

## Monday

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# Plugging in to a phantasmic future

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**By Jennifer de Poyen**

ARTS CRITIC

January 29, 2001

## THEATER REVIEW

At the entrance to the Wireless City, a stone-faced man hovers over eight computer keyboards, fingers flying with mechanistic precision. He's the first line of defense of the Corporation that seeks to replace organic, human thoughts and drives with prefabricated electronic impulses and ideas.

Behind him, splayed on a cross, is a platinum blonde with a Medusa's head of wires issuing from her belly. Backed by a pulsing techno beat, she's spewing nonsense -- or so it first seems -- about "the great convergence" and "e-mmactulate conception."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Jonz is on the phone," robotic Qwerty (Lance Rogers) intones as the audience files into the Dairy-Aire performance space. "I'm sorry Mr. Jonz is in a meeting. I'm ..."

Nearby, at Club Touch, vinyl-clad beauties instruct citizens in the fine art of computer-generated sex. Under a looming, flashing video screen, man and woman, connected by wires, share a "multitouch personal interface." They never make physical contact, or glance in each other's direction.

Across the room in a garbage heap, a small band of fatigue-clad rebels whisper among themselves. Their struggle: to stop the transformation of human beings into corporate-controlled automatons. And they're running out of time.

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## DATEBOOK

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### "Wireless City"

8 p.m. Fridays-Saturdays, 7 p.m. Sundays and 8 p.m. Mondays (Monday shows are pay-what-you-can). Through Feb. 18.

Dairy-Aire performance space, 333 10th Ave., downtown.

\$10 to \$15 (619) 238-1153.