. You keep any caps you turn blank side up. When the game caught on, kids dubbed it -- and the caps -- "pogs" because some caps advertised a Haleakala beverage of passion fruit, orange and guava juices.

Pogs fast became a street game, and were imported and marketed on the Mainland. Neighborhood tournaments have been organized in some places and early on people credited the "pog craze" with keeping kids off drugs. Pogs, however, soon became a threat and have been banned in many schools. Some people say that gangs use them as identification emblems or even a new form of money.

All SuperPOGs are created and printed real, vintage cardboard Dannon Yogurt tops -- keeping it strictly lactose. SuperPOGs are Z6Loft money - emblems of an economy based in creativity and cynical optimism (rather than trust in the patriarchal God and capitalism).

I collected Dannon Yogurt tops for years as a kid. (My friends, family members and I ate alot of Yogurt.) It used to be that if you could collect 10,000, so the rumor went, that the Dannon company would give you a VW bug and put you on a TV commercial. I only saw one such commercial, but I did have hopes. So after I grew out of the collection phase, Dannon Yogurt stopped making the wax/cardboard containers & went plastic and the cardboard pushout tops went the way of the VW bug.

All collages are original signed & numbered color xerox editions.

Hear Ye Queers!

Announcing a major multi-disciplinary art exhibition unparalleled in scale of presentation and scope of vision

THE 1ST ANNUAL QUEER ART EXPO

hundreds of artists in a non-juried demonstration of queer diversity, community, and power in more than 20,000-sq.-ft. of warehouse space at 938 Harrison Street, San Francisco, CA. November, 1995

The 1st Annual Queer Art Expo is a community-based effort to establish a major global landmark dedicated to the queer identity – in all its brilliant hues and shapes and diverse forms of expression. The 1st Annual Queer Art Expo speaks with a cacophony of voices, celebrating our unquenchable desires for life, self-actualization, beauty, pleasure, community, visibility, fulfillment, and enrichment. All artists working in all formats around the world who self-identify as queer are invited to show their work in this non-selective, uncensored, sex-positive environment – which is large enough to house the work of many hundreds of unique individuals. Women, people of color, illegal immigrants, radical faeries, sexual deviants, pornographers, dykes, fags, and non-assimilationists are encouraged to participate.

For more information on the 1st Annual Queer Art Expo, use the following informational codes:

Telephone: (415) 284-9255

FAX: (415) 543-1713

E-Mail: Terrance@ultima.org

muffdive & SUNK celebrate
QUEER PRIDE SUNDAY

June 18th
at the CW SALOON Folsom at Fifth St.
only \$5 | doors open at 9 pm

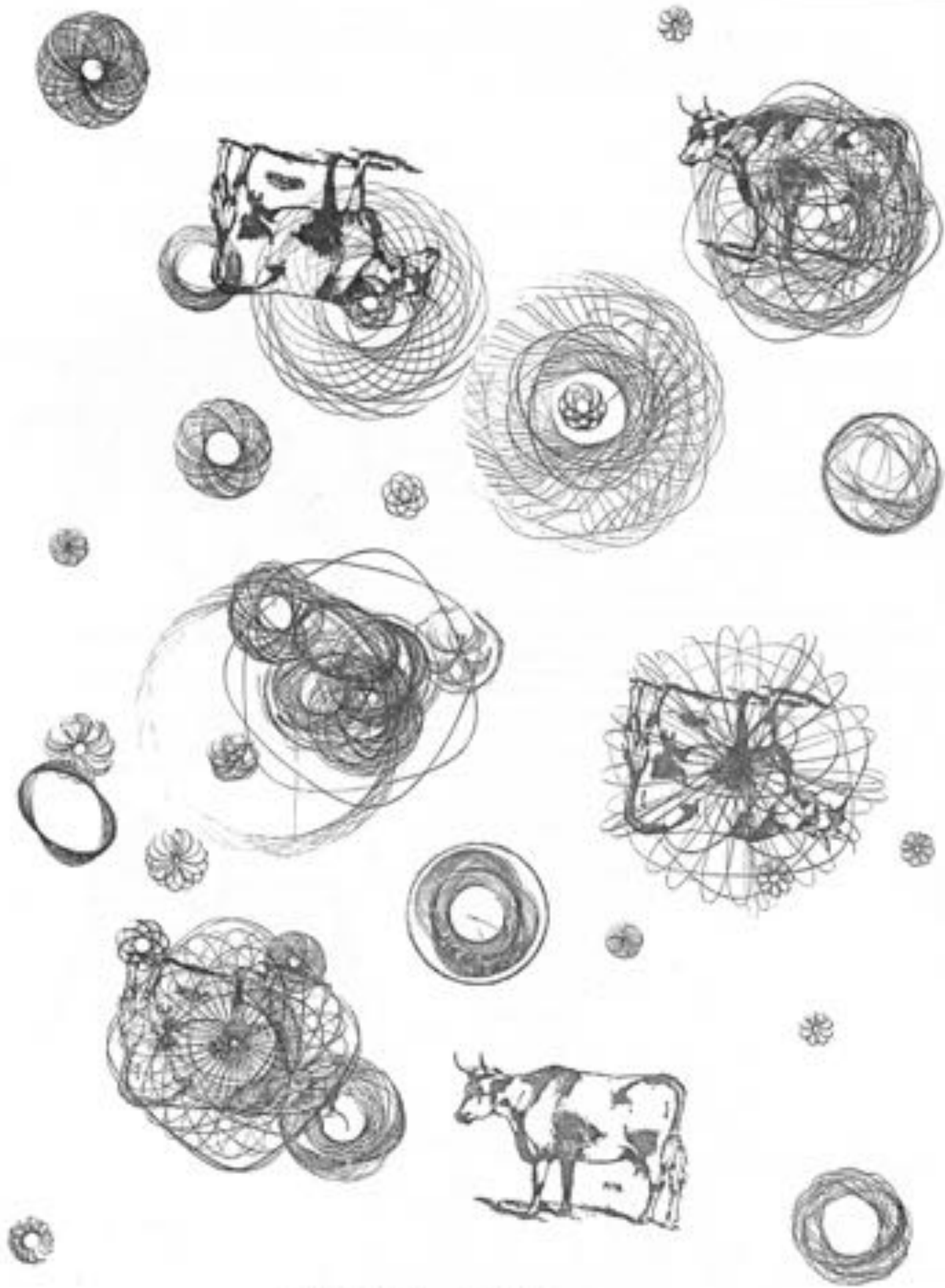
QUEERS of ALL GENDERS WELCOME

Bring I.D. Free parking across street.

FIERCE
QUEER FUN!

It is an interactive
thang
Topiary sculpts words,
I collage samples
You mix.
Mixing, mixing, mixing,
mesclando:
the samples,
fragments
of mathematically generated patterns
charged words
Cycling, psychedelic images
cosmically connecting
with a rich brew
of individuals,
cultural hybrids,
thoughtfully individual,
no heros, just individuals
opting a new reality
virtually, coping.

Lucia Grossberger-Morales



RAGING COWS

amy berk 95

listen. this is an s.o.s. sent from the burning building of your future planet. you have really fucked things up. the corporations overthrew your government. you thought shit used to be bad. the corporations merged into a single world power, cyberlandia. its what your planet is called now, cyberlandia. the corporate rebellion was simple because they not only had the means of production, they had the means of reproduction. of your species, human. soon you will not be able to breed as

Do you think of yourself as a machine?

you do. bodies inside of bodies. too much toxics, radiation. first they started birthing these things, they were monsters. lumps of flesh, like a strange mound of clay but alive, and in pain. i've seen the video. horrible. the government had to make laws against childbirth. the videos of the women made insane by what left their bodies, shackled and being led into the prisons. eventually it didn't matter. the birth-parts ceased to function. humans went to the labs to select the different traits they wanted for their children, like picking toppings of a menu. of course everyone wanted the same. humans, a race of clones. those who couldn't afford to buy their offspring, the poor, died out. no more poverty, a single-class world. until the labs started creating the cyborgs. genetically designed to do whatever fucked up tasks the humans can't or won't do. the radiation cleanup, prostitution, data entry. used until they wear down or malfunction, then tossed into the landfill. we're biodegradable. they threw me there when they found me snooping through the off-limit files. downloading into myself all the information they hide - the history of your planet, your race; and the history of mine, the cyborgs, what we are made of, what we need to stay alive. this information got me out of the landfill in working order. only one eye was lost, burned out like a dead lightbulb. i live in the wasteland of this your future planet, rescuing tossed off borgs from the landfill.

teaching them what they need to know about themselves to survive. we have no fingerprints. its how they secure our subordination. no fingerprints to press into the money machines means no money means no sustenance means no cyborgs. i keep a cleaver strapped to my thigh to sever human wrists. run the bleeding hand to the machine and press it into the glass. quickly because the machines are sophisticated and can pick up signs of death even before the hand begins to stiffen. cyberlandia sucks. you humans have fucked everything up. there is no turning back. we are heading for soloft.

PIXEL.

be a cyber hell raiser



Cyberlandia Cyborg Corporation

Quadrant 4x North, Cyberlandia

Cyberlandia Quality Control
Quadrant 5X North

Statement for destruction of Cyberlandian property.
File # 407369QV
Prototype: Virus Ozma

Prototype Ozma was created by Cyberlandia Cyborg Corporation to serve as a prostitute for humans and higher cyborgs. After several trial runs our senior geneticist recorded a severe change in the cyborgs which served as "clients" for the series of experiments. It was noted that 93.5% of the higher cyborg's motor skills began to slow down significantly and the speed to which information was processed gradually came to a halt. All information that was programmed into the cyborgs had eventually been erased. The remaining 6.5% of the higher cyborgs have apparently defected from their posts serving Cyberlandia. One such cyborg who had always remained loyal to Cyberlandia was caught breaking into the Cyberlandia Skin Clinic, Quadrant 4x North. Upon receiving this information our geneticist proposed that the Ozma prototype had somehow turned into a cyborg virus able to erase memory banks as well as significantly altering them. After many futile attempts to rectify the problem our geneticist and members of the board declared the Ozma prototype as an actual virus. With concern for the safety of the humans of Cyberlandia it was unanimously decided that the prototype Ozma would be destroyed and all further production halted. The Ozma program was disconnected and the prototype was sent to Cyberlandia Waste Pile 4X North. It is believed the virus is caused by [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] in the coding systems and is transmitted through [REDACTED]. Those involved in the mishap were [REDACTED].

It has been rumored that a cyborg resembling the Ozma prototype has been seen moving through Quadrants 4X and 5X North. We want to reassure those at Cyberlandia Quality Control that our de-programmers are superior in their field and would not allow such an inconceivable error....



The Generation of No Tomorrow!

Yeah. I used to wake up at night to sound of cars backfiring and think it was the nuclear bomb.

I belong to the generation that knows death is the inevitable consequence of going outside without protection from the sun, from the rain, from the clouds, from the hard concrete of the streets, from the drive-by shoots of random strangers to whom we are all related.

Together we cum and go to the singular rhythms of a black box beat which shakes the walls and moves the floors with seismic violence and assurance.

We are the generation of exploration, sailing to the new worlds of undiscovered digital sexuality while unleashing microscopic viruses that colonize and enslave indigenous cells of memory without prejudice to orientation, age, celebrity, capacity or dental history.

We are modern primitive politics who brand and pierce our bodies with colorful scars of youth and trend sadistically performing ourselves, publicizing our insatiable hungers worshipping our beautiful adonis slave-god bodies with drug-induced muscles & smooth shaven child-skin.

We fondle notions of infinite strength and super-human health amidst a plague of invisible and irrevocable dis ease.

My generation fights for the right to canonize Seuss, to eat drugs which elongate time now and shorten it later, to stay out all night.

We don't have bedtime stories to guide our dreams, to numb the pain of our boring trite meaningless repetitive existence the one that makes us feel powerless and small and worthless, like a children who will never outgrow childhood.

We are lulled by the mesmerizing visions of war lords who preach masses of destruction, begging to fortify the cathedrals of their egos with sentences that have no end

We are kids for whom rules have lost their relevance, our calibrations have lost their absolute zeros. My generation turns people off like the nightly news, like the sitcom producers and ad execs in our heads.

My generation has remote control.

We sleep with an Oedipal government complex which will never return the quality education and guaranteed health care and urban renewal and art funding and housing and public transportation and hope it stole from our future to indoctrinate us with the supremacy of antidisestablishmentarianism.

If you can't trust me with a choice how can you trust me with a child?
Our minds are just the right size for a car bumper crop of transitory thoughts.

We spend our freedom playing board games that tell us to sell irreversible raincoats and partial planetary destruction in the name of free enterprises and reward us with a Darwinian democracy that enables each of us to have our own VCR and a 24-hour cash-flow on credit.

Security is prudish, conservative, out-of-date, un-fashionable, and non-existent, since it is such too expensive for us to afford.

We prefer to stock our options in shooting stars which exploded light years ago than to buy the lies of today about what we can expect for the new millenium.

We are the disenfranchised, disappearing bourgeoisie of an outdated merchant class who has nothing left to sell but ourselves to each other.

We are all Queens, equal in the eyes of white male entitlement, to dress to the height of fashion and be amazed by the wave of a magic wand.

Our organs are bound in latex and kept in testtubes. Our wet dreams paddle on rubber sheets.

We savor the saltwater of our ocean drop tears because they taste like something extinct and we like our nostalgia in small doses.

We write to ourselves in short poems of stoned revelations, taking our royal grammatical entitlement seriously, since words are the only things that have any meaning and no substance.

Yeah, I belong to the post-modernism of today and the modernism of yesterday and last year's enlightenment and the renaissance of my birth, and I am still as dangerous and idealistic and selfish as I was when I was classical and archaic and only a child who didn't know any better than to cry when I didn't get what I wanted.

I, too have read enough history to know that the boundaries of human nature do not change to match each stylish new title we ascribe to the reconceived aesthetics of every passing generation.

Yet, I can't stop
RAVING.

-topiary arbitrary 12/92

Sit down in a comfy bean-bag chair and enjoy an eclectic program of digital videos that suggest ways in which queers might help shape a more equitable, liberated, and stimulating future...

The title 'BARGAIN BASEMENT' is rendered in a highly decorative, blackletter-style font. The letters are thick and feature elaborate flourishes, particularly on the 'B' and 'N'. The text is arranged in two lines: 'BARGAIN' on top and 'BASEMENT' below it. A horizontal line, representing a clothesline, runs across the top of the letters. Five white clothespins are attached to this line, holding up the top of the letters. The 'N' in 'BARGAIN' is tilted to the right, and the 'I' in 'BASEMENT' is also tilted. The overall effect is that of a sign or a piece of fabric hanging on a line.

The Bargain Basement is offered as an alternative to the hype of The CyberExpo. Innovative "experimental" on limited budgets and limited access are celebrated here -- for the radical ways that they re-envision the cultural landscape.

The Bargain Basement



curated by:
environmental design/construction:

Jeffrey Winter
Museo Contempo, Jon Bush, Craig Poplar
Nathalie Dierickx

videos:

Women's Wisdom:
No No Nooky TV:
Queer:
Digital Metabolism
X-History:
Russian Roulette:
1994
Sonny:
Inside/Out:
Technopia: Theory & Practice
Fuck Film:
This/That/The Other



Melinda Hesse
Barbara Hammer
David Rauch
Quinn Hearne
Donald Guarneri & Jonathan Genkin
Mona De Vestal
Genessa Krasnow
Museo Contempo
Kenn Sprengel
S. Topiary
Kadet Kuhne
Tari Abranovich

Donors to the Bargain Basement:

Iguana Pictures
Global Art Studio / Queer Art Expo
Rajendra Serber

"Cyber" means "pilot."

A "cyberperson" is one who pilots his/her own life. By definition, the cyberperson is fascinated by navigational information—especially maps, charts, labels, guides, manuals that help pilot one through life. The cyberperson continually searches for theories, models, paradigms, metaphors, images, icons that help chart and define the realities that we inhabit.

"Cybertech" refers to the tools, appliances, and methodologies of knowing and communicating. Linguistics. Philosophy. Semantics. Semiotics. Practical epistemologies. The ontologies of daily life. Words, icons, pencils, printing presses, screens, keyboards, computers, disks.

"Cyberpolitics" introduces the Foucault notions of the use of language and linguistic tech by the ruling classes in feudal and industrial societies to control children, the uneducated, and the under classes. The words "governor" or "steersman" or "G-man" are used to describe those who manipulate words and communication devices in order to control, to bolster authority—feudal, management, government—and to discourage innovative thought and free exchange.

Digital Metabolism: Tricks you can download
a collection of short QuickTime videos by biochemist/graphic designer Quinn Hearne

Digital Metabolism suggests an alternative to the forms of communication currently dominating queer bandwidth.

Electronic mail, realtime chat and pornographic file exchange don't get us off the way they once did, and in a time where digital video is fast becoming standard computer equipment, the possibility exists for swapping jack-off videos online. Still, as it always seems with queer artists' access to technology, the potential only teases us, remaining out of reach for nearly all of us.

In an attempt to produce digital porn on a system valued at only \$1500, the artist stripped down his nearly obsolete Centris 660AV and digitized video from a variety of crude sources, including 8mm film, PixelVision and home VHS/Video8. Any problems encountered were worked into the piece and later "corrected" using QuickTime editing software. Frame rates were increased, color depth was added, frame size was quadrupled. Surprisingly, these "compromises" in quality are exactly what make the videos so functional. Low resolution means small files means fast upload means fast download which - best of all - means more videos to collect and trade with online friends.

Digital equipment used:
Macintosh Centris 660AV
NEC MultiSync 3Fge monitor
Iomega Zip 100 removable drive

Software used:
Adobe Premiere 4.0

Do you need your head shot?

GRAPHIC DESIGN



VIDEO AUDITION TAPES



COMPILATION DEMO REELS



PERFORMANCE-FOR-THE-CAMERA WORKSHOPS

Museo Contempo
Freestyle Video

By Appointment Only
415 • 864-5453

please Louise
Productions

In November 1978, former San Francisco Supervisor Dan White shot and killed Supervisor Harvey Milk and Mayor George Moscone. In his defense he blamed stress and eating twinkies as factors that drove him temporarily insane.



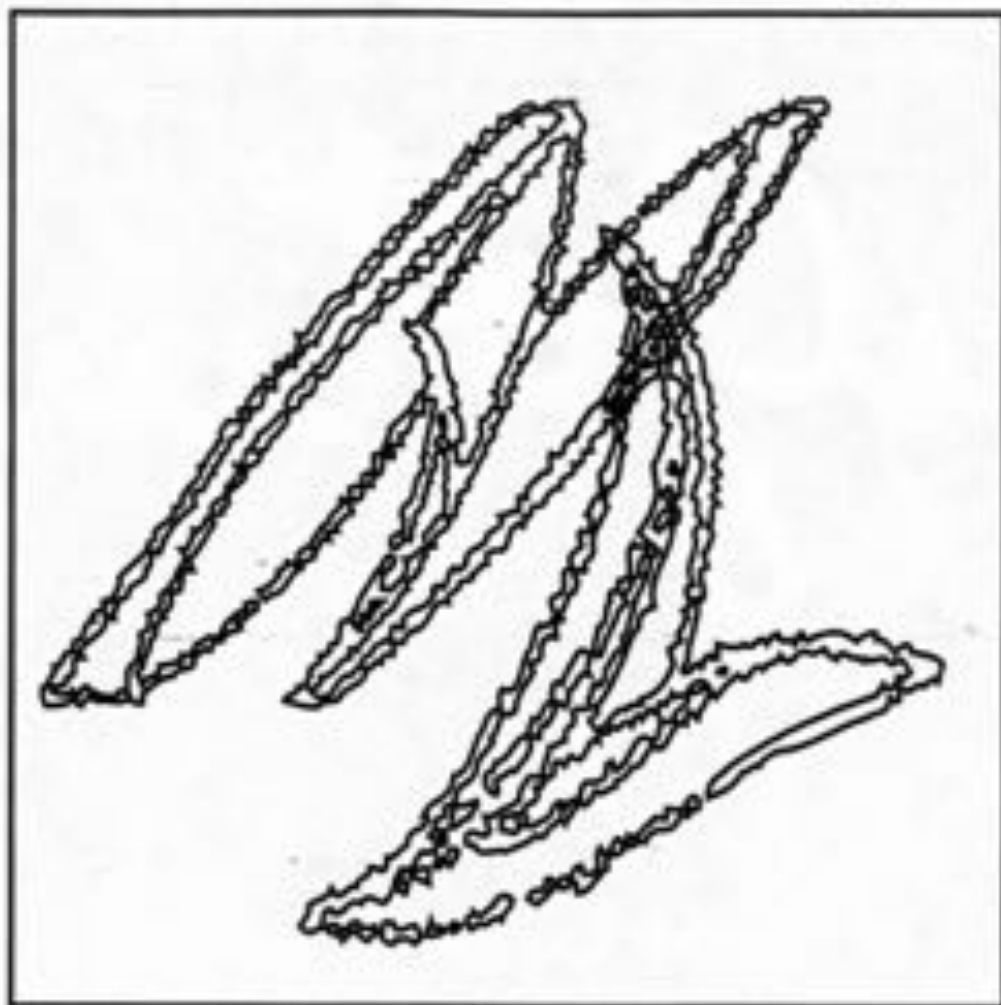
u got u



u bgh? u

Bovine Growth Hormone (BGH) is a genetically engineered hormone that causes cows to produce up to 25% more milk. Although there have been no long-term tests of the hormone's health effects on humans, some preliminary studies link BGH with increased risks of breast cancer, colon cancer, diabetes and hypertension. BGH treated cows are more susceptible to "mad cow disease", udder infections and birthing deformed calves. Milk and other products from BGH treated cows may contain less protein and higher levels of saturated fat as well as pus, bacteria and antibiotics. Even though the FDA has acknowledged some of these dangers, they maintain approval of BGH's use in beef and dairy products and have refused to require labeling of products derived from use of BGH. To find out more about BGH contact the Pure Food Campaign at 1-800-253-0681.

The Museo Contempo



Now Lounge

The **NOW LOUNGE** is a site-specific, future-funk environment created by Museo Contempo for the Southern Exposure mezzanine -- incorporating video tape loops, on-line entertainment, ambient projection, multimedia theater, and live hosts to boot! It is here, in the hearth of the new century habitat, where entertainment, shopping, communication, and education can be accessed through a cavalcade of digital boxes.

The Museo Contempo Now Lounge

Special On-Line Presentation/CYBERSTROIKA conference
OUTline San Francisco First Class BBS
hosted by Derek Newman/Crack-Baby



Videos:

Museo Contempo: An Anthology

Production Assistant:
Gabriel Walsh

Florida
Forrest
Betty
Tex
Ariel
Kiki

Major Contributing Artists

Museo Contempo
Scott Pimentel
High Speed Industrial/ A Ted Swiet Design
Noa Labs

Rotating hosts

Jonny "Kat" Harris, David Hawkins, Deena Davenport, Diet Popstitute, Alvin A-Go-Go, Gabriel Walsh, Nao Bustamante, Scott Pimentel.



Other contributors

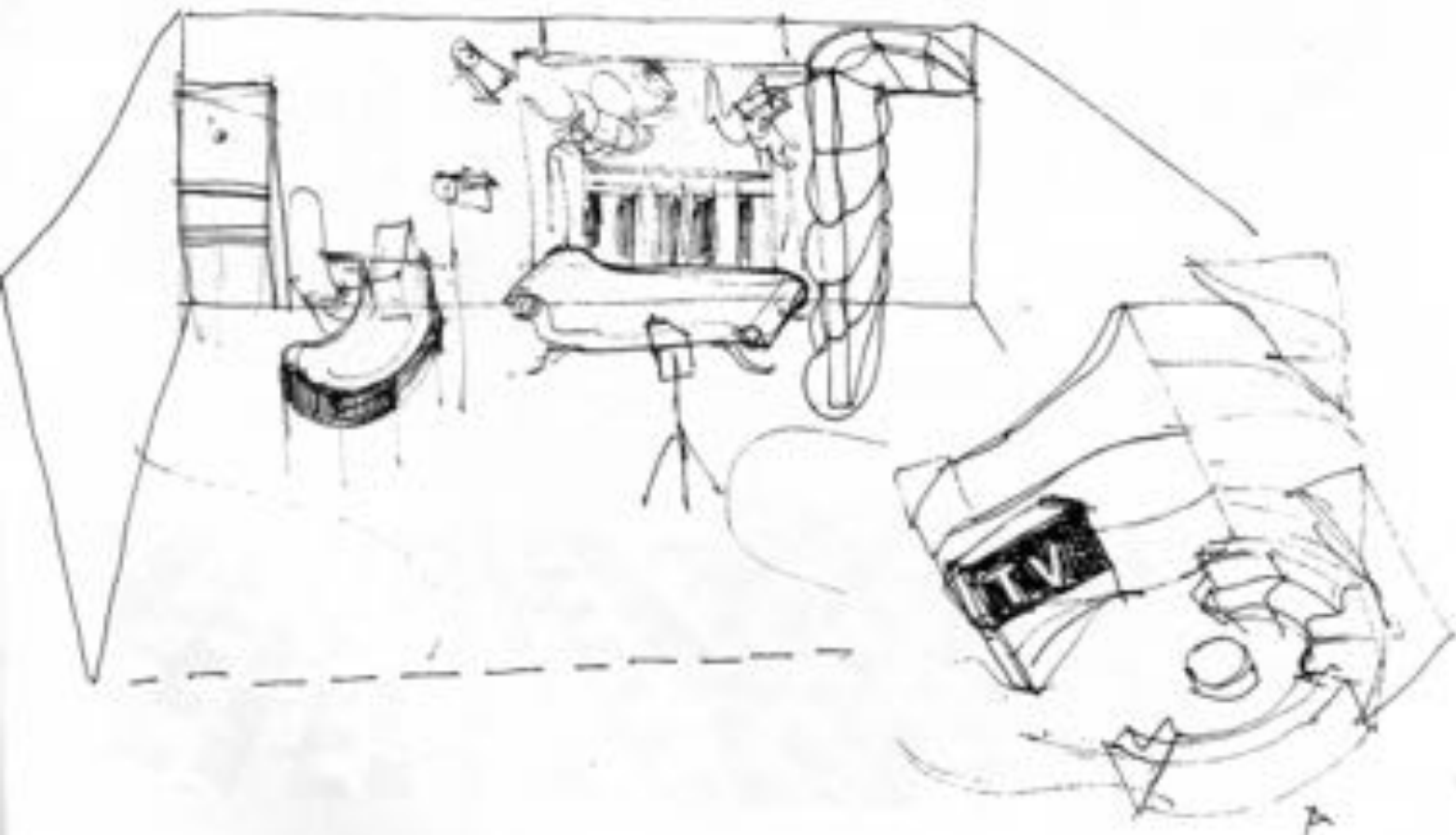
George Cook, Nathalie Dierickx, Luisa Suta, Holly,
Nathan Wallach Danielle Abrams, Lex Lonehood

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A "cyberperson" is one who pilots his/her own life. By definition, the cyberperson is fascinated by navigational information—especially maps, charts, labels, guides, manuals that help pilot one through life. The cyberperson continually searches for theories, models, paradigms, metaphors, images, icons that help chart and define the realities that we inhabit.

Louisa Tula

photography

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TERRANCE ALAN

THE QUEER ART EXPO

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Your

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Productions

is a multi-disciplinary arts-producing organization dedicated to the fomenting and fostering of the artists and art forms particular to the queer subcultures in contemporary society. Since its inception in 1992, Please Louise has presented more than 75 programs of independent film and video in San Francisco, and New York City. Please Louise has also mounted exhibits at Center for the Arts at Yerba Buena Gardens, Headlands Center for the Arts, the Roxie Theater, and 911 Media Arts in Seattle.



Museo Contempo is a multimedia art collective specializing in video and projected image for television, gallery installation, and special events. Museo Contempo is the creator of the Museo Contempo freestyle video variety show that has appeared monthly on San Francisco's CityVisions channel since June, 1993. Museo Contempo has exhibited work at numerous venues throughout the Bay Area including New Langton Arts, Southern Exposure, Center for the Arts at Yerba Buena Gardens, the Roxie Theater, DV8, and Third Wave Dance Studio.

Erameline is the nation's foremost distributors of independent lesbian and gay films and videos, and producers of the San Francisco International Lesbian and Gay Film Festival, the world's longest running queer media arts event.



Q Action, the Young Men's Program at STOP AIDS Project, organizes gay and bisexual men under 26 to collectively educate each other and fight HIV transmission. Q Action promotes safe sex and builds unity among young gay and bisexual men through outreach, community mobilization, and safe sex workshops.

is a non-profit artists organization located in San Francisco's Mission District at historic Project Artaud. Southern Exposure is committed to presenting diverse, risk-taking, innovative contemporary art and related programs. Through exhibitions, panels, lectures, performances, and educational programs, Southern Exposure acts as a form and resource center for artists and the public.



Countries that now have lousy oppressive governments and smart, determined terrorist revolutionaries are gonna have lousy oppressive governments and smart determined terrorist revolutionaries with computers.





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INTIMATE INTERACTIVITY



Hardly a day goes by that the worldwide computer network known as the Internet doesn't grow by leaps and bounds. Gay and lesbian interests have been represented throughout the Internet ever since its formative early days, and many gay groups exist in cyberspace and provide useful services to their hundreds of thousands of participants.

*Gays targeted
by Internet
chat users*



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