



Welcome to issue number seven of qunst.mag.  
The theme for this issue is: HIV/AIDS  
Qunst.mag is an e-zine created by members of  
Bildwechsel and the contributing artists.  
Our aim is to provide a platform for queer  
feminist artists working in various media.

Thank you to all the contributors, those who  
helped and everybody at Bildwechsel!  
Enjoy!  
Claude

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## For DAVID & JERRY & CYNTHIA & MARK & now CHRISTOPHER too..

by Dossie Easton

I am becoming excessively familiar with  
Death,  
Sick of this hard face, shadow over my friends:  
I am weary of grieving and thoughts of coming  
Home to her good earth are  
Not consoling me.

The mystic association of sex and death  
Intrigued me once - but  
These are not little deaths, and  
A conspiracy of half-alive invaders  
Seeking out warm  
highways  
between us  
Is not what I meant by intrigue.

We have been adventurers down these warm highways:  
Mappers of forbidden territories of our experience,  
Discoverers of names for the unspeakable,  
Explorers who made a lifestyle out of  
Jumping off cliffs.

Easy, we are called  
by those who find their passions dirty,  
As if there were some virtue in being difficult:  
Dirty, they call us,  
As if passion does not cleanse.

We call ourselves the risk-takers.  
You have been titillated by our riskiness,  
And sometimes we aroused your fears

As we bridged the gaps between us  
    over these warm highways,  
Gasping proudly in the heady air  
As we plunged,  
    hand in whatever,  
    to yet new depths to conquer  
Yet higher peaks:

And I tell you it was always easy.  
Because, you see, the risk of sex  
    Was never a risk.  
Our fears were of nothing more fearful  
    Than each other  
    or our Selves:  
The voyage itself was cleansing.  
The highways were always  
    warm.

Now we who celebrated Her good earthiness  
Are become the at-risk population.  
We share these warm highways with a hard disease  
    that passion will not cleanse.

Now we pioneer  
    over cold highways with no bridges,  
Adventurers in another realm    more difficult than sex,  
    the final unmapped territory of Her good earth  
That we will know.

It seems we are called upon to discover  
An ultimate passion for that good earth,  
As if by taking risks we should have  
    lost all fear,  
Or by easily accepting each others bodies  
We should have come to accept  
    disease  
    and death.

I do not want to fear death.  
I would rather look forward to  
a transformation in that good earth.

But as I am moved by my brave friends  
Who seek to make their final voyage  
Clean and easy,  
Still I am not comforted.

Time was I used to  
Laugh at my tears and mutter  
“Back to philosophy:”  
But in my deepest meditation,  
Still a voice within me insists:

Fuck it. AIDS is just  
awful.

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Dossie Easton is a psychotherapist, relationship counselor, educator, and author living in California. She is co-author with Janet Hardy of 'The Ethical Slut' and has written several other books.

This poem has been published only once before, in the late 80s, by Pat Califia in the third edition of 'Coming to Power'.

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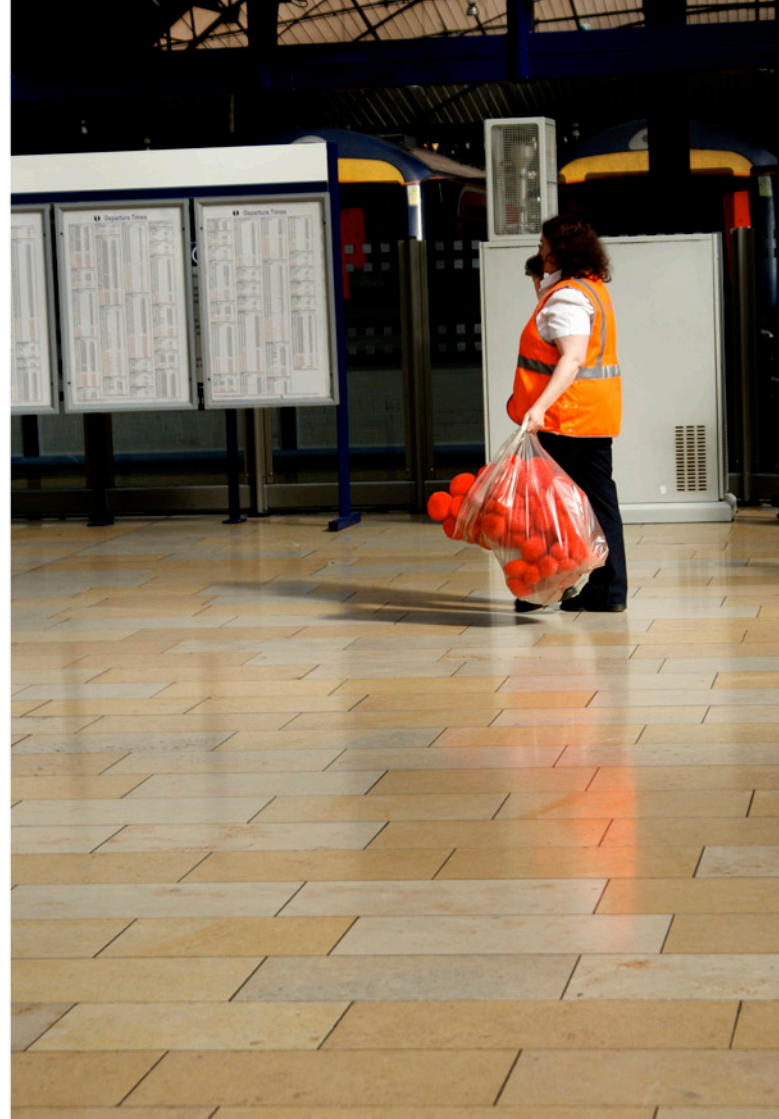
## **ORIFICES**

September 2009, Glasgow

Documentation of a guerrilla action against Glasgow City Council for censoring work commissioned by GoMA, Glasgow, under their public program of 'Social Justice', to deal with the stigma surrounding HIV and intimacy in Scotland.

photography by Ashley Paterson and Dani Marti  
@ dani marti 2009  
[www.danimarti.com](http://www.danimarti.com)











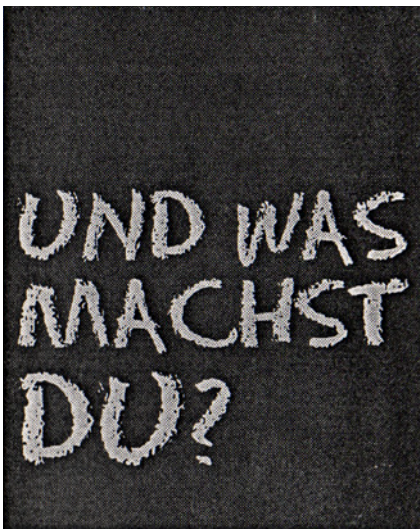






LaTEX (Lesben AIDS Texte) was founded in 1990. Its aim was to promote HIV/AIDS education and prevention for lesbians. LaTEX held workshops, wrote texts and produced safer-sex packs. The group also wanted to draw attention to how women were discriminated against in the discourse on HIV/AIDS.

The following text was put out in the mid 90s by LaTEX:



### Lesbians and AIDS: The Myths

Myth number one states that „lesbians are not (or hardly) getting AIDS“ and was sold to us by the medical establishment and by the chief epidemiologists from Atlanta as well as Berlin as a scientific fact.

This “research result” came not as a surprise within this context. Well-suited to the needs of epidemiology, the definition of a lesbian was a woman who had had sex exclusively with other women since 1977 and

moreover was built on the premise that “lesbians don’t have much sex” (as stated by the CDC/Center for Disease Control 1989/90 and parroted worldwide ever after).

In perspectives such as these the ignorant refusal to distinguish between sexual identity and sexual practices becomes evident. (A fatal mistake when it comes to the prevention of a sexually transmitted disease.)

The unbearable clinging to the construct of risk groups (respectively groups not at risk) is most persistent in regard to lesbians. Although usually experts in critiquing the patriarchal medical establishment, the majority of lesbians accepted myth number 1, dwelt in supposed security and created myth number 2 for internal use: “A real lesbian does not get AIDS”. Again, a distinction between identity and behaviour is missing and

norms, value judgements as well as dogma are added on top of it all.

I don't want to disentangle the multilayered myth number 2 and its contexts of origin. This has been accomplished in other texts and significantly in the famous "Du Darfst" film; I'd rather move on to the present at this point.

US-American studies are available by now which address as their subject the prevalence and the risk behaviour of lesbians. They are based on the idea that there are no risk groups, only risky behaviours, resulting in the urgent demand for concepts of prevention targeting lesbians which are developed within the community itself.

To dismantle myth number 2 is the prerequisite for fighting myth number 1 politically. Moreover, the myth "a

real lesbian is not getting AIDS" presents an existential threat to HIV-positive lesbians and lesbians with AIDS.

Support and solidarity are necessary for survival; it is fatal if they are missing specifically in one's own subculture and one is faced instead with ignorance and exclusion.

Silence = Death.

Myths and prejudices are overcome by talking about them.

AIDS is such a complex issue that a woman's head starts spinning once she starts engaging with it.

To discuss safer sex is an excellent path to an AIDS discussion. The topic of safer sex is also a great trick to be finally able to talk about lesbian sex. The mainstream media which

brought lesbians to the glossy covers as absolutely chic and hip in the last season were eager in contributing to the issue so that the public finally found out what lesbians are actually doing in bed and elsewhere with each other: (surprise!) ANYTHING they desire. This speedy step from the taboo of discussing sexual matters openly to the happy-go-fucking-way of lesbian life potentially creates a new myth in turn: "lesbians have awfully much and infernally exciting sex."

Oh yes wonderful, let's do it!

And if we consider safer sex not simply a part of the new progressive lesbian myth, then we may also use safer sex as an opportunity to engage for our health and our life with self-determination and creativity.

LaTEX (Petra Knust)

I HAD A DREAM





# enough ANGER

by Cyd Nova

## 1st part

I'm jerking off before an eleven AM hook up to a bisexual gang bang. All the porn I've watched this week has just been a loop of the same oversized cock going into the same well-manicured hole. Always with the facial cum shots – you can tell these porn performers have been working a full schedule – the anemic semen being desperately squeezed out onto that girls cheek. It's sweet the way she spreads it around before licking her fingers clean.

Then I get on my bike and ride to this guys house. He's hot but it's awkward, we've determined that we know each other from HIV counselor training, but I don't remember his name. I wait outside his door smoking a cigarette and chewing gum at the same time, and he answers wearing tiny red

shorts and a yellow shirt cut off at the sleeves. Inside, my layers upon layers of clothing seem not a tribute to the weather, but rather a symbol of an inner prudishness. I wait while he calls his mother in spanish, sitting on the floor talking at his wheezing pug until he hangs up. Then move to join him on the couch and start to spit out small talk bu\`t then his tongue is in my mouth. We make out pushing against each other until we fold together. His clothes evaporate but mine are still very much on while I'm sucking his semi hard dick into shape.

Hook ups are so irritatingly respectful - they only make vague movements to unhook my belt buckle but thats it. I much prefer my paying tricks who expect me to be ass up, buck naked within 10. I say: "do you want me to keep my binder on or take it off?" They reply: "Whatever makes you comfortable." It's like I'm making love

to a social worker when I want to be ripped to shreds by a butcher.

I told him I'm a bottom but then I'm on top of him, my palm fitting against his neck my tongue rolling up his armpit. I rub my dick against his and feel the thrill of him almost slipping in. I remember our counselling role plays. We both were supposed to create characters for the other to practice harm reduction on. His was a gay man in a relationship who sometimes fooled around, used poppers every time he fucked a stranger and the rush would make him want to slide his dick in bare, just for a minute. Now, emerging from under my body, he takes the poppers out of a drawer and holds it under his own nostril before passing the bottle to me. Then he takes out a condom and rolls it over his thick, uncircumcised cock. I'm disappointed, am I not enough of a stranger? I want him to fuck me

raw just for a while – away from the CDC guidelines and our trainers listening for open ended questions – but in my head it sounds unconscionably depraved. His dick goes soft after banging into me for a while, my cunt has become used to being fucked with a lot more than the Manhunt version of 7”, and he could stick in in my ass but nobody really seems that interested in doing so. I guess the novelty of fucking someone with a vagina makes people want to use it. I go shower and we make small talk as a way of closing things up—because neither of us came. He says: “well, that was interesting”. “Have you ever hooked up with a trans guy before?” “No, never.” “Well...if I don't feel special then”

## 2nd part

In my dream I'm on Jeopardy – the other two contestants are my friends - one who died of AIDS complications and a another who is HIV+ and doesn't want to take anti-retrovirals. The host is the CEO of AIDS Healthcare Foundation and the two of us are in cahoots – the categories are all rigged to be obscure obsessions of mine – tigers, the history of gymnastics up to 1996, parasites, Mariah Carey... Every time I get an answer right Michael Weinstein shoves a handful of Tipranavir and Sustiva into one of my friends mouths, then massages their throat to push it down like you do with puppies. At first they fight back against him spitting and cursing but then they become resigned and passively swallow the pills. I'm standing in between them but they never look at me, like there is a one

way mirror separating us. I feel disgusting – I want this crazed man with his toupee sliding down over one ear to get the fuck out of their faces – but I keep answering the questions. There is this threat in my mind that if I stop, I will lose them – they will disappear and I will be left alone in this game show hell. But the pills seem to be making them sicker and I don't know what happens when all of the categories are finished.

## 3rd part

I remember reading this article in Rolling Stone magazine as a teenager about “bug chasers”. My recollection is of reading it on a couch in my high schools library but the internet says it came out in 2003 – when I was 18 and had already long since been expelled. However, I do know how I felt reading it, flushed and angry and excited. I knew the article was bullshit – not that some people wouldn't desire being infected with HIV, but the way they were written as mindless homo zombies, dumpsters for cum, making up 20% of new infections.

I would have barely known what HIV or AIDS was in high school – our sex education teacher had just had a mastectomy after a bout with breast cancer and it was all she would talk about. But the tone that the article

took towards the gay men interviewees felt the same as how the world looked at me – a destined conduit of venereal disease. I was a compulsive slut and a boastful one – like someone had given me the wrong manual on how to participate in sexual relations in high school. Instead of being a good girl, only submitting to a fumbling finger banging in exchange for romance – I was bad, brimming over with lust, telling my 9<sup>th</sup> grade classmates that I'd already slept with 12 men when I'd only managed to bed 2. I was also poor and my clothes smelt like moth balls – too weird to be attractively tragic. I desperately wanted to be friends with the men in that article – not because of their barebacking tendencies, I didn't use condoms either but it didn't come with the thrill of taboo breaking – but to me living in small town New Mexico something about this story felt comforting.



## 4th part

My friend turns towards me – smirking, he’s being deliberately provocative which is dangerous, this feels dangerous. We’re interviewing each other on a tape deck which plays him back as a valley girl and me as a distraught chipmunk. “So” he says “when you are getting PLOWED without condoms, is HIV on your mind?”

I feel hot and flushed and it’s not just the pressure of being recorded but of talking about me and AIDS, instead of the government and AIDS or queer trauma and AIDS or racism and AIDS. And fuck lets talk about those things as well because I miss ACT UP like my birth mother who I never knew, dreaming about what could of happened if we’d shared the world at the same time. HIV and AIDS are such carefully managed topics in San

Francisco though, and I want something vulnerable, messy, and real. Not to be shamed like my friends who had condoms thrown at them at a queer festival, when one was giving the other a BJ. That is as unhealthy as any possible transmission of gonorrhoea or sphyllis that could have plausibly happened in such an interaction. We are all scrambling to create distance between ourselves and any concept of infectivity. Which is not to say that safer sex isn’t important and hot and awesome, but that it needs to be a choice, of both HIV positive and negative people. That people should not be afraid to talk about who they are and what they do – because that is how lies are told and all the work that has been done gets erased. I’m telling you this because I’m scared of being alone. And yes I’m scared of me and my friends getting sick but I’m also scared of people disappearing –not

feeling capable of talking about their desires and their needs and their bodies – and then one day they are gone.

Self - esteem

hope

strength

level of life

safe

I read an interview with a female genderqueer who got HIV from barebacking with a load of guys. The interviewer kept telling her how stupid she was to have got infected and that she knew the risks of fucking like that. She stood her ground and said that there's a baseline of self-esteem, hope, love of life, strength that's necessary for someone to be able to exercise safer sex skills. She didn't have these qualities when she got infected. She said that condoms are the least of it. I admire her for saying this and for not taking that interviewer's crap.

## The Fovea

I READ in a scientific article that the area of sharp vision is restricted to a small depression of the macula lutea in the center of the retina called the fovea. Projected in space by the mechanism of sight, it would correspond in size to the fingernail of our index finger if we extended our arm horizontally in front of us.

So sight, when it is acute, would be limited to the surface of a fingernail moving through space, an activity similar to touching, one that would recreate the image of reality, touch by touch, facet by facet, like a puzzle, each piece of which would have the same dimension and the same form as the fingernail of our index finger. (Nearsighted people would be considered mutilated.)

The fovea would only be a point, a center of precision within a blurred circle of vision, which would itself form an indistinct tableau stained with color, like staring into space. But this tableau might itself be nothing else than the memory of what the fovea registered earlier, a stationary image that continued to vibrate slightly, that remained suspended a while before completely disintegrating,

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covered by another pattern of acute or obscure vision in the dream image. Each phase of the fovea's activity would be followed by a period of repose, when the image is digested: from time to time, the fovea would take a vacation, it would be prevented from focusing on anything at all, it would rock back and forth in reflection or sleep.

Sometimes, the fovea would pass repeatedly over the same surface to let the tactile sensation of its fingernail wander tirelessly across the same image, the same face, the same body, the same painting: the subject is in love, or obsessed. But when he looks at a photograph, he compels his fovea—by this more or less reduced (or enlarged) and fragmentary demarcation—to act the way the eye does in a state of desire or, rather, obsession, through his continued scrutiny. He sees nothing but this image, detached from the absolutely fluid bounds of context and reality; and he sees too, too often, the same unreal pigments on the paper. The photographic gaze is a visual fetish—a second fovea within the fovea, a deformed child, a tiny abyss, a superconcentrated fovea (too rich, too sweet, too bitter).

As a result, a different type of activity (and different tastes) would come into play for large or

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small formats, exhibitions or books, the projected or printed image. As the image increases in size, the intensity of the act is both diminished and regenerated—the surface to be encompassed by the tip of the fovea-fingernail increases, the light ray must spread out rather than converge, and loss is inevitable. Even if the image stands alone on a white screen in a mass of darkness, the fovea encounters all kinds of parasites—not just fireflies—capable of distracting it along its path: its activity becomes public. So looking at a small picture or an image in a book is a form of activity that is more secret, more solitary, and more perverse than this, and not simply because of the proximity of the object. It is the same as looking into someone's eyes from half an inch away, or at a mouth just before kissing it; it's a "surreptitious" way of looking, like looking at a banned image, or through a keyhole, or in the false bottom of a trunk, or the hollow of a cameo. We look in much the same way as we desire, or as we fantasize—by obsessive scrutiny.

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I USED TO DREAM about an amazing invention I saw in one of my *Bibi Fricotin*\* — eyeglasses that can read our thoughts. But I grew frightened when I realized that they could be used against me. Later on, in some slightly lurid advertisements, I discovered the existence of eyeglasses that can see through clothing, that can expose us. I pictured photography as having the ability to combine these two powers. I was tempted to do self-portrait... Texts, Hervé Guibert. Originally *L'image fantôme* (Paris: Les Editions de Minuit, 1982; English translation, 1996) \*A series of picture books for children.

MARGARET TEDESCO's (San Francisco CA) work includes performance, installation, photography, sculpture, and video. Tedesco has presented and collaborated with visual and performance artists, writers, and filmmakers since the 80s. Her work has been shown internationally. In 2007 Tedesco founded 2nd floor projects, an artist-run project space. ([projects2ndfloor.blogspot.com](http://projects2ndfloor.blogspot.com))

*FOR FLO*



### DIRECTIONS

- 1) Look steadily and concentrate on the 3 dots center for about 60 seconds, then look up at one fixed spot on a wall for about 15 seconds. An apparition will appear. White or smooth wall preferred.
- 2) Follow above directions and look into sky away from the sun, and picture will appear. For best results look into the sky when dark.

©Margaret Tedesco 2010. From the series,  
*Make A Blue Velvet Eternity*



## Interview with Sarah Schulman

The interview was conducted by email in November 2010. The interview questions were set by Heike Schader and Claude following their own discussions about the current concerns and issues around AIDS/HIV in Germany today.

We would like to thank Sarah Schulman for taking the time to answer our questions and Christina and Kate who helped translate them into English for us!

First, how would you introduce yourself?

Sarah Schulman. I am a writer.

### PAST & PRESENT

We have experienced a change in HIV/AIDS related political activism. For us, HIV/AIDS activism now seems less energized than in the past.

Do you think the methods of political activism you used in the past are still effective today?

Certain basic principles are still effective. Interestingly ACT UP came upon the same structural approach to creating change that Martin Luther King articulated in his article „Letter From Birmingham Jail“ - even though this was not chosen consciously. First: educate yourself about your subject so that you are the expert and you organically understand the problem. Then make a clear proposal to the powers that oppose you- a proposal that is reasonable and doable - in which you have done the labor of organizing a functional system that could realistically be put into place. When they refuse, you do

what Dr King called „self-purification“ - that is to say you interrogate yourself to be sure that your position in moral and justifiable. Then you use nonviolent direct action to create a social environment - by speaking through the media, not to the media- that forces the powerful to act constructively.

This equation will never change. The specifics of which techniques of direct action, which approaches to publicity, which specific tactics will be effective are dependent on the era, the context, the precise obstacles. But the process of being thorough, knowledgeable, realistic, morally rigorous - these are always the fundamentals behind progressive social change.

Have you experienced a change in political practice with regards to HIV/AIDS activism in the US?

Of course. AIDS is not the kind of crisis that it once was in the US - it is not a daily mass death experience, and so people's relationship to it has changed significantly, which makes sense.

Do you think that the work around HIV/AIDS has become institutionalized in the US, and if so, what affect has that had?

Of course. Whereas once the problem with AIDS was that there were no treatments, no services, no rights - now the problem globally is one of political will. The problems of people with AIDS are no longer that answers do not exist, but that they are wound up with world dynamics of poverty/wealth, domination/subordination. supremacy/diminishment. The paradigms at the core of the crisis are pervasive dynamics of exploitation and inequality. These cannot be overcome by NGO's.

Do you believe that there is a future for the specific kind of political activism ACT UP practiced?

Of course. There is always a future for brilliant people to create social change through the construction of a critical mass- that is to say, you don't need a majority to participate in change, but you do need enough people who are effective. Sometimes a small movement can transform societies, even against their will

Is ACT UP New York still active as a group? If so, what kind of work is it doing at the moment?

It is very small, and I am not up to date on their activities.

What kind of activism is currently happening around HIV/AIDS in the US?

I don't see activism, as I understand it, being an effective mode of change in the US at this moment. These things depend on the Zeitgeist and they cannot be forced. However, these periods are inevitable. There is a lot of unhappiness in the US but little ability to conceptualize the problem. For this reason we are seeing the rise of ultra-right wing constructions like the tea-party that are propelled by racism to ironically advocate for policies like tax cuts for the rich, which actually hurt the people who make up the rank and file of these movements. There is also an alienated progressive element but they have not yet organized.

Which aspects concerning HIV/AIDS interest you today?

I am interested in the emotional consequences of AIDS on the culture. I am also interested in the relationship

between AIDS and Gentrification - that is to say AIDS and Urbanity - and I have a book long in development on this topic which has been horribly held up by a publisher who doesn't know how to solve problems. Hopefully I will be about to do the work for both of us so that the book can be made available. It is called THE GENTRIFICATION OF THE MIND.

## ACT UP ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

What is the ACT UP oral history project aiming for?

The goals are : To show literally how regular people can change the world, to show concretely how change is made, to make a record of the enormous amount of work and commitment that forced the US to change its policies - against its will- instead of allowing these changes to be falsely naturalized.

How does it work?

Are you approaching / inviting people to contribute / join the project?

Anybody who self defines as having been in ACT UP NY

who wants to be interviewed goes on the waiting list. It can take years but we eventually get to everyone.

### Can everybody take part in the project?

Yes, any NY Act Up members can participate and they each have as much time as they need to talk about whatever they'd like.

### HIV/AIDS / LESBIAN / SEX

Through working on HIV/AIDS within the lesbian community a broader discussion on lesbian sexuality in general was possible. Within these debates ideas about lesbian sex were questioned and discussed.

### Did you experience the same within your community?

I believe that lesbian HIV transmission was never proven, and so I have never seen need for lesbian „safe sex“, which to me is more of a projection of a lot of other complex emotional issues. At one point I examined all the cases of lesbians who claimed HIV transmission through lesbian sex and in each case there was a needle or a man in the

picture. I never found a case that showed female to female sexual transmission. At the time it involved the trauma of being surrounded by dying men and the difficulty of feeling sexually safe when they were not. Since then it has devolved into a kind of control mechanism that I wish could be addressed directly.

### PRESENT

Over the last few years in Germany, it is clear to see that attitudes to HIV/AIDS have changed, and for us this is very worrying. It seems that we have moved away from supporting and standing in solidarity with people with HIV/AIDS and that people are no longer encouraged to take responsibility for their own sexual activity with regard to others, in fact the stigmatization of people with HIV/AIDS has increased. In general there is less discussion in the media and in society around the topic.

### Is there a big discussion around HIV/AIDS within the LGBTQI communities in the US?

Well, I think it's clear that prevention doesn't work for significant percentage of people. No matter how

the campaigns are restructured, those transmission rates do not abate. I think this proves that prevention cannot be privatized, it cannot be a decontextualized „personal“ responsibility. A person who is oppressed, who is demeaned, who does not have rights or economic autonomy cannot be asked to achieve prevention on their own steam. Prevention is partially a social responsibility to create each person as honored, respected, and given opportunities and recognition of their emotional realities. Until it is expanded from a private responsibility, it won't be achieved.

[Is Safer Sex still an topic for these communities?](#)

You know, Washington DC has a higher transmission rate than West Africa. So it is a serious, serious event in American society,

[Is there currently outreach work going on within the lesbian community – and what form does that take?](#)

Not that I know of, and unless it is about lesbian needle users, or lesbians who have sex with men, it's not necessary.

[Are the international aspects of HIV/AIDS \(with regard to pharmaceutical industry, developing countries, religion etc\) a part of discussions / activism within the LGBTQI communities in the US?](#)

The Global LGBT is the most exciting transformation in our broad self-conception. For decades we said „We are everywhere“ and now it turns out that that is so. As LGBT people in Palestine, Cameroon, Malawi, Albania, Iran, China - everywhere - are emerging increasingly with semi-Western style identities - wanting some kind of visibility, some kind of sexual possibility, some kind of relationship recognition - the hand of governmental oppression is coming down very hard. We are seeing a lot of LGBT refugees and asylum seekers, many of whom are fleeing Familial Homophobia - the violence and social ostracism of their families. HIV of course is an organic part of this, but the global HIV crisis goes beyond gay male sex, as we all have known for a long time.

**Links:**

[ACT UP NEW YORK:](#)

[www.actupny.org](http://www.actupny.org)

[ACT UP ORAL HISTORY PROJECT:](#)

[www.actuporalhistory.org](http://www.actuporalhistory.org)



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